

Rudy Vallee Tells: "Why I always have to fight"

# Radio MIRROR

AUGUST

10¢

A  
MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION



FRANCES LANGFORD  
by Tchetchet

DICK POWELL answers all those rumors about his voice  
*At Last!* The True Story of a Real MAJOR BOWES Amateur



Fred, Mayflower maître d'hôtel, whose guests include bon-vivants, presidents, and kings.

### When Washington Dines in This Stately Room

The Presidential Room, main restaurant of the Mayflower Hotel (right), presents a memorable scene as famous men... beautifully gowned women... diplomats and statesmen with foreign orders... gather for relaxation, entertainment, and choice foods. The famous Mayflower kitchens give forth a stream of rare and tempting dishes. Good taste reigns supreme! And from table after table the fragrant smoke of Camels rises. Commenting on the preference for Camels at the Mayflower, the famous maître d'hôtel—greeted as "Fred" by thousands of the world's epicures—says: "Of course, our cosmopolitan clientele prefer Camels. They are a great favorite with our guests."

— for Digestion's sake  
... smoke Camels

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

### Science Confirms the Truth of "For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels"

Whether your meal is a banquet or a quick sandwich, a Camel gives it zest. "A Camel helps me enjoy eating," you've heard people say.

Scientists find that Camels promote well-being by gently stimulating the flow of the digestive fluids... alkaline digestive fluids... necessary for good digestion. Often fatigue, worry, nervousness interfere with this flow. Camels increase it, assist digestion to proceed normally.

With their finer, costlier tobaccos, Camels give mildness a new meaning!

**CHAMPION** Fred Jacoby, Jr. (below), says: "Camels make food taste better, help me get the good out of what I eat. Camels set me right!"



**FIRE-CHIEF** Frank Gilliar (below) says: "Camels put back into eating the joy that nervous strain takes out of it. They're the last word in flavor!"



Costlier Tobaccos!

# Two's Company

[ UNTIL SHE SMILES ]



She evades all close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It's immensely and vitally important—that first impression . . . when *boy* meets *girl*—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—white teeth in a healthy mouth.

But if she's been careless, heedless—her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, of tender gums . . . and that "moment of magic"—that "instant of glamour" is lost forever.

#### NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of

"pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Modern dental teaching emphasizes this fact—today's soft foods are largely responsible for tender, ailing gums. They need far more work and exercise than they get to keep them *firm* and *healthy*. And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is so widely recommended—so widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana

into your gums every time you brush your

teeth, and *the reason is soon evident*.

For those lazy gums waken. Circulation increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look. They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as the teeth. So when you use Ipana in *addition* to massage, you are using the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of teeth and gums. You are giving the really serious gum troubles far fewer chances. And you are adding, every day, to your own beauty and your own power of attraction.



IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

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On Sale July 24



How does a champion liar get that way? Read the story of Jim and Marion Jordan, radio's Fibber McGee and his good wife Molly, who found the way to turn life's humiliations into success . . . Also, an intimate portrait of Boake Carter by his own announcer, Claude Haring.

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—PORTRAIT OF FRANCES LANGFORD  
 BY TCHETCHET

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NOW... ONLY 25¢ TO GIVE TEETH *Twice* THE BRILLIANCE!

*Special at all Dealers*

# SALE ON NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE

*New*  
**25¢**  
SIZE

FORMER  
50¢ SIZE

*Now Only*  
**40¢**

*Holds twice as much  
as 25c size*



## IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES

In keeping with the 1936 trend to give more value for less money, we announce the lowest prices in Pepsodent's history!

**A BIG NEW 25c SIZE TUBE**  
**FORMER 50c SIZE NOW ONLY 40c**

Now everyone can afford the safest, most effective tooth paste known . . . Super-Soft HIGH-POLISH PEPSODENT! Try it today. See why millions are switching to this new-day discovery!

*New!* Super-Soft High-Polish Pepsodent Tooth Paste

### 1. GETS TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS BRIGHT—SAFELY!

*New \$200,000 polishing agent quickly restores a dazzling luster to dull teeth.*

### 2. MAKES TEETH LOOK CLEANER TWICE AS LONG—SAFELY!

*You double the time your teeth look clean, according to dentists' tests.*

### 3. BRINGS NEW SAFETY BECAUSE TWICE AS SOFT!

*Tests prove Super-Soft Pepsodent twice as soft as polishing agent generally used. Hence it is one way to high-polish teeth without danger to enamel.*

**HURRY! GET THIS BIG NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE VALUE TODAY!**

# reflections in the radio mirror

by

*Fred R. Sammis*

**R**ADIO'S on the march and, like the pioneers of '49 in search of new fields of gold, it is marching to California. Hollywood beckons, an alluring figure that's proven so irresistible so many times before. Radio City is being deserted by some of its biggest programs. I wondered, hearing of the possibility of a Jack Oakie program, if the present radio capital was doomed by the town that's overshadowed the whole world of entertainment.

To make an argument for this, I listed fifteen shows that have been or are about to be broadcast from Hollywood. Jack Oakie's program which should be under way when fall arrives, heads the list. Then there is the Lux Radio Theater that recently moved from New York. In October Fred Astaire begins broadcasting weekly and present plans call for his working near his movie studio. Add to these Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Shell Chateau, the Swift program, Mary Pickford, Hollywood Hotel, Frank Fay, Olsen and Shutta, Marion Talley, Chesterfield, Nelson Eddy before he went on tour, the First Nighter before it rang down the final curtain, and Grace Moore during the early spring.

That's an imposing lineup of all-star talent. It's likely to grow by the week. Almost all the day-time programs still originate either in New York or Chicago. But in such a business as radio it's a comparatively simple problem to pack up and move the scene of broadcasts two or three thousand miles from the starting point.

An analysis of the underlying causes of this migration isn't easy. The obvious fact, of course, is that shows are moving to Hollywood to be near the rich supply of movie stars. But why should radio suddenly lean so heavily on screen personalities to bolster up its programs? I place the blame on radio's terrifying appetite for something new, something different. It would seem that it has now exhausted vaudeville of its supply of talent and is stretching hungry hands toward the movies. You are free to draw your own conclusions from this.

**A** BIT on the lighter side is the innovation on Paul Whiteman's program. A little over a month ago you began hearing youngsters under twelve, none of them professionals. Until now it has been a purely local proposition. Only children from New York and its vicinity have had a chance to audition. Soon, though, Paul is going on tour, ending up at the Texas Centennial, and every mother all along the route will get her chance to see if little Junior really has as much talent as she claims. Paul will listen to all of them. Who knows, perhaps Shirley Temple will find herself with a new leading man one of these days.

**E**VERY day that passes the whole world seems more restless. The wanderlust touched Curtis Arnall this spring and he evolved an idea for a trip *(Continued on page 73)*



**WISH I WAS HOME AGAIN—  
I HATE THIS PLACE...**



**SALLY'S BAD SKIN NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE SUMMER**

WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? ... I THOUGHT ALL THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC

IT'S JUST A SHAME THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS



HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?

OH, I'D LOVE TO



ISN'T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?

WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD ... BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE

... NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?

I CERTAINLY WILL ... I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE RIGHT NOW TO GET SOME



**LATER**  
SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID FOR ME ... THERE'S NOT ONE PIMPLE LEFT!

GOOD WORK ... SO THIS VACATION'S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!

HI, THERE, SALLY ... HURRY UP! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU



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

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

**Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from making friends**

**G**OOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ¼ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

# KAY

# THOMPSON'S SECRETS

## For Summer Loveliness

By JOYCE ANDERSON



Kay Thompson is the featured soloist on Friday evening's Chesterfield show—turn to page 51.

small and light! Well, this constant use of the eyebrows encourages deep horizontal lines in the forehead, so I pay special attention to that when using my tissue cream, by massaging it generously into this part of my face. In addition, during the summer months, when we are apt to squint in the bright sunshine, I give extra care to my eyelids and the

**W**ISE girls know they have an ally, in their campaign for beauty, in the various seasons themselves! In winter time, there's the glamor of skilful powdered shoulders above dramatic evening gowns, the chic of perfect grooming which is so much easier to achieve in cool weather. Spring gives us the feminine charm of new bright colors, floral prints and nosegays and perfumes. Summer opens up fresh vistas of games and sports that bring a glow to the skin and a sparkle to the eyes, releasing those half-hidden stores of vitality—and vitality, of course, is the greatest part of physical allure.

"But," warns Kay Thompson, the attractive and accomplished singer of the Chesterfield programs, "there's something far more important than beauty in the summer months. That's daintiness! The companionship and zest of healthy summer sports make us gayer and livelier and, consequently, much better company than at any other time of the year, *if*—and it's a very big *if*, too—we keep ourselves fresh and sweet and clean. That's what femininity means in its highest sense—freshness, sweetness, exquisite cleanliness.

"Personally, I have one of these dry, fair skins that need constant care, but that doesn't frighten me away from using plenty of soap and water daily, summer or winter. Of course, the more baths and scrubbing I take, the more creams I use to protect my skin, for dry skin wrinkles so much more quickly than oily skin." (Let me add here that Kay is still in her early twenties, but she's absolutely right about this—even girls in their teens who have dry skins should be very careful, guarding against the delicate little lines which might almost be said to *crack* open in the dry epidermis of their faces.)

"My particular problem is my forehead. One of my idiosyncrasies, as you've probably noticed already, is talking with my eyebrows. That comes partly from the facial expressions necessary in putting over popular songs, and partly from a childhood habit of trying to keep my eyes opened wide, because I thought they were too

corners of my eyes.

"In general, though, I use my favorite cream after every time I wash my face. If I'm dressing to go out, I try to steal a few precious moments to lie down and relax before removing the cream with facial tissues. At night, I apply my tissue cream and leave it on until morning, when I take it off with witch hazel. Incidentally, I use witch hazel for occasional quick cleansings during the day before repowdering.

"About those all-important baths I mentioned—and frequent baths or showers in the summer add so much, not only to our own comfort, but to everyone else's!—here's a tip. These new pine and olive bath oils are such a help! They protect the natural oils of the body from the too-frequent contact with water, and they soothe the nerves. That last is a fundamental thing, because I believe relaxation is everything. You can't have a pleasant-looking face without relaxed, happy nerves. Massaging your body freely with bath oil before stepping into the tub is one of the most relaxing things I know. In that massage, pay particular attention to those tired, heat-swollen feet. And, after your bath, treat them to a good foot-powder which will make your shoes more comfortable and guard against unpleasant odors."

Kay's a grand girl and she had no hesitation in approaching this major problem frankly and honestly. "Heat and perspiration," she said earnestly, "are the deadly enemies of feminine charm. Deodorants are absolutely essential in hot weather. It's not simply a question of making one's self more alluring and irresistible, but it's also a question of—well, of being a good neighbor, if you want to put it that way! It's an important factor in making the world a still more pleasant place to live in summertime.

"There's absolutely no risk of offending anybody if you use my favorite deodorant three times a week, or its use two nights in a row will make you safe for a week. I perspire very little myself, but I use it (Continued on page 68)

A LOVELY STAR TELLS  
YOU HOW TO FIGHT HOT  
WEATHER'S MENACE TO  
FEMININE DAINTINESS



# "I didn't deserve their pity"

... CONFESSES  
A TRUTHFUL  
EX-WIFE



"If I'd known about "Lysol" sooner, our happiness might have been saved"

"WHEN my divorce was granted my friends pitied me, and blamed my husband, as people so often do. But I know now that I was really the one at fault. I had become irritable, cold, unresponsive...actually afraid to be happy. Fear and worries had preyed on my nerves till I was a different woman from the bride my husband loved. I wish I'd learned about "Lysol" sooner."

How stupid that we should let blind, reckless ignorancelike this go on wrecking countless marriages! Millions of women know that the simplest and best method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is the "Lysol" method. For nearly 50 years "Lysol" has had the worldwide endorsement of leading doctors and hospitals. Used as directed,

"Lysol" is so gentle to sensitive tissues that it is commonly used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

"Lysol" in antiseptic marriage hygiene has special effectiveness. It has a *spreading* quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach. And "Lysol" destroys germs *even in the presence of organic matter* (such as mucus, serum, etc.)... when many other preparations *don't work*.

To every wife who has been the victim of needless worry—accurate, authentic information about antiseptic marriage hygiene is now offered, in a *free* brochure called "Lysol vs. Germs". It tells how to use "Lysol" for this and many other germicidal needs. Just send the coupon.



*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

## The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

**New! Lysol Hygienic Soap** for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

## FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP., Bloomfield, N. J.  
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant, Dept. RM8.  
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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# coast-to-coast highlights

**Des Moines:** Sturdy pioneering ingenuity in the Corn Belt is being demonstrated in the establishment of the new network of eight stations in five agricultural states which operate entirely without interconnecting wirelines to distribute the programs.

Simultaneous broadcasts of the programs, most of which are to originate in the key station, WHO, are accomplished by having each affiliated station pick up the broadcast from the originating transmitter and rebroadcasting it for local audiences.

Other stations included in the remarkable ventures are WOC, Davenport; KOIL, Omaha; KFAB, Lincoln; WIBW, Topeka; KMBC, Kansas City Mo.; KMA, Shenandoah, and WNAX, Yankton.

**Hollywood:** Two stars of the Carefree Carnival have gotten into motion pictures, one by plugging, the other just ankling in.

Helen Troy, the C. C.'s Susie at the Switchboard, is playing a similar role in "Human Cargo."

Jeane Cowan, ballad singer, was cast in "Star of Midnight" with William Powell and Ginger Rogers, yet all the audience ever saw of her was a pair of ankles stepping into a taxicab. She played the singer of night clubs who was kidnaped and murdered.

At least the movie audiences do hear Jeane's voice on phonograph records all through the picture.

**New York City:** Listeners who have songs in their hearts and have set them down on paper at last have an opportunity for an honest and expert hearing of their tunes, together with the chance that they may be published by a famous music company.

The Mutual Broadcasting System's Melody Treasure Hunt, conducted by Charlie Henderson and Pat Ballard, well known as the composers of several hit songs, has

## THE BULLETIN BOARD

**CINCINNATI**—WLW will retain many more of her favorite sponsored programs this summer than ever before, it's reported. Shows which will continue include Johnson Family; Pleasant Valley; Jimmy Scribner's One Man Show; Mary Sothern; Showdown Revue; Smoke Dreams and the Music Box Hour.

**BOSTON**—If the Federal Communications Commission approves, listeners may have to tune to 550 kilocycles instead of 990 for WBZA.

BY  
JOHN  
SKINNER



Joseph Henderson, top, former operatic baritone, stars now with WSM's Magnolia Blossoms. Ray Perkins, above, is broadcasting from Cleveland's Great Lakes Exposition. Left, Percy Periwinkle, "Doctor" Sherman, Annette Hastings and Ned Tollinger of NBC's Coast studios.

already chosen one success written by a listener. It is being published by the Mills Music Company. The song, "I'm Steppin' Out to the Opera," was written by a Negro cab driver.

Ballard, you must remember, wrote "So Beats My Heart for You." Henderson, among other things, wrote the theme music played by Andre Kostelanetz.

\* \* \*

**San Francisco:** Paul Carson, NBC organist—you hear him playing the theme, "Destiny Waltz," on One Man's Family—has just rented a new apartment. He asserts one of the reasons was to provide accommodations for Gum Yip, his wife's pet Pekingese. Gum Yip boasts a tiny penthouse on the roof, with a special runway, a bed and an electric light. Gum Yip's Chinese name means Tender Golden Leaves, not part of a commercial announcement even if it does sound like it.

\* \* \*

**Chicago:** Bob Griffin, whom you hear on the air as Joe Marlin, and his wife are another pair of radio movers. They're giving up their Gold Coast apartment for a suburban Lake Shore home. Bob's moving story is that he needs room for a ping pong table.

Ping Pong and Gum Yip. Ah Me, let's all move.

\* \* \*

**Des Moines:** Station WHO'S requests for funds for the American Red Cross Flood relief brought responses from twenty-one states and Canada, a remarkable achievement for one station.

\* \* \*

COMPASS MERRY GO ROUND

**San Francisco:** Baby girl born to Sara Kreindler (Mrs. Norman Baltor), NBC violinist . . . She was away from the microphone several months . . . Which prompts J. Anthony Smythe, the Mr. Barbour of One Man's Family to display the newspaper clipping sent him by a fan . . . It shows a family of twenty-four sons and daughters gathered about their parents in Parker, Kansas . . . Accompanying comment was, "Henry, you're a piker" . . . And Olive West, who plays Grandma Liston in Hawthorne House was selected for a Mother's Day magazine cover because of her "ideal maternal countenance" . . . Yet though she is very fond of children, she never had any of her own . . .

**Chicago:** No man has a chance to get a word in edgewise in the Affiliated Broadcasting Company's new series . . . They've reversed the Man in the Street idea by putting two women radio interviewers on the pavements . . . Only women are asked to step closer to the microphone, please.

\* \* \*

**Philadelphia:** You'll be hearing James Harvey no longer as KYW announcer . . . (Continued on page 76)

"It's amazing how quickly



Camay works its Magic"



ATLANTA, GA.

For a smooth, clear skin—there's no beauty aid like Camay. It's amazing how quickly Camay works its magic.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Betty Drewry

(Mrs. John C. Drewry)

March 26, 1936

THE minute you meet Betty Drewry, you will feel the welcome of her smile, the friendship in her voice. You'll notice, instantly, the clarity and smoothness of her complexion. And you aren't surprised to hear her say, "I've always used Camay."

And you, too, will find that Camay has a mild manner and a gentle touch that brings out the natural beauty of your complexion. Camay's lather is rich and fragrant. Camay's bubbles are beauty bubbles—thousands of

them—all busily cleansing deeply but gently. For Camay is milder—definitely, provably milder than other leading beauty soaps.

Try Camay. See for yourself how much it can improve your complexion. Buy half a dozen cakes today. You'll find its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

what do you want to say ?



Summer...

IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE WITH THE *Perfolastic Girdle!*

● Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic... the sure, safe way to reduce! "My hips are *twelve* inches smaller" says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds" writes Mrs. Derr; "Immediately 3 inches smaller when first fitted" says Miss Browne.

**Actually Removes Superfluous Fat**  
You will be thrilled as you *appear* inches smaller *at once* and immediately start *actually reducing* at only the spots where fat has accumulated. You risk nothing... simply try Perfolastic for 10 days.

**TEST**  
the  
**PERFOLASTIC**  
**GIRDLE**  
... at our  
expense!

**No Diet, Drugs or Exercise**

No need to risk health or change your mode of living. The wonderful massage-like action of this "live" material takes off the fat and helps you back to pep and energy. Many perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

Send NOW for 10 Day Free Trial Offer!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.  
Dept. 288, 31 East 42nd St., New York City

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

Use Coupon or Penny Postcard.



Shorts, lunch in the garden, and a spoonful so big it shocks the lovely Mrs. Penner are the order of Joe's day off from movie sets.

**T**HE brickbats came thick and fast last month—and so did the bouquets! With so many fine letters of criticism to choose from it was a difficult task to select the winning letters, so don't be discouraged if yours didn't win first place this time. The contest is still going on and the prizes are as usual—\$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best and \$1.00 each for the next five selected. Mail your criticism to the Editor, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, by July 22.

**\$20.00 PRIZE**  
**ARE RADIO LISTENERS HARD OF HEARING?**

Why is it that vaudeville artists who have become radio stars stick to the practices of vaudeville when those practices are not suited to radio?

I'm speaking of the custom many comedians have of asking the question leading up to a gag three or four times and then repeating the gag, too. Listen to any ex-vaudevillian over the air and you'll find that he points his gag by repeating the question preceding it until he's sure everyone has got it. Burns and Allen do it, Block and Sully do it, Phil Baker does it, and Ken Murray does it.

This was all right in vaudeville when

the artist had to make sure everyone in the house heard him and when he wanted to build up expectancy in his audience. But over the air when a question is repeated two or three times the listeners often anticipate the gag long before it is given.

And, anyway, why must radio comedians consider we're all hard of hearing?

JOHN HANDFORD,  
Long Island City, N. Y.

**\$10.00 PRIZE**

**A PLEA FOR A BETTER BILLING**

I have something to say and it is this: Vic and Sade ought to have an evening spot on the air.

This afternoon program would be among the leading programs, I believe, if it was broadcast after 7 p. m.

I like the program very much, but, unfortunately, am not always free when it goes on the air. Then there are thousands who have never heard it, because they, too, are engaged in the afternoon. It needs, and is entitled to, a better billing.

Vic and Sade, and let us not forget Rush, have good, clean, sparkling humor. The script writer deserves a vote of thanks, for puns (those horrible atrocious things) are never included. The characters are true to life. They are the type (Continued on page 80)

DID YOUR LETTER WIN A CASH PRIZE?  
YOUR OPINIONS MAY BE WORTH MONEY

# THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

BY WELDON MELICK

**MELODY TREASURE HUNT.** Hats off to Mutual for not only providing a fresh and surprisingly tasty novelty, but giving a real chance to the amateur composers who have heretofore found it impossible to get a hearing. Pat Ballard and Charlie Henderson, capable Tin Pan Alley veterans, pick three of the submissions each week to be specially arranged for ether display by Elinor Sherry, Evelyn MacGregor, Billy Abbott and Nat Brusiloff's orchestra. Listeners' votes tab one for an encore the following week. Already several potential hits have been snapped up by publishers after the initial airing. Pat and Charlie benevolently m. c. this Be-Kind-To-Song-Writers Movement, interviewing or blurring the neophyte composers, and explaining tricks of the trade to the hopefuls. Here is one amateur program which might take for its theme "Without a Gong."

MBS, Thurs., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

**ANDRE KOSTELANETZ.** My prayers are answered! I've always wanted an all-popular Kostelanetz program that wasn't cluttered up with opera stars. And here it is—the unadulterated champagne of radio dance music. After a popular number has been brilliantly arranged for this forty-five-piece orchestral phenomenon, it has nothing left to live for. Its esthetic possibilities have been exhausted. Kay Thompson's chorus, Ray Heatherton and the Rhythm Singers handle the vocals.

CBS, Fri., 10 P. M., 30 min.

**RUSTIC RHYTHM TRIO.** Paul Robinson and the two Horton Brothers, who learned their musical notes from mail order instruction books, sing and manage between them twenty-four instruments, mostly harmonicas, guitars and mandolins, in a way to stymie a six-piece orchestra. They do a smooth job on both hill billy and popular stuff, and so far as I'm concerned can settle down permanently in Times Square, which they claim has it all over their native mountains.

CBS, Tues., Sat., 9:45 A. M., 15 min.  
Fri., 6:35 P. M., 10 min.

**COMMUNITY SING.** Do you ever sing with your radio? If you do, you'll go for this parlor adaptation of a neighborly, informal old custom. Even if you've never done such a thing before, you'll probably find yourself unconsciously joining in with the studio audience, and going through the proper foolish gestures at the silenced words in the choruses of John Brown's Body.

No harmony allowed—just a lot of fun, whistling, sour notes and laughs, led by John Barclay. The 600-voice chorus is made up of all and sundry who want to come half an hour early for rehearsal.

At the end, Paul Douglas circulates among the jolly group with a portable mike and finds out what they want to sing the next time. The man who makes the song slides does the rest.

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

**EVERYBODY'S MUSIC.** Howard Barlow's Columbia symphony orchestra plays symphonic, operatic and choral works, and Henry M. Neely chats about the musical structure of each piece as one layman to another. It's a painless method of learning a little something about the classics without getting bogged in a technical morass.

CBS Sun., 3 P. M., 60 min.

**SUNDAY DRIVERS.** The five-hour working week of Arthur Fields and Fred Hall, according to their press agent, constitutes the heaviest broadcasting schedule in existence among network performers.

Personally, I like this thirty minutes better than their other 470 in the Streamliners program. Dedicated to all Sunday motorists with radio-equipped cars, the hill billy and popular tunes (three-fourths of them written by the versatile writing-singing-comedy patter team) are interspersed with frequent asides to the driver reminding him not to overwork the throttle and the hearse.

I don't know whether this radio treatment will affect accident statistics, but a fellow would assuredly be a fool to step on the gas and take a chance on not living long enough to hear the rest of a show including Frances Adair and the boys, to say nothing of the six-piece orchestra and its sweet potato obligatos.

NBC, Sun., 5:00 P. M., 30 min.

"How can I be  
**More Attractive?**"

*a thousand women a day  
write Ginger Rogers*

**T**o requests for advice on beauty, Ginger Rogers gives one answer, "The secret of loveliness for every woman lies in color harmony make-up originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius."



**GINGER ROGERS**  
in RKO's  
"Follow the Fleet"

**Powder Magic**  
"POWDER in your color harmony shade gives you more beauty than other shades," says Ginger Rogers, "because it is created to enliven your skin with youthful radiance, and dramatize your individual type." Max Factor's Powder, \$1.



**Hollywood's New Lipstick**  
"MAX FACTOR'S Super-Indelible Lipstick will dramatize your lips with an alluring, lasting color," says Ginger Rogers, "by the magic of its color harmony shades." \$1.



**A Rouge Secret**  
"SCREEN stars," says Ginger Rogers, "use Max Factor's Rouge because the color harmony shades add an exquisite, lifelike color that gives new appealing beauty." Try it and note the difference. 50¢.

**Max Factor ★ Hollywood**

Would you like to try Hollywood's make-up secret — color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick? Mail this coupon.

**Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY**

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

Send Please: Six Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 60-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". FREE 25-R-4

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STREET \_\_\_\_\_

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	<b>LASHES/Color</b>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
	<b>SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/></b>	
	Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	
		<i>If Hair is Gray, check page above and here.</i>

# facing the music

SWING, WALTZ, OR DANCE  
MUSIC FANS—LEARN ABOUT  
YOUR FAVORITE MAESTROS  
FROM THESE BREEZY PAGES

By KEN ALDEN

**A** BAND leader has to be a business man as well as a musician these days. At least, many of your favorite baton-wielders are proving that they *do* possess business heads, what with offices and office forces of their own.

The latest is that several leaders have banded together and gone into the music publishing business. Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring, and Guy Lombardo started by putting \$25,000 apiece into a new firm called Words and Music, Inc. Then Abe Lyman and Jack Denny came in and by the time you read this, Wayne King and others may have joined.

Past attempts by the leaders in the music publishing field haven't been so successful. Isham Jones has his own firm, and the Paul Whiteman Publications is a subsidiary of a larger company, and that's the list.

The leaders told me they are looking chiefly to their own protection. You see, since Warner Brothers withdrew from ASCAP the first of the year with the corresponding banning of their numbers from the main networks, the leaders have found all the way from ten to forty per cent of their

libraries lying around useless. They have sunk a lot of money into special arrangements of these numbers and yet they cannot use the pieces on the air. Many of them have to re-make their programs at the last minute because of restricted songs, which irks them no end.

Not only that, but during the recent arrangers' strike (it's been settled now) the publishers threatened to enforce an old clause in the copyright law which gives them control



Top, Margaret McCrea is soloist on the Saturday night Hit Parade. Above are Pat Ballard and co-star, Charlie Henderson of Melody Treasure Hunt.

of all special arrangements made from their own catalogs. No one has paid much attention to this in the past, least of all the publishers who were glad to have the leaders make as many special arrangements of their songs as they liked.

Incidentally Fred Waring's brother, Tom, has written quite a few songs and the new firm will get his future output. Likewise Carmen Lombardo, while Whiteman has sponsored quite a few song writers. Looks as if you'll be hearing more songs written by band leaders.

The arrangers are back at work but the victory was not very decisive for the Musician's Union. Arrangers are getting a little more money now and shorter hours but the union did not succeed in making publishing houses a closed shop.

HALF NOTES

**DICK STABILE**, who left Ben Bernie to start his own band, had his first professional engagement at the Pennsylvania, replacing Hal Kemp. Let you know later how Dick is doing. Two English boys who made good in this country although they had to give up their old bands and start new ones, are Ray Noble and Jack Hylton. Now it is rumored that Bert Ambrose, another of the English aces, is to come in our midst. Well, our cousins from across the pond can make more dough on this side anyway what with radio being commercial, and you can't blame them so much for coming over.



The other good looking Hit Parade soloist is Buddy Clark, for some time a sustaining singer on CBS.

**PETER DE ROSE**—remember his "Wagon Wheels," "Oregon Trail," etc.—wrote the official Texas centennial song approved by the governor and called "Texas Star." Incidentally, Peter was speeding through Central Park recently (Continued on page 69)

# NEW GLARE-PROOF POWDER 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!

## POND'S SUNLIGHT Shades flatter your skin in the Hardest Light

Now you can defy the full glare of the sun! Go out into it hatless! . . . Confident your skin has only the soft sunny glow of early spring sunshine! Pond's "Sunlight" shades

are away from the old "sun-tan" powders. Totally new in effect. Glare-proof! They catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . Soften your face in hardest light! Becoming with every stage of tan.



**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¢.**

2 MORE NEW YORK BEAUTIES  
are telling you



JANICE  
JARRATT

**"Listerine Tooth Paste  
keeps teeth looking their loveliest"**

[Below] CARROLL BRADY



Hear what Miss Janice Jarratt, often termed the most photographed girl in the world, says:

"Listerine Tooth Paste? It's simply delightful . . . gives my teeth wonderful brilliance and sheen."

Hear, also, the opinion of Miss Carroll Brady, lovely newcomer to famous New York studios:

"The camera is merciless . . . so a model can't take chances with the looks of her teeth. I have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is best for keeping them really white and gleaming."

Like scores of other New York models, whose bread and butter depend on their good looks, these two lovely girls have found by actual experience that this dentifrice is best and safest for preserving and enhancing the beauty of their teeth.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. It contains two special polishing and cleansing ingredients, notable for their safe and gentle action. And right now there is a special inducement to try this exceptional dentifrice. (See panel below.)

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

*Summer's Best Bargain!*

**MOIRE VACATION KIT**

Rubber lined    Glider lock    Choice of colors

AND . . . 25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

AND . . . DENTAL SPECIAL TOOTH BRUSH

**ALL 3 FOR 49¢**



**AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S WHILE THEY LAST**

This offer good in U. S. A. only



HOW MANY OF THE STORIES  
YOU HAVE READ ABOUT THE  
POWELL VOICE ARE TRUE?



Warner Brothers

Can such non-chalance be Dick's if he's actually married to Joan Blondell . . . or if he's losing his place in movies to Rudy Vallee?

# Dick Powell answers ALL THOSE RUMORS

*(Editor's Note: Never has a star's enforced absence from his program created so many rumors and so much wild speculation as Dick Powell's from Hollywood Hotel. When it became obvious that even his return to the air would not put an end to the fantastic stories that have spread across the country—stories purporting to tell what really lay behind his throat operation—I wired one of Hollywood's best writers, a close friend of Dick's, to get the whole truth. Here it is, from Dick's own lips. When you read it you'll understand why it became necessary for him to speak out.)*

BY WALTER RAMSEY

"Dick Powell left because he doesn't want to continue working on his radio program."

"Is Rudy Vallee going to take Dick Powell's place at the Warner Brothers studios as their new crooning star?"

And that's been only the beginning. As each week in April, then May passed and Dick continued to be absent from the radio studios, tongues wagged faster, newspaper presses rolled off more, newer stories. Each week the sponsors of his program announced that they "hoped" he'd be back that Friday night. And each Friday night someone on the show explained that Dick wasn't ready—quite yet.

When Dick first announced—back in March—that he was unable to start work on his new picture, and that he wouldn't be singing the next Friday, his friends didn't bother to deny the stories that began spreading. His throat had been overtaxed and he was under a doctor's care. That was all.

*(Continued on page 73)*

**F**OR nearly two months you've been reading—"Dick Powell's just taking time off to marry Joan Blondell. They're on a honeymoon right now."  
"Dick Powell claims his operation was successful. Then why has it taken him so long to sing again?"

Rudy tells :



Ray Lee Jackson

For the Fleischmann hour with Rudy Vallee, see page fifty-one.

# “Why I ALWAYS Have To FIGHT”

BY DOROTHY BROOKS

**W**HEN I was a little kid,” Rudy Vallee admitted, “my mother told me that I’d be getting into trouble all my life. Maybe she was right.”

Maybe. Maybe there are twenty-four hours in the day, and maybe the sun sets in the West. If you’ve read the newspapers since 1930, or if you’ve followed the career of radio’s best known master of ceremonies any other way, you realize that no one else on the air has been the stormy center of so many private and public imbroglios.

Yet the story behind these front page stories—the reasons, psychological or otherwise, for Rudy’s resorting to a few well directed blows to settle arguments—has never been told. On the subject of fights, legal or personal encounters, he has spoken only through his attorney, who uses many words to say nothing. Even on the latest exchange of punches which earned screaming headlines and in which George White, famous producer, was the adversary, any number of reasons were advanced as to why they quarreled but none to explain why it was Rudy again.

Other stars on the air have their troubles, their disagreements, and yet you don’t read about their ending in black eyes. Only Rudy Vallee seems to figure in endings of this kind.

That’s why I went to see Rudy one night a short time ago while he was playing a limited engagement in Philadelphia’s swank Arcadia cafe. It was more than time, I felt, that he discussed a subject which has always been

taboo in interviews or any form. When we sat down to dinner in a secluded corner of the impressive dining room, his searchlight blue eyes were quizzical.

“I was wondering about your fights,” I began with a certain excusable amount of nervousness.

Rudy sat back and did the one thing I least expected. He laughed, a hearty, bellowing laugh that made me laugh too. And right then and there he gave me the whole story.

“I’ve always had a bad temper,” he began, “the kind of temper that gets you into tough spots. For instance: I say that the front of this restaurant has a canopy. You say it hasn’t and then give me an argument about it. I—well, I get mad and, if you can’t convince me I’m wrong in a hurry, there’s likely to be trouble.”

“Is that what happened backstage at the ‘Scandals?’” I asked.

Once more Rudy did the unexpected. Perhaps, after weeks of razzing about his encounter with George White, he was used to the question. Whatever the cause, he threw back his head and laughed again.

“I guess so,” he smiled. “I thought I was right about that, too. And I still do, black eye or no black eye. I have convictions and I’ll fight for them any day in the week.”

“The funny part is—and you’ve got to believe this, it’s true—I don’t approve of fighting. Never have. I don’t see how anyone ever could. Fighting, whether it’s a war between two nations or a private war between

two men, is stupid and savage. It’s the wrong way to try to solve problems, because it never solves them. Suppose I have gotten into a couple of fights. That doesn’t mean I condone them. As far as the ones I’ve been in go, I still feel I was right every time, but I know my methods were all wrong.”

“Then why get into them?”

“I just lost my temper. I’ll admit I have a too-quick temper. I’ve always considered it my greatest fault. Well, not my greatest, maybe—but at any rate the one I’d most like to correct. I’ve never been able to curb it to any appreciable extent. I inherit it. I believe, for my father is French, and has the typical French shortness of temper. On my mother’s side, I’m Irish and—well, you can figure out for yourself what kind of a combination that is.

I’m a firm believer in the influence of heredity. Now, don’t get the idea I’m trying to dodge responsibility for my own actions and place the blame on a lot of departed and defenceless ancestors. I attribute a great deal of any success I may have had to those ancestors, too. They gave me my love for music, and the driving urge to get ahead.”

Temper—well, I saw a vivid exhibition of Rudy’s temper before I said goodbye to him that evening. He was trying out a new song before a restaurant full of customers. Besides being new, it was a tricky song, too. The pianist struck a wrong key. Rudy glared at him fiercely, but the luckless ivory tinkler proceeded blithely (Continued on page 79)

ARGUMENTS WITH VALLEE HAVE A WAY OF ENDING IN A BLACK EYE—  
BUT RUDY HAS HIS REASONS WHICH HE TELLS FOR THE FIRST TIME



# WILL *Lucy Monroe's* SECRET ROMANCE END IN HEARTBREAK?

SHE MUST DECIDE BEFORE THE END OF SUMMER BETWEEN  
THE MAN SHE LOVES AND HER DREAM OF WINNING FAME

**L**UCY MONROE didn't want to tell me this story. I still can't understand why she did. She would rather talk about her mother, her love for music, a book she happens to be reading, or perhaps, a play she has just seen.

Usually, when talking with Lucy, one is conscious of being with a girl who is well read, witty, intelligent, and filled with nothing more than a desire to please, and be pleased. Just a swell person, light and gay, and outwardly a bit sophisticated.

That is—usually—but on this particular afternoon, I had the rare pleasure of observing a different Lucy Monroe. I sat quietly, and listened, while a wistful, blue-eyed girl told me in simple, unaffected language about the man she has loved for three years—told me of her innermost feelings for this man, and the seemingly insurmountable barriers that have kept them from the one thing they both yearn for so greatly—marriage.

This is the story of Lucy Monroe's three-year romance. A story she has managed carefully to conceal from magazine and newspaper people, and, as mentioned before, I cannot understand why she told it to me. Perhaps it was because she was in a mood, but I would like to believe it was because she felt that I would re-tell her story as simply and truthfully as it was related.

We were sitting in a corner of one of NBC's largest studios. It was late in the afternoon, and Lucy had been rehearsing since ten-thirty that morning. She looked tired, her eyes were heavy, half closed, and as she talked she slumped low in the chair, and leaned her head back against the wall. There were but a few people in the studio, and the orchestra was rehearsing. She spoke softly, and, at intervals, it was difficult to hear her.

"If you felt," Lucy began, "that you were the cause of



ILLUSTRATOR:  
H. R. McBRIDE

BY JACK SHER



Lucy is at the crossroads of her life as she weighs her sweetheart's demand: Marry me now or forget me.



Lucy Monroe sings on the Album of Familiar Music, Hammerstein's Music Hall and Lavender & Old Lace. See page 50.

hopelessly entangling four people's lives, it would not be an easy thing to explain. That is what I'm afraid I have done!

"What happened was not intentional," she said, lowering her voice. "It is not even new. It has probably happened many times before, to other people, but usually, in cases of this sort, two of the unlucky victims of circumstance have ultimately come out all right. In my case," she said, with a sad half smile, "whether they will or not is entirely up to me. You see, one of them is myself."

And then she told her story. It began when Lucy graduated from Horace Mann High School, in New York City, and started out to capture just two things from life—a

successful career, and marriage. You will notice that a career is mentioned first, because it was at that time, and I suspect even now, the most important thing in Lucy's life.

Lucy saw from the first that the road she was to travel would be strewn with obstacles, and that her only hope for success lay in working mightily and arriving via the "step by step" process. She travelled in stock, playing in drafty theaters of small towns, she sang bits in musical comedies, and opera. She worked hard and consistently. She wanted, above everything else, to be a (Continued on page 71)

*Lum and Abner*



*Maurice Seymour*

A new and revealing portrait of the two engaging young gentlemen you know as Lum (left), played by Chester Lauck, and Abner, played by Norris Goff. They're married to beautiful girls from Arkansas, their home state, which recently named a real town Pine Ridge, the imaginary scene of their NBC show.

*Ray Lee Jackson*

Niela Goodelle had found success in the Follies and musical comedy before she entered radio—and no wonder, with that face and figure! Her correspondingly lovely voice was her passport to radio, via the Shell Chateau. Now she's on an NBC Blue network, Mondays and Wednesdays at seven o'clock.

*Niela*



*Marion*



*Hurrell*

Marion Talley has emerged from the long retirement which came four years after a spectacular Metropolitan Opera debut. A mature artist, she stars in radio for Ry-Krisp and in the new film, "Follow Your Heart."

That happy pair, Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, lend their musical and comedy talents to the Gulf Gasoline program, Sunday evenings over CBS, taking Phil Baker's place while he indulges in a summer vacation.

*Ben Pinchot*

*Julia and Frank*



# Beginning The Fascinating

HOW RADIO'S MOST AGGRESSIVE NEWSCASTER WORKS AND PLAYS—HIS HATES AND LIKES—IT'S ALL TOLD HERE IN THIS BRILLIANT SERIES

A PARK AVENUE matron was speaking to a friend the morning after a party she had attended this spring.

"Oh—I must tell you—I met Boake Carter. My dear, he's not tall at all and his moustache isn't black, it's red!"

That would probably be the reaction of many of Boake Carter's most ardent feminine fans if they could meet him. Men react more favorably when they first see CBS's most famous newscaster. They like the friendliness of his manner and—strangely—don't take a violent dislike to his British accent. Probably because it is so easily recognizable as genuine. And they like his freckles and sandy hair.

Boake Carter's Philco broadcasts are unique in many respects. The most publicized aspect of them is the freedom with which he takes sides in issues other speakers prefer to slide over. Another aspect, however, that's not generally known is the amount of feminine fan mail he receives. Women are not notoriously avid for the kind of program Mr. Carter has been presenting now for over three years. The voice which first called attention to him before his frequently virulent attacks on people and issues brought him into the limelight has in it the appeal usually reserved for crooners. Women who aren't sure at times what he's talking about are sure that with such a voice he must be tall, dark, mysteriously romantic.

What is the backstage story of such a man?



# Behind-the-Scenes Story of Boake Carter

BY FRED RUTLEDGE



For Boake Carter, see Program Guide—Page 50.

Left, Boake Carter seeks the solitude of his country home as relaxation from the strain of his radio work; center, a new portrait; above, conducting a broadcast from the observation car of a train, as Truman Bradley, CBS announcer, watches the second hand to check proper timing.

Next to his personal appearance the question most often asked about him is, "How does he work?"

His working days aren't shrouded in quite the secrecy he would like to make out. It is known that he spends a good deal of every day writing his scripts—pounding them out on a typewriter in his small office, one of the suite belonging to station WCAU in Philadelphia, where most of his broadcasts take place. The address is 1622 Chestnut Street, a few blocks from one of the city's largest retail stores. It is eight minutes from the railway station. Mr. Carter himself will tell you, when you ask him for an appointment, that it is eight minutes' brisk walking distance. He will also tell you that New York trains leave at eight in the morning and arrive in Philadelphia at nine-forty-four. If that's too early, he'll go on through the rest of the morning, rattling off the other leaving and arriving times.

Eight minutes' brisk walk is just that, if Carter happens to be with you. He strides along wearing a rather weather-beaten brown hat tilted slightly back from his forehead, a topcoat that swings back and forth across stocky shoulders. Red traffic lights annoy him and he tries to map out his walking trips so he can turn with traffic at every corner. He's invariably in a hurry during the day. For three years he's been under pressure. But not even the Flemington trial which rocketed him to such sudden fame can equal the work he has just completed.

The end of May, he began a hectic month by going to Havana, Cuba, to join a meeting of Philco radio distributors and give them a pep talk. The last two years he dodged these get-togethers. This spring, suffering from a guilty conscience, he offered to go before his sponsors even suggested it.

On his return he had less than a week before leaving for the Republican convention in Cleveland. In that time he had to renew personally all the friendships he's worked so hard to make since his broadcasts began on the network.

Following the hectic days of the battle for the Republican nomination and with scarcely a day for relaxation, he returned to line up his contacts for the Democratic convention in his home city of Philadelphia.

His contacts are many. They are really the secret of his ability to take sides when controversial questions arise in the day's news. He has made them because he knows how to meet people. He learned to do that working as an inconspicuous reporter on the Philadelphia News, a tabloid daily. He has retained the frank. (Continued on page 86)



# REUNION

Ed Wynn is telling the whole world to listen in Tuesdays again now that he's got Graham McNamee back as his stooge.

# IN RADIO CITY

By  
DAN  
WHEELER

**T**HERE were Gallagher and Shean. There were Van and Schenk. There were Moran and Mack. There were, to move for a moment into more serious circles, Sothorn and Marlowe. There were, and still are, Astaire and Rogers, Amos 'n' Andy, Lunt and Fontanne.

And once more there are Wynn and McNamee. It may seem, at first, as if the relationship in the last case were a little different from that in the others. Ed Wynn is the star of his radio show, true enough, and Graham McNamee is, in theatrical parlance, his straight man. Graham feeds Ed the lines upon which he builds his laughs, and, as a feeder, he's Ed's subordinate.

But there are times when even such a one-sided connection becomes a true partnership; and although no one realized it until a few weeks ago, this Wynn-McNamee combination is one.

Perhaps you felt it, too, that sense of something lacking when Ed returned to the air last winter after a long absence. I know I did. It wasn't Ed himself. If anything, he had more zest than ever before. I watched him during rehearsals and at his first broadcast, reporting his return for **RADIO MIKROB**, and I could tell he was happy to be back on the air.

Yet the new Wynn program didn't catch on as well as it should have. Various stimulants were tried—a juggling of the tempo, addition of vocal numbers by a mixed chorus. Nothing had much effect. Then, with the clearing of Ed's old time, the time he had made traditionally his by three years of steady broadcasting, nine-thirty on Tuesday nights over the NBC red network, the decision was reached. Put Ed Wynn back on his old time and network, and bring back his old straight man, Graham McNamee!

To say that both Ed and Graham were tickled pink would be entirely too conservative. When I saw them, just before their first broadcast together in the new series, they were both beaming.

This was on a Tuesday afternoon. Broadcast time was only a few hours away. As yet they hadn't even bothered to rehearse together, but they weren't worried.

"We're picking up where we left off," Graham told me. "Why, in the three years we were together before, there wasn't a single time we rehearsed together more than once over the script—and once over lightly at that."

As a matter of fact, Graham hadn't had time to rehearse. He had been rushing around the eastern seaboard, occupied with a Vallee show in Washington, a trip to Lakehurst to help cover the arrival of the dirigible *Hindenburg*. Major Bowes' amateur show, and the sound-track on a couple of news reels. In all probability, he never will find time to get together with Ed before Tuesday afternoon. Ed himself will probably rehearse, as he did for the first program, with someone else reading Graham's lines, as neatly set down in the script.

And then Graham will come along; and they'll go over the script together, and everything will be set for the broadcast.

Only it won't be set, really. That's where the partnership comes in. Ed and Graham simply never have been able to stick to the script in their broadcasts. They used to start out with the best intentions in the world of going straight

through the show as written, but pretty soon one of them would make some impromptu remark, the other would answer back, and before long they'd be galloping off at a wild tangent from what the fellow who wrote the script had had in mind.

"Sometimes," they told me, "we'd get so far off the track we couldn't possibly get back on, and we'd stand there, adlibbing for all we were worth, trying to work the talk back to where it belonged."

All this led naturally to what eventually became their favorite little game during a broadcast. Did you know that each one is forever trying to trip the other up? That's what is behind all those comments one throws in while the other is talking, and nothing delights them more than to succeed.

It's harder, of course, for Graham, because Ed is supposed to be funny and Graham isn't. Graham still shudders when he thinks of the one time Ed badgered him into making a bad mistake. It was the sort of mistake that gives announcers nightmares, and although it turned out all right, at the time Graham thought he had set his career back a little matter of some ten years.

Perhaps you remember it. It happened while Graham was reading a commercial announcement. Ed was heckling away, having a fine time, when Graham came to the mention of his sponsor's product, gasoline. Only he didn't say "gasoline." He said "gasoloon."

Ed let out a delighted whoop and began to heckle all the harder. It was no laughing matter for Graham, and he'd have thanked Ed to let the mistake pass, hoping the audience would think it hadn't heard correctly. But after all, Ed was the wiser of the two. The mistake became a hit, the listeners loved it, and the sponsors were so pleased they bought Ed a new trick hat with "Gasoloon" lettered across the front. So famous did that slip of the tongue become, in fact, that it was even worked into Ed and Graham's first broadcast in the new series. (Continued on page 55)

GAYER THAN A JUNE  
WEDDING—MORE FUN THAN  
A BARREL OF MONKEYS—  
NOW THAT GRAHAM AND  
ED ARE TOGETHER AGAIN



# what's new on radio row

By JAY PETERS

SCOOPS AND MORE SCOOPS THIS MONTH! READ THE LATEST ABOUT

**B**RANDISHING fistfuls of certified checks, political managers assail the air castles clamoring for time in which to extol the virtues of aspirants to office and to expound their policies, principles and platforms. The conventions over and the presidential candidates duly named, the Republican and Democratic national committees start spending \$3,000,000 between them to reach the electorate via the ether. It is the biggest sum ever appropriated for radio electioneering but then this is the hottest campaign in the history of the nation.

With the New Dealers and the Anti-New Dealers so keenly radio-minded, the broadcast industry is prospering this summer as never before. Last summer was the best in twelve years of commercial radio but this summer is running away ahead of it in receipts. Because of politics riding the kilocycles high, wide and handsome, many sponsors accustomed to quitting the airwaves for the hot months are continuing their programs. They fear to relinquish choice spots lest they be unable to regain them in the fall when the campaigns reach their peak and the demand for time becomes greatest. The natural result of this condition of affairs is unprecedented prosperity for the wireless. It is the *good* old summer time in the studios, all right.

\* \* \*

**M**EANWHILE, safe from the sound and fury of politics—at least for a few weeks—many of your favorite broadcasters are vacationing while substitutes carry on for them. Fred Allen has retreated to the wilds of Maine, leaving Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd to conduct the Town Hall Tonight proceedings and to make merry with their own political campaign to "Keep Stoopnagle Out of the White House." Peter Van Steeden continuing as the musical director of the program. Bob Ripley has gone globe-trotting again in search of new believe-it-or-nots and his companions of the last several months, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, are enjoying a respite from the studios. In their stead on the Baker's broadcast are Sedley Brown and Mrs. Allie Lowe Miles, who are conducting a domestic relations series called "Husbands and Wives." Jack Benny, too, is on vacation so far as the microphone is concerned but is clowning for the cameras on the Paramount lot in Hollywood.

\* \* \*

**Y**OU need more than a stovepipe hat and a white rabbit to foretell the future of programs these days. Take Show Boat for example. Back towards the middle of May, its sponsors were auditioning talent like mad, trying to find someone or something to take the place of **Lanny Ross**, who definitely announced his departure for points West. It

wasn't denied at the agency producing the program that the entire present cast had been handed notices. **Al Goodman's** band had auditioned three times before this went to press. The idea is to hold summer dancing sessions aboard the craft until fall. Come that time, not even this soothsayer would care to wrap a turban around the damp brow and hazard a guess as to what the bill of fare will be.

Then, too, Atlantic Family is in a turmoil. Spies report that **Frank Parker** may leave—perhaps by the time you read this. **Bob Hope** may be the star of the whole shebang. But if rumors are true, he may also sign to take over **Jack Benny's** half hour while Jack is away. In that case, he'll say goodbye to Atlantic Family. Bob's married, by the way, something not generally known, to a gal who has already started her own sustaining program over a CBS network. The name is **Dolores Reade** and she's swell looking.

Looks now as though **Dooley and Dowling** will be on past the first of July, but come what will of the show, it's developed a new funny man by the name of **Snookey Puss**. **Cliff Arquette** plays the role and the faces he makes send studio audiences into hysterics. Cliff's been taking various roles on NBC programs for years. Several sponsors are now eyeing him as future comedy material. Fall should see him well advanced on the way to stardom.

\* \* \*

**A**NOTHER absentee from the Broadcasting chamber for the rest of the summer is Eddie Cantor but he is by no means idle, having returned to his Hollywood chores. Eddie resumes broadcasting in mid-September for a new sponsor—the Texaco Company which brought Ed Wynn to the air—and a new salary, \$15,000 per broadcast, an increase of \$2,500 from his Pebeco contract of last winter. From this amount Eddie must defray the expenses of the band and all other talent on the program but when he does he will still have more than \$10,000 left for himself. With his radio, picture and writing activities, Cantor now has an income of nearly a million a year and is bracketed with Major Edward Bowes as the two highest-salaried men in show business. Although intimates estimate Major Bowes' annual income at \$1,000,000, the exploiter of amateurs himself denied it. He says it is only \$650,000 a year. Just imagine!

\* \* \*

**M**ANY of those microphone personalities who continue despite the heat are finding rest and relaxation between broadcasts cruising the waters adjacent New York City. It really is surprising how numerous are the marine-





The four beautiful damsels at the left ready to bowl them over are: Betty Gould, Eve Arden who stooges for Ken Murray, Betty Wragge, star of *Forever Young* and (shh!) Bob Hope's wife, Dolores Reade. Down to the left is Phillips Lord who's gone and got himself another sailing boat. The other nautical gent with the map is Curtis Arnall planning out a round-the-world junket he wants to take about September. The guy with a pipe and a coat is happy Fred Astaire who grins while newshawks ask him about the radio program he's starting in the fall.

## SHOW BOAT, ATLANTIC FAMILY AND THOSE HOLLYWOOD NEWCOMERS



minded this summer. Of course, Phillips Lord, Guy Lombardo, James Melton, John Charles Thomas, Colonel Stoopnagle, Ed Wynn and Boake Carter are old sailors and everybody expects them to heed the call of the sea whenever their professional engagements permit. But the Landt Trio and White, Maestros Lennie Hayton and Red Nichols and Ralph Dumke, of the Sisters of the Skillet, haven't heretofore qualified as navigators, and friends and associates in the studios just don't know what to make of their sea yarns. The Landt boys bought a cabin cruiser, which they christened "Rhythm," no doubt inspired by Jimmy Melton's yacht "Melody." Lennie Hayton, taking his cue perhaps from Boake Carter who prefers that type of craft, acquired a sailboat, as did Red Nichols. Dumke's purchase was a catboat which he promptly dubbed "Audition." Asked why, Ralph explained it is because he hasn't much control over it and never knows which way the wind will blow it! Phillips Lord is predisposed (Continued on page 58)

Here's the handsome star of the newest in radio. None other than comic Jack Oakie.



# WAIT before you COMMIT SUICIDE!

By BILL STUART

As you read this, someone somewhere is contemplating suicide.

As your eye moves to this second paragraph, that someone has decided that unless help can be found soon—immediately—his only relief from a gnawing, aching unhappiness will come with death.

I hope that person isn't you. But if it should be—and if you have told the Voice of Experience that unless he comes to your aid, you intend to die—wait for him. Give the man a chance!

There are now fourteen persons dead who might be alive and happy had they done that. Fourteen who wrote, then didn't wait. Fourteen who laid their hearts bare to him because they thought him their last chance, then didn't give him an opportunity to help.

The tragic part is that the Voice of Experience could have done something for each. But the routine of handling the thousands of letters he receives each day takes time. Hours are spent just in opening them. They must be read, and each of the problems presented must be analyzed. Those that contain money must be read very carefully, so that the money goes for the purpose for which it was intended. Others must be classified according to what the writer wants. And the under-secretaries who read the mail and note its contents cannot be expected to know that an envelope lying at the bottom of the pile contains the most urgent and piteous request.

One girl—one of the fourteen—who wrote to the Voice of Experience didn't know this. She wasn't thinking of thousands of letters, she was fighting desperately as she set down these words:

"I married a fine young fellow two years ago when I was just a chorus girl—but a good one—and less than a year later a precious baby was born, just one week before my husband died.

"Not once have I gone out with any man

since my husband died, although I have been asked and even insulted. One man specially has tried his best to make me go out with him, but I have refused. Finally, about a week ago he told me that if I didn't be nice to him he would make it tough for me. Four days ago the authorities came and took my baby away from me. It near drove me crazy. I almost killed myself yesterday by jumping in front of a subway train, but I still guess I had a little hope.

"I can't stand this much longer, but I will wait to hear from you until Friday morning. Certainly you can do something by then. If not, I won't be here Friday afternoon.

"God bless you and please help me.

Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

She wrote that on Monday. And the ensuing four days must have been a burning, consuming hell. She must have listened, her eyes frightened, her fingers twisting a handkerchief, as the Voice of Experience each afternoon went carefully over the human problems laid before him by others.

He need only have said four words, and she would have known. Just "I will get her." But he didn't. Not on Tuesday, nor Wednesday, nor Thursday.

Friday morning at nine o'clock, a young man who worked for the Voice of Experience came into the office with the other secretaries. He hung his coat carefully over his chair, looked for a moment at his partly-read morning paper, then picked an envelope off a pile before him. He removed the letter, read it, and made a notation on top that indicated it should be referred to the secretary handling requests for medical attention. He selected another letter. The notation on top of it indicated the writer was suffering from fear of closed rooms.

There was nothing about the next envelope to set it apart

from the others. It had lain at the bottom of a steadily diminishing pile of similar envelopes and there had been no silent voice to mark its presence. The young man picked it up and drew the sheets of paper out. He read only half the letter while seated; the rest he finished on his way to the private office of the Voice of Experience.

"We haven't much time on this," he said quickly. "Fortunately, she lives in New York."

The Voice of Experience pressed a buzzer while glancing at the note. When the investigator entered, he handed the note to him.

It took the investigator less than ten minutes to get to where the girl lived. But he was too late! She had killed herself bare minutes before he arrived.

The body of a young woman—a young mother whose distraught mind had not allowed her to wait another few minutes—had been found on the street below her window.

The Voice of Experience is aware of the awful significance of the moving minute hand to those who suffer. He has speeded up the mechanics of his office to their highest level. In fairness to everyone, he can't handle things too quickly, since some might be slighted.

A letter he received just three months ago moved quickly through the routine. But quickly meant two days, and two days was not soon enough.

It read:

"You have said many times, 'Keep your chin up,'—but, brother, you have never tried (Continued on page 78)

The Voice of Experience at the desk where too late have arrived many other letters as pathetic as the one reproduced here.



The relief I got wasn't enough to keep me from starvation my clothes became a heap of rags, then I met him, he helped me, I sold him my body for a few rags to hang on it, now I'll be a mother soon now this only one way out death, but I'd so much like to at least hear a word from you, I know you won't refuse a dying girl's request, you've taken a little prison each day this week Friday I'll finish the job, that is if I do.

This writer asked for aid but did not give an investigator time to help. The Voice of Experience is heard over NBC.

READ THIS DRAMATIC PLEA FROM THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE WHO COULD HAVE SAVED FOURTEEN LIVES!

# Acting in **ONE MAN'S FAMILY** has changed their lives

READ THE AMAZING WAY THE LIFE DRAMAS OF THIS PROGRAM'S STARS HAVE COME TO PARALLEL THE SCRIPT'S MAKE BELIEVE!

**M**ANY of you have seen the dramatic part radio can play in the lives of listeners—perhaps you yourself have had the whole course of your existence altered by tuning in some program. Some of you, too, have seen what your letters have done to certain shows.

But none of you knows what a certain program has done to the lives of the people who make up the cast, how the drama of their personal lives has come to parallel the make believe drama of this half hour.

I didn't know, either, the Wednesday I visited the San Francisco offices of NBC and stepped into the studio from which One Man's Family reaches you each week. At the moment I walked inside there was a lull in rehearsal and most of the cast was grouped off to one side.

Unobserved, I stepped closer and as I approached I saw that the center of conversation was a gentle, friendly woman whom you know as Fanny Barbour. It was Minetta Ellen who plays the part of the mother of One Man's Family. Everyone was entered in the discussion, intent on the problem, oblivious to the fact that a stranger was nearby.

The impression stole over me that I was a rude intruder, an unwanted who was eavesdropping on something that didn't concern me. I forgot that here was really a group of people brought together by nothing more intimate than the business of rehearsing for a broadcast. I forgot that I was in a modern radio studio, with microphones, special composition floors, and soundproofed walls.

Rather, I was looking in some old fashioned home, at a round table conference in which the whole family had gathered. Here each person belonged, each had his share of the life as brother or sister or sweetheart.

Later I was to learn how much the feeling of sharing the life of a united family has meant to Minetta Ellen, how acting in One Man's Family completely changed the course of her life, saved her from the ordinary dullness of middle age. It helped her to break away from that period of life

BY HARRY BLAIR

when ambitions disappear, when you become resigned to the loss of a future, your interests centered solely on dinner that night or some new pain you've just discovered.

Life stretched out ahead of Minetta Ellen in a dull succession of gray, inactive days when she first joined this program, back in 1932, shortly before its network inception. She was a grandmother who had seen the family she was once a part of grow away from her. Looking at herself in the mirror, she could see the dullness of her eyes, realize that there was no animation any longer in her features.

She never knew what prompted her to take the job, nor what hidden impulse urged her to keep on with it. But as she stayed with the program, life once more began to surge up within her. Slowly everyone working with her—Hazel, Paul, Jack, Teddy, Henry—began to be a real person, all part of a family she loved.

Soon the children took their troubles to her—real life troubles that followed them into the studio—and she began to help them find solutions. A sparkle came back into her eyes. She walked with the spring and buoyancy of a much younger woman. The joy of life was hers again, hers to hold as long as she wanted. She had changed middle life from a period of broken dreams and memories to a period of new hopes and new ambitions.

Standing near Minetta, his arm around Page Gilman who plays the role of Jack, was the father of the family, J. Anthony Smythe—Henry Barbour to the millions of Wednesday night listeners. A kindly smile wreathed his lips, his eyes twinkled with silent laughter. Page was telling him about the quarrel he'd had the night before with his best girl.

Four years ago, before the name of J. Anthony Smythe meant anything to radio audiences, this same man had finished one more tour of the West with a stock company. An inveterate traveler, he never came to rest, never could fight off the restlessness that had driven him half way



Henry—it taught him the futility of bachelorhood.

around the world. And, above all, that had made of him a confirmed bachelor.

Then he took the role of Henry Barbour. At first it was just another part for him, another character to portray for a few months before the wanderlust seized him again. The months rolled by, became a year. He was still coming to the studio every week, still playing this role.

At first it irritated him, vaguely, that he should have lost the desire to travel. Then he forgot to think about it. Before long, he was looking around for a more comfortable place to live.

"It was then that I thought of people I should have thought of long ago," he told me after the broadcast that day. "I called my three sisters, went to see them, and in the end I persuaded them to come and live with me. Playing the part of Henry had taught me a great lesson. I saw for the first time what I had been missing—the joys of home life, the happiness of being surrounded by a family."

This spring, they have moved into a beautiful house, Anthony, his sisters, and a niece. He has made a home for himself and the others, a home that brings them all the joys they would never have experienced if One Man's Family hadn't been created.

This radio series took an aging bachelor, set in his ways, bitten by the travel bug, unaware of the simple pleasures he was passing by, and made him over into a family man who has taken up gardening this spring because, as he told me laughingly, "Henry Barbour, in the script, decided it was a good idea. You should see me out spading. That's something I never dreamed of doing a few years ago."

The program has had its effect on the young people in the cast, too. In a way, an even more drastic effect, since it has molded the futures of Kathleen Wilson, Bernice Berwin, and Page Gilman.

Kathleen takes the role of Claudia Barbour. You who have followed faithfully the progress of One Man's Family



**Claudia—it sped her wedding to the man she loved.**

remember that some time ago Claudia suddenly eloped. Few, if any of you, knew what effect that had on her private life outside the broadcasting studio.

Kathleen Wilson had been in love for some time. For most of this time she and her sweetheart had been engaged. Yet they continued to drift along. Kathleen wasn't sure. And as the program grew more successful, as it became more and more obvious that she had a career in radio, she grew more doubtful of the wisdom of an early marriage. Again and again she put off any definite date for a wedding. It was so important, such a serious thing, she argued, how can I be sure?

"It sounds funny now," Kathleen told me, leaning back in her chair, her hands clasped behind her head, "but Carleton Morse, the author of the program, must have divined what was going on in my mind. For suddenly Claudia Barbour eloped in the story. I had to play that part, speak those lines, say over the air how grand marriage was, how worthwhile, and how easily problems that once loomed large were solved when wedding bells had rung."

Whatever Morse thought, the script elopement did the trick. It proved to Kathleen the wisdom of marrying once you are sure you're in love, of facing each problem as it arises rather than anticipating them as she had been doing. It was only a few weeks after the elopement in the program that she married her fiance.

"I can't tell you how happy I am now that we got married when we did. If it hadn't been for playing a role in this show, we would still be drifting, my husband and I, perhaps even have quarreled and gone our separate ways!"

To still another member of this family the program has brought happiness she'd otherwise have missed. Bernice Berwin, whose role is that of Hazel, has discovered the joys of (Continued on page 85)

**For One Man's Family, sponsored by Royal Gelatine, see page fifty.**



**Fanny—it saved her from resignation to middle age.**



**Jack—it helped this only child to think of others.**



**Hazel—it revealed to her the blessings of children.**

A perfect contrast in mood and behavior. Right, the new Fifi with hubby Maurice Hill, and, below, in the once gay, mad Hollywood days.



The

Taming

of

FIFI D'ORSAY

**N**OT since the time Clara Bow stood on her head at a very very ultra Hollywood cocktail party has any gal—Mae West included—romped off with more coast-to-coast newspaper headlines to her credit than Fifi D'Orsay.

For years Fifi was America's own Wild Girl and she loved it and America loved it and so did the movie-going natives of a batch of foreign countries. Fifi was everything the razzmatazz zazzoozazz flaming-youth-on-the-hoof flapper of the post-war era was supposed to be. She rolled her stockings and her French R's and her big eyes and started the vogue for being cutely bad that brought many a parental hair-brush down on the derrières of young American girlhood.

She introduced shorts to Hollywood Boulevard, a briar pipe to the Loop and bell-bottom pants to Broadway, and collected a ton or so of press clippings in receipt. Her publicity stunts were invariably a mere matter of black georgette wisps which lifted her right out of the theatrical section to a four-column spread on page two. She oo-là-làd several million slipper-snoozers out of their armchairs by staging the first trial honeymoon, diving half-clad at high noon into an Indianapolis park fountain, kissing a good-looking traffic policeman at one of Philadelphia's busiest intersections, forgetting to go home from a gay *bon voyage* party until she was retrieved by a seaplane ninety miles off the Golden Gate. She dyed her hair black instead of blond, changed her boyish shingle to a wilted "pineapple bob" and it all edged many a Ladies Garden Club feature story off the front page of the home town dailies.

Of course everybody knew that half the D'Orsay shenanigans were performed for sweet publicity's sake but nobody cared. In an era when rowdy and undisciplined expressionism was the thing, when the Full Life had to be

raw and red and hotcha or not at all, you could keep up with Fifi's latest and have, vicariously anyway, all sorts of thrills—an orchid on your breakfast tray every morning, fewer inhibitions than a waterbug, an ermine bedspread, temperament, an entourage of servants, tons of monkey fur shredding wickedly over every dress you owned, an automobile that looked like a bright pink pullman car and managed to amalgamate, quite harmlessly, with at least one good telephone pole a month.

This was the D'Orsay of a few years back—the naughty little hey-hey hoyden.

*But you ought to see Fifi now!*

Honest, you just ought to see her. You can hear her any Wednesday night on the Folies de Paree program but just listening you wouldn't catch on to how everything's changed. Girls have a way of bubbling, "Darling, I'm positively a *new woman* these days," but I never heard it denote half as much as it did the other morning when I found Fifi up to the elbows in a laundry tub full of assorted male socks, wearing a wrap-around house apron—nothing frilly, just the plain bargain basement variety—churning an expensive manicure up and down in a dither of gray soapy water.

She laughed that full, throaty, guttural laugh of hers the minute I mentioned the razzledazzle years. "Darleeng, the things I do now have got to be more deegnified!"

And there's a very funny story behind that.

It's a funny story because love, to be perfectly trite, is a funny thing. One spring day three years ago when Fifi was making a personal appearance at a downtown Chicago theater she happened to be introduced backstage to a very big and handsome and gray-eyed and serious-looking young name named Maurice Hill. He said how do you do and she said hello and that was all there was to it because just then the orchestra gave her her cue, so she ran onstage and began her first number never suspecting for an instant that starting right then the rest of her life was going to be radically changed, much less that a gent named Hill was going to tame her and make her like it.

Maurice was a wealthy young doctor who in 1932 had been voted the most attractive college man in the United States. He'd gone to Rush Medical School and at the time he met Fifi he was interning at Woodlawn Hospital in Chicago. He'd just about made up his mind that the eyes, ears, noses and throats of the Illinois

cessfully *oo-la-la* for mikes and cameras without taking it to headline extremities or involving her private life. She can turn the hoyden on and off when business calls for it and the rest of the time she can be Mrs. Hill and be as dignified and well-mannered as a Park Avenue matron. And in the end she'll get just as far, if not farther, then she would kissing strange cops and riding in police wagons in sopping wet clothes.

Maurice was the person who taught her that lesson. She likes it. She's happy. She wants (Continued on page 56)

**Fifi D'Orsay is heard  
on the Folies de Patee  
show—see page 50.**

By MARY  
WATKINS REEVES

A HOOPLA GAL WHO  
MADE FRONT PAGE HIS-  
TORY WITH HER NAUGHTY  
ANTICS HAS BECOME  
JUST PLAIN MRS. HILL

citizenry weren't quite the attractive life work he'd hoped they'd be when they met and that finished his decision once and for all. After a very romantic ten-months' courtship the two were married in California and Maurice gave up medicine to go into show business.

Of course the wedding got a big play in all the papers, too. Fifi and her husband were repeatedly pictured in all sorts of endearing and domestic poses—kissing each other hello in New York, kissing each other goodbye in Kansas City, pulling a pie out of the kitchen range, riding horseback together, giving the puppy a bath, dining at home *à deux*. And people believed all but the ones that showed Fifi in an apron looking very content and settled—and wondered how long it could possibly last.

Well, it's lasted for over two years now and I give you my word the way things look around the Hill establishment these days it's not only love, it's permanent. The Fifi you hear on the air and see in short subjects at the movies is the same Fifi you've always known but she's learned what she considers a valuable lesson: a girl can be naughty and still be nice. A really smart actress can be suc-



# Pageant of the airwaves

Right—Aww-yeah, that's Oswald of Ken Murray's Tuesday night CBS show. Tony Labriola is his real name, and he's an old-time concert musician here and over in Europe. He originated the Aww-yeah line when he played Sassafras with Ken in Earl Carroll's Sketch Book. You'll be seeing Ken and him soon in some Warner Brothers shorts . . . Below him is Marge of the Easy Aces program. Mary Hunter is her name, and she was a WGN, Chicago, hostess when the Aces began their show. She got the part because of her infectious laugh, and has kept it ever since. . . . Margaret McLaren, below center, is still in her teens but already she's a featured performer in the NBC Tastyest programs. She's Scotch, and specializes in that dialect, and her soprano voice has been compared to Jeanette MacDonald's . . . Expert in all sports, particularly racing, is Clem McCarthy, below. A lifetime of sports enthusiasm has fitted him to become radio's authority on the subject. He wanted to be a jockey as a boy, but he grew too large and became a newspaper man instead. His radio career began way back in 1927 in Chicago's racing field, Arlington Park, as an announcer, and since then he has described many a major sport event as it happened, in his distinctive, terse and clipped style. You'll hear him now in his own show, Flygg Around the Sports Map, on NBC three times a week at eleven P.M.



HERE'S THE VARIED FARE  
RADIO OFFERS YOU—FROM  
NEWS TO MUSIC TO HUMOR



Above, Pat Barnes, NBC character actor, entertainer, and philosopher, who celebrated his tenth year in radio not long ago. He's taken as many as twenty different parts in a single sketch, and also writes his own scripts. Born in Pennsylvania, he served overseas in the War, was married in 1926, and has one daughter . . . Ralph Kirbery, above left, is the NBC Dream Singer, with Al and Lee Reiser on Thursday mornings. He'd rather fish than eat, and he likes radio better than any other job he ever had because it allows him more time for fishing. He's a bachelor, athletic in appearance, and a War veteran. . . . Gene Conklin, below Ralph, featured tenor soloist on Fred Waring's shows, learned to play the saxophone in his high school band because it got him out of military training. He played in dance orchestras for two years after he graduated from school, before he discovered he could sing, too. Now, with the Waring's, he does nothing else. . . . Ken Carpenter, left, is the chief NBC announcer in Hollywood—you hear him with Marion Talley and Bing Crosby; but he'd rather cover sports events than regular shows. He was born in Illinois and studied law to please his father but turned to advertising. An agency where he applied for a job suggested radio, and he landed at KFI, Los Angeles NBC station. He is married to his college sweetheart, and they have one son, six years old.

# Pageant of the airwaves

**ACTRESS CLAUDIA  
MORGAN**



Claudia Morgan, left, is Clarissa Oakley in NBC's serial, David Harum. She proved she was a dynamo of energy this spring by playing leading roles in two Broadway hits besides keeping her daily air date. She's the daughter of actor Ralph Morgan. . . . Below her are the show's other stars, Paul Stewart (Charlie Cullom), Wilmer Walter (David), and Peggy Allenby (Susan Price). Paul and Peggy are two of radio's busiest young actors. Wilmer was born in Philadelphia, toured the country as "Ben Hur," has built his own summer camp up in the Maine woods.

**DAVID HARUM'S STARS**



Left below, Jack Arthur, who was Fanny Brice's father in her comic Baby Snooks sketches on the recent Ziegfeld Follies program. You may hear him on Show Boat this summer. He's a World War veteran, and created a leading role in the famed War play, "What Price Glory" . . . Joan Baker, center, stepped out of Ohio State College into the part of Carol Girard in CBS' serial, Renfrew of the Mounted, but she'd already played on the stage since she was sixteen. Her hobbies are swimming and tennis . . . Geoffrey Bryant, below, is the owner of the voice which imitates Thomas A. Edison's on the memorial programs to the great inventor being broadcast by both big networks. He's a Texan and he won this, his first big radio assignment, by a study of Edison's career.



**ACTOR  
JACK  
ARTHUR**



**RENFREW'S  
CAROL**

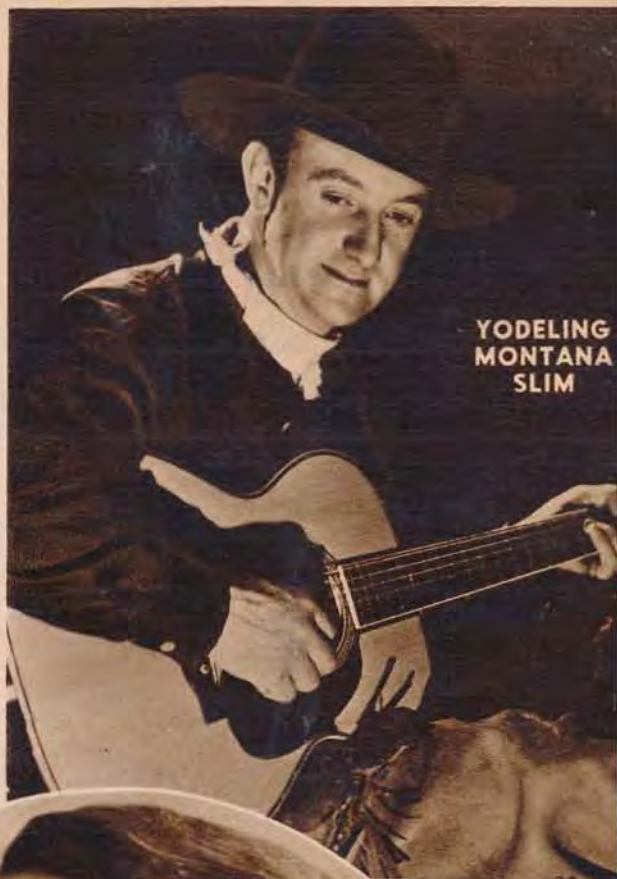


**EDISON'S  
VOICE  
DOUBLE**



**PRESENTING THE STARS ON  
SHOWS WHICH ARE KEEPING  
YOUR SUMMER RADIOS BUSY**

Wife Carter, right, is CBS' Yodeling Cowboy, Montana Slim. He got his radio start singing over a station in Calgary, Canada, came to New York to go on the network, but doesn't like tall buildings and traffic . . . Linda Lee, in circle, is soloist with the Russ Morgan band on its NBC spot. She quit her job as buyer for a New Orleans department store to seek singing fame up North, sang two years in St. Louis.



**YODELING  
MONTANA  
SLIM**

Below, Jimmy Farrell, CBS baritone who started on the road to success by winning an amateur audition conducted by Kate Smith in 1935. Before that he'd sung only in his glee club at Hobart College. He was born in upstate New York 26 years ago, has blond hair, is a good golfer, and a bachelor. Just now he's on a sustaining spot in the Columbia schedule. Below right, Paul Whiteman's old Rhythm Boys play in the interest of Fels Naptha soap on eastern CBS stations Tuesday and Thursday at 12:15. Left to right they're "Ice" Switzler, Al Dary (pianist and arranger), George MacDonald, and Ray Kultz. They joined Whiteman after Bing Crosby and the rest of the first Rhythm Boys unit disbanded. They stayed with the King of Jazz two years before striking out for themselves. All are New Englanders except Al, who was born in New Jersey. Besides their radio work they are popular around New York night clubs.



**RUSS MORGAN'S  
LINDA LEE**

*Kessler*



**COLUMBIA'S  
FARRELL**



**RHYTHM BOYS QUARTET**

# The TRUE STORY of a Real MAJOR BOWES *Amateur*

BY RHODA CHASE

I GUESS everyone knows, by this time, how you get to be a Major Bowes Amateur, so I'll skip over most of that part of it. You have to live near New York, or at least you have to get there at your own risk. Then you apply, and the Major gives you an audition. The next Sunday, if you pass your audition, you appear at the broadcasting studio in the afternoon. You have dinner with the rest of the amateurs who have been called for the program, and after dinner you sit in the studio. About half past seven it begins to fill up with people, and at eight o'clock the Amateur Hour program starts. You don't know if you're going to be on it right up till the last minute when the Major calls for you. Then the votes come in and, if you're lucky, and if you want to do it, you're assigned to one of the units traveling around the country.

That's that part of it, and I guess everybody knows about it. Now I'll go on and tell you what it's like to be on one of the units.

I was one of the lucky ones. I got enough votes so that the Major asked me if I would like to join a unit, and I said Yes.

On my first trip with the unit we started out by train from the Grand Central Station in New York. Sometimes the amateurs travel on buses, but usually it's on trains. In our unit there were about eighteen or twenty people. There was a manager, a master of ceremonies, two professional accompanists, a dancer, a popular blues singer, an operatic singer, a hill-billy band, a fellow who played bells and musical glasses, a trio of three sisters who sang harmony numbers, and a hot clarinet player. They arrange it so that every unit will be a regular little traveling vaudeville show, with a lot of variety. Nobody would want to see a show, for instance, that was all singers.

We went South, first, to Washington and Baltimore, and then swung West, working our way out slowly toward Texas and the Coast. I had never done very much traveling, and at first I could hardly believe that this was happening to me—seeing all these new cities and towns, and going on and on. It was like a dream. We would get into a town at ten o'clock in the morning, say. First we'd go to the hotel. The advance man, traveling a week ahead of us, had arranged beforehand what hotel it would be, and we almost always got rates. The hotel people seemed to go out of their way to be nice to us. Everyone did, in fact. Well, we'd go to the hotel, and wash our faces and fix up a bit, and then there would be a parade for us. We'd ride up the main street in cars, and the mayor would be there to give us the key to the city, and all the rest of it. We would usually have lunch at the Rotary or Kiwanis Club, as their guests.



Presenting the author of this story, a beautiful girl of just twenty. Rhoda comes from Pittsburgh and Akron, Ohio. Left an orphan at ten, she traveled to Akron and found work there selling candy. Last fall she landed in New York with exactly \$8.00. A blues singer, she was heard by Major Bowes and went on his program, back in November. She's been touring since, with time off to write her story, exclusively for RADIO MIRROR.

In the afternoon, or evening, depending on the size of the city and whether they had afternoon performances, we'd go to the theater. I don't know if any of you, reading this, have ever been backstage in a theater, or down in the dressing rooms, but I know I never had, and it was very exciting. It is still exciting to me. The dressing rooms are almost always down in the basement. They smell of cold cream and powder and grease paint, and each one has a chair, a shelf, some hooks for your clothes, and a big mirror with bright lights around the top and sides. Lots of times, on the walls, are pencilled the names of all the famous old vaudeville teams, who have been there before you. You'll see something like "Casey and Leona, September, 1913," and it gives your heart a little twinge. Vaudeville is just about gone, these days, and it is wonderful, and a little sad, to think of who may have been in those dressing rooms ahead of us. All those people, who worked so hard and so long to entertain the public for so many years—and now we come along, a lot of green kids, and dress where they

used to dress. It makes you want to take a vow to give your very best, and nothing but your best.

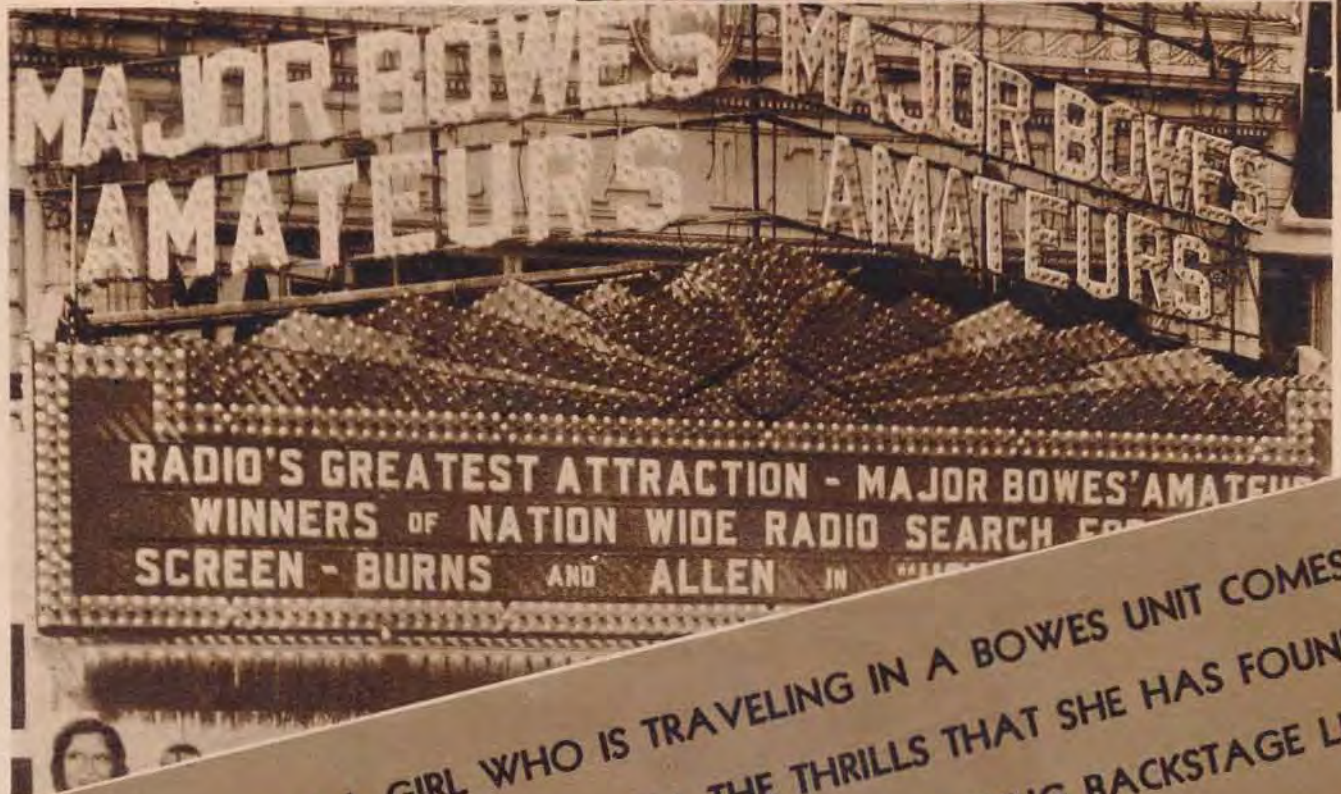
At Bucyrus, Ohio, the opera house caught fire and burned to the ground just eighteen minutes after our performance was over and we left to go back to the hotel. That would have been an adventure, if we hadn't had those eighteen minutes. Caught in a theater fire! Can you imagine anything more exciting? The newspaper, the next morning, said that we were a hot bunch of entertainers, and we had put on a hot show—that was why the fire had started.

After we had been on the road a few weeks our unit began to shake down into a regular routine. I mean, the novelty was wearing off, and we were getting wise to a lot of tricks, like regular troupers. For instance, some of the boys struck up friendships, and began to room together at the hotels to save money on their expenses, and some of the girls did the same. And we got so we could spot a good restaurant almost without thinking about it. If anyone got into a bum one, he dashed back and told the rest of us, and we all steered clear of it.

We began zig-zagging all over the map, so many theaters were wiring back to head-

quarters in New York and saying they wanted us. Trying to get to Jamestown, North Dakota, we did have an adventure! We were a hundred miles away, at Aberdeen. We started out early in the evening, by bus. About nine a blizzard came up, and driving got tough. The snow blinded the driver, and he plowed our bus into a drift and somehow blew out all the lights. After working an hour and making fuses out of tinfoil from cigarette packages, and stuffing rags through the cowl to insulate the wires, we got the lights on and started again. We had to turn off the road and take our chances driving across the fields. That was all right till we slipped down an embankment, but at last we got to a little town—I can't even remember its name—and piled into the one hotel for (Continued on page 63)

Major Bowes' amateur units on tour travel in huge buses like the one at the right, carrying their baggage and stage properties with them. Below, a typical theater lobby in one of the cities they visited.



AT LAST! FROM A GIRL WHO IS TRAVELING IN A BOWES UNIT COMES AN EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT OF ALL THE THRILLS THAT SHE HAS FOUND IN LEAVING THE RANKS OF AMATEURS AND ENTERING BACKSTAGE LIFE

# Should RADIO be

**I**N a cold day in January, 1935, while an aroused nation waited tensely for the trial which was to damn Bruno Richard Hauptmann as the killer of the Lindbergh baby, three New Jersey officials met unknown to the general public and made the agreement which kept the actual proceedings of one of the century's gravest trials from the loudspeakers of the country's citizens.

In so doing, Governor A. Harry Moore, Justice Thomas W. Trenchard and Sheriff John H. Curtis made a telling thrust at the army of listeners all over the country who are fighting to keep radio microphones in the courtrooms.

This month there is before the New Jersey legislature a bill which would make it unlawful to broadcast any business or proceedings in any court of the state.

The mad and futile scramble which certain radio stations made to secure microphone vantage points in the famed Flemington courtroom has given impetus to the passage of that bill. Whether broadcasting of the Hauptmann trial would have been to the best interests of the public may never be determined, but none the less every radio listener, as a citizen, must determine the effects which passage of such a bill would have upon his rights.

The controversy is not by any means confined to New Jersey. In Evansville, Indiana; in St. Louis, Missouri; in Buffalo, New York; and in St. Paul, Minnesota, the battle has reached a critical stage. From the bitter claims and counter-claims of the antagonists the listener can take the significant questions which challenge him. They are straightforward questions which predict a hard-fought war.

*Does barring microphones from courtrooms violate the*

*right of free speech and the right of the citizen to attend trials?*

*Does the danger of having immoral situations revealed and vulgar language spoken make such broadcasts dangerous to the community?*

*Does broadcasting make the court a source of amusement and violate its dignity?*

*Is it pandering to sensational tastes?*

*Do those accused, though innocent, suffer through the publicity?*

*Does broadcasting of trials act as a deterrent to potential law violators?*

Two prominent men of the bench in Evansville, Indiana, have presented their replies to these questions in statements made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR.

Elmer Q. Lockyear, who for ten years was judge of the juvenile court of that city, asserts that he is "opposed to the broadcasting of the testimony of witnesses and the remarks of lawyers in the case and the rulings of the judge on the bench.

"With a microphone on the judge's desk, one in front of the witness and one in front of the lawyers, it is, to say the least, certainly distracting. It does not tend to assist the court in attending to the business in hand.

"We object to the broadcast of matters that are not proper subjects for the youth of the country to hear.

"We are told that vulgar and immoral subjects and vulgar language are not broadcast. (Continued on page 88)

# allowed in our COURTROOMS?

NEW JERSEY LAWMAKERS THINK

BY JEAN PELLETIER

NOT—EVERYWHERE RAGES THIS

VITAL, FAR REACHING BATTLE

OVER FREE SPEECH ON THE AIR



Photos by Wide World

Do broadcasts of trials such as the ones pictured on these pages help to lower crime or do they only serve to lower the dignity of the proceedings? Here are both sides of this hotly debated radio question.



# LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM the STARS

**P**ROBABLY no one man has done more for or written as much contributory about the American home as Edgar Guest, poet, philosopher, and genial host of Welcome Valley. What housewife could read his simple, kindly poems and not return to her chores with a lift and a newly gained feeling of importance?

"There is no task so lowly that it is not glorified and transmuted when performed by willing hands and a willing heart," he told me as we sat in his own lovely home on the outskirts of Detroit. "To my mind the making of a home that is a haven of peace and comfort for husband and children is a life's work as important, if not more so, than the painting of a picture or the building of a great skyscraper. The seat of the cure for all our national problems is by the American fireside.

"I believe that today woman has to fight harder to keep her family together than ever before. She must make her home more beautiful, more comfortable, more attractive, because there are so many attractive things to do away from home.

"Of course, I think she is aided immeasurably by the radio. To my mind, the greatest single benefit of radio is the restoration of a common focal point of interest for the whole family *in the home*."

When Edgar Guest speaks of the home, he speaks with all the sincerity and fervor of the zealot. I honestly believe that any woman, were she afforded the opportunity to talk with Mr. Guest, would come away inspired with new zeal for home making, new love for her job.

Let's look, then, at the lovely Georgian house nestling on

LET THE HOME OF WELCOME VALLEY'S  
GENIAL EDGAR A. GUEST AID YOU IN  
SOLVING THAT PROBLEM OF LIGHTING

the rim of a golf course on the beautiful edge of the wonder city of Detroit. You need only look at it to understand a great deal about Mr. and Mrs. Guest's genuine enthusiasm for home making. It is one of those sturdy, solid, comfortable, conventional homes. You know that sturdy, solid, comfortable, conventional Eddie Guest would have a home like that.

Its solidity, sturdiness, comfort are, of course, the home's outstanding characteristics, but the visitor will notice quickly how one particular aspect of home making too often neglected even by the most conscientious has been stressed. The Guests have given deep thought to lighting.

Of course every woman knows she must insist upon a home with proper sunlight. But have you ever noticed how often far too little attention is paid to the highly important problem of artificial lighting? How often have you gone into a friend's home, and found you had to change your position or squint to read the plainest print? A woman who is most punctilious about the proper selection and arrangement of her furniture will come home with a "bargain" lamp, picked up casually, will place it where it seems

to look best and let it go at that. Result: Jobs for oculists.

Before we get on with the Guest home, a word about lighting. It falls, of course, into two classifications—fixed lighting (the arrangement of which constitutes part of the fixed decoration and is architectural) and portable lighting, which includes lamps, candles, etc.

There is little to say of the first classification. If you build your own home it is wise to go into the matter of the placement of the lighting fixtures early in the game, lest you discover to your sorrow that perfectly good wall space has been entirely ruined for proper hanging of mirrors and pictures. If you rent a home or apartment, you must make the best of what you have to work with, for there is little you can do about it.

## BY RUTH GERI

For Edgar Guest's *Welcome Valley*, see page 50.

However there is no possible excuse for poor taste in the realm of lamps, where the latitude is unlimited for the discriminating buyer.

The cardinal principles of correct lighting are few, but highly important. They are admirably illustrated in the accompanying pictures of the Guest home. Note first that the pervading light of a room must be mellow, never glaring, and yet throw sufficient light for the purpose intended, be it reading, sewing, dining, or mere cozy chatting. Second, the light level of the entire room should be comparable to that cast by sunlight entering the room. In other words the illuminated part of the room should be the part most lived in.

Third, the lamp itself should be a thing of beauty—and that does not by any means infer that it must be costly—since at night it is the center of focus and in day time must stand the stern test of daylight. While lamps need not be costly, too often a sense of false (Continued on page 77)

Below, note the attractive use of a grandfather's clock and a small gate-leg table on the first stair landing. At bottom, the living room, well illuminated by Mrs. Guest's thoughtful placing of table lamps. Left, Mr. Guest in his study; opposite page, the Georgian exterior of the house.

Plenty of table and floor lamps bring light to every corner of the restful library below without sacrificing its subdued atmosphere. Bottom, another view of the living room, showing the dining room beyond. A crystal chandelier lends a formal note when the famous poet entertains.



**G**RADUALLY, as winter passed into spring and spring edged toward summer, I realized that something was happening in Radio City and the Columbia Broadcasting building. It was nothing you could put your finger on. It was a tenseness in the atmosphere, more than anything else.

The complaints of nervousness, sleeplessness, general weariness I heard here and there from great stars might, perhaps, have been mere spring fever, the residue of a long, tiring winter—nothing a few weeks' vacation wouldn't set right. As a matter of fact, that's what I put it down to.

It wasn't until I talked to Goodman Ace, NBC star, that I stumbled across another explanation, a much more ominous one. The stars themselves don't fully realize what is happening to them. This article is being written not only for you, the radio audience, but also for them. Because they ought to know.

That indefinable uneasiness I had noticed in radio circles is a hidden symptom, a warning the stars must see and heed if they wish to save their health and happiness.

Ace and I were sitting in the studio lounge, whiling away the time between his rehearsal and broadcast. As you may have read, Ace takes things calmly, and apparently he had already put all thought of the coming program out of his head. I commented on the fact, and that's how we fell to talking about the way stars worry over their shows.

"There's no more nervous and hag-ridden person on earth," Ace told me, "than the average important and successful radio star, particularly comedians. There isn't one toponotcher today whose health isn't slowly being undermined."

At first, I was inclined to scoff. "Why should that be?" I asked. "Any more than with movie stars, musicians, and actors whose work lies entirely on the stage or more than with any other creative artist, for that matter? All creative work takes its tax on the nerves."

Left to right (below) Nino Martini—one of the few who has learned a method of escape; Eddie Cantor has found a way to lick it now, after a long struggle; Jack Benny must still discover what it is; Jane Ace didn't guess what it was even when she changed diets. Husband Goodman finally realized and proved he had the cure; George Burns suffers more than his wife, Gracie Allen, because she doesn't have to come to rehearsal until very late.

Ace nodded. "But there's one mental hazard radio stars and only radio stars have to face," he explained. "It's the toughest part of every program. Many stars don't realize how hard it is on them. You'll probably laugh, yourself, when I tell you, but believe me, it's no laughing matter. It's the twenty or thirty seconds of dead air before every program."

"Dead air?" I didn't laugh, but I was puzzled. Dead air is radio slang for any period of silence while the studio is on the air. Just after a station identification, there are always these few seconds of silence before the next show begins, in order to give plenty of time for all member stations on the network to cut in. But what harm could there be in a half-minute of silence?

"Put yourself in the star's place," Ace said. "You've been working like the dickens all week on your show, worrying over it and changing it until you're worn out. The more successful and popular you are, the harder you've worked and the more you've worried, for fear you might slip.

"It's time for the program to start. You're all ready—the studio's on the air—and you're waiting for the signal. All your attention is concentrated. You're almost hypnotized. It's a little like the way a drowning man's supposed to feel before he goes down for the last time. All sorts of thoughts go through your mind, but mostly you wonder why you've been breaking your neck (Continued on page 82).

SCARCELY A PERSONALITY ON THE AIR  
CAN AVOID IT—YET FEW REALIZE WHAT  
IT IS OR THE DANGER IT REPRESENTS I

# The UNSEEN THREAT THAT MENACES your Radio Stars

BY JOHN EDWARDS





The A. & P. Gypsies with Harry Horlick have been on the air for years. See program guide on page 50.

BY MARY  
JACOBS

HIS FORMER RIVAL WAS HARRY  
HORLICK'S ONLY FRIEND WHEN  
HE WAS HUNGRY AND RAGGED

**I**N his first vacation, Harry Horlick plans to visit Russia. For only one purpose: To spend as much time as he can with a middle-aged, near-sighted, stoop-shouldered musician in Tiflis. A man whose name is Lazar Stupel, and who earns his livelihood by teaching violin to the youth of Tiflis.

Though Harry Horlick, the dark-eyed, dynamic leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, has not seen Lazar for seventeen years, since Harry left Russia, Lazar is his closest friend, and they correspond regularly. Why?

If it had not been for Lazar Stupel, there would be no Harry Horlick, orchestra leader, to soothe us with his romantic tunes.

Lazar Stupel saved Harry Horlick when Harry was just twenty-one.

Twenty-one is the age most young men look forward to. Then they are considered mature, ready to take up a man's burden, to fight their way up in the world.

I'm afraid that Harry Horlick, that January morning in 1919, was in no condition for boasting of his manhood, or doing anything else. You see, he had just returned from the World War, after having fought in the Russian army for over three years. Footsore, bedraggled, dead broke and ill, he arrived at Tiflis, where he had lived before the war. And found nothing but loneliness. His family, he discovered, had all moved to America. Not one familiar face did he see.

There was one familiar spot, the Music Conservatory which he had attended from the time he was twelve until he was eighteen.

How different life was then! In those days it beckoned

# Hidden Moments in their lives

onward, filled with constant promise. Some day he would be a famous violinist, worshipped by the world. Did not the teachers at the Conservatory think he had great talent? Was he not the youngest musician to be invited to play in the famous symphony orchestra in Moscow?

Then he was happy, respected. He had everything he wanted: money, admiration, and fine clothes. He lived with his older brother, Evsey, the concert master of the Imperial Opera Company of Tif-

lis; and to his brother's home came famous musicians and artists. The best of food was served; the choicest wines flowed freely. Through it all, adolescent Harry, suave, cosmopolitan, moved with easy assurance.

But the War changed everything. When Harry was eighteen, he was drafted into the Russian Army. The man who came back from the war, the man Lazar Stupel saved, was not the same, carefree, optimistic youth who had left. His nerves were shattered. He had no aim in living. And he could not erase from his mind the horrors that had been visited upon him.

The beginning of the change took place when he was sent to Baku for training, with about two hundred other young men, mostly ignorant peasant boys. Accustomed to refined, polished people, he was repelled by their coarse manners and talk. Having been pampered and catered to all his life he was nauseated by the daily fare of black bread, badly prepared kasha, borsht and tea, which the others ravenously devoured. He couldn't acclimate himself to drill, to performing the lowly manual labors expected of a soldier. Foolishly, he made no attempt to conceal his real feelings in the matter. As a (Continued on page 65)



# what do you want to know?

**V**ACATION days are here and our thoughts turn toward the open spaces and the ole swimming hole. Maybe you'd like to know just what your pet radio stars will be doing in their spare time. So The Oracle snooped around and here's what I found out.

Red Nichols, CBS orchestra leader, has a new sail boat on which he has been exploring the shores of Long Island.

While making a movie out on the Coast, George Burns and Gracie Allen are confining their vacation to home recreation—mostly in their swimming pool.

The reunion of Ed Wynn and Graham McNamee has made Graham a busy man, but he finds time for a game of his favorite sport, golf, now and then.

Robert Simmons, NBC tenor, bought himself a fine horse and can be seen on the bridle path between rehearsals.

Guy Lombardo and his brothers are yacht-minded and will cruise with their families aboard the "Tempo" in August.

Rosaline Greene, Show Boat's Mary Lou, lives in a bathing suit when away from the studios. She really swims.

Now for your own questions.

**Lois C., Green Mountain Falls, Ohio**—I'm sure that a letter addressed to Geraldine Farrar, in care of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, will be forwarded to her.

**M. L. Goodwin, Wilmington, Delaware**—Walter Casel can now be heard on the Show Boat program at 9:00 p. m. Eastern Standard Time. Walter comes from Omaha, Nebraska. He hopped a cattle train for New York to try his luck in radio. P. S. He made good.

**Jackie Love, Jersey City, N. J.**—The name of Frank Parker's music teacher is Madame Carolina Lazzari. You can address her in care of the Metropolitan Opera Building, New York City.

**Naomi Halverson, 523 Redondo Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah**—This young lady is interested in a James Melton Fan Club. What have you to tell her, Jimmy Melton fans?

**A. C., Paterson, N. J.**—Zeke Manners and his gang, heard on WMCA and associated stations, are real dyed-in-the-wool hillbillies, all hailing from way out West. Zeke was born in Marshall, Arkansas. The present "pappy" comes from Joplin, Missouri, and his real name is Zeb Tourney. Ezra learned his three Rs in Little Rock, Ar-



Jerry Cooper, CBS baritone, relaxes with our favorite magazine. You heard him on the Musical Toast show—now he has his own program.

kansas. Then, there's Gabe Drake whose voice reminds you of Rudy Vallee's. He hails from Claremont, Oklahoma. Ace Giddens and Hank Culpepper, who make up the rest of the gang, are cousins.

**R. H. N., Plainville, Conn.**—That was a mistake, R. H. You're right. David Post is played by Carlton Brickert. Art Jacobsen did play the role of Joe Marlin, but not anymore. Robert E. Griffin takes the part now.

**Irene Snell, Albany, New York**—R. H. N.'s answer above is for you too, Irene. You're right about Carlton Brickert—he's the announcer on the Lum and Abner program, too. Joan Blaine plays the part of Mary Marlin.

**Louise M., Kingman, Arizona**—John Wellington is Lanny Ross' accompanist and music arranger.

**M. Braun, Glendale, L. I.**—Kenny Sargent who plays the saxophone with the Casa Loma

orchestra, is an American and was born in Centralia, Ill.

**Mrs. L. S., Springfield, Ill.**—Some of the pictures you requested published have already appeared in RADIO MIRROR. Thanks for your suggestions. We will try to please you. Phillips Carlin is now the manager of the sustaining program department of the National Broadcasting Company.

**Attention Carmen Lombardo Fans!**—Get in touch with Helen Hayes Hemphill, 201 West 105th Street, Los Angeles, California. She's been running the Carmen Lombardo Club of America for five years.

**J. E. H., Van Nuys, Calif.**—Ted Husing was recently married. He's six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Ted was born in Deming, New Mexico, November 27, 1901.

**Gertrude P., Woonsocket, R. I.**—Betty, of the Betty and Bob program, is played by Elizabeth Reller and Lester Tremaine plays the part of Bob.

**Betty McCann, Old Greenwich, Conn.**—Barry McKinley started a new sustaining show on Tuesday, May 26, and is heard every Tuesday over the red network of the National Broadcasting Company, at 10:30 a.m. Eastern Standard Time.

**Cleo R., St. Louis, Ill.**—For the addresses of band-leaders Ray Noble and Ozzie Nelson, see Following The Leaders in our Facing The Music department. Address Kate Smith in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. For Eddie Cantor, address him in care of United Artists, Hollywood, Calif.

HOW DO THE STARS SPEND THEIR VACATIONS? THE ORACLE TELLS YOU AND ANSWERS YOUR OTHER QUESTIONS AS WELL



# HONEYMOON MEALS



NO SCORCHED BISCUITS  
FOR EDDIE ALBERT WHEN  
HONEYMOONER GRACE  
IS BUSY IN THE KITCHEN!

by  
MRS. MARGARET  
SIMPSON

Grace does most of the cooking when the Honeymooners entertain friends, but sometimes Eddie has his own ideas too. See page 50 for their NBC program listings.

**I** SUPPOSE the obvious way to start off an article about meals for honeymooners would be to pull one of the old jokes about delicatessen salad and burned biscuits, but it just wouldn't do at all in the case of Grace Bradt and Eddie Albert, the Honeymooners of the air.

In the first place, if Grace ever served Eddie a delicatessen salad or a burned biscuit he'd faint—not from indigestion, but from surprise. For, to Grace, next in importance to Eddie and their NBC program is cooking, an enthusiasm which Eddie shares. As with all honeymooners, of course, they divide cooking-responsibilities between them—that is, Eddie decides what he'd like to eat and Grace sees that he gets it.

"Of course, I add a few master touches myself, now and then," Eddie clowned. "If you've never eaten steak broiled over the coals in the inimitable Albert manner—well, you've just never lived."

"Scallions to that," Grace broke in. "Or rather, Bermuda onions—everyone thinks he can broil steak over coals, and the onions are the only thing that makes yours different." They grinned at each other, then Grace admitted, "He's right, though—it is swell."

"That's the real reason there's a fireplace in this apartment," Eddie said. "There's no other way to get a bed of coals. When the coals are ready, sear the steak—be sure it's a good thick one—on one side. Then turn it over, lay slices of Bermuda onion on the cooked side, and finish

**THERE'S** a special Sunday breakfast favorite of the Honeymooners that I'll be glad to send to you if you will write me for it—an egg dish that looks and tastes more like dessert than a breakfast recipe. And then, there's Eddie's favorite apple dessert. Just send a stamped, addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

broiling—and that is steak. Try it yourself some time."

Entertaining their friends at dinner is one of the favorite sports of the Honeymooners. Being entertained by them must be one of the friends' favorite occupations, too; after they've tried Ham à la Honeymooners, the *specialtie de la maison*, they're sure to come back for more. This takes about two hours to prepare and you will need a heavy iron skillet or Dutch oven for it.

## HAM À LA HONEYMOONERS

1 ham steak 1½ inches thick	1 tomato
1 quart milk	1 cup fresh peas
1 medium onion	1 cup fresh mushrooms
1 orange	1 wineglass sherry wine
1 lemon	1 tablespoon flour
1 carrot	Paprika
	4 slices bacon

Flour and brown the ham, then brown the chopped onion in the ham fat. Add the milk and as soon as it is heated through put in the carrot, lemon, orange and tomato, cut into small cubes. Simmer over low heat, covered, until ham is tender, about one and three- (Continued on page 75)

— the snapshot  
brings back the best  
day of the summer,  
the most wonderful  
day of my life.  
Makes me think we'll  
look pretty swell,  
darling, when we  
go walking up  
the aisle together.



**I**T'S the snapshots you don't take that you regret. Snapshots help you to live happy times over again—keep certain days, certain feelings always fresh and clear in your memory. Make snapshots now, before the opportunity has slipped away forever. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—  
you must take Today



Accept nothing  
but the film in the  
familiar yellow box.

# FOR MAILMEN ONLY

By LOUIS UNDERWOOD

## POSTAL ODDITIES, THE NEWEST FAD IN RADIO, HAS SWEEPED THE NATION

**B**ING CROSBY was once a postal clerk in Spokane, Washington.

When another postal clerk in Wichita, Kansas, stumbled across this interesting, but apparently not so very important bit of information, it started him thinking. Who'd ever have thought that a post office clerk, like himself, would work up to be a big radio and movie star? When a postal clerk turns into a crooner, he thought, that's news!

After thinking the matter over, U. S. Post Office Clerk J. B. Trapp did not decide to become a crooner himself. Instead he emerged as the man behind one of the few radio programs which ever followed Topsy's precedent and "just grew."

Postal Oddities is the name of the program. Perhaps you've heard it over your own local station, from the lips of your own postman. Written by Trapp, it is made up of all the strange, sometimes unbelievable things that have happened in the United States Postal Service since its beginning.

"People take the Post Office as a matter of course," Trapp said to himself. "They don't realize it's one of the biggest businesses in the world, or that it developed transportation in this country because it had to use every new means of moving the mail as it came along—pony express, canals, rivers, railroads, airplanes. Why wouldn't a lot of odd things happen in such a big, complicated, far-reaching business?"

Below, J. B. Trapp, the young postal clerk who originated and who writes this latest "Believe-It-Or-Not" show.

Gilbert E. Hyatt, editor of the Union Postal Clerk, encouraged Trapp's idea.



He studied the history of the Post Office Department, read old newspapers, listened to the tales of old timers in the service and soon found he was right. A lot of odd things had happened.

Postal Oddities didn't start out as a radio show at all. Trapp enlisted the services of a friend, Ed McGlynn, as cartoonist, and sent a sample installment of the Oddities, in cartoon form, to Gilbert E. Hyatt, editor of the Union Postal Clerk, which is the official monthly magazine published by the National Federation of Post Office Clerks. Hyatt published it at once, and asked for more.

More oddities began to pour in upon Trapp, sent by postal clerks all over the world. There was such a wealth of dramatic and unusual material that he conceived the idea of a radio program, and went to the manager of KFJH, the local station, with the offer of a weekly fifteen-minute feature. The offer was accepted, and Postal Oddities by Trapp went on the air.

That was last August, and now the program is heard over stations in 75 cities. It has proved to be a sustaining feature many stations are glad to have. It really is sustaining, too. No money has ever changed hands in connection with this program. Trapp doesn't get paid for writing it; the local members of the Post Office department don't get paid for reading it over the air in the various cities; and the radio stations don't get paid either.

The manuscripts are mailed out by Hyatt to the various locals of the National Federation of Post Office Clerks who present the program on their local radio stations, and some member with a good radio voice is chosen to read them over the air. It's as simple as that, yet locally it has always attracted as much attention and favorable comment as many a network show. Ever since the inception of Trapp's idea, Hyatt has helped by making the Federation the agency for distributing the programs.

Trapp, himself, is still a clerk in the Wichita post office, writing his Oddities in his spare time. He's thirty-two years old, married, with a little girl nine years old, and has been with the postal service for eleven years. The Oddities work is his hobby, and he doesn't intend to give up his real job to pursue it, he says. It looked for a while as if he might have to, so much correspondence came in from all over the world, but now a special secretary has been assigned to help him out.

Growing from such a small beginning, there's a good chance now that when fall comes, Post Office Clerk Trapp's Oddities will go on a national network. He's talked the matter over with network officials already.

## Reunion in Radio City

(Continued from page 27)

They couldn't trifle with a written and timed script like this, of course, if Graham weren't so well acquainted with Ed's methods that it's almost instinctive with him to know just when he can safely interrupt. Nothing can fall flatter than a gag that isn't timed right. The work of Ed and Graham together is one of those delicate dovetailings of moods and temperaments which happen only once in a blue moon. You can't manufacture it, or achieve it by a dozen rehearsals—it just happens or it doesn't. Because it happened in their case is the reason Ed and Graham are together again.

Friendship has a lot to do with it, too. The two men didn't know each other particularly well when they started their first programs together, and they never saw a great deal of each other outside of working hours all throughout their three years of association. It didn't occur to them to meet socially.

Yet when the programs came to an end, they discovered they each missed the weekly meeting, and the result was that they saw more of each other than they ever had in the studios. Ed used to invite Graham and Mrs. McNamee to his home and for week ends on his boat—the latter when Graham could get away, which it must be confessed wasn't often.

**W**HEN Ed decided to return to the air, both he and Graham were sorry, naturally, that they couldn't once more be on the same show. Their regret was entirely personal, though. They didn't happen to think it would make any particular difference to the program—for after all, Ed Wynn was Ed Wynn, and a star; and one straight man, they thought, must be about the same as another.

Graham went home, the night of Ed's first broadcast, and turned on his radio with as much anticipation as you or I. He listened to the program. Somehow it bothered him. He couldn't figure out what the matter was. Then, at last, he realized. He was hearing Ed Wynn for the first time. Never before had he heard him on the air. That must be the reason for the difference.

As everybody knows now, it wasn't the only reason. The other was that Ed wasn't entirely comfortable. He missed his old partner, missed the informality and freedom only one man could give him. Maybe he missed the zest of that old game they'd played, of seeing which could trip up the other.

For the first time, too, Ed and his sponsors realized exactly what good showmanship all that impromptu kidding had been. Oh, they'd known it helped, all along. Graham and Ed were two of the pioneers in introducing the joking commercial announcement which has since grown so popular, and its success alone was sufficient proof that they'd been on the right track. But they hadn't realized how very important their spontaneity had been to the success of the show.

I went to the broadcast of their first program together, along with a couple of thousand other people, filling the biggest studio in Radio City, and as I listened, I was glad—because it seemed to me that a discarded tradition was being upheld once more. And it's a good tradition.

Ed and Graham are both on their old time and network—NBC, Tuesday night, at 9:30, E. D. S. T.

DID YOU NOTICE  
SUE'S TAN?  
IT'S A KNOCKOUT!

YEAH! GORGEOUS TAN  
—BUT I CAN'T "GO" HER  
TATTLE-TALE GRAY



ME-O-O-W!



"Oh, you cat! Why don't you tell Sue how to get rid of tattle-tale gray instead of meowing behind her back?"  
"Don't worry, darling. I will tell her, first time I catch her alone."

"I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, Sue—but your clothes do tattle about you. It's not your fault. I know you aren't careless. But that lazy soap you use doesn't wash clean, and the clothes say so."



P-S-S-ST!

"Now you just change to my standby, Fels-Naptha. That richer, golden soap is so packed with naphtha dirt practically flies out. Try it for stockings and undies, too—it's wonderfully gentle. And it's easier on hands because every bar holds glycerine!"

"P-s-s-st, it's Sue. She wants us for dinner so we can see how perfectly grand her linens and things look now."

"Boy, one of her dinners is something. You'd better go tipping off all your friends to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!"

© FELS & CO., 1938

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

The Taming of Fifi D'Orsay

(Continued from page 35)



● "Well—well! It looked like we were going to have a kind of hot, sticky morning—but see what brother's just found ... a can of Johnson's Baby Powder! Goody!... I'll see if I can't swap my spoon for a sprinkle from his can!..."



● "Empty!... We might have known it—it was too good to be true! I was almost beginning to feel that lovely, silky powder sliding down my back, and all smooth and tickly under my chin. Just a dream—that's all."



● "Look—do you see what I see? Mother coming with the honest-to-goodness, full-up Johnson's can. She's shaking some powder into her hand—bet she likes the feel of it, too! Baby!... the darkest hour is just before the dawn!"

● "I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I keep a baby's skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal—protected from chafing and rashes. I'm made of the softest, finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root... Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream make babies happier, too. And don't forget Johnson's Baby Oil for tiny babies!"



Johnson & Johnson  
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

the world and all to know that she owes him a great debt for what's been somewhat oversteatedly called the taming of Fifi D'Orsay.

For the truth is that Fifi was never quite the sizzle she was cracked up to be. I've known her a long long time. I knew her when she was a naive, gay, energetic and ambitious youngster who loved a lark and was frank enough to admit she was publicity-mad, and was willing to carry out any stunt within reason that her bosses thought up for her. She was a French Canadian from Montreal, but her studio wanted to publicize her a Parisienne so she acted as French as the Boulevard St. Germain and vowed she was born in Paris, and few people ever learned the difference.

I knew the real facts about all of her outstanding stunts. That she was chaperoned by her manager and his wife on her trial honeymoon at Big Bear, California; that she stripped to a bathing suit and not undies when she dived into the pool in Indianapolis and was arrested for it; that the *bon Voyage* episode was carefully planned by her press agent; and as for kissing the policeman—well, as Fifi put it, "Phooney, that's nothing!"—and it isn't for an actress.

IT'S in smaller and more personal ways that Maurice has calmed the tempestuous Fifi. "When the photographers they take my pictures now," she told me with much French accent, "and they say 'Miss D'Orsay, won't you show the knees a little more?' I say 'No' and that goes! See? I wear all my dresses longer than before. I am happy in my home now, I am not so restless and run around to clubs and cafes all night like before and have a big time and get circles under the eyes. *Cheri* he makes me take good care of my health. He teach me so patiently to control my terrible temper not to scream out at people when I am angry; he teach me to stay quiet when I am mad, to cry a little alone if I must, then go back to the people who have made me angry and talk very calm.

"He thinks ahead of my future and makes me be serious and work and work and work like mad to improve my abilities. I have my husband to look out for me now and I do not need always people around me like before. And my hair—see how?"

The black boyish cut has grown into a fluff of a bob—a natural brown bob—that curls about her face in soft waves. The high crimson cupid's bow is lightly lipstickted now to its normal proportions, leaving a very odd and sweet-looking mouth with up-curves halfway between the center and outer edges of the lips. The low-cut gowns are not so low-cut and *froufrou* any more; they're tailored and tucked and quietly expensive. Fifi's changing her type and it's becoming. As witness only last spring, at the opening of the bicycle path in Central Park, when she and songstress Durelle Alexander were awarded prizes for their cycling costumes; it was Durelle who wore the brief little culotte ensemble, while La D'Orsay surged out in an old-fashioned creation complete with hoop skirt and ruffled panties. Three years ago Fifi would have had the zipper-shorts on or died trying.

Gone is the huddy-doddy entourage of assistants and servants that a flighty Fifi used to keep on the payroll all the time and carry with her whenever she so much as left town for the week-end—there were more secretaries and relatives and mana-

gers and publicity men around her all the time than you could shake a stick at. Shortly after her marriage Maurice became her unofficial manager, they fired the whole crew, bought a coupe to travel in together and Fifi started maiding for herself. She still does and likes it, and she's "in" a lot of money and good practical experience.

While her radio and night club work keep her in New York she's mistress of one of the loveliest and most well-ordered Central Park apartments you can imagine. An ermine bedspread? "Pish! such foolishness that was!" The Hill home has plain pastel downy blankets and a budget that is in keeping with them. One car, sans chauffeur. One servant who is a sort of generalissimo around the house and cooks their dinners. Fifi prepares breakfast and lunch and manages with a part-time secretary. They're saving their money for the home they're going to build in California one of these years before long. Right now Maurice is playing in stock at a summer theater and Fifi, whose big ambition is to become a real actress is looking for a legitimate vehicle herself. She's working and studying to return to pictures as a graduate from typed naughty roles to a star performer of wide capacity, and her husband is working with her and encouraging her.

That's one of the reasons their marriage is a success. There are, if I counted correctly the last time I talked to Mrs. Hill, some twenty or forty-odd other reasons, though, that are just as potent. First, French women put their men on pedestals and American men on the contrary put their women on pedestals—so Fifi and Maurice, instead of having one get all the adoration, split it between them and each insistently pedestals the other and that works much better, she thinks, than the average all-American tie-up.

**R**EASON number two for her marriage's success is that she's always made her husband be the big boss of the outfit; she washes his socks and mends his clothes because it's a little chore she doesn't have to do at all but that fact that she chooses to do it flatters him and keeps him feeling very superior and male and happy. Reason number three is that even if he is the big boss he doesn't rub it in. Reason number four is that he wouldn't even think of walking to the corner for a paper without kissing her goodbye before he left. Reason number five—well it just keeps up like that. You start Fifi talking about *Cheri* and you might as well go back and come another day if you want to change the subject.

She's very very serious—I would have sworn once that Fifi couldn't be serious about anything—about her first real opportunity in radio, she absolutely dies ten times just before every program, she says, and does so hope people will like her and say so so she can stay on and on on the air.

And the final straw is that she's determined to have ten kids, five girls and five boys if she can arrange it that way. She was one of a family of fifteen herself so she must know exactly what she's letting herself in for. The girls will be called Marie, Rose, Angelina, Yvonne and Fifi since their mama's real name happens to be Marie Rose Angelina Yvonne Lusier d'Sablon Fifi D'Orsay Hill.

Or just plain "Froggy" for short.

Fifi is featured with Willie and Eugene Howard on the Folies de Paree show, Wednesday nights.

# Health history

## OF A CLAPP-FED BABY—



**RICHARD BURKE  
FANWOOD, N. J.**

**Richard—aged 4 months**

He is just about to embark on his first big adventure on the journey from jolly babyhood to sturdy boyhood . . . He'll soon have his first solid food! How will he take to it?

**Richard—aged 7 months**

Richard loves his Clapp's strained foods. The texture is just right—finely strained, smooth yet not too liquid. He had Clapp's Wheatheart Cereal at 5 months, and later Clapp's strained vegetables and fruits.



**Richard—aged 11 months**

Isn't he the picture of health? For 3 months he's had free range of the whole Clapp baby menu—16 foods, each one added to the Clapp list at a doctor's request. He's added an inch and a pound to his health score every month.

**Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story!** A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, has recently been made.

During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals.

*Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.*

**FREE**—a booklet containing the picture story of every baby who has completed the test to date, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. M8-36, 1325 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

**16 VARIETIES**

**SOUPS:** Baby Soup (Strained), Baby Soup (Unstrained), Vegetable, Beef Broth, Liver Soup.

**FRUITS:** Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce.

**VEGETABLES:** Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans.

**CEREAL:** Wheatheart.

Accepted by American Medical Association, Committee on Foods

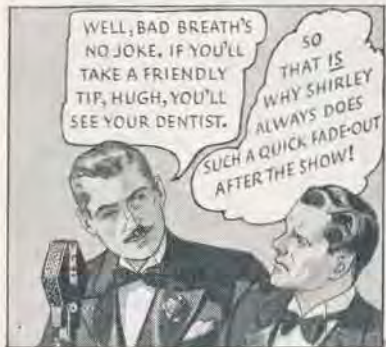
Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute



**CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES**



# IT WAS JUST A Radio Romance UNTIL...



NO OTHER  
TOOTH PASTE  
EVER MADE MY  
TEETH SO BRIGHT  
AND CLEAN!

## Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!



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



## What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 29)

to schooners, notwithstanding the tragedies, which befell the "Seth Parker" in the South Pacific a couple of years ago, and he has a new one this summer eighty-five feet long with two masts and equipped with a Diesel engine—it is well and favorably known in nautical circles as "The Pilgrim." And speaking of names, Colonel Stoopnagle calls his 27-foot cabin cruiser "Mr. Bopp II." It is after a character you may have heard the Colonel and Budd mention in their broadcasts. Guy Lombardo, true to his musical training, calls his boat "Tempo."

AND here is how some other ether entertainers are spending the heated period: Richard Crooks is making a concert tour of Australia and New Zealand. He is accompanied by his wife and two children who went along for the ride and to keep the singer from getting lonesome . . . Ray Perkins, is m.c. of the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland, broadcasting over Ohio stations thrice weekly . . . Lawrence Tibbett is resting on his farm in Connecticut . . . Eugene Ormandy, with his wife, Stephanie Goldner, former harpist of the New York Philharmonic, is visiting his native Budapest, which he left fifteen years ago, a mere violinist; he will return as conductor of the famous Philadelphia Orchestra . . . Morton Downey and his wife (Barbara Bennett) and their four children are touring the British Isles . . . Mary Pickford, turning a deaf ear to the blandishments of her sponsor that she continue her broadcasts through the summer, was planning a European trip when this department was compiled . . . Edward McHugh, the Gospel Singer, is honeymooning in Scotland . . . and the Pickens Sisters are contemplating a European tour of personal appearances.

CURTIS ARNALL, who's starring at present in the NBC serial, *Forever Young*, wants to do a *Phillips Lord*. In the fall, if his dreams come true, he'll journey to China, get a boat, and start from Hongkong for ports all over the world.

IF you've been listening to Ken Murray the past month, you've heard all the excitement about his sponsor wanting him to get married because he's the only bachelor comedian on the air. It's all a gag and the really amusing part of it is that Ken has a gal he's been going with for many years by the name of Florence Heller. He might even decide on a real life marriage before the end of summer rolls around.

BOB BURNS on the Crosby Hour Thursday night has created a new job for the Van Buren, Arkansas, Chamber of Commerce, according to the agency handling this program. Lots and lots of mail goes to Bob, care of the Van Buren post office. The C. C. has devised a mailing system to answer each and every letter that concerns the town Bob has so much fun with, telling the writer of the letter what a swell place Van Buren is to live in and extolling all its recreational advantages. A neat bit of business.

THE news that Fred Astaire has been signed for a fall program didn't cause too much surprise to Radio Row. It had been known for some time that Packard Motors was digging around for a program of downright popular appeal. Seems that sales reports proved that it was the man

of very moderate means who's been going out and buying the high-class auto, since they put out a lower priced model. The program will be of hour length, with a heavy supporting cast for Astaire. They aren't leaving the whole thing up to one star.

**PRESS TIME FLASHES**

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, stars of "Idiot's Delight," this year's Pulitzer prize-winning play, are definite radio possibilities for next season . . . The National Broadcasting Company is making elaborate plans to observe its tenth anniversary in November . . . James Cagney, the original G-Man of the movies, is trying to interest sponsors in a G-Man serial . . . Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson patiently seek a vehicle with which to return to the air. Finding a script that will give their talents the same scope as Dangerous Paradise is proving a problem.

Fifi D'Orsay's success on the air with Willie and Eugene Howard attracts the attention of Hollywood and her early return to the screen is forecast . . . Charles J. Correll—Andy of Amos 'n' Andy, to you—succumbs to the lure of the desert and buys a home in Palm Springs, Cal. . . . It may or may not be true, but Radio Row hears Ozzie Nelson is going to have his nose bobbed. If so, it must be for Harriet's benefit.

They don't expect to have television sets operating in the home for another two years. And David Sarnoff, heap chief of the Radio Corporation of America, says it won't be practical until 1940 . . . Niela Goodelle, radio's "one girl show," signs a contract with 20th Century-Fox . . . Death takes T. Daniel Frawley at the age of seventy-two after a memorable career as an actor, stage producer and manager. Of recent years he was the Old Ranger of Death Valley Days . . . Jimmy Wallington is plotting a vaudeville tour at the head of a troupe of radio personalities. Lee Sims and Hlomey Bailey will be among his performers.

**R**AYMOND KNIGHT, the cuckoo comedian, files a petition in bankruptcy, claiming liabilities as \$6,298 and no assets . . . Walter O'Keefe signs off his Caravan programs and treks to Hollywood. "The Broadway Hill-Billy" is no stranger to the cinema capitol, having been there before as a scenarist. This time he is acting . . . Another reporting for duty in Hollywood is Nelson Eddy, after winding up a concert tour of 50,000 miles during which he gave sixty-three recitals and made many radio appearances . . . Grace Moore gives up her villa at Cannes and buys a summer place in the Belden Hill section of Wilton close to the famous Westport, Conn., colony of professional folks.

Phil Baker finishes up his Gulf broadcasts and will probably return for the same sponsor in the fall, although no contracts were signed when this was written . . . Ted Weems replaces Rico Marchelli as musical director of the Fibber McGee and Molly half-hour . . . William S. Paley, youthful president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, takes out \$2,000,000 additional life insurance and becomes one of the heaviest-insured executives in the world . . . A new survey estimates there are now 22,869,000 radios in the United States of which 3,000,000 are installed in cars.

Don Ameche, radio's gift to the girls, scores a success in his first movie and remains in Hollywood for another joust with the camera. He is playing Allesandro, the tragic Indian hero of "Ramona," which 20th Century-Fox is making with Loretta Young in the title role . . . NBC

# Once Ignored...Now Adored!



*She found the lovelier way*

## to Avoid Offending

She bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

**H**OW appealingly feminine . . . how desirable you are . . . when you guard your daintiness this Cashmere Bouquet way!

You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so confident that Cashmere Bouquet's rich, deep-cleansing lather has removed every trace of body odor.

You also know that for hours afterward you will be *fragrantly dainty*. For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap! Its exquisite fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes . . . And only such costly perfumes will bring you such *lingering loveliness!*

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 . . . keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

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

**NOW ONLY 10¢ — THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE**



**BATHE WITH**

*Cashmere Bouquet*

**THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING**



**THIS LETTER** from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."



**FOR FINE LAUNDERING**

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



sets up a training school for announcers in its Chicago studios along the lines of that operated in Radio City, furnishing free tuition to page boys ambitious to advance. Everett Mitchell, chief of the Chicago announcers is in charge . . . Abe Lyman, capitalist as well as conductor, invests some of his surplus coin in a Tampa, Fla., cigar factory.

Charles Previn, for the past two years or so maestro of the Silken Strings orchestra, becomes a musical director on the Universal lot . . . May Singhi Breen and her composing sweetheart, Peter de Rose, take bows for having restored hurdy-gurdies to the streets of New York after Mayor LaGuardia banned them. Kate Smith helped, too, in the campaign . . . And home town folks proud of the success of Frances Langford named a lake at Lakeland, Fla., Lake Frances in her honor.

Among the popular programs continuing over the summer are the True Story Court of Human Relations on NBC and the Goodwill Court on the Mutual and Inter-City circuits. The True Story Court has been on the air continuously for over two and a half years. Goodwill Court is a novelty; it is a form of free legal advice for those unable to employ counsel and is proving a dandy feature.

**IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL**

It just seems as though the radio gossips are lying awake nights trying to pick a bride for Major Edward Bowes, who is abundantly able to select his own spouse. Only a short time ago the dopesters had it the Major would lead Mary Garden to the altar. Before that, they were equally insistent his heart interest was a certain lady prominent in business life. Now they are whispering that the object of his affections is the widow of a former United States Senator.

**A**NOTHER radio celebrity they are trying hard to find a matrimonial partner for is Frances Langford. Every week a new boy friend is named. But take it from your Cholly Knickerbocker of the radio social set when the time comes little Frances will announce her engagement to Billy Chase, who hails from her home port, Lakeland, Fla. They have been congenial chums since childhood . . . A Park Avenue dowager who has already had four trousseaux has fallen madly in love with Nino Martini.

We'd no sooner heard about Ted Hus- ing's elopement with Frances Sizer, professionally known as Celia Ryland, than we learned of their separation.

NBC Announcer Charles O'Connor married Emily Ryan, daughter of New York Police Inspector Thomas T. Ryan, recently retired. The bride was a member of the Radio City Music ensemble . . . Incidentally there is something about that Music Hall atmosphere which breeds romance. Eddie Garr recently married Phyllis Lind of the dancing crew there and Jimmy Wallington's second bride who died a few months ago was a Music Hall Rockette . . . Still another announcer to wed recently is Columbia mike-man, Dell Sharbutt. His wife is Meri Bell, radio songstress.

Sally Schermerhorn, yclept Sally Singer, changed her name to Sally Ellinger by wedding Edward Ellinger, New York economist . . . Don McNeill, self-styled messer of ceremonies in the Chicago NBC studios, became a proud papa for the second time. Both are boys . . . The current heart interest of Dave Rubinoff, a man of many romances, is Lavonne Rindy, the Texas charmer . . . By the time you read this Audrey Marsh, the Columbia thrush, should be Mrs. Theo-

dore Monk. Her affianced is a timberman with plenty of what it takes to keep the home fires burning brightly . . . Has Armando Barbe, the South American baritone, displaced Andre Kostelanetz in the affections of Lily Pons?

Cliff Hall, the "Sharlie" of the Jack Pearl broadcasts, got behind in his payments to his estranged wife and got nabbed by the gendarmes in Akron, O. . . . While in Providence, R.I., Claire S. Rockwell, divorced wife of George L. Rockwell, known to all and sundry as Doc Rockwell, filed in court the final decree papers after waiting eleven years to perform that formality, much to the annoyance of Doc . . . Betty Lou Gerson, Don Ameche's leading woman in *The First Nighter*, returned to Chicago from Hollywood when the series closed and promptly married Joseph T. Ainsley, an advertising agency executive in charge of radio programs.

The matrimonial bark of the Carl Hoffs is reported on the shoals . . . And friends are expressing concern over the future of the Budd Hulicks. Bud's partner, Colonel Stoopnagle, recently Renovated his wife and married his secretary . . . Bob Crosby and Terry Baker, of Louisiana, are holding hands . . . Ditto Durelle Alexander, the Texas nightingale heard with Paul Whiteman's band, and Clyde McCoy, the orchestraman . . . Rudy Vallee has been quite attentive lately to Gladys Sherr, the heiress who is a dead ringer for Fay Webb.

Easterners don't take seriously the rumor from Hollywood that Marjorie Cantor, eldest of the Cantor kids, and Harry (Parkyakarkus) Einstein, are about to be betrothed. Somebody seems to have been mighty hard up for an idea to steal some newspaper space.

**THE MONITOR MAN SAYS**

Keep your eye on the Mutual Broadcasting System and this fall you will see it expand into the fourth coast-to-coast network. Warner Brothers are negotiating to buy in on Mutual and the new movie money will be just what MBS needs to operate in a big way. The National Broadcasting Company with its two webs—the Red and Blue—and the Columbia Broadcasting System, of course, comprise the other three networks although NBC is sometimes erroneously referred to as one chain.

**P**ERHAPS you have wondered why broadcasting circuits are designated by colors. It is because of the hues on the cords used in the switchboards to link up the cross-country stations when they are connected by telephone wires. For instance, the cables for NBC's Red circuit originating with Station WEA, New York, are red, and the connecting loops for the Blue network, running out of Station WJZ, New York, by the same token are blue.

Major Edward Bowes, appointed master of ceremonies of a special broadcast to ballyhoo a benefit performance in a theater, learned forcibly that the world of entertainment knows—that he is not popular with professionals because of his exploitation of amateurs. So many kilocycle headliners found excuses for not appearing on the same program with the Major that the broadcast had to be called off!

Big-hearted Gertrude Niesen is in trouble with Actors' Equity for having contributed her lovely voice and personality to an unauthorized benefit for charity. Gertrude, who can't say "No" to any philanthropic appeal, has thrice so violated the rules and regulations governing such performances and faces a \$100



Clear, Fresh Loveliness for skins that have this *Germ-Free* care!

Gown by Milgrim



**Scientific Beauty Creams Help Protect the Skin from Germs which may cause Blemishes... Guard against Dryness**

**S**UDDEN temperature changes, dust from the air, the germs which cause blemishes . . . all are at work to mar your complexion. Yet you can keep your skin moist and clear with Woodbury's Cold Cream.

*Contains Exclusive Germ-destroying Element*

Why, you may ask, does Woodbury's Cold Cream fulfill its beauty task more quickly, more surely than others? First, because an exclusive ingredient keeps it free from germs to the very bottom of the jar!

Germs, a common cause of blemishes, are banished. The last fingertipful of Woodbury's Cold Cream is as free from germ-growth as the first!

And how much more this delicate beauty cream has to offer! Down deep into the pores it goes to clear away the dust and

waxy secretions that make the skin dull and sallow. And Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to defeat aging lines, to keep the skin moist. Element 576, a second important ingredient, aids in combating skin dryness.

You'll need Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream, too, to protect your skin from wind and dust. It's a fluffy foundation cream that makes your rouge and powder look ever so natural! Each of these lovely creams only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes. Do try them!

**MAIL NOW...FOR COMPLEXION KIT!**

Brings you generous trial tubes of 2 Woodbury Beauty Creams; 6 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; also guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, containing "Filtered Sunshine" element. Enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

Mail to: John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7468 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



*At 6 Sally is tired out after a hard office day*



*At 7 Sally is radiant, gay, her skin delicately fragrant*



# This quick Beauty Bath peps you up—leaves you dainty...

**F**OR the girl who wants to win out with men, *daintiness* is all-important.

You'll love the way a Lux Toilet Soap bath relaxes and refreshes you. You'll love the fresh, sweet odor it gives your skin. And another important thing:

The lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. It cleans the pores gently but deeply, carrying away stale perspira-

tion, every hidden trace of dust and dirt. After a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you feel like a different person. You are sure of yourself—ready for conquests!



9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because they've found it such a superb complexion care. They use it as a bath soap, too, to keep neck and back and shoulders lovely.

line... Harry McNaughton, Phil Baker's "Bottle," is charged with the same "offense," if trying to be a good neighbor and helping those in distress comes under that category.

Aghast at radio's rapacious consumption of material, Ken Murray suggests that colleges include comedy writing in their curriculums. Not a bad idea at that for college humor publications are a prolific source of supply to the broadcasting buffoons and it would seem many students have an aptitude for the work. Graduates from such a course would find a fine field for the exercise of their talents. Also a remunerative one for good comedy script writers in radio take down anywhere from \$200 to \$1,500 every time a comic spouts their stuff into a mike.

Now that Ignace Jan Paderewski has agreed to make a movie in London, his American manager, George Engles, head of NBC's Artist Service Bureau, has high hopes of inducing the distinguished Polish pianist to make his radio debut next season. Paderewski remains about the sole holdup from radio among the world's most notable musicians.

**S**TATIONS all over the country seek super-power for their transmitters. WJZ, New York, petitions the Federal Communications Commission for permission to broadcast on 500,000 watts instead of 50,000 as at present. WSM, Nashville, Tenn., WGN, Chicago, WHO, Des Moines, Iowa and KFI, Los Angeles, also want the same kilowatt strength. The only 500,000 watter operating on the North American continent is WLW, Cincinnati.

Lane having more billing appeal than Mullican, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, of Waring Pennsylvania's renown, are now legal Lanes by kind permission of the courts in Indianola, Iowa, their home town. The same goes, of course, for their sisters of movie fame, Lola and Leota. The daddy of them remains Dr. Mullican, a practising dentist in Indianola.

Ed Wynn's switch from Columbia to NBC brought Graham McNamee back to the fold as the comedian's chuckling stooge and left John S. Young, only announcer entitled to tack L.L.D. to his name, out of the picture. However, Dr. Young should worry. He has a long term contract with Wynn's sponsor paying him \$500 a week which he is collecting while Graham does the chores.

Add to radio newcomers, Roger Pryor of the Hollywood lots and son of the famous bandmaster, Arthur Pryor. Roger has organized his own band and with the help of his brother, Arthur Pryor, Jr., producer of The March of Time and other outstanding programs should get somewhere in radio.

## In the September Radio Mirror

The gift of gab can be a nuisance instead of a blessing! That's what many a radio announcer has found to his sorrow. Read all about it in the gay, bright story you'll find in next month's issue.

**The True Story of a Real  
Major Bowes Amateur**

(Continued from page 41)

the night. The next day the storm was worse. Boy, did we wear out decks of playing-cards! The day after, though, we found a fellow with a truck who said he'd try to get us to the railroad, ten miles away. We got stuck and had to come back. Finally the railroad got through with a freight train and an old-time day coach, with a coal stove at one end and kerosene lamps swinging from the ceiling.

Three days, to go a hundred miles! I said something a while back about how people went out of their way to be nice to us. At first I couldn't understand it, but it certainly was true. I guess everybody knows about the amateurs, now, even in the smallest towns. They know most of us have had a pretty tough time trying to make a living, and they're anxious to do everything they can to see us get ahead. One hotel in Los Angeles, that usually gets seven and eight dollars a day for its rooms, let us have ours for a dollar a night apiece. I'd like to mention its name, but they say you can't give free advertising in magazines. That reminds me—a funny thing happened, along this line, in one town in the Middle West. We went to dinner at the Rotary Club, and one of the richest men in town, a banker, took a liking to the dancer with our unit. He had heard him the night he was on the air. "Son," he said, "the town's yours. Tell me anything you'd like, and I'll buy it for you."

He meant a new suit, or an overcoat, or something like that. But all the dancer could think of, on the spur of the moment, was that he wanted to play a game of pool, so he said, "Gosh, Mister, can we play some pool?" So the banker took him over to the Elks' Club, and they played pool.

**N**OT all the things that happened were funny. We nearly had a tragedy, once. I don't think I'll ever forget that night as long as I live. We were in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Our hill-billies were a bunch of fellows from Norwich, Connecticut, who called themselves the Texas Rangers. We were coming back to the hotel after dinner when one of them, a little fellow, just a kid, crumpled up and fell. His leg seemed to go right out from under him, and he was holding his hand to his side, low down, and groaning. Our manager rushed for a doctor, and the doctor said, "Appendicitis. He must be operated on at once."

Here was that poor kid, hundreds of miles from home, and he had to have a dangerous operation done right away. It might mean the difference between life and death—and his mother way back in Connecticut. Our manager got in touch with the New York office on the telephone, right away. There are night and day shifts, there, just in case things like this should happen. The Major has people there, ready to take telegrams and long-distance calls, twenty-four hours a day. In case of an emergency you can always get in touch with him.

The Major kept our line open, and called the youngster's mother in Norwich on another wire. She gave her permission to operate and he relayed it back to us. It had to be done, to save his life. By the way, the Major paid her railroad fare to Tulsa, so she could come out.

Oh, we had adventure, tragedy, comedy, everything. Even love. We had

*Kleinert's* **DRESS SHIELDS**  
are **HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES**



Miss Dolly Tree, creator of women's costumes for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

**L. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.,**  
485 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N. Y.  
Gentlemen:—

The price of loveliness is careful attention to detail.

Because the slightest suspicion of under-arm stain, whether caused by perspiration or cosmetics, will ruin the effect of any gown, and, indeed, of an entire scene, we at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, insist on the use of Kleinert's Dress Shields in every garment. We especially like your Blue-Label Dress Shields, which are boilable.

Very truly yours  
*Dolly Tree*

Dolly Tree,  
Creator of Women's Costumes,  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

● As a guarantee against under-arm stains from perspiration or cosmetics, DOLLY TREE, creator of women's costumes for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, insists on Kleinert's Dress Shields. For as little as 25¢ you can keep your dress fresh, unstained, NEW-looking!

"We especially like your BLUE-LABEL Dress Shields which are boilable," says Miss Tree. BLUE-LABEL shields are 35¢ a pair—three pairs for a dollar.

Just stop at any good notion counter and say you want genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields—and refuse imitations.



*Kleinert's*  
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



*To always look your best go to your **BEAUTY SHOP** especially to keep your facial muscles young - to enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** gum daily.*

**WRIGLEY'S**  
**DOUBLE MINT**  
**CHEWING GUM**  
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

© 1937 - PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIETTE LASCHRE, PARIS

two cases of love at first sight, right in our unit, although I knew only one of the fellows. The other couple met each other before the girl joined our unit.

The couple I know the most about sure fell hard. She was our jazz singer, and he was our advance man. The advance man, as I've already explained, travels a week ahead of the unit. He arranges for hotels and sees to the advertising, makes arrangements at the theater, and so forth, so that everything will be set for us when we get to town. Well, the trouble with this advance man was that he was never in advance. He wasn't a week ahead of us, he wasn't even a day ahead of us. He was right with us, most of the time, and the reason, of course, the girl. The upshot was that the folks back in New York got wise and transferred him to another unit, but it has a happy ending. I understand they're going to be married soon. Probably they're already Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this.

**I** MENTIONED how some of the girls took to rooming together to save money on hotel accommodations. On account of doing it, three of them sure had a hair-raising experience in Texas one night! I suppose I better not tell the name of the city, if I ever want to go back there again, but it was a pretty big one. Anyhow, it seems one man owns every hotel there. So far as hotels are concerned, he runs things just about to suit himself. He wouldn't give us a rate, the way they do in most other cities, and there was nothing we could do about it. Every hotel we went to was his.

These three girls decided to beat his racket. We were going to be there for a whole week, so they looked in the newspaper and found an apartment. They went out and saw it. They were afraid the landlady wouldn't let them have it just for a week, but she said, "Oh, no, that's fine." She seemed pretty anxious to rent it for any length of time at all, but they didn't think about that then. That night, they wished they had. They got into bed, after our show, and along about one o'clock in the morning someone rapped three times on the door and they heard a whisper—"Hey, Joe!" Half an hour later, it happened again. And again at two o'clock. They were so scared they couldn't sleep a wink. One of the girls peeked through the keyhole, and saw three or four of the toughest-looking gorillas she'd ever seen in her life out in the hall. They ended up by sitting up all night, with their teeth chattering.

Next day they came right down to the hotel and moved back in with the rest of us. It seems the apartment had been a gangster hang-out. The police had picked up "Joe," whoever he was, but the rest of the gang didn't know it. They thought he was still there.

People ask me if I'm glad I'm a Major Bowes Amateur. Well, I'm getting fifty dollars a week, which is more than I ever made in my life, and I'm traveling around and Seeing America First as I would probably never get a chance to do otherwise. I'm in with the swellest bunch of fellows and girls I've ever known, just like my old high school crowd. We're like one big family, we all know each other so well by now. I'm meeting new people, seeing new things, having adventures and having a lot of fun. Besides, I'm learning how to get along with other people under unusual and sometimes uncomfortable conditions; I'm learning how to be a good sport, and how to give as well as take.

I can think of a heck of a lot of ways of living that are a lot worse!

**Hidden Moments in Their Lives**

(Continued from page 48)

result, he was disliked by all the men, who resented his superior attitude.

"Those two months of training in Baku were a living horror," he told me. But the thing that shattered his nerves and almost killed him was his three years at the front in Turkey.

"While I was in Baku," he told me, "I worried constantly about my lost career . . . what would become of me once the war was over . . . whether my chances to become a great violinist would be utterly destroyed. But gradually, my old passion, the violin, grew fainter and fainter, while grim reality occupied all my waking and sleeping hours.

"We became fatalists, we soldiers. What was the use of planning for the future, of dreaming of our homes, our families, when we might never see them again? When we might be shot down any minute, like our buddies?"

"I remember one youngster who occupied the same dugout as I when we got to the front, a clean-cut, laughing farmer's boy. He had a sweetheart back home, and waited impatiently for a letter from her. Constantly he talked of how they would marry when the war was ended, and how happy they'd be.

"One day, he was chatting and laughing as usual, to me. Along came one of the soldiers, delivering mail. 'Anything for me?' the boy inquired.

"A letter from home, Boris," the mailman answered."

With a happy grin, Boris jumped to grab the letter. Just as his hand grasped it, the enemy fired a volley of shots into the Russian encampment.

"Three shots struck Boris. He dropped dead, on his side, next to me, with that letter clutched tightly in his hand."

**S**LOWLY, as if it hurt him to think of what he was telling me, he continued. "I've never talked of these war experiences before. They recall memories that are too horrible.

"I remember one night we were roused and given orders to dress and assemble on the field. There we were told that four Turkish spies had been captured and were to be hanged before our very eyes. I tried to sneak away, but the commander in charge ordered me back.

"Four crude platforms were erected; four nooses strung up. They brought out the spies, who were blindfolded. Two were pitifully young, mere boys.

"At a word from the corporal in charge, the blindfolds were taken from their eyes, so they could see what lay in store for them. Then their execution decree was read. I shall never forget the wails of terror that they let out when they understood they were to be hanged. Their screams were like nothing human. It took several soldiers to hold them.

"For two days," Horlick continued, "their bodies hung there, swinging back and forth in the wind, preyed upon by vultures. That was to bring the lesson of what happens to spies home to us all.

"At the end of the war I was sick, mentally. I was a nervous wreck. I'd waken night after night, screaming at the nightmares I had."

Sometimes Nature, in her sternness, can be very kind. An attack of the deadly yellow fever would not be considered merciful ordinarily; but in this case it came to Harry Horlick as a blessed relief. For a long time, while he lay, a

# 9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

**Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!**



**T**HE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor if you deodorize only. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm dry, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though you are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

**Protect yourself this SURE way**

Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments re-

quired to use Liquid Odorono, because it is sure. With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

**Saves your expensive gowns**

Odorono ends forever those shocking perspiration stains which can fade and ruin a lovely frock or coat lining, in just one wearing. And of course, there is no grease to make your clothes messy.

You can get Odorono 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. At all toilet-goods counters.

Let Odorono keep your underarm dry, your clothes as sweet and fresh as you are—and you will be truly exquisite. Send today for samples of two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.  
Dept. 8 B 6, 191 Hudson St., New York City  
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)  
I enclose 8¢ for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





*Especially in Summer*

**COMFORT DEMANDS A NAPKIN THAT CAN'T CHAFE!**



**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 wrinkles.

**3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT 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)

raving, emaciated figure, he was at least given the gift of oblivion. He knew nothing.

Finally, he began to convalesce. Even then, he was in no fit condition to be at the front, so the nurses kept him in the hospital, where he aided them.

Carrying the wounded from the ambulances. Tending the dying. Helping doctors treat a stump where a leg had been. Acting as arms for an armless man. Seeing them whose faces had been partially shot away. Such duties were all in the day's routine for Harry Horlick.

Then, quite unexpectedly, the men were told they could go. The War had ended.

"A bunch of us started to beat our way back to Tiflis, and other cities in Russia. Since we had no money for fare, we bummed our way, riding on freight trains, walking when there were no trains.

"I had a couple of thousand miles to travel. It took me two months to get home. When I started out, I knew nothing of the Russian Revolution of 1917, of the Bolshevik regime . . . we had heard nothing at the front. Ruin and desolation were all around me, as I traveled."

Finally he arrived in Tiflis.

"And what a tramp I looked, in my torn uniform. I was so feverish and exhausted I could hardly hold myself up. I didn't know what to do. Prospects I had none. Friends, none. Money, none. While on the march the Bolsheviks and the White Army had fed me. Now I was a discharged soldier, on my own.

"To beg for charity was like death itself," he told me.

**T**HEN he remembered his violin playing. If he could manage to get hold of a violin, and practice, perhaps he could earn a little playing. That was his last hope.

So he screwed up his courage, walked into a music store, and begged the proprietor to allow him to play a violin. At first the man laughed: the idea of a ragged, dirty bum wanting to borrow a violin! But finally he was won over by Horlick's pleading.

"I hadn't touched a violin in three years. When I drew the bow across the strings I was trembling all over. And the sounds that came forth were awful, like the wails beginners bring forth. Then the violin dropped from my nerveless fingers. It was useless. No, the war had finished that. I thought then that I would never touch a violin again," Horlick told me quietly.

That night he slept in the fields. The next morning, he dispiritedly walked around the city, and like a magnet, the old opera house drew him. There was to be a performance that night of *Manon*, and he stood reading the announcements.

Suddenly, some one tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around. A fine-looking young man, in thick-lensed glasses, was gazing at him in shocked surprise. Horlick recognized him instantly—it was Lazar Stupel, his old rival at the Conservatory. The boy of whom he had been so jealous, because Lazar could play as well as he, and sometimes better.

He remembered how their teachers, recognizing the open competition between the two students, would pit one against the other, giving Harry the first half of a symphony to learn, and Lazar the second. Lazar hadn't been drafted, he recalled, because of his poor eyesight.

But he stifled his exclamation of recognition. His pride would not allow him to admit to Lazar to what depths he had sunk.

So when Lazar said, with outstretched hand, "Aren't you Harry Horlick?" Horlick disregarded his hand, and said shortly, "No."

"You can't fool me," Stupel persisted.

"I know you. Don't you remember me? We used to be rivals in school." Then, pityingly, "You look very ill and weak. Come with me."

Linking his arm in Harry Horlick's, he literally dragged him along. "Don't you worry," he said. "Everything will be all right. I'm married now, and we have a big house. My wife will be glad to have company."

None of Horlick's mumbled protests that he could not accept their hospitality, that he would only be a nuisance, a sick man to be nursed back to health, had any effect. Mrs. Stupel installed him in the guest room, did everything she could to make him comfortable. She cooked special foods for his weak stomach: chicken, eggs, custard—things he had not tasted for over three years. A doctor was called. He prescribed rest, and plenty of it.

"For weeks I remained their guest, paying them nothing. And they acted as though I, a sickly, useless wreck of humanity, were conferring a great honor upon them."

Finally, came the day Horlick was strong enough to go about. By his bedside he found a lovely suit of clothes, but never a word from Lazar about its cost. Only, when Lazar offered him money, he flushed, and refused it.

He and his old rival, now a musician with the Bolshevik Symphony Orchestra, would sit and reminisce for hours. But each time Stupel said, "You will play again, in my orchestra," Horlick slowly shook his head.

"I can not play any more. I have tried. All my feeling for music is gone."

"Just practice a little each day, as a favor to me," Stupel pleaded. Finally, Horlick agreed.

At first, the sounds he drew forth were terrible, just as they had been in the music shop. But the Stupels encouraged him, stood all that screeching, grating noise without a protest, and gradually, his feeling for the violin began to come back.

Came the day Stupel brought him to the town symphony orchestra leader, who gave him a job. Then things began to click again. Before long Horlick, a respected violinist, had saved enough to rejoin his family here.

"Ours has been a one-sided friendship," Horlick told me, "with me doing all the taking, and Lazar all the giving. Time and again I have begged him to come here, but he refuses to leave his beloved Russia. Time and again I have sent him money, for a musician in Russia is none too well off today. Invariably, it has come right back."

"But some day, I shall go to visit him. Perhaps then I can persuade him to come back with me. Repay, in some small measure, what I owe him and his wife."

Now do you understand why Harry Horlick is interested in going to that one city in Russia?

## COMING

Why did her parents and her friends tell Lily Pons she'd never be a successful opera singer? And how did events almost prove they were right? Read the answer, in still another "Hidden Moments in Their Lives" story.

# READ HOW SKINNY GAWKY GIRLS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW QUICK WAY



**Thousands gaining normal attractive curves — in just a few weeks!**

SKINNY, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce can take new hope from the experience of thousands of others with this new scientific treatment that is sweeping the country. These others have gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh this new easy way—in just a few weeks!

What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion, constipation and nervousness, new pep and popularity.

### Why it builds up so quickly

Scientists recently discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

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Posed by professional models

## Kay Thompson's Secrets for Summer Loveliness

(Continued from page 6)

faithfully almost every night during hot weather, just for that feeling of extra confidence. As a matter of fact, while we're on the subject, I'll have to admit I'd be very glad to get up on a soap-box and lecture the men about deodorants, too!"

Baths and creams, deodorants and eau de cologne, these should all be a vital part of your summer beauty care. But there are still two other items of vital importance—depilatories and dress shields! Underarm daintiness is essential with summer frocks, and smooth arms and legs are necessary with beach clothes. There's a splendid all-purpose depilatory which you may not have heard about yet, and an excellent preparation designed specially to remove unwelcome hair from the upper lip or chin.

**D**RESS shields are a necessity to protect those bright, thin summer dresses. Every healthy person perspires, but that's no excuse for stained and perhaps unpleasant aromatic dresses! Dress shields today are not the heavy, unvaried type our grandmothers knew. There are many styles and weights, one for every purpose. They can be washed, they can be boiled, and there are even dainty net bodices with shields attached which can be worn under your dainty frocks without even the slight bother of sewing special shields in the frock itself.

My August leaflet is full of helpful suggestions along these lines. There are reliable deodorants, liquid, cream or powder—take your choice! There are as many different types of depilatories, too. And there's further information about that dress shield question, as well as more about Kay's cosmetics and the new floral toilet waters. It's all yours for the asking, if you'll just send a large stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. By the way, have you sent in your envelope yet for the July leaflet about preparations to clear your skin of freckles, blotches, etc.?

## COMING

The complete, romantic life story of the networks' fastest rising comedy star—his boyhood, romances, success, all in one fascinating serial story.

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"I use my new Bissell for all quick clean-ups and save my vacuum cleaner for periodic cleaning. Bissell's exclusive Hi-Lo brush automatically and fully adjusts to clean any rug nap. It's much better than the old sweeper."

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**ROBERTA MOSQUITO CREAM**

## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 13)

to catch his 10:30 radio stint and was hauled to the curb by a motor cycle cop. "Hurry up and write out my ticket," said Peter, all flustered. "I've got a radio date at 10:30." It was then just 10:20. "It's a gag," said the copper. "They all tell me that in this park." Peter got his ticket and was one minute late for his program, the first time he has been late in fifteen years of broadcasting. He minded the lateness more than the ticket. . . . Dick Himber calls up all the singers and leaders he knows and says, "Am I asking too much for you to do Am I Asking Too Much?" Sounds sort of foolish, but Dick is that way. His song is titled, "Am I Asking Too Much" . . . Jolly Coburn and Mrs. Coburn have lost their baby boy who died of pneumonia. He was their first and only child . . . Looks as if Reggie Childs will be able to use his left hand after all. It was injured in an auto accident some months ago. For a while Reggie thought he would never play the violin again, but gradually he is getting the use of his fingers, although it is a slow process.

**A**RT RALSTON, that good looking chap with The Casa Loma band who plays all of eight instruments, got his start by breaking his arm cranking a car. Since he was laid up in the hospital for a number of weeks he killed time by seeing how many instruments he could play. When he got out, he just kept on adding to his list . . . Mrs. Teddy Black expects an heir to the Black estate in several months . . . Abe Lyman has sold out his interest in the Hollywood restaurant and expects to open his own place soon . . . George Hall is making a Paramount short . . . Ted Powell, guitarist with Abe Lyman who wrote "Boots and Saddle," has another song of the same type, "Blazing the Trail."

**S**OME of you may have wondered why the bands on the Lucky Strike Your Hit Parade programs are changed so often. Here's the reason—not that the sponsors aren't satisfied with their bands, because they are, but because they don't want any one band to become too closely identified with the show. They want it to be known always as Your Hit Parade, not Somebody's Dance Program. Pretty good showmanship, and it makes for more variety in the programs, besides.

When the Saturday night stanza of the Hit Parade went to CBS, Freddie Rich supplied the music and two young singers who had been on sustaining spots moved up into a commercial show. Margaret McCrae was a winner in one of the talent contests conducted last summer by Eddy Duchin, and has been singing for CBS since then. Buddy Clark had been with CBS about a year, having left law school in his junior year to devote himself to music.

## ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Don Bestor has brought his band back to New York and is broadcasting from the Hotel Roosevelt Grill with a CBS wire. He's still featuring his vibraharp, an instrument which looks like a piano but sounds like three other instruments. And for all you Bestor fans, here's the personnel of his orchestra: Eddie Dieckman, violinist; Walter Paine, Jack Linx, Walter Long, and Hal Stargardt, saxophonists; Ducky Yontz, J. D. Wade, Buddy Harrod, trumpets; Bob Alderson, trombone; Wayne Euchner, pianist; Tom Whalen, drummer; Howard Workman,

Listen in, **GIRLS!**

MR. PAIGE  
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MISS NORRIS  
Wells Employment Agency

"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

"And say, buy some Mum for the next girl and charge it to me, will you?"

"I certainly will, Mr. Paige."

**U**NDERARM perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in the office or in social life. And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum!

Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm—and you're safe for the whole busy day.

If you forget to use Mum before you dress, use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know. And it's so soothing

to the skin, you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum does just what you want it to do. It prevents the disagreeable odor of perspiration, and not *the perspiration itself*.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of ugly odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

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**ANOTHER USE FOR MUM** is on sanitary napkins. Enjoy the relief and freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness, which Mum affords.

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Remember  
one little thing



...or this  
may not come true!

ON your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don't let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm . . . upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

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When Nature forgets — remember

**EX-LAX**

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

bass. The vocalists are Neil Buckley, baritone; Patsy Kane, blues singer; and Ducky Yontz, singing comedian.

There's an interesting story about Pianist Euchner. Seems he's always wanted to travel himself, and though a musician gets about some, he doesn't get about enough to satisfy Wayne's craving. So he's sponsoring an 1800-mile canoe trip being taken by two boys, Sheldon Taylor and Geoffrey Pope, who are paddling all the way from New York to Nome. Taylor is Wayne's brother-in-law, and he supplied the boys with a canoe, movie camera, equipment, and complete finances.

**SHORT SHORT STORIES**

Emil Coleman has already been signed to reopen the King Cole room of the St. Regis hotel in the fall, and will again have an NBC wire . . . Virginia Verrill has written two songs, "Promenading with You" and "I Wouldn't Want to See Too Much of You," in collaboration with Cliff Friend . . . Morton Downey has turned songwriter, too, having written the lyrics to "Goodnight Lover," soon to be published. His friend, Jimmy Rule, wrote the music, and the song is dedicated to Mrs. Downey, the former Barbara Bennett . . . Vaughn DeLeath has her own orchestra now, which will be known as Vaughn DeLeath and Her Blue Bonnet Buddies if plans to take it to the Texas Centennial go through . . . As we go to press Rudy Vallee is all set for a summer-long engagement in a New York hotel dance casino . . . Ralph Kirbery, NBC's Dream Singer, is learning to fly. Future plans: To buy a plane . . . Swing music has gone highhat on us. The first swing music recital in history was held in New York's Imperial Theater late in May. Performing artists were Paul Whiteman's swing section, Casa Loma Swingers, Red Nichols, Johnny Davis, Tommy Dorsey's Clambake Seven, Joe Venuti, Stuff Smith, Bob Crosby, and others.

**THEME SONG SECTION**

A lot of the theme music you hear CBS bands playing is the product of Harry Warnow, Mark's brother. He's responsible for Johnny Augustine's "Blue Tranquility," the Merry-makers' "Merry Taxi Drivers," the Captivators' "Captivating Melody," and the Instrumentalists arrangement of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat," all of which are just snatches, not complete songs. Brother Mark sometimes uses Harry's "You're My Lucky Charm," and Leith Stevens uses his "Roses in the Dark" on Leith Steven's Harmonies, which may return to the air this summer. Both of the last themes are complete songs, and have been published.

The "Merry Taxi Drivers" music came to be composed in a funny way. The boys in the orchestra were clowning around at rehearsal, blowing automobile horns and improvising on their instruments. Somebody remarked, "Sounds like a lot of nutty taxi drivers," and Harry seized on the idea and wrote some music around it, using one of the improvised themes he'd just heard.

**WE'RE TELLING YOU**

You've been asking about Bob Allen, soloist with Hal Kemp's little band of music-makers. Well, he was born in a little Ohio farming town, not far from Cincinnati. His earliest ambition was to be a railroad engineer, but taking part in local amateur entertainments cured him of that and he began singing over a small radio station. During high school days he worked in a Cincinnati drug store, met Ben Bernie when the latter played in the theater next door, and talked the Old Maestro into letting him sing a number

on the stage. At the end of the week Ben advised Bob to go to Chicago and try for stage work.

Bob got a two day leave of absence, bought a round-trip ticket, and set out for Chicago. He applied for an audition with Hal Kemp, won a job, and hasn't yet used the return half of his ticket. Bob's still retiring and unassuming, though he has been with Kemp since November, 1933.

**FOLLOWING THE LEADERS**

A number of the bands will be playing all summer at certain spots and of course they are all looking for steady berths. In case you are stepping out, the following list is provided for your convenience and please remember it is as accurate as we can make it.

- Armstrong, Louis—On tour.
- Barnet, Charles—Glen Island Casino, New Rochelle, N. Y.
- Bernie, Ben—In California.
- Bestor, Don—New York spot.
- Casa Loma—On tour.
- Crosby, Bob—Lexington Hotel, N. Y.
- Denny, Jack—French Casino, N. Y.
- Donahue, Al—Rainbow Room, Radio City, N. Y.
- Duchin, Eddy—Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles.
- Fio Rito, Ted—Westwood Gardens, Detroit.
- Garber, Jan—On tour.
- Goodman, Benny—New York spot.
- Hall, George—Taft Hotel, N. Y.
- Harris, Phil—Adolphus Hotel, Dallas, Tex.
- Heidt, Horace—On tour.
- Johnson, Johnny—Spring Lake, N. J.
- Jones, Isham—Palomar Ballroom, Los Angeles.
- Kavelin, Al—On tour.
- Kemp, Hal—Astor Hotel, N. Y.
- King, Henry—Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco.
- King, Wayne—Waldorf Astoria, N. Y.
- Kyser, Kay—Trianon, Chicago.
- Little, Jack—Catalina Island, San Francisco.
- Lombardo, Guy—Palmer House, Chicago.
- Lyman, Abe—Theaters.
- Lucas, Nick—Hollywood Restaurant, N. Y.
- Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
- Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.
- Nelson, Ozzie—On tour.
- Newman, Ruby—On tour.
- Noble, Ray—On tour.
- Weems, Ted—Texas Centennial Fair.
- Whiteman, Paul—Texas Centennial Fair.

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

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy . . . . .

Theme Song Section . . . . .

Following the Leaders . . . . .

Or . . . . .

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

# Will Lucy Monroe's Secret Romance End in Heartbreak?

(Continued from page 19)

success, and nothing was going to stop her.

And then she met Jimmy Lang. Lucy had returned from an engagement in Chicago to become the feminine lead in the first "Passing Show," and one night, shortly after the show opened, she was introduced to Jimmy during the height of festivities at his fashionable Sutton Place apartment.

Jimmy Lang is not actually his name. His real name can not be divulged here, as it would be too easily recognized. Jimmy is the only son of a socially prominent, wealthy, New York family.

He was a playboy. "A very lovely, sort of lost playboy," as Lucy described him. With charming manners, a sweet smile and a rather melancholy outlook on life. There were always a number of girls hanging from his lapels, he was perennially in the midst of a gay, chaotic whirl. It was part of his inheritance. The only thing he had known. There was, sadly enough, nothing useful in life that Jimmy was fitted to do.

This, as they both later learned, was to be their battlefield. Lucy did things, and she could not understand anyone who had no interest in life other than play.

**B**UT there was something between them, a bond they could not explain, or deny, and Lucy and Jimmy fell in love. That is, Jimmy did, and Lucy, carried along by his enthusiasm, imagined it was the real thing.

All that year they were constantly together. Jimmy proposed as often as the moon came up, and Lucy as consistently turned him down!

"I want a man who is vital, Jimmy," she would say in her soft voice. "Someone who has a business, a profession, something to do."

"You're my business, Lucy," Jimmy would proclaim fervently. "You, and your career, is all that matters to me."

In truth it was. For the first time in his life, Jimmy was wrapped up in something other than himself. . . . Lucy. He helped her make contacts, attended rehearsals of her show, sat in the first row during performances, he showered Lucy with all the material knick-knacks a girl could possibly want. Jimmy Lang's one grand passion was Lucy Monroe.

On a fateful night, just three years ago, Lucy broke his heart!

It started out to be the most glorious night in Jimmy's life. It was spring, a warm, splendid April night, and Jimmy and Lucy were on their way to a country club dance in upstate New York.

"This is a special occasion," Jimmy said, driving like mad. "There is going to be a pal of mine at the dance. It's his birthday, and his fiancée has come all the way from Detroit to be with him."

"How nice," Lucy answered. "What's his name?"

"Franklin Ross," was Jimmy's reply. "He's a very important New York real estate man, but really swell." (Again, the actual name can not be used.)

Jimmy and Lucy drove along for awhile in silence. "I've got a confession to make," Jimmy began, again. "I told Frank that we were engaged!"

Lucy laughed, but Jimmy became serious. "Lucy," he pleaded, "if you won't marry me, at least can't we become engaged?"

Lucy laughed again, and agreed. Jimmy stopped the car, pulled an engagement ring from his pocket, placed it on Lucy's fingers, and drove the remainder of the way to the country club—beaming.

What happened at the country club dance that night is so correspondingly tragic and beautiful that it is both painful and arduous to reveal.

Lucy Monroe and Franklin Ross fell in love almost upon sight! Tables had been set on the lawn outside, and Frank, accompanied by his fiancée, soon sighted Jimmy and hurried over to greet him.

"I've never since, seen anyone who impressed me as much on first sight as Frank did," Lucy smiled. "He is tall, and very broad shouldered, and that night he had on a pair of tennis shoes. He had been playing tennis that afternoon, and hadn't bothered to change. He came swinging across the lawn, walking very much like a great cat." Lucy laughed. "I instantly notice the color of anyone's eyes the minute I meet them. Frank's are a beautiful brown, and he has the longest eyelashes I have ever seen on any man!" Lucy stopped abruptly, then continued, "We just looked at each other—and knew."

What Frank Ross saw in Lucy Monroe is quite obvious. They spent most of the evening together, and fiancées or no fiancées, Frank made Lucy promise to let him see her again.

So started a three-year courtship. But it was not as sweet as that! Lucy handed Jimmy back his engagement ring, which just about broke his heart. Even now, after three years, he solemnly affirms that Lucy is the only girl he will ever love, and clings tenaciously to all that remains—Lucy's friendship. Frank's fiancée went back to Detroit, single, of course, and grief-stricken.

On such a pier was their romance founded. It has been a romance filled with heart-breaking quarrels, long separations, and unforeseen obstacles.

**T**HREE times Lucy and Frank have set a marriage date, but the wedding has never occurred. The first time it was Frank's contentious manner that sent them flying apart. The last two promises have been called off by Lucy. They seem to be two people who are meant to give each other only anguish. That they love each other is indubitable; that their marriage will ever take place is open to question.

The first eight months they were together went off smoothly. Lucy had not yet reached that point in her career that demanded all her time and attention. Frank humored her consuming ambition, even admired it. A year after they had first met, Frank proposed, and Lucy set the date for their marriage. It was to take place the following month. A foolish quarrel separated them!

They were out riding one night, Lucy explained. It was warm and Frank had the windows of his convertible coupe rolled all the way down. Very suddenly, it began to rain. Lucy felt a few drops fall against her hand, and asked Frank to roll the windows up. He refused.

"A few drops of rain won't hurt you, Lucy," he laughed.

"I can't afford to take a chance of catching cold!" Lucy retorted a little too sharply. "I must think of my voice—you should know that."

"Your voice!" Frank remarked, with a fine shade of irony.

"Yes, my voice!" Lucy shouted in a sudden display of temperament.

Lucy laughed. "He said some of the meanest things to me a man could say. He told me I was a silly, pretentious child. That I behaved as if my voice was the only thing in the world that mattered. He said he didn't care whether I caught

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MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THE BEST TO BE HAD  
Gives complete insurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing. Ideal on sanitary napkins. A Physician's Prescription. Ask dealer or write  
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cold or not! Every time I attempted to roll the window up," Lucy laughed, "Frank would stop me. We fought bitterly. I told him to stop the car, and I would get out and walk home, even if I died!

"He then resorted to the most infuriating course of action possible. He calmly stopped the car, and told me if that was my choice, very well—I could get out!

"I didn't. I slumped down in my seat, and neither of us spoke all the way home. His parting words were 'I probably won't see you again!'"

Lucy didn't hear from Frank again until four months had passed. Four miserable months for both of them, as they afterwards confessed to each other. Then, one day quite unexpectedly, Frank called Lucy's dressing room at the theater, and asked to speak to her. Lucy went all warm inside, anxiously picked up the telephone, and in less than a half hour they were back together again!

But in spite of their vows never to separate, the old quarrels arose again and again. Lucy was just on the threshold of what she thought was to be a wonderful break. The goal she had been striving for, stardom in grand opera, seemed just around the corner.

**F**RANK had his own worries, his business. He wanted a wife and a home. Not someone who would be chasing off on a tour at a moment's notice, not a wife who was subjected to rehearsals and late theater hours. If Frank Ross had said, "Lucy marry me and keep your career," Lucy would have married him as fast as they could get a license and find a preacher. But Frank could not see it her way, and so the decision of marriage or a career rested entirely on Lucy's slight shoulders.

She attempted a compromise. "I'll marry you, Frank," was her promise, "if after the marriage you will give me just one more year in show business." And Frank finally agreed.

It was not to be. Lucy upset the kettle, whether purposely or not, just three weeks before the ceremony was to take place she accepted an offer to appear with the St. Louis Opera Company. This meant postponing the marriage, unless Frank would consent to follow her to St. Louis.

It was an impossibility. His business necessitated his staying in New York.

"We'll be married when I return, Frank," she said when he put her on the train.

"We will not!" Frank answered. "And you know it."

Their farewell was not a pleasant one. Lucy cried, and Frank raged. He begged her to get off the train, and marry him, but Lucy had a contract, a strong self will, and when the train moved slowly from the station towards the West, Lucy was aboard. Unhappy, but with her career still intact!

Upon her return, Lucy threw herself into her work still more vigorously. A new field had opened up for her, radio. She sang her heart out—auditions, rehearsals, broadcasts. Her popularity grew. One

offer followed another. The chance to star in Lavender and Old Lace, Hammerstein's Music Hall, and The American Album of Familiar Music.

Frank still remained a part of her life, the love they had for each other was too important to waste by more separations. He stuck to his guns, however, and refused to take any interest in Lucy's success and popularity. He never attended any of her rehearsals or programs. Lucy's professional life was something to tolerate rather than accept.

Each new contract that Lucy signed meant less time to spend with Frank. If anyone has truly disliked show business and its partner, radio, that man was, and is, Franklin Ross.

It has been nearly a year and a half since Lucy Monroe returned from St. Louis and started on the road to triumph in radio. In many ways, it has been a glorious year and a half. Frank and Lucy have been together as often as possible. Riding in the country, swimming, going to dances. Until three weeks ago, Franklin Ross, has not—since that dour night Lucy left for St. Louis—asked her to marry him.

It is part of a promise that neither would, or will, reveal. But now, at the height of Lucy's career, Frank has served his ultimatum! Either Lucy Monroe gives up her radio work, and marries Franklin Ross on some day during this summer—or else!

Lucy's decision will not be made impulsively. She will work out this problem that faces her, career or marriage, in a strange and fascinating manner.

She has rented a large summer home in Westchester, a town in upstate New York, not far from the place where she first met Frank. Upon the conclusion of her heavy spring radio work, she will spend almost her entire time in this home, alone with her mother.

**T**WO months after she has moved into her new quarters—and not until two months have passed—Frank will join her. He will ask a definite question, and he will receive a definite answer!

Will Lucy Monroe marry Franklin Ross and retire from radio? I say no! I base my supposition upon three reasons. First, Lucy has confessed that her career is the most important thing in her life; second, much as she loves Franklin Ross, she is also sensible enough to know that if she gave up her radio work to marry him it would always be a point of contention between them; and last, Jimmy, who walks like a ghost in the background, and will marry Lucy career or no career!

I may be wrong. Lucy's mother, a famed theatrical performer, quit the stage at the height of her career to marry the man she loved! And then, the two months separation may be more than Lucy can endure. But most important of all, Lucy has turned down Frank before—and a woman can always change her mind!

Yes or no, it will be an interesting answer.

Come with RADIO MIRROR to Hal Kemp's lovely English home on Long Island and let this popular band leader show you short cuts for making your own home more attractive. In next month's "Learn Homemaking From the Stars" article.

Reflections in the Radio

Mirror

(Continued from page 4)

that sounds perfect. This star of Forever Young wants to leave in the fall for China. There, with the help of several wealthy sportsmen, he would have built a Ning-Po junk following exactly the best in Chinese boat architecture. Late in December they would set sail and—stopping off all along the route—make for Paris, France, arriving there in time for the World's Fair, 1937. If the itinerary developed no hitches, the boat would land in New York in 1939, just before the proposed Fair there.

Curtis, one of radio's veteran star actors, wrote me about the trip. Without mentioning whether Phillips Lord had inspired him, he went on to add:

"My plan is to have sending and receiving sets installed aboard. Certainly the log of the trip will be fascinating to listeners who pick up the broadcast. There wouldn't be any rehearsed entertainment. If I can arrange my affairs, I'll be on board as radio officer and be in charge of broadcasts."

Wonder if he needs a cabin boy.

Dick Powell Answers All Those Rumors

(Continued from page 15)

Then it became known that Dick must have an operation. Nothing anyone could say after that was any good. Either Dick was married, had been fired by Warner Brothers or his radio sponsor or both, or his voice was gone forever. The story even went the rounds that he was feigning sickness in order to break his radio contract—because he was jealous of Louella Parsons!

The news spread slowly in radio circles. Fans of Hollywood Hotel thought nothing of it at first. Frances Langford had taken a vacation a short time ago. Why shouldn't Dick, who'd been working hard all year as master of ceremonies?

But Dick had to stay away too long. Vacations usually don't extend over a month. Soon, those fans of Hollywood Hotel began to ask themselves the questions that were being whispered in movie circles.

Is he, for instance, actually married to Joan Blondell?

Is he really jealous of Louella Parsons?

Is Rudy Vallee going to replace him in movies?

Has his voice suffered irreparable damage?

AS I write this story, Dick hasn't yet returned to his broadcasts. It has become increasingly imperative for those questions to be answered. No one but Dick himself can answer them with the authenticity that will put an end to them. By the time you read what he has said in answer, I'm sure his voice will be reaching you again over the CBS coast-to-coast network. Unfortunately, his singing once more every Friday night will not, in itself, be answer to these questions.

So I went to Dick, went to see him at his new home where he had barricaded himself against the army of would-be interviewers that were calling, telegraphing, writing twenty-four hours a day. He answered each question. And in the answers you will find Dick revealed as nothing else



"Keep an eye on the sun" says Jane Heath

● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes *glamorous!* Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only \$1.



● *Lashtint*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . . \$1

● *Shadette*, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try *Shadette* some romantic, moonlight night. . . . 75c



● Try *Tweezers*—the new tweezers with scissor-handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MG-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.



Lips that win love must be free from

lipstick parching

What makes lips look kissable? Ardent color. And even more important. . . a smooth, silky texture that suggests youth, romance. . . Never use a lipstick that dries, parches, ages. Get protection, along with deliciously warm color, by using the new Coty "Sub-Deb."

This wonder lipstick actually *smooths and softens!* It gives your lips a soft, moist lustre. A new ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom" makes this possible.

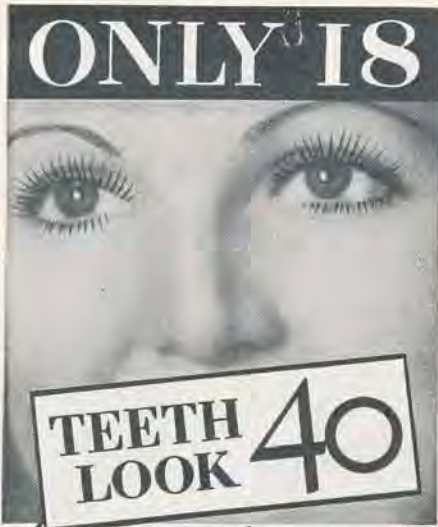
Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.







because she used a  
**HALF WAY tooth paste**

Half way dental care is simply gambling with your teeth. Even in youth, soft spongy gums are the warning of disaster ahead—lost teeth, dental ruin.

There is no excuse for taking this chance. You can use a tooth paste that whitens your teeth and *Safeguards Your Gums* at the same time. Forhan's was perfected by a famous dental surgeon for this *Double* protection.

Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's does both jobs at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Notice how much better Forhan's makes your whole mouth feel right away. You'll soon see its benefits, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Begin using Forhan's today.



**Forhan's**  
DOES BOTH JOBS {CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS}

**BROWN BLONDES  
WANT  
GOLDEN  
HAIR?**

**Shampoo-Rinse  
Washes Hair  
2 to 4  
Shades Lighter**



WHAT girl with dull, brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Any girl, of course. But now, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drabdest, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If you want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And safely, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex. Bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring golden blonde. Get Blondex at any drug or department store.

**BLONDEX** THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

would reveal him. In them, too, lies a new picture of the future he visualizes for himself.

"In answer to question one," Dick said, a smile hovering about his mouth, "it's obviously a shot in the dark by the gossipers. I couldn't marry Joan because she's not divorced yet. A full year must elapse in California before divorce is final and her year isn't up. When it is up, I only hope Joan'll have me!

"For question two—that I'd rather break my radio contract than continue singing on the same program with Louella Parsons—it's too ridiculous to waste time answering. Miss Parsons and I have always worked together fine. I believe she would do anything in the world for me . . . she always has. She was one of the first to come and see me when I didn't feel well.

"Question three—I am starting work immediately on my newest picture, 'Stage Struck.' Though I might be unable to record songs for some time, I will go ahead with the scenes that don't require music, and the sequences in which my songs appear will be taken later.

"Since I was put 'off-salary' the moment I finished my last picture, and since my salary doesn't resume until I actually start work again, I decided that I might just as well make sure of my complete cure before rushing back. After all, the time I am off salary must be added to the end of my contract. Thus when I start work this time, I shall have a straight two years and ten months to go without options!"

HE stopped a moment to catch his breath before going on. He had been talking now for several minutes and not once could I detect any weariness or rasping in his voice. It was the same voice I had known ever since Dick had first come to Hollywood.

"Question four—my voice might have been irreparably damaged, if I'd gone right back to work as soon as my operation was over. But I realized how critical my audiences would be, how they would be concentrating to see what difference there really was in my voice.

"That's why I have waited. As a matter of fact, if I had guarded my voice when huskiness first appeared, I could have avoided all this trouble and expense. It was overwork that did it. I developed what is known as 'singer's nodes.' Everyone has suffered from this affliction. You may have noticed that after yelling at a football game, a huskiness appears that makes it all but impossible for you to speak. Naturally, when this happens, you instinctively guard against the overuse of your voice and the 'nodes' disappear just as quickly as they came.

"As it happened in my case, I noticed that my voice was tired two days before my latest picture was finished. If I had taken time out then, we'd have been late on our schedule. The studio asked me if I couldn't work those two days and finish on time. I did. The day we finished, I went to the radio station for my regular Hollywood Hotel broadcast. When I got there, I couldn't speak above a whisper.

"A throat specialist was rushed to the station and I was given temporary relief to allow me to go on with the show. The following morning, my voice had disappeared entirely. I was scared to death! Six of the finest throat doctors in the West were called in to pass upon my case. They all agreed that overwork had made an operation necessary. They told me that the 'nodes' which had developed must be cut away.

"When I asked them what a 'node' was, they explained it this way: A 'node' is a hard spot on the side of one of the vocal cords, similar to a corn on your toe. If you wear a tight shoe long enough the corn becomes hard and permanent; if the tight shoe is removed in time, it will go away. By the same token, if I hadn't sung when I thought my voice was husky, I would have lost those 'nodes.'

"I had the operation. It was entirely successful. It was, however, a delicate and dangerous operation. If the knife had slipped a fraction of an inch, it might have been the end of my career.

"So you can understand why I am going to return to Hollywood Hotel only when I am fully recovered and in perfect condition for work. It may be three weeks—it may be three months!"

Then I asked Dick when he thought he would be ready to sing again.

"As a matter of fact, I could go back tomorrow. I'm fully able to sing as well as I could before I left the air. But I'm also a student of psychology. Those audiences of the show have heard all the rumors that spread about my ailment. So I've made up my mind that I won't return until I can sing better than I've ever sung before!

"That's my only protection against another whispering chorus that'll be only too anxious to say: 'See! What did I tell you! There is something wrong with his throat. It's permanent, too! He'll never sing again as well as he once did.'

"That's what I am going to avoid. How long it will take, I haven't any idea. Some morning, I know I'll wake up with the feeling that I want to sing. When that day arrives—and not until then—I'll be back on the air.

I FEEL sure that won't be far from now. But if it is, I haven't anything to lose. I just received a letter from the president of Campbell Soups telling me how anxious he is for my complete recovery and telling me that they want me to stay away from the microphone until I am perfectly well.

"They've been simply swell about the whole thing, anyway. They even demanded that I stay on salary during my entire illness—something I couldn't accept. But I've already signed a contract with this company that runs until October, 1937, with options after that."

There's Dick's story. And I'm as sure as he is, even surer, that before you read this that day will arrive when Dick wakes up, feeling as though he must sing before any more time elapses. When he does come back, be as critical as you like about his voice.

Dick won't be worried.

**FROM THE MAN WHO KNOWS  
BOAKE CARTER BEST**

. . . comes a word picture of radio's most discussed news commentator at work. Watch for the story by his announcer, Claude Haring—  
**IN THE SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR**

**Honeymoon Meals**

(Continued from page 52)

quarter hours. Remove ham to hot platter and strain the liquid. Return ham and strained liquid to skillet, and add the mushroom, peas, sherry and a dash of paprika. Cook until the vegetables are done, about fifteen minutes, then thicken the liquid with the flour. While the vegetables are cooking, broil the bacon until it is very crisp, then drain it. As soon as the vegetables are done, place the ham on a platter and surround it with the vegetables and thickened sauce. Crumble the crisp bacon and sprinkle over the top.

"There's a salad of alligator pear, tomato and tiny green onions that just seems to go with ham cooked this way," Grace said, "and we always serve them together. Cut the pear and tomato small and mix lightly with the green onions—there should be about a cup each of pear and tomato to half a cup of onions. Serve on crisp lettuce with a dressing made of one tablespoonful of lemon juice to three of olive oil, with salt and paprika to taste. This salad should be made at the last minute, otherwise the alligator pear will turn dark and the tomato get too juicy, but the ingredients should be chilled thoroughly before the salad is made.

"Grace certainly has a way with ham," Eddie murmured. "Remember the time you cooked it in black cherry juice?"

**T**HAT was just my saving nature," Grace smiled. "You see, I'd made a fruit compote of canned pears, green plums and black cherries and didn't use the cherry juice, and I just couldn't bear to throw it away. So I just got a ham steak, put it in the same Dutch oven I use for the other ham dish, poured the cherry juice over it and let it cook slowly until the ham was tender."

"But what about the compote?" I asked. "That's one of our favorite desserts," Grace said. "It's cool looking and is especially good after a heavy meal. I use a round glass compote dish. The pears go in the center, then there is a ring of the green plums and last a ring of black cherries. Mix the pear and plum juice together and pour it over the fruit. I don't use the cherry juice because it is so dark, it makes the dish less attractive."

If you live in the neighborhood, you are quite likely to be asked for one of those Sunday morning breakfasts for which Grace and Eddie are becoming famous. It's usually bacon, scrambled eggs and toast—but they are so different.

"We must tell you how we make toast," Eddie said. "It's our own invention, and are we proud of it. The bread must be about two inches thick. Brown it on one side in the oven, turn it and when it starts to brown on the other side make two diagonal cuts with a butcher knife across the unbrowned side, so deep that only the toasted side holds the slice together. Then put on gobs of butter and put your toast back into the oven. While it finishes browning, the butter melts and goes all through the bread."

"While Eddie is being toastmaster," Grace took up the story, "I'll fix the eggs and bacon. Put the bacon, on a shallow pan such as a biscuit pan or pie pan, into the oven as soon as it is lighted. While the oven is heating for the toast the bacon cooks slowly, and is much crisper than when it is fried on top of the stove. The eggs are beaten hard with cream—half a pint of cream to six eggs—and cooked in a double boiler."

"After that breakfast," Eddie sighed, "we just sit around and feel sorry that every day isn't Sunday."

**SKINNY,  
WEAK, NERVOUS  
RUN DOWN...!**

**How NATURAL  
IODINE Builds  
Worn-Out,  
Pale, Sickly  
Folks Into  
Strong, Red-  
Blooded Men  
and Women!**

AT LAST I'VE  
FOUND THE WAY  
TO ADD LBS.  
QUICK!

**Seedol Kelpamalt,  
New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea,  
Rich in NATURAL  
PLANT IODINE, Feeds  
Starved Glands—  
Must Build Rich, Red  
Blood, Put on Lbs. of  
Solid, "Stay-There"  
Flesh, Give Steady  
Nerves and Day-Long  
Energy in First Week  
or Trial is Free!**

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and all the time. Science says one of the principal causes of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and run-down.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls a body's weight and strength-building—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL SEAWEED IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic, only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get NATURAL IODINE in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of precious substance. It contains 1,500 times more iodine than ordinary iodine tablets considered the best source. 8 tablets alone contain 8 NATURAL IODINE units—more than 480 lbs. of spinach or 1,267 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flatterer extra pounds of "stay-there" flesh appear in places of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week, the trial is free. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt cost but a few cents the size of ordinary tablets today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

**Comparison of Minerals in  
KELPAMALT vs. VEGETABLES  
3 Kelpamalt Tablets Contain:**

- |  |  |
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| 1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7 1/2 lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus. | 4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes. |
| 2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.   | 5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.   |
| 3. More Phosphorus than 1 1/2 lbs. of carrots.   | 6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.  |
|  | 7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.  |

**SEEDOL  
Kelpamalt Tablets**

Manufacturer's Note—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

**SPECIAL FREE OFFER**

Write today for fascinating, instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 902, 27-53 West 20th St., New York City.

*New* **GLAZO**

**puts old-type  
nail polishes  
in the discard**



**You've never seen a polish  
so lovely, so perfect to use**

**G**LORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several extra days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

*It's new  
it's perfect*

**GLAZO**

**20 CENTS**  
(25 cents in Canada)



Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 9)

He says:—  
 "You're Lovely Tonight"  
 He thinks:—  
 "Wish She'd 'Fix up' those  
**GRAY STREAKS**"



A woman must be lazy indeed who neglects the simple perfected means now at her command for preserving unnoticed her youthful appearance.

**FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR**

an inexpensive insurance against graying hair. Easy as a manicure in hygienic privacy of home; odorless, greaseless, will not rub off or interfere with curling, **NO ARTIFICIAL LOOK**, but soft, glossy, natural coloring. \$1.35. Sold everywhere

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 79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.  
 Send in plain wrapping.  
 Name.....  
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**GIVE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR**

Learn  
**PHOTOGRAPHY**  
 at Home

Splendid opportunities. Prepare in spare time. Easy plan. No previous experience needed, common school education sufficient. Send for free booklet "Opportunities in Photography", particulars and requirements. American School of Photography Dept. 138-C 3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

*Be dainty AND SWEET*

**DEW**  
 SOMETHING ABOUT IT

● Nothing destroys an agreeable impression so readily as signs of neglect about your person—underarm odors or stains or wrinkles. This kind of neglect is universally condemned because it is not only unpleasant, but inexcusable—so easily remedied. Dew stops perspiration instantly—keeps the underarms dry and dainty—absolutely odorless. Dew does all this gently. You can apply it any time—just follow the simple directions. A small bottle gives months of protection. At any Department, drug or chain store.

He's started writing continuity here . . . But will continue his Monday evening Sports Extra programs . . . And Ted Stone, Intercity's WMCA announcer, joins WFIL here . . . **New York:** Listeners to Wayne King over the Mutual Broadcasting System from his new spot in the Waldorf are arguing whether or not he will set Manhattanites to waltzing as he did so many Chicagoans . . . They say New York's too fast for dreamy music . . .

**Oklahoma City:** Residents here are finding themselves fortunate in no longer needing tickets of admission to WKY's new studios, as modern, if not as great in number, as those in Radio City, which positively cannot be crashed without proper pasteboards . . . The transfer from the old to the new studios took less than half a day, with not a moment of broadcast time lost.

**Detroit:** Latest staff announcer addition at WJR is Gordon Castle, formerly with WGR, Buffalo . . . **Des Moines:** WHO's Barn Dance Frolic, which has moved back to the studios for the summer, will present each Saturday evening, winners of the contests in the State Theater in Algona . . . Other sectional contests throughout the state will be added . . . **Boston:** Another announcer shift is that of Henry Gladstone, formerly with WHDH, who has become affiliated with WNAO of the Yankee network . . . **Philadelphia:** Behind-the-scenes are amused by the fact that Billy Lane, WIP singer, is really the son of the owner of a rival station, Douglas Hibbs, Jr., of WTEL.

**THE RADIO ROAMER TELLS:**

The hardest assignment Annette Hastings, NBC *San Francisco* soprano, ever had, came while she was working for pictures. The singer, heard on the Women's Magazine of the Air and other programs, was posed on the rail of a ship with a rather petulant young lion. The cameraman was slow, making the feline even more ill-natured.

With a sudden sweep of his paw, he slammed her off the rail to the deck. Anyhow, she didn't get wet.

For those who can never remember names and such, there's the story of John Nesbitt, of the Passing Parade on NBC's Pacific Coast Network from *San Francisco*.

He learned the entire role of Hamlet in three nights, saw an actor do all Shylock's lines eight times and knew them by heart. Recently, he didn't discover until he was on the air that he'd lost a page of his continuity. Didn't bother him a bit. He went right on from memory.

But don't let it get you down. He can't remember names, dates or telephone numbers.

One of the luckiest breaks came to Bob Griffin (on the air from *Chicago* as Joe Marlin in the Story of Mary Marlin). It's of the kind claimed for many stars, but anyone might get it. Bob was busy as a construction foreman in a California radio producer's home, and being happy, started singing at his work in his best baritone.

The producer heard him, put him on KNX, and now Bob is what he is.

Have you heard about the remarkable capabilities of Page Gilman, heard from *San Francisco* as Jack Barbour in One Man's Family? If he should chance to

leave radio, which this program's followers might not like, he could be a glass blower, a photographer, a cartoonist, a model-maker, a sculptor, a radio technician, biologist, chemist, sports announcer, swimming instructor or mechanic.

He's had actual experience at all these, and made money at many, a lot to pack into a life span of eighteen years.

Learn how to raise your child to be a singer by taking a leaf from the baby book of Hortense Love, *Chicago* operatic soprano of the Affiliated Broadcasting Company. Her mother, instead of lullabying her to sleep, played records of Caruso, Galli Curci, Scotti and all the rest as she went off into slumberland.

Perhaps the family radio nowadays would do the trick—except that the youngsters might turn out to be comedians.

Then there's the "I'll never forget the time" story recounted by Art Wellington, the Mike of Mike and Herman heard from *Chicago*. The star of the Affiliated series once drove 150 miles to make a personal appearance, found the town snow-bound, the theater packed with nobody so that his percentage brought him \$1.90, and had to spend \$2.00 getting himself out of a drift on the way home.

Net profit: Minus ten cents. Net nuisance: Unmentionable.

Pity Barton Yarborough, the Clifford of One Man's Family, who darn well wants to know what a "Gran Quivera" is. In *San Francisco* he just received a handsomely colored document on which was inscribed:

"Barton Yarborough is a qualified member of that distinguished group of former citizens and native sons and daughters of the Lone Star State who have achieved distinction in the field of radio and motion pictures. He is hereby commissioned as a Fellow of the Gran Quivera in reward for his outstanding assistance and loyalty to Texas."

If no one can tell Barton, he'll have to go to Texas to find out, which wouldn't be too awful because he wants to see the Texas Centennial.

"Doctor" Sherman of Carefree Carnival, also in *San Francisco*, promised his four year old daughter he would bring her a record of her favorite ditty, "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay." He searched high and low and wound up with the realization that no records had been made of the tune in years and that none was available.

Not in the least discouraged, Doc wrote a script which called for the inclusion of the song, telephoned a local recording company, went on the air with the script and, shortly afterward, triumphantly bore home from the transcribing offices, the record containing the little girl's adored song.

*Oklahoma City* has an irate woman citizen who was annoyed by the temporary cessation of a WKY broadcast during a severe electrical storm.

"What's wrong? We liked that program you were giving. Why don't you stay on the air?"

Patient explanations were made about temporary cutting off of power and that the station would be back on the air in a few minutes.

"Well, why don't you get on the air and tell us about it instead of making us call?" she snapped and slammed the receiver down.

ALL AROUND THE TOWNS

**New York City:** Benny Rubin, now ringmaster on the MBS National Amateur Night, is working on a new amateur idea . . . Having played in pictures with Marion Davies, he's trying to find embryo actresses who have voice, delivery and face most resembling those of the screen actress . . . **Chicago:** Roy Shields is claimed as the only major orchestra leader who conducts with his left hand . . . Music's right, though . . . **Detroit:** If WWJ's new transmitter ever goes off the air because of lightning, it will shock engineers no end . . . Its transmitter tower has been provided with a lightning arrester designed by them to protect buildings within a radius of half a mile . . . **Chicago:** Across the Breakfast Table, Affiliated Broadcasting Company's new sketch of the struggles of a young married couple, has been on WCLO, Janesville, Wisconsin, one of the ABC network's new stations, for two years . . . The originators, Margaret Heckle and Neal Keehn, are now carrying on from the Chicago studios.



Thought she was safe but her mouth wash failed!

Why depend on mouth washes that merely mask mouth odors

Romance is a delicate thing. Why take chances on mouth washes that merely hide mouth odors for a matter of minutes—then fail you! Zonite is the only well known Personal antiseptic that actually destroys even onion odor—killing it FOR GOOD!

Zonite TASTES like the real antiseptic it is. But its taste and odor vanish in a few minutes, leaving the mouth delightfully refreshed. Get a bottle today and prove these remarkable results yourself. Harmless to tissues. See directions. At all U. S. and Canadian druggists.



THE TASTE TELLS YOU ZONITE GETS REAL RESULTS

ZONITE IS 5 TIMES MORE GERMICIDAL, BY TEST, THAN ANY OTHER NON-POISONOUS ANTISEPTIC!  
Faster Healing for Cuts - Bruises - Burns  
NO PAIN - NO BURN - NO STAIN  
ZONITE PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Learn Homemaking from the Stars

(Continued from page 45)

economy results in unwise restriction in choice.

Mrs. Guest gave me an invaluable set of questions that every home maker should ask herself when purchasing a lamp. Cut them out and take them with you on your next excursion of the kind. Here they are: For what room is the lamp? Should the lamp be elaborate or simple? Is a strong light for a large area or a softer glow needed? Upon what size of table is the lamp to stand? Should it be slender or of rounded form? Of what character are the furnishings with which it is to go? What is to be its background or particular situation and of what color or combination of colors should or might it be? Should its tone be light or dark? Do you need something striking or restrained; colorful or quiet?

After answering these questions, bear in mind always that dark stuffs, beads, fringes, and hanging crystals re-absorb light and ought never be used where strong light is needed.

Have you ever tried the fascinating pastime of putting together a lamp, in the event that you can't find exactly what you want in a store? Perhaps an interesting bowl, a glass bottle, a copper jug, an old oil lamp, or a lovely porcelain vase could be utilized for the purpose. These are easily electrified and a suitable shade can always be found.

Common-sense practicality—that's the Guests. Their home might be a mansion, or a tiny cottage. But always there would be the same note. And, with the eternal feminine touch, Mrs. Guest while on the subject of lighting, added one last pearl of wisdom.

"Personally, I think the most beautiful light in the world is firelight or candlelight," she told me. "I use both whenever possible."

And then that feminine clincher. "They do flatter one, dont they?"

What are your own particular homemaking problems? Write Miss Geri, care of RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, for help. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for your reply.

FOR PROMPT PLEASANT RELIEF THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE

# Alka-Seltzer

BRAND REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It makes a sparkling alkalinizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

30c AND 60c PKGS. ALL DRUG STORES Slightly Higher in Canada

LISTEN TO The National Barn Dance on The Radio Night Saturday Network, N. B. C.

Earn Extra Money Sell "EMBOSS-O" Christmas Cards

Earn up to \$5 a day with newest Christmas Cards. Sender embosses own signature in raised gold. New - Easily done! Sell Assortment of 21 Christmas Folders with "Emboss-O" for only \$1. You make 100% profit. Extra cash bonus, 8 other Assortments, 50c up. Write FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, 502 Adams St., Elmira, N. Y. FREE Sample Offer

EXTRA MONEY

\$10 to \$25 a week

Yes, you - anybody can make a lot of money right at home, and what's more, have real fun doing it. We show you how, we furnish everything necessary on an easy basis.

COSTS NOTHING to learn about our plan, all details are given you free. Write today for idea book full of colored pictures, telling all about our methods which have made so many people independent. Learn how easy it is to make from \$10 to \$25 per week in the most delightful home work you can imagine. Don't miss this opportunity. Write Now - It's FREE!

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 34-K, Adrian, Mich.

NEW Quick Relief For ITCHING Skin

WHY writhe and squirm helplessly under itching torture? Millions have found in Hydrosal a veritable blessing for relief of rashes, eczema, athlete's foot, pimples, poison ivy. Itching stops almost instantly. Smarting and burning disappears. Angry redness soon vanishes. Successfully used by doctors and hospitals. Vitaly different from common salves, lotions. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get Hydrosal from your druggist now! Liquid or Ointment, 30c, 60c.

SKIN OUT-BREAKS  
RASHES - ECZEMA  
FOOT ITCH

Hydrosal

## Wait Before You Commit Suicide!

(Continued from page 31)

# Satisfy

The modern girl satisfies by pleasing her man's eye. The woman with lovely, radiant hair has charm and poise that commands admiration from everyone. Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless hair.

**LOVELINESS BEGINS WITH THE HAIR.** Sparkling, attractive hair is yours in two minutes if you will follow the advice of millions of women who have found that Golden Glint preserves and intensifies the natural, vital beauty of your hair. Golden Glint especially prepared for home use, quickly and innocently gives to all shades of blond or darker hair the necessary lustre of tiny golden tints or reddish tones. Its freshening effect is much like rouge, when faintly applied, and is barely perceptible. (Golden Glint is not permanent and is easily removed with an ordinary shampoo.)

If you wish to achieve charm and loveliness, go to your nearest drug or department store today, order either the RINSE PACKAGE containing two rinses, or the SHAMPOO PACKAGE containing one rinse and a fragrant shampoo. The price is small, the effect priceless.

For a free trial Rinse Package address GOLDEN GLINT CO., Inc., 633 16th Ave. S. Seattle, U.S.A. Offer expires October 1st.

## YOUR MAIN

**AMAZING! SILK HOSE**  
**GUARANTEED TO** OR NEW HOSE  
**Wear Without Holes FREE**

Amazing Guarantee Replaces Fine Silk Stockings Free. From 3 to 5 months wear guaranteed. Sold through agents only. Startling money-making proposition. Mills reports \$120 earned in one week. Forier \$127 in five days. Enormous selection. Over 100 styles, colors for men, women, children, all guaranteed. Samples furnished. Send 1c postal check.



**AGENTS:**  
**UP TO \$24 IN A**  
**TO \$24 WEEK**

Men, women, enormous earnings. Full or spare time. Write, give hose size.

Your Own Hose  
 Free of Extra Cost

**WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.**  
 B-H Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

## RELIEF FROM PSORIASIS

with **DERMOIL**  
**Make THE ONE SPOT TEST**

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of which often causes humiliation and mental agony. Apply Dermoil externally. Does not stain clothing. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

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".

Dermoil is backed with a positive guarantee to give chronic psoriasis sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. Your word is final. Prove it yourself. Send 25c for generous trial bottle to make our convincing "One Spot Test". Booklet and proof of results FREE. Don't Delay. Write today. No obligation.

**LAKE LABORATORIES**  
 Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. M-11, Detroit, Michigan

doing that very thing with your wife and you facing starvation.

"Because of ill health I lost out on my WPA job and because of a lot of red tape I have not yet been able to get back on relief. Meanwhile, wife and me haven't averaged half a meal a day. Do you know what the tortures of starvation are? God, it's awful. Wife and I love each other and don't want to be separated. So rather than starve slowly, it looks like the only thing to do is to use the gas before our two bits run out in the meter and not be parted even in death.

"I have heard you say to others, who wrote you saying they were going to bump themselves off, to just hold on and you'd get to them. If you mean this, the one thing we need is something to eat and unless we get it quick there's just no use living. You are our last resort and if nothing happens by writing, something will happen sure at this end.

Mr. — — —"

That letter was hurried to the Voice of Experience at eleven o'clock in the morning and he dispatched an investigator at once with directions to take the old couple to a restaurant immediately.

**B**UT the old couple had waited only long enough to be sure the letter had arrived at its destination. They had probably worked over it together during the evening two days before, breathing a prayer as they watched it drop into the mail box.

And the next morning, when they awakened and there was no breakfast, they must have told each other, confidently, "It's almost there now." At noon, when there was no lunch, they must have said, "It *must* be there now." And in the evening, when there was no supper, and no knock on the door—well, they *knew* it had gotten there by then, so they used the rest of the quarter in the gas meter.

The superintendent found them. He smelled the gas and battered down the door. They were on the floor in each other's arms. There'd been quite a lot of gas left in the quarter, too. The superintendent couldn't stay in the room long.

You see, the Voice of Experience has to have time. The stacks of letters before the readers are like decks of cards. Unmarked cards, so that only the fates know where the ace has fallen in the shuffle.

And like the turning of a card was that letter the Voice of Experience received last fall.

One Friday afternoon, late, one of the clerks was carrying a basket piled high with letters from the opening room to the reading department. A capricious breeze whisked one of the letters away.

It must have been the fates at that, for one of the under-secretaries picked this letter from the floor just before entering the Voice of Experience's office. He laid it on the desk, together with two letters he had just finished transcribing.

The Voice of Experience glanced at it, and fleeting sentences caught his eye. He read:

"Please excuse this writing as I have lost my right arm. This is the first time I am writing a letter with my left hand and it is oh so difficult. My father died two years ago, my husband a year later. My precious mother is now lying dead in Kings County morgue. She died Friday. I have been given ten days to get the money needed to bury her outside of Pottery Field. I have one sister in Kings Park Hospital, one brother in jail, and another brother drinking every cent he

can get his hands on. I am also crippled and can find no work. The landlord has given me four days to pay up or get out. I have no money and no place to go. I have had 41 operations on my stomach, legs, breast. I can give a true life story. For God's sake do something for me.

Mrs. — — —"

The Voice of Experience handed the letter to an investigator who was sitting in his office. "Look at that," he said

The investigator looked. "I'll drop over there tomorrow," he said. "It's almost five now."

"I've never asked you to work at night," said the Voice of Experience, "but maybe you'd better run out tonight."

"Sure. It's kind of tough around there. Maybe I'd better have someone along."

The two men arrived at the Brooklyn address given in the letter about an hour later. It was a dingy tenement, dark and unlighted. It seemed to breathe suffering and discontent.

As they pushed their way into the gloomy hall, they heard low moans of terror coming from a room at their left. They threw themselves at the door and it burst open on a scene neither can forget.

In the corner, watching with horror-stricken eyes as an unshaven giant prepared to drive a knife into the back of a rookie policeman he held pinned against the wall, lay a one-armed woman whose clothes had been virtually ripped from her body.

One of the investigators dove for the man's upraised arm, breaking it at the elbow as you would snap a rotten branch. Within an hour, the drink-crazed man was screaming his hate for his sister from a cell and the rookie cop was being told he should never investigate a disturbance without drawing his pistol. Within a day, the woman had made arrangements to move to a job in New England where her brother would never again find her.

**Y**ES, the Voice of Experience can help you—but you must give him the time. He can't when impatience defeats him before he has started.

One girl is alive today because she did wait for the Voice to come to her aid. Although she moved slowly toward death, she refrained from taking the final step. She is the writer of the letter which is reproduced on page 31.

Perhaps you remember when the Voice of Experience read this girl's pitiful letter on the air, begging her to stop taking the small doses of poison she was swallowing each day. And perhaps you were listening again, when he read another letter from her a few days later, in which she said his broadcast had given her new hope, new courage to face the world with her unborn, fatherless child. She had been taking arsenic, she wrote, but now she had stopped and had taken an antidote. She was on the way to recovery.

As I sat in his office the other day talking of this, a letter was brought to him. He read it, then handed it to me. It was long, well-written. It was from the niece of an internationally famous man. She had written that, unless some solution could be found for her problem, she was going to take her life.

As I read, the Voice of Experience worked. By the time I had finished, he had already arranged to talk to her.

She hasn't committed suicide—nor will she. Her problem is solved. But it never would have been, and there would have been a nasty story spread across the front pages of the world, had she not waited.



Relieves  
summer teething  
in 1 minute

**EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.**

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".

—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

## DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

### REDUCE—You Can EASILY

In this book, "How to Reduce Weight," Bernard MacFadden gives you the complete regimen for weight reduction including full dietary instruction, actual menus, food classifications, and reduction exercises. By all means send for it today. Price 50¢ postpaid.

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## Rheumatism Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO**. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—and must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

**Resinol** Quiets the maddening itch, soothes irritated skin. Aids healing stubborn cases. Effective in for skin. yet mild enough for tenderest skin. **Itching**

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 5K, Balto. Md.

## FLUSH OUT 15 MILES OF KIDNEY TUBES

Medical authorities agree that your kidneys contain 15 Miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy.

If you have trouble with too frequent bladder passages with scanty amount causing burning and discomfort, the 15 Miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

If kidneys don't empty 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste, poisonous matter may develop, causing serious trouble. Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 Miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

## Rudy Tells: "Why I Always Have to Fight"

(Continued from page 17)

to play the entire number off key. Instead of singing the number, Rudy had to speak it. In the dressing room a few minutes later, the enraged leader scooped up a handful of sheet music and with speed and control that would have done credit to Dizzy Dean slammed it at the hapless musician's head.

"Lucky for him there wasn't a baseball bat handy," Rudy confided to me later with a savage growl.

I made my own inquiries, however, and I found out something Rudy wouldn't tell me himself. That particular pianist has been with him for years, like most of his men, through good times and lean.

Making private inquiries, I found out others things, too. For instance, about the musician in Rudy's band who contracted tuberculosis and for whom, together with his entire family, Rudy is providing and will continue to provide as long as the man lives.

Then there was the reporter who once let his descriptive sense carry him too far in writing about Rudy's matrimonial difficulties. That was another of the fights, Rudy nearly knocked him loose from his eyebrows. He could have had the man fired at the time, but he didn't—and last year when Rudy was working in Hollywood that same newspaper man bobbed up a scenarist on Rudy's picture. Once more Rudy could have had him fired, not only from the set, but the studio and perhaps Hollywood as well, if he had been the sort who holds malice. But he was content to let bygones be bygones.

**I**T all ties in. Rudy flares up and lets off steam violently, but he never nurses a grudge. He's intolerant and impatient of everything that savors of injustice or unfairness, and with anyone who is mean or little or selfish. That is, he's instinctively intolerant of such things. After he has had time to think, he's willing to ignore them, but when they first hit him, he has to lash out with his fists.

"Even when I was a little kid," he told me, "I was always getting into trouble because I couldn't keep myself from messing into other kids' affairs. Many a black eye and bloody nose I got for my pains, too. That's when my mother said I'd be in hot water all my life. Of course, there's another side to it, too. I believe the same force has enabled me to achieve what I have. Without it I might have been a saxophonist working for some orchestra leader."

I recalled, at that, how Rudy's indomitable drive and tenacity had carried him over obstacle after obstacle which might have hopelessly licked a meeker man. There was a time, you know, when he was just plain Rudy Vallee, saxophone player. He had the misfortune to freeze his fingers. But he didn't rail at his luck and sit idly by to wait for the fingers to heal. He became an orchestra leader. Then there was another time when he found himself, for the time being, stymied by fate. He couldn't play what they wanted—"hot stuff." Therefore he couldn't get a job in a band. He solved that difficulty by forming a band of his own. In his first theater appearance he found that his voice, then in the early stages of its development, couldn't fill the theater. So he grabbed a megaphone—and introduced the style that made him rich and famous.

Those are the milestones in Rudy's career. When he found himself blocked



It is hard to believe that  
**FEMININE HYGIENE**  
can be so dainty, easy and  
**GREASELESS**

**BUT IT IS TRUE** • Zonitors, snowy-white antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

• More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors for modern feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

Each in individual glass vial



Zonitors, 3419 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Send, in plain envelope, free booklet, A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

Name.....

Address.....

### "Jewel Case" of CHRISTMAS CARDS

Now ready! Sell latest sensation! Embossed silver metal foil "Jewel Case" with 21 exclusive Christmas folders. Costs 50c, sells for \$1. Other assortments, also complete the Personal Christmas Cards with name inscribed. Big earnings for you. Free sample offer.

JANES ART STUDIOS, 1042 University Ave., Rochester, N.Y.



• 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. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

# Baby Talk!

"I DEMAND AN OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER!"



COMFORT means a lot to your baby, Mother, and he'll be a happier and cooler baby with Z.B.T. Baby Powder. For the olive oil content, unique with Z.B.T., makes it cling longer and resist moisture better. Gentle to tender, touchy skins, its superior "slip" prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. Baby Powder is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25c and 50c sizes.



## CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up corns—root and all. Contains pure castor oil, camphor and corn-aspirin. Absolutely safe. Winner of Good Housekeeping Seal. Easy directions on label. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if NOXACORN fails to remove any corn or callus.

## PERFECT HOME DRY CLEANER

—cuts cleaning bills in half. Remove those two or three spots with Mufti. Dries instantly; no odor; no ring.

10¢, 30¢  
40¢, 65¢  
BOTTLES

all DRUG STORES

# Mufti

## YOU, TOO, CAN EARN \$30

### A WEEK

Nancy E.—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E.— is making \$30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for



## CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 35 years has been training men and women, at home and in their spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The course is endorsed by physicians. Complete nurse's equipment is included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of the hundreds of men and women earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. B. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how you can become self-supporting as a nurse.

## CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

D-opt. 188, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

by an obstacle, he did not laboriously clamber around it. Nor did he sit down hopelessly and give up all as lost. He fought. Not always with his fists, either.

In order to fight your way past obstacles, you have to be a fighter by instinct—and when you're a fighter by instinct, sometimes you just naturally use your fists without thinking first or counting ten.

Rudy claims he has had fewer fist fights than the average man. "The trouble is," he complained, "that when I do get into a scrap the newspapers print everything about it, whereas most men can have their

fight in peace and privacy. The funny thing about it is that I know nothing whatever about fighting. I never had a boxing lesson in my life, and I don't even go to the big boxing matches. Maybe if I had learned something about boxing I wouldn't have gotten that bla—" He grinned. "Oh well. Next time—"

And that there will be a next time, I have no doubt. But now that you understand the force behind Rudy, his weakness for settling arguments the quickest way he knows should recede to its rightful position, a very unimportant position, in your estimate of him.

## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 10)

of persons who can secure and hold the interest of a nationwide audience.

I believe many of your readers also like this program. If they would join me in writing the sponsors, we might succeed in getting an evening fifteen-minutes for Vic and Sade. So please publish my appeal, won't you?

Laura Bingham,  
Albany, New York.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

IT'S PAST ALL UNDERSTANDING

I really do think that Easy Aces is swell radio fare. Indeed on the three evenings each week that they are on the air, I pass up my perennial favorites, Amos 'n' Andy to listen to Jane and Goodman Ace.

However, I have a kick to make. Is Jane Ace trying to point a moral or adorn a tale to the effect that it pays to be dumb? You know she is supposed to be the personification of a very stupid young woman, unable to even carry on an intelligent conversation. Although her utter lack of brains leads her into all sorts of mix-ups, she emerges from each and every mishap well repaid for her boners. Her Christmas card venture netted her \$500.00, her nit-wit newspaper story of the jewel robbery paid her \$25.00 and her accidental capture of the robbers rewarded her with \$1,000.00. On the other hand, her brilliant, cultured girl friend, Marge, slaves all day long in an office, sans husband or home of her own whereas stupid Jane knew enough to acquire a fine husband and home, plus all sorts of cash bonuses for her hits, strikes and errors! Oh hum! It's all sort of past all understanding, isn't it? But just leave it to Jane!

Mrs. Helen Dillon,  
Newark, N. J.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF JOKES

Without a doubt, radio is one of the most wonderful and helpful inventions yet, especially in the recent floods, when many lives and much property were saved through it.

But for a long time, I've wanted to raise my voice against jokes pertaining to hospitals for the insane and their patients.

Who knows the number of loving relatives and friends of these less fortunate who have been saddened by the source of their expectant gladness, or rather I should say by their "fountain of forgetting?"

Mrs. H. E. Davis, Star Junction, Pa.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

WE WANT "POPE EYE!"

I'm just a little boy but I'm missing Pope Eye so much that I want him back

again. Gee, but he is a real guy and fellows like me have a right to their favorite programs as well as the grownups. They like him too, so please bring him back.

Donald Abbott, Washington, D. C.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

WHY THE SUDDEN CUT-OFF?

I've got a brick to hurl and it's for the sponsors of radio serial sketches who leave listeners holding the sack by suddenly and unexplainably discontinuing their programs.

This has happened several times, especially when the radio serial has reached an absorbing point. This is akin to reading a good book and finding half of the pages missing. By the time the program is resumed, either by the same or a new sponsor, we're all at sea.

If sponsors must do this, why can't they inform us of the change via the local newspaper radio columns? Much good will would be saved.

Frank R. Moore, Detroit, Michigan.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

BETTER SUMMER SHOWS ARE NEEDED

The seasonal changes in radio entertainment seem to have come very early this year, so that within a few weeks such stars as Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, Helen Hayes, and Leslie Howard had faded from the airways with many of the finest commercial and sponsored programs soon to follow. In almost every instance the time vacated has been taken over by more comedians, swing music and hot vocalizing. Now a certain amount of such radio fare is quite all right, but to many listeners the scales seem unfairly tipped in the wrong direction. If commercial hours do not supply it perhaps the networks will and so keep us close to our loudspeakers all summer.

Anne Howard Church, Harrisburg, Pa.

### HONORABLE MENTION

"Here are some preferences of a family of Americans many years away from God's Country; News Commentator Lowell Thomas, Sunday at Seth Parker's, Major Bowes, Lulu Belle, Orphan Annie." —B. E. Long, Columbia, South America.

"Personal nomination for the most grief-filled program on the air, Betty and Bob. The song 'Gloomy Sunday' is funny along side this program." —Everette E. Greene, Bremerton, Wash.

"The announcer for Silken Strings, the Real Silk hosiery program, Sunday night, March 22nd, said that 'Porgy and Bess' was the first opera whose music strengthened, instead of weakened, the dramatic action. What about 'Aida' and other real operas? The person who writes the con-

## DOWN GO TIRES

**ON REPAIRED GOODYEAR, FIRE-STONE-GOODRICH, U. S. AND OTHER MAKES**

**\$1.85**

28-4.75-19

**FREE!**

With Every 2 Tires ordered RAY-O-VAC LANTERN



Complets with batteries and newest type reflector bulb. Ready for instant use. Strong, steady light. Useful everywhere. Order now.

Size	Tires Tubes	TRUCK BALLONS	Size Tires Tubes
28x4.40-21	\$1.85 \$0.85	6.00-20	\$3.10 \$1.10
28x4.50-20	1.85 .85	6.50-20	3.35 1.05
28x4.50-21	1.95 .85	7.00-20	4.60 2.50
28x4.75-20	1.95 .85	7.50-20	5.15 2.70
28x5.00-19	2.25 1.05	<b>HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES</b>	
30x5.00-20	2.45 1.05	30x5	\$3.50 \$1.90
32x5.17	2.45 1.10	32x5	5.95 2.70
28x5.25-18	2.45 1.15	30x5.5	8.95 3.25
28x5.25-19	2.50 1.15	38x7	9.45 3.50
30x5.25-20	2.50 1.15	40x8	11.60 4.15
31x5.25-21	2.90 1.15	<b>ALL OTHER SIZES DEALERS WANTED!</b>	
32x5.50-17	2.75 1.15		
28x5.50-18	2.75 1.15		
28x5.50-19	2.75 1.15		
30x5.50-17	2.90 1.15		
30x5.50-18	2.85 1.15		
31x5.00-19	2.85 1.10		
32x5.00-20	2.85 1.10		
33x5.00-21	3.10 1.25		
32x5.50-20	3.20 1.35		
31x5.00-18	3.15 1.45		

SEND ONLY \$1.00 DEPOSIT on each tire ordered. (\$2.00 on each Truck Tire.) Pay balance C. O. D. Deduct 5% if cash is sent in full with order. We may substitute brands if necessary, to ship promptly. ALL TUBES NEW—GUARANTEED. We agree to replace at half price any tire failing to give 3 months' service. **GLOBE TIRE & RUBBER CO.** Dept. 3448 3857-59 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

tinuity for this program should, at least, dive for an encyclopedia!"—LOUIS BROWN, Los Angeles, Calif.

"It takes a big jolt to make some of us fully appreciate things. This last flood ought to make us all appreciate radio."—BETTY MARKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Lionel Barrymore's readings every Monday ought to usher in a new vogue on the air."—MONTGOMERY MULFORD, Buffalo, New York.

"Unless the Hammond pipeless organ overcomes its droning hum it will never even take second place to the pipe organ."—WILLIAM COWLES, Friendship, New York.

"May I reproach those contest sponsors who give us hapless contestants the winner's name but neglect to read the prize slogan or letter."—LEWIS MARTIN, San Francisco, Calif.

"Bouquets of Orchids to the Radio Theater program. The world needs its great dramatic stars to interpret its sorrows and disappointments, its heartaches and joys."—MRS. MARGE MAINELLIS, Chicago, Ill.

"Each Thursday night at nine, my father rushes to the radio to hear Show Boat. He sits back with his eyes closed and doesn't say a word until the program is over. All this interest in Show Boat is because of the time he was sailing on the boats in the South. He seems just to live for this program."—HAROLD CRYSTAL, Newark, N. J.

"A good showman is to a radio program what Philip Sousa was to his band."—ARTHUR C. BEAM, Colorado Springs, Colo.

"I don't want any prizes. I only want to remind the public of the man who made the trombone laugh, the saxophone wail, the clarinet sob and who can sing as though he was singing just to you—I mean none other than the doctor of sunshine, Ted Lewis. Please tell his fans that they can hear him every night over station WMAQ at 10:30."—JENNIE HEIL, Louisville, Ky.

"My hat's off to the March of Time and to Wrigley's. Any program that can give so much in fifteen minutes deserves a medal."—MRS. ROSE BERTELSON, San Francisco, Calif.

"What I find intriguing about the radio is not so much one particular program, as certain appealing little characteristics of many programs—someone's accent, or voice, or message."—ALICE H. SPENCER, Denver, Colo.

"There are too many dance orchestras on the radio. Most of them play the same thing."—GEORGE S. MILLICK, Norristown, Pa.

"I can't see why composers compose sweet melodies to be chopped up by singing trios and orchestras. There's nothing more disgusting than to hear a melody chopped up until you can't tell what it is. Don't you think the original melody is best?"—DALLAS T. MILLER, Industrial City, Mo.

### CORRECTION

In the July issue of RADIO MIRROR Thomas G. Sabin was referred to as Paul Sabin. Mr. Sabin is the director of radio of the Republican National Committee.

## CLEAN YOUR SKIN AS DOCTORS DO



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● Take a tip from your physician. Did you ever see a doctor use anything *except* a liquid, to clean the skin? Then why not follow his lead! Use a liquid yourself—use DRESKIN, Campana's anti-alkali cleanser and freshener. Dreskin is your protection against blackheads and dry, "faded" skin—because this new-type cleanser NEUTRALIZES ALKALI, the skin-drying element that is present in practically all water and in solutions of soap and water. Dreskin does the kind of pore-deep cleansing that removes all trace of stale make-up and dried gland secretions—letting your skin breathe naturally, as it must do, to be healthy. Send today for FREE TRAVEL SIZE BOTTLE. Use the coupon.



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The Unseen Threat That Menaces Your Radio Stars

(Continued from page 46)



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The Best **GRAY HAIR** Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



New approved formula

**REMOVES FRECKLES WHILE YOU SLEEP**



Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently while you sleep. Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60¢ at drug and toilet counters; 10¢ size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 144, Paris, Tenn.

**NADINOLA Freckle Cream**

to get the show together, and how the public can swallow anything as bad as it seems to you by that time. Then, after a couple of years, the program starts, and when it's over you take a deep breath and start worrying about the next one."

I realized then that the dead air time is really a symbol for everything tough about putting on a radio program—and more, too. It's like all the jitters and nerves and worries rolled up into one twenty-second package and heaved at the star's head. In stage or movie work, the nerve strain is less, to begin with, because there isn't the necessity of delivering new material every week; and it's spread out over more time. There isn't anything corresponding to the dead air period in either stage or movie work.

Let me tell you what radio's hidden menace is doing to some of its stars. Benny Fields is an example. When he was a struggling night club and vaudeville performer, before he had started the sudden rise which finally landed him in the co-starring spot with Fanny Brice on the Ziegfeld Follies program, he appeared as a guest on one or two radio shows. With his whole future hanging on his success or failure, you'd have expected him to be worried and nervous. Not a bit of it. He took those few air engagements in his stride, philosophically. But now that success has come, he's a different person. He can't sit still when he talks to you; he's up and pacing about the room, fiddling with objects on the table, sitting down and jumping up again.

OTHER stars are driven to all sorts of expedients to keep themselves in running order. Eddie Cantor and Graham McNamee, for instance, both suffer from insomnia. Keyed up, either after or before a broadcast, they find their minds plodding wearily round and round the same old post-mortems or anticipations, hours after they've gone to bed. Eddie has learned to have Frenchy, his valet-masseur, give him a nightly rub-down, and this relaxes him somewhat. Eddie also has a noise phobia. The many sounds of New York rasp against his nerves like a file. Until he found his new apartment on Central Park West, he was everlastingly changing his New York residence in the hope of finding a quiet place.

Graham's cure is to drive his own car for an hour or so before going to bed. But even that doesn't always work, after a particularly taxing broadcast.

Jack Benny says he never worries, but I wish you could have seen him this spring, when Harry Conn had a nervous breakdown and was forced to leave Jack's program. Harry had written Jack's material for years, and when he was left to write his own shows, Jack fretted his head nearly off his shoulders. Jack also suffers frequently from nervous indigestion, as do Ed Wynn, Phillips Lord, and Howard Barlow.

Watch George Burns at a party. He's animation and joviality embodied—until, for a few minutes, the attention of the crowd is switched away from him. Then his face loses its sparkle, becomes abstracted and worried. Behind the change, if you know radio, you realize there is the spectre of next week's program.

Gracie Allen suffers less than George because she has found a way to escape a good deal of rehearsal time. A stand-in reads her lines at all rehearsals except the very last one. Naturally, if she weren't such an experienced comedienne, she

couldn't do this. Another indication of the tension many stars live under is their lack of tranquillity. Many have an almost morbid dislike of being alone, or of spending a quiet evening at home. They need life and animation about them, to keep them keyed up, and to keep their minds off themselves and the next broadcast.

In themselves, these nervous troubles are serious enough, but their real importance is as warnings of what may come if the stars don't take the proper steps to reduce them.

There is no way, really, to avoid the dead air hazard. Network stations must have that pause for their local announcements, and the radio performers must be there in the studio, ready to jump into their act at the signal. But there are two ways to minimize its effect.

GOODMAN and Jane Ace found one way. "We used to let it get us down," Ace told me. "Jane more than me. We'd get ourselves tired out before every program, rehearsing. Then Jane developed a rash on her leg. Didn't know what caused it, and neither did the doctor. He told her it was her diet, and ordered her to write down everything she ate and bring him the list." He grinned. "Jane had to change her whole menu, because she couldn't eat anything she couldn't spell—didn't like to admit to the doctor she couldn't spell camembert, for instance, so she had to change to cream cheese. It didn't do any good, though, and I decided it must be plain nervousness. We talked it over, and made a resolution to cut out worrying about the show—simply do the best we could and absolutely ban post-mortems."

"It worked. Just as soon as you stop worrying about how good you are, that dead air time becomes any old twenty seconds. Doesn't bother you at all. And while I guess maybe we'll never be as famous as some people in radio, we're keeping our health."

Which is all very well, if you have the sort of mind that can stop worrying at will. Many stars haven't. The same nervous energy which has made them your favorites also makes it impossible for them to adopt Ace's remedy. And they are the ones who must fit into their lives the second remedy I spoke of.

At least two stars have already discovered this remedy for themselves. Frank Parker and Nino Martini both train like athletes, all year round. It isn't easy to stick to the schedules they set themselves—devoting regular periods each day to exercise, refusing favorite foods, abstaining from cigarettes and liquor, going to bed every night at the same time, even if it means leaving a party just when things are getting most interesting.

They will tell you, though, that it's worth it. By keeping themselves in bounding physical condition at all times, they automatically reduce the strain on their nerves. Their personal and public lives are both the better for their self-discipline.

The stars of Hollywood discovered long ago that a system of training like this was essential to their well-being. The New York climate isn't as inviting as that of Hollywood, for purposes of exercise, but as Frank and Nino have proved, exercise is possible in it just the same.

It's a great business this radio—but just now it's busy teaching its boys and girls a lesson. And a good deal depends on how well they learn it—their health, their happiness, and their work.

## Behind Closed Doors

**J**OE PENNER let the cat—or rather the sheep—out of the bag just before he sailed for Europe and a nice long vacation the first of June. He told this inquiring reporter what he intended to do about finding something to take the place of his duck when he starts his new half hour radio programs next fall.

In its place, Joe is going to have a black sheep. You see, Joe's always been the black sheep of his own family—by his own admission. So he thinks it is fitting that the animal to replace the duck should be just that, a black sheep. As he put it, "All my brothers and sisters and my father and mother are highbrows. Me, I'm not. I'm an ex-vaudevillian, a radio comic."

So for thirty minutes every Sunday, starting late in September, you will be able to hear Joe in a brand new line of humor. As a double guarantee of this, he has hired Harry Conn to write his material. Harry has been writing for Jack Benny, since Jack first went on the air four years ago for Canada Dry. Now he's going to try to help Joe become as funny as Jack's been the past year.

The broadcasts will take place in Hollywood where Joe will be making pictures for RKO. He starts his first picture as soon as he arrives in September. The contract, Joe said, calls for three pictures a year. Just like Fred Astaire.

**P**HIL LORD stirred up minor tempests in several widely separated spots before he brought Lynn Allen to his Gang Busters microphone. Allen, you'll remember, was the California drug clerk who got lots of the credit for the capture of Thomas H. Robinson in connection with the Stoll kidnaping.

Phil decided on a Tuesday that he wanted Allen on his Wednesday night program. He put in a long distance call to Allen's home, but he wasn't in and nobody knew when he'd be back. Nothing daunted, Phil asked local police to catch him and put him on a plane for New York. When the police finally located Allen he wouldn't consent to get on a plane until his wife had okay'd the project—and by that time Mrs. Allen had left her home and couldn't be found. Police went on another search, found her, got her permission for hubby to fly, and tucked him into a plane—just in time for the broadcast.

And after all that trouble, the stunt annoyed J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-man forces, who said Allen was getting credit for something he hadn't had much to do with. His department had Robinson spotted for days before the actual capture, he said, and would have got him anyway without Allen's help.

**O**NE of the Radio Mirror operatives, hiding under a conference table the other day, pricked up his ears at something he heard about Bob Burns, the Van Buren, Arkansas, boy who's making good on Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall. Seems that much more than a year ago Bing heard Bob, over a Pacific coast station, and was so impressed by his comedy talents that he began heckling his sponsors to hire Bob for the Crosby program. He just went on heckling, and nothing happened. But when Bing signed his present contract with a new sponsor, the first good news they gave him was that Bob would be on the show, too. It just goes to show how radio twists things around. If Bing had got his wish in the first place, he'd probably have to listen to Bob on Paul Whiteman's program now.

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"I FELT more like a guest than a master in my house. I paid none of the bills. I had no part in choosing the furniture or buying the food. My father-in-law paid for everything without a murmur. My wife and her mother said they did not like my taste. The new shirts in my bureau Evelyn bought and paid for. In short, I was being kept, just like any cheap gigolo, because I had been able to arouse and keep a woman's love."

Eric Murray had sold himself to get a medical education, and now he was paying back his debt—with his own self-respect. That was bad enough. But now there was Mary, and real love! And Mary's expected baby.

How could such a situation work out? The strange and fascinating story of the amazing manner in which Murray's bargain wife met this crisis in her marriage is revealed in full in the new July TRUE STORY Magazine. It's a story as human as life itself. Get your copy at the nearest news stand and read every word of it. Today!

## ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

FRED STONE'S OWN STORY—I TRIED TO LIVE MY CHILDREN'S LIVES—THE WOMAN I CAN'T FORGET—THE MAN WHO SET ME FREE—HEARTBREAK IN SING SING—I LOVED A MILLIONAIRE—HER LOVE WAS MY REDEMPTION—I MARRIED A PICK-UP—TEN KINDS OF DEVIL—STRANGER THAN FICTION—HOME PROBLEMS FORUM—ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF BILLY AND BETTY—TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER.

## 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.

TWO GREAT TRUE STORY RADIO PROGRAMS EACH WEEK! TUNE IN THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, NBC RED NETWORK. SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR NEAREST STATION AND EXACT TIME. ALSO THE FAMOUS RADIO COURT OF GOOD WILL IS NOW SPONSORED BY TRUE STORY EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT. WLW, CINCINNATI; WMCA, NEW YORK; WOR, NEWARK, AND OTHER POWERFUL STATIONS. LOCAL RADIO COLUMNS GIVE HOUR AND NEAREST STATION. HEAR AND ENJOY BOTH OF THESE STIRRING PROGRAMS.

# True Story

JULY ISSUE NOW AT ALL NEWS STANDS

## Did Gray Hair Rob Them of \$95 a Week?



### 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 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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Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money. **FREE** Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 448, 644 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 60c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

## Acting in One Man's Family Has Changed Their Lives

(Continued from page 33)

motherhood and she owes it to One Man's Family.

Bernice had been married for some time. Her husband was a hard working young attorney. They were a modern young couple, and as so many modern young couples do, they had decided that two careers in one family made enough of a handicap to a happy marriage, without further endangering it by having children. They had worked out the pattern of their lives quite nicely, like a geometric design, and they had convinced themselves that theirs was the ideal way to get along.

That is, they did until, a while back in the script, Bernice's role—as Hazel Barbour—took a sudden turn. Hazel had a baby. After it was born, she learned what pleasure it brought. And speaking those lines—much like Kathleen speaking her lines—Bernice began to see for the first time what motherhood actually meant.

Slowly, hardly conscious of what was happening, the desire grew within her to have a child of her own. She hesitated, finally took the whole subject up with her husband. They have a child now, a lusty, red-cheeked baby. Bernice blushed when I asked her about the baby, but her husband smiled and nodded his head.

"Playing the role of Hazel was a lucky thing for Bernice. And for me," he added, taking his wife's hand.

**I**F you had met Page Gilman when he first took up the role of Jack Barbour and then had met him again the day I did, you would never have recognized him. Page has changed much more than does the ordinary kid growing up through adolescence.

Page joined One Man's Family as a thirteen-year-old boy who was an only child. His outlook, of necessity, was narrow, his attitude self centered, his ability to give and take considerably less than that of others his own age. It was natural, and it couldn't be helped under the circumstances. For thirteen years he had been the only object of his parents' attention.

He had a hard time, at first, adjusting himself to being just a small part of a big program. The others, nice to him the first week or two, considerate and helpful, soon took him for granted and paid little heed to him. For the first time in his life, Page discovered that he could remain in the room with other people and be ignored.

In a much shorter time than you would believe, Page gained a brand new outlook on life. This needed contact with a large family, even though only a radio family, showed him how necessary it is to give as well as take. It broadened his outlook on life, taught him to think of others as well as himself. Now, at eighteen, he's generous, helpful, always ready to help out others in the cast. And his parents, always very fond of him, are now very proud of him as well. They give One Man's Family the credit it deserves.

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**Beginning The Fascinating  
Behind-the-Scenes Story  
of Boake Carter**

(Continued from page 25)

nearly brusque manner of a reporter—the manner that public officials may not like, but which they invariably respect. Now, as Philco's \$50,000 a year star salesman, he writes his letters without dictating them to his feminine secretary. He usually begins them, "My dear Jones," ends them "very sincerely," signs them, "Boake Carter," though he was baptized Harold. His stationery has WCAU at the top, with "From the office of Boake Carter" in small type, lower down at the left.

It is by this same half friendly, half brusque manner that he is able now to number among his acquaintances most of the important men in public life.

If a provoking story breaks in the morning papers he is likely to reach for the phone and call Washington for unofficial but very enlightening gossip. Old newspaper cronies give him their off-the-record views on occasion.

The mornings, which have been generally credited with being spent in laborious toiling at the typewriter, actually see him in action at the phone, receiving visitors anywhere between ten and twelve, or on the train to New York, to sit for a new portrait a national periodical has requested, or conferring with various officials at the Madison Avenue offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

ONCE he forms his views, he wastes no time putting them down on paper. He writes his scripts comparatively easily, but always fears finishing them. One of his greatest bugaboos is trying to find a punch line, something new and bright with which to finish off a broadcast. Often he paces up and down the office, rolling paper up and throwing it away. In desperation he'll often call in a friend.

"Give me a punch ending," he pleads. If the friend does come through, Carter with a gasp of relief will pound it out, rush from the room and into the broadcast studio. Friends have been hurt in the past because he had absentmindedly forgotten the next day that the line he was given wasn't his own.

Nor did reporters at Flemington like his manner of making their acquaintance. He has developed a defensive habit of impressing strangers with the importance of his job, the shortness of time he can spend with them, the doubt he has that any time he does spend will be worthwhile. Once, however, he has established these facts, his manner becomes easy, almost ingratiating. Before the trial at Flemington was over, everyone who had contact with him had learned to like him.

Reporters had their revenge one day at the trial. It had been snowing heavily all the night before and drifts had piled deep on the roads and walks. When Carter walked into the courtroom that morning, he was wearing as protection against the weather a fur cap that came down over his ears, covering most of his face and neck, an ankle length sheep-lined coat on which he nearly tripped at every step; and—to complete the costume—a pair of hip boots. Every day, rain or shine, from then to the end of the trial, he was greeted with friendly jeers and references to the cap or boots or coat.

Carter has no hatred of crowds of celebrity seekers. He was a reporter too long for that. He was part of too many crowds himself seeking information from

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**COLUMBIA PICTURES**  
Based on true stories from  
**TRUE STORY MAGAZINE**

famous men who had come to Philadelphia. But autograph hunters annoy him. The last night of the trial, the control engineer of the broadcasts, at Carter's request, locked him in his room, pocketed the key, and walked away. Fans, milling about the hotel, sought in vain more than two hours for the commentator. Before that night crowds had been in the habit of gathering in the lobby of the hotel, trampling each other to see the broadcasts.

Although it was at Flemington that he perfected his habit of reading from a typed over and pencilled in script that he had just finished, it was as a broadcaster while working on the *News* that he first learned to do it.

The city editor of the paper had picked Carter to go on the air every day over a local Philadelphia station with the latest news bulletins. Seated in the morgue—the tiny, dusty room in which were filed pictures and stories from old issues—Carter would read, as fast as his tongue could pronounce words, the latest dispatches as the copy boys tore them off the news service wires and handed them to him. There was no time for any correction of grammatical mistakes. He soon found that he had a flair for beginning a sentence wrong, then starting over without pausing for breath. It is that unintentional trick in his present broadcasts that lends a superb air of authenticity and truthfulness to his editorializing.

**N**OT even his debut on a coast-to-coast network of stations changed his manner of reading sentences wrong. His own scripts are seldom corrected. No one but his secretary sees them before the broadcasts. They are filed away after the fifteen minute program reaches an end without any one else clapping eyes on them.

Since he gained a sponsor his scripts have become more and more outspoken. It is fittingly paradoxical in the paradoxical fairland of broadcasting that he can say more, take more people for sleigh rides, accuse more public officials of negligence now that he has commercial backing, than he ever could have if he were a sustaining feature supported solely by the network system.

Partly to escape from the pressure of business, partly to avoid letter writers who try to see him in person, partly to have more adequate opportunity to pursue his hobby of portrait painting, he lives in a suburb of Philadelphia, some miles from the roar of the city. There, with the wife he first met in the office of the *News* and their two children, he retires in seclusion after each broadcast.

Weekends he spends yachting on Chesapeake Bay, where, as he says, "Nobody on this green earth can get at me." Then he contradicts that very statement by admitting that he tunes his yacht's radio in on every news broadcast during his weekly two-day vacation.

There are few stars of radio who are less willing than he to reminisce about their early days. He doesn't think the past is particularly interesting.

"It doesn't mean much," he says. "It isn't what a man has done that's important—it's what he is, how he works, and what he hopes to do in the future."

In the radio studios of WCAU Carter demands perfection in small things that ordinarily only opera prima donnas would bother with. He has many pet superstitions about broadcasting—and it pays those who work with him to take those superstitions as seriously as he does himself. They would be laughable if they weren't so much a part of those remaining sides of his character that are yet to be revealed.

They belong to the picture of Boake

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*who sees and works with Carter five days a week—which will be brought you in the September issue of Radio Mirror. Watch for it—out on the newsstands July 24.*

## Should Radio Be Allowed in Our Courtrooms?

(Continued from page 42)

Can anyone tell beforehand what a witness is going to say? Such subjects make broadcasting interesting to some who desire to listen in.

Such decisive convictions are characteristic of opponents of courtroom broadcasting, yet the microphones remain in an Evansville court. In support of the practice, the presiding judge, Marion J. Rice, has stepped forward with his statement:

"Some of the cases which we try and which are broadcast from my court include assault and battery, public intoxication, speeding, reckless driving, operating a motor vehicle while under the influence of intoxicating liquor, failing to provide for wife, children and parents, petty larceny, fraudulent checks up to \$25.00, false pretense, disorderly conduct and malicious trespass.

"Of course, adultery and cases which are not fit and proper to be heard by children and sensitive people are not broadcast. We simply ask the announcer to shut off the microphone while cases of this nature are being tried.

"I have found," Judge Rice further asserts, "that law enforcement is always made easier because of the fact that trials in my court are broadcast."

**I**N that one sentence lies perhaps the most vital interest of the listener as a citizen. Do broadcasts from the courtroom act as a deterrent? Would a microphone in the courtroom at Flemington have helped stem the wave of kidnappings which followed the apprehension of Hauptmann?

Network officials and servants of the state of New Jersey are strangely cryptic on this point.

Attorney General David O. Wilentz, famed as the prosecutor of Hauptmann, will say only:

"Nothing I have ever said would indicate that I would like to keep radio from the courtroom."

That radio does not present a fair picture of a trial because of its one dimensional nature, is the contention of one major network executive who was questioned about the matter.

"Listeners can hear what is going on," he gives as his reason for opposing such broadcasts, "but they cannot see. Thus much of the validity of the true picture of the trial is lost."

What would have happened had broadcasting of the Hauptmann trial have been opposed on the grounds which St. Louis Mayor Dickmann ordered microphones from two of the city's police courts? Dickmann contends that it is a source of embarrassment to the defendants and that it limits the language of witnesses, thus curtailing full evidence.

Certainly the presence of many newspapermen and eyewitnesses at the Flemington trial did not curtail the damning evidence which was brought out.

Perhaps it is unfair to compare a murder trial to the routine cases of traffic court, yet Police Judge West, in opposing the move of Mayor Dickmann, asserts that microphones in the courtroom made the public "traffic conscious." The question, then, which the listener must settle for himself, is whether broadcasts from major trials would act as a deterrent

for graver violations of the law.

In facing the issue which is being so hotly contested, the listener must keep in mind the freedom accorded the press in revealing trial proceedings. Such consideration makes all the more startling the opinion held by Judge R. B. Spindle, Jr., of the Norfolk, Virginia, Traffic Court.

After a year off the air, the microphones of WTAR were put back into the courtroom. The judge, upon resumption of the broadcasts, was reported as saying that it was a lot of work to see that his calendar did not contain drunken driving cases which, to avoid embarrassment, were removed to the police court.

Newspapermen, however, are still permitted the run of the courtroom, drunken driving cases or no.

That issue stands out boldly when the argument is presented that courtroom broadcasting is more of an entertainment than a moral lesson. Those who consider it entertainment can absorb that substance in the same spirit from newspaper accounts of the proceedings.

For some time, the Scripps-Howard newspaper in Buffalo, New York, opposed this view. In sponsoring broadcasts from that city's traffic court, the publication became involved in a controversy which nearly resulted in the microphones being ejected from the courtroom.



Don Wilson steps into summer stardom as master of ceremonies on the Jello show while Jack Benny's busy making a movie.

**O**RIGINALLY, the trials had been broadcast in connection with the paper's safety campaign. After a time, the judges began to feel that the audience's chief interest was one of entertainment, rather than of civic improvement.

After long discussion, it was decided to keep the broadcasts going—without the newspaper's sponsorship. In the minds of listeners concerned with the fate of courtroom broadcasts, the question remains unanswered.

Political ambition has had its share in deciding some of the battles blazing about the courtroom microphone. In Dayton, Ohio, last winter, Police Court Judge Null M. Hodapp, who was up for re-election, ran on his campaign cards, the following notice:

"Tune in WHIO at 9:30 a. m. each morning."

Despite strong opposition of an unfriendly newspaper, the broadcasts over the station owned by the Dayton Daily News evidently aided him, for he was re-elected by a two-to-one majority.

The war of courtroom broadcasting has its more jolly moments. When officials of WLVA tried to talk Lynchburg, Virginia's, Judge Joseph P. McCarron into broadcasting from the Municipal Court, he was quoted as having said:

"Maybe it's funny to some people when a guy gets up here and I fine him five dollars. But it's not funny to the guy, especially if he doesn't have the five."

It is still doubtful that that same judge would bar from the courtroom the newspaper reporters who wished to write down the stories of the guys who didn't have the five bucks.

In taking their stand on the issue which must be decided now unless all courtroom broadcasting is to meet the same fate as it did in the Hauptmann trial, listeners can take counsel from the opposed views of two St. Paul, Minnesota, judges.

**J**UDGE CLAYTON PARKS, who filed for re-election the first of the year, discontinued broadcasts from that city's traffic court.

"I do not believe," he said, "it proper for me to continue the broadcasts from the courtroom in view of the fact that I have filed for re-election. I further believe that the broadcasts have done some good . . . but I believe that broadcasting should not be made a permanent institution."

But it is Judge John W. Finehout who takes a stand as sturdy as that which must be taken by the listener who believes in the right to hear trials through his loudspeaker.

"It is somewhat inconvenient for us here in court to have these broadcasts, but I believe that as long as business men, newspapers and civic organizations are willing to give of their valuable time and efforts, because of its educational value, it should be continued."

There in St. Paul is the only evidence of a strongly organized fight to keep courtroom broadcasting going. Yet unless the nation's listeners determine their attitude and take quick action upon it, they will find their loudspeakers barred to courts—by the same sort of action with which the three New Jersey officials kept the Hauptmann trial from the air.

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*It's the Tobacco that Counts  
and Luckies are less acid*



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