

ANDON'S Dramatic Fight Against His Radio Handicap

Radio MIRROR

OCTOBER



LANNY ROSS by Tchetchet

Scoops!

HAVE YOU A TELEVISION FACE?

What her Baby will mean to Harriet Hilliard's Future

He still wants to kiss her good night

MARRIED eight years . . . but for them none of that humdrum, take-it-for-granted attitude that creeps into so many marriages. He still wants to kiss her good night. Clever woman . . . she has always known the secret of keeping dainty and fresh in all things . . . the breath particularly. After all, there's nothing like halitosis (unpleasant breath) to raise a barrier between people.

* * *

You Never Know

Your breath may be agreeable today and offensive tomorrow. The food you eat, the things you drink, the hours you keep—all bring subtle changes that may result in halitosis (bad breath). Consequently, you must ever be on guard lest you offend.

Better Safe Than Sorry

Fortunately, halitosis often yields quickly to Listerine used as a mouth rinse or gargle. Almost at once, this remarkable deodorant cleanses, sweetens, and freshens the mouth. At the same time, it halts fermentation of tiny food particles—the major cause of mouth odors. Then overcomes the odors themselves.

And remember, Listerine is safe even when used full strength—does not harm delicate tissues of the gums or mouth. *It actually stimulates them.*

When You Want To Be Sure

Fortunately for the public, many of the "bargain" imitations of Listerine are now out of business. Too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated, or lacking Listerine's speedy deodorant and antiseptic properties, such mouth washes were soon rejected by the public.

When you want a wholly delightful mouth wash, when you want to be sure of effective breath control with *safety*, use Listerine and Listerine *only*. Rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business and social engagements. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.*

For HALITOSIS



use LISTERINE



If you like Listerine Antiseptic,
chances are you'll like Listerine
Tooth Paste. 162 brushings in
the big, double-size tube, 40¢.
Regular size, 25¢.



ROUGH DODGE Fascinating Lady

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



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

IT'S ONLY human nature to wait breathlessly for such a lovely girl to turn her proud head—to reward your admiration with the glory of her smile!

And it's only human nature to resent it, like a physical blow, when she *does* turn, when she *does* smile—and all her loveliness turns to ashes! For when a smile betrays dull and dingy teeth—tender and ailing gums—no glory of eyes or hair can save loveliness.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Too many *soft* foods... too little work and resistance for the natural health of our

teeth and gums—there are the reasons why that dental warning "pink tooth brush" is so often in evidence.

And for the sake of *your own* loveliness and *your own* health—if you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, *see your dentist*. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to explain the menace of our "modern menus"—to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more exercise. And he may tell you—he often does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Play safe—get Ipana today. Rub a lit-

tle extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums as well as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better. And they'll certainly be far safer from the threat and danger of serious gum troubles.

The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.



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COMING IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

On Sale September 25



Dancer . . . singer . . . comedian . . . adept at playing half a dozen instruments, Hollywood's favorite song-and-dance man, Fred Astaire, comes to radio in September . . . and RADIO MIRROR will celebrate with a grand cover portrait of him, as well as a revealing, intimate story about him!

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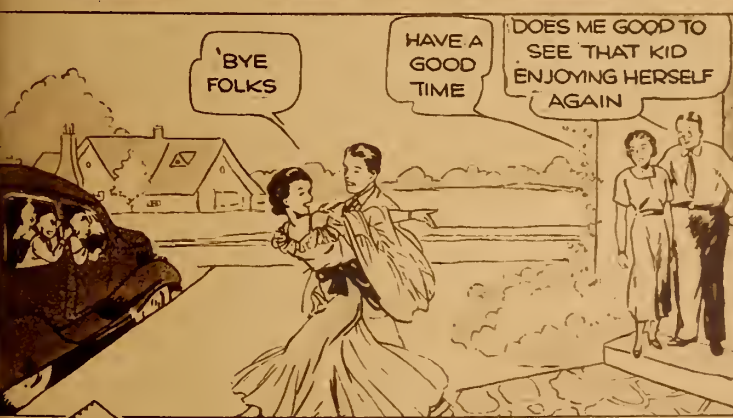
—PORTRAIT OF LANNY ROSS
 BY TCHETCHET

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**NOBODY ASKS
ME OUT
ANYMORE!**

**HER
PIMPLY
SKIN WAS
THE
REASON
FOR SARA'S
"THIN TIME"
UNTIL -**



Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel neglected and forlorn

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



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

reflections in the radio mirror

by *Fred R. Sammis*

MY Hat's Off To:

The way Stoopnagle and Budd have been handling the amateurs so far on the Town Hall Tonight program. Budd maintains the serious attitude while the Colonel jests, but the whole proceedings maintain a kindly, helpful air.

The late at night Lights Out program over NBC from Chicago for the example it sets in fine radio writing. If you can't sleep some night or are up past your bedtime for some other reason, be sure to tune this in.

The Kreuger Musical Toast program, because of the two singers and orchestra it presents. Jerry Cooper, Sally Singer, and Ray Block weave a very pleasant pattern of popular melodies both old and new and the voices are so refreshing because of their youthful vitality.

Bob Burns' animal stories on Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall. It's when Bob is talking about mosquito bogs or the razorback hogs of Van Buren that I really sit back and think the radio is a great institution.

Dr. Dafoe's dignified and still fascinating talks on the Quints every fourth Monday night in the month.

MY Thumb's Down On:

Plots for children's programs that become so complicated and involved the actors need at least two whole shows just to straighten everything out. It makes for some of the most boring listening I've run across. I have in mind particularly some fairly recent broadcasts of Renfrew of the Mounted.

Making the whole lovable cast of One Man's Family join in on reading the commercials. Announcers are hired for this job.

Those summer menaces to peace and quiet who tune in their radios for the whole world to hear. Not that this will do much good. They probably can't read anyway.

Hollywood stars who come to the microphone without any real rehearsal and stumble over their lines because they think the radio audience isn't important enough to warrant any hard work.

Television experts who insist on making this new entertainment medium a mystery by always talking for publication through their hats.

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

HUSBANDS AND WIVES. Domestic difficulties are ironed out by means of a marital forum—and not with flatirons, either. Sedley Brown and Allie Lowe Miles are brokers in family squabbles in this highly amusing half-hour which started some time back on the Mutual network. Someone in the radio audience has a problem. Someone else has a solution, maybe several solutions. And everyone else has a laugh. The carefully selected answers are read by their proponents or by the master and mistress of ceremonies. This is the first "Advice" program that doesn't take itself seriously, and is therefore the best of the lot. It gives real help as well as bringing to radio a new kind of natural comedy.

NBC, Sun., 7:30 P. M., 30 min.

CAMEL CARAVAN. You'll think summer entertainment of this quality is a mirage. But it isn't the heat. It's a real oasis of sparkling talent and music on a somewhat arid dial. The soft, easy drawl of novelist Rupert Hughes introduces contrasting numbers by Benny Goodman's swing orchestra and Nat Shilkret's more melodious tunesmiths, and guest movie luminaries who exhibit their artistry in tailored dramatic skits.

CBS, Tues., 9:30 P. M., 60 min.

TIM AND IRENE have the toughest assignment in radio—trying to replace Jack Benny. The void is all the more conspicuous because the voice of Don Wilson keeps reminding you of it. However, Ryan and Noblette purvey a scatter-brained type of comedy that should be judged on its own merit. I find it amusing at times. Morton Bowe is not only an up-and-coming young tenor, he's going places. Don Vorhees' orchestra also goes with the program—to town.

NBC, Sun., 7 P. M., 30 min.

COME ON LET'S SING. Here's the second network community sing and a third one is scheduled for fall. Local stations are going for the idea, too—it's cheap and it's catchy. Major Bowes will have to start taking voice lessons if he wants to keep in the swim. It looks as if this might put amateurs on the skids. There's plenty of entertainment in the novelty stunts worked into the sings. Jack Arthur cleverly steers the proceedings, Tiny Ruffner vox-pops stooges in the audience, and there's even room for such comic interludes as East and Dumke are capable of.

CBS, Wed., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

THE WORLD IS YOURS. A unique travelogue. Within the walls of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., a boy and girl learn from a guide the mysteries and wonders of science and history, as they explore that famous reliquary of civilization's mileposts.

NBC, Sun., 11:30 A. M., 30 min.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER. Gifted monologists are rare on stage and radio, so you'd better make the most of these distilled dramatic sketches. Ben Bernie will particularly enjoy tuning in because this is the ether spot where you won't find Winchell during the summer.

NBC, Sun., 9:00 P. M., 15 min.

"Let Camay help your skin to
Lasting Loveliness"

SAYS THIS CHARMING WASHINGTON BRIDE



WASHINGTON, D. C.

I never miss my daily beauty treatment with Camay—gentlest, purest, best of all soaps! And I look to Camay to help my skin to lasting loveliness.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Irene Robbins Forbes
(Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes)

April 13, 1936

FAIR HAIR, flawless features, unforgettable dark eyes are the heritage of this lovely bride!—young Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes of Washington, D. C., and Ottawa, Canada. And to enhance it all, hers is a complexion so fresh and so fair, the effect is simply dazzling!

Yet any girl may follow this bride's simple beauty secret—*Camay* for a lovely skin! For this bland beauty soap, with its fresh and fragrant lather

is so deeply cleansing, so gently stimulating, so pure! It's *milder*, too, by actual test. Even delicate skins respond to it joyously. If you want to see your complexion grow brighter, smoother, finer, *keep using Camay!* Buy at least six cakes (it costs so little!) and begin today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

I felt so Sluggish!



● I was dull and logy—felt a headache coming on—thought the day would never end! I knew all too well what the trouble was—poor elimination. Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I took a tablet. It worked like magic. Now I can't say enough in favor of FEEN-A-MINT!



THE **3** MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● What you do: Just chew FEEN-A-MINT, a dainty white mint-flavored tablet, for 3 minutes. Troublesome constipation yields to FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing-gum laxative. You chew it for 3 minutes, and this chewing makes a world of difference in the way it works. Gentle but effective results will be yours!



● Blessed Relief! Once more full of natural vim and pep, thanks to FEEN-A-MINT. No griping, no violence, no disturbance of sleep. Not habit-forming. Economical. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Get FEEN-A-MINT yourself—for happy r-e-l-i-e-f from the misery of constipation.

Family-sized boxes only
15c & 25c



Slightly higher in Canada

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

WITH the summer season drawing to an end, your old favorites will soon be back from their vacations; full of pep and perhaps with brand new ideas for your entertainment. However, what we want to know is: did you enjoy the summer shows? Did you spot any talent you think deserves a regular program this winter? Write and tell us all about it. Maybe you'll win the first prize of \$20.00—or the second prize of \$10.00—or even one of the five \$1.00 prizes. And then again, your letter might get Honorable Mention in RADIO MIRROR's columns. Send your letter to the Editor, in care of RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, not later than September 25.

\$20.00 PRIZE.

HUMOR WITH A TEAR

If I were a scholar writing a history of American humor, I'd use a picture of Stoopnagle and Budd for my frontispiece. If I were a manufacturer with a product to advertise, I'd sign Stoopnagle and Budd on a lifetime contract. If I were a lot of other radio comedians, I'd listen to Stoopnagle and Budd, and meditate.

Stoopnagle and Budd don't give us salty wit as Will Rogers did, nor the brilliant flippancy which has made Jack Benny famous. They offer us real humor, the rare and genuine stuff.

There's something so wistful and pathetic about Budd's silly, eager voice, and about the gentle diffidence of the Colonel that one wonders sometimes whether the tears in one's eyes are really from laughter, after all. And that's what humor is like!

MRS. L. G. BUCHAN,
New Orleans, La.

\$10.00 PRIZE

A GOOD TIP

I think I have a remedy for those people who turn on their radios so loudly that it interferes with everyone else who is trying to listen in on his own radio. We have such a pest in our neighborhood, and last summer I conceived the brilliant idea of having seven different parties tune in at the same time the pest tuned in, the only difference being, he was listening to his favorite program while the seven were all on another station, with their radios turned on full blast. You can imagine the din. The houses fairly trembled. After five minutes of this, we tuned off, slightly deafened, at a given signal. The pest was silent! No more trouble that season. He started again this summer, but we are ready for him. I have recruited FOURTEEN, and you'll probably hear the echoes at your office!

GERALDINE GREGORY,
Bronx, New York.

Rupert Hughes (right) has most of the say on the Camel Caravan broadcasts from Hollywood. Spencer Tracy and Rosalind Russell are helping him say it.



\$1.00 PRIZE

MORE LAURELS FOR LUX THEATER

May I use these columns as a medium to congratulate the sponsors of the Lux Radio Theater?

Their new program has all the "hear-marks" of being an outstanding entertainment and commercial success. I have heard only two broadcasts, but they clicked one hundred per cent. Emanating direct from Hollywood, and bringing us our favorite movie stars, and with a famous director as master of ceremonies, what more could be desired? "The Thin Man" was exceptionally well done and was re-enacted with the original cast, Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Minna Gombell, etc.

Thanks a million to the makers of a fine product for an equally fine program!

FRANK R. MOOR, Detroit, Mich.

\$1.00 PRIZE

AN EARLY RISER'S COMPLAINT

The early morning programs during the winter months surely spoiled me. I wish we could have at least one good program from 7:30 to 8:00 CST each morning during the summer months as we do in the fall and winter. I thoroughly enjoyed Dear Columbia this past winter and it certainly helped me start the day right.

I am interested in the program from 7:30 to 8:00 as that is the time I am usually on my way to the office and I like a good program to help make the day happier. I regret to say that all I can get on the radio now is some hill-billy program and who wants to start the day off with a hill-billy tune on his mind? Sometimes, which is most of the time on some stations, I get Duke Ellington or a similar orchestra and I can think of nothing worse in the form of entertainment at any time of the day.

MRS. FLORINE FOCAR, Houston, Tex.

\$1.00 PRIZE

HAS RADIO AN INFANTILE COMPLEX?

Would RADIO MIRROR be willing to use its radio wisdom and experience to help us save radio from its latest infantile complex?

Save us from this epidemic of child performers!

From every other program come the falsetto tones of supposedly normal children who distort the name of Mother into "Mom" — "Mumsy" — "Mummie" and variations.

One Man's Family has an impossible youngster—one Teddy—who says "Un-Huh" with every breath and has such alarming manners and principles, I regret having my children listen.

Either radio has gone infantile or thinks its audience is sub-normal. Neither is true, I believe. But this child device is a silly way of talking down to an audience.

HARRIETT H. BURNETT, Cleveland, O.

(Continued on page 98)

Another Love-match Shipwrecked...



... on the dangerous reef of half-truths about feminine hygiene. "Lysol" has prevented many such tragedies.

MILLIONS of women today have discovered a vitally important fact about feminine hygiene. They have learned that "Lysol" has six special qualities which make it uniquely valuable, combined with such dependability and gentleness that doctors commonly use it in one of the most delicate of all operations... childbirth.

Not liking to discuss such a delicate subject as feminine hygiene is natural... but when misinformation, ignorance, and half-truths threaten happiness, a wife is guilty of *serious neglect* if she fails to learn that there is a reliable answer to her problem.

You will find that "Lysol" gives you a new sense of *antiseptic* cleanliness that is most reassuring. But more important, "Lysol" brings the

poise and peace of mind so essential to a truly happy marriage.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a true germicide, active under practical conditions... even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work under these conditions.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension—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 very soon after use.
6. STABILITY... Keeps its full strength, no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

DR. DAFOE ON THE RADIO! "Lysol" presents the famous physician of the quintuplets, in 3 talks weekly, on Modern Child Care—Mon., Wed., Fri. See newspapers for hour.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW
LEHN & FINE PRODUCTS CORP., Dept RM10
Bloomfield, N. J.

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936 by Lehn & Fine Products Corp.





what's new on radio row

By JAY PETERS

THE new season gets going—and how! With virtually all the desirable time on the networks sold or contracted for, its financial success is already assured. What it will achieve artistically is not so certain. 'Tis too early to prognosticate—and too dangerous.

* * *

ONE result of the prosperity wave that has hit the studios, a result mighty annoying to dialists, is conflict in programs at favored hours. That evil has long existed in the American broadcasting scheme of things but this season, because of the increase in sponsors, it threatens to be even worse. Consider Thursday night, for instance. Soon, beginning at 8 o'clock for a full hour, Rudy Vallee and Kate Smith, both with variety shows, will be competing for listeners. And from 9 to 10 o'clock Major Bowes and his amateurs and Lanny Ross and his Show Boat crew will be opposing each other on rival networks. Sunday night, too, will provide problems for fans. The schedules weren't completed when this department was compiled but indications were for

THE FIRST WITH THE LATEST! HERE'S THE DOPE ON NEW SHOWS

plenty of confusion from 6 o'clock on. Chase and Sanborn were framing a variety bill to fill the 8 o'clock spot vacated by Major Bowes on NBC and Columbia had assigned Nelson Eddy and Joseph Pasternack's orchestra to the first half-hour of that period and Eddie Cantor to the second half.

* * *

PRESS TIME FLASHES

Professional reformers, anxious to get their fingers in the plump radio pie, try to line up church, civic and fraternal groups in a campaign to "improve the moral tone of air entertainment," whatever that might mean . . . **Adele Astaire**, sister of Fred and Lady Charles Cavendish in English society, leaves London for Hollywood where she will make a movie and guest-star on air programs. Lady Cavendish is microphone-broke, having attained much popularity on British Broadcasting Corporation programs . . . NBC discovers in Europe an 11-year-old violinist, **Paul Misikowsky** by name, and plans a build-up campaign for him as a child prodigy.

Below, Keenan Wynn, with father Ed Wynn, who found the comeback trail a tough one. Ed's programs have been dropped, but he is planning a Broadway play.



Wide World

Father Coughlin discusses with the press his recent broadcasts on which he announced his sponsorship of a new third party.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt turns down a radio contract which would have paid her \$8,500 a week for fifty-two weeks. Because the proposed sponsor is a chain-store concern and it would be embarrassing for the President's wife to be exploiting a group under investigation by Congress.

Advertising agencies producing radio programs receive notice the Marx Brothers are available this season. The Marxmen spurned radio offers last year. . . . The Lombardo Brothers, still billed as the Royal Canadians, being natives of London, Ont., take out United States citizenship papers and start a new half-hour show for Bond bread at a substantial salary boost. . . . And Jack Hylton returns from a holiday in his native England to begin a new program for Realsilk. . . . Irving Kaufman, better known to dialists as Lazy Dan, organizes the "Lazy Dan's Minstrel Jubilee" troupe and seeks a Broadway theater for their exhibition.

As predicted in these columns months ago the Mutual Broadcasting System is expanding into the fourth national chain. The coast-to-coast hook-up becomes a fact January 1st when the Don Lee regional circuit in the Far West, now associated with the Columbia System, switches allegiance to MBS. . . . Wayne King renews his contract with that cosmetic sponsor and under its new terms will receive over

\$13,000 a week for fifty-two weeks, thus becoming a rival of Fred Waring as the best paid bandman on the air.

Louise Massey of the Westerners prepares to make her debut as the star of that group in a new program, "The Log Cabin Dude Ranch," which will take to the air late in September. . . .

Rudy Vallee becomes Prof. Hubert Vallee joining the faculty of the Suffolk School of Journalism in Boston, where he lectures on broadcasting and radio showmanship. . . . In Chicago NBC opens a school of instruction in sound effects for page and messenger boys. This, in addition to its school for announcers for the same class of employees. . . . Walter Woolf King signs a contract which insures his connection with the "Flying Red Horse Tavern" until January 1st. . . . Carmela Ponselle likewise renews with "Broadway Varieties" for the same period.

A GROUP of radio celebrities banded together as the National Association of Performing Artists have started suits in the United States District Court, Southern District of New York, to limit the use of electrical transcriptions. They seek to remedy such alleged abuses as taking-off the air network programs and reproducing them via the records on smaller stations without authority of or payment to the artist.

Eddie Cantor has called rehearsals of his radio troupe preparatory to taking to the air September 20th for his new sponsor, the Texaco Company. Little Bobby Breen, Parkyakarkus and Jimmy Wallington are to return with him. Jacques Renard and his orchestra will provide the musical background.

ROSALINE GREENE, one of the first of the radio actresses and once voted the owner of the "perfect radio voice," has become the commentator on feminine fashions for the Paramount News Reel, while Juliet Lowell seeks a sponsor for a new series based on the happy idea of giving burlesque advice to the lovelorn.

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

The James Wallington-Jean Rogers romance seems to have become just a memory. "They say" a new charmer, a Follies beauty, has come into Jimmy's life. . . . Ed (Thundering) Thorgersen and Ann Courtney, the night club nightingale aren't holding hands any more, either. . . . But Michael Bartlett, who made a sudden exit last winter as Jack Benny's tenor-stooge, and Mary Astor, of the fillums, are. . . . Ditto Nino Martini and Elissa Landi.

It now develops Deane Janis and Stanley Pascal have been Mister and Missus for many moons. . . . And the long rumored (Continued on page 64)

Now . . . millions are finding new beauty with
HOLLYWOOD'S MAKE-UP
. . . are you?

JEAN ARTHUR, star of Columbia's "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" shows you how Max Factor's new make-up can give you beauty

Hollywood's Rouge

Max Factor's Rouge will individualize your charm through the magic of the color harmony shades—a secret that is bringing new loveliness to women everywhere. . . . 50¢.



Powder Secret Revealed

Smart women everywhere are learning what every screen star knows—that the color harmony shades of Max Factor's Powder will make the skin look lovelier than any other. Try this powder secret and note the amazing difference. . . . \$1.

New Lipstick Discovered

Max Factor has originated a new Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades that will give alluring, lasting color to your lips. May be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, smooth color. . . . \$1.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to try Jean Arthur's make-up secret. . . powder, rouge, lipstick in your color harmony shade? Mail this coupon.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studios, Hollywood.
 • Send Four-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Samples 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.
 25-10-7

NAME _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	MOUQUETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Mildness <input type="checkbox"/>	Pink <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>
Soft <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Flawless <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	BEEFHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Clear <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
TRY <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, Add 10 yrs. above and below <input type="checkbox"/>

Last minute news

THINGS really begin happening in radio in September. New shows, old stars, new times, new networks. Here's a sample of the information that leaked out ahead of time:

Buck Rogers won't return to the air, but **Jack Johnstone**, the man who's been writing the scripts, has a new program in mind that will be on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 5:30 to 5:45, starting September 14th, that will star **Walter Tetley**, hardest working of all kid actors.

Virginia Verrill is auditioning for a big new Broadway musical, music and production by the famous team of **Rodgers and Hart** . . . **Horace Heidt** will be in New York all winter, probably playing a long engagement at the Essex House, between broadcasts for his present sponsor. The time of his programs will be changed, but the date hasn't been set.

The Lombardo program for the new bread sponsor opens September 6th,

Sunday, and **Guy** is flying to the New York studios especially for the first show. The trio of **Carmen**, **Fred Higman**, and **Larry Owen** gets the featured spots on this half hour.

Eddie Cantor's program that starts later in September is going to have an innovation, or at least an innovation for Cantor. There'll be guest stars each week: Eddie is going to broadcast from a theater in Hollywood until he finishes his newest picture for **Samuel Goldwyn**.

The Bowes program, after its switch to CBS, will be broadcast from New York's old **Hammerstein Theater** and the name will be the **Major Bowes Amateur Theater**. It's been remodeled especially to suit the problems of amateur auditioning and broadcasting.

Nelson Eddy stays in Hollywood the first fifteen weeks he broadcasts for his new sponsor, **Vicks**, then he goes to **Portland**, **Salt Lake City**, **Kansas City**, **Cincinnati**, and **Chicago** on tour. After that, he'll go on the air from **New York**.

Popeye starts August 31st, for **Wheatena**, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Time: 7:15 to 7:30. Network: **CBS** . . . **Jack Armstrong** will be five times a week, 5:30 to 5:45. Network: **NBC** . . . **Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch** starts September 14th.

Maybe you've read an announcement that stated **NBC** was sending out a vaudeville unit of radio personalities headed by **Jimmy Wallington** as master of ceremonies. By wearing a beard, our spy was able to determine that the other stars going along are the **Pickens Sisters**, **Honeyboy** and **Sassafras**, **Professor Figgspottle**, and the piano team, **Ward and Muzzy**. Better ask your local theater manager to fix up a date with this unit so you can see your favorites.

Smiling Ed McConnell's going to be back on Sundays for his old sponsor, but it will be an **NBC** network, and the show will last half an hour rather than fifteen minutes as before.

I INVESTED A FEW PENNIES... AND WON A HUSBAND!



IT WAS "LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT" FOR ME! BUT ALTHO HARRY WAS CHARMING TO ME, I NEVER HEARD FROM HIM AGAIN



ONE DAY I MET HIS MOTHER BUYING LIFEBOUY. SHE EXPLAINED, "B.O. IS ONE THING HARRY WON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH"



I TOOK THE HINT. MADE LIFEBOUY MY SOAP. NEXT TIME I MET HARRY, HE FELL FOR ME WITH A BANG! THANKS TO LIFEBOUY I'M NOW A HAPPY BRIDE



HOW CAN I KEEP MY COMPLEXION AS LOVELY AND YOUNG-LOOKING AS YOURS, MOTHER BAXTER? LIFEBOUY'S MY BEAUTY SECRET!

YES!—that same luxurious lather that keeps you personally safe is also marvelous for the complexion! . . . Lifebuoy cleanses deeply, gently! "Patch" tests on skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many "beauty soaps."



The time is 5:30 to 6:00 . . . Singin' Sam will be heard again, too, with his same sponsor, and this time he'll be broadcasting twice a week—Mondays and Fridays.

Don Ameche's going to stay in Hollywood, but all the First Nighter fans will have him back on the air. It looks as though Ann Seymour were going to sign up with the sponsor which would make everything complete for our light drama fans.

The new children's program starring Walter Tetley probably will be called "The Treasure Adventures of Donald Ayer," Walter being Donald in this case. Donald will travel around the world, discovering such items as Spanish doubloons, Ceylon pearls, and other exciting, if remote, valuables.

Both the Ford Sunday Evening Hour and the General Motors Symphony will be back, at their respective hours, and undoubtedly with very famous guest stars each week . . . the Philharmonic is set for Sunday afternoons, too, playing the music radio listeners have most requested.

And still they come! Now it's Irene Dunne, Alan Jones and Jerome Kern who are being offered to radio sponsors. The Hollywood menace seems to be growing by the week. This combination is an outgrowth of the picture "Showboat" which featured Irene and Alan and Kern's music . . . Joe E. Brown, too, has been conferring with an advertising agency. He confided to our Hollywood spy that he's been working towards radio as a goal.

Jimmy Wallington's really in love! At least his friends don't deny the rumors any more and Jimmy's doing a little private talking of his own about a marriage in the near future.

Dr. Allan Roy (Quintuplets) Daffoe will probably sign with a new sponsor when his present contract with Carnation Milk runs out in September. In fact, he confided privately not so long ago that everything was over but the signing.

Marion Davies is another first citizen of Hollywood who, after holding out for a long time, is at last capitulating to the lure of radio. Whether or not she'll sign a long-term contract hasn't been decided, but at any rate she has been doing guest-star work more frequently lately . . . and one incident, which happened to her, as reported to us by that same Hollywood spy, shows plainly why movie stars think twice before signing up for regular weekly shows. Marion arrived at a rehearsal for the Lux production of "The Brat" a few minutes late, went right to work and rehearsed until 11:30, and not until then confessed she hadn't even had time for dinner because she'd rushed to rehearsal from the "Cain and Mabel" set. And by that time she was too tired to eat anyway.

If you do not . . .
REDUCE
your HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
...it will cost you nothing!



"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" says Miss Healy
"I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet"—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Avenue New York

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail . . . because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in ten days . . . we know we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. The excess fat is removed solely by the massage-like action of the Perfolastic material. You appear inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then quickly, comfortably . . . without effort on your part . . . you actually reduce at hips, waist and diaphragm . . . where fat first accumulates.



"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"

"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! Eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust,
Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6 1/2 INCHES"

"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6 1/2 inches and waist 5 inches."
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"

"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



"LOST 60 POUNDS"

"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 60 pounds!"
Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"

"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."
Miss Esther Marshall,
Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"

"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas,
New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"

"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottsdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"

"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34 1/2 INCHES!"

"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34 1/2 inches!"
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE . . . for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body . . . hear the admiring comments of friends. Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.
Notary Public



PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 2810, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

NASHVILLE: The grand old man of WSM's Grand Ole Opry is gone.

Dr. Humphrey Bate, for ten years leader of the program's Sumner County Possum Hunters, died at his home in Castilian Springs, Tennessee, just as another milestone was to have been marked in the famed career of the broadcast. The following night, Dr. Bate was scheduled to open the air show in the new auditorium in East Nashville before 3,500 guests. Yet even with their leader missing, the Possum Hunters carried on in the tradition.

Dr. Bate led a full and colorful life. For thirty-nine years he was a country doctor. After his graduation from Vanderbilt University, he left his native Sumner County but once, and then to serve in the Spanish-American war.

Though he has gone, the members of his troupe have pledged themselves to continue in the spirit in which he always led them.

* * *

WEDDING BELLS ARE PEALING IN:

Des Moines: For Margaret Coleson, WHO contralto, who recently married Al Morey, orchestra conductor, now fulfilling a summer engagement here at Riverview Park. Miss Coleson will continue broadcasting under that name.

Detroit: For Eleanor Ryan, diminutive soprano of WJR's Silhouettes, and Don Large, the station's choral director, who at latest reports, were to be married in the Michigan city. Neither Miss Ryan, nor Large, who is also a member of the male trio, The Three Aces, will give up radio activities.

But little Dottie Leader, who sang on WJR's broadcasts of Tim Doolittle's Pine Center Gang, has given up her professional work to devote all her time to the home which she and Arthur Marohn, a non-professional, have been establishing since their recent marriage.

* * *

Charlotte: During the opening of WBT's new studios here and the celebration of its fifteenth anniversary of continuous broadcasting, listeners were given a remarkable opportunity to observe the development of radio in the last decade and a half. Dr. Luther Little, called the South's first radio preacher, who delivered his initial radio sermon over the station in 1921, used the original microphone for

GOSSIPING ABOUT THE DOINGS OF YOUR HOME-TOWN FAVORITES

By JOHN SKINNER



The big, gorgeous smile belongs to little Elinor Sherry, four feet, ten inches of song and personality, heard over the Mutual network. Below, Al Roth, young musical director for station KMOX of St. Louis, who began his career on a seven-dollar violin he bought with his own meager earnings.





Here are WJR's Silhouettes, Eleanor Ryan, Prudence Butterfield and Olive Ryan. Wonder what happens to the trio when Eleanor gets married?

the first half of his anniversary broadcast, and for the second part, spoke into one of the most modern types installed in the new studios.

The studios and offices, located in the Wilder Building in the heart of downtown Charlotte, are, in design, replicas on a smaller scale of those of the CBS headquarters in New York City. Though adequate space has been provided in the studios for visitors, there are also glass enclosed chambers from which the audience may watch the program while listening through loudspeakers.

* * *

St. Louis: KMOX is also to have greater studio facilities for visitors. Construction in the St. Louis Mart Building is now under way and when finished, the station will have a new duplex studio in addition to its six present ones and an enlarged Magic Kitchen broadcast room for accommodating 150 persons. Ten new offices, an elaborate reception lounge and a musicians' lounge are also being included. And in the event there is any repetition of this summer's frightful heat wave, it will be comforting to know that the entire layout will be air-conditioned.

(Continued on page 14)

Are you as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?



TODAY, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And every point is important to your welfare.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on *each* and *every* point the doctor looks for in a laxative.

Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families. For more than 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect

trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader. It is the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It is gentle. It is thorough. It is *not* upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax does *not* work like a strong, violent purgative. Its action so closely approximates normal that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely know you have taken a laxative.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Unlike harsh, bitter purgatives, Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

----- **TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!** -----
 (Paste this on a penny postcard)
 Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-106
 Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name

Address

City..... Age.....
 (If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



WHAT IS THIS WOMAN AFRAID OF? How often a haunting fear spoils good times! But now—women can say goodbye to all that! A new and different kind of sanitary pad is here! Just ask for Modess. Then forget all your old worries . . . for Modess is *certain-safe!*



FEARS ARE NEEDLESS NOW! No shadow of fear need cross your mind, with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through!* No chafing—the edges stay dry. Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from the body and perfect protection is yours.



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

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

- Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use douche tablets. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.

Los Angeles: The tallest antenna in the city is now the 350-foot vertical radiator of KEHE, which was constructed for the station's new power allocation of 5,000 watts.

* * *

Chicago: Efforts of another station to get into WLW's 500,000 watt class have been thwarted temporarily. WBBM cannot obtain the power increase because of the refusal of KFAB, Lincoln, Nebraska, to sell in order to clear the way for the boost in wattage.

* * *

This "Man on the Street" idea is twisting, turning, cavorting about and popping up everywhere in all sorts of ways. In:

Chicago: Gang Plank Gossipers, a three-a-week WBBM series, is now on the air with Doug Hope interviewing lake excursionists as they come down the plank from the steamship Theodore Roosevelt after having made the evening cruise of Lake Michigan.

San Antonio: The "Man on the Street" twist for WOAI is asking pedestrians questions to which they can give neither right nor wrong answers. The queries concern marriage, family and other personal affairs. The idea, as worked out by Lew Valentine and Corwin Riddell, seems to be that each person has his individual answer for a personal problem, and while it may be right for him, it is not necessarily so for anyone else.

Chicago: The feelings of Dave Edelson, Affiliated Broadcasting Company interviewer for the Sidewalks of Chicago broadcasts, is that catch questions and gag retorts are not the thing for this kind of program. Consequently, he sticks to one topic of interest from the day's news in an effort to obtain a cross-section of public opinion.

* * *

Charlotte: The amateur idea here has reached into the dramatic field. Martha Dulin, of the WBT staff, is making a survey of all amateur actors and actresses in the city and vicinity with a view to forming a dramatic troupe for production of plays on the station during the fall and winter.

* * *

AS FOR ANNOUNCERS

San Francisco: George Stuart, formerly announcer for KRE, has joined KJBS.

Fort Worth: The latest addition to the staff of WBAP is Russ Lamb, who began announcing in this city at KFJZ.

San Jose: Herb Lewis is announcing at KQW, on temporary leave from KJBS, San Francisco.

* * *

COMPASS MERRY-GO-ROUND

Chicago: For the woman who is sated with scripts for domestic difficulties which remind her all too much of her own troubles, WBBM is broadcast-

ing a five-a-week detective thriller, Kitty Keene, Inc., in which the principal is a woman detective . . . It's on the air Mondays through Fridays from 12:30 to 12:45 P. M., CST . . . **Nashville:** Contracts have been signed which assure another year on the air for WSM's Sports Review conducted by Jack Harris . . . **Chicago:** That Hungarian composition, "Gloomy Sunday," which was supposed to have caused so many suicides, is acting up again . . . Margaret Perry, ABS singer, recently presented it on her "Blue Moments" program . . . Soon afterward she became so ill that she was forced to go to the Wisconsin woods for a rest cure . . . The summer concerts from Grant Park in this city, will continue on the Affiliated Broadcasting Company network nightly through September seventh, from 7:00 to 8:00 P. M., CST.

THE RADIO ROAMER TELLS:

—of Al Roth, young musical director of KMOX, St. Louis, who doesn't like to talk about his humble beginnings, even if they are nothing of which to be ashamed. When he was quite a youngster, he began his musical career on a seven dollar violin which he bought with hard-earned nickels and dimes. By the time he was twenty-four, he was conductor of one of the largest theater orchestras in St. Louis. And all this in spite of parents who were not overly enthusiastic about his ambitions.

Al has very definite ideas about swing music. "To me," he says, "swing is found in all music and is just as new as Tchaikowsky, Bizet or Gounod. It reminds me of the old time dance bands when musicians couldn't read music and depended almost entirely on their ears and sense of improvisation. I don't mean to compare present day swing with the old type of Dixieland bands, though they are fundamentally the same. I can get plenty of swing at a symphony concert. What I mean is, music is a language, modern swing is slang, and no offense meant."

—of the man who is making the most of a sightless life by working through a sightless medium. Kenneth Baxter, totally blind, is conducting a radio program over KIRO **Seattle.** Baxter writes the program's descriptive backgrounds and the commercials on a Braille typewriter, and reads through his fingertips as he makes the announcement.

—and of Carmelo Cascia, also blind, who reads through fingertips a different sort of message for the radio audience. The pianist has returned to WGY, **Schenectady, N. Y.,** in a regular Sunday afternoon series of sustaining programs.

—of the smiling of fortune upon Pat Lederer, pretty leading lady of dramatic shows on WINS, **New York.** Seems that she's billed for "Pre-Honeymoon," the stage play by Anne Nichols of "Abie's Irish Rose" fame. It happened that Pat was playing in a radio version of "Pre-Honeymoon" when in came Miss Nichols to watch the performance. Attracted by the youngster's acting, the playwright invited Pat to try out for the part of Jean Hammond one of the play's characters—and Pat got the part.

—of the most recent, and at the same time, oldest, addition to the Mrs. Clancy's Kitchen programs on the ABC network. Lillian Gordoni, who writes the scripts of the small town serial, spent sometime looking for an old melody. She finally found one in a church in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, and brought it back to the **Chicago** studios where it now performs its duty in soothing out the theme music of the program.

—of the story of the 2,000 mile lullaby. Since the death of his mother, seven-year-old George Edward House, son of Eddie House, CBS **Chicago** singing organist, has been living in Burlingame, California, with his aunt and grandmother. But radio has been a (Continued on page 85)

"I despise that powdery look in strong light"

ONE of the worst faults a powder can have is showing too much—an inquiry among 1,067 girls brings out!

Of 3 leading powders, Pond's got twice the votes of the next-liked powder, for "not giving that powdered look." Triple the votes of the third! The reason is in the colors of Pond's.

"Glare-proof" colors—Pond's colors catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it looking fresh for hours.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Pond's never looks powdery— It clings
—voted the 2 most important points in a powder



FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades
(This offer expires Dec. 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. K, 132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____ Address _____ Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

FOUNDATIONS FOR BEAUTY

YOU TOO CAN HAVE THAT PER-
FECT SILHOUETTE IF YOU'LL
LEARN ABOUT FIGURE CONTROL



Durelle Alexander, Paul Whiteman's soloist, has a natural, fine figure which you also can attain by following the beauty hints revealed here.

DO you envy the sleek figures of the stars of radio, stage and screen? Do you sigh longingly for the "advantages" they have to keep fit and well-groomed? Do you often wish you had their opportunities to get the best of attention in the matter of figure control—their frequent massages, specially prescribed diets, gymnastic work-outs, individually designed costumes? Of course, all these things are important but you needn't envy them any longer. One of the greatest secrets of all is right within your grasp, for even the most perfectly proportioned of these lovely ladies know how necessary it is for good grooming to have the proper undergarments beneath those exquisite clothes—and they use the same models of brassieres and foundations which are available to you, no matter where you live, at moderate cost!

Adequate support can be a very definite part of the health regime of any individual. Many singing teachers recommend that even their slender pupils wear a lightweight girdle, something that will give a good basis to their breathing. When you hear of certain operatic tenors and basses wearing "corsets," it isn't just because of fat tummies, but because the use of such a support gives them a firmer foundation for breath control and powerful tones.

In the old days, a corset was just a corset. Ugly in itself, it not only gave an exaggerated outline to the figure but actually distorted it, often permanently. My mother often laughs at the type she wore when she was a girl and wonders how her girlhood friends endured such discomfort; it's no miracle to her that the modern woman doesn't go in for old-fashioned "fainting spells"—she just marvels that the gals of pre-war days didn't faint as regularly as the striking of a clock, considering how tightly laced up they were!

Well, fashion doesn't demand such distortion of the figure today, but it does demand figure control—no misplaced bumps or sagging contours. And, like other scientific industries, the corset manufacturers have progressed with the times and have designed their products with all the aid of the latest medical advice. The main problem in figure control is the redistribution of fat, and science has made it possible to effect this redistribution, not only without harm to the body, but actually with beneficial results to general health. You see, these bulges in the wrong places are either excess fat, which should be restrained and eventually banished forever, or muscles actually out of

place, in which case it is of the greatest importance to get them back into their proper position. You'd be surprised how much peppier you feel when your body has been re-adjusted to its proper propor-

By JOYCE
ANDERSON

tions by scientific support.

And how easily that can be done! There are a number of reputable manufacturers with trained representatives all over the country who will give you the same fittings and personal attention that were formerly available only to the woman who could afford to have her foundation garments custom-made by expensive corsetiers. They will analyze your figure for you and tell you just exactly how much or how little support you need.

Meanwhile, you can do a little analyzing of your own problem, simply standing in front of a mirror and being brutally frank with yourself about what you see there. Don't try to draw yourself up to your best advantage, but get a good look at yourself with all your faults—the drooping shoulders, the slumping spine, the sagging tummy. We all have these to some extent and sadly enough, that's the figure we usually show the world when we're not concentrating on our appearances at the moment.

As I said before, diet and exercise are of paramount importance in having an attractive figure. Diet will help to keep our figures at normal weight, with sufficient fat but not too much. Exercise will help to give us erect posture and a good carriage. And yet— (Continued on page 88)

Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Gummy?



In 14-day test, 8 popular Brands of Polish became thick and unusable, Evaporated 35% to 60%

The NEW Cutex Polish is usable to the last drop
Its Evaporation is less than half as much as ordinary Polish



TRY THESE NEW "SMOKY" SHADES

Their soft, dusky undertone of brown makes them go with many more costume colors. Fashion says: "Wear them!"

MAUVE—A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray.
RUST—For sun-tanned hands. Wear with brown, beige, green, white, copper.
LIGHT RUST—A paler Rust.

Delicate and glamorous.
ROBIN RED—A new, softer red that even men like. Goes with any color costume.
OLD ROSE—Paler than Robin Red, but in the same key.

WE deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish—2 of our New Cutex—Clear and Crème, and 8 popular rival brands—and let their contents stand exposed to the air for 14 days.

The result was amazing! The 8 rival brands clearly showed an evaporation of 35% to 60%! All were found to be thick and gummy. But the New Cutex Polish evaporated *less than half* as much as the competitive brands. Came through the test as smooth-flowing, as easy to apply, as ever!

Think what this means to *you* in terms of nail-polish value! Practically no loss by evaporation—even when standing for many days in an entirely uncorked bottle.

No thickening and drying while standing. Usable down to the last drop—a distinct saving!

Add this new economy feature to Cutex's already impressive list of advantages—its finer lacquer and longer wear, its easier application, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its 10 smart shades, and its new and wonderful sun-resisting property—and you'll never put up with any ordinary polish again.

There's no question about the value you get for your money when you buy Cutex. *So little* money, too—the New Cutex still sells at the old economical price of 75¢ a bottle,

Crème or Clear! Stock up today in all your favorite shades.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Mail coupon today for complete Cutex Manicure Kit containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6B10, 191 Hudson St., New York, N.Y.
(In Canada, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)

Enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Mauve Rust Light Rust Robin Red Old Rose

(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Dinner notes jotted down by a famed Baltimore Hostess

Melon Cup - order some mint
Tollied Cornucopia, or maybe soft Crabs?
Broiled Half Chicken
Potatoes - tiny Buttered Balls
Small buttered Lima Beans
Salad - Let's have watercress and endive -
Camels - (give us time to smoke out through)
Raspberry sherbet - Camels again -
Coffee on the terrace - Don't forget the Camels!



**MRS. NICHOLAS
GRIFFITH PENNIMAN III**

MRS. PENNIMAN is a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another forefather was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Cotillion, exclusive to Baltimore's first families. Mrs. Penniman is widely known as a charming hostess, a genius in fine Southern cookery. "When entertaining," she says, "I always serve plenty of Camels. Between courses and after, Camels taste so good. I've noticed that they help digestion and add so much to that satisfying sense of having dined well!"

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

*A few of the distinguished women
who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR., Los Angeles
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York



COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

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



Presidential Room, Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C. Says Fred Wiesinger, maitre d'hôtel: "We serve a cosmopolitan clientele of noted diplomats and gourmets who favor Camels."

Smoking Camels between meals and after has a welcome effect on digestion

The excitement of having a good time—whether at home or "abroad"—often keys up the nervous system. Tenseness results, slowing down the activity of digestive fluids.

Scientists have shown that the supply of these fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal by smoking Camels.

Definitely, Camels encourage good digestion... give a generous "lift." Their costlier tobaccos furnish a fitting accompaniment to the subtle flavors of fine food. Being mild, Camels never tire your taste. So, hostess or guest, let Camels give you pleasure during meals and after. They set you right!

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

By
NORTON
RUSSELL

Right, at a dance with Ken Dolan, her manager, who's secretly her husband, says Hollywood rumor. Below is Billy Chase, the other man in the triangle, who went to see Frances this summer.

HOLLYWOOD'S SHYEST STAR HAS
A PROBLEM ON HER HANDS THAT
THE MOST SOPHISTICATED WOULD
FIND DIFFICULTY IN SOLVING!

FRANCES

Frances Langford is
on Hollywood Hotel.
See page 53 for show.



LANGFORD'S LOVE PUZZLE

FRANCES LANGFORD, so unsophisticated, so terrified even of friends that she is afraid to invite them to her house, is being faced this summer with a problem to tax the resources of the most subtle and worldly-wise of women.


How it will end no one, Frances certainly least of all, knows. Hollywood, which knows so many of the answers, thinks it has the answer to this question, too. But I'm not so sure. Hollywood, you see, knows only the Frances it sees on the screen and at broadcasts. So few people really know her, or ever can.

Hollywood's impression of her is probably your mental picture of any beautiful Southern girl—vivacious, talkative, a shade on the pert side and, above all, instinctively adept at making the male of the species jump through hoops and like it. Frances is a Southern girl, but she is quiet and almost painfully shy; and if she does often make the boys forget their dignity it isn't because she wants to, but simply because she is darn sweet.

It's this kind of girl who all this summer has had on her hands two men, both of whom she has known a long time, and both of whom have considerably more than a friendly interest in her.

There's Ken Dolan, first—because he has been with her ever since she went to Hollywood, as her personal representative and manager—tall, blue-eyed, nervous, energetic, filled with a hard-won knowledge of the world and its ways.

There's Billy Chase, second—because he was her high school sweetheart—younger than (Continued on page 101)



They're Radio's Old Maids

— but do they know it ?

BY CAROLINE
SOMERS
HOYT

First, there's tiny but regal Jessica Dragonette (right) with poise suitable for a prince. Then, there's Virginia Verrill (below) whose search for a caveman to love, honor and obey seems hopeless.



WHAT radio needs is a good go-gettin' Cupid. I discovered that the other day sitting in the restaurant where lots of the ether great gather for gab and lunch between rehearsals. The star in the Lily Dasché hat (husband, two children) turned to the star in the Maria Guy hat (two ex-husbands, no children) and whispered in her million-dollar contralto so loud I caught it a table away:

"—but my dear, career or no career, she's twenty-four and not married *yet!*"

With that I dipped my best gilet in the cream of tomato soup straining closer to hear more and if possible get names, places and added juicy tidbits. But being unsuccessful I consoled myself for my wet pink front by trying to figure out just

whom she could have been referring to anyway. "Let's see—who's twenty-four and a radio star and still single?" I thought, "That'll be simple."

Well, honest, ten minutes and a few saltines later I was somewhere up in the thirties counting off air-famous names on my fingers. The result was one of those shocking great truths that the more you think about it the more it floors you. *Radio's just full of old maids!*

Now an old maid, according to the latest news bulletins, is no longer a hatchet-faced sourpuss who sits and knits with a parrot and a cat. These giddy days an old maid, or "bachelor girl" which sounds better but means the same thing, is merely any gal who's approaching the crochety age of twenty-five without a husband in tow. Time was when people still had hopes for you anywhere this side of forty; but now the damsel who's been out of high school a few years, the debbie who made her bow too many seasons ago, the college girl with a sheepskin but no fiancé, are all in the same boat. This Twentieth Century, which has stepped up everything including heart palpitations, has a name for them—and the name's awfully synonymous with Back Number. It spares no woman, not even the star ladies of the microphone.



IT'S AN ALARMING SITUATION
 THAT REQUIRES A DARN GOOD
 GO-GETTING CUPID WHO WILL
 ACT BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE



The funny part is that the place you'd least expect to find heavy ranks of old maids is in radio. Heaven knows the ether lovelies, and on the whole they are unusually lovely, have everything that's supposed to delight the masculine eye and heart. Their faces and figures are among the most photographed in the world. Their clothes come from the most exclusive shops, their personalities are cashable to the tune of three and four figures weekly, their penthouses and country homes are the last word in swank, their parties are lavish and gay. They have a corner on glamor, they get to all the right places with the right people, they have strings and strings of suitors and a whole public-ful of would-be beaux.

And yet, look at the figures. Figures don't prove anything. Let's look at the stars themselves.

There's Jessica Dragonette, who presents a problem nobody can fathom. Her quiet beauty and regal bearing are just what princes fall for in fairy tales; but if there's prince or pauper in Jessica's life Radio Row has yet to get its first glimpse of him. La Dragonette is completely unapproachable on the subject of romance. She lives a spinster-like existence with her sister Nadea, she's never seen at any of the gathering spots around town, she arrives unescorted at her broadcasts and slips away alone immediately they're over, in fact she plays the single role so unmistakably there's never even been a rumor that tied her name to anyone else's.

"Music is my whole life," she will tell you seriously. "I live music, I breathe it. And I am happy so." But when she says the words they don't ring as true as her clear high C's. You look at her grave pointed face and tranquil blue eyes and somehow you don't get the feeling that she's really and truly content after all. A definite restlessness is there. You sense it.

Still, year after year, she continues to live what would seem a negative and somewhat colorless existence. Nobody can figure it out, for the (Continued on page 78)



Above, the ever popular Lane Sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, who say, "A fig for this foolish love business!" What of Loretta Lee? Loretta's always on the verge of getting married—but never does anything definite about it. And why doesn't slim, attractive Maxine (below) marry? You will have to ask Mr. Phil Spitalny, her boss on the air, that question.



HAVE YOU A TELEVISION

DO a pudgy nose, a large mouth or overly prominent cheek bones now stand between you and fame and fortune in the talkies or on the stage?

Well, take hope! You may have a *television face!*

If your eyebrows are too heavy for the motion picture camera, if your chin protrudes too much for flesh-and-blood appearances, or if your ears are too big for both, despair no longer. Believe it or not, one or more of those facial defects may be just the thing that will make you stand out and click in a big way on the ultra-short wave screen.

Through exclusive information given to RADIO MIRROR by the Radio Corporation of America, which is spending Midas-like gold on the development of television, new hope is brought to the hearts of countless would-be stars of the entertainment firmament who have genuine ability as musical, dramatic or romantic artists, but whose facial equipment does not measure up to camera or footlight standards. Secret experiments that have been going on for a number of years, and that have now reached the stage from which certain fairly definite conclusions may be drawn, point directly to one thing: Television, which will one day be as much a part of our daily entertainment as the movies, will require faces and personalities quite different from those we see on the screen and on the stage today. The television camera is as tricky and finicky as the lens in the movie studio, but in a different way. It has a habit of transforming an ugly duckling into a ravishing beauty. It chooses strange favorites. And many of the screen's loveliest heroines and Greek-god heroes are decidedly *not* its favorites!

All this does not mean that television is going to ignore beauty. On the contrary, beauty will be just as much at a premium in the new medium as it is on the screen. But television does not necessarily need perfection in beauty to produce beauty! *The image that appears on a television screen will often bear little resemblance to the actual face from which the image emanates.* And that is the whole thing in a nutshell.

But you'll want more than a nutshellful if you hope to be a star of the ultra-short waves in the future. So let us examine the facts in greater detail.

You have no doubt often seen unposed newspaper photographs of persons you have known, and thought how flattering those pictures were. Irregularities of features, skin blemishes and other characteristics that made their physiognomies considerably less than perfect in life all seemed to have disappeared in the newspaper pictures. You recognized the subjects in the pictures instantly, of course, yet you knew that those pictures did not look as their subjects did in the flesh, not by a long shot. A nose crooked in life seemed to have been miraculously straightened with that certain

absence of detail that you will find in newspaper photos; overly prominent cheek bones merely made the face stand out and appear definite and life-like; heavy eyebrows looked like ordinary eyebrows and served to add to the pleasing effect of the picture as a whole. It was the old story of: "You can't tell how a person really looks by a newspaper picture." The same will apply to television. You won't be able to tell how an artist really looks by the way an image comes through the ether; there will be that same absence of detail that you find in newspaper pictures. Whereas a movie camera is likely to magnify defects, the television camera has a tendency to diminish them.

To give you an example that will strike close to home and enable you to tell whether or not you probably have a television face: Take a snapshot—any snapshot—of a group of friends pictured at the beach, on the front lawn or almost anywhere where the light has been good. You will notice in that picture that one or two faces stand out above all the others, and that the girl who is prettiest or the boy who is handsomest in real life does not necessarily show up best in the picture. You have no doubt had the experience



By
ALAN
HYND

FACE?

ALL THE INFORMATION YOU
HAVE BEEN ASKING FOR IS
NOW YOURS FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN ANY PUBLICATION

Eugene Robert Richee



R.K.O. Radio Pictures

Look closely at the face above. Many experts pick it as the perfect television face, but for a reason you'd never guess. It is Ginger Rogers of movie fame. Left, Claudette Colbert who is also favored. At the far left is Graham McNamee, another best bet.

of showing such a snapshot to an acquaintance who knew none of the subjects in it, and of having that acquaintance exclaim. "Say, isn't *she* pretty!" pointing to one of the group. To which you have replied: "Yes, she's pretty in the picture but actually not nearly so pretty as this girl here," pointing to someone else who looked like a very nondescript individual in the snapshot. If you happen to come out well in a snapshot—a picture taken without benefit of special lighting, a picture taken at random—the chances that you have a television face are very good indeed.

Now, you might conclude from the newspaper-photograph and snapshot illustrations that the average movie

star would have a television face because of the widespread belief that movie stars "take a good picture." Such a conclusion is erroneous. It is true that certain motion picture luminaries would stand out in any snapshot and that many of them appear to advantage in newspaper photographs showing them in informal poses. But just as many of the stars would show up for the rather ordinary-looking individuals that they really are were they photographed without benefit of intricate make-up, careful angles and long-studied lighting. These stars do not have the qualifications for television possessed by the little girl at the ribbon counter who comes out "swell" in a snapshot at the beach!

Careful lighting, especially soft lighting, brings out the soft, delicate features of many of our prominent stars. The names of those ethereal ladies and finely-chiseled gentlemen needn't be mentioned here; if you go to the movies you'll recall them with little recollection. Television will deal harshly with such artists. A blinding light is a requisite of television broadcasting and fine, sensitive lips, aquiline noses, and shimmering, golden hair would be washed out in the fierce glare, and the personality would go with it.

But take a girl like Claudette Colbert, with her full nose, her full lips, her broad face, her large dark eyes and her dark tresses. La Colbert would fare very well on the ether screen. The little French girl has an ideal television face. Her features are so strong and so pronounced and so well defined that a strong harsh light would serve only to bring them out all the more. Clark Gable, with that wide, strong, rugged countenance of his would be another favorite of the Great God Television. So would Fred Mac-Murray, whose features are not fine, but amply proportioned.

But right now a certain young lady is the secret darling of all the television experts—in a professional way, of course. Rogers is the name. First monicker, Ginger. It all came about in a peculiar way. An accident, you might say.

We're not dwelling on the technical side of television in this chronicle, but we'll have to consider enough of the technical side to tell you how it came about that Ginger Rogers, despite her blonde hair, happened to be spotted as the ideal television subject. You've seen, in the last few years, pictures in the newspapers that have been sent by wire, a photograph, for example, of a California earthquake that, by a very intricate and marvelous process, can be placed in a projecting device in California and transmitted electrically to New York in a few minutes. When such a wire photo, as they are popularly called, is reproduced in a newspaper it is not quite as clear as if the reproduction had been made from an actual print. The fine details that you will find in an actual print are lost in the transmission process.

All right, then. Such an electrically transmitted picture of a photographic print is to television what an actual print, or still, is to a motion picture. The relation is ex-

actly the same. A motion picture, as you know, is nothing more than a series of actual still pictures in rapid succession. Television will be a series of electrically transmitted pictures in rapid succession. The camera in the television studio will grind on the scene and the pictures it takes will be "developed" and sent out instantly over the ultra-short waves to screens in homes. But naturally, television, at least for a long, long while after it finally gets here, will lack the clarity and fine detail of the motion picture.

Thus it will be seen that an ideal way to definitely ascertain whether a person has a television face is to find out how he or she fares in a wire photo. Now, the wire photo circuits are constantly tested to see that they are in proper working order. When these tests are made, any picture that is handy is put into the projector and sent out. Not long ago, one of the operators in the Los Angeles sending station of the Radio Corporation of America happened to use a photograph of Ginger Rogers to test the circuit from Los Angeles to New York. The picture of Fred Astaire's dancing partner came out so clearly on the New York end that the operator who received it could hardly believe his eyes.

"Boy!" he exclaimed to another operator. "Look at this shot of Ginger Rogers that just came through from the Coast! You can hardly tell it from an actual print. That girl has what it takes for television. Her features—eyes, nose, mouth, even her light hair—stand out like a ton of bricks. Nothing's lost."

The other operator agreed with him. The picture of Ginger became the seventh wonder of the wire circuits. And now it is used every day for testing purposes. If this picture of Ginger is sent over the wires and it only comes out like the average wire picture on the other end, that means something's wrong

with the circuit! Nothing could be wrong with Ginger!

If you will study this picture of Ginger Rogers, you will see that her features are distinctly not what could be called fine. Her nose is ample, so is her mouth. Her eyes are large. Her whole face, in fact, is large. It is a face that would stand out in a crowd. It is not the sensitive face that needs nurturing in a studio. It is not a face that depends on lighting. It is a face, in short, that has what it takes for television. There is a mysterious something about the whims of the television camera, just as there is about the movie camera. It either likes a face or it doesn't. The television camera likes Ginger's face. In this electrically transmitted picture of Ginger, many details are left out that would be in an actual photo. Yet, every feature of the face stands out. Were Ginger's nose smaller, were her mouth smaller, there's no telling what would have happened.

In a recent television broadcast conducted by the Radio Corporation in New York's Radio City, it is interesting to note that the Pickens Sisters were the feminine stars of the program. What makes it (Continued on page 77)



If you read this fascinating article you'll find out why the Pickens Sisters stand to be some of the first stars to be called for the new medium.



Ray Lee Jackson

This lovely portrait of the NBC star shows her in a mood far removed from that of her air portrayals of the Lady Counselor. The small bronze head in her hand was modelled by Miss Rich's daughter, Frances, while she was studying art in Paris.

Irene Rich



M-G-M

Nelson Eddy

Hollywood's favorite baritone will return to the air early this autumn, under the guidance of a new sponsor, Vicks. At first he'll broadcast from the West Coast, while making a picture, and later he'll embark on a long concert tour.



M-G-M

He starred with Marlene Dietrich on the first play the Lux Theater broadcast in Hollywood, he was on the Camel Caravan when it too trekked westward, and now Clark is radio's most sought-after guest star for launching impressive programs.

Clark Gable



Wide World photos

THE INTENSELY HUMAN
STORY OF ONE MAN'S
STRUGGLE TO REMAKE
HIS OWN PERSONALITY

Landon's

DRAMATIC FIGHT

RADIO has played many strange political roles in the past four years, but none of them stranger than that of opponent to a Presidential nominee in the most unique battle any candidate for the highest office of this country has ever had to wage.

Six months before he was chosen by unanimous vote at the Cleveland convention to represent his party, Alf Landon found himself facing the fight of his life. It was a fight that meant possible loss of all he had worked so long to gain—political fame in his own state, the most respected position in his community, a private business that made him financially independent. It was a fight he never dreamed he would have to wage and before it was over it was to task his every instinct of bulldog determination.

Now that it's over—though the final results won't be known until November—the story of his fight, what he did to win it, and the importance of its outcome to you as a nation of voters can be told.

When, in December, 1935, Alfred Landon, successful business man and governor of Kansas, suddenly leaped into

front-page prominence as the hope of the Republican party, he was pictured as a plain man of the plain people, a typical American with courage and conservatively progressive ideals.

Biographies were sent out to national delegates praising his common sense, the life spent with people of the soil, his lack of polish or pomp. It was a picture calculated to rouse the delegates to a high pitch of enthusiasm, but there was a part of it the biographers did not know and did not draw. And it was the missing element in the man's character that landed him into this desperate struggle to beat a handicap he didn't know he had a year ago.

Alf Landon had a weakness, a weakness almost any man in his same position would have, and a weakness any other would never have had to worry about. It was his homespun quality, the very same quality that made him able to speak convincingly on his own front porch to a group of Kansas neighbors assembled on the lawn, that he had to overcome.

For radio has taught its listeners to expect smoothness and a microphone technique and a sense of broadcasting

By
MARLY TALMADGE

Governor Landon face to face with one of the microphones which have come to mean so much to his future; and below, with his wife as his fight reached its climax on the night of his nomination.



AGAINST HIS RADIO HANDICAP

showmanship in public speakers. And to Landon, six months ago, speaking on the air over a national hookup to people from all sections of the country was a brand new experience. As many men have discovered, it isn't something you learn in a day. Usually, it takes years, and Alf Landon had only a few short months in which to perfect his radio personality. So early in the New Year, his battle began. Six months later—the night he was nominated—he thought it was over, only to discover that actually it was only half finished. Heartbreaking at the moment, it proved to be a valuable lesson and it was then that the dramatic period of the battle started, a race against time that was irrevocably ended—win or lose—July 23.

This spring, while his personal battle was being fought

quietly, without publicity, Landon's personality was the subject of hot debate among the Republican delegates who were soon to meet in the convention hall at Cleveland. Most of them, one way or another, had heard at least one Landon speech, and there were few who were willing to state that this dark horse in national politics was in all respects a natural best bet.

For several weeks preceding the convention, I had the opportunity to talk with party leaders. They presented to me many conflicting view-points, but on one thing they were agreed—to defeat the New Deal, a strong candidate was needed, a prophet who would rise miraculously from the people to preach their gospel, a man with emotional appeal who could dramatically (Continued on page 83)

SCOOP! WHAT



Herbert Mitchell

HARRIET HILLIARD'S BABY WILL MEAN TO HER FUTURE



THIS IMPORTANT RADIO BLESSED EVENT FORE-
SHADOWS CHANGES YOU'D NEVER SUSPECT
IN THE LIVES OF THE FAMOUS PARENTS-TO-BE

BY
JUDY ASHLEY

AT first, I was sure something had gone wrong with my ears.

"This fall," Harriet Hilliard had said calmly, "when Ozzie and the band start their radio program again, and go into the Hotel Lexington, I won't be with them. I'm all through singing with the band. Instead, I'm going to make pictures in Hollywood!"

She had really said it, and suddenly I had a sensation of disappointment, the disappointment and dismay you feel when someone you've counted on seems on the point of failing you. For it all appeared to point in just one direction—the beginning of the end for another famous romance. Ozzie leading the band in New York, or on tour, Harriet snug in Hollywood, making pictures. Three thousand miles apart. And their interests, their work, farther apart than that.

I looked at Ozzie, standing with his hand on Harriet's shoulder and smiling boyishly. Surely he saw the danger of this proposed separation. But apparently he didn't. It was something they had obviously talked over and agreed upon.

Yet I knew, or thought I knew, that Ozzie and Harriet were expecting a baby in the fall. Earlier in the spring, the rumor went, RKO had issued a thirty-day call for Harriet to report in Hollywood, and Ozzie had had to explain why movies were definitely out of the picture for the time being. Now, with all this talk of leaving the band and embarking seriously upon a completely new career, movies seemed definitely a part of Harriet's plans again.

Harriet was, she said, starting a new film in Hollywood in November—and that was the time of all times, it seemed to me, just after the baby was born, that she and Ozzie would insist on being together.

But I didn't know the whole story. Now that I do, now that I've heard it from Harriet's and Ozzie's own lips, I know they're right. Far from presaging disaster to their happiness, Harriet's move to Hollywood is going to bring them closer together than ever before. For the first time, they are going to have a chance to know the joys of living in a home, instead of in a night club or theater.

They proved to me that it isn't career trouble, nor jealousy, professional or otherwise, nor clashing egos, nor any other of the usual difficulties which is taking Harriet away from the professional association with Ozzie that brought her fame. None of these—but a baby they both expect to love very much.

The changes in Harriet's life after her baby is born may bring with them fame greater than any she has ever known before. Well and good, but to her that fame will be incidental! Secretly, for a long time, she has been hoping and wishing for a dream to come true, and now at last it's going to. The birth of her baby will make it possible, by bringing her and Ozzie to the point of making changes in their lives they would never have made otherwise.

Few of her friends have ever suspected the existence of that dream. In fact, so few people really know Harriet that stories have even been printed about her being "too famous for love." When you know what her baby will do to her life, you'll see the absurdity of any such statement.

I had dropped in to see Harriet and Ozzie early in the summer, while they were playing a capacity engagement in the New York Paramount Theater. They'd just come back to town after a long stretch of touring, broken by weekly mad dashes into New York for their radio show with Bob Ripley; and now they were playing five shows a day before vociferous audiences who took all they had and then clamored for more. Between performances, they sat in their adjoining dressing rooms while people—musicians, managers, press agents—came and went.

They must have been tired, even if they didn't look it. Perhaps the thought that after only a few more weeks of work they were to leave on their (Continued on page 86)

THE LIFE STORY OF

WHEN Bob Burns and his brother Farrar left their Van Buren home and hearth to see the world—and let the world see them—it was not the first time they had had the urge to wander. Bob had tried his wings in two previous flights.

One summer, while working on a bridge being built over the Arkansas River from Van Buren to Fort Smith, he became very friendly with an old sailor on the job. The old salt taught the boy to tie every kind of knot. "He shore showed me the ropes," Bob says. Also he spun nautical yarns until the boy Robin fairly hungered for the smell of spray and the roar of surf.

The two of them talked constantly of going to sea, and the old sailor promised when the job was finished to take Robin to New Orleans and get him a job on a boat. One day the old man disappeared. Bob was heartbroken. But he got wind of his erstwhile crony being seen in Fort Smith, and straightway set out to get him.

He found him in a saloon, reeking drunk. But Bob had not been devouring sea literature in vain. He knew

what it meant to shanghai a man, and he proceeded to do just that. "I was really tough with the old guy," he says. "I shanghai'd him, all right—dragged him out and threatened to knock him cold."

The sailor still had money enough to take them to New Orleans, and by the time they arrived there he was sober enough to arrange for a boat job for Bob. But he was also sober enough to escape his young friend again, and Bob found himself alone on the docks. He was pretty determined about going to sea, however. So he sneaked aboard a freighter, bound he knew not where, and stowed away. Luckily he was discovered before sailing time, and removed without ceremony. (Bob found out afterward that the entire crew of the ship were Chinamen, except for a hard-boiled Norwegian first mate.) He abandoned his idea of a maritime career and caught the first freight home.

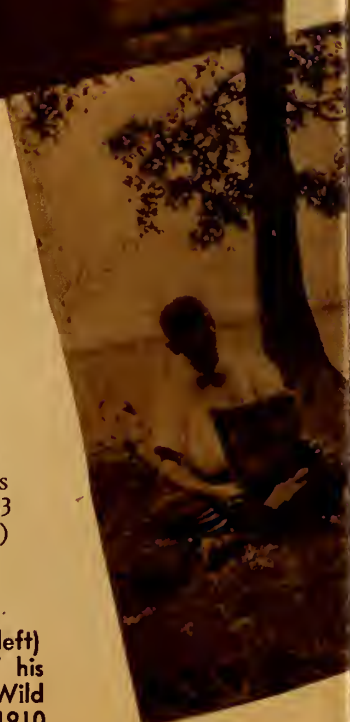
His other truancy was the result of a tent show which came to town, called the Black Cat Minstrels. Bob got into this innocently enough. The Minstrels boasted a headliner who played the musical saw. A friend of Robin's scoffed audibly at the performance.



"That's nothin'," he sneered. "We got a boy here in Van Buren who can play music on a gas pipe." (The bazooka had not yet been given a name.)

"Is zat so?" countered the head man. "Well, go get him and let him prove it."

So Bob was brought in with his contraption, and got a job on the spot. Against his mother's wishes, he accepted the offer of \$3 a week (Continued on page 68)



Right, Bob with brother Farrar (left) with whom he shared many of his most exciting adventures, atop Wild Cat Mountain, Arkansas, in 1910.

BOB BURNS, ARKANSAS' TRAVELER

For the Kraft Music Hall with
Bob Burns, see Pg. fifty-three.

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

FOLLOW BOB AND HIS WANDER-
LUST UP THE LADDER AND DOWN
AGAIN, INTO HAY FIELDS, BOX
CARS, AND CONSTRUCTION CAMPS

Below, Bob tasted success in 1913 and had this picture
taken as proof, but also in 1913 he did not even have
money for breakfast. Right below, while he worked on a
construction job in Utah. Right, in a camp in Alabama.



How To Have

THIS is a story for every wife who has listened to the sign-off of a glamorous radio program, or come home from a movie, or flicked the pages of a smart fashion magazine, or laid aside a thrilling novel and thought—looking at her husband slumped behind his newspaper under the reading lamp, and the children getting their lessons on the corner table—thought for the thousandth time, “If it were not for them, dear as they are to me, I might have been starred on that radio program, I might have played the heroine in that movie or designed those evening gowns in the fashion magazine or written that novel. I might be *somebody*. If it just weren’t for them and housekeeping and living in this sticky small town and having a mother’s responsibilities . . . and everything. . . .”

A few years ago Ireene Wicker, radio’s Singing Lady, thought the very same thing. It’s a pretty usual thought, you know. And she felt just as martyred while she was thinking it as you feel, and just as ashamed and sort of traitorous to her darlings afterward as you do when you’re temporarily unbothered about a glamorous career and your family and home-making somehow seem to provide all the fullness of life you want and need.

The only difference is that today, at twenty-eight, Ireene Wicker is the highest-paid one-woman show on the air. And she’s gotten where she has despite everything you think is holding you back. You see, it can be done.

This is how.

I’m not going to tell you another of those amazing stories of Mrs. So-and-So who combined a career with a husband and two children and no maid and not much money, and did this and that and finally got to the top by good hard work alone and so can you, dear reader—skipping nicely over the really important parts of *how* she managed about the children and *how* she found leisure to train herself for her career and all the other actually helpful information you want to know and seldom find in housewife-to-star sagas.

Instead I’m going to tell you exactly what Ireene told me—and it’s plenty—when I asked her, “Where did you get the *time* for a career?” For in the last analysis it’s not a family and home and small-town limitations that hold you down, it’s simply that there are only twenty-four hours in a day and by the time you’ve done all the things you must you haven’t time to do the things you love. Careers require two necessities: time and opportunity. And if you can get the first it inevitably produces the second.

Ten years ago the Singing Lady was Mrs. Walter Wicker, mother of a baby son, wife of a young advertising man and housekeeper of a four-room apartment in Oak Park, Illinois. She looked much younger than the other mothers who pushed their baby carriages to the grocery store in the mornings, stopping in at the cleaner’s and the bakery and the rental library in the drug store. She wore socks and little low oxfords and a ribbon around her bob, and she was very small and fresh-looking. For she had just turned eighteen on her first wedding anniversary.

At seventeen, between halves of an Illinois-Ohio State football game, she’d married the handsome lad who’d pinned his Psi U emblem on her pink taffeta frock at June Prom. They’d settled down in Oak Park with a small budget but a big future

and they were ecstatically happy.

Next to Walter and Sonny the thing Ireene had always wanted most was to be an actress. The first year of her marriage had been so whirlwind and wonderful the old urge for footlight fame, had been buried beneath a tumult of bliss. But when the baby began, to get older and house-keeping became routine instead of adventure she started thinking again of all the plans she used to make for a career. There was a stock company in Oak Park that she yearned to join just for the fun of it, but two obstacles stood in her way: no time and no one to care for the baby even if she had the time. But a couple of problems like those were simply things that had to be solved and Ireene set about doing it with every ounce of ingenuity she owned.

The first thing she did was to rule out the pastime that was consuming many of her weekday afternoons. Bridge, as much fun and social life as it provided, was a luxury she’d be willing to do without in favor of acting.

The second thing she did was to systematize her housework. It wasn’t the actual planning and cooking of two meals a day that took so much of her time, she discovered, it was simply the incessant business of forgetting things and making endless trips to the store and waiting until the last minute to decide what to serve. It was merely the *detail* of meals that made them a full-time job instead of the part-time one they ought to be. So she hit on a plan that could cut down (Continued on page 59)

Ireene Wicker is Kellogg’s Singing Lady. See page 59.



That CAREER



DON'T LET HOME OR CHILDREN KEEP
YOU FROM YOUR DREAMS WHEN
IREENE WICKER HAS THE SOLUTION

Irene was first of all a wife and mother before she won stardom. The rules she laid down for herself, her husband Walter, and their two children are the rules you should adopt yourself.

BY MARY
WATKINS
REEVES





M-G-M

WITH A SONG IN HIS HEART

THERE'S A STORY BEHIND EVERY

ONE OF IGOR GORIN'S SONGS ON

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL TELLING OF A

TRAGEDY OR ROMANCE HE'S LIVED

Igor Gorin sings on the Hollywood Hotel, sponsored by Campbell's Soups. See page fifty-three.

NOT long ago on the Hollywood Hotel program, radio experienced one of its most dramatic moments. Igor Gorin stepped up to the microphone to sing "The Lord's Prayer." Eyes closed, hands held out in a suppliant gesture, body swaying with the chant, he sang the first eight or ten bars beautifully, magnificently. Then suddenly there were tears in his eyes and in his voice, and he could not continue. He turned away from the microphone and walked back to his chair. He sat down and his head sank forward into his hands.

Frantically Hollywood Hotel's conductor, Raymond Paige, signalled his orchestra to continue. They played the

song through to the end. Those in the visual audience and those listening over the air were filled with questioning. What had happened? Had Igor suddenly been taken ill? It seemed the only explanation.

But Bill Bacher, producer of Hollywood Hotel, knew better. He has worked with Igor for over a year now and he understands his sensitive temperament perfectly. Without so much as a glance in Igor's direction he signalled to Raymond Paige to omit a duet number which was to come later in the program and to repeat "The Lord's Prayer" in its place. Then as the show went on he left his platform and put an understanding hand on Igor's

shoulder. Igor did not look up but he felt the firm pressure of that hand, and knew what it meant. And when the strains of "The Lord's Prayer" were heard again, a few minutes later, he rose calmly and stood at the microphone a second time, eyes closed, hands held out in a suppliant gesture, body swaying with the chant, and this time he sang the song beautifully, magnificently, all the way through to the end.

Though there was no explanation, no apology, barely an announcement, before that second rendition, still Igor's listeners sensed the drama of that moment, and, as thousands of letters after that broadcast testified, the end of the song found them in tears.

What Bill Bacher had realized in a moment, and what others discovered later, was this. Igor did not break down because of illness, or temperament, or fright. He broke down because of *remembrance*. And because of his artist's soul which makes him feel every emotion, even remembered ones, so keenly. Years ago as a boy in Ukrainia he had stood at his mother's bedside, and she had talked to him of religion, and she had begged him to remember his religion and to follow it faithfully after she had gone. She did not ask him to make promises. She knew that her own religious life would inspire and hold him more than any boyish promises would. But she did ask him to repeat his prayers for her. And so he stood there trembling and tearful, clutching her pale hand in his two brown ones, and repeated the prayers she had taught him. It was the last time he ever saw her.

And that was the remembered picture and the remembered heartache which so completely unnerved him.

There are always personal stories behind all of Igor's songs, and therein lies the secret of his great appeal. He makes you feel his songs with him because each song expresses an emotion which he has experienced himself. As a matter of fact he seldom sings a song which does not call up some past vision, some memory out of his heart.

PERHAPS you would like to know some of these visions, these memories, as Igor himself has described them to me. For example, there's the story behind "Yours Is My Heart Alone," one of Franz Lehar's loveliest compositions. Another sad story in a way, but one that is filled with romance.

It was while he was still a student at the famous Vienna Conservatory of Music that Igor decided to vacation at a small hotel in the Alps. He had thought that he wanted to go by himself, but he was no sooner on the train than he was suddenly lonely. Not for his family, nor his teacher, nor his fellow students. But for the companionship of a girl. "What," he said to himself frankly, "is a vacation without a girl!"

Masked by that cheerful smile of Igor's is a sensitive and emotional temperament. Few people know the real reason he once had to break off in the midst of a broadcast song.

And then, as if in answer to his thought, he saw her sitting almost directly opposite him. Sitting there quietly, her hands folded in her lap. A pretty girl just as he had desired. But not just another pretty girl. This one had poise and distinction besides.

In fact she had *too* much, as he was soon to find out. He nodded. He smiled. He coughed. And he spoke. But the only response she gave him was (Continued on page 81)



FOR YOUR RADIO



CINDERELLA'S LEADING MAN—Eddie Dean, hero of Modern Cinderella, on CBS Monday to Friday mornings at 10:15, was born in Texas in 1907. His parents were farmers, but he always wanted to be a singer, and made his air debut in Chicago in 1927. He lives there with his wife and two children.



CINDERELLA HERSELF—Like the heroine of the fairy-tale, Rosemary Dillon stepped overnight into fame when she was chosen to play the leading role in the Modern Cinderella serial. She was singing with an orchestra in Dallas when a long-distance call summoned her to an audition in Chicago, and she was chosen for the part. Born in Toledo, Ohio, she has blue eyes and brown hair.



MOLLY OF THE MOVIES—Gene Byron, the star of this Mutual network serial (daily at 2:00), was born in London, Ontario, the Lombardos' home town, in 1911, and has brown hair and blue-green eyes. In spite of her youth, she has a long radio career behind her, having appeared with Vallee, Penner, Jolson, and others, as well as in movie shorts. Now she's kept busy enough being Molly.



MOLLY'S LEADING MAN—Ray Jones drew the job of playing a typical young American whose girl threatens to "go Hollywood," in Molly of the Movies. He is a native of Kentucky, a former student of Carnegie Institute of Technology, and a well known player on the New York stage.

SCRAPBOOK



WHITEMAN'S COMIC JUDY—Rangy, pigeon-toed Judy Canova is the leading spirit in the hill-billy trio on Paul Whiteman's show, Sundays on NBC. Her sister Anne and her brother Zeke are the other two members. They're all of Spanish descent, were born in Florida, but spent much of their childhood in quaint Unadilla, Georgia.



RUDY'S PROTEGÉE—Tiny Judy Starr from Georgia won a featured spot on CBS' Wild-root program, Mondays at 7:30, after Rudy Vallee had presented her as a guest on his show. Before that, Hal Kemp had heard her sing at a school military ball at which he was playing, encouraged her to come North.



BETTY AND BOB—The stars of the first Gold Medal Hour serial, on CBS at 10:00 a.m., are Elizabeth Reller and Lester Tremayne. Elizabeth is a graduate of London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where she went to study after leaving college. Lester's really a Londoner, but came to America when he was a boy. He studied art but spent all the time he could working in theaters.



PRODIGAL SONGSTRESS WILEY—After a retirement necessitated by overwork, Lee Wiley is back with her own CBS show, every Wednesday at 7:15. Muskogee, Oklahoma, is her native town, she's part Cherokee Indian, and the late Will Rogers was a distant relative. She's single, lives in New York.

A VINE-covered cottage perched high on a hill . . . a low fieldstone wall against which hollyhocks and delphinium rise in colorful majesty . . . a flagstone terrace where comfortable deck chairs invite lazy relaxation . . . a vista of miles and miles of gentle, verdant hills and jewelled lakes . . . a green paradise in summer, a riotous masterpiece of color in autumn, a glittering white fairyland in winter . . . an apple tree growing hospitably near the threshold . . . a maple for shade . . . fields bright with cornflowers and daisies.

A song writer's idyll? Indeed, famous Margaret Speaks' famous uncle, Oley Speaks, might well have set to music the charming picture of his niece's Westchester home. It is the epitome of every bride's dream cottage, this bit of New England transplanted to picturesque Yorktown Heights, a short distance from hurly-burly Manhattan.

A star's lovely home—but one need not be a star nor command a star's salary to achieve one just like it. Indeed, nearly any young couple working precariously on a slender budget can duplicate its furnishings for as little or less than it would cost to furnish any four rooms with the cheapest store furniture. As for the home itself, the delightful Cape Cod cottage could be built for as little as \$6,000, although Margaret and her advertising man husband allowed themselves a maximum of \$10,000 because in the location they selected it was necessary to include such costly items as road building, drainage, well digging and other improvements. And for the newlyweds who would duplicate the Speaks cottage, there is the added attraction that, with the Cape Cod architecture, one may start with the tiniest imaginable place. To a three- or

Margaret Speaks, lovely star of the Firestone program, can teach you how little it costs to purchase charm and beauty for the house you're living in or that home which is still a dream one. The center of attraction in the living room (right) is the huge fireplace with built-in settee and handy bookshelves.

four-room house, wings and ells may be added as the family needs and the family pocketbook increases, without detracting from the original charm.

Miss Speaks' own home, started less than two years ago, is still in that process of development. At present it consists of a room used as both living and dining room, two bedrooms, a kitchen and a bath. The attic second floor, as yet unused, has plumbing for another bath and space for a bedroom.

The star of the Firestone series, so girlish you would never suspect her of being the mother of ten-year-old Johnny, was busy weeding the garden when I arrived. She brushed a smear of dirt from her patrician nose.

"When we bought the land out here and started to build, our intention was to have the place just for a summer home," she explained. "But I loved it so much it became an all-year-round house before I knew it. It just grew—like Topsy."

"Eventually we intend to surround the house with guest houses. Of course, if we didn't have so much land we'd

LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM the STARS



All photographs especially taken for
RADIO MIRROR by William Hausser

Margaret Speaks is Firestone's summer star. See page 52 for her program.

Margaret Speaks' Cape Cod cottage was built with money she'd saved for her marriage. Panelling and furniture of pine supply the keynote of its decoration. Colorful hooked rugs cover the floors. At the right, the living room boasts this spacious window looking out across the lawn. Right below, the window of the entrance hall with its decorative glass knick-knacks and growing greenery.



THIS MONTH STUDY THE BUDGET HOME IDEAL FOR COUNTRY THAT CAN BE BUILT AND FURNISHED FOR ONLY \$6,500 BY RUTH GERI



just add another ell. See, we already have put up one addition," she pointed to a miniature house in the garden which is used as a recreation house. "We had \$500 left over from the amount we set aside, so we spent it on the play house," she giggled.

One need only cross the threshold to be confronted with Miss Speaks' talent as a homemaker. RADIO MIRROR readers may recall an article several months ago which told how, during the singer's lean years in Greenwich Village, she

transformed a dingy hall bedroom into a home. The entrance hall of her present house is a splendid example of what she can achieve with simple, inexpensive touches. Normally the tiny hall might be a gloomy place. However, by placing glass shelves at the windows and using small odd pieces of pottery and glass, Miss Speaks has placed emphasis on the charm of the windows which frame the climbing grape and Wistaria vines outside. Gloom has vanished, and the visitor is greeted with hospitable cheeriness.

The bric-a-brac on the shelves (Continued on page 104)

A VINE-covered cottage perched high on a hill . . . a low fieldstone wall against which hollyhocks and delphinium rise in colorful majesty . . . a flagstone terrace where comfortable deck chairs invite lazy relaxation . . . a vista of miles and miles of gentle, verdant hills and jeweled lakes . . . a green paradise in summer, a riotous masterpiece of color in autumn, a glittering white fairyland in winter . . . an apple tree growing hospitably near the threshold . . . a maple for shade . . . fields bright with cornflowers and daisies.

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The bric-a-brac on the shelves (Continued on page 104)

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO

By DAN WHEELER

THEY'RE the only two comedians I know who can get fun out of life and still be comedians."

It's Kay Bell Taylor speaking—and in case the name of Taylor doesn't convey anything to you, I'd better explain right now that the real name of radio's Colonel Stoopnagle is Frederick Chase Taylor.

She was curled up on the window-seat in the living room of the rambling stone house in Connecticut she and the Colonel rented for the summer. The Colonel was away in New York, rehearsing a Town Hall Tonight program with Budd. I didn't want the Colonel around anyway, to tell the truth, because I wanted Kay to give me—and the readers of RADIO MIRROR—the real story of what being married to a madcap comedian means.

And from what she told me, I feel now as if I knew the Colonel and Budd better than I ever could by talking to them. In fact, since Kay is a very intelligent and observant young woman, I rather imagine there are facts in this article that the Colonel and Budd don't even know about themselves.

I'd wondered, for instance, if those two zanies were rational, solemn, nervous, insane—or what—when they were off regular zany duty. All sorts of questions about them had occurred to me, and I knew that Kay was probably the one person who could answer them satisfactorily.

About three years ago, Kay worked for the Colonel and Budd, as their secretary. At least, she tried hard to work for them. It sometimes got pretty difficult to do any work, particularly when they were in the office.

"Most comedians," Kay told me, "take being funny so seriously they're as solemn as professors when they're off the air, but Budd and Chase clown for clowning's sake. They'd come into the office and upset my whole day. For instance, they'd insist on dictating crazy letters instead of answering important ones seriously. And they wouldn't let me answer the telephone. They'd answer it themselves, and say 'Macy's basement,' or 'Bronx Zoo Lion House—keep roaring!'"

Nevertheless, as Kay herself proved by marrying one of them last winter, you can't help liking them. Her romance with the Colonel is based on a solid foundation of deep respect for him as a man. "He's just a grand guy, the grandest I've ever known," she says, and from the tone of her voice, you know she means just that.

After we'd been talking a few minutes I got used to hearing Kay refer to her husband as Chase, but at first it rather bothered me. He's Colonel Stoopnagle to me, and to millions of other people, and somehow it didn't seem right to hear him called Chase. When I asked her about it, she laughed and confessed:

"I only call him Chase when I'm talking about him to other people. When I'm talking to

him I call him lots of things—Colonel, or Taylor, or Lemmie—from Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, you know. Or other things even more disrespectful.

"We have several simple, idiotic games we play together, so naturally I guess we sound like a couple of kids most of the time. Chase doesn't like to know a lot of people, or to mix around in Broadway night spots. Budd is much more social, and a better mixer. He likes to stay up late; Chase hates to. In fact, there's only one time since I've known him that I've been able to persuade him to stay up much past one o'clock in the morning. It was one New Year's Eve, before we were married. We went to a hotel to dance, and about 12:30 Chase said, 'Well, the New Year's here,' and got ready to go. He took me to my apartment, with me protesting bitterly all the way. At the last minute I managed to steer him into a nightclub near my apartment building, and somehow I kept him there, talking to some people we knew, until 5:30 in the morning. It was the biggest moral victory I ever won in my life.

Budd is probably choking the Colonel at the ball game because he works with him on the air but in private life (see Mrs. Stoopnagle, above at the right) there's not a sweeter—and daffier—man in the whole world.



BE MRS. STOOPNAGLE

THE TALE OF A GIRL WHO

TOOK HEART AND COURAGE

IN HAND TO WED RADIO'S

ZANIEST OF ALL ZANIES!



Above, the Colonel and his bride, Kay Taylor, while they honeymooned.

"Neither Chase nor Budd ever make any concessions to people just because they think the people can help them in business. For in-

stance, they've never once given a cocktail party for radio editors. Their manager suggested once or twice that they ought to, but Chase said if their radio work wasn't enough recommendation for the editors, a cocktail party wouldn't help any. But if either of them happens to like someone, he'd do anything. Just this spring Chase offered a newsreel cameraman the exclusive use of our motor-boat, *Mr. Bopp II*, to take pictures of the *Queen Mary's* arrival. He wasn't thinking of the publicity he might get, or of any favors the cameraman might do him in the future—he just liked him and wanted to help him out.

"Chase and Budd are both as trusting as babies in financial matters, but Budd is even more innocent than Chase, and the most generous person in the world besides. I don't know how many people owe him money. He probably doesn't know himself. Once just as he was coming out of a nightclub a man he knew slightly came up and asked him if he could help him out with a loan. Budd looked worried and said, 'Gosh, I'm awfully sorry, but I've only got twenty-five dollars on me,' and handed it all over, when you could tell from the expression on the other man's face that all he'd had in mind was a dollar or so.

"Chase gets to worrying about Budd sometimes, like a

father or an older brother. He thinks he ought to take care of Budd, and never realizes that he can get into just as much trouble himself, without half trying. He leased an apartment last year, before it was finished. The man who owned the building talked him into paying for installing the bathroom fixtures, agreeing to deduct the cost from the future rent. Then a few days later the owner proposed that Chase pay a whole year's rent. He said he was short of money, and would make a substantial reduction in the amount of the rent if Chase would pay it all in advance. Chase thought that was good business, since he happened to have the money, and wrote out a check. About a week after that the owner went into bankruptcy, the building passed into the hands of receivers, and Chase had to start in paying rent all over again. He's still paying it, and will till the lease expires, even though we're living out here in Connecticut.

"They'd both have all sorts of financial troubles if they didn't have a manager who takes charge of their salary checks, divides them up according to a prearranged plan, and puts their money in their personal accounts.

"Chase hates bridge, or any other game he has to sit still at a table to play, but he likes to make up his own crazy games. We play one called 'Zits' a lot. It's a variation of the old game of 'Beaver.' Anybody with a beard is a 'zits,' and a white zits gives you ten points; black twenty; red thirty; a colored man with a beard is forty; and a colored man with a red beard, fifty. The first person to pile up a hundred points wins a dollar, but the only way to really win the game is to see a zits wearing a straw hat and coming down in a parachute—either that or a zits wearing a long bathing suit, wading, carrying an umbrella and wearing a straw hat.

"Both Chase and Budd love beards anyway, but particularly Chase. He has two false ones he's very fond of. Once when he and I were going to Walter O'Keefe's home for a party he put one on and made me wear the other. It was a very swanky and formal house-party, with everybody dressed up in his best—and (Continued on page 89)

GO ahead," laughed twenty-one-year-old Lennie Hayton, "get yourself a ball and chain, but the day I get myself hitched, I'll hand you a hundred dollars of fine United States currency!"

That was in 1928. A gay 1928 night on Broadway. And Lennie's companion, being of similar age and philosophy to Lennie, didn't really expect to collect when he grinned and said, "It's a deal." He didn't even want to collect. Wives, domesticity, regular hours, and families weren't for such as Lennie Hayton and Billy Hillpot and their cronies. They were having much too good a time as they were.

Right up until the early spring of 1935, Lennie was sticking to his belief that fun and marriage don't mix. He was making money at a brisk rate, and spending it as briskly. Broadway and its environs knew him as one of the lads who never went home while any place else was open.

But a girl, as girls will, came along and completely changed this worldly-wise young man's viewpoint. He'd be sore now, after a little more than a year of marriage, if you called her his ball and chain. Because, as a matter of fact, Lennie doesn't even miss the freedom and the hi-de-ho which were his before he got married.

"I didn't even begin to find out," he said the other day, "what life was all about, and why I was living, until I was married! Before that, I had the idea it was just a three-ring circus."

And what a circus! Let's go back to—well, for a starter, let's go back to the days before Lennie had even come of age, when he and Bing Crosby were out in Hollywood, two young blades trying to get along.

Bing was an unknown crooner, playing odd engagements with any orchestra that happened to be willing, and Lennie was pounding the piano for Cass Hagen's band. After hours the Crosby-Hayton combination would get together on the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard. Usually, two or three members of local musical society would come along, just for the ride.

You wouldn't believe the possibilities for fun that Hollywood Boulevard and side streets offered. One escapade is typical. Bing bet Lennie "ten fish" (a Hayton expression) that he would walk blindfolded from one end of Hollywood Boulevard to the other—that is, from La Brea to Vine—order refreshments in every restaurant along the way, and finish without a scratch.

Bing almost came through, at that, but coming out of one place backwards he was unfortunate enough to bump into Alison Skipworth, who rose in her wrath and slapped him so hard she knocked the handkerchief from in front of his eyes. This caused an argument. Bing claimed he had been tricked. They finally settled, Lennie agreeing to pay Bing six dollars instead of the ten agreed upon.

LENNIE drifted back East, to New York, and so, eventually, did Bing. When he arrived, the first person he looked up was his old night-owl crony, Lennie Hayton. By that time Lennie was working for Paul Whiteman, and it was he who persuaded Paul to give Bing his first chance, as well as helping talk the radio officials into seeing the future in Bing's throaty warbling. Lennie had the "in;" Bing had what it takes.

Old Hollywood times were rejuvenated, with some extra life added. The gang certainly got around! The ex-manager of the Ha-Ha Club, among others, can vouch for that, because the club raked in a pretty penny on what Lennie and his pals spent there on cold winter evenings. There were Lennie and Bing, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Cass Hagen, Murray Klein, Charlie Margulies, and Jimmy Cannon. They were having themselves a merry time, they were hitting on all cylinders, and it looked as if nothing could stop them. Plenty of money



Love Changed

**LENNIE
HAYTON**

plus convivial tastes minus all responsibilities equalled the perfect life. At least, they all thought it was the perfect life.

Nineteen twenty-nine, 'thirty, 'thirty-one, 'thirty-two flew by on wings of smoke. The boys were getting there. Still hitting the night spots, but climbing the ladder too. Lennie had left Whiteman and gone into radio on his own. Between times, he went to parties or gave them—and a Hayton party was still a Hayton party!

Bing repaid Lennie's early support by being instrumental in getting him *the* position as musical supervisor on the Crosby-Marion Davies picture, "Going Hollywood," and Lennie traveled West filled with jolly plans for reviving the old Boulevard days. But Bing, much to Lennie's disappointment, had become a sight more settled in his ways.

Ah, well, still a swell fellow—but a good guy gone domestic, and hence wrong! Lennie did his stint on "Going Hollywood," and returned to New York and the gang. There was a gala celebration, and Lennie settled down once more to being a playboy.

IN 1935 he and the boys in his band—he had his own orchestra by then and was playing for the Lucky Strike Hit Parade—went into business. It really seemed like a colossal idea when Lennie got it.

They, Lennie and the orchestra, were sitting in their most popular haunt, the Ha-Ha Club. The revered leader, having seen the floor show only thirty-nine times, was deep in thought.

"Boys," he suddenly broke out, "why should we spend our money on good times and have nothing to show for it? What we need is a night club of our own!"

He waved his hand to silence the hoots of the gang. "We all need someplace to relax," he argued. "All right, we'll save our money, pool it, and buy a spot. We can have fun, and make a lot of money too!"

The boys came to attention. "It's a great idea!" they agreed. "We won't have to pay for anything!"

And that, readers, is how night clubs are born, but not often.

The Famous Door, as it was called (you've heard Bing speak wistfully of it on the air), sprang into existence almost over night. Other night club owners shook their heads, giving the boy adventurers three months. As a matter of fact, they were right. The Famous Door opened in March and closed in May.

The novelty sort of wore off. For a while Lennie and the rest worked hard at building up their establishment, bowing to the customers and creating a red-hot floor show. Then the Ha-Ha Club created a hotter one, and the youthful managers, instead of spending their time in their own place, got bored and began to drift back to the Ha-Ha.

"It's good business," they argued, when Lennie remonstrated. "We have to keep up on what our competitors are doing!"

So Lennie dropped into the rival establishment too, and had such a good time he found the argument logical.

After that, most of the gang's time, *and money*, was spent in other night clubs. What money the other clubs didn't get went into keeping The Famous Door alive—because somehow it wasn't doing so well. Still, they kept it open. Next month it would show a profit, and besides, it *was* a convenient place to go, now and then, when they grew tired of paying checks.

Then it happened! Lennie met Helen Gifford, and LOVE hit him squarely between the eyebrows. The same blow that felled Lennie knocked The Famous Door down and out. The club closed in May, and Lennie and Helen walked down the aisle in June. Figure it out? Very simple. Lennie was quietly reminded, one (Continued on page 95)

Lennie's heard on the Flying Red Horse Tavern. Turn to page 53.

By JACK SHER

THE GAYEST OF
BROADWAY'S PLAYBOYS
IS JUST A STAY-AT-HOME
NOW—AND WHAT'S MORE
HE LIKES IT!





Phil Regan has everything he's ever hoped for now, but not many years ago he was only a poor kid who had to quit school to supply his family with money for its food and rent.

BY
EDDIE
SAUTER

you can't lick

NOT, SAYS PHIL REGAN, WHEN THERE'S A GUARDIAN ANGEL AT HAND

LIFE is what you make it," is a dreary sort of a doctrine for an Irishman. Phil Regan, the handsome tenor of Ken Murray's Rinso program, has one more to his liking.

Life for him has been what his Guardian Angel made it. That's no gag, either. He's convinced that somewhere, somehow, there's a special Regan Luck. How else, he'll ask you, can you explain the fact that a few years ago he was pounding a Brooklyn police beat, unaware that his voice was worth a dime, while now—

Now he has a beautiful summer home in Connecticut, with spacious grounds, a swimming pool, and a house some people I know would call a mansion (and not be far wrong at that). He's a popular Hollywood star; in fact, in September he will have to stop his radio work and quiet the insistent demands from out West that he make another picture.

It took something more than an ordinary little old human voice to accomplish all this, Phil insists. Besides, as he looks back over his life, that Guardian Angel has been on duty most of the time.

Philip Joseph Christopher Regan (he told me himself that was his full name, so I guess it must be true) wasn't born into anything like the luxury he lives in now. His birthplace was one of the less desirable Brooklyn tenements, and he was the son of a humble truck driver. There were three little girls and another boy in the family besides Phil, there was never enough money, and his mother was never strong.

The Guardian Angel put in an appearance first when young Phil got himself into trouble at the age of eleven by running away from home. He simply decided, one morning, that he didn't want to go to school any more. Lots of other kids have made the same decision, but Phil's almost cost him his life, and the lives of two of his friends.

With the other two boys, whom he persuaded without much difficulty to come along, Phil climbed into a box car on a moving New York Central train, and securely closed the door. For hours the three of them sat in the darkness of the car, while the train rumbled over its tracks. Finally it stopped, and the boys thought it might be safe to open the door and see where they were.

But the door was stuck fast! They tugged and pulled, and finally called frantically for help, but no one heard them. The train started again, picked up speed. The din of clattering steel drowned out their voices.

For four days they rode in that dark, echoing box car, without food or water. They scraped together a few grains

of barley left on the dirty floor from a previous cargo, and ate those. They don't help much.

At last, in Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, the Guardian Angel led a watchman past the car. He heard their cries—considerably weaker by this time—and released them from their prison.

The watchmen fed them, and pointed out the first train headed back home. In spite of the freezing weather, they wouldn't get into another box car, where they could be locked in, but rode in an open coal car, trying to keep warm by huddling together and covering themselves with the coal.

A brakeman found them, almost frozen, and took them into the caboose of the train, and they rode the rest of the way with the crew. Phil paid for their passage by singing for the trainmen all the way back to New York.

It was only two years after this that he left school again—this time because he had to, and for good. He had graduated from grammar school, and in those days when tenement boys graduated from grammar school they had to go to work and help support their families.

Phil's first job was as office boy for an oil company, and it nearly resulted in disaster for him. One day, as he was placing a cork in a sample oil bottle, the bottle broke and cut his hand so severely that for a time it looked as if his first two fingers must be amputated. Luckily, that didn't become necessary, but to this day he hasn't completely recovered from the accident. The first two fingers on that hand are numb and scarred.

For the next three years, until he was sixteen, Phil worked at any job he could get—errand boy, paper vendor, furnace tender. Then came the death of his father, leaving him and his older brother, James, to be the sole support of his mother and three sisters. Odd jobs were no good any more. Phil had to have a man's job.

But how was a lad of sixteen, short in stature, and thin for his age, to get a man's job? The only sort of work he could think of was that of driving a truck; but when he went to trucking concerns and asked for work they always told him the same thing.

"You're too small."

You can't lick the Irish, and you can't stump them either. In desperation, Phil tried on his father's overcoat, the shabby, thin old coat he'd never need again. It was too large for Phil; its sleeves hung down over his hands, and it tripped him when he walked, but it served the purpose. It gave him the broad shoulders. (Continued on page 88)

Phil Regan sings on the Ken Murray show Tuesdays. See pg. 52

The Irish

READY TO TURN YOUR DEFEAT INTO VICTORY





facing the music

DANCELAND'S SECRETS ARE

ALL YOURS IF YOU'LL FOL-

LOW THIS COLUMN'S INSIDE

REVELATIONS EVERY MONTH

JOHNNY GREEN left New York again for Hollywood the last of July to make some new recordings with Fred Astaire. But he has bigger business than that afoot. In September, when the dancing star begins his new program for Packard Motors, Johnny's going to be at the musical helm.

By **KEN ALDEN**

promptly convince you of the need of their indispensable services in making a song click. But the unsung

heroes, the ones who work behind the scenes without any public acclaim whatever, are the song pluggers.

This leaves the Jack Benny spot open and our money's still on Don Bestor, though official reports deny it. For Johnny, it's another big step upwards as far as radio commercials go. The funny twist is, Johnny's still holding a contract with the CBS network and depends on NBC for his programs.

It's no snap being a song salesman. They get down to the office at ten or eleven in the morning and are back home anywhere from two to five the next morning. Day and night they're hot on the trail of leaders and singers.

Speaking of Hollywood, it seems to be a fact that radio is still in a class by itself when it comes to popularizing songs. During the last hot spell, all the leaders in sheet music and record sales were tunes from Tin Pan Alley that won their build-up on the networks. Not one was a movie product.

Here's the story of a plugger who came back. A year ago he could not get a job with any publisher although he had been in the business for twenty-five years and knew all the angles. They figured he was just burned out. So he had no alternative but to string along with the little fellows. A few months ago he got all steamed up over a number he thought was destined to be great. So he sailed in single-handed and began working on it, letting sleep take care of itself. At first he could not get anyone to feature it since no one shared his faith. But he kept hammering away until a few took a chance on doing it. Others were almost strong-armed into following suit. Then suddenly almost overnight everybody wanted to do it all at once. That's how "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" was started and since then this plugger has had six offers of jobs from the big publishers.

JUST when he was really scheduled for the big time in radio after gaining immense local popularity, Orville Knapp crashed to his death in an airplane accident, leaving a bride of months. He had married Gloria Grafton, feminine star of "Jumbo," the second week in May. Only a few days before the plane he was piloting fell, he had auditioned for sponsors and had practically signed on the dotted line.

YOU can always start an argument around Tin Pan Alley on the subject of who makes a song hit. Ask any one song writer and he will claim first honors without hesitation. Ask the singing stars and leaders and they'll

SLOWLY but surely gals are breaking into the band field. Ina Ray Hutton is one of the few successes. Phil Spitalny has a fine girls' band. Florence Richardson leads a male band, and so does Blanche Calloway, sister of Cab. Then there are the Rita Rio Rhythm Girls, the Bricktops composed of red heads and others. What makes it so difficult is that the lassies are expected to be cute, cunning



WHERE THE BANDS ARE PLAYING

This is the time of year when the maestros are looking around for desirable winter berths and taking to the road in the interim, making this list subject to last-minute change.

- Armstrong, Lewis—One nighters
- Barnett, Charles—Glen Island Casino, New Rochelle, N. Y.
- Bernie, Ben—Westwood Gardens, Detroit
- Brag, Lee—Rainbow Grill, Radio City, N. Y.
- Crosby, Bob—Lexington Hotel, N. Y.
- Dandee, Al—Rainbow Room, Radio City, N. Y.
- Danzberger, Chas.—French Casino, N. Y.
- Duchie, Eddy—Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles
- Garber, Joe—Catalina Island, San Francisco
- Hoff, George—Hotel Taft, N. Y.
- Harris, Phil—Adolphus Hotel, Dallas, Tex.
- Johnson, Johnny—Moosmouth Beach, N. J.
- Kavella, Al—William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh
- King, Henry—St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco
- Lombardo, Guy—Palmer House, Chicago
- Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago
- Morgan, Russ—Billmore Hotel, N. Y.

Opposite page, Horace Heidt with Lysbeth Hughes, his harpist every Monday evening on the Alemite program. Left, Enric Madriguera, who broadcasts this summer on MBS. Below, Dorothy Crane, beautiful soloist for Bernie Cummins.

and beautiful as well as accomplished musicians. A woman can blow a horn as well as a man but the latter has a slight edge on endurance which is a factor. Nevertheless, the ladies are gradually easing in.

* * *

SHORT SHORT STORIES

A BOUNCING boy is now boss of the Fred Waring household and is everybody happy! It's now a perfect family—a boy and a girl. The Pennsylvanians took the whole month of August for their first vacation in five years. Wayne King and band also on vacation. Two of the boys in Paul Whiteman's band simulated a fist fight at the Texas Centennial Fair. But the cops thought it was real and were just about to run them in when the "old man"—Paul's nickname—explained it was just their idea of fun . . . Persistent rumors have Warner Brothers music coming back to the air soon . . . It's open season for songs with a slant. Last year Irving Berlin, Inc., brought out "Moon Over Miami" without thought of a tie-in but the song was adopted by the Miami Chamber of Commerce as a swell bit of ballyhoo. Not to be outdone Atlantic City offered \$1000 for the best ditty blurring the boardwalk or some (Continued on page 92)





GIGGLING
Registers
GO GOLFING

Well, well, here are Bob Hope and Honeychile far from their Atlantic Family program. Sometimes, as above, this game just about stumps Bob, but Honeychile (below) discovers that curves are a help even in clubs.

Ho Hum. Bob—or rather Honeychile — seems to be carrying things a bit too far. Nine holes in fact, before she collapsed. Below, Bob between strokes, wonders if the government pays anything this year for ploughing balls under.



Good Looks
start UNDER
your Skin...

BLACKHEADS
are discouraged
PORES look smaller
LINES fade



Miss Katharine Aldridge—"I keep my pores fine, skin fresh looking, with Pond's Cold Cream."

When you keep your UNDER SKIN working

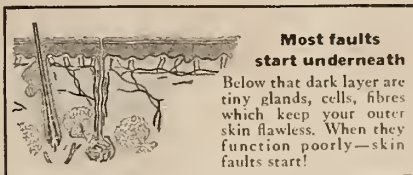
YOU can have the prettiest features in the world—but if your skin is spotty with little faults, nobody calls you "a pretty girl."

And girls with less claim to good features are "good looking"—simply because they have a clear, fresh skin!

You can have a clear, fresh skin, too! Fight lines and blackheads and coarse pores where they start—just under your skin!

Rousing... deep down!

Skin faults appear when tiny hidden glands, blood vessels and cells in your underskin function poorly. It's their work to keep your outer skin glowing



and young. You must keep them at it! And you can—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it floats out the dirt. Your skin feels wonderfully clean—is wonderfully clean!

Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream for a brisk, rousing deep-skin treatment. Feel the blood tingling?... Face glowing? A sign you're rousing lazy glands, cells, blood vessels to a fresh start!

Do this regularly. Note the quick improvement! At once your color is livened. Your skin is toned.

Soon pores are looking smaller, lines softening into smooth skin. Those blackheads you used to dread, come less and less.

Remember this

Here's the simple daily treatment worked out by Pond's. It does more than cleanse your skin.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe it all off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your underskin, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults can't spoil your looks.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—smoother for powder. You are pretty now—simply because your skin is so good looking!

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

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

POND'S, Dept. K131, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Mrs. William Jay Iselin
"Pond's Cold Cream leaves
my skin toned up—glowing!
I never have blackheads and
blemishes."

RADIO MIRROR RAPID

SUNDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Church of the Air.
 NBC-Blue: Southernaires.
 NBC-Red: Sabbath Reveries.

10:30
 CBS: Press-radio news.

10:35
 CBS: Poetic Strings.

11:00
 CBS: Day Dreams.
 NBC: Press-radio news.

11:05
 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto.
 NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano.

11:30
 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle.
 NBC-Blue: The World Is Yours.
 NBC-Red: Major Bowes' Family.

12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: Pageant of Youth.

12:30 P.M.
 CBS: Romany Trail.
 NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall.
 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussions.

12:45
 CBS: Transatlantic Broadcast.

1:00
 CBS: Church of the Air.

1:30
 CBS: Russell Dorr.
 NBC-Blue: Sunday Forum.
 NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.

1:45
 CBS: Eddie Dunstedter.

2:00
 CBS: Pittsburgh Symphony (Sept. 13).
 NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA

2:30
 NBC-Red: Peter Absoluté.

3:00
 CBS: Everybody's Music.
 NBC-Blue: Gilbert Seldes.

3:30
 NBC-Blue: Benno Rabinoff.

4:00
 CBS: Sunday Serenade.
 NBC-Blue: National Vespers.
 NBC-Red: The Widow's Sons.

4:30
 CBS: Heifetz Singers.
 NBC-Blue: Fishface and Figs-bottle.
 NBC-Red: Words and Music.

5:00
 CBS: Ann Leaf.
 NBC-Blue: Tom Terriss.
 NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers.

5:30
 CBS: Guy Lombardo (Sept. 6).
 NBC-Blue: Leopold Spitalny.
 NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
 CBS: Community Sing. (Sept. 6)
 NBC-Blue: Canadian Guards Band.
 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour.

6:30
 NBC-Red: A Tale of Today.

6:45
 CBS: Ted Malone.

7:00
 NBC-Red: Tim and Irene.

7:15
 CBS: Goose Creek Parson. (Aug. 30)

7:30
 CBS: Phil Baker.
 NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives.
 NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals.

7:45
 NBC-Red: Sunset Dreams.

8:00
 CBS: America Dances.
 NBC-Blue: Musical Comedy Revue.
 NBC-Red: Major Bowes' Amateurs.

9:00
 NBC-Blue: Cornelia Otis Skinner.
 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.

9:15
 NBC-Blue: Paul Whiteman.

9:30
 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music.

10:00
 NBC-Red: General Motors Symphony (Sept. 13).

10:30
 NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago.

MONDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10: A.M.
 CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
 NBC: Press-Radio News.

10:15
 NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
 NBC-Red: Viennese Sextet.

10:30
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family (Aug. 31).

10:45
 NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.

11:00
 NBC-Blue: Wendell Hall.
 NBC-Red: David Harum.

11:15
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.

11:30
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.

11:45
 CBS: Hubert Hendrie.
 NBC-Blue: Edward McHugh.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.

12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.

12:30
 CBS: Merrymakers.
 NBC-Blue: U. S. Navy Band.

1:00
 CBS: Matinee Memories.

1:15
 NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.

1:30
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.

2:00
 CBS: Ted Malone.

2:15
 CBS: Happy Hollow.

2:30
 CBS: Manhattan Matinee.
 NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.
 NBC-Red: Waltz Favorites.

3:00
 CBS: Mabelle Jennings.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.

3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.

3:30
 CBS: Hoosier Hop.
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.

3:45
 NBC-Blue: King's Jesters.
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.

4:00
 CBS: Dept. of Education.
 NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.

4:30
 CBS: Chicago Variety Hour.
 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.

4:45
 NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
 NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.

5:00
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over.

5:30
 CBS: Adventures of Donald Ayer.
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.

5:45
 CBS: Wilderness Road.
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
 NBC-Red: Flying Time.

6:15
 CBS: Bobby Benson.

6:30
 Press Radio News.

6:45
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.

7:00
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.

7:15
 CBS: Popeye the Sailor (Aug. 31).
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.

7:30
 CBS: Ted Husing.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.

7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
 NBC-Red: Education in the News.

8:00
 CBS: Alcmite Half Hour.
 NBC-Blue: Jean Dickenson.
 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly.

8:30
 CBS: Pick and Pat.
 NBC-Blue: Melodiana.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone.

9:00
 CBS: Lux Radio Theater.
 NBC-Blue: Sinclair Minstrels.
 NBC-Red A. & P. Gypsies.

9:30
 NBC-Red: Studebaker Champions.

10:00
 CBS: Wayne King.
 NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam.
 NBC-Red: Contented Program.

10:30
 CBS: March of Time.

TUESDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
 NBC: Press-Radio News.

10:15
 NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
 NBC-Red: Viennese Sextet.

10:30
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.

10:45
 NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.

11:00
 CBS: Bob and Rennie.
 NBC-Blue: Wendell Hall.
 NBC-Red: David Harum.

11:15
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.

11:30
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
 NBC-Red: Master Builder.

11:45
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: The Wife Saver.

12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.

12:15 P.M.
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.
 NBC-Blue: Cadets Quartet.

12:30
 CBS: Emery Deutsch.

1:15
 NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.

1:30
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.

1:45
 NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild.

2:00
 CBS: Ted Malone.

2:30
 NBC-Red: Gould and Sheffer

3:00
 NBC-Blue: Bailey Axton.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.

3:15
 NBC-Blue: Continental Varieties.
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.

3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.

3:45
 NBC-Blue: Have You Heard.
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.

4:00
 NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.

4:30
 CBS: CBS Chamber Orchestra.
 NBC-Blue: Alma Kitchell.
 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.

4:45
 NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.

5:00
 CBS: Jimmy Farrell.
 NBC-Blue: Ernie Stem's Orchestra.
 NBC-Red: Top Hatters.

5:30
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.

5:45
 CBS: Wilderness Road.
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
 CBS: Patti Chapin.
 NBC-Red: Flying Time.

6:15
 CBS: News of Youth.
 NBC-Red: Mid-Week Hymn Sing.

6:30
 Press-Radio News

6:45
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.

7:00
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.

7:15
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.

7:30
 CBS: Kate Smith.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.

7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.

8:00
 CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall.
 NBC-Red: Leo Reisman's Orchestra.

8:30
 CBS: Ken Murray.
 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest.
 NBC-Red: Wayne King.

9:00
 CBS: Fred Waring.
 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie.
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop.

9:30
 CBS: Camel Caravan.
 NBC-Red: Fred Astaire. (Sept. 8)

10:00
 NBC-Red: Meredith Willson.

10:30
 CBS: March of Time.

10:45
 NBC-Red: Roy Campbell Royalists.

WEDNESDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
 NBC: Press Radio News.

10:15
 NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
 NBC-Red: Viennese Sextet.

10:30
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
 NBC-Red: The Mystery Chef.

10:45
 NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.

11:00
 NBC-Blue: Wendell Hall.
 NBC-Red: David Harum.

11:15
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
 NBC-Red: Breen and De Rose.

11:30
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.

11:45
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.

12:00 noon
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.

12:30
 CBS: Merrymakers.

1:15
 NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.

1:30
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.

2:00
 CBS: Ted Malone.
 NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild.

2:15
 CBS: Happy Hollow.

2:30
 NBC-Blue: Jean Dickenson.

3:00
 CBS: Ann Leaf.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.

3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.

3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.

3:45
 CBS: Gogo De Lys.
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.

4:00
 CBS: Concert Hall.
 NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.

4:30
 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.

4:45
 CBS: Clyde Barrie.
 NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
 NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.

5:00
 CBS: Margaret McCrae.

5:30
 CBS: Adventures of Donald Ayer.
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.

5:45
 CBS: Wilderness Road.
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.

6:00
 NBC-Red: Flying Time.

6:05
 NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.

6:15
 CBS: Bobby Benson.
 NBC-Blue: Midge Williams.

6:30
 Press-Radio News.

6:45
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.

7:00
 CBS: Lee Wiley.
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.

7:15
 CBS: Popeye the Sailor.
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.

7:30
 CBS: Goose Creek Parson.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.

7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.

8:00
 CBS: Cavalcade of America.
 NBC-Blue: Folies de Paroe.
 NBC-Red: One Man's Family.

8:30
 CBS: Burns and Allen.
 NBC-Blue: Lavender and Old Lace.
 NBC-Red: Wayne King.

9:00
 CBS: Andre Kostelanetz Orch.
 NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight.

9:30
 CBS: Palmolive Community Sing.

10:00
 CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord.
 NBC-Red & Blue: Your Hit Parade.

10:30
 CBS: March of Time.

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON

PROGRAM DIRECTORY

THURSDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 10:00 A. M.
CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
NBC-Red: Viennese Sextet.
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
NBC-Red: Ralph Kirbery.
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
NBC-Blue: Wendell Hall.
NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
NBC-Red: Breen and Oe Roso.
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: Fiddlers Three.
- 11:45
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: The Wife Saver.
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15 P.M.
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.
- 1:00
CBS: Matinee Memories.
- 1:15
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
- 1:30
CBS: Academy of Medicine.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 1:45
CBS: Ooris Kerr.
- 2:00
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Red: Thursday Matinee.
- 2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.
- 2:30
NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.
- 3:00
CBS: Mabelle Jennings.
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
CBS: Do You Remember.
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
CBS: All Hands on Deck.
NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
- 4:30
CBS: Greetings from Old Kentucky.
NBC-Red: NBC Light Opera.
NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys
- 4:45
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
- 5:00
NBC-Red: Madge Marley.
- 5:15
CBS: Clyde Barrie.
- 5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
CBS: Loretta Lee.
- 6:15
CBS: News of Youth.
- 6:30
Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
CBS: Atlantic Family.
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 7:30
CBS: Kate Smith.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
NBC-Blue: Music Is My Hobby.
- 8:00
CBS: Concert Hall.
NBC-Red: Fleischmann Hour.
- 9:00
CBS: Tomorrow's Headlines.
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days.
NBC-Red: Show Boat.
- 10:00
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall.
- 10:30
CBS: March of Time.

FRIDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 10:00 A.M.
CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
NBC-Red: Viennese Sextet.
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
NBC-Red: The Mystery Chef.
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
NBC-Blue: Wendell Hall.
NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: Jerry Brannon.
- 11:45
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: Judy and Jesters.
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 1:15
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 2:00
CBS: Ted Malone.
- 2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.
- 2:45
NBC-Blue: Women's Clubs.
- 3:00
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review
- 4:30
CBS: U. S. Army Band.
- 4:45
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
NBC-Red: Grandpe Burton.
- 5:00
CBS: Margaret McCrae.
NBC-Blue: Airbreaks.
- 5:15
CBS: Mark Warnow.
- 5:30
CBS: Adventures of Donald Ayer.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
CBS: Buddy Clark.
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.
- 6:15
CBS: Bobby Benson.
- 6:30
Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
CBS: Virginia Verrill.
NBC-Red: Art of Living.
- 7:15
CBS: Popeye the Sailor.
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
CBS: Goose Creek Parson.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
CBS: Red Horse Tavern.
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich.
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert.
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam.
- 8:30
CBS: Broadway Varieties.
- 9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel.
NBC-Blue: Fred Waring.
NBC-Red: Waltz Time.
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em.
NBC-Red: True Story Court.
- 10:00
CBS: Andre Kostelanetz Orch.
NBC-Red: First Nighter (Sept. 4).
- 10:30
CBS: March of Time.
NBC-Blue: Vivian della Chiesa.

SATURDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 10:00 A.M.
Press-Radio News.
- 10:05
CBS: Weltz Time.
NBC-Blue: Vaughn de Leeth.
NBC-Red: Chorileeters.
- 10:15
NBC-Red: The Vass Family.
- 10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend.
NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins.
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Originalities.
- 11:00
CBS: Ozark Melodies.
NBC-Blue: Wendell Hall.
NBC-Red: Our American Schools
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Cadets Quartet.
NBC-Red: Breen and Oe Roso.
- 11:30
CBS: Concert Hall.
NBC-Red: Jerry Sears.
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: Larry Vincent.
NBC-Blue: Genia Fonarova.
NBC-Red: Concert Miniatures.
- 12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Blue: Words and Music.
NBC-Red: Merry Madcaps.
- 12:45
NBC-Blue: Words and Music.
- 1:00
NBC-Blue: Old Skipper and Gang
- 1:05
NBC-Red: Rex Battle Orchestra.
- 1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 2:30
NBC-Blue: Whitney Ensemble.
NBC-Red: Harl Smith Orch.
- 2:45
CBS: Clyde Barrie.
- 3:00
CBS: Down by Herman's
NBC-Blue: Walter Blaufuss.
NBC-Red: Tophatters.
- 3:30
CBS: Tours In Tone.
NBC-Red: Week End Review.
- 3:45
NBC-Blue: Gale Page.
- 4:00
CBS: Ann Leaf.
- 4:30
CBS: Isle of Dreams.
- 5:00
NBC-Red: Blue Room Echres.
- 5:15
NBC-Blue: Musical Adventures.
- 5:30
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Jesse Crawford.
- 6:15
CBS: News of Youth.
- 6:30
Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
CBS: Al Roth Orch.
NBC-Red: Art of Living.
- 7:00
CBS: Patti Chapin.
NBC-Blue: King's Jesters.
NBC-Red: Saturdays at Connie's.
- 7:15
NBC-Blue: Home Town.
NBC-Red: Heinie and Grenadiers.
- 7:30
CBS: Dinner Concert.
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Thornton Fisher.
- 8:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session.
NBC-Blue: El Chico.
- 8:30
CBS: Columbia Workshop.
NBC-Blue: Concert.
- 9:00
CBS: Bruna Castagna.
NBC-Red: Jamboree.
- 9:30
CBS: Salon Moderne.
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance.
NBC-Red: Shell Chateau.
- 10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes.

HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE

Programs of the three major networks are listed on these two pages — Columbia Broadcasting System (abbreviated to CBS) and the two National Broadcasting Company chains NBC Blue and NBC-Red. In order to learn what network your local station is affiliated with find it in one of the lists printed below.

All regularly scheduled programs broadcast from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time are included in the listing. If no program for a network appears in a time division, it is either because the program listed in the preceding time division is still being broadcast, or because no regular program is scheduled for that time.

All time given is Eastern Daylight Saving Time. For Eastern Standard Time subtract one hour; for Central Daylight Saving time subtract one hour; for Central Standard Time subtract two hours; for Mountain Standard Time subtract three; and for Pacific Standard Time subtract four.

Thus:

E. D. S. T.	E. S. T.	C. D. S. T.
10:00	9:00	9:00
C. S. T.	M. S. T.	P. S. T.
8:00	7:00	6:00

Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network

WAAJ	WCC	KLRN
WABC	WISN	KFAR
WACO	WJAS	KFBK
WADC	WJRW	KFH
WALA	WJSV	KFPY
WBBM	WKBN	KFRK
WBNS	WKBW	KGB
WBRC	WKRC	KGKO
WBT	WLAC	KHJ
WCAO	WLBY	KLPA
WCAU	WMAJ	KLZ
WCCO	WMBD	KMBR
WCOA	WMBG	KMJ
WQAE	WMBR	KMOX
WDBJ	WNAC	KOH
WDBO	WNA3	KOIN
WONC	WNOX	KOL
WDOO	WOC	KONIA
WDRG	WOKO	KRLD
WDSU	WORC	KRNT
WEAN	WOWO	KSC
WESC	WPG	KSL
WFBL	WQAM	KTRH
WFBM	WREC	KTSA
WFEE	WSBT	KTUL
WGR	WSFA	KVI
WGSJ	WSJS	KWRD
WHAS	WSMK	KWG
WHCC	WSPD	KWKH
WHK	WTCC	CFRB
WHP	WWL	CKAC
WIGW	WWVA	
WIBX	WOB	

Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Networks

RED NETWORK		
WBEN	WGY	WSAI
WCAE	WHIO	WTAG
WCBS	WHO	WTAM
WDAF	WJAR	WTIC
WEAF	WMAR	WWJ
WEEL	WOW	KSO
WFBR	WRC	KYW
BLUE NETWORK		
WBAL	WHAM	WXYZ
WBZ	WJZ	KDKA
WBZA	WLS	KDL
WCKY	WMAL	KSO
WENG	WMT	KWK
WFIL	WREN	
WGAR	WSYR	

SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

(These stations carry both Red and Blue network programs.)

WAPI	WOAI	KGW
WAVE	WPTF	KHQ
WBAP	WRVA	KLO
WQAY	WSB	KOA
WBCB	WSM	KOMO
WFAA	WSMB	KPO
WFLA	WSOC	KPRC
WIBA	WTAR	KSTP
WIDG	WTMJ	KTBS
WIS	WWNC	KTHS
WJAX	KOYL	KVOO
WJOX	KFI	CFCF
WKY	KFYR	CRCT
WMC	KGO	

For Mutual Broadcasting System Program Listings Turn to Page 67

ALL THREE NETWORKS FROM TEN A.M. TO ELEVEN P.M.

BY
MRS. MARGARET
SIMPSON

Right, a rehearsal of the Let's Pretend program over CBS, Saturday morning, and Nila Mack, its originator and director, below.



RADIO'S STARLETS KNOW HOW TO MAKE
THEIR MORNING MEALS TASTE BETTER

IT'S HOT CEREALS FOR COOLER DAYS

WITH the coming of autumn and the opening of school the problem of school breakfasts is again with us. What is best for the children?

The answer, of course, is simple—every school child's breakfast should include a cooked cereal. Thinking along these lines, I determined to get some children's opinions—and that led me naturally to Nila Mack and a rehearsal of Let's Pretend, the children's program which she originated and which presents, every Saturday morning over CBS, dramatizations of stories loved by children everywhere.

"No matter what you learn from the children," Miss Mack told me while the young performers were gathering around the microphone, "I can tell you this: The fact that we can put on a weekly show with only this one brief early-morning rehearsal, means that the kids must be on their toes, and nothing is more important to this than a good breakfast."

Regardless of the title of the show, there is no "pretend" about the abilities and experience of the cast. They have the confidence, poise and sense of dramatic values of seasoned troupers; they understand to the nth degree the importance of timing and inflexion.

"In fact," Miss Mack had told me before rehearsal, "they are the most adult minded bunch of kids I know—and I'm sure you'll find that goes for their opinions on food, too. It isn't merely precociousness. They have talent, of course, or they wouldn't be on the air, but it's their ability to sense a situation and cope with emergencies, their

feeling of responsibility to the program that makes them, such a joy to work with."

When she says work with she means just that. "When a script has to be cut," she said, "I don't go off into a corner by myself and cut it. We go into a huddle together with first one and then another suggesting a word or phrase that can come out, and in a few minutes the script is down to the required length. Sometimes we don't even cut it, we just play it faster when we get on the air."

There was a fine example of that on Saturday morning. At the end of the rehearsal Miss Mack, watch in hand, said, "We're two minutes over."

Now two minutes in a half-hour show are very important. If the script is cut too severely some of its value and clarity may be lost but if the show runs over it gets cut off the air and the listeners never learn how the story ends.

"Two minutes," Miss Mack repeated. "But I don't think we ought to cut. You'll just have to speed it up when we get on the air."

Speed it up they did, and I was the only one who watched the clock and wondered if they would finish on time. They didn't have to watch and wonder. They knew they would finish on time—and they did.

Another instance of their ability to take things in their stride came in a scene between the princess of the story, Florence Halop, and her father, the king, played by Arthur Anderson.

"Your inflexions aren't right," Miss Mack told them. "The king should bluster and, (Continued on page 94)

ALL THE STYLE OF PARIS... yours in

Paris Fashion Shoes

...inspired by styles on the Rue de la Paix
...filled with the charm of Paris... these
stunning shoes are making smart American
women everywhere say... "Expensive
footwear offers no greater beauty!"

You'll like their youth... Parisian chic...
up-to-the-minute newness! And they cost
so little that it's easy to have a pair of beautiful
shoes for every outfit!

When you select your shoes for Fall, ask to
see Paris Fashions. Your dealer has lovely
Fall styles in all sizes... AAAA to C widths.

\$3 to \$4



FREE! A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PARIS FASHION SHOES
TO ONE HUNDRED WOMEN!

Nothing to buy. Just finish this sentence: "I like Paris Fashion Shoes because..." (in 25 words or less). Winners will receive 8 pairs of Paris Fashion Shoes. Write today for style booklet... and name of your dealer from whom you can get the official entry blank. Dept. M-1, Wohl Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo.

GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as advertised therein

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

mother prepares spaghetti, and likes red wine. He is in his middle twenties and unmarried.

G. K., Hoosick Falls, New York—I don't believe you can get a list of all radio stars. You see, they come and go. However RADIO MIRROR's Directory of Stars might

GOODNESS knows how many boys and girls longed for the return of Popeye, the Sailor, with his menacing muscles and gurgling voice—and even the grown-ups, too. Something just had to be done about it. And so the Columbia network hastened Popeye's return from Africa with Victor Erwin, leading his Cartoonland Band. Their first broadcast will take place on Monday, August 31. Of course you know Popeye is played by Floyd Thomas Buckley; Olive Oyl is portrayed by Olive La Moy; Wimpy is played by Charles Lawrence; and Victor Astor Erwin and his arranger, Ernie Watson, are the fellows who create all those musical effects in tune with Popeye's great feats of strength.

Now for your other questions—

Miss D. D. of Cleveland, Ohio—Lum and Abner are both natives of the Ozarks. Chester H. Lauck, who is Lum, was born in Allene, Arkansas, February 9, 1902. When his family moved to Mena, Arkansas, he became acquainted with Norris Goff, who is Abner, born in Mena on May 30, 1906. They've been friends ever since. Both are married . . . Lauck has two little daughters, Shirley May and Nancy . . . Goff has a son, Gary. Lauck is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall, weighs 155, has blue eyes and black hair . . . and they nicknamed him Chet. Goff is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 140, has blue eyes and brown hair . . . nicknamed Tuffy. Their first broadcast was on April 26, 1931, over station KTSH, Hot Springs, Arkansas. Have a heart, D. D. I'll try to tell you all about Frank Parker next month.

M. L. F., Fort Collins, Colo.—Myrt and Marge are not scheduled to return as yet. Gene Morgan played the part of Rex Marvin. With so many letters coming in complaining about the disappearance of this popular show, no doubt their return will be inevitable. So keep scanning RADIO MIRROR's columns for the good news.

Joseph B., Clifton, N. J.—John Kulick is in the Engineering Department of the National Broadcasting Company. You can address him in care of that department, National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Loretta Lee's real name is Margaret Vieages . . . born in New Orleans, La., June 14, 1913 . . . five-feet-two . . . eyes of blue . . . weight, 112 . . . red hair. Looks as if Loretta's going to be married this fall, to her home-town sweetheart.

J. A., Jamaica, New York—RADIO MIRROR welcomes you as one of its newcomers and if there's anything you like or *don't* like, please write us about it. Four years ago, Pat Rossi of station WOV was "dared" to go up on a platform and sing with the orchestra and was an immediate hit. Since then he's made singing his career. Rossi is a native East Sider of New York City and a graduate of Yonkers High School. Pat likes his work, likes sports, likes the way his

help you. This directory was published in the October, November, December 1935 and January 1936 issues. If you'll send sixty cents to the Back Issue Department, 1926 Broadway, New York, they will promptly forward these magazines to you.

Miss Maxine N., Seminole, Okla.—Kate Smith has gone on a little vacation to Alaska. She starts a new big variety show in the fall over the Columbia network. Your letter will be forwarded to Miss Smith if you address her in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. Have you tried following RADIO MIRROR's Rapid Program Directory? I am sure it will help you a lot in locating your favorite programs.

Unsigned, Philadelphia, Pa.—Marie, the Little French Princess, has departed from the airwaves. Her return at this time is problematical.

Miss Ann Frances B., Dallas, Texas—Sure enough, Nelson Eddy returns to the airwaves late in September. His sponsor will be Vick's and broadcasting network, Columbia.

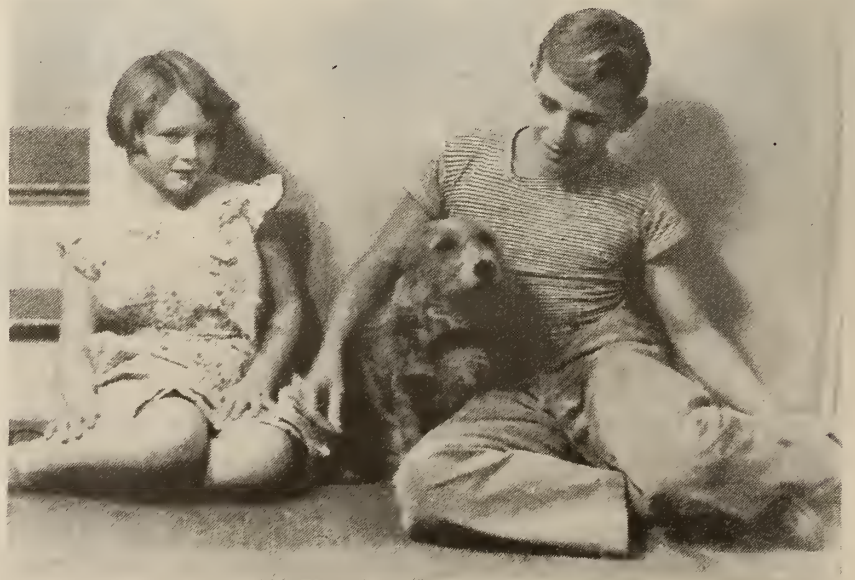
Miss Ruth G., Dunellen, N. J.—If you get in touch with Bob Crosby right away, you'll still find him at the Hotel Lexington, in New York City, singing and leading his band for the summer visitors at the hotel.

Jimmie & Dick—All those interested in joining the Jimmie & Dick Novelty Club, get in touch with Elizabeth Hoffmann, 7736 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Casa Loma fans attention—If you want to join the Casa Loma Fan Club, get in touch with President Mitzi Johnson, 4314 Colborne Road, Rognel Heights, Baltimore, Md.

Josephine L., Hoboken, N. J.—Don Kerr's title on WMCA is master of ceremonies and he is married.

These are the charming children of CBS' veteran announcer and star of the Poet's Gold program, David Ross. David Jr., is fourteen and he has already written his first poem. His sister Helen is seven.



Baby in Wonderland!

Special care ... special foods ...
even a special laxative ... no wonder he thrives!



YOUR DOCTOR will tell you that it takes a *special* kind of care to bring up a healthy baby today.

He prescribes a *special* food formula. He advises *special* baby soap... *special* baby powder... yes, even *special* baby dishes.

In the field of laxatives, doctors say the same reasoning should follow. They say that a baby's laxative should be made *especially* for him too. It's logical, isn't it? For if his system is too delicate for adult food, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives. *Yes, even in "half-doses."*



Fletcher's Castoria is one laxative you can give your children with perfect peace of mind. All its ingredients are printed on every carton. It is made especially—and only—for children. There isn't a single thing in it that could possibly harm the tiniest infant system. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics.

It functions chiefly in the lower bowel and gently stimulates the natural muscular movement—in much the same manner as in normal evacuation. It doesn't upset the stomach—as some "adult" laxatives would do. Nor will it cause cramping pains. It is a *child's laxative*, pure and simple—and we recommend it for nothing else.



And—Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children take it gladly. And doctors say it's important that they should. For the very act of forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can be so shocking to his nervous system that it can upset his entire digestion.

Why not get a bottle tonight? Ask for the Family-Size. It saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

IN THE NICK OF TIME

BREAKNECK RIDES—BATTLES WITH MILLING SHEEP—STARS
FACE THESE AND MORE TO REACH THOSE MIKES ON THE DOT

SINCE time, in radio, is more precisely measured than in any other form of entertainment, almost every radio actor has a story to tell about how he once was nearly late. But then something happened. Something had to happen. And so, when the theme song was sung, there he was again, waiting at the tailor made moment.

Sometimes, perhaps, he waited a little breathlessly, even as Lanny Ross that day he started from his upper New York state farm, and ran into a fire outside of Harmon, about thirty miles from his broadcast. Yet Lanny wasn't worrying, when he started, for he had plenty of time and his thoughts were concerned with

BY HAZEL CANNING



One way to make a taxi driver hurry—as Lanny Ross found out—is to buy his taxi outright. But Lanny wasn't late!

nothing more important than his golf score. Then, his roadster topped a hill where the highway ahead was clotted with parked cars. A state trooper chugged up.

"Fire," he said, tersely. "Cars won't be passing for an hour or more."

Lanny, always one to recognize a situation, quickly decided to abandon his roadster and strike out on foot. At Yale, as the sports departments used to point out, Lanny was a pretty good track man. He was an even better (Continued on page 90)

"I'm Young and Healthy," Dick Powell sang—but all the time he was so ill he almost didn't get to the studio.



Guy Lombardo had to chase a waiter who walked off with the microphone he was to use.



DECORATIONS BY CARL PFEUFFER

How to Have That Career

(Continued from page 34)

detail to a minimum.

Every Sunday afternoon, while Sonny was napping and Walter was reading the Sunday papers, Irene sat down with a pencil and two big sheets of paper. On one sheet she doped out her full menus for every meal for the coming week, on the other she made out her grocery list. She made it as complete and accurate as she could, even down to the one green pepper for the steak sauce on Friday night and everything the baby would need and the sandwich spreads for her own quick lunches. She took thorough inventory of her pantry and added to her list all the staples she'd be running out of before the week was over.

Then on Monday morning she made one trip to market and bought the whole works, meat included, and stocked it where it would keep on her shelves or in her icebox. On Mondays, too, she did all the advance cooking and food preparation she could; she shelled and picked and washed the vegetables for every dinner of the week, made Wednesday's aspic and Thursday's frozen dessert and capped the berries for Friday. As a consequence, days went by without a single necessary trip to the grocery, and when the time came to prepare supper it was a far quicker job because a good part of it was already prepared.

IREENE found that this saved so much of her time she decided to systematize the rest of the household buying too. All the things that she was always running out of, that usually necessitated an immediate trip downtown, she bought in big lots that would last for several months—soap and floor wax and paper napkins and drugs and cleaning fluid and the baby's necessities and the million odds and ends that are always cropping up and demanding instant attention. She bought a big day-by-day memorandum book, went through it for the whole year making notes that would remind her plenty of time in advance to buy mothbags or store Walter's hunting clothes or remember her old roommate's birthday or have the draperies washed. These chores she worked in on one of her regular all-inclusive shopping trips instead of letting each one take, as it inevitably would, a good part of some morning some time later when it had become a pressing emergency instead of a small item.

Pretty soon her mind was more free than it had ever been of annoying and petty details and she had more leisure than she could endure while Sonny was sleeping or safely playing in his pen and the house was running so smoothly she couldn't improve on it with all the time in the world. But to join the stock company she'd have to have a part-time maid to stay with the baby—and her budget couldn't afford that; not, of course, unless she cut down on her own small personal allowance for clothes and waves and an occasional matinee. She cut down and got the maid who came four mornings a week from ten 'til two; Irene would whirl through her housework, put Sonny in his crib and leave for the theater. By the time he waked and was dressed it was time for the maid to wheel him down to the stage door a few blocks away to meet his mama who wheeled him home again.

"The thrill of my first days of learning something about dramatics was one of the biggest thrills I can remember," the Singing Lady told me. "I had worked so hard to make the opportunity for myself. Out of what seemed to me an incessantly

HEY, YOU SISSIES! THAT'S NO GHOST— IT'S JACK KINNEY TURN AROUND AND CHASE HIM

WHOOOOOO

PUFF PUFF

BUT WAIT, CHILDREN— WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THIS IS MY JACK?

'CAUSE HIS SHEET'S GOT TATTLE-TALE GRAY—AND MOM'S ALWAYS SAYING YOUR CLOTHES ARE FULL OF IT—'CAUSE YOUR SOAP DOESN'T GET 'EM REALLY CLEAN . . .

I KNEW IT, MRS. KINNEY. WHY DON'T YOU BE SMART LIKE MY MOTHER AND USE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP? SHE SAYS IT'S GOT HEAPS OF NAPHTHA RIGHT IN THE GOLDEN SOAP AND GETS CLOTHES WHITER'N ANYTHING

HA! HA! IT IS JACKIE.

FEW WEEKS LATER

YES, THEY'RE FOR YOU SUSIE—FOR SHOWING ME HOW TO GET THE GRANDEST WASHES. OF MY LIFE!

WHOOPIE! SKATES! I'M GONNA TELL EVERYBODY TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Listen, little Susie—tell everybody that Fels-Naptha Soap is safer, too. Wonderful for daintiest silk things. And easier on hands because every golden bar holds soothing glycerine.

FELS & CO. 1916

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



● *"Looka here — this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head—heck, we've each got six!... Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all—only cross. I know why—he's hot. No wonder—all that hair. Phooey!... he makes me hot, too!"*



● *"Now stop and think—what was it we decided was the best thing for that hot, sticky feeling?... Drink of water? No, that wasn't it. Bath? Now you're on the right track... I've got it—a nice downy sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder!"*



● *"See! Mother's bringing our powder now! She's a very smart woman... Mother, here's a riddle for you! What feels better than a baby all slicked over with soft soothing Johnson's Baby Powder?... That's right. Two babies!... I told you she was bright!"*



● *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... I make babies happy and comfortable. And I help to keep their skins in the pink of condition—which is the surest protection against skin infections!... I'm made of the very finest Italian talc, silky-fine and even. No gritty particles—and no orris-root... Do you know the rest of my family? Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil—they're all made especially for babies."*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

tied-down job of housekeeping and limited budgets I had actually begun to act, my home was running beautifully without any neglect at all, I was with my baby during all his waking hours, I was a more vital companion to Walter in the evenings—and oh, I was *doing the thing I loved!* They were glorious, those days, even if they were the merest beginning of all I wanted to do.

"And the thing that made my career more enjoyable than ever to me was knowing that it wasn't infringing in any way on my duties to my little family. I had decided that no matter what happened nothing must ever do that. It never has. That's my one rule and I still stick to it."

For two years in Oak Park Ireene stayed with the stock company studying serious drama four mornings a week with the ex-Moscow Art Theater performer Dr. John Tieman. She left the group for another year to have her second child, Nancy. And not to waste time during that period when she couldn't keep on with her training she read books—tons and tons of books on every phase of the footlights and all that pertains to them. She was better prepared than ever then to go ahead with her career.

Well you see, if you can just get the time you always get the opportunity. Somehow. Shortly after Nancy was born Walter's work carried the family to a Chicago residence and Ireene began specializing in children's plays at the Goodman Theater. The housekeeping end of things worked out as smoothly as before; Sonny was in kindergarten and a nurse stayed with Nancy all the mornings and a few afternoons a week, with Ireene coming home for lunch.

PRETTY soon she had joined with a radio stock company—now there *was* opportunity. It was fascinating work and it paid a good salary and it was the sort of spasmodic daytime employment that could always fit in with her home and the children. Even Walter caught the radio bug from his young wife; a year or so later he was writing and producing a script show called Judy and Jane, both of them were playing in it over a big network and it was glorious work and fun.

It was sort of inevitable that the little girl who had thought up good ideas for arranging her life so she could begin a career should five years later be the girl who worked out the distinctive Singing Lady's way of telling stories to children and sold that idea to a big national advertiser. Ireene had sung lullabies and told stories to her own children; and she'd learned that they liked more than just the songs and stories by themselves. They liked the two mixed together with lots of added imaginative details put in and home-made songs that she composed on the spur of the moment interspersed here and there; they liked it when their mother talked exactly like a little boy or a little girl or imitated animals so perfectly.

Her radio contacts gave her a market for her children's program idea—which is another sample of time leading to opportunity and opportunity leading to more opportunity—and today the Singing Lady is occupying her sixth year in a very famous and individual niche all her own in the firmament of the ether's outstanding juvenile entertainers—and, incidentally, moneymakers. Her program has the distinction of being the only program officially recommended for children by the national organization of Parent-Teachers associations. And all her fame and fun and fortune is directly due to the fact that once she *found time* to begin her career when it seemed an almost im-

A CLAPP-FED BABY'S *first year -*

possible thing to do with a home and a husband and a baby on her hands.

Being Ireene Wicker, as shy and modest a radio star as you'll ever meet, she doesn't seem to think she's accomplished anything wonderful at all. "Heavens," she reminded me, "how about Mrs. Margaret Flint who wrote her prize-winning novel 'The Old Ashburn Place' despite six children and a husband and a home and no maid!" She laughed. Then more seriously, "Honestly, the way I see it, having a career is simply a matter of budgeting your time and systematizing your work and using profitably every moment of leisure you have. It's at once as complicated and as simple as that. And somehow, I think, if you just *begin*—if you just make a *start* at what you want to do no matter how hard it is to arrange a start—the rest takes care of itself. I've found it so. But of course that's only theorizing; the practical part you have to work out for yourself, naturally."

Well, if you want to see a bona-fide full-time-career-and-home-woman in action you ought to see how Ireene runs her life and her household now. She's added to her housekeeping short-cuts some other ideas that are wonderful time-savers. For instance, her method of clothing herself and the children. The average mother goes shopping for a fall hat on Tuesday because it's the first cool day of the season, on Thursday the twins have to have school shoes and that means another trip to town, and on Saturday she discovers she hasn't a single thing to wear to the bridge club that night so she goes shopping again. And it all takes a lot of time that could be saved.

IREENE learned a smart trick from a friend of hers who is a Parisienne. In France the well-dressed women shop twice a year, October and May. They plan their wardrobes the same as they plan their menus, they buy everything at once so carefully that between times they don't even need a paper of pins or an extra slip strap that they haven't already on hand. Ireene takes two weeks off in the fall and spring, haunts the Chicago stores, shops herself into a dither and lays in a wardrobe for herself and the children that is planned to cover every need and occasion for the next six months. If Nancy runs short on school dresses or her mother's stocking supply gives out—it's a mighty rare occurrence. Consequently the Singing Lady's busy life is relieved of a lot of useless detail.

The Wickers live in a large old-fashioned sort of apartment in the heart of Chicago. They employ a cook, a maid, a chauffeur and Ireene and her husband have a secretary apiece. Walter, you know, collaborates on and acts in *Today's Children* and he has a downtown office to which he goes each morning for undisturbed quiet. Ireene, for reasons of children and home, has her office in her den. She supervises the management of the house, writes five radio programs a week for fifty-two weeks a year—and that includes the songs she composes to go with her scripts—answers the important fan letters that her sponsors have weeded out to bring to her attention, studies voice and piano, does research work for material, broadcasts her program in late afternoon and then repeats it again an hour later for the West Coast, performs for incessant benefits at charity institutions, writes fairy stories for the booklets her sponsors include in their product and still manages time for the insistent demands of her family.

"Sonny and Nancy have very normal existences, really—it isn't as though they have a regular 'working mother.' All of us



**PRISCILLA SKEWIS
WESTFIELD, N. J.**

Priscilla—aged 3 months

She's already having Clapp's Wheatheart Cereal. In another 6 weeks she'll have Clapp's strained vegetables. At 5 months she'll be given all the Clapp vegetables and soups.



Priscilla—aged 6½ months

It's plain to be seen that she enjoys her dinner. Clapp's foods taste good, and the texture is smooth for baby tongues—yet not too liquid. That's why doctors approve Clapp's.



Priscilla—aged 9½ months

She's lively as a kitten, a perfect example of sturdy babyhood. The vitamins and minerals pressure cooking keeps in Clapp's foods have done good work. She's gained 6 pounds and grown 5 inches in 6 months.

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. M10-36, 1328 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.

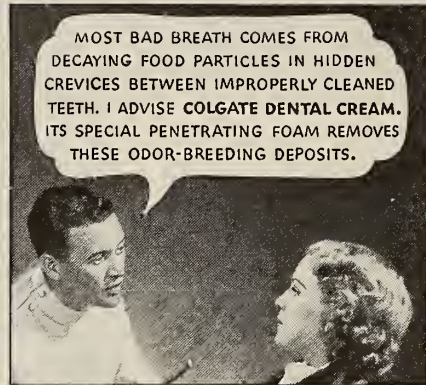
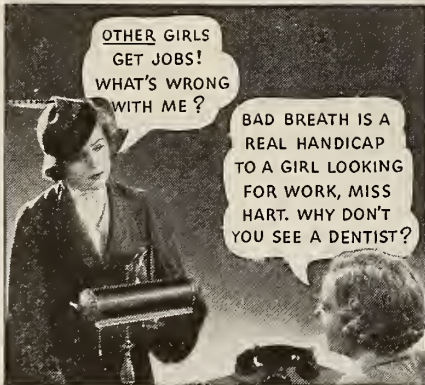
CEREAL: Wheatheart.

Accepted by American Medical Association, Committee on Foods

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with romance? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the 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. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



have breakfast and dinner together and during the daytime they're in school of course. After the children are in bed Walter and I often write or work together in the library or go out for a movie or a visit with friends. Over the weekends we have our time to ourselves just like any other family.

"That probably sounds to you as though my life is a paragon of smooth-running efficiency. Well, it isn't. I suppose as long as I continue my work I'll always be interrupted right in the middle of my best ideas with news that the roast hasn't been delivered or the laundry overlooked two sheets or the plumbing is out of order again—and I'll have to put down my work and attend to things and then start over again. But all in all it's an awful lot of fun. I adore every bit of it."

Recently the Singing Lady and her handsome husband had their first vacation together in the six years she's been on the air. They went to Bermuda, spent a month lazing around in the sun, reading, swimming, bicycling. On their return to New York Irene stopped over for a broadcast from Radio City; a secretary who had seen me chatting with her in the lobby said to me later, "Was that your little sister I saw you with the other afternoon?"—and she referred to the one who's a senior in high school! Which should give you a picture of the Singing Lady in person. She's pretty and petite and looks for all the world like a prom-trotting co-ed instead of a mother of two children and one career. Her clothes are tailored ingenue models—size twelve, her bob is long and satin-brown with ringlets at the ends, her figure is something you wish you had and so is her complexion. Looking at her, and knowing the busy double life she's led so long, you wonder how in the world she's managed not to age an appreciable day since she was only a college girl herself getting married between halves of a football game.

And I think I know why she adores it. Somewhere in the system and pressure and bustle of achieving her career Irene Wicker found time to work at keeping young too.



Loretta Poynton poses in her new fall hat. Loretta is the petite NBC actress heard over the Chicago networks on Flying Time and Dan Harding's Wife.

Your Announcers Are:



TRUMAN BRADLEY

TRUMAN was born in Sheldon, Missouri, February 8, 1905. He always desired to be an actor, but his parents persuaded him to study law. He left college to try his luck in the theatrical world. A few years of this, then Hollywood and finally radio. He was a New York staff announcer for Columbia. He then went to Chicago to announce the Easy Aces series and is still there as a news commentator for Procter & Gamble. Truman is precisely six feet tall, weighs nearly 175 pounds, has gray eyes, medium brown hair and is still unmarried.



EVERETT MITCHELL

THE head of NBC's announcing staff in Chicago was born in Austin, Illinois, March 15, 1898, and proudly says he is one-sixteenth Indian. He was in the insurance business in Chicago, singing in a church choir evenings, when he was asked to take part in a sacred broadcast program. He did, and discovered he liked radio so well he wanted to go on with it. He became manager of WENR and joined NBC when it did. He married the girl he fell in love with after leaving school, and his program is the National Farm and Home Hour.



☆ Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet... the lovely perfumed soap that keeps you sweet and clean, and also fragrantly dainty!



Now! This lovelier way to Avoid Offending

Bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

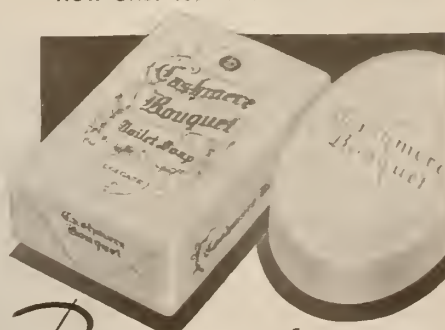
How different from any other soap... this lovely Cashmere Bouquet! For it not only keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather... utterly free from any fear of ever offending... It also keeps you *fragrantly dainty*, with its lingering perfume!

So rare and costly is the perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet, that it clings about you long after your bath... lends you the subtle glamour of a fine imported perfume! What other soap could bring you such *perfect daintiness*?

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, makes 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 delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. At all drug, department and 10-cent stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢—THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet



THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

Six beauty experts witness proof that Glazo does not thicken!*



"Thrilling!" ...they said, of Glazo's Beauty!
"Amazing!" ...they exclaimed, when they saw...
**GLAZO refuses to
thicken in the bottle!***

HAS anything ever made you madder than trying to get a decent manicure from a partly used bottle of nail polish turned thick and gummy?

Amazingly, almost unbelievably, that problem has been solved... by Glazo. Given just ordinary care, Glazo now stays completely perfect and usable right down to the last drop in the bottle.

All stores now have this marvelous, perfected, non-thickening Glazo. Recognized as the loveliest of nail polishes... world-famous for its fashion-approved colors, for its *extra* days of long, unblemished wear, without chipping, peeling or cracking.

Profit by the nail polish experience of fashion experts, beauty authorities and millions

of other smart women. Choose Glazo for its unequalled beauty. You'll remain a Glazo enthusiast for its perfection of quality. Expensive internationally known polishes and popular domestic brands alike were hopelessly lost when competing with Glazo in the "thickening" test. (See the box below.)

Almost as amazing... Glazo beauty, Glazo quality, costs you only 20 cents.



***PROOF:** In identical bottles, left open for 12 days, Glazo was tested against ten other brands. Glazo stayed as perfect, as usable as ever... evaporated less than 10%. Every one of the others became thick, gummy, unfit to use... evaporated an average of 45%.

GLAZO ... now only 20¢

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 9)

Gracie Barrie-Dick Stabile union soon becomes the fact... Are Nelson Eddy and the former Mrs. Sidney Franklin serious? ... The same inquiry is being made about Rosemary Lane and Stuart Churchill... Add to marriages: Barbara Lee, radio actress, and Larry Harding, CBS's tallest announcer... Vaughn De Leath, "the original radio girl," and Irwin Rosenbloom, young bandman.

The gorgeous Ann St. George, still adored by Ted Husing if you believe his intimates, has become a brunette. And wonders if life with a foreign nobleman—as mama desires—would be worth while. As worth while, for instance, as with Ted whose bride went the Renaway shortly after their midnight nuptials and who should soon be eligible again.

* * *

MILTON BERLE is a young—very young—comic whose bawdy sense of humor thrives in the alcoholic atmosphere of a nightclub. He is very anxious to succeed in radio but is having a hard time because he can't sapollio his jests for the family trade. His impulses, too, need restraining if he is ever to attain network prominence. Not so long ago he appeared as a guest artist on an important air show presented before a mixed audience. When he stepped forward to do his stuff he whipped a brassiere from beneath his coat and draped it over the mike, mumbling a gag of questionable taste. During the proceedings the scanty slipped its moorings and wound up at the base of the stand supporting the microphone. Berle finished his chatter and picked up the intimate article of feminine apparel. "Well, folks," he smirked, "I'm off to fill this," exiting to a profound silence. That might have wowed 'em at a stag party but it has no place in a studio.

* * *

A POPULAR author, a former newspaperman who has built up quite a reputation for himself for his exposes, is quietly gathering material for a book dealing with sponsors and girl soloists. The volume, if and when it materializes, will explain why so many songbirds, lovely of face and figure, have jobs while sisters better equipped vocally, if less attractive physically, languish in hall bedrooms wondering if, after all, virtue is its own reward.

* * *

FRED ALLEN, whose comic side is well known to the public, has another side of which the public knows little or nothing. He has a sympathetic streak in him as wide as the Pacific; and is constantly doing good deeds which never see the light of print. Here's an instance:

Then known as John Francis Sullivan, Fred was reared in Boston by an aunt. Living in the same house was a family by the name of Doyle, who had a husky youngster Fred's age. Young Sullivan went out into the world to become a vaudeville juggler and eventually Fred Allen, famous stage comic. Young Doyle grew up to become a strapping man ambitious to be a fireman. He needed \$120 with which to join the Young Men's Christian Union, a club in Boston where most of the city's police and firemen are recruited. But lacked the funds... and Fred Allen, hearing through his aunt of Doyle's desire, promptly dispatched the required sum. In due time Doyle passed his examina-

tions and became a probationary fireman. The very first alarm he responded to in that capacity proved a dangerous conflagration. His Captain ordered him to remain outside the danger zone and learn by watching the fire-fighting tactics of his experienced fellows. Doyle disobeyed orders, dashed into the burning building and helped to rescue four persons. But in that exploit he inhaled so much smoke and acid fumes he was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, critically ill. For days he hovered between life and death and then the doctors feared the worst. They asked him what he wanted most. "I would like to see Fred Allen," replied the stricken fire laddie. This information, relayed to Allen in New York, brought the entertainer by first train to the bedside of his boyhood companion. He spent an entire afternoon trying to cheer Doyle up—and succeeding, for six weeks later the fire-eater was discharged from the hospital, a well man.

Don't ask Fred Allen to confirm this little narrative here printed for the first time anywhere. He'd tell you it never happened for Fred is like that whenever anybody tries to pry into his private affairs.

* * *

STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

While NBC celebrates its tenth anniversary, David Sarnoff, President of the Radio Corporation of America, produces some statistics revealing the magnitude of the industry. Here are his findings epitomized for busy RADIO MIRROR readers:

Twenty-three million homes in the country, more than 70% of the total, are equipped with radio receivers . . . Three million American automobiles, more than 10% of all registered motor cars, are radio-equipped . . . If all receiving sets were tuned to the same program 90,000,000 persons, approximately three-quarters of the population, could listen at the same time to a single voice . . . The United States and its territorial possessions have 623 broadcasting stations . . . Of the 196 stations affiliated with the two major networks 22 are owned and managed by the chain companies, the rest being independently controlled.

And if you think owning and operating a radio set doesn't run into money just ponder these two items in Mr. Sarnoff's compilation: During 1935 it is estimated the people of the United States spent \$700,000,000 on radio of which \$150,000,000 was for electric power to operate their sets . . . The American public has invested more than \$3,000,000,000 in broadcasting receiving apparatus. This is ten times more than the capital invested in broadcasting stations and radio manufacturing plants!

* * *

Did you know—

That Rudy Vallee, Abe Lyman, Paul Whiteman, Phillips Lord and Ted Husing are the most picturesque language-spillers in radio? Cross any of these celebrities and the air becomes charged with sulphur as they pour forth the vials of their wrath.

That Doctor Rockwell, who makes his living kidding physicians and health foods, in private carries on experiments in dieting with religious zeal? However, the doctor manages to survive probably because he never sticks to a formula more than a day or two.

That the youngest script reader on any radio dramatic program is too young to attend school? He is five-year old Ronald Liss who is heard on the True Story Court of Human Relations, the Irene Rich and The Lady Next Door programs. What's

"Chap your Hands and lose your Chap"

warns

Walter



Winchell

(Your New York Correspondent)



Keep your hands soft, white, and young with Jergens... the Lotion that penetrates faster!

Men run at sight or touch of grater-rough hands on a woman. But they're attracted like bees to a flower by hands that are soft and white!

So begin now to use Jergens Lotion! It penetrates... quenches dried skin cells faster, overcomes chapping and roughness. Recent tests show that Jergens is absorbed by the skin more quickly than other lotions tested.

Two special skin-softening ingredients in Jergens soothe and

Jergens Lotion



All four sizes—\$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c—contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known lotions. You'll find the big dollar size the most economical of all.

whiten water-reddened hands. This is important. For careful check, kept by hundreds of women, revealed this fact:

You wash your hands on an average of 8 times a day, have them in water at least 8 times more! And water, like cold weather, drains the skin of its natural protective moisture, leaving your hands dried of their beauty!

Keep a bottle of Jergens in bathroom, kitchen and office. Use it every time your hands have been in water or exposed to cold. You can count on Jergens for hands of soft, white beauty that will tempt "his" touch!

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the youth-guarding oils and moisture your hands need!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 622 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



NEW DEODORANT BY KOTEX 100% EFFECTIVE ON SANITARY NAPKINS

• Now there's no excuse to be guilty of the "Unforgivable Offense!" The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that offers *positive* protection from all types of napkin and body odors!

No matter, now, that other methods haven't satisfied, especially on hottest days. *Quest* is 100% effective! It assures all-day-long freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin, clog the pores or

interfere with normal body functions.

Try *Quest* today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this soothing cool powder on sanitary napkins, after the bath, to prevent perspiration offense. It is unscented, which means it can't "give itself away," can't interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume. *Quest* costs no more than other kinds...only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter.



QUEST

for Personal Daintiness

Use it with
KOTEX

more little Ronald has been reading lines since he was three years old.

* * *

A SMALL New York station is selling —of all things—cemetery lots! Thus deriving revenue from a business the big stations won't handle. The latter hold the ballyhooing of cemetery sites is repulsive to listeners—a matter too grave to be microphoned, as it were.

* * *

THOUGH few new stars appeared in the radio firmament last season that is no proof there won't be a galaxy of 'em in 1937. Of last year's selected group to win popularity none was a personality born of radio itself, all having first attained success in other fields of endeavor. The list includes Nelson Eddy, Bob Burns, Robert L. Ripley, Carmela Ponselle, Jack Hylton, Frank Fay, Benny Goodman, Bob Hope, Clem McCarthy, Horace Heidt, Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford, Ken Murray and Rupert Hughes, who blossomed forth this summer.

The list, however, is not complete without the inclusion of Ken Murray's stooge, Oswald. He is Anthony Labriola, a concert pianist who became a comedian when he went into vaudeville as foil for Jack McLallen and became known as Sassafras. Labriola's association with Murray began with "Sketchbook" and their gravitation to radio was a natural development.

* * *

MUTUAL network is getting all ready for that new coast to coast network, and has gone so far as to set a definite date. On December 29 the four Don Lee stations on the Pacific coast will transfer their allegiance from Columbia to Mutual. Meanwhile, CBS announces that its new San Francisco outlet will be KFSO, and that it has just acquired two new stations in Montana—KGVO, Missoula, and KFBB, Great Falls. The two latter began broadcasting CBS shows the second week in August.

* * *

ALL radio mourned the death of Tommy McLaughlin, one-time star baritone, on July 28. Once well known for his work on CBS and with Major Bowes' Capitol Family, he had dropped out of the spotlight in recent years, and it wasn't until a week or so before his death that most of his friends learned his whereabouts—a New York hospital. His death came just as a benefit show was being planned to raise money for his removal to the theatrical profession's sanitarium at Saranac.

* * *

FLASH! The Carborundum Band will be back this fall... network, CBS... time, Saturdays at 7:30... starting October 17. Also Sisters of the Skillet... network, CBS... time Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:15 a. m. And Red Grange is turning to radio. He'll have his own sponsored program of football chatter and dope and stuff... network, NBC... time, Fridays at 10:30 p. m. and Saturdays at 7:00 p. m.... starting Sept. 4... And a total of nearly 100 football games will be broadcast on the Pacific coast by the Associated Oil Company during the coming season.

* * *

THINGS won't seem quite the same after October for Vallee fans. His sponsors, Standard Brands, are enlisting his services in behalf of Royal Gelatine, and dropping Fleischmann's Yeast from

STAGE STARS, TOO, say...

the airwaves entirely. Rudy and Fleischmann have been connected in all our minds for so long it will seem strange to have him working for another product. Nor will that be the only change on Rudy's show. By October he expects to have his new policy, which is already showing up to some extent on the program, in good running order. Instead of concentrating on guest stars from the stage and screen, the Vallee hour is now stressing news angles and recruiting its guests as much as possible from personalities prominent in current happenings. . . . It's also possible that Rudy's broadcast time will be changed to Friday evenings instead of Thursdays.

* * *

POSTSCRIPTS

An admirer of Loretta Lee writes this column advising that his heroine is unique among singers in that she sings just as well with a cold as without one. Colds being the terror of all broadcasters this information certainly classifies as news. But it can't be expected to land a cold-cure manufacturer as a sponsor for Loretta.

Paul Whiteman is head of an agency which places scripts for radio writers. . . . Lee Wiley is a fruit farmer on the side. She raises citrus on a tract of land in Arizona given her gratis by Heap Big Chief Uncle Sam, Lee being part Cherokee Indian. . . . John Kane, the dashing reporter in Five Star Jones, claims to be a descendant of Queen Grace O'Malley of Ireland.

Before he became an actor Arthur Jacobson, leading man of The Story of Mary Marlin, was a traveling salesman. He used to travel from door to door trying to sell vacuum cleaners to harassed housewives.



CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

Radio Mirror Rapid Program Directory

(Continued from page 53)

Mutual's Best Bets

(All times Eastern Daylight Saving)

SUNDAY

Wonder Show, starring Jack Smart, Adele Ronson, Florence Halon, Scrappy Lambert, cast of 50, and Ken Christie's orchestra, featuring old-time melodramas, community singing, and old-time favorites. (9 P.M.)
National Amateur Night with Benny Rubin, Arnold Johnson's orchestra, and the amateurs. (6:00 P.M.)
The Art of Song—Orchestra under direction of Alfred Wallenstein, guest soloists, lieder songs. (8:00 P.M.)

MONDAY

Ozzie Nelson's orchestra from Chicago. (11:15 P.M.)
Crosley Follies—musical program, Bill Stoess's orchestra, Edith Karen, soprano; Adrien O'Brien, tenor, and chorus. (11:30 P.M.)

TUESDAY

Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta. (8 P.M.)

WEDNESDAY

Music Box—Virginio Marucci's orchestra, Mary Wood, and Bailey Axton, soloists. Half hour of popular and old favorite tunes. (8:30 P.M.)
Symphonic Strings under direction of Alfred Wallenstein. (10 P.M.)

THURSDAY

Pleasant Valley Frolics—Variety musical revue with Charles Seel, DeVore Sisters, Charles Wayne, Joe Lugar's orchestra. (7:45 P.M.)
Horace Heidt's orchestra. (12:30 A.M.)

FRIDAY

Cesare Sodero Directs: Opera melodies with Aimee Deloro, soprano; Willard Amison, tenor; Stuart Gracey, Baritone. (9:15 P.M.)
Bryan Field's Preview of the Big Races with guest jockeys, owners, trainers. (10:15 P.M.)

SATURDAY

Races from the big race tracks in N. Y., described exclusively over Mutual, by Bryan Field. (4 P.M.)
Sherlock Holmes with Richard Gordon (7:30 P.M.)

FROM Broadway to Hollywood sweeps the good word—there's a better guide to makeup, a way to be sure you're wearing makeup that matches, makeup that's right for you. . . .

Choose your makeup by the color of your eyes!

More than a million women have already discovered the new Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup—harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara—keyed to the color of your eyes. They're wearing it, praising it, telling their friends to try it, too.

Ask your own drug or department store, write your favorite beauty editor. They'll recommend Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup—explain that you can buy this harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara by the color of your eyes, in standard full-size packages, each item 55¢ (Canada 65¢).

Take the advice of these popular young stage stars. Discover this glamorous new makeup for yourself—it's a long step toward making the man you like best discover you!



MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* MAKEUP by RICHARD HUDNUT

The Life Story of Bob Burns, Arkansas Traveler

(Continued from page 32)



*lipstick
parching*
is an
enemy
to Romance

"Sweet lips!" What makes men say those words, so thrilling to any girl?

Men admire warm color. Even more, they respond to *smooth, soft lips*.

So remember that your lipstick should keep your lips silken-soft, as well as add ardent color. It will, if you wisely select the new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick.

This new Lipstick contains "Essence of Theobrom"—a special softening ingredient.

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.



and his board, and left home. But the board wasn't very good and the show broke up before it got many miles from Van Buren.

BUT *this* was different. This time Bob and Farrar were setting off to seek their fortunes in earnest. They had high hopes, a ticket apiece to New Orleans—and a dollar sewed into a small pocket in their respective undershirts. Their mother knew that these particular garments wouldn't be coming off very soon, so the dollars were comparatively safe. . . . She didn't know how close her sons would come to losing their shirts!

For New Orleans was not waiting with open arms for the coming of the Burns Brothers. After several days spent looking in vain for theatrical engagements, their capital had dwindled to forty cents. They each ate a fifteen-cent meal, finishing off with a five-cent cigar to bolster

was showing it on Canal Street to an empty house. He hired the Burns Boys to play up and down the street and into the theater, luring folks in to see the "horror." Bob used the bazooka in this Pied Piper act, offering a reward of \$50 to anybody who could play it. Most of the time he didn't have a nickel. But nobody could play the bazooka except himself, so what could he lose?

He could, and did, lose the job. But the next one was better—in Martin's Café, which boasted a small orchestra playing on a precarious balcony about eight feet square. Bob pleaded for a try-out for himself and his brother, and the bazooka won hands down. They played two pianos, banjo and mandolin, in addition to the bazooka, and also harmonized any song requested if given a day's notice.

Next came an engagement at the Canal Air Dome in New Orleans—an open air theater, with a board fence dividing the

THE STORY THUS FAR:

THIS saga of a country lad with an itch to see the world begins more than forty years ago in Van Buren, Arkansas—pop. 5,000. The man you know as Bob Burns, Bing Crosby's comedian, was born there and christened Robin. His father was resident engineer for the Arkansas Central Railroad; his mother helped out the family income by doing dress-making on the side. Young Robin had two interests in life, and studying wasn't one of them. He liked music and he liked to think about seeing the world. He learned to play the mandolin and joined the Van Buren Queen City Silver Cornet Band, and it was at a band rehearsal that Bob first learned what remarkable sounds came out if you blew into a piece of gas pipe.

Later, encouraged by Uncle Collins Needham, Robin and his brother Farrar took up the study of one new instrument after another. As Bob grew up the Burns family became more prosperous, moved over to the right side of the tracks; and Bob mingled more with Van Buren society. But he never felt that he quite belonged. The small town atmosphere was closing in on him. The family moved to Fayetteville to give the boys a chance to attend the state university, but Bob wasn't a success there—in fact, he hadn't even graduated from high school. At last he and Farrar decided to give up getting an education and see the world. Together they worked up a two-man vaudeville act and left Van Buren to tour the South.

their spirits. This left them entirely broke and a little ill with no place to spend the night. After a brief counsel of war they went to one of the larger hotels and sent their printed card in to the manager.

In his office, Bob was spokesman. He asked the manager how many people were employed in the hotel.

"I have about 150 employees," the manager answered. "But why?"

"Well, if you have 150 employees you certainly must have room for two more," Bob announced calmly. "My brother and I are working for you, Mister."

The manager blinked, then he asked a few questions. When he learned that the boys had attended the University, he shook his head. "You wouldn't be interested in any kind of work I'd give you," he said.

"Nothing is too menial for us!" Bob declared.

So the manager sent for the house man, who sent for two tall ladders. Bob and Farrar were given orders to wash the marble columns in the lobby. They wore black shirts and worked like Turks. It was not long before they were promoted to higher positions, as elevator boys. Robin wrote his mother that he was stopping at the Whoozis Hotel—on every floor.

But they kept looking for jobs in their own line—entertainment—and finally met a man who could use them. He had a moving picture, one of the first, which Bob describes as a "Parisian horror." He

white audience from the black. The manager demanded an up-to-date act. The Burns' original turn was a little rusty by now, so they worked up a new one and put it on that night. Any time they didn't seem to be going over big, they produced a new routine for the next evening. Bob owes much of his facility for extemporaneous monologue to this job. As you probably know, he is one of a very few radio comedians allowed to work without a script.

Another New Orleans engagement consisted of playing the piano in a saloon with "tables for ladies." Bob has hated cigars ever since, because they kept a cigar box on top of the instrument for stray contributions.

By this time he was beginning to think the entertainment business was a poor way to see the world, after all. Farrar had gone back to Van Buren in disgust. But Bob wrote him now, begging him to come back and bring his guitar. They would really light out and see some country.

Farrar complied; they hopped a box car, and this was the beginning of the wandering existence which led to Bob's membership in the American Hobo's Association. By the time they had "bummed" their way to Mobile, Alabama, the brothers realized they had far too much luggage for true knights of the road. They held an auction in the yards and got rid of their spare shirts, extra pairs of shoes, and a couple of suit cases. They

did right well, because the other box car passengers were in the market for just those articles.

So they changed trains and started blithely toward Birmingham, where, unsuspectingly, they dropped off a freight car straight into the arms of a couple of railroad policemen. But they had a friend in Birmingham, though they did not know it. There was an old flagman at that crossing. He had faded blue eyes, and wore overalls the same color. Bob and Farrar had never seen him before in their lives. But he held out a wrinkled hand to them, waving the police away.

"Why, I didn't know you boys was comin' in today!" he cried. "I'm sure glad to see ye. You go right over to my shack there—I'll be right with ye."

Open-mouthed, Bob and his brother obeyed. Later, the old flagman told them that he had a son of his own who was "bummin'" somewhere, and he just couldn't stand to see a pair of young boys like them get in trouble . . . For years after that, Bob mailed post cards to that old man from every point of interest he visited. He had certainly proved to be a friend in need.

He offered them something to eat. Bob and Farrar were hungry enough—and broke too—but they refused and walked on into town. They weren't really broke; they still had a nickel. They entered a restaurant. Soup was five cents. They ordered one bowl.

WHEN the waiter noticed them both eating out of the same bowl, he went to the kitchen and returned with another order of soup. "We're giving two bowls for a nickel today," was all he said, as he winked.

Now the boys realized that they would have to settle down for a while at real jobs, or go hungry. They applied for work at the Alabama Light and Power Company. Being surveyors, they had no trouble getting it. Farrar was sent to Montgomery, Alabama, Bob to Anniston. The company advanced their traveling expenses, but they were not accustomed to paying railway fare. So they pocketed the money and traveled by slow freight.

Several months later, Farrar was also transferred to Anniston. The minute the brothers were united, the wanderlust returned. It always did.

One Sunday they went for a train ride, with tickets—just to see how it would feel. They took their instruments with them, for no particular reason. The conductor, noticing them, asked the young men what they played, then invited them to the smoking car to play for him. They obliged with a private concert, which delighted him so that he took them all the way to Atlanta. They took a look at Atlanta and persuaded their conductor friend to take them to Norfolk, Virginia.

But in Norfolk they ran into stormy weather. Things got so tough financially that Bob regretfully pawned his watch and got himself a job selling silver polish from house to house. Next he satisfied a boyish ambition by becoming a motorman on a street car, while Farrar checked peanuts at the Peanut Corporation, on the Norfolk docks.

This led to friendship with some fellows who worked on excursion boats, and aided the Burns brothers in getting employment as waiters on the Merchant Miner's Line steamers. They packed their instruments, and were not waiters long. They played in the social hall on the top deck for dancing. They also harmonized—and now there was a swell big copper bowl on top of the piano for contributions. And folks who could afford to take boat trips from Norfolk to Boston, and even to

**"Dentyne Stars in Double Role
—It Aids Mouth Health—
Delights Your Taste!"**



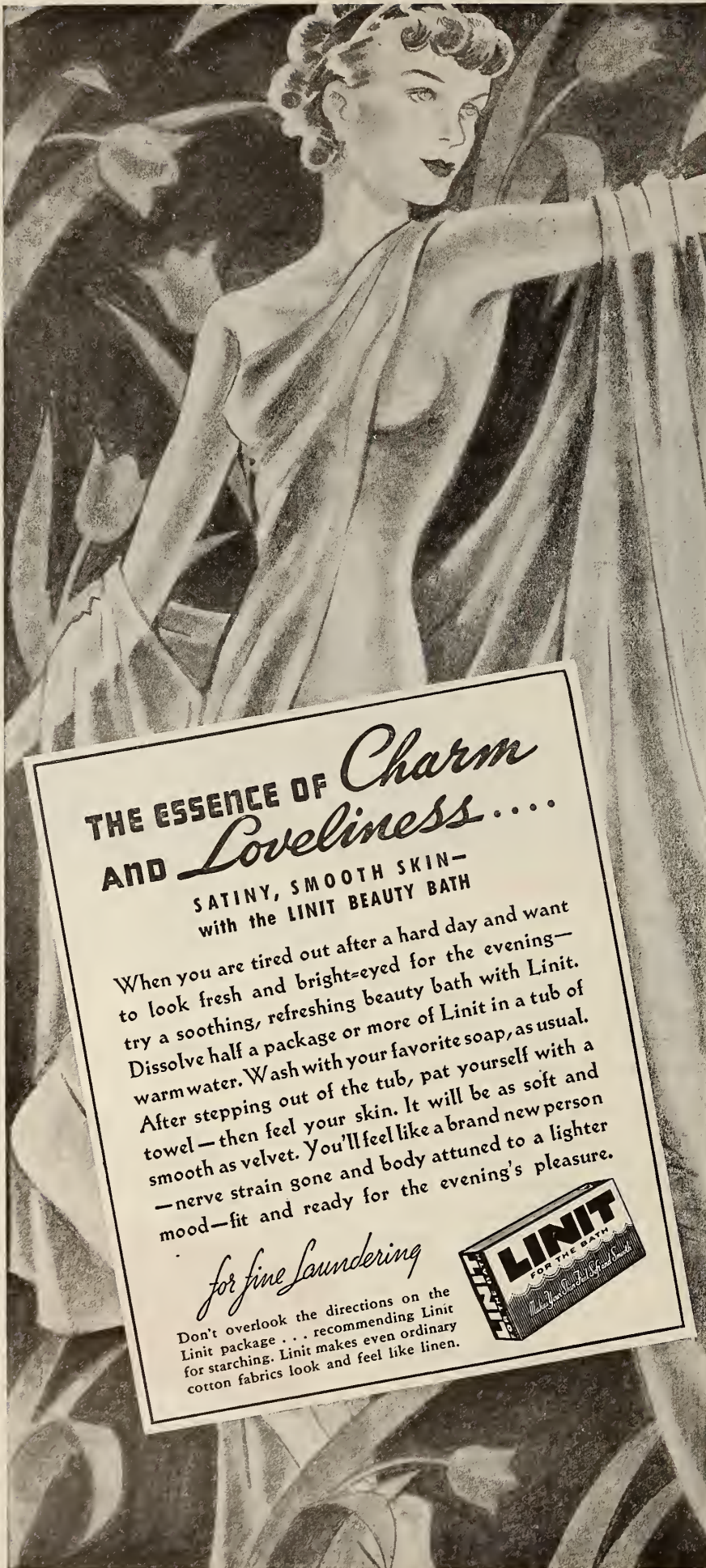
FOR BETTER BREATH AND TEETH. Many actors and actresses are generous in their praise of Dentyne as a real aid to a healthy mouth — wholesome breath — beautiful teeth! The secret? Dentyne's special firmness invites more vigorous chewing — gives teeth and gums healthful, *needed* exercise. It tones up mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promotes natural self-cleansing. And yes — it does help your mouth and chin keep their firm, youthful curves!

ITS FLAVOR IS A WINNING NOTE. Just sweet enough — just spicy enough — Dentyne flavor is perfection itself! Fragrant — delicious — lasting. Try it — discover for yourself why it is the choice of people with critical taste. Another point in Dentyne's favor is the smartly flat shape of the package — an exclusive feature — and handy as you please to slip into your pocket or purse.

*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*



DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



THE ESSENCE OF *Charm*
AND *Loveliness*

SATINY, SMOOTH SKIN—
with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

When you are tired out after a hard day and want to look fresh and bright-eyed for the evening—try a soothing, refreshing beauty bath with Linit. Dissolve half a package or more of Linit in a tub of warm water. Wash with your favorite soap, as usual. After stepping out of the tub, pat yourself with a towel—then feel your skin. It will be as soft and smooth as velvet. You'll feel like a brand new person—nerve strain gone and body attuned to a lighter mood—fit and ready for the evening's pleasure.

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.



Jacksonville, Florida, could afford to be generous with their tips.

They left the boat well heeled, bought themselves nifty new suits and went to Washington. They could afford to "visit" now. They saw all points of interest; then went on to Boston and Philadelphia, where Bob says they "gawked" some more. Inevitably they hit New York, always the Mecca of the stage-struck.

Farrar by now wanted a regular job; he didn't believe in a stage future as Bob did. He wrote home to Uncle Collins Needham, his mother's brother, who worked for the American Refrigerator Transit Company, telling him he'd like to settle down. Uncle Collins wired him to head for St. Louis, where a job waited him. So Farrar said good-by to Bob, and headed back toward home.

Bob meanwhile had been hitting the vaudeville agencies. He could always raise some interest with the bazooka; but nothing much happened. He did get a job as an extra in a film being made on Eleventh Street in New York—his first picture experience. He was one of a flock of Swiss Guards.

Yet nothing remotely resembling fame showed up; New York was stuffy, breathless. Robin Burns began to dream of the open spaces . . . wheat fields . . . the smell of hay in the early morning. . . .

Hay! The name was synonymous with Uncle Rob Cook ("Hell Roarin' Cook") and his giant hay press, which Bob remembered so well from his boyhood days. Again an uncle received an appeal, and again an uncle came through. Bob was soon on his way to Hugo, Oklahoma, where he worked in hay to his heart's content.

IN the meantime his brother had been transferred to Provo, Utah, still in the employ of the American Refrigerator Transit Company. He was really seeing the world. He wrote Bob about the West, how much he liked it, urging Bob to come out too. So Bob joined Farrar in Provo. When Farrar was transferred to Colorado, Bob trekked north to Salt Lake City.

It was time he took a flyer in white collar jobs, he figured. So he became a night clerk in a hotel. It didn't take him long to hate it. He then went out and got himself employment with the Phoenix Construction Company, when they were building the great terminal depot near Salt Lake. He was manager of a huge boarding house which slept and fed over three hundred laborers. This was a good job for a big guy; somehow Bob never looked foolish ordering "two beeves," as he often did. He liked it well enough to stay over a year. He made good money and saved most of it. There was something he wanted to do—and he wanted to do it right, this time. The stage was never out of his mind for long.

He finally got together several vaudeville performers and prepared an act. There were four people in it; it was called "The Three Smilers and Nix." They played and sang and told jokes, the men in blackface. The girl's name was Gloria, and she was billed as "The Girl with the Golden Voice." They toured all through Utah. All went well—or fairly well—till they got on a branch line of a railroad which didn't go anywhere.

They were just making enough to carry them on to the next town; now there was no next town, and they were marooned in a tiny hamlet. If they went back over the same territory nobody would pay to see them again. They put the show on half-heartedly that night and collected \$8.00. Not enough to get even one of them back to civilization.

Finally the theatre manager lent Bob

\$20, which helped. But they had to hitch hike a great deal of the way back to the main line on wagons. This sort of took the smile out of The Three Smilers, while Gloria said "Nix" and got married in Logan, Utah. The act split up, and Bob started north again. He spotted a carload of laborers leaving town, with big red checks in their hats. They were all pretty drunk, so he joined them and filched one of the big red checks for himself. Nobody questioned him so he got free transportation north. He learned that he was on his way to Nampa, Idaho.

In Nampa, things weren't good at all. Bob finally traded his favorite stickpin for a meal. He thought about it all that night. The next morning he went back and said to the restaurant keeper, "That's a right nice stickpin. I think you ought to give me another meal for it." He got the other meal.

Walking out of town to see what fortune might hold in store, he saw men everywhere putting up alfalfa hay. He got a job driving a hay fork, and then pitching. Tons and tons of alfalfa hay! It was hot, hard work, but he stuck through the season. At the end of it he went into town and called on the theater manager. He didn't have the bazooka with him, because The Three Smilers had taken the instruments south with them when the act split up. But he could talk about it. The manager was a curious soul; finally he gave Bob an order to a plumber to have one made. That bazooka cost thirty-five cents—small enough investment for a possible engagement.

THAT night the little theater in Nampa, Idaho, flashed a colored slide. "Harmony Hobo, the Musical Plumber," it read. Out stepped Bob Burns. He wore his hay pitching clothes. He was burned black by the Idaho sun, so no make-up was necessary.

The bazooka was sensational that night. In the pit, an extremely fat lady banged out an accompaniment on the piano. For a final encore, Bob went down in the pit and played the piano, while the fat lady got up on the stage and sang a song called "Happy, Happy Little Country Girl." It was good for a week's engagement. . . .

It was a variegated career that showed the world to Bob Burns. His next job was the hardest he has ever had: mowing moss with a scythe, wading in water to his waist in irrigation ditches. But he made \$5 a day, and his healthy constitution stood him in good stead. He finally worked his way back to Salt Lake City, where he joined a bunch of fellows who were going West to California for the prune picking season.

Now he had seen the country from Coast to Coast—and he became sick for a sight of his own, his native Arkansas. He returned to Van Buren, in 1915, still a boy—in his twenties—but a boy who had seen things, done things.

After a soul-warming visit with the home folks, he decided to go into the advertising business with a friend, in Little Rock. He didn't know a thing about advertising. Still, no reason why he couldn't learn. In a short time the new agency was discussing opening a branch office in Fort Smith. Bob booked conventions for Eagles, Elks and what-have-you at Hot Springs, getting a percentage from the badge and button manufacturers. He did publicity for Baptist ministers, and ended by cornering the largest advertising accounts in the state.

When he decided to go to Chicago, he came up against that small town attitude again. "What can he do in a big city? Where will he ever get?" . . . People knew who Robin Burns was, in Arkansas—but

*Sensitive Skin
like yours...needs the pampering
care of these*

Germ-Free Beauty Creams



**GERMS . . . the cause of many skin blemishes,
banished from Woodbury's Beauty Creams. New "Filtered
Sunshine" element helps the skin to stay young!**

WHAT'S the good of even talking about skin beauty, if blemish-germs are lurking in your pores?

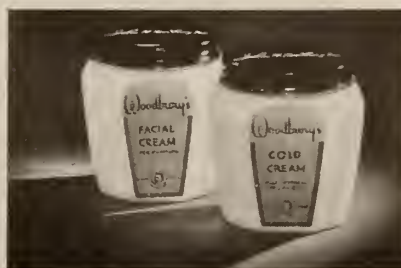
To bring you one step nearer to clear skin beauty, Woodbury skin scientists have made these beauty creams *germ-free*. An exclusive ingredient in Woodbury's Creams inhibits the blemish-forming work of germs on the skin.

*"Filtered Sunshine" Helps
Skin to Breathe*

Now Woodbury's Cold Cream brings you a second important element. Sunshine is vital to a good complexion.

Certain rays, which produce Vitamin D, help the skin to *breathe*. Now these beneficial rays of "Filtered Sunshine" are irradiated into one ingredient of Woodbury's Cold Cream. This "Filtered Sunshine" element . . . Vitamin D . . . stimulates the skin's *rapid* breathing process, to keep your complexion young, unmarred by lines and dryness.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften your skin. The Facial Cream holds powder and rouge smoothly. Protects, too, against wind, dust and blemish-germs. Each only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes.



SEND FOR 9-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

Brings you trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Cream. Also guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; 6 sample packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder (Germ-free). Send 10c to cover mailing costs. John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7470 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name _____

Address _____

Copr. 1936 by John H. Woodbury, Inc.



SUE knows a simple beauty secret that is making thousands of girls more lovely. Unattractive Cosmetic Skin—dullness; tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—spoils good looks. Lux Toilet Soap used *faithfully* guards against this trouble.

Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, *thoroughly* removes every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it to keep skin exquisitely soft and smooth. *Your skin needs this care!*



LORETTA YOUNG
20th Century-Fox Star



I USE ROUGE AND POWDER BUT NEVER DO I RISK COSMETIC SKIN, THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP**

what contacts did he have in Chicago? Bob didn't argue; he grinned, packed up his bazooka and left Van Buren. If he was trade-marked around Arkansas because of the bazooka, he could use the same means of being known in Illinois.

And he did. He got a job selling ads on the *Chicago Herald*, won first prize in a contest sponsored by the paper for the salesman who sold the most advertising. The bazooka would break the ice on the face of the most frigid space-buyer. It appeared at luncheons and banquets, and formality went out like a light. The bazooka led Bob Burns straight to an even better job, selling street car advertising.

This took him on the road again—and with an expense account! Bob went to many places where before he had eaten beans and hamburgers, and lived in style on double sirloins and squab. But he didn't enjoy it. In fact, he soon tired of the road, to return to Chicago in a new position with a big mail order publication.

Life might have been smooth and settled for the Arkansas Traveler from 1917 on. He had been working steadily and profitably at one thing longer than he ever had before; life was beginning to fall into a pattern.

Then the rumble of war drums began in Europe. First it was, "Will America enter the War?" Then, suddenly, "America is at war!"

A group of friends were dining in Bob's little hotel apartment. One of them said, "I wonder what's going to happen."

"I dunno," said Bob cheerfully. "But I'm going to enlist."

"When?"

"Oh . . . I guess tomorrow," he drawled.

The Kraft Music Hall's star comedian lived hair-raising adventures in the World War, and afterwards his rise from cheap carnival days to one of the top places in radio reads like thrilling fiction. You won't want to miss these adventures in the next instalment in the November RADIO MIRROR, out September 25th.



Kathryn Cravens (right), popular commentator on station KMOX, interviews Nellie Granger, whose courage during a plane wreck made her a heroine.

VIRGINIA VERRILL REFUSED TO DIE

FOUR TIMES THIS STAR HAS COME THROUGH
DANGERS WHICH PUT HER LIFE IN JEOPARDY

FOUR times, in her short span of nineteen years, Virginia Verrill has faced Death. And four times the Grim Reaper has slunk away, vanquished by this chit of a green-eyed black-haired girl.

Virginia Verrill's story is the tale of a girl who refuses to die; who clings to life, teeth clenched, whenever the icy breath of Death blows upon her.

When she was just three weeks old, the King of Terrors first spread his bony arms toward her. Born prema-

turely, more than a month in advance, she was slowly starving, because her little stomach did not function properly.

Despairingly, Mrs. Verrill watched her baby, crying and gasping, complaining bitterly against the cruel fate which refused her a fair chance to live. There was just one hope: in New York, a famous surgeon, Dr. Holt, might be able to operate and save her. But Virginia was in Santa Monica, three thousand miles from New York. "I don't

By MARY
JACOBS



Right, Aimee McLean Verrill, Virginia's mother, manager, and friend, who helped her win her fight with death. Below, Virginia today shows no sign of the illness which made doctors despair. See page 52 for her radio shows.



HERE'S *Energy* AND
Alertness PACKED INTO
A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST



CLAIRE TREVOR — CLAIRE TREVOR, BEAUTIFUL 20TH CENTURY FOX PLAYER IN "TO MARY... WITH LOVE," SAYS, "SHREDDED WHEAT HAS A DELICIOUS, NATURAL FLAVOR ALL ITS OWN THAT JUST CAN'T BE BEAT! NO WONDER IT'S FIRST CHOICE OF MILLIONS."



TAKES THE SPOTLIGHT

JAMES DUNN, STAR OF A LONG STRING OF HOLLYWOOD HITS, DIVES INTO SHREDDED WHEAT WITH A BIG SMILE OF SATISFACTION. "IT'S A SMASH HIT!" HE EXCLAIMS, "AND CERTAINLY TAKES THE SPOTLIGHT FOR REAL NOURISHMENT — THE KIND THAT KEEPS YOU ACTIVE AND ALERT."



**NATURE'S
PRIZE GRAIN**

DIETITIANS AND FOOD EXPERTS GIVE YOU THESE IMPORTANT FACTS: "WHEAT IS NATURE'S MOST PERFECT GRAIN. CONTAINING AN UNUSUALLY FINE BALANCE OF MINERAL SALTS,

CARBOHYDRATES, PROTEINS AND VITAMINS FOR ENERGY AND STRENGTH!" AND SHREDDED WHEAT IS 100% WHOLE WHEAT, NOTHING ADDED, NOTHING TAKEN AWAY!

MORE THAN A BILLION SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS SOLD EVERY YEAR.



A Product of National Biscuit Company, bakers of Ritz, Uneda Biscuit and other famous varieties!

KOTEX FIRST ON 3 COUNTS!

Because it Can't Chafe.. Can't Fail.. Can't Show

CAN'T CHAFE

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

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.

CAN'T SHOW

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

3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

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

think she can stand such a trip," the doctors said, shaking their heads. And they waited, hoping for a miracle to happen.

But no miracle occurred. So her mother carried the child, more dead than alive, to New York. The operation proved successful. Virginia had conquered Death!

Of course, she was too young to realize what was happening. But the will to live, in spite of tremendous odds, was firmly implanted in her; it had pulled her through.

The second time she faced Death was when she was five years old. Her widowed mother, Aimee McLean Verrill, who was touring in vaudeville with a band, took Virginia with her, rather than entrust her to the care of strangers. While they were in Charleston, S. C., it became necessary for Mrs. Verrill to get to Miami in a hurry, so she asked Ed Curtis, a stunt flyer stationed at the Charleston airport, to make the trip.

Those were pioneering days in aviation, when none but the most courageous took airplane trips.

For the first two and a half hours everything went along nicely. All Virginia remembers is the sensation of being in a fast, bumpy car.

Suddenly the motor began to miss and sputter. The ominous whine of the propeller and the screech of the wind tore at their ears. The plane, out of control, was hurtling faster and faster toward the earth.

"Open your safety belts! Jump! We're crashing!" the pilot yelled.

BUT Mrs. Verrill, poor woman, was too blanched with terror to move her nerveless fingers.

And Virginia? She realized something was wrong and her heart was pounding; but she forced back her tears and gave no outward sign of her fear. "Look, I'm not afraid," she told her mother. "Don't worry, Mummy."

With a tearing of fabric and a splintering of wood, the plane crashed. Mrs. Verrill was thrown against the side of the plane and badly injured. Miraculously enough, Virginia escaped without a scratch!

Danger seemed to pursue Virginia relentlessly, for two years later she came face to face with Death again. This time he almost escaped with his thrice-sought prey.

Unexpectedly enough he approached. Who would think that dark danger lurked in children's dancing around a May Pole? Little Virginia, her cheeks flushed with excitement, dressed in her white party dress, was dancing in the May Day exercises of the Micheltorena Grammar School in Hollywood, where the Verrills had settled. Suddenly the girl in front of her, who was twice her size and age, swung back out of line. Her heavy gym shoes struck Virginia's chest with a horrible thud.

Virginia dropped unconscious, her left lung badly crushed by the blow. For months she lay in a cast, white and inert. Once again the doctors shook their heads sorrowfully. "Even if she does recover," they told her mother, "she'll have lung trouble for the rest of her life."

As soon as she was out of the cast, Virginia rebelled against lying flat on her back while the weary procession of days paraded by. Other girls and boys were jumping rope, playing ball, shooting marbles. She couldn't stand being alone and still. Several times she lifted herself up and tried to walk, only to collapse each time.

Gradually she thought things out. "I felt," she told me, "that some terrible enemy, mean and vicious, was lying in

wait for me. It was his fault that I was ill, had had so much trouble. I determined to outwit him. I would fight with every ounce of strength I possessed. And if fighting meant being quiet and doing what the doctors ordered, I'd be a model patient.

"Of course I was afraid of Death. Who isn't?"

Within three years she had improved so greatly that the doctors permitted her to resume a normal life.

She was started well on her singing career before Death again struck at her, ten years later. Along with some two thousand other people, Virginia was celebrating the birth of the New Year, 1934, at the Bohemian Gardens, a Los Angeles night club. It had rained all day long in Los Angeles, and at midnight the storm reached the height of its fury.

Streams of water poured in from all sides. Before the startled patrons knew what was happening, they were up to their chins in water. The lights went out.

Panic reigned. Screaming and pushing, the guests fought their way to the exits, only to find them blocked by a wall of water.

Virginia stood horrified, in her icy bath. Again the clammy fingers of Death reached out to claim her. Her lungs had not bothered her for years and she had thought them cured. But what would happen now?

An hour later the fire department reached the club, and firemen began to throw lifelines to the frenzied mob. It was three hours before Virginia was towed out, icy and stiff. So chilled was she that it was with difficulty she grasped the rope.

ONE whole week Virginia spent in bed, recovering from the shock. And the only other bad effect she sustained was a series of rope burns around her waist, where the tow line had been fastened!

How has facing Death affected Virginia Verrill? Very strangely.

She seems to be a girl without nerves. I've seen her at auditions, at her opening night on station WABC, at broadcasts. She had not a trace of embarrassment, the nervousness you'd expect in a nineteen year old singer catapulted to fame. I've never once seen her ruffled or flustered.

When she came East to star on the Socozy Sketch Book, the towering buildings of New York, the speed of New York life, which she was seeing for the first time, brought no exclamations of wonder or enthusiasm from her. She took them all in her stride—calmly, almost indulgently.

And I think it's because, having come so close to the ultimate Victor, Death, she doesn't view Life as any tremendous mystery. She has acquired a sense of perspective, of proportion, far beyond her years.

The Story We've Always Wanted to Print!

Shyest of all the stars is Wayne King . . . hardest to see . . . hardest to persuade to talk. It took one of Radio Mirror's topnotch writers to secure from him the only authentic story ever published of his romance and marriage. It's intimate, it's heart-warming, and it will be in the

**November
RADIO MIRROR**

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!



See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By *Lady Esther*

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest

and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) 26

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

FREE

Your Announcer Is:



BOB BROWN

BOB was born in New York City, December 7, 1904, and christened Robert Vahey Brown. He spent most of his childhood moving with his family from New York to Philadelphia, West Orange, Hasbrouck Heights, Long Island, and—finally—Buffalo. He went to high school and two years of college in Buffalo, but left before he had his degree to take a job with the United States engineering corps. When he was twenty-one he auditioned at Buffalo's WGR, and has been a radio announcer ever since, at WGR, WLW, and the NBC studios in Chicago. He's married, to the former Mary Steele, a contralto singer whom he met in the WLW studios, and they live on Chicago's north side.

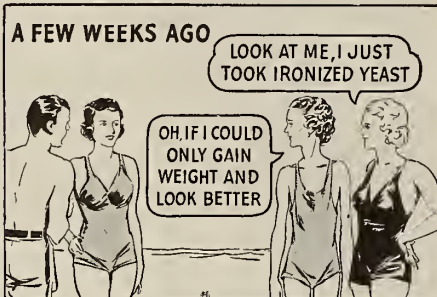
Besides announcing, Bob has written many programs, and he also likes to write short stories—few of which, he admits, are ever published. He's the announcer for Vic and Sade and Edgar A. Guest's Welcome Valley, in addition to odd special events every now and then—such as the stratosphere ascent of Lieutenant-Commander Settle, during which Bob cruised after the balloon in an airplane.

In the November Issue

Four beautiful stars tell you how they nearly made the tragic mistake of being led into matrimony by the wrong man. Watch for

The Man I Nearly Married

SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW EASY WAY



NEW IRONIZED YEAST OFTEN ADDS NEW CURVES —in a few weeks

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets—in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

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

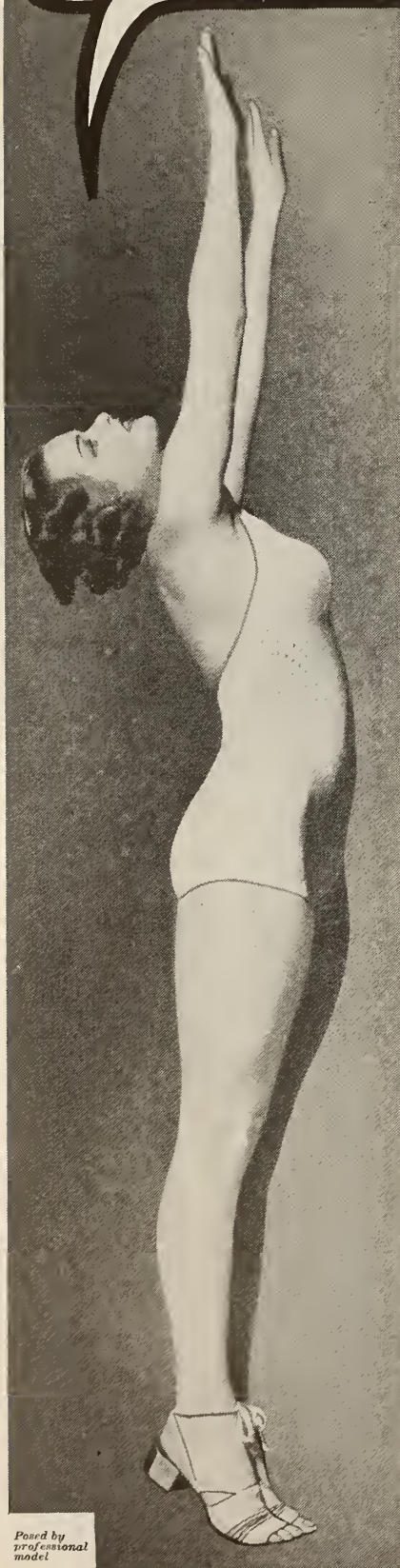
If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2210, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional model

Have You a Television Face?

(Continued from page 24)

interesting is that the three sisters have unusual faces. They have full, wide mouths for one thing, but those mouths take on rosebud proportions when transmitted over the ultra-short waves. The Pickens Sisters are regarded as ideal subjects for the ether screen. Graham MacNamee was master of ceremonies on the program with the Pickens Sisters. MacNamee couldn't be called a sheik in real life, but his face is big and his features are pronounced, and he's a pretty good looking guy on the television screen.

The problem of make-up in the television studio has been pretty well solved. It will be quite similar to motion picture make-up. Yellow powders of various shades will be used on the face, purple or black rather than every-day red will be the hue of the lipstick, and green will predominate for eye shading.

Contrast will be the big thing. Ordinary eyebrows will have to be heavily pencilled in order to stand out and make up for what the television camera will fail to pick up. Noses will have to be sufficiently prominent to stand out from faces. Frances X. Bushman's famous nose would be just what the doctor ordered. A "button" nose, cute in real life, would be lost in the shuffle. Large teeth—teeth considered a little "horsey" in a drawing room—will suit the electrically transmitted pictures to an impulse. Dark hair, rather than blonde hair, will serve to give the contrast that television will demand. Just why Ginger Rogers, with her sun-kissed tresses, shows up so well is one of those mysteries. There will be other similar mysteries.

THE pictures on television screens will resemble, so far as coloring goes, pictures done in rotogravure with green ink. It is a mistaken impression that television will be in natural colors. Just when television will come to the home, none of the moguls interested in its development will hazard a guess. There are many things yet to be worked out. But one thing is certain: Good speaking or singing voices will be prime requisites. Many of the radio performers today will be back numbers when television does come, because the television camera doesn't like 'em. Their fate will be akin to that of the silent picture stars who found they did not have good speaking voices when the talkies swept the world. Talkie performers who do not have television faces will be out. There is bound to be an intensive search for new faces. And for once the search will not be confined to the realm of beauty. Thus the gates of opportunity will open wide for countless persons of ability throughout the land. Included, perhaps, will be you.

Love Marriage Romance

PASSED THIS WEAK, SICKLY, SKINNY GIRL BY UNTIL...



A Doctor Told Her of This Simple Common Mistake Now So Easily Corrected..



...And She Found the Way to Blossom into Full Glorious Womanhood!

Thousands of Tired-Out, Nervous, Skinny Girls Have Gained Flattering Pounds, Rugged Strength and Tireless Energy This Quick, New Way!

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery, and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny, hidden glands control this body-building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.) The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Seedol Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Seedol Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Seedol Kelpamalt's iodine you quickly normalize your weight and strength-building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Seedol Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And—if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way.

100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt 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 at the right.



● Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as Kelo 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 the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easy assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

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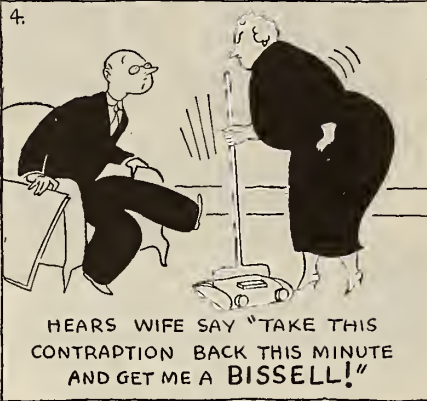
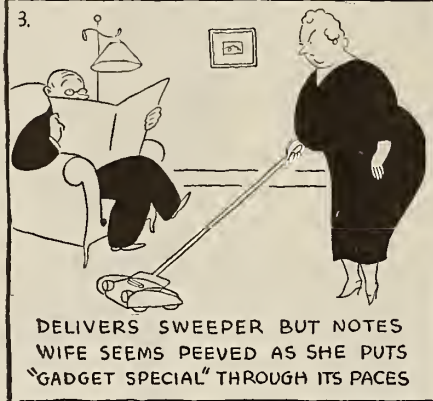
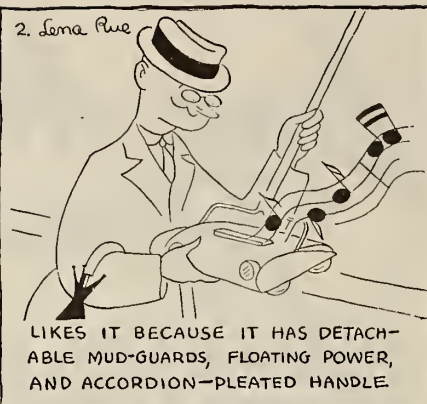
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NEXT MONTH

Watch in Radio Mirror for the grand feature on Helen Hayes who will soon begin her new series of broadcasts.



BISSELL

The really better sweeper
Grand Rapids, Mich.



They're Radio's Old Maids

(Continued from page 21)

lady has positively everything. Slim dark Maxine, who has the longest curliest eyelashes and the most enormous jet black eyes of all the radio beauties, has a problem on her hands no advice to the lovelorn could solve. For a long time she's been crazy about a young doctor in Washington—and she's under contract to her boss, Phil Spitalny, not to marry for three more years! It was Phil who took Maxine out of a campus musical comedy at Ohio State University, gave her her chance on the air, coached her and primed her for success. Naturally he wanted the certainty of her exclusive services for a period of time long enough to justify his investment in her training, so he put a marriage clause in her contract which at the time Maxine was perfectly willing to sign.

How was she to know that during one of her very first vaudeville engagements she was to meet the man she wanted to marry? Of course she's at liberty to break her contract and Phil wouldn't make it unpleasant for her if she should, but breaking contracts with a benefactor is not quite cricket and Maxine won't be guilty of it. So the only way she can have her romance and stick to her word too is by dashing back and forth to Washington on brief trips and pining away the rest of the evenings in her artistic Beaux Arts apartment which she shares with Gypsy Cooper, saxophonist in the Spitalny band.

So just in case you think a radio career is always the life romantic you ought to hear Maxine on that subject!

KAY THOMPSON is another star whom the microphone is cheating of love and this, we say, is a crying shame. For Kay's the kind of good old gal, fun and brainy and regular, who ought to be making some man's life superbly full of rich companionship. The trouble with Thompson is merely this: She's in one of the most important spots on the air with her choir on the Chesterfield show; she's solely responsible not only for holding her own job but the jobs of the fourteen youngsters in her group too; and the pressure of a responsibility that great is practically working her to death.

Seven days a week, mind you, not six, Kay is up at noon and on her toes 'til midnight. You've never seen a dynamo until you see her sitting at that big white piano in her living room, wearing a rummy old sweater and slacks and socks and oxfords, working like mad for hours on end on arrangements and 'parts' and 'licks' and lyrics. If the numbers aren't swell at rehearsal it's all Kay's fault, they'll have to be done over again. In the meantime the riding habit she brought from St. Louis two years ago is gently rusting between tissue paper, her tennis racket in the closet hasn't been restrung since heaven knows when.

Kay has plenty of dates, though. Oh, yes. Along about midnight she drags herself under a shower while Mamie, her maid, lays out a frivolous evening dress, gossamer stockings and spike-heeled sandals. Then Kay goes out with the young man of the evening to a night club—always a night club because somehow they relax her more effectively at the end of her day than anything she's found yet. The only trouble is that by that time she's in no mood for what goes with soft lights and sweet music.

"It's a well known fact," she said to me not long ago, "that when you're as weary as I am at night even the most devastating man in the world is just a—well, just

Good-bye TAN AND FRECKLES

Don't Let **SUN-BAKED SKIN TURN SALLOW**

Lighten and freshen your skin as thousands of women have done for 25 years. Apply this dainty cream nightly and watch it clear away the tell-tale marks of the hot summer sun.

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DOUBLE STRENGTH

AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

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As Food Editor of RADIO MIRROR, I heartily recommend this latest edition of Ida Bailey Allen's new Service Cook Book. The 196-page volume contains 1500 recipes—and all the things you want to know about: How to Measure, Correct Temperatures for all types of cooking, Meal Planning, Marketing, Table Service, etc. I know you'll be glad to have it.

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RADIO MIRROR Magazine
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Your book will arrive promptly, postage prepaid.

a person. I've dozed off to sleep in so many night clubs and taxis, so many times in that armchair over there, that I'm downright ashamed of myself."

Which should make the title of Kay's sad story "\$750 a Week But No Fun"—and again we say it's a crying shame.

Winifred Cecil, Show Boat's dark soprano, is in a difficult romantic situation too. Ever since she stepped into her twenties she's been in love with her Ted. They were planning to be married the spring of this year but Winifred got her big chance in radio and it sort of threw a monkey wrench into their plans. Since she's become a star she's had less and less time, of course, for the companionship she and her fiancé used to enjoy; and he has misunderstood the demands made by her career; and they've quarreled and both of them have been in an up-and-down state of emotions ever since.

Ted finally asked Winifred to take him or take radio. So far she's taken radio but it may not be definite; she's gone off to Europe, very much alone, to try and think things out with a degree of perspective no girl can have when she's caught in the mad swirl of the microphone. Maybe by the time you read this Winifred Cecil will have made up her mind about what she wants of life—but if she falls in with the majority of her sister stars' decisions what she wants will be a career.

FIVE years ago Loretta Lee ran away from home in New Orleans because her family wouldn't sanction her high school romance with the boy friend, a handsome young Frenchman, Irvin Dusson. Once on the air she quickly worked up to stardom, effected a reconciliation with her parents and planned to quit radio cold the minute Irvin was able to support a wife. She wrote him a special every day of her life, lived quietly with her aunt in a midtown hotel, never dated any of the countless Romeos who wanted to take her out. It looked like the real thing.

It still looks that way except that for a long time Irvin has been able to afford marriage—but Loretta won't give up her stardom and go home. She remains terribly in love, she vows; she plans over and over to leave New York this season, then next season, but somehow something always turns up that's so grand she can't turn it down. Meantime Irvin's being a good sport about waiting and the two of them fly back and forth between Manhattan and New Orleans every time they get a vacation.

"I don't know why I don't do something definite," Loretta said to me not long ago, "sincerely I don't. I guess my feeling about marriage has changed a little in all these years."

Without realizing it she told me in that one utterance the whole story of many of radio's perennial bright bachelor girls who know the thrill of fame and independence in their most glamorous forms and can never quite visualize happiness again on an ordinary budget and one man's applause instead of the public's. It's a little sad but it's so very true.

Patti Chapin, on the other hand, is putting off her marriage for a very sound reason. She's engaged to a physician in Hartford, Connecticut; she wants to keep on with her career after she marries because she loves it and because her husband-to-be is a very busy man and she'll be alone a lot with little to do unless she has an interest outside her home. Nicely, Patti's doctor sees things her way. So they're waiting until her career is sufficiently securely established so that she can commute to New York two or three days a week.

At the present time she must stick pretty close to base so she can be on hand

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HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by Jane Heath

● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the results—and never know why wives look prettier.

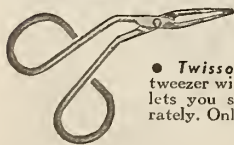
You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH (\$1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.



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● **Twissors.** The little miracle tweezers with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

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for any opportunities that turn up. Although she's a star she's a new star, and in the quick scramble in which much of radio works, only the Great Big Names are waited for until they deign to come in from Nyack or Greenwich or the Poconos or somewhere for an audition. Patti'll play Johnny-on-the-spot until she's firmly entrenched on the air, then—if nothing happens in the meantime—she'll wed her heart specialist and live happily ever after.

Of course there's cute Virginia Verrill who complained to me privately at great length not long ago that the reason she's still Miss Verrill is simply because she's looking for a caveman and none is available these days. Seems as though just because Virginia's a tiny little thing with a face the shape of a violet leaf and a gentle disposition, and because she's always been a rich man's daughter and because she's a shining radio star, most of the men she meets insist on treating her like a fragile china doll all wrapped up in tissue paper and tied with a big pink bow. They humor her, they bend over backwards trying to live up to the princess in the tower ideal that Virginia seems to radiate without even meaning or wanting to. When all the time she yearns for a guy who'll treat her like a pal and a plain human being.

Well, Virginia has another year of grace before she'll fall into the bachelor girl category so maybe under one of those top hats you're always seeing her out with a brain will finally function on the fact that little Verrill wants something less than orchids and pretty compliments and a reservation at the Rainbow Room. And when that happens, lucky guy, I honestly think Virginia will marry him pretty darn pronto and hold onto him good and tight for keeps.

Of course radio has its full quota of professed career women whose art is the only thing in their lives, say they, and a fig for all this foolish love business! Deane Janis, Bernice Claire, Gogo Delys, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, Jane Pickens, Judy Canova, Gertrude Niesen, Rachel Carlay and Lucille Manners are the gay ever-blooming perennials who have a new beau each week and a heck of a good time as long as nobody gets serious. Bernice Claire and the Lane sisters profess out and out to all concerned that it's just a case of got no time for love, so they should probably be classified as bachelor girls by direct choice. The rest of the bunch look more generously upon romance and indulge their passing fancies on the business like basis, of course, that a new contract's far more exciting and important than a new proposal. So they go on year after year having their fun.

All of which is perfectly O. K. and their own business. However, it's just as the star in the Lily Dasché hat intimated—career or no career they're getting older and older.

Radio has its quota too of stars who

have been divorced and are twice-shy of new romance. Witty, statuesque Ramona parted from Howard Davies a year or so ago but they remain best friends and constant companions and Ramona is concentrating on her work these days rather than the butterfly social life she used to lead.

Carmela Ponselle who shares a penthouse with her sister Rosa, is almost never seen gadding, entertains little. Most of her spare time is given to social service in New York settlement houses where she lectures to women and girls on etiquette, hygiene and gardening. A dozen years ago she was divorced from her first husband.

"My dear," she said to me once, "to be happily married is the only life for a woman. If 'Mr. Right' comes along for me I shall be thrilled beyond words." Mr. Right should certainly come along for Miss Carmela Ponselle is as lovely and delightful a lady as radio possesses.

After two unsuccessful attempts at happy marriage, Irene Rich admits to being a little skeptical of her luck. She lives alone in a suite at the Waldorf while her two grown daughters are in school, she has innumerable friends of both sexes and she's a charming and frequent hostess.

"On one condition I'd gladly marry again," says Irene. "I'd marry provided I could find a man whose career would interest me so fully that I could make my husband my career. Only on that basis could I give up my work that I love and my present contentment."

IRENE, at forty-four, continues to look like a young matron of thirty and gets my vote for the most attractive personality I've ever encountered in a middle-aged woman who somehow isn't middle-aged at all but young and darling.

The list goes on and on. Kate Smith, one of the wealthiest of the feminine stars, must surely look with a wary eye at the men who seek her favors. There's Lily Pons. Rumor has been marrying her and Andre Kostelanetz for almost the entire past year but both are discreetly silent while La Pons goes her carefree way, flitting all over the country on concert tours, to Hollywood to make pictures and back again to New York and Kosty. Many say that Lily's first experience with marriage came to so bitter an end she will never wed any more, that she confesses to her intimates to be an incurably burnt child when it comes to the serious side of romance.

Anyway there they are, radio's ranks of old maids. For jinxes they can't avoid, for reasons of their own—whatever the excuse for them it just won't do in a glamorous industry that manufactures romance and romantic trappings from daybreak to daybreak year in and out. The lovely lonely stars are just too lovely to be lonely. I say what radio needs is a darn good Cupid.

What all-important part did a song play in Stuart Churchill's life? You've heard him sing it many times, but you don't know that it has meant everything to his happiness and his career. You'll find the answer in a forthcoming issue.

With a Song in His Heart

(Continued from page 37)

the tantalizing tilt of her profile. Finally he gave up, but then as they reached his station he saw that the girl was preparing to leave the train too, and he was full of hope again. He would follow her to her hotel. Of course he had his reservations at the T— and would have to stay there, but still it wouldn't hurt to know where *she* was staying. Then oddly and quite by chance her sleigh headed for the T—. Oddly and quite by chance her room was reserved on the same floor as his. Not oddly or quite by chance he followed her to her door.

THE porter pattered around opening shades and valises. The girl looked out the window. And for a while they both ignored the shadow in the doorway. But finally there was no more ignoring. The look in the brown Gorin eyes was so full of lonely little-boy appeal that it was like a magnet. The girl suddenly turned around and stamped her foot. "Oh, all right!" she said quickly, laughing. "All right, I'll have dinner with you later. But do run along now!"

That's how it began . . . Igor Gorin's first romance. There were many dinners and many dances, and there was skiing, and a warm fire to sit around afterward. And in the evening there was a peasant with a viola playing in the corner. And in an opposite corner two sweethearts sat on a high-backed bench and held hands, and as they held hands the voice of the boy sang softly. "Yours Is My Heart Alone." It became their love song. Igor said they would have someone sing it at their wedding.

There was a wedding. But it wasn't Igor's. When they returned to Vienna she told him about her coming marriage. It was one of those family-arranged unions. Yes, in those days they still had such things and she had to go through with it. Igor was the "someone" who sang at the wedding.

You may have heard Igor sing "The Volga Boatman." And if you have, you'll agree no one sings it with quite the feeling and beauty that he gives to it. This particular song conjures up two pictures in Igor's mind. One which he tries to remember; another, which he tries to forget.

When Igor first went to Vienna and when he was still in his early teens, the great Chaliapin used to come to Vienna every winter to sing. Gallery seats were all Igor could afford, and there were never enough of those to go around, so on the concert days Igor used to get up at three, in the dark cold and the slush and the sleet, and wait on the street until the box office opened at ten. Of all the songs that Chaliapin sang, Igor liked "The Volga Boatman" best. He dreamed of the day when he too might sing to just such an enraptured audience.

A few years later it appeared that his dream would come true. The American-made silent picture, "The Volga Boatman," had just been released in Vienna and Igor went to the manager of the theater with the suggestion that he be hired to sing the song at each performance. The cinema manager said he wouldn't be interested in him alone, but he *might* use a quartet. It was no sooner

said than done. Igor organized a quartet, taught his fellow artists "The Volga Boatman" and they won the job.

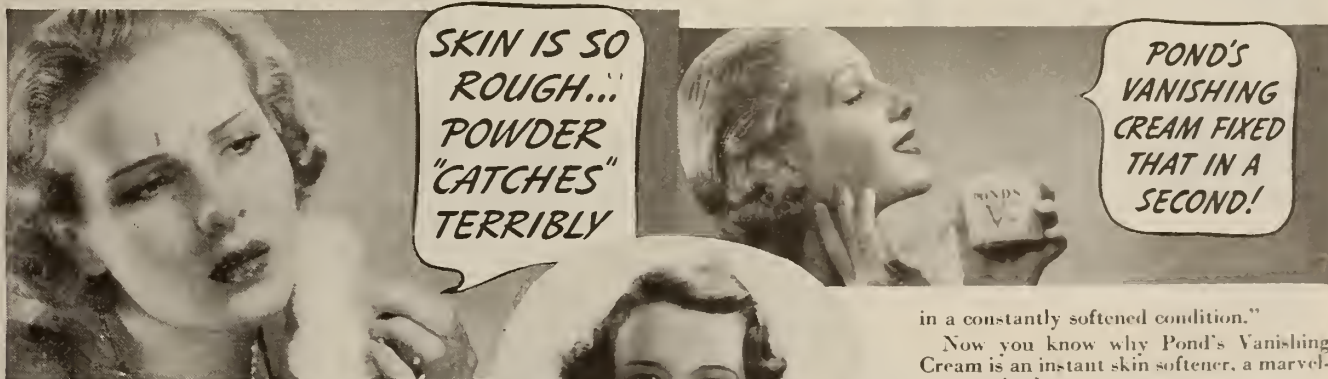
Loving the song as he did Igor was not satisfied with just an ordinary production. They must have costumes—and the boys made them of burlap sacks. They must also have props—and a large heavy pull rope seemed the thing. To give the effect of actually pulling on the rope they tied it to the piano, which was off-stage and then heaved away realistically. *Push, boys, pull!*

At the performance all went well—during the first half of the song at least. But then suddenly the house broke out with laughter. In their ardor the four boys had pulled the piano, piano player and all, right on to the stage! Igor's heart sank. The beautiful song had been ruined.

But that was only his opinion. The manager was delighted. They must repeat the *faux pas* every night! He had never seen his patrons so amused, not even by Charlie Chaplin.

AND so for six months, from theater to theater, the quartet sang "The Volga Boatman" and pulled the piano on to the stage, and were applauded and laughed at and adored. And for six months Igor paid his room rent when it was due, and ate when he was hungry, and dressed warmly when he was cold. But for six months, too, he lived with the guilt of his crime. *Burlesquing this greatest of all Russian folk songs!* He was never completely happy.

That is the thing he must forget. And the cold gray dawn, waiting in line for



For a smooth, lasting make-up . . . First melt away roughness

ALL READY to go out . . . then you start to powder. But, somehow, your powder just won't go on smoothly. It "catches" on every tiny roughness on your skin.

Do you know, you can smooth off those roughnesses—in an instant—by simply melting them!

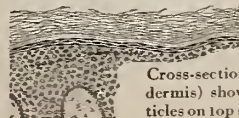
Those "powder catchers" are really dried-out cells on top of your skin . . . old, dead ones. As your skin keeps drying out, they flake off part way. And there they cling, loose and harsh . . .

But one application of a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts them right away—and out comes your true, smooth skin!

A prominent dermatologist explains: "The instant a keratolytic cream (Vanishing

Cream) touches dried-out cells on surface skin, these cells melt away. New cells come into view, that give the skin a smooth, fresh appearance.

"Moreover," he adds, "Vanishing Cream, regularly applied, helps to keep the skin



Cross-section of the outer skin (epidermis) showing how dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder.

Outer Skin

MRS. EUGENE DUPONT III: "Pond's Vanishing Cream holds powder, too—keeps my make-up fresh."

8-Piece Package

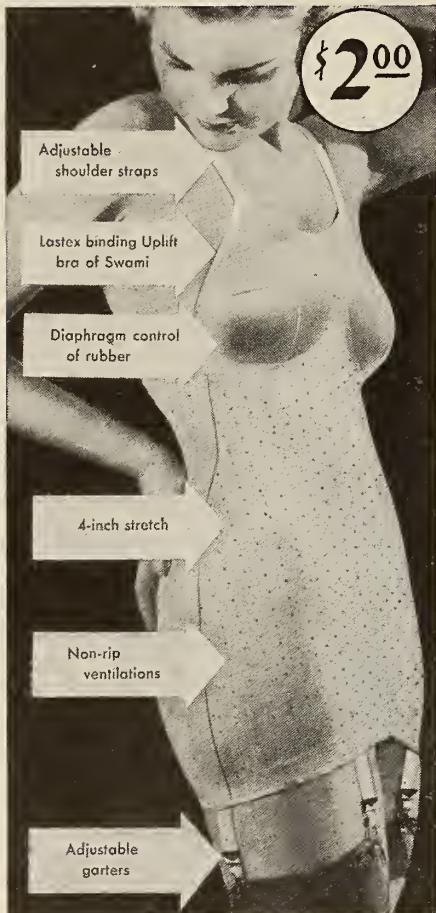
POND'S, Dept. K135, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

"MY DEAR! HOW THIN YOU ARE!"

Such words are music to a woman's ear! Especially when slenderness can be achieved so easily, comfortably, and smartly with a Kleinert's Sturdi-flex Reducer!



- A new "all-in-one" of Kleinert's ODORLESS Sturdi-flex rubber fabric with uplift bra of soft swami. The controlled stretch and three-piece fitted back make it comfortable for daytime, evening, or sports.
- Bend, sit, stretch—this marvelous all-in-one adjusts itself easily to any position and moulds your figure into firm youthful lines. Note the perforations for coolness, the adjustable shoulder straps, the flat Solo hose supporters—they help to make your Sturdi-flex completely comfortable as well as effective.
- Ask for Kleinert's Sturdi-flex at your favorite Department Store Notion Counter—it's only two dollars.
- Sized to bust measure — every other inch from 32 to 44.

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

485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Chaliapin . . . that is the picture he tries to recall.

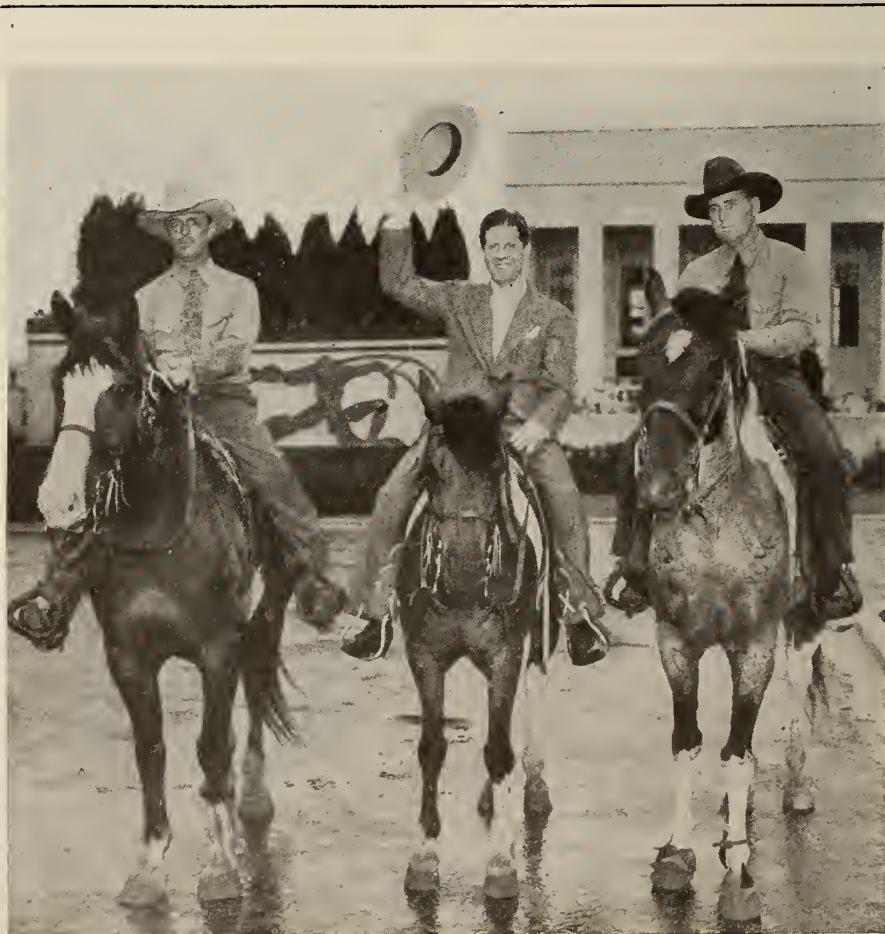
SEVERAL times on Hollywood Hotel you have heard Igor sing a song of his own composition, Caucasian Folk Song. This song was inspired many years ago when he used to play hooky from school. Not to go fishing, not to rob a bird's nest, not to go swimming, but to watch the long-bearded yellow-skinned Caucasians working along the near-by canals. He was only a little shaver in short knee breeches and a flowing velvet tie, but young as he was he sensed the grown-up heartaches, and heart happiness, too, in these strange Caucasian men from the north. Famed as canal builders, they were brought south to Ukraina every summer to dig great ditches. It was hot there and the Caucasians sweated under their labor and yearned for the cool clean snow-comfort of their homeland. They yearned, too, for their wives and their sweethearts and their babies. Yet they were glad to be making money, and to think of the presents they could take back. So that is why they were sad one moment and gay the next, and that is why the young boy Igor followed them, fascinated. He was like that, too. Gay and happy at home one minute and restless and nostalgic to be away from it the next. So in the daytime he hummed the Caucasian tunes. But at night when he went home he was careful to stop humming those tunes, lest his family discover his truancy.

Through many years those Caucasians and their songs stayed in his memory. A

year ago they became unbearable in their teasing and tormenting for expression. Igor sat down at the piano and wrote, from what he remembered, his own Caucasian Folk Song, and then, a little later, sang it on the air. He made you see those Caucasians, their gaiety and their sadness, because it was a song he had long carried in his heart.

His memories are gayest when he sings *Figaro* that mad rollicking song of a mad rollicking fool. Igor had his mad rollicking days, too, when he thought he was quite a dandy and when he thought he must make a hit with all the girls. Yet he was a poor dandy and only had two suits to his name, one of which—his Sunday suit—was in the Dorotheum all week long. The Dorotheum is an old palace which Austria has long since turned into a national pawn shop. There every Monday morning Igor used to take his best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, to borrow a little money—enough to take some girl to the zoo in the afternoon. And there he would go every Saturday night to reclaim his clothes. It meant that on Sundays he usually went without dinner, and breakfast and luncheon, too! But what was food for the stomach when his best clothes fed his spirit so beautifully! These are the chuckles and the foolishness he recalls when he sings *Figaro* the chuckles and the foolishness that he makes you feel so realistically with him.

As experiences enrich a heart, so do they enrich a voice, and it is these experiences behind Igor Gorin's voice which make it so beloved by you!



Wide World

While filling an engagement at the Texas Centennial Exposition in Dallas this summer, Rudy Vallee made sure he saw everything. He made the rounds on a "paint pony" escorted by Centennial Rangers.

Landon's Dramatic Fight Against His Radio Handicap

(Continued from page 29)

point out what they felt to be the mistakes of the present administration and in vivid word pictures persuade the public to listen to Republican reasoning.

In this, most of them confided to me, they doubted Landon's present ability. While those who had met him liked him and appreciated his personal charm and conversational ability, they were aware that this same soft speaking voice was also his handicap. So, secretly in their imaginations they began to build up some superman they dreamed would appear on the horizon before the fateful day for the selection of a candidate arrived.

THESSE fears and doubts and dreams of the delegates became known to Landon as he continued his fight. Nor, very well, could the paradox of his situation escape him. At 48, a man who had found life's struggle practically licked, he had never expected to meet with a new fight in a foreign element, nor did he meet the prospect of such a fight with the relish of a younger man still in the thick of solving his problems. Thus his task was doubly hard.

In the second week of June, I watched 1003 delegates and some 100 committeemen, weary of defeat and hearts set on victory, pour into Cleveland to find the new leadership that would show them the promised land.

You read about the swarming lobbies, the crowded restaurants, the air cooled bars, the bands and banquets, the Landon Bandwagon, and perhaps you even read some of the literature and leaflets. And

you could understand all this. But when you read about the Stop Landon movement, you found it more difficult to read between the lines.

I attended many of the private conferences delegates were holding. It was obvious, sitting in, what had inspired the movement to stop Landon and what the leaders of it hoped to gain from this maneuver.

Many were still hoping for the superman. Why vote for Landon until other possibilities had been exhausted, these leaders argued? Why not Frederick Steiwer, who was scheduled to make the keynote speech? Wasn't the chance good that he would sweep the entire convention off its feet, impress the nation so that he would become the prophet they searched for?

And so the movement gathered temporary strength. Steiwer, aware of the possibilities of the moment, stood before the packed hall, the all important microphone directly in front of him, and began his address. His voice was loud and dramatic. Delegates listened with hope as he swung into his most important point. And—as he reached his climax—the loudspeaker went dead! For ten minutes he was off the air. The next morning his phrase "three long years" was put to music but the man who invented the phrase had been forgotten.

There was still Herbert Hoover and the forces behind the Stop Landon drive kept their followers in line with whispers that the former president was in fighting mood, that he would make a speech they must

reckon with before climbing aboard the Landon bandwagon.

It proved to be actually, the last hope of these men. For fifteen minutes before Hoover could begin, they yelled and clapped and whistled. For half an hour after the speech was over, they kept up the demonstration. Chairman Snell broke his gavel and adjournment was finally necessary to clear the hall.

The next morning, the Landon forces went to work. Where was this superman, they asked? In the cold light of day they robbed Hoover of the glamor of the night before. John Hamilton, Landon's astute manager, had done his work well. Before-nightfall, harmony talks flowed freely. Perhaps Landon was the man after all. It became increasingly difficult to overlook his past record of performance.

That night, true to his family tradition of generations of actors, Hamilton made a speech that had tremendous effect on the delegates. He eulogized Landon, gave the convention what it wanted, what it had been waiting for. Somehow, all his speaking ability seemed to be Landon's ability. There was a stir in the hall, excited whispers, finally exultation and wild cheers. When the balloting started it was apparent even to gallery onlookers that the convention was over. Landon was winning without a dissenting vote!

FOR the Landon forces it was a moment of doubly sweet victory. They had won the nomination and—they were sure as the last ballot was cast—their candidate had won his battle. It was likely, they

THE Secret OF HER Alluring Eyes

OH WENDY, THERE'LL BE SUCH GORGEOUS GIRLS AT THE BALL... AND I'M SO DRAB!

NOW DON'T FRET SO, GLORIA JUST LEAVE IT TO WENDY

WHO IS THAT GIRL, JACK? IT CAN'T BE JUST THE VEIL

I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M GOING TO WHAT EYES!

FIRST THE EYE SHADOW AND NOW A BIT OF WINX MASCARA AND—VOILA! OH GLORIA, IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF!

BUT JACK, YOU MAY NOT LIKE ME SO WELL WHEN I UNMASK

PATRONESS THE MEN SEEM FASCINATED—I MUST ASK JACK WHO SHE IS

SUCH ALLURING EYES COULD BELONG ONLY TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, GLORIA!

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

It's amazing how WINX can improve your appearance... and personality, too! For with the long, silky, shadowy lashes which WINX gives you, comes a new sense of allure... bound to attract romance. So try this harmless tear-proof, streak-proof mascara. In three "balanced" shades (Blue-Black-Brown) and three convenient forms (Cake, Liquid, Cream). On sale at department, drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

WINX Balanced Colors Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh, "made-up" look. All WINX colors blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Brown

Mascara blends with WINX Brown Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of naturalness in eye beauty make-up.



YOU can't help feeling sorry for her—the girl who seems to be “in wrong” with everyone.

She's pretty—but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. *And why?*

Well, bluntly, because underarm perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be near.

And the pity of it is, she has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get this helpful habit—it pays socially! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

knew, that Landon, a thousand miles away at his home, would go on the air before the night was over. They looked forward to the moment. They were sure the speech, spontaneous though it might be, would be a good one. They had been so long on the sidelines, watching Landon's efforts, helping him as best they could, giving whatever professional guidance was theirs, they could forsee only one result.

They remembered how, in mid winter, Landon had begun to win for himself the attribute of a strong radio personality. How he had engaged the director of a popular radio program, Molly of the Movies, had persuaded him to drop his work temporarily and come to Kansas. Kirby Hawkes, who had made his reputation directing plays in the theater, was the man on whose shoulders rested the responsibility of getting Landon started on his way. For weeks, sandwiched between affairs of state, Landon and Hawkes concentrated on microphone delivery and radio oratory.

Later, still searching for natural delivery and the clarity his soft, easy voice had lacked, Landon went to the local Topeka radio station where he was given further coaching. Between times, in the study of his home, he made records of future speeches and played them back over in an effort to detect and erase flaws that the average listener would notice.

The Landon forces remembered all this and were sure their man was ready. They waited, in groups and singly, for the moment when Landon, from his home, would be on the air with a few words to describe his feelings after being nominated.

Back in Topeka, all was confusion. Though he was not surprised at the results of the balloting, Landon was still overwhelmed. Neighbors streamed in all evening long with congratulations and handshakes. The nominee was visibly affected by the good wishes and as the hour grew later, tears welled in his eyes. To few men come this moment and he was no different in his reactions than any.

Yet he did not face the prospect of going on the air with any fear. His past months of hard work were still fresh in his memory. And, finally, after midnight, a coast to coast network of radio stations was cleared of all programs, and it was time to address an expectant audience of millions who had stayed up to hear him.

He stepped out on the balcony, in front of nearly 15,000 Kansans who had gathered to cheer him on. Cries went up of

“good old Alf,” handkerchiefs waved. Engineers hastily stood up microphones and announcers spoke a few brief words of introduction. Then it was Landon's turn. He cleared his throat and began. Suddenly the overwhelming reaction of months of hoping, struggling rehearsing, of victory at Cleveland, of the responsibilities invested in him, surged over his jangled nerves. He hesitated, began again, nearly forgot the simple expression of happiness he had had in mind. Emotion forced him to repeat words and phrases.

In such a moment as Landon experienced when he was alone again, early in the gray light of morning, no one else ever knows the mixture of feelings that flood over the man who has thought victory was in his grasp only to see it slip away.

But, with a few hours' sleep, he was up and ready to try once again. It was then that he showed the same qualities that had brought him so far. Setting his jaw, he settled down to win, to make sure that a second time would find him fully prepared. He realized that last night had been a failure of the moment and did not constitute an actual test of his improved radio technique. Yet it was more than enough to show him the work left to be done.

Hamilton, too, realized this and—in order to gain time for his man—during the first few weeks after the convention, he did nearly all the radio broadcasting for both of them. At a public rally he was the one who used the microphone, while Landon talked only to those who were present. And at each succeeding gathering, Landon was showing the effect of those long months of practice. His voice was getting stronger, his enunciation clearer, his Kansas twang more subdued.

July 23rd was their goal, the day toward which they were pointing, much as a track star and his coach get ready for the final run of the year. This was the date set for Landon's formal acceptance speech and all the major radio networks had scheduled it for coast to coast broadcasts.

That day has come and gone. As far as Landon personally is concerned, he has won his fight. For every speech during the past two months he has shown all the marked improvement he and his party leaders could have expected.

Whether or not you who go to the polls in November decide that party victory shall be his, you cannot take away from him the sense of fulfillment that has come with a job fairly undertaken.



Homer Rodeheaver, director of Palmolive's Community Sing on CBS, Wednesday nights, visited his friend, Phil Lord (right) during a recent Gang Busters program, in which the parrot played a part.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 15)

great comfort to the two during their separation.

"Just the other night," Eddie tells, "I discovered that I had sung my youngster to sleep with a goodnight song during my midnight broadcast. That's eight o'clock on the coast. My sister was holding Georgie in her arms while I was on the air. Just think of being able to sing a lullaby to your kid 2,000 miles away."

And as this is being written, little George is on his way from California to visit his dad in Chicago.

* * *

—of another tale of radio closing the yawning gap of long separation. More than a dozen years ago, Urban Johnson, head of sound effects for WBBM, Chicago, traveled in a musical comedy with Mrs. Johnson, who cared for Donald Hughes, infant son of Beth Stone, ingenue of the show.

For years after, while the legitimate stage drifted toward the rocks and broadcasting puffed out in its affluence, the two families lost sight of one another.

Not long ago, Urban, while visiting Columbia's New York studios, watched fourteen-year-old Donald Hughes in a dramatic playlet. Facing the microphone with him was Beth Stone, now a seasoned radio actress.

* * *

ALL AROUND THE TOWNS

Detroit: You're never too old . . . Mrs. Carrie Burgess, who plays the mother in WMBC's "Operative Steele," has just passed her eightieth birthday . . . **San Francisco:** Gentlemen, the most gracious corsages you may proffer Jean Cowan, low-voiced singer of Carefree Carnival, cannot equal those she plucks from her own garden . . . In a sunny, windless spot, she grows her own gardenias and camellias . . . Whenever she wears an evening gown, her maid picks some blossoms and takes them to the nearby florist, who arranges them properly for a professional pittance . . .

Detroit: Impractical though it may appear, Phil Sillman, this station's pianist extraordinary, uses as many as six pianos during a broadcast . . . He doesn't mind the required agility . . . It's the shine that his pants acquire which really gets him . . .

Chicago: And if it constitutes a real challenge to Mr. Sillman, he might care to know about Art Kahn of WBBM who is reported to have played more than 500 different pianos during his nine months on this station's programs . . .

Boston: There must be something about WEEI . . . Its June audience mail record shows a new high for all time . . . 24,450 letters for the thirty days . . .

Chicago: Learn a lesson from radio's Bob Griffin . . . While having an oil treatment for his hair recently, he suffered severe burns because he lighted a cigarette during the session . . . Better now . . . **San Francisco:** KFRC has engaged for dramatic and comedy roles Peggy Converse, the young woman who played the comedy lead in this city's production of The Drunkard last year . . . And the reason you have been missing Barbara Jo Allen in her roles in One Man's Family, Death Valley Days, Hawthorne House and other dramatic serials, is because she has left for Hollywood for film tests.

* * *

Riding the Kilocycles

IT'S the conviction of Jane Harvey, ABC staff organist, that a piano should be not only grand, but royal as well. Her first piano was once owned by the late

(Continued on page 106)

New-born closets

A NEW 5¢ WAY



FRESHEN your closets!

Make them smart, gay and cheerful — with *Royledge*, the improved shelving that looks so well, wears so well, costs so little! Even if you can afford the most expensive edgings, you can't get more beauty or wear. Yet *Royledge* costs but 5c for 9 full feet!

The strong, crisp edge hangs flat, without curling—even in steamy kitchens and bathrooms. It never needs laundering; once up, it stays until you choose to change it. It comes in dozens of colorful patterns designed by decorators. You'll love them all at first sight and love them more when you see how exquisitely they dress up pantry, linen and guest closet shelves!

Royledge packages are easily identified by a round sticker that says "Feel the Edge." At 5-and-10c, neighborhood or dept. stores—9 ft. for 5c; 10c sizes, too. ROYLACE, 842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y. (makers of "Roylies"—lace-like, beautiful table doilies).

Royledge

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

S H E L V I N G



HOW TO PREVENT

Bathroom Odor



Keeping your bathroom odor-free is not only an important health measure but also a mark of good housekeeping. Nothing is more offensive to guests in your home than bathroom odor. And it's so easy to prevent—just use *Creolin* regularly. Pour *Creolin* into toilet and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floors, walls, basin and tub. It will keep your bathroom clean-smelling and sanitary. As a disinfectant, deodorant and antiseptic, *Creolin* has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years. At all drug stores with complete directions. Buy a bottle today. Merck & Co. Inc., Rahway, N. J.

CREOLIN
banishes
Bathroom Odors

★
Write for Free Booklet, "Home Hygiene," giving complete information about the many household and personal uses of *Creolin*.

Scoop! What Harriet Hilliard's Baby Will Mean to Her Future

(Continued from page 32)



honeymoon kept them going. Those two kids had been married almost a year, and they'd never had a honeymoon! The day after their wedding, you remember, Harriet got on a train and went to Hollywood, intending to be gone only a few weeks. They put her to work in "Follow the Fleet," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and she didn't get back to New York and Ozzie for months. Since then, it had been the usual mad scramble of two people in public life, forever surrounded by people, forever under the pressure of work.

"We're going to Bermuda," Harriet said, her eyes shining. "Just the two of us. It'll be the first time we've gone anywhere alone, or for pleasure, since we were married—and it'll be the first time I've ever been on the ocean at all!"

It was just afterwards that she astounded me by revealing her plans for the future. Ozzie met my puzzled look with a nod of confirmation.

"You know," he said, "Harriet doesn't really like to sing with the band. She never has."

That was another surprise for me, since I had always taken for granted that Harriet enjoyed the work at which she has been so successful. She is such a good sport that no one, not even Ozzie until recently, ever knew how hard the constant touring has been for her. Driving at top speed down dark roads with Ozzie in his high-powered car, from one one-night stand to the next, taking meals at odd hours or not at all, sitting in uncomfortable dressing rooms between shows, with nothing to do, losing sleep for a week and trying to make it all up in a night or two.

She stood it all without complaining, but there was always something even more important than the physical discomforts. Living this nomadic life, she

never had a home, and that is what—with all her heart—she wants. Not a hotel room, not even the most luxurious of hotel suites, but a place that belongs to her and to Ozzie. A place for them to belong to in return.

Paradoxically, Hollywood, the city of transients occupying rented houses, is going to give Harriet and Ozzie their home. By still another queer quirk of circumstance, they will be together, really together, more after Harriet has left the band. Her contract with RKO calls for only three pictures a year, and between times she can be in the East with Ozzie. Occasionally, she may make a guest appearance on his radio program, for she loves radio and hates to leave it, and there is a clause in Ozzie's contract with the Bakers Broadcast allowing her to work on the show when she's available.

NOT that it will be entirely easy for either of them. Harriet is entering a practically new kind of work for her, and sentencing herself to long weeks away from Ozzie. And Ozzie, before his program opens this fall, must find a suitable successor to Harriet's position in the band.

"It's a tough job," he confessed. "I've auditioned girls who can sing, and girls who are good looking, and girls who can read lines, but I haven't found one who has everything. Nobody but Harriet. She has the looks, the personality, the voice, and the intelligence to use them all."

His voice was filled with humble adoration for his wife. There is no doubt about it, it has been Ozzie's unswerving belief in her which has overcome Harriet's natural diffidence and modesty, and made her success possible. He has always persuaded her to do things she didn't think she could do. He talked her into singing her first solo with the band, and into go-

SANITARY PROTECTION

without **PADS!
PINS!
BELTS!**

WIX IS the remarkable new product which enables every woman to have complete, healthful, sanitary protection, *internally, invisibly!*

Wix is a scientifically designed absorbent tampon (perfected by two physicians) which is used internally and thus banishes forever the embarrassment of protruding pads, the irritation and discomfort of belts and pins.

Wix is sold by all department stores, drug stores, and all Kresge stores. If your dealers should be unable to supply you, use the coupon below.



THE WIX COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minn.

- For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me one regular size package of Wix.
- Please send me folder on Wix. (WG10)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Wide World

On a vacation to Hawaii, comedian Eddie Cantor took great delight in feeding coconuts to the native children at Waikiki.

ing to Hollywood for the first time. He even signed that first RKO contract for her. And although neither of them will admit it, it's possible to read between the lines and surmise that it was Ozzie, not Harriet, who initiated the project of leaving the band, knowing that to do so was best for Harriet, and for the baby.

They admit that there might be dangers to their plan, for others, but not for themselves. For instance, Hollywood has wrecked happy marriages before now. Ozzie firmly believes Harriet will become a great star—but knowing her as he does, he isn't afraid that her fame would ever come between them.

"Harriet is too well balanced," he told me. "She hoots if somebody talks about her 'career'—because she doesn't think she's good enough to have one. Movies will be her job, just as singing has been. She'd never let her head be turned by fame or flattery or anything else."

And after the glimpse I had just had into her real character and desires, I was sure he was right. No girl whose eyes get that faraway look when she talks about a home of her own can be in so very much danger from Hollywood.

Finally, just before I left, I learned still another way in which the baby has influenced their decision. Ozzie was explaining why he didn't believe he and Harriet were as effective a team as they had been before their marriage.

BEFORE, we were a romantic couple, a boy and a girl in love," he said. "People like to think of us as being in love. Now, though, we're just Mr. and Mrs. The romantic interest doesn't quite jell. Separately, I think we'll be all right. Harriet will have more glamor when some good-looking leading man is making love to her on the screen, and I—well, maybe I can manage to look romantic singing a love song with whatever girl I get to take Harriet's place. This romance stuff," he concluded wisely, "doesn't go over so good with an old married couple."

"And," I suggested, "with a family besides?"

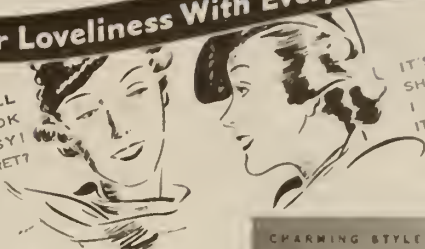
He blushed and grinned. "And a family besides," he agreed.



Starring in the summer series of Jell-O are Tim Ryan and Irene Noble, comedians on the air and a happily married couple off the air.

Guard Your Loveliness With Every Step You Take

SUE, YOU SHOP ALL DAY AND STILL LOOK FRESH AS A DAISY! WHAT'S YOUR SECRET?



IT'S MY PERFECT EZE SHOES, DARLING. NOW I NEVER KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE TIRED!

Enjoy the thrill of effortless walking
In shoes that flatter your feet...

Perfect Eze

You've never worn smarter, more becoming shoes than these... nor known fashion-footwear that more perfectly meets the needs of modern women.

Their special patented feature absorbs all the shocks of walking; banishes aging fatigue lines. With Perfect Eze you walk tirelessly, effortlessly—you dance for hours, yet retain all your youthful energy and enthusiasm.

Begin now to guard your loveliness with every step you take... wear Perfect Eze for every occasion. Write for illustrated booklet of Fall styles.



Patented cellular filler between outer and inner sole contains thousands of air "pockets" which absorb all jars, jolts, and shocks.

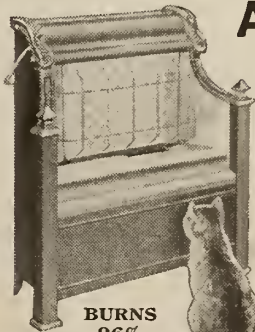
CHARMING STYLES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

\$5.50



NOW—Perfect Eze Shoes for Men \$6.50

CENTRAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.



BURNS 96% AIR!
ONLY 4% FUEL

AMAZING NEW KIND OF

HEAT

Amazing new discovery gives you instant heat from liquid fuel—glowing, sunlike, healthy radiant heat. A few pints of cheap liquid transform ordinary air into many hours of snug heat for only 1½¢ an hour. This invention built into a new-type modern portable radiant heater will heat a big room even in zero weather.

NO SOOT, NO ASHES... PORTABLE! It is absolutely safe, needs no installation, has finger-tip control. Hotter than city gas or electricity at tenth the cost. It means no more wood or coal, no more ashes or dust. Use it anywhere. Ideal for home, cottage, camp, farm, roadstand.

30-DAY TRIAL IN YOUR HOME!

Prove to yourself why thousands are delighted with this amazing new heater. Get it on 30-day trial, use it for a month at our risk before deciding! WRITE TODAY FOR DETAILS!

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO.
770 HIGH ST. - AKRON, OHIO

FOR ONLY
1½¢ Per Hour!

AGENTS! This marvelous heater selling quickly everywhere. You can make big full- or spare-time profits. Write at once!

RELIEF FROM
PSORIASIS

with
DERMOIL

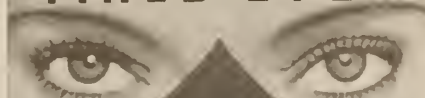
Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

DERMOIL is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scaly skin disease, often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally. Non-staining. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

DERMOIL is backed by a positive guarantee to give chronic sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. **You risk nothing.** Send 25c for your trial today. **Prove it yourself no matter how long troubled or what you have tried.** Don't delay. Write **NOW.**

LAKE LABORATORIES
Box 6, Northwestern Station, Depl. M-14, Detroit, Michigan

Freshen
TIRED EYES

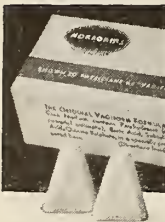


Tired eyes make you feel tired all over. Refresh them with Murine. Cools and soothes reddened, sensitive eyes. Relieves burning, irritated eyes instantly. Use at least twice daily.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

You Can't Lick the Irish

(Continued from page 47)



NOTHING COULD BE EASIER!

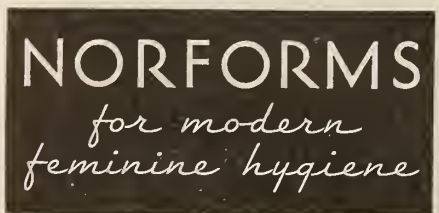
Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the daintiest, easiest, quickest and safest way to feminine hygiene.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, and free from danger. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use . . . much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet harmless antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro para hydroxy mercuri meta cresol*—called *Parabydrecin* for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are genuinely antiseptic and positively non-injurious.

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "*The New Way*." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.



©N. P. CO. 1936

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

he had always envied and admired. With his hat pulled down over his eyes and the surplus coat tucked up under his folded arms, he applied at another trucking company. And got the job.

"Take out Number 18," the boss told him, "and go to the American Can Company for a load of cases."

Number 18, Phil discovered when he went out into the lot and looked at it, was the largest truck ever made. The crank was so high he could hardly reach it, much less turn it. He tried, without any success, and was staring at the truck in despair when another driver took pity on him and cranked the monstrous vehicle.

After that, everything looked easy. All day he hauled cases of cans to the docks, and with each load his confidence in himself as a man soared. By the time he was making his fourth and last trip, he felt there wasn't a thing about truck driving he didn't know, when—

The Guardian Angel suddenly deserted him. He was crossing the Manhattan Bridge, within a mile of his destination, when the truck hit a bump, swerved. The cases went flying into the air, landed on the bridge, and scattered cans by the hundred.

Phil took one look at the mess and ran, pursued by the demoniac shrieking of automobile horns and police whistles. He never has collected his day's pay from the trucking concern.

There were other jobs after that, of course. Drudging, uninteresting jobs. At last he got a steady one, as a private chauffeur, and worked at it for six years. Judge Martin, his employer, liked the plucky Irish boy with the cheerful grin, and suggested that if he would study, he'd help him get on the police force.

Phil did study, in all his spare time, and on January 18, 1931, he was appointed to a rookie's post on the Brooklyn force.

Proudly, he surveyed himself in his uniform. Settled for life, he was. Ahead he saw a few years of pounding the pavements as a private—then promotion—and another promotion. Some day, he might be a captain!

When Anatole Friedman, an old friend of Phil's, invited him to a party he was giving for several screen notables, Phil accepted eagerly, because he'd never met any of these famous people. At the party, Friedman asked him to sing, and Phil agreed, as he always did, because he liked to sing.

After he'd sung a few songs, a man he hadn't met came up to him and asked:

"Have you ever tried to do anything with your voice?"

"What voice?" Phil asked and grinned.

"You have a beautiful tenor," the man said sternly. "You come up to my office in the Columbia Broadcasting Company, and I'll see that you get an audition."

PHIL couldn't take the whole thing very seriously. For one thing, he'd always sung at parties, and nobody had ever been particularly impressed with his voice before. It was just something he did for fun. Nevertheless, he went up for the audition, because the CBS man appeared to be so much in earnest.

His audition was nothing less than a sensation, and that very day he was signed to appear on the Robert Burns program, which starred Guy Lombardo, George Burns and Gracie Allen.

There's still a look of bewilderment in Phil's eyes when he goes past a moving picture theater, for instance, and sees his name in electric lights as the star of his latest film, "Laughing Irish Eyes." How else was all this accomplished, he seems to be asking himself, except through the kind offices of a Guardian Angel? Or the Regan Luck? Or whatever other name you want to give it?

Foundations for Beauty

(Continued from page 16)

don't forget that wearing the proper foundation is going to be of enormous value in both these problems. You'll hold yourself straighter, walk better, eat more normally and gradually correct all your figure faults, when you're wearing the foundation created especially for your type. And you can get a pretty good idea of your own type from that mirror analysis I've been talking about. First of all, your height; are you tall, medium or short? Then, your weight; are you slender, average or plump? Now, as to the variations of your figure: Do you have full hips, straight hips, protruding rear, high bosom, deep bosom, or even a flat chest? Maybe I haven't mentioned your particular type, but you can depend on it, there's a foundation garment designed just for you.

That bosom question is a real problem, too, since it's one of the most important assets to an attractive feminine silhouette. Whether you wear an all-in-one garment, or separate brassiere and girdle, you must have some support for your breast. It may be firm now, but what about the years to come? Will you keep those firm lines, that trim silhouette? You'll want a

brassiere that gives you a real uplift without constriction or interference with your breathing. Here, again, you can find exactly the right brassiere for any problem, with as little or as much control as required.

What is your own personal figure control problem? If you'll just write me, enclosing a good-sized stamped, self-addressed envelope, I'll be glad to send you a free leaflet describing the various models of nationally marketed foundations and brassieres for every type and at every price. Of course, you know there are corsets which will actually take the weight off your figure, too, and I can give you more information about those. Incidentally, if you didn't get that excellent Helen Jepson reducing diet which I sent out a few months ago, I have had it reprinted and will enclose a copy with your foundation leaflet, if you'll just ask for it. This diet, used in connection with the wearing of a new, perfectly fitted foundation, should give you the figure you've always wanted, in a very short time. Address your enquiry (and stamped envelope) to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

TUNE IN TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Unless you are already a listener-in on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by True Story Magazine, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

City	Station	Local Time
New York	WEAF	9:30 PM EDT
Boston	WEEL	9:30 PM EDT
Hartford	WTIC	9:30 PM EDT
Providence	WJAR	9:30 PM EDT
Worcester	WTAG	9:30 PM EDT
Portland	WCSH	9:30 PM EDT
Philadelphia	KYW	9:30 PM EDT
Baltimore	WPBR	8:30 PM EST
Washington	WRC	8:30 PM EST
Schenectady	WGY	9:30 PM EDT
Buffalo	WBEN	9:30 PM EDT
Pittsburgh	WCAE	9:30 PM EDT
Cleveland	WTAM	8:30 PM EST
Detroit	WWJ	8:30 PM EST
Chicago	WMAQ	8:30 PM EST
St. Louis	KSD	7:30 PM CST
Des Moines	WHO	7:30 PM CST
Omaha	WOW	7:30 PM CST
Denver	KOA	9:30 PM MST
Salt Lake City	KDYL	9:30 PM MST
San Francisco	KPO	8:30 PM PST
Los Angeles	KFI	8:30 PM PST
Portland, Ore.	KGW	8:30 PM PST
Seattle	KOMO	8:30 PM PST
Spokane	KHQ	8:30 PM PST
San Diego	KFSD	8:30 PM PST
Phoenix	KTAR	8:30 PM PST

Take Your Choice of These Stations . . . Every Friday Night

Sell Christmas Cards

Make **78¢ to \$5** in a Day **EXTRA**

Big spare time money-maker! Sell All-American Christmas Card Assortment of 21 beautiful folders for only \$1. Make 100% profit; cash bonus. Also Religious, Gift Wrappings, Etchings, Everyday Assn., 50c up. ARTISTIC CARD CO., 431 Way Street, Elmira, N. Y.



MEN & WOMEN

Hotel Positions

Train NOW for hotel, club and institutional field. Salaries up to \$1,500 to \$5,000 a year, living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Qualify at home, in leisure time. National Placement Service **FREE** of extra charge. Write name and address in margin of this ad, and mail today for **FREE** Book. Check positions in which you're interested.

<p>GOOD PAY</p> <p>FASCINATING WORK</p> <p>LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS</p> <p>SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES</p>	<p>() Manager</p> <p>() Assistant Manager</p> <p>() Chief or Floor Clerk</p> <p>() Auditor</p> <p>() Steward</p> <p>() Hostess</p> <p>() Housekeeper</p> <p>() Cashier</p>
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LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room MS-8913 Washington, D. C.

What It's Like to Be Mrs. Stoopnagle

(Continued from page 43)

that's the reason Chase insisted on the beards.

"Another time, while the fleet was at anchor in New York Harbor, he and Budd got into *Mr. Bopp*, stripped to the waists, put on beards, and drove *Mr. Bopp* round and round the ships, yelling orders at the sailors through megaphones. It's a wonder they weren't caught and thrown into the brig.

"Chase is vague about small things, but not big ones. He's always mis-naming ordinary objects. For instance, he'll talk about a downflake mattress when he means a Beautyrest, or he'll say, 'Let's go to see Bill Robinson in *"Shoot 'Em Up,"*' when he has Edward G. Robinson in *Bullets or Ballois* in mind. But when I kid him about it, he gets back at me because I often mispronounce common, everyday words.

"He's always discovering a new hobby. He loves to draw cartoons of his inventions, and has an idea that some day he'll publish a book of them. Once he had his own dark room for developing and printing photographs, and somewhere around the house there's a complete set of paints for tinting photographs. It never has been used yet. And a few days ago he announced that he only has one great ambition—to tour the country with one of those automobile trailers.

CHASE always writes the radio scripts, then Budd and he go over them together, to smooth out the rough patches. Right in the middle of a spell of work, one of them is likely to say, 'Do you remember that simple girl that played on the same vaudeville bill with us in Kansas City?'—and then they'll be off on a long string of reminiscences about the simple things they and other people have done."

"Simple?" I interrupted. "That word doesn't seem to mean what I always thought it meant, when you use it."

Kay laughed. "It has a meaning all its own for us. We use it with affection, really, and it means funny, witty, amusing. To talk 'simple' or do 'simple' things is to clown around. I think the word describes their program about as well as anything could, too.

"Sometimes the 'simple' things they do get them into trouble, or at least embarrassment. Like the time they were in Philadelphia, playing a vaudeville date, and their hotel phone rang. Chase answered, 'Gimbel's basement,' and there was a stony silence at the other end of the wire for a few seconds. Then a voice said, 'This is Bernard Gimbel. Mrs. Gimbel and I would like to have you come to dinner.' Chase spent the next five minutes apologizing.

"Chase and I talk simple to each other a lot, except when he's working. And then we don't talk at all. I know that his work is a part of him I have nothing to do with, and can never enter at all. My job is to run his home, give him the happiness he needs to do his work properly—and I think that the only way our marriage could ever fail would be if I fell down on that job." She smiled, a smile that didn't hide the sudden tenderness in her eyes. "Sometimes, I suppose, when you get married you find out that your idols have feet of clay, but I've learned to respect Chase even more since we were married. I know he'd never let me down—unless I let him down first. And I hope I never do that."

*It's raining
flowers!*



C H E R A M Y April Showers Talc

HERE'S America's best-loved talc—soft and fine; fragrant and fresh as a rain of tiny flower petals. *April Showers* is sheer after-bathing delight! Soothes and smooths the skin—gives you that all-over feeling of luxury and delight. Yet this superb, imported talc is inexpensive.

The standard size is on sale at the standard price of 28¢ at fine stores everywhere.

*Exquisite...but
not Expensive*

In the Nick of Time

(Continued from page 58)

**STOP USING
half-way
TOOTHPASTES
— USE
FORHAN'S**



DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

So often we learn too late that beauty may be ruined by half-way care of the teeth. We ignore the dangers of failing gums! There is no excuse for taking this chance. Forhan's gives you *double protection*. It cleans and brightens teeth and at the same time *safeguards your gums*.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other toothpastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon. When you clean teeth and massage gums with Forhan's you are doing exactly what so many dentists advise. Phone for a tube now. Costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, and ends ordinary half-way care. *Also sold in Canada.*

Forhan's

*The ORIGINAL
TOOTH PASTE
for the GUMS
and TEETH
by
R. J. Forhan
D.D.S.*

**BACKACHES
CAUSED BY
MOTHERHOOD**



Those months before baby comes put such a strain on mother's muscles, she frequently suffers for years.

Allcock's Porous Plasters do wonders for such backaches. They draw the blood to the painful spot—whether it be on the back, sides, legs, arms or shoulder. This has a warm, stimulating effect, and the pain soon vanishes. It takes only 2 seconds to put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster, and it feels as good as a \$2 massage.

Over 5 million people have used Allcock's, the original porous plaster. Don't take any plaster but Allcock's. It brings quickest relief. Lasts longer. Easy to apply and remove. 25¢ at druggists.

**"THEY DRY
TWICE as FAST"**



Their porous, surgical weave fabric not only makes them faster drying — indoors or out — but also much easier to wash. Lighter, less bulky and 30% more absorbent, they have no hems to retain stains. Send 10c to Dept. 86, KENDALL MILLS, Walpole, Mass., for sample.

Curity layettecloth
DIAPERS

track man along the road to Harmon. He trotted to the cheers and repartee of motorists. He soon reached the station—only to find there wasn't a train for an hour. So he telephoned for a taxi.

"Can't drive you," replied a proud voice, "My wife's just had our first boy. Eight girls came ahead of him, and so I'm celebrating."

Lanny hitch-hiked to White Plains, to arrive just as the train was rounding the bend. That was bad, but he kept courage and stepped into a rather dilapidated taxi.

"To New York," he said, "quick!" The Ford wheezed into Bronx Parkway, with the fare inside holding his watch. At Scarsdale, Lanny shouted through the window, "Hey, driver, we got to make better time than this."

"Can't," yelled the man, slowing down.

"Old Bess ain't the car she used to be." Lanny Ross did some hard thinking. Then he spoke again . . . "Let me drive. How about it?"

"Nope," chirruped the old man, "you'd push her too hard."

LISTEN," persisted Lanny. "You sell me the cab. Then I'll drive myself as I like."

"How much?" asked the man.

"Seventy-five dollars."

"Are you crazy?"

"One hundred."

"Nope."

"One hundred and twenty-five."

"Wal, now—"

They compromised on a hundred and thirty. Lanny made out a check. Then he took the wheel . . . One Hundredth Street . . . Fifth Avenue . . . Fifty-ninth Street . . . the journey's end. Lanny Ross reached the studio just as the overture began. He had made it.

Bert Parks, Columbia announcer, also had time to spare as he boarded an uptown subway. But it was the wrong subway and it landed him in Long Island City, instead of at the entrance to Central Park. Bert rushed upstairs, into a taxi and across the Fifty-ninth Street bridge. But half-way across, the brake bands began to smoke. Bert dashed out on foot. A cross town car and a second taxi finally let him down by a milling mob that blocked his passage to the microphone beyond the park sheepfold. And it was almost time to begin.

Firmly, the frantic announcer decided. He plunged into the sheep fold, to reach a rear door that connected with his mike. Past muddy, smelling ewes, he groped and sweated. Finally, woolly with sheep, he arrived.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience," his voice greeted his public. It sounded as usual. But everybody nearby held his nose. Bert Parks smelled strongly of rancid ram.

Probably because time is tailor made in radio, the ambulance legend got started. The star is late. The star charters an ambulance. It glides by red lights, unhindered. But today, they say, this is risky, for policemen are looking inside, now, to see if it is a patient or a radio performer. Yet traffic plays an important part in getting there on time, as Frank McIntyre, Show Boat's Captain Henry, discovered one murky twilight near Madison Square Garden when his car bumped plump into the rear end of a circus elephant bound for a performance. McIntyre then figured that O. Henry was right when he said that anything can happen in New York. A policeman arrived, as the driver charged

McIntyre with ruining his pachyderm.

"Over to the curb," said the officer.

The elephant wouldn't budge, so McIntyre couldn't. Cars behind were honking. Drivers were shouting. The policeman plainly indicated that elephants were a new traffic problem for him. The situation troubled all concerned. Then the elephant turned his head and, plainly, winked his eye at a second elephant behind the McIntyre car. McIntyre laughed out loud, and the policeman got an idea. He told them to go on. If the elephant had the pep, he said, to wink at his lady friend, he was all right. "Go on and go easy," he ordered.

There are many traffic tales, and many tales of stars who oversleep. One morning Connie Gates awakened ten minutes before her broadcast. Her apartment was four blocks from the studio. Furiously, she telephoned for a cab, slipped into frock and shoes and stockings, pushed a comb into her bag and hurried down to the taxi. She told the driver she would pay fines if they got into trouble from passing red lights. Connie was combing her hair as the cab sped on two wheels round the corner and two hearts stood still. They whirled to a shuddering stop. Connie pressed her fare into the man's hand. Forty seconds to the good she reached her broadcast.

But to be present, and yet to miss, was the tragedy of Edwin C. Hill. He stood before the microphone one evening, manuscript in hand, reaching for his glasses. He had left them at home. And he couldn't read a word without them. Ten seconds late, he handed the manuscript to the announcer, who did the best job he could, playing Mr. Edwin C. Hill, news reporter. Today Hill wears a second pair of glasses on a cord round his neck, ready for emergencies.

Illness is not a very common reason for near tardiness, but illness did almost make Dick Powell late one day when he felt so weak he had to rest occasionally while dressing. He nearly collapsed, in the elevator. Then he set his teeth and, shortly, started his first number. He tried to appear young and strong and cheerful. But there was irony in his music, for "I'm Young and Healthy," was the song he sang first.

ELSIE HITZ, who was one of your favorites in the Dangerous Paradise serial, also had to cope with illness, though she hardly imagined what was the real trouble. At the morning rehearsal she noticed a red rash, but it wasn't until later the doctor told her the "red rash" was scarlet fever. Elsie was amazed, for she felt quite comfortable. And she hated to miss her performance. So network engineers came to her house and installed the apparatus which enabled Miss Hitz to speak her lines that evening, from her sick bed.

Walter O'Keefe's narrowest escape happened when, at a Brooklyn vaudeville house, he consented to substitute for a friend taken suddenly ill. The radio people sent a police escort, since time was short. The cavalcade careened across Brooklyn Bridge, then undergoing repairs. The cab struck a savage bump. Walter was tossed up against the metal midrib of the roof and when he next was aware of things, he noticed furtive men in doorways off the Bowery. He could not precisely remember why he had a motor cycle escort, then one of the policemen charged to the cab door.

"We'll make it in time," he said.

Walter O'Keefe wanted to ask "Make what?" Instead he decided to wait; and at Forty-Second Street, he remembered.

"Delivered okay," said the officer, at Rockefeller Plaza.

Guy Lombardo had almost as upsetting an experience one day when he was lunching in a private room at a hotel where, very soon, he was to be interviewed on the air. When the waiter cleared the table for the event, he also cleared away the microphone. Guy himself pursued the man to the kitchen. He reclaimed the microphone three minutes before he went on the air.

Going down the line of radio performers, at length the reporter hears Helen Hayes explain that her closest call came once when she lingered to try to help her husband, Charles MacArthur, revamp a radio playlet for a rival radio act . . . And then the reporter, after a wide jump, hears how a Columbia animal act nearly missed because a trained parrot got "mike fright" and wouldn't come down out of the chandelier. While studio employees tried to persuade him, his owner kept imploring, "For heaven's sake, don't ruin him. Go easy on that bird!"

Frank Crumit tells about an encounter on a Connecticut road which nearly made him late. He had lost his way, and taken the much longer route by Middletown, Connecticut. He was travelling from his Springfield home to his New York broadcast. He put on speed, to make up the lost time. Soon he noticed a car behind, pushing to overtake him. It was of the same make as his own and, he believed, a country constable was about to make an arrest for speeding. The only thing to do was out-speed the constable. Frank put on the gas. The car bumped over difficult country roads. But after a time, Frank decided he'd better take his medicine. He braced himself and slowed down. He got all ready to look at a shield, flashing, and then to try to talk himself out of his trouble. But when the man pushed alongside, he surprised Frank by sticking a gray beard through the window and asking:

"Wuz we really hittin' seventy or wuz my speedometer just crazy?"

So this story ends with what Bert Parks says was his most trying experience. He had been assigned to announce the first concert of the Black Shirt Band of Italy, from the deck of its steamer near Quarantine. But just before the time, the band separated to get a better view of an American band in a nearby ship, which had arrived to serenade its Italian colleagues. The minutes flew, with the visiting bandmen absent without leave. Bert was extremely worried, for he does not speak Italian himself, and he could not find an interpreter. So he made signs, which had little effect. But just two minutes before the broadcast, the one band man who spoke English came along, casually. Bert explained. With no apparent effort, the new arrival got his comrades together. The Black Shirt Band began its concert, "on the nose."

Have you been following the interesting story of BOB BURNS' LIFE?

Watch for the next thrilling chapter in the **November RADIO MIRROR**

Presenting AN ENTIRELY NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK

To the world's most permanent transparent lipstick two magical new ingredients have been added . . . to keep your lips luscious, soft, smooth and youthful



See special trial offer. Use coupon below.

The Cause of Unattractive Lips

Quite often, ordinary indelible lipstick makes lips feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moist softness. This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils and the protective oils of the lipstick, resulting in lips becoming even drier, more deeply cracked, rougher, old looking . . . unattractive!

How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

One of the magical new ingredients in the *New TATTOO* keeps lips fresh and moist . . . stains them with soothing, lasting, transparent color . . . prevents dryness and roughness . . . and there is *no desire to lick the lips!* Your lips are a glamorous, transparent South Sea red and actually become softer and smoother than they have ever been before . . . not a wrinkle . . . not a line! Thrillingly youthful . . . with the kind of an inviting sparkle that is never denied . . . anything! So that you can instantly see and feel the astonishing difference, an introductory size of the *New TATTOO* in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c. You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you TATTOO your lips . . . with the *New TATTOO!*

SEND COUPON FOR PROOF

TATTOO, Dept. 57, 11 E. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Send me introductory size *New TATTOO*, postpaid, 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.
 Coral (Orangish) Exotic (Fiery)
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The New TATTOO

Alka-Seltzer

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Tablet in a glass of water makes a clear sparkling alkalizing 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.

AT ALL DRUG STORES—30c AND 60c PKGS. Slightly Higher in Canada

[Tune in The Alka-Seltzer National Born Dance on The Radio Every Saturday Night, NBC Network]



Old Leg Trouble
Heals at Home While Working
Viscose Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for TRIAL. Describe trouble and get FREE BOOK. Dr. R. G. Clason Viscose Co., 140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

New Easy Way
TO REMOVE FRECKLES

WHILE YOU SLEEP
Here's a special new-type cream that gently fades out freckles while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Usually in 5 to 10 days you see marvelous improvement. Freckles disappear, your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with over 36 years' experience in skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send 10c for trial package to Box 141, NADINOLA, Paris, Tenn.

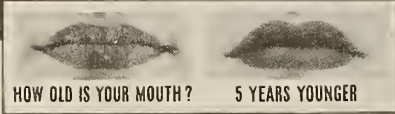
NADINOLA Freckle Cream

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 49)



ARE YOUR LIPS INVITINGLY
SMOOTH AND YOUNG?



THE WRONG LIPSTICK can make your mouth look crinkled and old . . . can rob you of the romantic tribute men give to young lips.

Help your lips to look 5 years younger by using Cutex Lipstick. A special oil helps to keep your mouth smoother, softer, more alluring.

In Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby. Try Cutex Lipstick today—for enticing lips!



CUTEX Lipstick 50¢
KEEPS YOUR LIPS YOUNG

New! Engel
Pocket Art Corners

The real thing for mounting Snapshots, Cards, Stamps, etc. No paste needed. Neat, easy to use for mounting prints tight or loose. Sold at photo supply and album counters or send 10¢ today for pkg. of 100 and free samples.

100 BUYS 100

Engel Art Corners Co., Chicago, Ill.,
Address Dept. 60 K - 4717 North Clark St.

Only eyes with natural-looking
beauty win men's admiration



PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE
CREAMY MASCARA
beautifies eyes naturally!



Win admiration, when your eyes look as if Nature herself had given them a luxuriant, dark fringe of lashes! Do it with Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy Mascara. It never makes you look "made-up"! Black, brown, blue, green.

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

other characteristic feature. And the Berlin firm is also publishing that winning song titled, "Sittin' in the Sand A Sunnin'." By the time you read this New York City will have a song too. It's getting to be the thing.

Frank Black has just purchased a farm . . . The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers divided \$1,000,000 as its last quarterly dividend, the largest yet received . . . Mildred Hunt, back from Germany, says that anyone in that country caught tuning in on Moscow, Paris, or other outside broadcasts is dragged to a detention cell and given plenty of time to repent their ether ways. . . Dick Stabile, whom we told you about several months back as a comer with a new band, has already jumped into the name band class . . . Bert Ambrose, English leader, will not come to America this fall as was expected . . . All prophets say the music season this coming winter will be the best in years.

* * *

THOSE SUIING MAESTROS

Encouraged by the successful outcome of Fred Waring's suit against station WDAS, Philadelphia, six more of your favorite radio artists have taken complaints against broadcasters into court. Waring won an order enjoining the station from broadcasting records made for home use, you remember; and now the other performers, backed by the National Association of Performing Artists, of which Waring is founder and president are out after similar orders. They are Paul Whiteman, Frank Black and the Revellers, Walter O'Keefe, Don Vorhees, Frank Crumit, and Lawrence Tibbett, and all their suits are filed against commercial firms which they allege have been using their records on programs. The artists don't necessarily want to ban the use of recordings on the air, but they do want to control it, and prevent the use of disks which were made solely for playing in the home.

* * *

Remember "Your Lover"—the anonymous tenor who for a short time sent sex-appeal whizzing out over the airwaves? Well, looks as if he might be back with us again. In fact, he is back, but in print this time. He is writing a love letter each week for a romance magazine—a letter filled with sentimental remarks for all who read. Eventually, he hopes to return to the air.

* * *

Lennie Hayton, now that he's out of the recent Ed Wynn program, is tentatively planning on going to Hollywood to appear in the new Bing Crosby picture, "Pennies from Heaven." This would be Lennie's second picture, and the second he's been in with Bing, which is a record of some sort. The first was "Going Hollywood," in which Bing co-starred with Marion Davies. In case he travels West, another maestro and orchestra would be chosen to fill in for Lennie on his Flying Red Horse Tavern show.

* * *

YOU'RE ASKING US

Leon Burkhardt—Don Bestor's orchestra will be at the Owl Head Inn in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., until September 2, with a CBS wire, and after that he'll probably come back to New York City, though just where he'll be playing isn't definite yet. And you were right—Patsy

Kane isn't with him any more; in fact, he hasn't any girl vocalist. Sorry we didn't get your letter in time to get this into the September issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Mollie M. Sloan—This doesn't really come under the head of Facing the Music, but Benny Rubin will get any letter sent to him care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Lois Melser—Probably you've already seen the swell picture of Enric Madriguera on page 49. There's an interesting story back of his programs on the Mutual system. You'll notice that in them he has cut down the number of tangos and rumbas, compared to the number he used to play. A bit of Latin rhythm is a rarity on a Madriguera program now, in spite of the fact that Enric first became known to the American public as the Tango King. The reason is that a few months ago he made up his mind the public didn't want his type of music any more, and instead of letting it discourage him he revamped his orchestra and musical point of view. All this while he heartily dislikes "swing music" and is just waiting for the day when people will go around saying to each other, "I wonder what ever became of swing music?"

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Let's gather a little dope on the four King Sisters this month. They are the vocal quartette which Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers began featuring late in July—and believe it or not, they are the only singing quartette of actual blood sisters appearing with an orchestra anywhere in the world. Alyce, Maxine, Louise and Donna are their names. Two other sisters, Yvonne and Anita, also sing but remained in their California home, since one is married and the other is still too young to leave home, the elder Kings declare. All four of the sisters have appeared with Heidt before, two years ago in California, and later in Chicago. Last November they left the band and returned to their home state, but now they're back again.

And while we're on the subject of Heidt and vocalists—Art Thorsen, Heidt's "Cartoon crooner," who interprets Pop-eye and the Katzenjammer Kids in novelty songs, just naturally has that raucous voice. He couldn't change it if he tried.

* * *

THEME SONG SECTION

Here's a batch of theme songs you've been asking for:

Allen Leifer: "Meet Me Tonight by the Old Wishing Well," composed by himself.

Jolly Coburn: "There's Music in the Stars," also by himself.

Henry Busse: "Song of the Trees," to open the program; "Hot Lips," by Busse, to close it.

Xavier Cugat: "My Shawl," composed by Cugat.

Fletcher Henderson: "Christopher Columbus."

Al Donahue: "I Dream of Bermuda," composed by Donahue.

All these theme songs have been published and are available in sheet-music form.

* * *

HALF-NOTES

Raymond Paige, Hollywood Hotel's maestro, may soon become general musical director for CBS on the West Coast.

For My Finest Quilts MOUNTAIN MIST Quilt Cotton



Says Well Known Professional Quilter

Says Mrs. Lols Burt of Detroit: "Skill is necessary, of course, but the kind of workmanship that keeps customers coming back for more is possible only with MOUNTAIN MIST."



HANDLES LIKE CLOTH

Lays out in one continuous sheet — not easily pulled apart like ordinary batting.

QUILTS MORE EVENLY

No irregularities in thickness means that quilted design can be worked out perfectly in minutest detail.



WASHES PERFECTLY

Amazing how Mountain Mist puffs up after washing—perfectly pads out every part of design.



FAMOUS 35¢ QUILT PATTERN

Try MOUNTAIN MIST and you will vow to use nothing else, like professional quilters and prize-winning amateurs from coast to coast. All good department and dry goods stores have it. Inside each wrapper is a complete working pattern regularly selling for 35¢—also color-block prints of 19 other designs with coupon entitling you to order one for 20¢. The Stearns & Foster Company, Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Free
IN EVERY ROLL



Simulated Diamond
IMPORTED 15¢

To introduce our Beautiful Blue-White Rainbow Flash Stones, we will send a 1 Kt. Imported Simulated Diamond, Mounted in Lovely RING as Illustrated, for this ad. and 15¢ expense. Address:

**National Jewelry Co., Dept. 1-E
Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25¢)**

FREE Mention your Birth Date, and we will include FREE a White "Luck" Elephant—Imported from the ORIENT.

See the NEW LARKIN Fall Styles!



SEE the new Edna May Frocks for fall in actual colors! Lovelier than ever! Everyone a bargain!

Send us a postcard. Say on it: "Send me free the Fall Edna May Styles."

Secretaries Wanted

Larkin Edna May Clubs are popular everywhere! Start one yourself. Here is the ideal way to earn your own wardrobe and lovely things for the home. Along with your Edna May Styles we will send you full details. Write now, to-day!

Larkin Co Inc.
666 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The only difficulty, which may be cleared up soon, is that Paige is negotiating for a commercial show which would go on the air over the rival network . . . Xavier Cugat opened at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco August 17, for a stay of exactly one month . . . Little Jack Little's band will probably follow Ozzie Nelson's in Chicago's Palmer House . . . Ted Lewis, Ben Bernie, and George Olsen are booked into the Paradise restaurant on Broadway, starting October 14, and in that order. And Abe Lyman and Vincent Lopez are being talked to about working for the Hollywood, another dance-and-dine spot . . . Harry Sosnick will lead the Lucky Strike Hit Parade and Sweepstakes in its CBS edition, beginning September 9.

Don't forget to use the coupon below when you send in your questions—and remember, if the answer isn't in one month's issue of Radio Mirror, it's more than likely to be in the next.

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

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy

Theme Song Section

Following the Leaders

Or

Name

Address

To Be
TRULY LOVELY
From Head to Toe

For Real Beauty, You Must Have
a Soft, Alluring Skin—Free
From Pimples and Blemishes

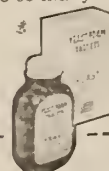
SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin "all over"—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid *all* your skin of ugly blemishes—end pimples and eruptions on face and body—have a lovely complexion from head to toe. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

Doctors know that the real cause of ugly blemishes is often a lack of Vitamin B Complex. With this vital element lacking, intestinal nerves and muscles become weak and sluggish. Poisons accumulate in the body. And constant skin eruptions result to rob you of beauty.

In such cases, pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure, dry yeast supplies Vitamin B Complex in ample quantities—strengthens intestinal nerves and muscles, and restores natural functions. Poisons are thrown off. And the skin quickly clears—becomes smooth and lovely.

Start now to win real, alluring beauty. Try Yeast Foam Tablets to restore your skin to youthful loveliness, as they have brought beauty to so many others.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

Free! Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.

Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. *RG 10-36*

Name
Address
City State

Show Boat's Aunt Maria is Irene Hubbard in private life. A former actress in stock, she has been with the program since it began four years ago.

NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!



TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length, the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

TATTOO

Learn Public Speaking At home — In spare time. Many overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence and increase earning power, this easy way. Write for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words* and requirements, North American Institute, Dept. 1387, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

GIVEN

5 PIECE JEWELRY SET
All 5 pcs Jewelry given for selling 12 Boxes Mentho Nova Salve at 25c each and returning \$3.00. Used for 36 years, for coughs, colds, cuts, burns, sores, cuts, etc. Order today. We trust you. A hundred other premiums. MENTHO NOVA CO., Dept. 75, Greenville, Pa.

STA-RITE Hair Pins Bob Pins

For America's Action Women

Live a life of action! Go places and do things without worrying about your hair. Sta-Rite Pins will keep it alluring and unruffled.

You'll find exactly the shape and color pin you need on Sta-Rite "Gold Medallion" cards (shown below). Many like the Blend-Rite Dultex Coiffure Pin because it blends right into the hair.

Specially tempered steel makes Sta-Rite Pins "tension-lite"—they fit snugly and Sta-Rite where you put them. No wonder they have won the favor of America's Action Women.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO.
Shelbyville, Ill. © 1936

Dixie Dunbar
appearing in
PIGSKIN PARADE
a 20th Century-Fox Production

STA-RITE
Hair Pins • Bob Pins



It's Hot Cereals for Cooler Days

(Continued from page 54)

swagger, and, Florence, you're not spoiled and whiney enough."

Florence and Arthur nodded their understanding and went right on, not, even stopping to repeat the lines, but when the show went on the air the king blustered and the princess whined.

Miss Mack's prediction that the group's opinion on food would be wise was confirmed when I talked with them after rehearsal. Remember that they are all in school, that all have the average child's interest in sports, etc., and that their radio work is an extra demand that the average child doesn't have to meet. Realizing this, they fully understand the importance of keeping fit, and the part food plays in it.

SOME of them, the younger ones, depend on their mothers to select their meals. Others, the older ones who are on several programs and must frequently eat away from home, trust to their own judgment in ordering—and good judgment it is. All agreed that their mothers insist on a good breakfast, with special emphasis on cooked cereal. What kind of cereal? Any and all kinds.

"Being Scotch," Walter Tetley said, "I say breakfast isn't breakfast unless it's oatmeal porridge with whipped cream."

"The oatmeal is all right with me," Florence Halop said, "but no cream, just whole milk and no sugar."

Estelle Levy shook her head sadly. "I don't even get that," she said. "Only

skimmed milk. Mother says I'm getting too fat. But even with skimmed milk cooked wheat cereal is grand for breakfast."

The voting was about even between wheat and oats when Bobby Mauch broke in. "Don't forget cornmeal mush. It's grand fried, with sausages and syrup."

"You're all too conservative, sticking to one kind," Lester Jay said. "At our house I bet we have every kind of cereal on the market. We have one kind one day, another the next. They're all good if you put plenty of butter on and let it melt before putting on cream and sugar."

"Not butter!" Vivian Block's voice sounded horrified. "Butter is too greasy. Use chocolate syrup instead then you'll think your cereal is a dessert."

Preferences, recipes, suggestions were coming from all sides, but it was time to go on the air. There was a moment of silence, then the voice of the announcer:

"The clock says ten-thirty—your radio says 'Let's Pretend.'"

Do you think of cereal as a breakfast food and let it go at that? Now's the time to change that attitude. Write me for delicious new ways of using these familiar standbys in cookies and puddings, combined with fruits. And if your youngster balks at cereals I'm sure you will want other suggestions for turning cereals into desserts. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., with your request.



Irene Wicker, NBC's Singing Lady, poses with her very young guests at a dinner party given in her honor at the swank Waldorf Astoria in New York. The occasion marked Miss Wicker's first visit to New York where she now broadcasts her programs instead of from Chicago.

**Love Changed Lennie
Hayton**

(Continued from page 45)

night, right in his own night club, that saving money means almost as much to a happy marriage as that old standby, love.

Gradually, since that gentle reminder, Lennie Hayton has been changing. First there was the matter of late parties. Helen introduced what became known to their friends as "Lennie Hayton's Home Parties." They were just as gay, just as much fun, as night club evenings—but somehow, it always happened that not later than one o'clock in the morning, nobody except Lennie and Helen were left in the Hayton establishment.

Next, Lennie learned there were other things with which to occupy his time besides floor shows and old-fashioned poker. Helen loved the movies, which Lennie had always thought a pretty stodgy and antisocial form of entertainment. At the present time, however, he's a three-a-weeker.

Another pastime he'd never seen much attraction in was riding in an automobile out into the country, but now he knows it isn't quite as bad as the ultra-sophisticates crack it up to be.

IT has to be admitted, too, that CBS and NBC had their share in helping Helen change Lennie from playboy to model husband. Between them, they've kept him busy for most of the past year conducting the orchestras for Ed Wynn's program and the Flying Red Horse Tavern. Perhaps Helen had read that old wheeze somewhere: "Busy hands keep out of the jam." And perhaps she nodded to herself, recognizing its truth, as she agreed with Lennie that he ought to take every good radio assignment offered him.

So—just listen to Lennie now. Listen to him as he gravely utters words which would have made the Old Guard choke into their highballs a couple of years ago. "Sooner or later, we all settle down. Chasing around doesn't do anything for people except waste their time. It was all lots of fun, but not half as much real pleasure as being married, having a home and something to tie to. And—well, it's sort of nice to know there's somebody who really cares what you do with your time."

The manager of the last of Lennie's favorite night spots received a jolt the other night. Mr. Hayton, himself, in person, walked through the door, accompanied by Mrs. Hayton.

"Why, Mr. Titmouse," the manager laughed. "I didn't recognize you at first!" Lennie grinned. He grinned the same way when he paid Billy Hillpot that hundred dollars.

COMING

In the intimate series LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM THE STARS, pictures of the beautiful farm estate of Lowell Thomas which helped him to change from a restless world traveler to a country squire.

**SAVE 1/2
on RUGS**



**Send your
OLD
RUGS,
CLOTHING.**

Write for America's Greatest Money Saving Rug Catalog; 66 pages of beautiful Olson Rugs in model rooms, all in actual colors. Describes—

Patented Olson Process of reclaiming the valuable materials in old carpets, rugs, wool clothing; how we shred, sterilize, merge, pick-cr, card, comb, bleach, spin, dye and reweave into deep textured, firmly woven, full bodied, seamless,

REVERSIBLE RUGS

—that can be used on both sides. Twice the wear, Double the luxury, at 1/2 the cost.

Choice of 66 Early American, Oriental and Modern designs, Plaids, solid colors, tweedy mixtures, ovals.

ANY Size You Want

—to fit any room—sizes you can't get elsewhere.

IT'S SO EASY—Just 'PHONE the Railway Express to call at your door for material, or ship Freight—at our expense.

You risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our 62nd year. [Beware agents. Order direct.]

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Mailto 2800 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Dept. K-31
YES, send me FREE and postpaid, your money-saving book "Beautiful New Rugs from Old."

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Town..... State.....

Calling all
BROWNETTES!

BRUNETTES!
BLONDES!

★ and in-between shades! Help your hair to more beauty! Noted stylists agree that a color rinse is as necessary to true beauty as lipstick and rouge. Golden Glint Rinse imparts natural sunlight tints and subtle tones to every shade of hair—quickly, easily. Not a dye—not a bleach.

★ One rinse powder for all shades: Due to the exclusive Golden Glint formula—by simply varying the amount of water used—you achieve an accurate and natural color emphasis for your individual hair shade, which is not possible with the standard color classifications found in other products.

2 packages: Golden Glint Shampoo (ideal before a rinse) contains 1 shampoo, 1 rinse; Golden Glint Rinse contains two rinses. At All Cosmetic Counters

★ The price is small, the effect priceless!

FREE Rinse Sample! Write Golden Glint Co., Inc., (Dept. A), Seattle, U.S.A. (Offer expires Dec. 1, 1936)

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BRIGHTENS EVERY SHADE OF HAIR

MAKE UP \$125 By Christmas

Sell 50 Personal Christmas Cards for \$1.00 All beautiful double-folders with name inscribed. Big value. Liberal cash profit on every order. Samples FREE. Also sell complete line Christmas Box Sets, 60c and \$1. Write today. General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. K-804, Chicago, Ill.

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Clear enlargement, bust, full length or part group, pets or other subjects made from any photo, snapshot or tin type at low price of 49c each, \$1 for \$1.00. Send us many photos as you desire. Return of original photos guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY!**

Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days postman will deliver beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send 50c—\$1 for \$1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.

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ATHLETE'S Foot—poison ivy—rashes—eczema—stop torturing in minutes after you apply **HYDROSAL**. It's new to you! Contains active ingredient, used for years in hospitals, in improved "colloidal" form. Almost instant relief. Astringent, too; refines skin. Accepted by Good Housekeeping Bureau. At all druggists; liquid or ointment, 30c or 60c.

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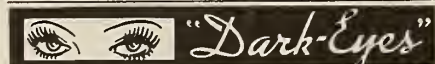
THERE'S OLIVE OIL IN HIS POWDER!



YOU'LL have a happier, more contented baby, Mother, if you give him the unique comforts of Z. B. T. Baby Powder. For Z. B. T. contains *olive oil*, which makes it cling longer, and *resist moisture better*. Its superior smoothness (what the doctors call "slip") prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z. B. T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and *your baby*. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.



OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER



"Dark-Eyes"

SWIMPROOF—Never Runs or Fades
Indelible Darkener for Eyelashes and Brows. (Ideal Darkener for Mustaches.) One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks. \$1 at Drug, Dept. Stores. Send 25c for Trial Size.

Name _____
Address **DARK-EYES, Dept. 31-K, 412 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.**

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR WITHOUT PEROXIDE

... to ANY Shade you desire
... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Carotol fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. **Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener** requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.

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and Stylish this Winter
in a **KNITTED PRINCESS SLIP**

YOU need not dread cold winter days now. Our new line of **Indera Figurfit** (Cold-proof) Knit Princess Slips and Underskirts has been redesigned for greater comfort and more attractive style than ever before.

Modern in every respect, these slips are knit by a special process, and lie smooth and close-fitting beneath any kind of frock, without bunching or crawling. They keep warmth in and cold out. They are equipped with our exclusive **Ste-Up** shoulder straps—durable colors and easy to launder—no ironing necessary.

Ask at your favorite store for **Indera Figurfit** by name if you want best quality and fair prices. Take no substitute; look for the **Indera** trade-mark.

Choice of cotton, wool mixtures, rayon and wool, 100% wool worsted, silk and worsted. Sizes for women, misses and children.

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Indera FIGURFIT COLDPROF
INDERA MILLS COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., U. S. A.

ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

THAT peevish of the moving picture exhibitors over the tendency of Hollywood stars to show up on any one of a dozen radio programs is getting more peevish by the day. As the author of "Will Hollywood Put Sex into Radio?" in last month's **RADIO MIRROR**, pointed out, movie exhibitors whose livelihood depends on the drawing power of some great star don't take very kindly to the idea of having that star broadcasting, free for anyone to tune in, on the same evening said exhibitors are asking good money to see one of the star's pictures.

It has got beyond the squawking stage by now. Exhibitors have taken to citing facts and figures to prove that radio competition, on nights when the stars broadcast, is hurting their business. They add that any and all radio appearances tend to cheapen the box-office value of a star, by making his or her personality too easily available to everyone. And all in all, they'd like the movie firms to forbid their stars to do radio work.

The stars' argument is that radio jobs fall into the same classification as vaudeville or concert personal appearances and that they have a perfect right to add to their incomes if they want to.

The battle will go on, it appears, for the rest of the current radio season, getting hotter all the time—but without much chance of any real victory for the exhibitors. The Will Hays office is keeping strictly neutral, and the producers haven't given any signs of intending to tell their stars to keep out of radio stations. After all, an angry exhibitor is easier to pacify than an angry star.

Meanwhile, the stars are making hay while the radio sun shines. Eddie Cantor, for instance, received a reputed \$5000 for his part in the Lux theater version of "Whoopie," which was to be presented, with considerable fanfare, on August 24.

IT'S all fun for the residents of Hollywood and Los Angeles, too. Take the Hollywood Hotel broadcast. It begins at five o'clock in the afternoon, California time, and along around noon the crowd begins to line up in front of the former legitimate theater which has been converted into a radio playhouse. They don't have tickets to the broadcast; they are just standing there waiting for the guest stars to arrive and enter the building. And after the broadcast they're still there, waiting for the stars to leave. The only



Bill Bacher, Hollywood Hotel's dynamic producer, leads the cast of the show like a conductor leading a symphony orchestra. He's credited with much of the program's long-continued popularity.

YOUR LIPS AS HE DESIRES THEM



Tenderly soft... warmly moist... and *savagely* red. These are the three requisites of lip-allure, and Savage is the one lipstick that can give them to you. And Savage is really permanent too; it clings *savagely*. Five seductive shades to choose from.

TANGERINE • NATURAL FLAME • BLUSH • JUNGLE



20c at all 10c stores

SAVAGE

THREE INITIAL FREE HANKERCHIEFS TO YOU

Beautiful "Queen Marlene" Style Amazing "Got Acquainted" offer! Just send name, address, with 10c to help pay postage, packing. Give initial. Also learn how you get 31-piece Dinner Set, Silverware, Wrist Watches, Rayon Spreads, etc. **FREE. Send Today!** AL. WOLF, The Gift Man, 637W. Roosevelt Rd., Dept. C-26, Chicago, Ill.

Special Work for Women

up to \$23 WEEKLY

No House-to-House Canvassing
Ambitious women who need money can make up to \$23 weekly showing latest Paris-styled Fashion Frocks to friends and neighbors: direct from factory—many as low as \$2.98. Work from home, full or spare time. New plan makes house-to-house canvassing unnecessary.

No Experience Required

Experience not required. In addition to making this fine income, you can get sample dresses to wear without a penny of cost. Write at once for details of this amazing Free opportunity. You are not obligated in any way. Give dress size.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. LL-200, Cincinnati, O.



Sample Dresses You can wear **FREE** of any cost!

NEW IRONING INVENTION

STREAMLINED—SELF-HEATING
Irons in 1/2 Time for 1c

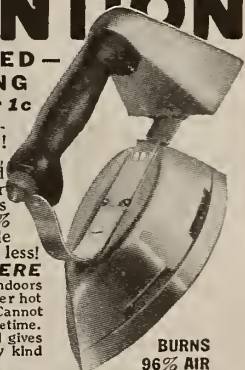
Newest ironing discovery in 20 years! Beautiful, streamlined, all chromium-plated iron has no cords or tubes, heats itself, burns 96% free air and only 4% kerosene. Does whole ironing for a penny or less!

USE IT ANYWHERE
Can be used anywhere, indoors or out. No more work over hot stovetop insulated handle. Cannot rust or tarnish, lasts a lifetime. Finger-touch heat control gives right temperature for any kind of ironing.

30-DAY HOME TRIAL

Try it for 30 days at our risk. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Write at once for full particulars and how to get yours **FREE**, by helping to introduce it.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 370 IRON Bldg., Akron, Ohio



BURNS 96% AIR

AGENTS! Selling everywhere! Wynne made \$16 in one day, Jamison \$15. Write at once for sensational profit plan.

hitch is that quite often the more famous of the celebrities elect to arrive and depart by an inconspicuous and secret side door which opens, after many twists and turns, onto an entirely different street. It doesn't seem to bother the celebrity-hunters though. Maybe they're hoping some day one of their idols won't be told about that side door.

ONE of the most interesting persons connected with a Hollywood Hotel broadcast is—not the stars—but Bill Bacher, the producer. Everyone who has ever worked with him idolizes him and insists he is a genius. Tall, lean, very far from handsome, with a shock of bushy yellow hair, he is a continually erupting volcano of energy and temperament. During a broadcast Bill occupies a low stand, or podium, and leads the program as a conductor leads a symphony. He gestures frantically for sound effects, pleads soundlessly with his hands for emotion from the players during a dramatic scene, crouches, springs upright, nods to right and left—all with an intensity of manner which would do credit to an actor.

His discipline is so exact that when he lifts his clenched fist and knocks on the air, the sound-effect man's knocking is exactly synchronized with the movements of Bill's fist.

As to whether or not all the fireworks are worth while, the long-continued popularity of the Hollywood Hotel program should be proof enough. Incidentally, it was Bacher who first built up the Maxwell House Show Boat into a big-time show.

WHILE we're on the subject of Hollywood Hotel, there are a couple of interesting stories connected with its recent preview of "Anthony Adverse." For one thing, "Anthony" is the first picture ever to be previewed on the air in two instalments. For another, Fredric March's appearance in the second instalment was emphatically unpremeditated. He was vacationing in the Oregon woods the first week, and trekked a hundred miles to a radio set, just to listen in. Then he became so enthusiastic over the air version that he returned to Hollywood in time to walk in on the broadcast. Donald Woods was pinch-hitting in the part of Anthony, and Freddy refused to supersede him, but he did get in on the show by reading the narrative portions.

Anita Louise, who played Maria, told members of the Hotel cast a revealing story about Claude Rains, who was her cruel husband. Don Luis.

"All through the first days of shooting," she said, "his manner was so odd it made me downright unhappy. He was barely polite—cold, unfriendly. At last I couldn't stand it any longer. I was sure I must have offended him in some way, so I went to him and asked him straight out. He said, 'My dear, I have to hate you in the picture. I couldn't do that convincingly if I liked you in real life. I don't want to know you, in case I should get to like you!'—and after the picture was finished, he became perfectly charming!"

JACK OAKIE didn't sign up with that razor concern after all, thereby upsetting many a prediction. That doesn't necessarily mean he won't be on the air this fall, however... Jessie Matthews, the British picture star (her most recent was "It's Love Again") is due in Hollywood in September, and long before her arrival at least three radio agencies began battling for her services. It's a foregone conclusion that she'll have a commercial, and although she has been one of London's biggest radio names, this will be her first sponsored program. (Continued on page 103)



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

NEW INVENTION "LIFETIME" PORTRAITS

Make money taking orders for amazing new kind of portrait that looks and wears like a porcelain tile. Can be made in any size from any snapshot. Low price, big commission, sells on sight. Send name for free offer of your own picture and sample outfit.

LIFETIME PORTRAIT SOCIETY
1037 Evans Street, Dept. B-S, Cincinnati, Ohio



LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER—BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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.

Make This Trial Test

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. 4410, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

Learn to color photos and miniatures in all. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home" and requirements.

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1387 Chicago

Sell 7 Big Bars

OF FINEST TOILET SOAPS
Seven cakes of finest toilet soaps in hand—**for only 25¢**
Some package sells for only 25¢. The kind of soap used in every home every day. Up to 100% profit for you. Write for money-making details and facts about other sensational Victor Soap deals. For quick action send 25¢ for actual full-sized sample.
VICTOR SOAP CO., Dept. TR-106, Dayton, Ohio

New Pocket Radio



Operates without tubes or batteries

Amazing pocket radio fits in pocket or purse. Smaller than a cigarette package. NO CRYSTALS to adjust or bother with—only one moving part—no upkeep. Beautiful color tone. Can be used by ANYONE ANY-

WHERE: Directions given for use in hotels, offices, autos, at home, while cycling, boating or on trains. Thousands of satisfied owners—many report amazing reception and distance. Takes only a second to connect and tune in. Choice of colors: Brown, Black, White, Green, Blue. ABSOLUTELY complete with midjet phone, ready to listen. Send only \$1.00—pay postman balance or send \$1.00 (Cash, M.O., Check) and we will send post. paid. Ideal Gift. GUARANTEED. Order now! State color wanted.
Tinytane Radio Co., Dept. G-10, Kearney, Neb.

SEND ONLY \$1.00

amount of grumbling and verbal criticism? The radio!"—LILLIAN KOCIAN, Abbottsford, Wis.

"Owners of radio stations could do away with radio advertising but these same people who howl about too much radio advertising would still howl and howl much louder, I might add, if they were asked to pay a tax of two or three dollars yearly for the upkeep of these same stations."—NOEL THOMAS, St. Paul, Minn.

"Where and when did the custom of clapping for a joke originate? A good joke, on its own merits, brings forth spontaneous laughter—good old-fashioned belly laughs. A poor joke should be buried in the dead silence it deserves. Clapping insults a funny quip and makes a cheap pun or ancient gag even more unbearable. I'll bet even the most remote cliff dweller gets a kick out of a sophisticated New York audience clapping instead of laughing at a comedian. After that complaint, here's a suggestion: One of the most beautiful and soothing forms of music, yet one rarely heard on the air is Hawaiian music played by real Hawaiians (not a "synthetic" band). I, for one, would relish such a program."—JOSEPH OLDKNOW, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

"In your RADIO MIRROR of August, you have an article, 'Should Radio be Barred From Our Courtrooms?' As a very interested radio listener I would like to answer the question.

"Does barring microphones from the courtrooms violate the right of free speech and the right of the citizen to attend trials?"

"Yes. I think it does. The public is taken to every point of the globe, to every major event, by radio, a thing not thought of ten years ago. So why not take the radio to the courtrooms?"

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

"No, I don't think there is a danger there. Today things are taught in the public schools that weren't even thought of when I went to school. Today we don't cloak the need of enlightenment with the old-fashioned robe of prudery."—CATHERINE FUELLING, Canton, Ohio.

"Just this minute read your brief review on Frank Fay's program. Nothing could keep me from writing these words. Mister, I disagree with you along with hundreds of others, in what you say about Frank Fay's rendering of a sweet or serious song. Have you ever heard him sing 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh'?"

"There is only one Frank Fay. He is great as a comedian, singer or what have you. One thing, his program is different from most programs on the air and that's something."—MAYM SAGERT, Chicago, Illinois.

"There are two methods of procedure in the otherwise excellent routine of the Major Bowes' Amateur Hour which, I think, are rather unfair.

"First is the practice of relaying, on the air, the telephone votes for current performers. Since such votes do not necessarily indicate the results when voting is complete, certain aspiring amateurs may be temporarily elated, only to find their hopes in vain when the mail votes, as well as the telephone votes, are tabulated. Couldn't the final decisions be reserved for the following week?"

"Second—I think it would be fairer to all concerned not to commence voting for current performances until the comple-



Because they value daintiness, millions of women welcome

FEMININE HYGIENE that is GREASE-LESS

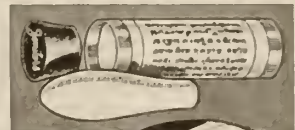
● ZONITORS, snowy-white, antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready to use. No mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal as a deodorant.

● More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors for modern feminine hygiene.

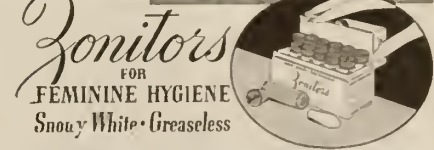
There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

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, 3424 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y. C. Send, in plain envelope, free booklet, A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

Name.....
Address.....

A ZONITE PRODUCT

Sell New EMBOSSO Christmas Cards

Something new! Christmas Cards with sender's signature in raised gold lettering! Big money for you taking orders from friends and others. Beautiful assortment of 21 folders, only \$1.00 retail. You make 100% profit. Also 8 other fast selling assortments, etc. no. Write today!
FREE SAMPLE OFFER FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS
831 Adams St., Elmira, N. Y.



"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 325 K, 555 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



Turns Night Air Into Bright Light!

Amazing, scientific discovery revolutionizes home lighting industry! Totally dark room can now be flooded with 300 Candle Power of brilliant, soft, white light, utilizing 96% free air and only 4% common kerosene (coal oil). Replaces oil wick lamps. Gives 20 times more light at half the cost!

Now Available For Lighting Every Home

This startling invention has been built into a line of beautifully colored Art Lamps for the home, which are now ready for general distribution at a price anyone can afford to pay. Write quick for 30 Day Home Trial. I am willing to send one of these Lamps for 30 days' trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help me introduce it. Send in your name today—also ask for details of Agents Wanted. If you can get the agency and without experience or capital make BIG MONEY. J. C. Steese, Inventor, 120 Steese Bldg., Akron, Ohio



The RIGHT Lipstick Shade makes SUCH a Difference!



TRY THESE 3 LIPSTICKS FREE
 Find your most flattering shade with the Triple Indelible FLAME-GLO Test Set, consisting of three exciting new shades—yours FREE for the asking! Send for it TODAY; uncover NEW BEAUTY with this genuine dollar quality lipstick. To make new friends for FLAME-GLO, we'll send you the three FULL trial sizes without charge... just send 10¢ to cover the mailing cost! Do it NOW!

Flame-Glo
 FIG. U S PAT. OFF.
 TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., DEPT. U, 395 B'WAY, N. Y.
 Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks; enclosed find 10¢ (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost

NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....

10¢ and 20¢
 AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

ENLARGE those Beautiful Summer Snapshots



Bring out every charming detail! Any size snapshot accurately enlarged to 5x7, 8x10, 10x12, or 11x14 for 49¢. Other sizes to 16x20, 79¢. Originals safely returned.

49¢

Send No Money Just pay postman price of enlargement desired plus postage. Or remit with order and we pay postage. Send photos today.

ALTON ART STUDIOS

4856 N. Damen Ave., Dept. 610-A Chicago.

Have Fun Making Money

Yes, You Can—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 beautifully illustrated idea book telling all about our methods which have made so many women 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-P ADRIAN, MICH.

What would make your HAIR GROW?

Here is the Answer—
PACKED away under your scalp is the REAL source of hair growth—the roots. You may seem BALD, but when your scalp reveals a mass of stubby hairs, it is proof that the roots are still alive. And where there are live roots, there is hope of revived hair growth. Many healthy men and women, after stimulating the scalp, attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, and luxuriant hair-growth developed—where roots were active.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not encourage them to increase their use of sustenance available in your own scalp? That is what makes the hair grow. Use KOTALKO to manipulate the scalp. KOTALKO is sold at drug stores.



FREE BOX. To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.

Kotalko Co. A-37, G. P. O., Box 173, New York
 Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name.....
 Full Address.....

tion of the program. How can listeners possibly pass unbiased judgment unless they have heard all amateurs? Have they decided in advance that because John Doe hails from their home town he merits their votes? While this spirit of loyalty may be commendable, it certainly is not fair. Judges in other fields cannot render decisions until contests are completed. The telephone operators could work the required hour and a half beginning at the conclusion of each program.”—Mrs. IDA MAE MARTY, El Segundo, California.

“I often wonder if we give the radio announcers the credit that they deserve, or if we think of them at all as contributors to the goodness or badness of a program.

“For certainly they are that, in launching the program to an interest-arousing or a boring take-off.

“In my opinion such announcers as Don Wilson (who is my favorite), Lowell Thomas, Ken Carpenter, Ken Niles and many others are real artists. Their advertising is presented in an interesting manner and their products put before the public most attractively by means of mere words.”—ERMA BERSUCH, Topeka, Kansas.

“I welcomed the advent of the loud speaker at first, but little did I realize how many thoughtless folks were going to turn to a station—let their radios go at full blast, and annoy people for blocks around. Why doesn't everyone keep his radio turned low enough so that he and his friends can enjoy whatever they like but give other listeners a break. Maybe we'd like to hear a different program.”—Mrs. HELEN THOMAS, Houston, Texas.

“By asking myself several questions I have been able to set a standard for listening. Here are some of the questions: Is the music the best of its kind? Is the humor funny or just plain silly? Are the speeches propaganda or emotional sentimentalism? Are the dramas good and presented by good actors? Are the news comments sensational or do they show reasonable survey? Is the news accurate?

“By really studying each question a good standard can usually be found.

“A radio menu of programs is good to use. Select at random the programs you like, giving time, etc.; then see if it is balanced and pleasing. After a few weeks a menu should be found that is satisfactory.”—EUGENE HERSEY, Ray, Arizona.

“To me, Kate Smith is more than just a radio entertainer: She is everybody's pal and neighbor. Her winning personality has made her star glitter in the ether heavens and into the lives of those she has brought cheer and hope as no other has done.”—Mrs. GROVER BIARS, Hinton, West Virginia.

“—the wind was howling, rain was coming down in swift torrents—all these sound quite natural, don't they? But when we hear them so skillfully imitated over the radio, we just take them as a matter of course, never stopping to realize how different our story dramatization would be without them.”—HELEN MANNING, Pleasantville, New Jersey.

“Medals, acclamations and what not have been awarded to Amos and Andy, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, the benevolent Major Bowes and others. But there's never a word concerning Uncle Ezra and his little five watta—a program never surpassed nor equalled by any on the ether. His continuity and comedy are most realistic of all. Let's give him and his boys a big hand.”—J. I. MACCOLGAN, Jersey City, New Jersey.

I Get 10 WINDOW SHADES
For the Price of One



15¢ CLOPAYS

SOLVE CLEAN WINDOW SHADE PROBLEM

“WHEN \$1.50 shades used to get dirty, I couldn't afford to change. But now, I get 10 lovely CLOPAYS for the same money! They look as good as the costliest—go 2 years and more without a change. That's REAL ECONOMY!” Why not try this same simple plan, approved by millions? CLOPAYS are made of a new kind of tough, pliable fibre that will not pinhole or crack. In 16 smart patterns and 7 plain colors. Sold by leading 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. Write for FREE color samples. CLOPAY CORP., 1243 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sell Christmas Card Assortments Amazing Values
 Make extra money—full or spare time. Show 6 different Christmas Card Ass'ts., including "21-Jewel" Assortment retailing \$1. Smart designs—easy sellers. Free Sample offer! Waltham Art Publishers, 7 Water St., Dept. 36, Boston, Mass.

New Kind of CLOTHES BRUSH

Dry-Cleans 3 Ways at Once!
 REVOLUTIONARY invention banishes old-style clothes brushes forever! Never anything like it! Amazing 3-way cleaning—by vacuum—brushing—chemical action. Keeps clothing speck and span. Also cleans hats, drapes, window shades, upholstered furniture, etc. Saves cleaning bills. Low priced. Lasts for years.

SAMPLE OFFER Samples sent at our risk to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. Be first—send in your name TODAY!
KRISTEE MFG. CO.
 440 Bar St. Akron, Ohio

AGENTS! Big Money!
 New, easy plan. Simply show and take orders. No experience needed. No risk. FREE OUTFIT. Write today for all details.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. CO.

DEFORMED OR INJURED BACK

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Railroad Man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic, and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces. Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.



Send for Information

Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
136-10 Odd Fellows Temple,
Jamestown, New York

MAIL YOUR FILMS TO THE KODAK CITY

Eight guaranteed glossy Velox deckle-edged prints, 25c coin. Two professional enlargement coupons Free!

PHOTO FINISHING SHOP (Est. 22 yrs.)

412-A Genesee Valley Trust Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
"The Kodak City"

STOP Itching TORTURE In One Minute

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' pure, cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

Help Kidneys

Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the doctor's guaranteed prescription, Cystex, the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles. \$10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, California, guarantees that Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-Text) today.

PEDZ for CORNS & CALLOUSES FOOT OIL

GOT RID OF HER CORNS

Pedz is the only permanent relief I have found for corns. My feet feel better than they have for twenty years.—Mrs. V. V. Elliott, Terre Haute, Ind.

New Electronically processed mineral oil removes corns and callouses permanently. Results unconditionally guaranteed if directions are followed. Why suffer the torturing agony of painful corns and callouses when PEDZ can make your feet young and painfree again. Send \$1 today for liberal supply PEDZ foot oil. Postage prepaid. If your corns don't disappear, we'll refund your money. You take no risk. Order today direct from this ad. Address PEDZ FOOT OIL CO., 307 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 7917, Chicago, Ill.

Frances Langford's Love

Puzzle

(Continued from page 19)

Ken, husky, naive, boyish, a football player and recent graduate of the University of Florida.

Until this spring, Billy had still been in college, Frances busy carving out the career she chose for herself. Except upon one brief visit Frances made to Florida, they hadn't seen each other in months. Billy remained quietly in the background, not wishing to interfere with Frances' life. But that he hadn't forgotten was proved when the first thing he did after receiving his degree was to write and announce that he was coming to Hollywood to see her.

When I last saw Frances, not long before Billy was due to arrive, she didn't know herself what his coming would mean to her. One thing was certain—it would crystallize a situation that has already gone on too long. It may be that before this sees print, the crystallizing of that situation will have shown Frances where her happiness lies.

She was in love with Billy Chase once upon a time, I know, when they both went to high school in their home town of Lakeland. You may say, as many of her acquaintances have said, that it was no more than puppy love. It hasn't been that for Billy, at least. Through all the years since she left Lakeland, an unknown aspirant for radio fame, right up until today, Billy has been devoted. Silent, unobtrusive, but devoted—and constantly in touch with her.

AS for Frances' feelings toward Billy, even when I talked to her before Billy's arrival, she insisted they were just good friends, although when she spoke of him there was a new thrill, a new excitement in her voice.

Ken Dolan met Frances when Rudy Vallee first took an interest in her career. He was Rudy's press representative then, and Rudy turned over to him much of the routine work of helping the little girl from Lakeland get a break. When she grew more important she became his client, and when she went West he went with her, to give all his time to managing her business affairs.

Now let me try to show you Frances as she really is. Only then can you understand why it will be so agonizingly hard for her to decide between the two men who form the other two points of the perplexing triangle in which she is involved. Perhaps you will be able to predict for yourself the choice she will make.

She is one of the few persons I have ever met who possesses the secret of genuine reserve. She would be happier without it. She has confessed to me that she does not like to meet people, and that when she is forced to, she involuntarily erects a barrier between herself and them. She can chat pleasantly and easily enough, under necessity, but at the end you are left with the feeling that somewhere back of those dark eyes the real Frances Langford has been hiding, silent, very observant, but quite inarticulate.

The members of the Hollywood Hotel cast have a custom of taking turns in giving little parties to celebrate special occasions—somebody's anniversary on the show, or something special in the way of guest stars—any excuse serves for a party. It was Frances' turn when I was talking to her—in fact, it had been her turn for several weeks, but she had again and again put it off, had let other people give

(Continued on page 103)

If every GRAY HAIR ACHED like a tooth no one would delay using



FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

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the parties, simply because she had been dreading it so.

"She'll give it, finally," Ken said, with an indulgent chuckle, "but it will look like my party. I'll be bustling around the house, seeing that everybody is having a good time, and Frances will be sitting in some corner with her eyes big."

It's for this little-girl helplessness that Billy and Ken love her, as well as for the gay side which she can show only to people she knows very well indeed. She loves to dance, and about once a week she goes out, to the Trocadero. Nearly always, her escort is Ken Dolan. Once in a great while she may appear with someone else, but not often. She knows Ken; she can be herself with him.

Because they are seen so often together, and so seldom apart, Hollywood has placed its own interpretation on their relationship. You hear that they're married, secretly, and have been for some time. The gossips ignore the fact that Ken has his own bachelor home, some distance from Frances' Beverly Hills house, where she lives with her parents, her brother Jimmy, and her cousin Alma.

Nor did the gossips know, when they heard that Billy Chase was coming to Hollywood, that Ken had invited him to stay with him. If they had, they would have revised their belief that Frances was already married.

Frances told me once that when she married it would be to someone who was not in the theatrical profession. It's conceivable that she doesn't regard Ken, who is a theatrical manager but not an active performer, as being in show business. On the other hand, Billy Chase has no Hollywood or stage aspirations whatever.

AFTER two years of residence in Hollywood, Frances still doesn't look upon it as home. There's just one spot on the earth which is home to her—Lakeland. Not so long ago she bought a large tract of land in the country nearby, and some day she will build on it. Meanwhile, her grandparents live there, managing the citrus orchard she has had planted. And, oddly enough, Ken Dolan handles all the business details.

Warring with her shyness and diffidence, there is also a tremendous ambition, an ambition to become a greater moving picture star than she is now. It is this ambition alone that keeps her in Hollywood.

Do you see now how her roots are deep in her native state? How, on one hand, she is a famous star—and, on the other, just a girl who shrinks from all the glitter and publicity entailed in her profession?

Ken Dolan offers her the help she needs to attain her ambition. He has the experience and knowledge and ability to gain every bit of professional advantage for her. He knows how to protect her from the aspects of show business she dreads.

Billy Chase is the boy she would have married if fame hadn't picked her up and whirled her away to New York and Hollywood. If that fame had also changed her character, Billy wouldn't have a chance now. But as I think I've proved to you, it hasn't changed. Frances still needs what Billy can give her—devotion, laughter, the carefree love of a playmate.

Perhaps she will have chosen by the time you read this. Perhaps she will have been married, quietly, suddenly, in some out-of-the-way place, without any advance notice to the public whatever—for that, I'm willing to bet, will be the way Frances manages her wedding.

Maybe she'll find a solution soon. I hope Billy's visit shows her the right answer.

On the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 97)

SNAPSHOTS OF THE STARS

ADOLPHE MENJOU and Alice Faye trying to get near enough to a microphone to make themselves heard during the "Sing Baby Sing" preview. Gregory Ratoff, who is loud heavy and broad, had planted himself firmly in front of the microphone and wouldn't budge for anyone. . . . Director Bacher the control man, Louella Parsons and Dick Powell all lecturing Gregory during rehearsal on the error of his ways—and Gregory promising to do better, to remember that other people are on the stage besides himself and have to be heard, also that you mustn't shout into a microphone.

Mas for promises and resolves! At the broadcast, Gregory got so excited he shouted more than ever, and nothing could dislodge him from his position in front of the microphone. Result: Patsy Kelly was the only co-trouper who was clearly heard. She plunged in, each time she had to speak, reared her head between Ratoff and the mike, and gave the Russian comedian a vicious dig with her elbow. All in all, one of the football-scrummiest broadcasts ever put on.

* * *

KAY FRANCIS . . . the screen's best dressed star . . . who'd have known her? Hair thrust back by restless combing fingers, horn-rimmed spectacles, pencil behind her ear . . . that was at rehearsal. At the broadcast, latest thing in cocktail gowns, smart hat, faultless grooming.

Quick, nervous, grasping the point before the director had even finished outlining it to her. "Yes—yes—yes—" pushing aside the unnecessary words.

"Oh, I'm sorry! That's a terrible thing to do—forgive me." The offense? She'd slightly altered a cue line for a minor extra player. "It might have put him off entirely. I'll watch it next time." And she did.

* * *

GEORGE BRENT growing a mustache, and looking hugely bored with broadcasting and all its works. Or maybe he was just trying to pretend he was above being nervous? . . . Joan Blondell, achieving the same effect by propping her script on the music stand in front of her and never moving clenched hands from her coat pockets throughout the broadcast. When she held the script in her hands you could see them trembling! . . . Myrna Loy, freckled nose high in the air, just "walking through" her part at rehearsal, and then (while the control room went wild) changing the entire reading on the air and upsetting every carefully planned balance . . . Francis Lederer in a black silk sweat shirt with short sleeves, apparently making ardent love to the microphone. First props his script on a music rack behind the mike—then crosses his arms on the rack, embracing the mike—finally proceeds to play coy love scene right into it—makes eyes—gurgles. Very disconcerting to the control room looking down on this inspired flirtation with a piece of metal . . . Barbara Stanwyck rehearsing in a green beret and green low-heeled shoes, which she runs over to stand smack on their sides in front of the mike—legs apart, hands clasped behind her, like a rebellious school-girl. At the broadcast: white beret and white high-heeled shoes, standing up nice and straight like a perfect little lady.

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Learn Homemaking from the Stars

(Continued from page 41)

have little value in themselves save for their artistry of color and grouping. Little bottles on the top shelf are, Miss Speaks told me, the bottles from which individual drinks of liquor are served on trains; some of the little bowls and vases are from Woolworth's. Here is a striking illustration that charm and beauty are never governed by mere cost.

The window shelf treatment is also used to advantage in the kitchen and in the living room. Almost the whole of the south wall of the latter is given over to a huge window framing a view of the entire countryside and its hills and lakes. In winter the simple pongee curtains are drawn and warm linen draperies shut out the cold and snow. Then the attention of the visitor is centered upon the huge fireplace on the other side of the room, with its old fashioned built-in farm settle. Pine panelling creates the proper rustic touch, and the fireplace, as well as being picturesque, is highly practical for heating purposes.

Incidentally, since Miss Speaks burns large logs, she has discovered a flexible iron fire screen which works like a draw curtain. It is vastly more practical than the usual standing screen, is surprisingly reasonable in price, and is made to order to fit any size fireplace. The convenience and saving of the furniture from soot and flying embers makes it a sound investment. Miss Speaks will be glad to let you know where you can get one for your fireplace.

IN spite of the newness of the house Miss Speaks has instilled the mellowness of age so important to the quaint cottage by using really old bricks for the fireplace and worn old wood for the floors. And, of course, the furniture is all old pine farmhouse pieces. You know, it's really odd how many homemakers shy from the use of antique furniture, because the very word "antique" applied to furniture has come to connote large expenditures. Yet old pine pieces are actually cheaper than new store furniture; and one can have a wonderful time collecting them!

"We got most of ours on motor trips," Miss Speaks confided, "and getting them was almost as much fun as having them. This cobbler's bench," she pointed to a lovely piece before the fireplace, "we found in Ohio when we made a trip to Columbus to see my parents. The legs were rickety, but we had new ones made from old wood. The seat was too torn to use, yet we wanted it to look old. So you see what we did? We found an old saddle, took the leather off, and there is the result!" The "result" was undeniably lovely.

A pair of old butter churns picked up in New England became unusual waste baskets; an old earthen vinegar jug the base for a lamp; a cobbler's nail table a delightful end table; a wash stand became a bedroom night table. An old ironing table is one of the most unusual pieces in the room. The table top folds back and becomes a settle.

There are many such pieces to be found at country auctions or in farmhouses or even in antique shops—although of course the latter places are more apt to be expensive, or at least more so than the "finds" one may pick up.

If anything serves to illustrate my point that good taste and cost have no relation

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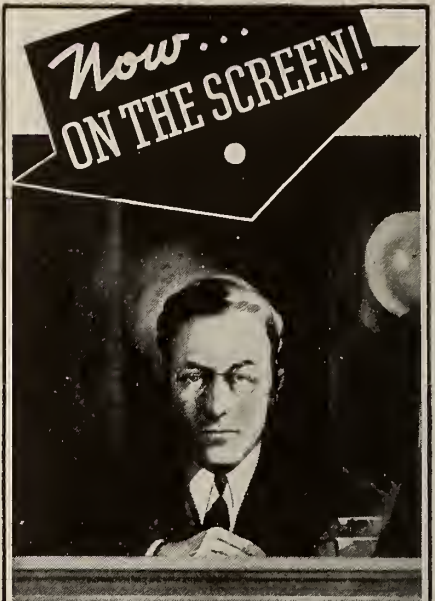
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to one another, it's the set of food containers in Miss Speaks' kitchen. I raved over them. Where on earth, I wanted to know, did she ever pick them up! I wanted some. She laughed hilariously.

"My husband smokes a pipe" she explained. "They're tobacco cans!" I painted them to match the kitchen color scheme, and made the labels myself. I bought the handles in the hardware store for a nickel apiece and attached them to the lids. They save Bertha, the cook, many a long hunt through the crowded kitchen cabinet when she wants spices, flour, or sugar just at the busy stage of meal-getting."

I've been through a lot of lovely and charming homes in the preparation of this series, but more than any Miss Speaks' brings home forcefully what can be accomplished with a great deal of good taste and ingenuity and a very little bit of cash. It's one of those places you go into, and say to yourself rapturously, "Oh, if only I could afford something like this!" Then, to your everlasting amazement—you find you can!

MARGARET SPEAKS' BUDGET HOUSE
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Small round pine table	9.00
Pine farm ironing table	7.50
Drop-leaf pine table	15.00
4 Spindle back pine Windsor chairs	32.00
Cobbler's bench	20.00
Cobbler's nail table	8.00
Blue glass and milk glass lamp	5.00
Blue glass lamp	4.00
Pair of andirons with crane	15.00
3-legged iron pot	5.00
Ladle	1.00
2 Butter tubs	2.25
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Hooked rugs	26.00
Bellows	1.50
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Old shelf clock (1860)	3.00
Total	\$179.25
Modern sofa	18.00
Total	\$197.25

Total \$179.25
Modern sofa 18.00
Total \$197.25

Two Bedrooms

2 Pine mirrors	\$13.00
Chest	15.00
Chest	17.00
Night stand	6.00
Wash stand	9.00
Pine table (for dressing table)	6.00
4 Ladder-back rush-seat pine chairs	10.00
2 Large hooked rugs	5.00
Odd sized hooked rugs	6.25
Total	\$87.25

Total for entire house \$284.50

Note: Kitchen furnishings and beds are not included in the foregoing list, the kitchen having been omitted because its cost in any case is so widely variable, depending upon personal preferences. Inasmuch as Miss Speaks has not as yet obtained her antique beds, it was not practicable to include the cost of beds not in keeping with the other furnishings.

Remember what I told you—you needn't have a star's income to have a star's home!

Look carefully at the accompanying illustrations, and at the amazingly low prices of the majority of Miss Speaks' pieces. Then, if you wish, write me in care of RADIO MIRROR for further details. I'll be delighted to tell you where and how each piece was obtained, what it cost, and all about it.

Be a RADIO EXPERT



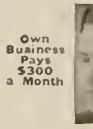
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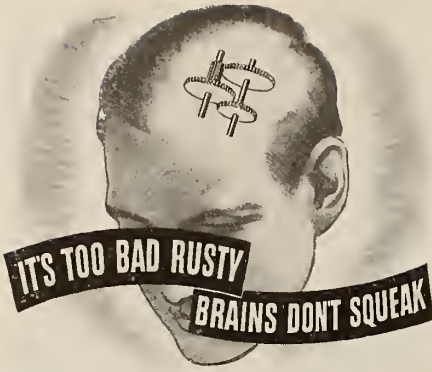
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Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 85)



If RUSTY brains did squeak, no one would have to warn you against trying to get ahead in a modern world with antiquated training! Keeping your brain modern is just as important as keeping plant equipment modern. The best way to keep your brain up to date is to keep your training up to date. The business of modernizing men's training is the business of the International Correspondence Schools. If your pay envelope is too thin, this coupon can be the first step towards changing the whole course of your life.

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King George V of England, her second was used aboard the yacht of Kaiser Wilhelm until his belongings were confiscated and sold during the revolution. And now it is Jane's pride to show the piano which is a replica of the one owned by Norway's Princess Ingrid.

MISS HARVEY, incidentally, had a movie career in mind—until a director made her carry a bucket of water up a cliff thirteen times during a drenching rainstorm. From then on, the films lost their appeal to her. For over ten years afterward, however, she had to watch them as she sat in the pits of movie theatres from Hollywood to New York, fingering the keys for musical backgrounds for silent pictures.

CONGRATULATIONS to Carl Campbell, technician for KNX, Hollywood. The stork brought a new 7½ pound son (his first) to his house July 16th. Carl, who handles the majority of KNX's remote jobs, is well known to patrons of such places as the Paris Inn, where he carries on his evening chores along with announcer Jack Carter.

And best wishes to Pauline Stafford, member of the girls trio on KNX's Crockett Family, who said goodby to her other friends in July and traded her job of radio songstress for a wedding ring July 20. Foster Rucker, KFOX producer and technician is the lucky man.

IF, a year or two from now, Andrew Love, NBC Continuity Editor in San Francisco is besieged by an army of earnest-eyed radio dramatists, gag-writers and "commercial" experts, all flourishing diplomas and desirous of jobs, he'll have only himself to blame.

For Love, at the request of the University of California, has prepared the university's first extension course in radio continuity writing, analysis of the differences between radio writing and other forms of writing, radio editorial policies and literary rights, choice of setting, possible markets and similar topics.

He will be the instructor in the class which the Extension Division opens September 15—and well, he can't say we didn't warn him!

FOLLOWING the resignation of H. J. Maxwell who has been assistant to Don E. Gilman, Vice President in charge of the Western Division of the National Broadcasting Company, for more than two years, L. S. Frost, formerly Program Manager, has replaced him. Maxwell will devote his entire time to the development of the Fresno Broadcasting Company.

Kenneth Carney, formerly production Manager, has been made Program Manager, and Frank Cope replaces him on the production desk.

WALTER BAKER, NBC office manager and purchasing agent in San Francisco has been moved to Hollywood to replace Russell Garceau as office manager and auditor in NBC's studios there. Sydney Dorais is the new San Francisco office manager and purchasing agent.

Arnold Maguire, well-known radio writer, producer and actor has joined the NBC, San Francisco, staff.

BARBOURISMS: Minetta Ellen, who plays Fanny Barbour in One Man's Family, and Carlton E. Morse, the author, are the only two members of the group who really enjoy flying . . . both never

travel any other way when possible. . . . Captain Nicholas Lacey has taken another wife unto himself. . . . Claudia's husband (in the serial) married Miss Helen Clifford, a nurse, July 4 . . . but she'll be known as Mrs. Walter Paterson (Captain Nicky's real name). . . . Page Gilman, gifted young actor who plays Jack Barbour, is taking a summer course at the California School of Fine Arts. . . . Winifred Wolfe (Teddy) was graduated from grammar school with a straight-A record this June . . . Barton Yarborough (Clifford) is going in for amateur movies in a big way and shoots a few scenes of his fellow Barbours at every opportunity.

YOU have to act quickly, and think, more so, in radio.

So when George Nickson, San Francisco, NBC tenor, rushed into the Woman's Magazine of the Air studio just as the program was about to go on the air, and whispered hoarsely to Benny Walker, the Magazine's emceeding editor, "Can't sing a note—I've lost my voice!" Benny never turned a hair.

He merely stepped to the microphone, announced the broadcast's opening, then moved over a pace or two beside three-fourths of the Magazine quartet—Bob Stevens, John Teel and Harry Stanton. A minute later he was trolling merrily away in Nickson's place—which would make a better story were it not for the fact that Benny used to be a noted quartet singer before he became the Magazine's pilot.

MARJORIE GRAY, NBC fashion authority heard on the Woman's Magazine of the Air, likes to be up in the clouds. She has been spending long hours with an architect, and building operations start shortly on a house on the western slope of one of San Francisco's Twin Peaks. From her living room windows Marjorie will view the bay, the city, the Golden Gate and the Pacific Ocean.



As Bill and Ginger, Virginia Baker and Lyn Murray have been broadcasting over WABC for three years. Lyn is also director of CBS choral groups.

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Unique
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Everybody Wants It!

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PROVE IT AT MY RISK!**

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BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT RING
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**A TREASURED
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Mother love is as old as the ages. You can pay no finer tribute to your mother than by wearing a smart Portrait Ring with her photo on it.



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Imagine how eager, proud father and mother will be to wear a beautiful ring bearing the portrait of their precious child.



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Every wife will be delighted to wear her husband's portrait on a beautifully designed lady's ring.

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MAKES PRICELESS LIFETIME
KEEPSAKE OF ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE**

The **PORTRAIT RING** is new, novel, and the most sensational selling idea in years. By a special scientific discovery, any photo, picture or snapshot of any size is permanently, clearly and faithfully reproduced on a beautiful ring. The portrait becomes a part of the ring itself—cannot rub off, fade off, wash off or wear off. Ring does not tarnish, is practically unbreakable and will last a lifetime. Can you imagine a more novel, unusual gift than the Portrait Ring? How can any man or woman find a more beautiful way to express the Christmas spirit than by giving a Portrait Ring with the donor's picture expertly reproduced? What finer gift could be found for fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts than a beautiful ring with the most precious setting in the world—an actual portrait of someone near and dear. The **PORTRAIT RING** becomes a priceless remembrance, a keepsake to be guarded and treasured for life.

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MONEY!**

JUST SEND YOUR RING
SIZE AND PHOTO

**YOU CAN EVEN GET YOUR OWN
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