

TWO LOVES THAT GUIDE TED MALONE

Radio **MIRROR**

JANUARY

10¢

A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



BOBBY BREEN

Lowdown On The Pons-Kostelanetz Romance
THE ONE BROADCAST HOLLYWOOD FEARS

Now I'll Give You a Magnetic PERSONALITY

Says Sylvia of Hollywood In Her New Book



"I have already written a book called *No More Alibis*. It shows you how to make yourself over physically. Now you have another job ahead of you. You can take off fifteen pounds of fat with comparative ease. Can you get rid of fifteen pounds of over-sensitiveness, or a bump of self-consciousness? Can you build up charm as you'd build up a thin body? Sure you can, if you'll but read what mama has to tell you." Mmc. Sylvia

MADAME SYLVIA, the beauty adviser to Hollywood's famous stars and New York's elite, now reveals to you the secrets of a magnetic personality. You can be a most captivating and intriguing person if you will but follow the simple secrets of charm and personality as described in Sylvia's new book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!*

This stimulating and inspiring book by the author of that national best seller *No More Alibis* has already become the most

talked about book of the year . . . and it has been on sale less than one month! Critics, book reviewers and women in every section of the country acclaim *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* It's a book that you will want to read and re-read. A book that you will want to live with, day after day, year after year.

Get Out of the Rut

Personality, as Sylvia of Hollywood defines it, is that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming . . . a pretty woman fascinating . . . a beautiful girl simply irresistible. It is a combination of brains, character, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet. It keeps husbands in love with you. And make no mistake about personality . . . you can acquire it . . . you can develop it. Not by "acting up" or by any foolish frills or mannerisms, but by carrying out a few simple secrets of charm.

Magnify Your Personality

So many of us are blundering, stammering self-conscious folks that we really never give ourselves a chance to express our true personalities. We shrivel up into knots when in company of strangers and act as awkward as elephants in rubbers just at a time when we wish to radiate with loveliness. This need not be. For it is but an easy matter to acquire self-assurance and poise if you will but heed Sylvia's advice.

You are familiar with those persons who are bursting with personality. It's fun to be in their company . . . they have a host of friends and are always the center of attraction wherever they go. You've always admired them . . . wished you could be like them. Well you can! You can magnify your own personality. You can acquire and develop all those traits which you admire so much in others. Sylvia of Hollywood wrote *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* to tell you these very things. This book is packed solid with valuable hints . . . secrets on charm and personality that Madame Sylvia has gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

Don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are, if you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your popularity. Don't hide at a time when you should radiate with beauty and personality. Read Madame Sylvia's new book . . . apply her secrets and you will experience a marvelous change in yourself. You will enter upon a new world . . . a world in which you are the master of your fate.

Only \$1.00

Pull Yourself Together, Baby! is written in Madame Sylvia's typical rapid-fire style. It fairly bristles with enthusiasm and is brimful of amusing incidents. The clever cartoons which help to illustrate this book will give you many a chuckle. The price is only \$1.00. If unobtainable at your department or book store, use the coupon below.



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Madame Sylvia's Other Book

If you haven't read *No More Alibis* by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price \$1.00, postpaid.



Macfadden Book Company,
Dept. WG-1, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, Sylvia of Hollywood's new book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Check here if you are enclosing \$1.00 for Madame Sylvia's book *No More Alibis*.

How Career Girls overcome the greatest handicap to success

BUSINESS . . . the stage . . . teaching . . . other professions . . . each is a field sizzling with fierce competition in which no quarter is asked and none given.

Who has the better chance of getting ahead — a girl whose breath is sweet and fresh or one whose breath is a continual offense to others?

* * *

Be Ever On Guard

Common sense gives you the answer. Today only the dull and stupid fail to recognize the threat of halitosis (bad breath) and the harm it can do. The fastidious, the intelligent appraise it for what it is—a constant menace that may be present one day and absent the next. They are continually on guard against it.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use.

When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits

- (1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2) Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
- (3) Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
- (4) The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Imitations Fail

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

For HALITOSIS



use LISTERINE



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COMING IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

On Sale December 23



Here is doubly good news for all you Al Jolson fans—Al is starting a new program soon. In next month's issue you will find the great story of his friendship with the Show Boat maestro, Al Goodman, who worships Jolson. You will, too, when you read it.

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—PORTRAIT OF BOBBY BREEN

BY TCHETCHET

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DAGGETT & RAMSDELL PRESENTS

Golden Cleansing Cream

**Bringing you the radiant beauty
of a truly clean face**

GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains *Colloidal Gold*, a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty.

This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues

to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

Golden Cleansing Cream is a non-liquefying type of cream, delightfully smooth and pleasant to the touch. It is rose-pink in color and has a pleasing, delicate perfume. It is suitable for every type of skin.

A Special Kind of Gold

You can't see or feel the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream because it is not a metal any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in colloidal form similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream.

Backed by a Famous Reputation

Behind this unusual new skin cleanser lies the famous reputation of one of America's oldest cosmetic houses. The name Daggett & Ramsdell has been a symbol of purity and quality since the time (46 years ago) when they first amazed mid-Victorian America with an entirely new type of Cold Cream which did not spoil or turn rancid. Now, in Golden Cleansing Cream, Daggett & Ramsdell brings to you the greatest advance in skin cleansing of our own time.

Costs No More

Daggett & Ramsdell's new Golden Cleansing Cream is within the reach of every one of you. You'll soon say you never made a more economical investment than the \$1.00 which the cream costs. It is obtainable at leading drug and department stores—ask for it today!

Make This Simple Test!



• Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? Does any dirt remain to clog and blemish your skin?

• Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. On your tissue you will find *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Send for a Trial Jar

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Room 1980 Dept. MF-1
2 Park Avenue, New York City

Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in the United States only.)

Name.....

Street Address.....

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

Dealer's Name.....



REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

TO Fred Waring, Tom Waring, Rosemary Lane, Phillips Lord, Ethel Barrymore, Jerry Sears and Kelvin Keech in New York; to Don Wilson, Johnny Green, Kenny Baker and Trudy Wood in Hollywood, RADIO MIRROR and I give thanks.

You stars appeared on a special RADIO MIRROR broadcast over NBC's Blue network the last Sunday in October and—I would like to think—made it one of the most outstanding of all the special programs that were held in honor of NBC's Tenth Anniversary.

Of course broadcasting, even as guest stars, is no novelty to any of you, but it was the first program I had ever actually produced. I hope it's a long time before I produce another. Those thirty minutes were the longest half hour of my life.

None of you knew it, but just five minutes before the program started, I was told to cut two minutes from the Ethel Barrymore interview. I was still at it, out in the control room, at ten seconds to eight. Just ten seconds before the opening strains of music. And you, Kelvin Keech, couldn't wait for me to give you the corrected script, but had to go to the microphone without it and leave me not knowing whether you had anything to say when the program began.

And you in Hollywood, Don Wilson. Was it really necessary to let twenty seconds slip past before beginning your part of the broadcast? I know it takes fifteen seconds to switch over and clear the wires. But those extra five. I felt like a prospective first father waiting for a word from the doctor. I even felt a little like the mother.

Seriously though—you, Fred Waring, taught me that a radio star is willing to come and rehearse for two hours, then stay and broadcast, then just as soon as he's through be on his way to Detroit for a conference with his sponsors. And without telling me that he was so pressed for time he had to bring all his luggage to the studio with him.

Or you, Kelvin Keech, that a star would rehearse nearly five hours on a program that was making its debut at four-thirty and then, without pausing for breath, come up to our studio for more work.

Or you, Ethel Barrymore, that a star would cancel an important discussion with the director of her Wednesday night dramas because she'd promised to appear for us. Or you, Phillips Lord, that a star would go without his dinner and come right up after his program at five in order to work with us right through until broadcast time.

No wonder RADIO MIRROR and I give thanks to Fred Waring, Tom Waring, Rosemary Lane, Phillips Lord, Ethel Barrymore, Jerry Sears and Kelvin Keech in New York; to Don Wilson, Johnny Green, Kenny Baker and Trudy Wood in Hollywood.

by

Fred R. Sammis

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

WE THE PEOPLE. A sort of human sideshow, with Phillips Lord pointing out the interesting freaks. Anything goes on this program, so long as it's unusual. Opinions and experiences are aired by them what has 'em, selections being made from letters. Most of the guest stars are people you never heard of. This is Phil Lord's best idea and opportunity to date. NBC Sun., 5:00 P. M., 30 min.

OPEN HOUSE. Nelson Eddy and Francia White in solos and a duet, with Josef Pasternack's Orchestra, a practically unbeatable combination which will fit any radio. CBS Sun., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

SATURDAY EVENING PARTY. The O'Keefe guy grows on you. From past performance I know Walter isn't consistently funny—a comedian is only as good as his gag-writers. But he's got a catchy idea in the game stunt which is good for plenty of laughs, even if no one plays his games. The comedian-audience banter is too good not to have been rehearsed. (Q. Where do you live? A. I'm moving.) but that's perfectly okay with me. So are Jane Pickens, Walter Cassel, Stuart Churchill, the Tune Twisters and Ferde Grofe's Orchestra. NBC Sat., 8:00 P. M., 60 min.

BAMBI. When better radio shows are written, I hope Helen Hayes will act in them, because she can make a sappy script worth listening to, if only to hear her voice—and even Ethel Barrymore can't do that. Hearing Helen Hayes in a gooey adaptation of an old novel, supported by a swell cast, with Mark Warnow's Orchestra, is better than not hearing her at all, but if you live in New York, go and see her on the stage. NBC Mon., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

ETHEL BARRYMORE. I didn't think I could be right about this until I confirmed my suspicions by asking several others who listened to it—or tried to. I didn't find anyone who stuck with it for the full half-hour. The really big fault is the plays—the opener, Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, was written in 1901 and creaked like 1843. Should have been modernized or else not disinterred. NBC Wed., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

THE PARK AVENUE PENNERS. Joe is back, equipped with a butler, father, mother, brother, and Jimmie Grier's Orchestra, but no duck and no gags. Or were those gags? Here's a sample: "Is your car a Hispano-Suiza?" "No, an orange squeeza—hyuh, hyuh, hyuh!" Shame on you, Harry Conn, you did better than that by Jack Benny. CBS Sun., 6:00 P. M., 30 min.

PADUCAH PLANTATION. Irvin Cobb is such a successful writer that he doesn't have to write. He can henceforth earn his living as a movie and radio actor. The plot of this epic was cooked up from an old Southern cookbook. Personally, I don't find food entertaining when it has to be devoured through the ears, but between mentions of hams, yams, jams, lambs, and Oldsmobiles, you do get a tantalizing whiff of southern music, a Cobb story, and a guest star. NBC Sat., 10:30 P. M., 30 min.

"COLD WEATHER chaps my skin. Watery lotions don't smooth it, either!" Hinds isn't watery. Every *creamy* drop does chapped skin good. It's a vitamin lotion, too—contains Vitamin D!

SOFTEN RED, ROUGH
"Sandpaper Skin"

SOONER THIS WAY

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!



OUTDOOR WORK can ruin your looks! The cold bites into your skin, chaps it red, almost raw. But Hinds puts softness back again. Its *creamy* lubricants soak into the roughness. Chapped skin softens up *faster*.



Copyright, 1936, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

QUICKER-ACTING...
NOT WATERY!

FREE *The first One-Piece*
DISPENSER

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Hinds comes in \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone... inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E. S. T. over the WABC-Columbia Network.

WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

IMPORTANT developments impend as radio broadcasting concludes its first \$100,000,000 year, becoming one of the country's major industries. Principal among these is the creation of a kilocycle czar à la Will Hays of the movies, or an advisory council, to dispose of problems plaguing the fast-growing business. Twenty-five national programs originating in Hollywood have resulted in a scramble for stars with salaries skyrocketing. Advertising agencies, which frame the big commercial shows, are raiding each other for talent and it is such abuses as this that a czar or a council will be called upon to remedy.

* * *

An immediate consequence of the frequent "raiding" tactics has been the issuance of long term contracts to radio headliners. Where once the agencies were content to sign agreements for a series of thirteen broadcasts with renewal options for similar periods they are now binding artists to two-year terms and longer.

* * *

Now that Hollywood has surpassed Chicago in importance as a radio producing center, being second only to New York now, the Columbia Broadcasting System starts spending upwards of \$2,000,000 for new studios there. Already the National Broadcasting Company has outgrown its quarters in the cinema capital and is preparing plans for expansion. Six studios and an auditorium seating twelve hundred will be provided by Columbia's new plant and it will cover a whole block.

* * *

The waning amateur hours can't keep out of the newspapers. The Traveler's Aid Society of New York, burdened with the responsibility of returning to their homes broke and disillusioned air aspirants attracted to the metropolis, squawk long and loud that the sponsors of these programs are not paying their share of the expense. One of the biggest of the amateur promoters, solicited for funds, contributed \$100, whereas the Society deems that amount wholly in-



Hyman Fink

Martha Raye is featured in the new Al Jolson program. Above, with Michael Bartlett, Johnny Weissmuller, and Lupe Velez. Martha is the girl in white. Right, Irvin S. Cobb, writer, actor and humorist, who is the old Southern cunnel of Paducah Plantation, heard over NBC Saturdays, 10:30.



By JAY PETERS

adequate under the circumstances.

* * *

Another item of news involving those amateurs concerns Major Edward Bowes. Experiencing a shortage of neophytes suitable to his program, it seems the Major accepts the aid of professional talent agencies in New York. Whereupon one Ray Halper of New York City files complaint with the Federal Communications Commission that Bowes perpetrates a fraud upon the public by presenting talent supplied by professional bookers. On behalf of the Major it is explained that any acts thus obtained are still amateurs as the books of the vaudeville agencies contain the names of many performers who have never received pay for their services.

In other words, the performers would like to be professionals, but actually they're still amateurs.

ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

GOD, if anything happens to her, it's all over! You can take your radio and your pictures and your money—everything!"

Bob Burns, tense, pale, whispered his despair to Hal Bock in NBC's Hollywood palace. Bob's wife was desperately ill. Twenty-four hours later she died.

Two days after that Kraft Music Hall renewed Bob's contract and boosted him from \$550 weekly to \$1,500; the same day his movie option was taken up at a juicy premium, and his agent closed a deal with a men's magazine for syndication of a column. Bob's lean days, which his wife had shared so gallantly, were behind him for ever—but now she wouldn't be here to share the fruits of the sudden success.

MORE ABOUT IDA—Eddie Cantor often tells you about Ida, but the chances are he won't tell you this one. Seems the Cantors differed the other evening about where they would go after dinner. Ida voted for the new Robert Taylor picture; Eddie preferred the fights. No, they didn't compromise on the Robert Taylor picture. That's not the answer. Indeed, they discussed the matter for a half hour and got precisely nowhere. Finally Ida settled it.
(Continued on page 65)

Don Ameche, below, has a movie contract permitting him two broadcasts a week; Edward Everett Horton, bottom of page, whose parents objected to having an actor for a son, is the new host for the Shell Chateau hour.



Play safe...take the doctor's judgment about laxatives



YOU choose your family doctor because you have *confidence* in him. He will never take chances where your welfare is concerned. Even with a little thing like a laxative, doctors have a definite set of standards which guide them in their choice. They know the dangers of using the wrong kind. Before they will give a laxative their approval, it must meet their requirements on these specific points:

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 MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Now, here's a fact that's significant—Ex-Lax checks on each of these specifications. Not merely on two or three. But on *all* these points that doctors look for in a laxative.

No wonder so many physicians use Ex-Lax in their own families. No wonder millions of careful mothers give it to their children with perfect confidence. For over 30 years the dependable, satisfying performance of Ex-Lax has created universal

trust. Today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a new and pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It *is* thoroughly effective. It does *not* over-act. Does *not* disturb the digestion. It allows your food to be properly assimilated. And these very qualities that make Ex-Lax so ideal for adults are *doubly* important in their relation to children.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Everyone likes Ex-Lax—particularly the youngsters. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. If you have been taking nasty, nauseating cathartics, you'll be grateful for the pleasant flavor of Ex-Lax. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. If you'd like to try a sample, mail the coupon below.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!...Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the Chocolated Laxative.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-17
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

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

ST. LOUIS NEWS—Don Ownbey, news writer, formerly with WBBM, Chicago, has joined the staff of KMOX as news editor. Ownbey has been in the newspaper work for the past five years, as reporter, rewrite and city desk man . . . Have you been listening to General Safety's two 15-minute programs a week? It's a show for youngsters, stressing the importance of caution in traffic. It is a direct tie-up with Mayor Bernard Dickmann's campaign for safety which is proving a high success in St. Louis.

* * *

OUT OHIO WAY—Phil Davis, the 235-pound WLW maestro who conducts the For Men Only orchestra, likes to ride on roller coasters . . . Edith Karen, soprano, refuses to sign contracts now without the advice of an attorney. When she was 16 she signed several contracts with different show companies only to learn that none was binding, due to her age . . . Although Don Morrison, WLW dialectician, was too young to be in the World War, he spent most of his childhood "dodging shells." He was born in Russia and was within earshot of many battles . . . Paul Sullivan, news commentator, likes to write letters. So, folks if there's anything you'd like to know about, just drop Paul a little note . . . Art Gillham, the whispering pianist, is a new addition to WLW. He was formerly with CBS.

Tips for men. What the clothiers are featuring, all about the new gadgets, what the well-dressed man will wear in the line of eyeglasses, etc., are given during the For Men Only program over WLW Cincinnati, 11:30 p. m. to midnight, EST, Tuesdays, by H. Gilbert Martyn, the "Gentlemen's Gentleman." A native of England but educated in both that country and America, Martyn has been in radio the past ten years.

* * *

ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST—You can now look forward to hearing the Paulist Fathers of Old St. Mary's Church way into spring. They have just renewed their Sunday morning program over KYA, San Francisco, to May 30, 1937 . . . We're glad to see you back, Gordon Brown. Gordon is the Night Owl of station KJBS, San Francisco. He suffered injuries in an auto crash, pneumonia set in and he actually came back to life via the



Pretty Blanche Haring (left) is WHN's fair-haired announcer. It's her first radio job. Below, tiny Ann Teel, helps Daddy John Teel put it over on the Woman's Magazine of the Air show from the Coast.



Below, WSM's popular comedienne, Sarie and Sallie, those Tennessee-born gals, are sisters in real life. Read the story of how the team originally started.



**READ ALL THE
GOSSIP ABOUT
YOUR OWN HOME-
TOWN FAVORITES**

oxygen tank . . . A former Al Pearce canary is now warbling over station KFRC. She's Lane Truesdell.

A SHORT SHORT

John Teel, NBC baritone and member of the Woman's Magazine of the Air quartet coming from San Francisco, can't remember a time when he wasn't singing. He was born in Sulphur Springs, Ohio, but grew up in Spokane, Washington. He began singing in public as a boy soprano while still a tiny lad, and he sang his way through high school, choir work and engagements in picture theaters, right into the heart of the girl he married. His marriage is one of the happiest in radio. He has two youngsters, a boy named Markley and a tiny girl named Ann who sings with him on the program. Swimming, hunting and fishing are his favorite sports.

THE STORY OF SARIE AND SALLIE

Those two popular gals from the hilly-country of Tennessee, Sarie and Sallie, are once again delighting their radio fans over Nashville's WSM.

Sarie and Sallie are real-life sisters. As Edna and Margaret Earle they had been devoted sisters and constant companions through their early girlhood days, until Edna married and left home. Margaret also married and moved away. Years passed and the two sisters saw each other only during brief visits. Each became the mother of two children and family responsibilities made these visits even farther apart.

It was on one of these visits—Edna was visiting Margaret in Nashville—that the radio team of Sarie and Sallie was born.

Edna who lived in Florida, had been entertaining friends for years with monologues, and they told her many times she should "go on the air." Learning that WSM's Air Castle of the South was located in Nashville, she made a bee-line for the studios and an audition. They were impressed, but suggested that Edna find a partner and form a team, and so good-natured and unsuspecting (Continued on page 56)

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 believe 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. You are absolutely SAFE when you wear the Perfolastic Girdle.

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! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"

"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ 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 34½ INCHES!"

"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"

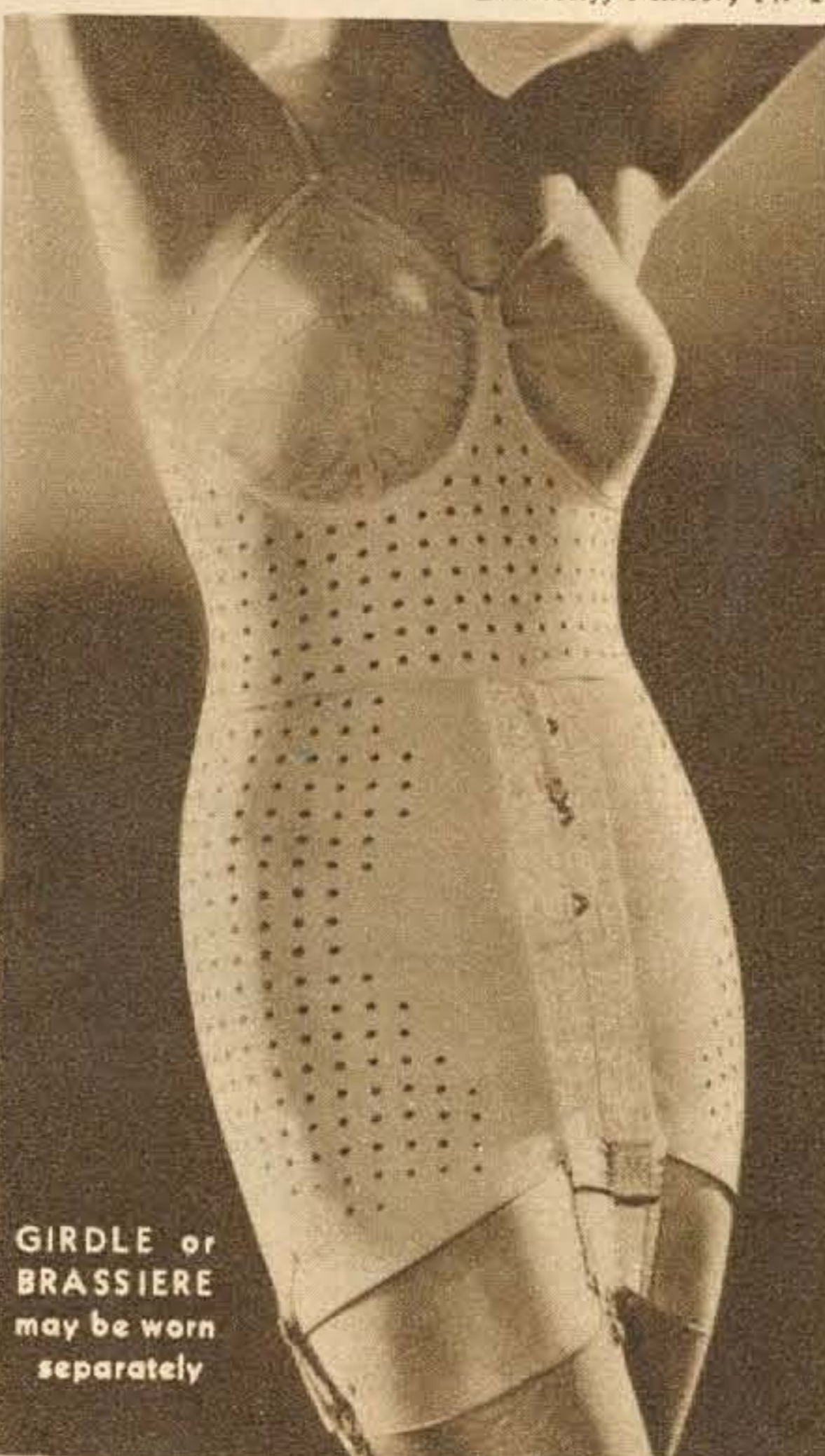
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

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



GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

Dept. 281, 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.....

This is Romance

LILY PONS AND ANDRE KOSTELANETZ WON'T ADMIT THEY'RE IN LOVE, BUT A SLEUTH WITH PROOF SWears THAT THEY ARE



By LOUIS UNDERWOOD

they are both having a swell time keeping their story from all these prying newspaper boys."

Which is all very well, but there are some things that even two people as careful as Lily and Andre cannot keep from you, readers. Some very remarkable things that even a reporter, interviewing Mr. Kostelanetz on the psychology of rehearsal, couldn't help but notice.

Let's approach this romance much as we would a mystery. You, reader, are given a series of facts concerning the romance of Lily and Andre. We'll call them observations. These observations build almost a complete picture.

If you can read between lines, if you are a clever detective, if you are onto the games that people in love play, then, before this story is ended, you should have a very good idea—as I have—of the Lily Pons-Andre Kostelanetz romance!

Let's first of all go back to the beginning, and see if we can discover the foundation upon which their romance was built. A little about their pasts, the reasons Lily and Andre took to each other so naturally, and, of course, so quietly.

Clue number one. Before Andre Kostelanetz ever met Lily Pons he knew all about her and knew further that he was going to like her!

It has always been Andre's working formula to find out all he can about the temperament of the stars he works with before he meets them.

This way he can build his programs around the stars to bring out the best in them.

So, a little over a year ago, Andre Kostelanetz was finding out all he could about Lily Pons. She was scheduled for his program and he had to know her reaction, her attitude toward popular music, her personal likes and dislikes.

First of all, he found out that she had very little of what is known to the operatic world as "temperament." That pleased Andre. She would be easy to work with. She had a sense of humor. "Swell," undoubtedly thought Andre, "I believe I have, too." He found out that whenever she got in a tight spot her amazing presence of mind pulled her out. That would be wonderful—radio is full of these "tight spots."

So far, so good. But what was her objective in entering radio? What did she want to do? She must have a philosophy. Everybody that Andre likes *must* have a philosophy. She had one. It was, to quote Andre: "To popularize operatic music for those who think it is too high brow and to win over the musical intellectuals to the merits of so-called jazz tunes."

Splendid. That, in so many words, or rather in Lily's words, is exactly what Andre was striving for. Andre was certain he was going to like Lily Pons. It was going to be fun working with her. He *knew* he was going to like her better than anyone he had ever worked with before.

Love had started the game with the bases loaded and nobody out because the ideas, (Continued on page 74)



Above, a prize shot of the Chesterfield maestro posing with Lily during work on her newest RKO picture. Andre directed all the music in the movie and had to fly 6,000 miles each week-end in order to do it. Yet they say that it isn't love.

WHAT is going on here? There isn't any use beating around the bush; we mean that romance which has kept Radio Row on its cocked ear for the past twelve months. That amusing, but exasperating *tête-à-tête* which has been going on between Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz!

It is because of romances like this one that reporters have that worried look. There is not a radio or newspaper reporter in town that hasn't taken a fling at getting the real lowdown—and not one of them has succeeded! The gentlemen of the press on the West Coast are equally annoyed.

No pictures, no interviews, no nothing. The diminutive romancers—and we all know they are romancing—just won't talk!

That is, they won't talk about each other. Mr. Kostelanetz is very happy to talk about the psychology of rehearsal, about his affiliation with Greta Stueckgold, Nino Martini, Rosa Ponselle and a host of others, *but* just one word about Lily Pons and the famous little maestro hits the temperamental ceiling.

Why? What is there about their known love that Lily and Andre shield so carefully from even their closest friends? It is the nearest thing to a real mystery in this 1936 radio world. It has everybody guessing and nobody really knowing.

"I think their romance is so cute," a publicity girl at the Columbia Broadcasting studio remarked to me. "Andre is so dignified and sincere and serious, and Lily is so small and witty and gav. Personally," she went on, "I believe

WHEN Joan Blaine had finished telling me her story, at the luncheon table in Chicago's Merchandise Mart, I looked across at her and wondered at the hidden forces which mould the smiling masks we turn to the world. Poised, cultured, cool, smiling, the very essence of feminine grace and self-assurance—there was nothing in what I saw to serve as a clue to the story she'd kept so long locked in the depths of her heart. Yet—there it was. These things had happened to the girl who plays Mary Marlin

on the air. They had all gone to form her as I saw her before me.

Joan Blaine is the product of a destiny she could not escape—a destiny which was written before she was old enough to choose what her life would be. A destiny, in fact, that even thwarted her one desperate attempt to turn it from its appointed end.

Its first hint came in the words her grandfather spoke to her, one night when she was a black-haired little girl on his knee. "Joan," he said with a smile which didn't hide the seriousness in his voice, "you are going to be famous. You are a Blaine, and each generation of Blaines has produced one who has been famous. Tomorrow it will be you. But you must work for it. You must give your whole life to it. Nothing else can matter, no sacrifice can be too great."

Only half comprehending those words when she heard them, Joan has never forgotten them. She has never been able to forget.

In her childhood, the truth of her grandfather's statement that no sacrifice could be too great was apparent. Even as a little girl, she was denied the normal excitements of children's games and parties. She was too delicate, for one thing; for another, there was so much for her to learn and so little time to learn it in. Few restrictions were made on the activities of her brothers and sisters, but Joan, under the

For Mary Marlin's Kleenex programs, turn to page 50.

By **JUDY
ASHLEY**



THE TRAGIC PRICE MARY

diligent training of her mother, was usually to be found in her room, struggling to understand the intricate beauties of English and classic literature. To most adults the names of Bacon, Plato, Aristotle, Browning are no more than that—just names; to Joan they are the men who had written what was literally her first reader, the foundation of her education.

It was her grandfather's, and her parents', dream that some day she would become a famous singer. The studies were part of that plan, but only part. Her physical condition must be carefully guarded; she must be shielded from everything which might conceivably harm her. Because of an abnormally sensitive membrane in her throat, Joan was never allowed to eat spices, sweets, rough food, or anything else which might prove injurious.

It was a strange childhood, Joan's—unnatural, tedious, hedged about by tutors, physicians, and parents. Even her exercise followed a definite plan, a routine of deep breathing, calisthenics, one-two, one-two.

But she had never known any other way of life. It seemed natural to do without all the frivolous, pointless little things which mean so much to most children. That was how she, Joan Blaine, lived.

In her teens, Joan was an accomplished harpist, a cultured singer, a brilliant student. Yet something was lacking. Her life was laid out before her: she must study, she must become a great singer. Yes. That was the way it would be—but in her heart Joan knew it would not be that way. She loved music, but there was in her a desire for something beyond music . . . something, she didn't know what.

She was a student at Northwestern University—and that "something" was still ambiguous—when she fell in love. He was the captain of the football team, and she was his girl, Beta pin and all. Her heart thrilled when she heard thousands cheering him in a game. There were fraternity dances, moonlight walks, the enchantment of youth. Finally, he asked her to be his wife.

"I remember. It was Christmas time at home." Joan's eyes grew tender as she told me of it. "Happiness, lights, the big tree. I loved him. I thought of the time when we could be in our own home at Christmas, with our own children around us. I . . . I wanted to say yes. Instead, I said no. I knew too well what marriage would mean, the end of my hopes and dreams, forgetting my career, giving up everything I had studied all my life. I found I couldn't lose the habit of striving for that one goal—success."

Graduation. Then hard work, harder knocks, disappointments. More than once she placed some personal treasure on a pawnbroker's counter. Finally, a chance, concert work, success, applause, the glamor of bright lights.

Joan had arrived. She had arrived, even though it did

not quite satisfy her to have done so. She still felt that vague desire to do something more than sing. Until one night, at a friend's home, she learned what it was she wanted to be. Somehow, the usually reticent and silent Joan cast off reserve that evening and gave a wicked, clever impersonation of a mutual friend. Laughing, she went on to imitate movie stars and other famous people. Something clicked, and at last she knew why she had worked and studied while others played, why she had sacrificed, why she had even given up love.

She wanted to become an actress.

Her new goal meant a turn-about-face in all her plans. It meant more disappointments and new training. Joan learned to know the smell of stuffy day-coaches, learned to sit patiently in dressing rooms waiting for her cue to go on in a part which carried only a line or two of dialogue.

As she had done in her first career, at last she arrived in her second, progressing from bits to supporting parts, from the road to Broadway and a lead in the comedy, "And So to Bed." It was a hit, and Joan became New York's newest discovery.

With success, there also came something new, something unexpected; an irresistible power, demanding everything but promising

nothing—love so strong that this time there could be no question of a choice between it and the life she had mapped out for herself.

He was a very prominent New York attorney. After he had seen "And So to Bed" once, he came again and again, until he found a mutual friend who could introduce him to Joan. They met often after that. He'd call at the theater, after the performance, and they'd go out to supper. Afternoons when there was no matinee they were always together.

To him, marriage meant giving up. He was unable to conceive of a wife whose life held anything more than him, his home and his children. Joan knew this, and accepted it. More, knowing him and loving him, she felt that he was right. She wanted her life to be as he wished it.

Yes, she knew she was being disloyal to everything she had always worked for. She heard again her grandfather's words, and rejected them. It was a small disloyalty, she said to herself, compared to the greater disloyalty to her sex and her warm woman's heart if she once more chose to let love go.

They were to be married in a week. Joan, happy with anticipation, had cast off forever all professional ties. Her agent couldn't believe it, and called her every day, offering her new parts, hinting of a possible future Hollywood contract.

No. Joan had made her decision. She was giving it all up.

But there are things you cannot (Continued on page 76)

**SHE IS JOAN BLAINE IN
REAL LIFE, A GIRL WHO
WAS FORCED TO GIVE UP
HER WOMAN'S HERITAGE
IN FAVOR OF FORTUNE**

MARLIN PAID FOR SUCCESS

EXPOSING RADIO'S

RACKETEERS

By
DAN
WHEELER

RACKETEERS in radio? Scores of them, elusive, scheming racketeers, constantly on the alert to snare the unsuspecting penny or dime or five-dollar bill. They lurk in the obscure local station, among the clients of established broadcasting studios; in "radio dramatic and music schools." They are here today and gone tomorrow, to reappear in some new place and under a new guise. They know all the dodges, and they use them all.

They defraud you, the listener, of your time and your money. They victimize inexperienced youngsters who are trying to get a start on the air. They cheat merchants who are taking their first experimental flier in air advertising.

It's time for radio to clean house. But if the job is to be done right, and done now, you, the listening audience, must help. The Federal Communications Commission at Washington has the power to license stations or remove them from the air, and it also has trained investigators who do what they can to smoke out cases of fraud, but these investigators cannot be everywhere and hear every program sent out on the air. Even the station officials themselves, no matter how well-intentioned they may be, often cannot keep their kilocycles entirely free of fraud, because they do not realize that fraud is being practiced.

When you've read this article you'll know about the slick rackets that are carried on over the air. You'll recognize them on your own loud-speaker. If you are trying to carve a radio career for yourself, you'll be forewarned against some of the ways unscrupulous promoters have of getting your money from you. And if you are a business man who has never advertised on the air, but would like to, you'll be more apt to spot the kind of radio salesman to keep away from.

Whether you are a listener, an aspiring performer, or a prospective advertiser, you can render a great service to the future of radio by reporting instances of fraud either to the editor of this magazine or to the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D. C.

Suppose, first of all, you want to be a radio star, and are willing to work desperately hard for your big chance. This ambition of yours makes you a prize target for the smooth-talking gentlemen who are adept at getting other people's money. Their most common trick is to send you to a "broadcasting school." Now, not all schools for teaching you microphone technique are fakes—but enough of them are to make it worth your while to investigate be-

fore you invest your money in hopes of an air career.

Perhaps the racketeer first inserts an advertisement in a local newspaper: "Talent wanted for sponsored radio program. Experience unnecessary." You go to the station, take an audition, and are then told that you have talent but need more training. The man in charge of auditions hands you a card to such and such a school—in some cases it's just across the hall from the studio—and practically promises you employment after you've taken a few months' course. At the school itself the same line of polite palaver is handed out to you, you enroll and pay your tuition fee, and the school and the man at the studio split the proceeds.

The prize racket in connection with schools, however, is that which came to light out on the West Coast. Schools were calling themselves the "Chautauqua Broadcasting Studios," or the "Natural Broadcasting Class," and using microphones with the letters CBS and NBC on them. A pupil of one of these schools, for a few dollars, was given a couple of voice tests, a sample recording of his voice, and a glossy picture showing him at a "CBS" or an "NBC" mike. Then, if he was that kind of person, he could take his picture to the program manager of some station and pretend he really had worked on network programs. Not that anyone ever benefitted from such a procedure except the fake schools—it didn't take program mana-



If you're a housewife or a fledgling star trying to start a career, be on your guard. Read how to help broadcasting clean its house of this ever increasing crime menace.

**NOW IT CAN BE TOLD, THE
BALD TRUTH ABOUT THESE
MEN WHO ROB YOU WHETHER
YOU'RE AN ADVERTISER, A
PERFORMER OR A LISTENER**

gers long to spot phoney network stars after one song.

Watch out for station officials who charge money for auditions. Frequently the managers of small stations charge anywhere from a dollar to five dollars an audition.

BEWARE of giving your talent free, even if you are a beginner, unless you are sure of your station's good faith. It's a common practice to give a beginner a weekly program on the supposition that some sponsor will listen in. Sometimes the studio even charges you for the privilege of broadcasting. In one case two or three radio stations hired a man as "vocal and dramatic coach." He didn't get a salary. He didn't need one, because he got free talent for the stations on his list and made money for himself besides. He'd tell those who auditioned that they were fine, but that they needed a little more experience and microphone technique. Then he'd send them to a "school" with which he was connected and assign them programs on the station. Every week when they came to do their free broadcasts he'd tell them how great an improvement the school had made in their work. It could go on for months, the school getting the pupil's money, the station his talent—and the pupil himself getting exactly nowhere.

I know a girl with a fine voice and considerable talent. She had been singing for nothing over a local station, hoping to get a sponsored program. At last, the chance came. She sang once on a commercial show, for which she was to receive seven dollars. But the days went by and the program manager, who had been supposed to pay her, made no move to do so. At last she plucked up courage and asked him for the money. He pretended not to know what she was talking about at first, but when she insisted he grew ugly and let her know plainly that she'd better forget about the seven dollars if she expected to continue singing over that station.

Even if you get a salaried job on a small station your troubles aren't necessarily over. Announcers and other staff artists have been known to be paid off in checks post-dated thirty days, on the plea that the station is short of funds at the moment but will surely have enough to cover on the day the check carries on its dateline. When that day comes the bank sends the check back marked "N. S. F."—but meanwhile the station has secured thirty days of the artist's time for nothing. And if the artist is sufficiently gullible the station is sometimes able to string him along for still another thirty days.

If you're the father or mother of a child who performs on the air, watch out for the type of program which popularizes a group of children by means of a sustaining program, then puts them all into a valuable act and exploits them for nice profits of which the children and their parents see little or nothing. It's been done.

Perhaps you're a beginner not in the performing end of radio, but in the advertising end. Perhaps you've often wanted to tell the world—or your own neighborhood—what you have to sell, and have only been deterred by the high cost. Well, if so, check up on the radio salesman who offers you a program for lower prices than that quoted on the rate-cards of established stations, because the chances are there's something wrong.

A simple, but very effective, trick is employed by some stations—to broadcast free, unsolicited programs for famous

national advertisers. Of course, the advertisers in whose name the programs are put on the air know nothing of what's happening, never hear the programs, never receive bills for them. But the station which has broadcast the fake program solicits paying clients by saying, or even printing, that such and such famous firms are among its customers.

Not simple, but fearfully complicated, is another petty racket which one married couple thought up and put into practice. Twice a week they would dress up in overalls and leave their home at four in the morning. Busily they delved into ash cans and refuse barrels, peeling the labels off discarded tin cans. These labels they took home and carefully sorted.

Then they'd go to see the local distributor of a well known brand of canned goods and talk him into paying \$100 or so for a test radio program over a small station. Maybe they couldn't get \$100—okay, they'd take \$50. On the program they'd offer a small prize—say a toy balloon—in return for the label from a can of the goods being advertised, as evidence of purchase.

A few weeks after the broadcast they'd be back in the distributor's office, carrying 10,000 or so neatly packaged labels and a list of names and addresses culled from the telephone book. Obliging, they'd offer to mail out the toy balloons, and the distributor would give them the balloons and the necessary postage. Thereupon the couple would sell the balloons and the postage stamps, too, and wouldn't be heard of around that distributor's office again. . . . It sounds like a lot of work which might more profitably have been turned into honest channels, but that's the way it was done.

Don't put too much faith, either, in the small station which claims to cover a lot of territory. Find out how many watts it is supposed to be broadcasting on, and then find out how much territory, on an average, a station with that amount of power should cover. If the station in question has a listening area larger than it should have with its published amount of power, you'd better steer clear of it. Permission to increase power must be obtained from the F. C. C., but many small stations go right ahead and increase their power anyway, without permission. Then they point out to prospective advertisers what a lot of territory their programs reach—and at no extra cost to the client, either. That their illegal power increase has caused them to interfere with a distant station on the same wavelength doesn't worry these gentlemen in the least.

AGAIN, look before you leap if you are offered a test program, half the price to be paid when the contract is signed, the other half to be paid only when—and if—the program has increased your business. The proposition may be strictly on the level, and again it may not.

This is how it has sometimes been worked: A promoter approaches a merchant or distributor and offers him a one-broadcast program composed of well-known and popular vaudeville personalities who are appearing at a local theater. The half payment down, half if business improves, offer sounds pretty swell to the prospective advertiser. All these famous people whose names the promoter is rattling off so glibly, on his program! If they boost business, he figures, he won't mind paying the second half of the money; if it doesn't get (Continued on page 77)

IF YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN IN BY THE LEECHES WHO USE RADIO TO PROMOTE THEIR SCHEMES, REPORT THEM NOW

PICTURES-OF-THE-MONTH



N I N O M A R T I N I • I D A L U P I N O

This young Latin threat to feminine America's peace of mind is back on the Chesterfield show each Wednesday night. Ida is his leading lady in his latest Pickford-Lasky film, "The Gay Desperado."

Lovely Frances, of the dark, enchanting beauty, will soon be seen in a new picture, "Born to Dance." She continues starring with that old married man, Dick Powell, on Hollywood Hotel.

F R A N C E S L A N G F O R D





D E A N N A D U R B I N

Stardom at thirteen is the success story of Deanna, who was discovered practically overnight by the movies and radio. She sings with Bobby Breen Sunday nights on Eddie Cantor's program.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF FLOYD GIBBONS, ADVENTURER



FLOYD GIBBONS has looked upon more war, death, and bloodshed than any other man alive today. Into the space of twenty-five years he has packed just about every kind of hazardous adventure it is possible for one man to have. There hasn't been a news-making spot on the earth's surface during the last quarter-century he hasn't visited while it was making news—that is, provided always it was exciting news, and it was humanly possible for him to get there before all the shooting was over.

Yet until he went to Spain last summer, he had never stepped into absolute chaos. Not even in that other revolution-ridden country, Russia, during and just after the World War, had he seen such complete disorganization. In Russia there had been famine and misery, but not heedless, rapacious waste. In Manchuria he had seen cruelty; in France, during the World War, he had been so frightened he had been unable to control the trembling of his body. But even in Russia, Manchuria and France there had been order and purpose back of the carnage.

The "Headline Hunter" has spent his life following adventure. Much of that adventure he has passed along to you, in the form of books, newspaper stories, broadcasts, and magazine articles. You can get a taste of what he saw in Spain from his current Saturday-night series of broadcasts for Nash motors. But there is one class of adventure he has left untold. He has told you the adventures of others; he has told you of adventures he participated in; but he has never told you the personal history of Floyd Gibbons, adventurer. It is a story so colorful, so packed with action, that it is difficult to compress into the limits of a few articles in a magazine. Nevertheless, I'm going to try.

Floyd sailed for Spain shortly after the mutiny of the Madrid garrison, which

**BEGIN THE ACTION - FILLED
STORY OF A MAN WHO ASKS
JUST ONE THING OF LIFE—
DANGER AND MORE DANGER!**

started the revolution. Naturally. Wherever there was excitement he had to be.

He landed at Gibraltar on August 13, ten days before he was scheduled to broadcast from Madrid on the RCA Magic Key of the Air program. Ten days, he thought, would allow him plenty of time to get from Gibraltar to Madrid.

North and west of Gibraltar was Rebel territory. North and east were those loyal to the Government. Madrid was in the hands of the Government; so in the few days at his disposal he went first into Rebel territory, through Algeciras, Cadiz, Jerez (the birthplace of sherry wine), to Seville, then back to Gibraltar. At Cadiz he saw his first pirate ship—a destroyer which had mutinied against the Government, and so was technically a pirate—and in Seville he met General Queipo de Llano, the man who captured that city for the Rebels with only a handful of soldiers, and who now is Spain's most widely listened-to radio personality because of his news bulletins.

Added to the Rebel forces in these southern towns were troops of savage Moors from Africa, mercenary soldiers born into the tradition of (Continued on page 58)

Right, Floyd Gibbons of Washington, D. C., at the age of three; right below, his father, Edward Gibbons, who didn't want his son to be a reporter.

Below, a hitherto unpublished family group. Top row, left to right, Mrs. Emma Gibbons, Floyd, Zelda, and Donald; in front are Edward and Margaret.

By NORTON RUSSELL



Two Loves

THAT GUIDE TED MALONE

THE story of two loves which have shaped Ted Malone's entire existence, that have made him a success beyond his fondest dreams, is the story of Ted Malone's life. It is a story of tears and laughter and hardships, of a mother's love and a wife's love. It is the story—the only story—which explains why his daily program over CBS, *Between the Bookends*, has a loyal following of uncounted thousands.

Often you read about the son of a minister, of the life that is his, and how he reacts through the years. Much less often you read about the wife of a minister, though her lot is usually the more dramatic, the more filled with hardships to overcome and problems to solve.

Ted Malone's mother, born Grace Aurora Gunter, became Mrs. Frank Arthur Russell when she married a struggling young minister, a man whose life had already been consecrated to the task of founding new churches throughout the country, an unsung heroic job in the field of missions very few know anything about or understand. She married for love, nor did she ever regret her action.

He instilled in her the courage which upheld him in work that would have discouraged a lesser man. Especially after her second son, Frank Alden, was born. Ted Malone is Frank Alden Russell to this day, a name he is proud of, but a name he has never used in public, since the success of his broadcast on which he started as Ted Malone.

Until Ted was ready for high school he knew his father only as the loving, friendly man who never missed Thanksgiving or Christmas with his wife and two sons, the man who returned from his wanderings in time to make bright wooden toys to give Ted as his Christmas presents.

In his mother Ted had to find both counselor and playmate, to whom he could go for consolation and advice. It was his mother on whom most of the task fell of feeding and clothing the family on practically

Photos made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Bert Lawson



THEY'RE THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS AND THE UNTOLD INSPIRA

no money at all. Founding new churches was ample reward to their souls, but someone must find a way to fill the empty cereal bowls in the morning, the empty dinner plates at dinner.

If you have ever wondered, listening each noon to Ted on his *Between the Bookends* program, how he is able, so simply and easily, to reach out towards your own personal problem, go straight to your heart with his words of advice and touch you with the poems he reads, your answer is in those years, when living as the son of a struggling minister, he learned to find the true joys of existence from his mother.

Christmas, with his father home once more, was always

the brightest day of the year for the little family. If today he can help you forget your burdens, your heartache, it's partly because of those Christmas mornings, bright and crisp in the cold of Kansas City winters, which he still remembers. Ted never knew presents as most of us understand them. There was no money to go downtown to the brightly decorated stores with their Christmas trees and smiling Santa Clauses. But his mother had taught him how to make wonderful decorations for their small balsam tree out of cranberries and popcorn they grew in the summer and stored away in the fall. And in the morning, down under the tree, there were always small paper bags of hard candy and oranges.

Ted never expected anything more. It was enough to have the excitement of popping the corn, of finding a new kind of candy in the paper bag, of playing with the homemade toys his father had built. Another mother wouldn't have taught this simple truth—that popcorn and cranberries and oranges made just as nice Christmases as expensive toy automobiles and bicycles and roller skates. And the same spirit of love and joy with which she invested the Christmas holidays she spread over all the seasons
(Continued on page 54)

By JOSEPHINE LE SUEUR



Left, Ted reading to Bubbles and the girl whose love finished the lesson that his mother, below, began. For time of *Between the Bookends*, see page 51.



TION FOR HIS PROGRAMS

Faith!

A UNIQUE NEW CHARACTER, BILLY SUNDAY'S FORMER LIEUTENANT, COMES TO RADIO WITH A CURE FOR OUR TROUBLES

By FRANK LOVETTE

IT was raining the proverbial cats and dogs; one of those freakish rainy nights of late autumn which cause a near panic in New York. Transportation was already glutted, and more thousands were stampeding homeward; for it seemed a downpour without end.

"Surely," I told myself, hurrying across the gusty area of Times Square in cold water, which was ankle deep, "few people will feel like singing tonight—not if they have to be drowned and attend a broadcast to sing."

Even as I sloshed along the sidewalks, a newspaper over my head to keep from being completely drenched, I was feeling half sorry for Homer Rodeheaver; wondering how he could present his Community Sing on a night like this. How could his show go on? What would his sponsors do about it, if there was no appreciable audience? Then I found myself at Forty-fourth Street, and putting purpose above caution, swung eastward toward the CBS Playhouse. Just as suddenly I looked ahead and had the silly inclination to pinch myself, to demand physical proof my eyes were sane.

But once in many years had I seen such a throng in a New York side street. That was when a murder had just occurred; but even then it had not been raining. Tonight, it was a different sort of crowd. People stood in the downpour, laughing and talking, none evidencing discomfort. It was amazing, like the lines at Madison Square Garden, the Polo Grounds, or Soldiers Field in Chicago, just before a great athletic event. They pushed forward, pressing against the jammed lobby of the CBS Playhouse, as eagerly as if their tickets had cost a premium. And why? To see Homer Rodeheaver—to sing with him! A night which would have stayed Napoleon's army had not fazed them.

Soon, I, too, had fallen in line. And although it was nearly an hour before the Community Sing went on the air, the doors were presently opened. Within less than five minutes every seat in the theater was filled. I sat in the first row of the balcony, ever more impressed with

the buoyancy of the audience. I could sense it. Although of all ages, they were gay, laughing and talking with a rising hum, so different from the blasé, bored and downright morbid audiences of the legitimate theater upon rainy nights. These people had something, and I asked myself what it was. Were they musical cranks, or had Rodeheaver imbued them with the magic which, for twenty years, made him Billy Sunday's magnet and the foremost song leader of the times? I was soon to find out.

Rodeheaver rehearsed his audience for about twenty-five minutes before the broadcast; and I think, at the end of that time, fully ninety per cent of those present would have been willing to vote for him for President. Coming out from the wings of the stage, dressed in white to discount the weather, he

greeted the "community singers" with a broad smile and contagious laugh.

"I'm glad you're here," he told them. "Even if it is a little bit rainy. . . . And after all, just how rainy it seems, depends entirely upon where you come from and where you were brought up." He illustrated with an example.

"Down in the East Tennessee mountains, where I grew up, two of the old timers from the hills once got into an argument as to whether it was raining hard or not. One told a story of a rain so hard it washed the cattle and other animals away. 'That ain't nothin' at all,' the other one said when he was through. 'Up in the cove, where I live, it rained so hard last fall, it busted the bottom out o' the rain barrel. We turned th' barrel up on its side, then, but that didn't help none. It rained in the bung hole faster than th' water could run out both ends.'"

There was a roar from the audience. And while they were still laughing, he said, "So you see, it depends entirely upon where you grew up, how hard it's raining. For some of you—it may be raining-daffodils." He had picked up his audience in a manner reminiscent of Will Rogers.

Quickly, he introduced his instrumental ensemble. Then, with the flashing of the words of "Pack Up Your Troubles," upon the screen behind him, he exhorted all to sing. "Anybody with tonsillitis or a bad cold," he told them, "can whistle." I had no idea of singing, so I reneged on the first go-round. I held out on the crowd through part of the second song, which was "Smiles," but the leader was too contagious longer to resist. He got me, too. I found myself singing and, what is more, liking it. I began to feel changed, and I began to feel better.

Now I can say WE. We rehearsed with him his entire program, by which time I was a veteran "community singer." He let us sing bass, tenor, or anything we pleased. He told us to harmonize, to get it up and out as we saw fit. I was surprised to discover that it sounded beautiful, that some of the emotions within me, which I had long thought were atrophied, had come (*Continued on page 71*)

For the time of Palmolive's
Community Sing, see page 50.





Though they fear him, they grant him interviews. Left, Robert Montgomery at mike.



Maureen O'Sullivan wears a smile as she gossips with this "most feared reporter."



THE ONE BROADCAST HOLLYWOOD FEARS

By
FREDERICK
RUTLEDGE

WHY IS MOVIEDOM AFRAID TO TUNE IN JIMMY FIDLER'S PROGRAM? WHY HAS IT TRIED TO PUT HIM OFF THE AIR?

HOLLYWOOD did as it pleased for years. Business deals and private lives were conducted behind locked doors and drawn blinds. The inside dope on all but the most trivial subjects was taboo.

The sun shone in Hollywood for those who held the whip hand.

Lots of people knew plenty, but said nothing. Nobody dared say anything. Jobs were held by radio commentators, and newspaper columnists, and magazine writers who knew the ropes well enough to talk or write for hours without saying anything.

And then came Jimmy Fidler—and how things have changed in Hollywood! Out of almost nowhere, out of a maze of Hollywood writers, came a young man with millions of radio listeners and a line of talk that dealt only with truth and fact.

Jimmy Fidler has the *one* radio broadcast that all Holly-

wood fears—and respects! He is the *only* person who has ever been able to verbally spank Mr., Mrs., and Miss celebrity—and make them like it!

Hollywood big-wigs have tried to bribe him, reason with him, and have even threatened him, but each and every Tuesday evening at 10:30 P. M., his Hollywood on the Air has the entire movie colony holding its breath. And when the smoke from Mr. Fidler's attack clears away there is many a headache in cinema land!

The phenomenal rise of this astounding young man to national importance in one short year, is one of the miracles of Hollywood. More people probably depend on him for their Hollywood news, comments, and gossip than on any other person. Plus his large radio following, Jimmy has a daily syndicated column which is read by 10,000,000 fans and his Fox Movietone Newsreel which reaches an estimated 45,000,000 here and abroad.

A year ago he was struggling for recognition; today he is a power Hollywood must reckon with. It is no wonder filmdom fears him with his nearly 80,000,000 followers.

Many powerful organizations have tried to have Jimmy Fidler taken off the air. One of his worst enemies is the Screen Actors Guild. The *Hollywood Reporter* has printed tirades against his broadcasts, and a producers' association has gone after him time and again. If it's news that can be proved, if it happened today, Jimmy brings it to the attention of the world.

At the many dinners I've attended in the company of movie stars there has always been one sure topic of discussion—the broadcasts of Jimmy Fidler. I've never known a star who didn't have something to say. When the conversation turns to Jimmy, voices become lowered. There is hate, (Continued on page 80)



Ann Sothorn, Joseph Santley and Gene Raymond sitting with Jimmy.

BY LYNN BURR



UNCLE EZRA'S DOUBLE LIFE

THE STRANGE STORY OF HOW PAT BARRETT GREW
OLD AT TWENTY-FIVE—BUT YOUNGER AT FIFTY

GOOD evenin', everybuddy. . . .”
Yep, it's Uncle Ezra broadcasting from his “powerful little five-watter down in Rosedale.” You hear him three nights a week at 7:15 on the NBC Red network, as well as on Saturday night's National Barn Dance. And to listen to his shrewd rural philosophy and friendly fire-side gossip, one can hardly conceive the story behind those broadcasts, of a twenty-year battle between the private and professional sides of a man; of Uncle Ezra, a witty old codger of national fame, and Pat Barrett, a vigorous young man who wanted to be just himself . . . and couldn't!

Of course, Uncle Ezra and Pat Barrett are one and the same person, yet this is really the story of two men within one, who fought each other grimly through the years, finally to find, only in the last few months, a strange and unique compromise which more appropriately might be limited to the pages of fiction; a truce which has split Pat Barrett's life into two worlds, like the eccentric duality of a mythical Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

I don't know why Pat Barrett told me this story, but I

think it came through my insistent questioning on the one thing about him which mystified me most—his youth. How could a man so actively young at the half-century mark, looking like a kid of twenty-five, so unerringly portray the bewhiskered Uncle Ezra? And since he writes his own scripts, where do the ideas come from? What was behind that broadcast? Pat's subsequent answers revealed how the character of Uncle Ezra came into being long before the advent of radio, how it developed almost to the point of completely suppressing Pat's personal character, and finally, how Pat Barrett became the master of the situation with what he smilingly refers to as his “double life.”

Pat Barrett, near the turn of the century, was a tow-headed youngster in the small town of Holden, Missouri—just an ordinary American boy, with but one exception. And that exception was the foundation of his later success, of Uncle Ezra, and of this story.

You see, as a boy Pat idolized a group of old men. He loved to sit around Brad Harmon's drug store, or in the shade of Fred Tesche's livery stable, listening to the white-bearded patriarchs of the town: Uncle Johnny, Pleas Ferguson, Judge Bothwell, and a half a dozen more. He preferred sitting silently on his haunches, all ears, while his bewhiskered friends swapped (Continued on page 61)

STUART CHURCHILL'S

SONG OF FATE

CHANCE, AND A CRACKED PHONOGRAPH RECORD, BROUGHT HIM TO STARDOM ON THE AIR

A SINGLE song has changed the life and fate of Stuart Churchill. It is a song that was written almost a hundred years ago, but one which Stuart heard for the first time a short ten years ago. And since that first hearing his life and his career have been inextric-

ably bound up in it. It has become his guide and inspiration.

Had Stuart Churchill not listened to a cracked Heifetz recording of Schubert's "Ave Maria" he probably would not be a star on NBC's new Saturday night program over the Red network. In fact, he might not be singing at all.

That sounds strange and melodramatic, but not as strange and melodramatic as it really is.

By **GLADYS FIST**

Ten years ago Stuart Churchill was a boy in his teens hammering away at xylophone and drums with a Chautauqua unit which was playing small western towns. One night stands, or two at the most. But to Stu, who had been raised in a small town in Kansas, there was romance and adventure in this nomadic life.

He had been with the Chautauqua show for two summers—two summers in which he had grown used to the constant pulling up of tent stakes and starting on again, two summers in which part of the romance and adventure of the life had become more or less prosaic. One night, during that second summer, his show was travelling over Marshall Pass in Colorado by bus. Suddenly the road was obscured by a terrific cloudburst. The driver proceeded cautiously for a time, but soon it became impossibly dangerous to go on, and he pulled over to the side of the road and stopped. The top and sides of the bus were filled with holes, and by this time all of its occupants were soaked to the skin.

One of the men looking for better shelter jumped out on the road. A few minutes later he came back to say that he had found a deserted and unlocked shack a small distance away. Stuart admits that he owes this fellow a lasting debt of gratitude.

They followed the man to the shack, went inside and waited for the cloudburst to pass. They were there for over an hour—ten wet, shivering men sitting on the floor of a dingy room lit by the feeble glow of a single candle. The room was bare save for a broken chair, a stool, a table from which all traces of paint were worn, and—of all things—a Victrola. It was a very old fashioned Victrola, even for ten years ago, with a huge megaphone-like horn; near the instrument there lay two broken records and one that was cracked. It was that one cracked record which changed the entire course of Churchill's life. That record was a Heifetz (Continued on page 52)





FLIER FRANK HAWKS—Air ace, commander in the U. S. Navy Reserve Air Force, owner of more medals than he can count, and star over the Mutual network on Time Flies, Fridays at 8. Frank reads lines like a veteran, fusses over sound-effect details, loves to tinker on model ships, and is addicted to blue shirts.



COMMENTATOR HOYT—Tall, slender, and regally brunette, Julia Hoyt is what most of us visualize when we think of society. Born into New York's 400, she wasn't satisfied with a social career, and has been an actress and newspaper woman. Now she's on the air too—on NBC's Blue network every Saturday morning.



FOR YOUR RADIO SCRAPBOOK

NELSON'S LEADING LADY—Brunette little Franca White, who sings duets with Nelson Eddy on his Vick's Open House programs, made guest appearances with symphony orchestras when she was only seventeen. She meant to be an operatic star, but went into vaudeville instead, and then to radio. In spite of her pint size, she's an excellent athlete.



FOOTBALL DOPESTER THORGERSEN—Expert on pigskin matters for CBS' Elgin Football Revue, Saturday nights, is Ed Thorgersen. He's still young, but in a short life he's had almost every kind of job, settling down to be a radio announcer in 1926. Sports are his diversion as well as his work, and he speaks on athletic events for Fox Movietone newsreel.



DETECTIVE THATCHER COLT—Anthony Abbott's famous sleuth comes to life on NBC's airwaves every Sunday at 2:30, in the person of veteran radio actor Hanley Stafford. Hanley came East two years ago after long experience in the movies and on the stage out in Hollywood. He had a leading role in the *Life of Richelieu*, serialized by NBC for a hundred weeks.



COBB'S DOROTHY PAGE—The blonde leading lady of Irvin S. Cobb's Paducah Plantation, on NBC Saturday nights, always wanted a musical career, but went to work as a typist to help out the family income. When she'd saved some money, she took an audition with Paul Whiteman, got the job, and toured the country with his band until she signed with NBC.



SHOW BOAT'S HORACE NIMBLE—Behind that cigar lurks the man you used to know as Schleppeerman on Jack Benny's shows—Sam Hearn, now comedian for Show Boat. Like Benny, Sam began his professional life as a violinist, then mixed comedy with music. His language butchering has been a feature of musical comedy and vaudeville for the last twenty years.



HIRAM OF SNOW VILLAGE—Parker Fennelly, who plays Hiram Neville in the recently revived Snow Village Sketches on NBC Saturday nights, is a real down-easter, having been born on the Maine coast. He's married to a girl he met when he was on the stage, is the father of three children, and writes songs.



DAN'L OF SNOW VILLAGE—Arthur Allen is Hiram's partner Dan'l Hickey. He has played so many farm characters on the air he almost talks that way in private life. Born in upper New York state, he sold papers as a boy, joined a stock company when he left school. He lives outside New York City, on Long Island.



COMMUNITY SING'S JONES—Seventeen years ago, two struggling vaudevillians, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, joined forces. Success for the new team didn't come for two years, when they put on an act before a new toy called a microphone—and thus became the air's first paid performers. Now they're roaming the country for Gillette's Community Sing.



AND COMMUNITY SING'S HARE—Both Jones and Hare achieved success by trudging the long road from singing in church choirs, through small-time vaudeville, into radio. As leaders of the Sunday-night song parties on CBS, they're trying to bring back some of the easy informality of the old days when programs weren't planned, but just happened.



FOR YOUR RADIO SCRAPBOOK

SINGER HILDEGARDE—Backed up by several seasons abroad as royalty's pet entertainer, this little girl from New Holstein, Wisconsin, is back in the country which once had no job for her. She's one of NBC's promising sustaining stars, heard several times a week—and never uses her last name, Sell, because her luck changed when she dropped it.



TWIN STAR HELEN—You loved her as Betty Graham, heroine of the famous Roses and Drums serial. Now Helen Claire is Rosemarie Brancato's co-star on the National Biscuit Company's Friday-night program over NBC. She's from Union Springs, Alabama, won a dramatic scholarship when she was in college, later came to New York to start a successful stage career.



TWIN STAR ROSEMARIE—Coloratura soprano Rosemarie Brancato has her first big network commercial job on the Twin Stars program. A graduate of Chicago's Civic Opera Company, where she made her debut at the age of 21, she's made frequent guest appearances for the past two years. She is unmarried and never took a singing lesson outside of America.

Ethel Barrymore

FINDS YOUTH IN MIDDLE AGE

A MODERN MIRACLE

By MARY WATKINS REEVES



Wide World

For Miss Barrymore's show sponsored by Bayer, see p. 50.

ON a frosty night in early October a very amazing thing happened in Studio 3-H at Radio City. A tall and regal woman of fifty-seven summers stood beside a microphone and calmly proceeded to turn back the clock.

She slipped her feet from their matronly suede walking oxfords into a smaller frivolous pair of high-topped white satin dancing shoes with pink bows on the toes and long rows of buttons running gaily up the sides and fancifully curved French heels. She changed the coiffure of her gray-streaked reddish hair for a cap of dark auburn waves that folded into a smooth bun low on her neck. With a single effort she pinched her waist into a size sixteen gown of mauve and gold taffeta such as lovely ladies of high degree wore at the turn of the century. And then with a word, a pause, a sentence, the wrinkled fabrics of her cheeks and throat and hands were suddenly transformed—with all the world to witness it—into the glowing fresh skin of a girl in her teens.

It was a calm and orderly procedure, all this. She worked her magic without an ounce of obvious nervousness. She didn't clutch at the mike stand with trembling fingers like Dietrich, or twist a half dozen handkerchiefs to shreds like Crawford or reach for the ammonia between scenes like Colbert. Instead she sat engrossed in a copy of "Gone With the Wind" until she heard her cue, then shut the book quietly, laid it aside and started speaking as she walked toward the microphone.

And with her first line Ethel Barrymore was restored to America as the Ethel Barrymore of thirty-five years ago! As "that electric youngster, Lionel Barrymore's little sister." As "the darling of American and European society." And later "the most en-

BRINGS BACK THE GIRL WHOSE ESCAPADES SET A NATION BUZZING

gaged girl in the United States," "the *enfant terrible* of Broadway," "the best actress among American mothers and the best mother among American actresses," "queen of the theaters' Royal Family." And finally—First Actress of the American Stage.

And it was radio that brought the miracle about.

For, three seasons ago, at fifty-four, Ethel Barrymore sought to revive on the stage one of her former successes, "Declassée." In it she played the role of Lady Helen Haden, the young heroine. Critics were kind but the paying public reneged; for the first time the paying public as much as said, by its lack of support, that a woman in her fifties—however great an actress she might be—could not create a satisfactory illusion of a girl despite all the makeup and wigs and clever corseting in the world. Theater-goers want their heroines young. So after a short run the play closed and Ethel Barrymore vowed she would never return to the stage again in any semblance of youth.

The great tragedy of that, had not radio intervened, was that her thrilling voice and personality *which really make her as an actress* were still as young as ever.

"Why should a voice be old?" she said to me. "My grandmother played on the stage until she was ninety-seven and if you had shut your eyes and listened to her you would have sworn hers was the speech of a sixteen-year-old girl. There's no such thing as 'an old lady's voice.' It doesn't have to be. If you've got artistry enough in the first place and physical fitness enough in the second place your voice can be exactly the same at a hundred as it was at twenty."

Such a short time ago, before radio came into being, her great gift for acting would have been lost to the world with the closing of "Declassée". The shell surrounding her ar-

tistry, the graying hair and arthritic knee and sagging cheek, were no longer appealing to look upon. But on the air it's only the voice and personality that matter. Each listener in his own imagination builds his own picture of the heroine of the play, makes her sixteen or twenty-two, a blonde or a brunette, blue-eyed or brown, to suit his fancy.

Ethel Barrymore knew she wasn't finished because a graceful old age had settled on her young beauty with the passing of the years.

So last August the First Actress of the American Stage announced her permanent retirement from the theater, her forthcoming debut in radio in a series of her own. And with her initial broadcast, a dramatization of "Captain Jinks"—which was her first starring vehicle 'way back in 1901—she performed the miracle of turning back the clock and being Ethel Barrymore at twenty-one. Gay, imperious, lovable, shocking, head-strong, temperamental Ethel Barrymore whose romances and capers and scrapes were eternally getting in the newspapers to delight your mama and grand-mama (to say nothing of grandpop, too)! who liked a breezy tidbit of scandal just as much as this *terrible* younger generation does.

Now it seems a part of the Barrymore tradition, which includes brothers John and Lionel of course, is to make headlines. Ethel made her share and she started at it young. In 1891, a high-spirited and grownup girl of twelve, she defied about six kinds of child labor and truancy laws by going on the stage. Her actress-mother had died and left her the family home in Philadelphia and her little brother John to look out for. Her actor-father was broke and Ethel hated going to school anyway. She saw no reason why a young lady descended (*Continued on page 67*)

Below, Ethel greeting her three children, John Drew Colt, Samuel Colt and Ethel Barrymore Colt, as they arrived in Hollywood while "Rasputin" was being made.



The three famous Barrymores in a California garden—John, Ethel and Lionel. But Ethel has turned away from pictures for good, as well as from the theater.



MARRIED AT FIFTEEN, LOUISE MASSEY FOUND REAL LOVE LATER ON

TILL death do us part. . . .
They were very young to be taking such vows. Too young.

By JOHN EDWARDS

night on the Log Cabin Dude Ranch program over the NBC-Blue network, have come to a

Louise Massey was fifteen. Milt Mabie was twenty. And back in Roswell were four parents who, when they found out what was happening, were going to be more angry, and more hurt, and more worried, than they had ever been before in their lives.

Seeing Louise Massey now—poised and graceful and sure of herself—you can't detect in her the high-spirited school-girl who defied her parents and all her friends to marry the boy she loved. Or thought she loved, for she didn't really. She knows that now.

Louise Massey and Milt Mabie, who with Louise's two brothers and Larry Wellington broadcast every Tuesday

happy married life from the strangest and most unpromising beginning imaginable.

It all began when Louise's father told her to stop at Mabie's Hardware Store in Roswell, after school, and pick up some tools to bring back to the ranch with her. Massey, a prosperous New Mexico rancher, did a lot of trading at Mabie's, and Louise had often stopped there to pick up a load of supplies in her car. But old Mr. Mabie, or one of his clerks, had always waited on her, nobody like this big six-foot-and-more youth in the military school uniform who stood grinning at her across the counter.

"I'm Milt Mabie," he said.

Something about his assumption that she cared *who* he was made her deliberately snub him. "Are there some things here for Mr. Massey?" she asked coolly. And then, because suddenly she realized she hadn't really wanted to snub him, she gave him Louise Massey's smile, as dazzling then as it is today, and said, "I'm Louise, his daughter."

"Sure, I knew that," he said. "I asked Dad who you were as soon as I saw you stop out in front."

Well, Louise got her supplies, and he helped her load them into the car, and she went on out to the ranch. But that night Milt came out—that night, and every night thereafter. Within three months, they wanted to get married more than they wanted anything else in the world.

They made their first mistake when they told the elder Masseys and the elder Mabies what they wanted to do. Ridiculous! they shouted, with one voice. Louise and Milt were both far too young. Louise, in fact, wasn't even out of high school—and when she had finished there she had to go to El Paso, to study singing. There couldn't even be a discussion of marriage for at least five years.

The immediate result of the family uproar was to give Louise and Milt a feeling of guilt, as if this overwhelming desire of theirs to be together always was something to be ashamed of. Yet Milt, the older and steadier of the two, had to admit that perhaps their parents were right. After
(Continued on page 64)

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T

Last



For time of Log Cabin show, see page 50.



Ben Pinchot

A good friend of Guy's tells you things about him only a good friend knows. See page 50 for the time of his show.

By JACK SHER

A SENTIMENTAL GUY

**YOU WILL BE GLAD YOU READ
THIS STORY, AS HEART WARM-
ING AS THE LOMBARDO MUSIC**

It is comparatively easy to write something about celebrities you meet for the first time. They tell you interesting facts about their lives, you get spur of the moment impressions, most of them are very genial and pleasant. You go home and write how enjoyable it was talking to them, how they have shaped their careers, and about their romances, if there are any.

But, when you know a person well—as I know Guy Lombardo—and you think a great deal of that person—as I do of Guy—and you sit down and try to tell someone else about him, what a grand person he really is—that, readers, is not easy.

Whenever I think of Guy, and what he actually is, it comes in pictures, like—

A small orchestra going broke in Cleveland, Ohio, and sticking it out because they had faith in their leader, an unknown—Guy Lombardo.

Getting their first break by creating a style of music that other musicians laughed at.

And, still later, Guy Lombardo, with the same bunch of

boys that stuck with him in Cleveland, playing at the world's largest beach resort while thousands stand listening to them. Young, eager bodies pressed tightly against the bandstand, hearing the music that Guy had faith in, none of them dancing, barely moving. Just listening and happy.

Guy Lombardo spreading music around, music that took years to develop, music that makes people happy.

Leaning over the bandstand for an hour after the program has closed, signing autograph books; smiling, laughing, making the little kids with the green and red autograph books beam, and push

Guy Lombardo, human, warm, down to earth, a guy with a big heart who likes to see others enjoying themselves.

Never too important to stop and chat with strangers about music.

Or encourage a song plugger.

Or buy hot dogs for two little girls with blonde hair.

An ace band leader, perhaps the best in the country, who says to the lady in sun goggles, *(Continued on page 69)*

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

ADD TO THE PLEASURES

RADIO'S DANCE BANDS

BRING YOU BY A TRIP

BEHIND THE SCENES

NEW York got off to a good start this season with a record number of openings. In case you don't know, openings are the gala first nights for the band boys when they move into new spots, and their success is usually attendant upon the number of celebrities present. When Guy Lombardo bowed into the Roosevelt, for instance, among those present were Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Harry Richman, Abe Lyman, Russ Morgan, Belle Baker, Benny Goodman, Helen Ward, Frank Black, Patti Pickens, and Jimmy Farrell, just to name a few. But a record was chalked up when three openings occurred in one night and had the song pluggers running around in circles. The three bands bowing in were Mal Hallett, Russ Morgan and Johnny Hamp. Among others crowding in more or less at once were Will Osborne, Shep Fields, Ozzie Nelson, Eddy Duchin, Benny Goodman, Ray Noble, Artie Shaw and many more.

* * *

IS Paul Whiteman going high hat? He is to be guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra for three concerts this season, two in Philadelphia and one in New York. Paul has probably helped more up and coming American composers than any other maestro. He was the first to play Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and has first-timed a lot of works that have since made their composers famous. Paul is doing his bit for our American Bachs and Beethovens. Rudy Vallee is working on an ambitious plan to bring to light all worthy musical talent in America. He wants to have every child measured musically so that those who have what it takes will be discovered early and encouraged. Rudy claims it was just sheer persistence that got him where he is. As a boy when he took to tooting a sax all over the house his parents did not tumble to the fact that he had any unusual talent. They thought it was excess energy. In fact, his father was disappointed that he did not become a chemist. Rudy believes a lot of talent is just going to waste and he hopes his plan will discover it.



When the King's Men returned to their old home town of Hollywood for a vacation they were greeted by Dick Powell. Above are Rad Robinson, Dick, Ken Darby, and Bud Lyon. The fourth member, Jon Dodson, isn't in the picture.

A DISTINCTIVE style, some means of identification on the air—that's worth a million to any band. Will Osborne is getting a big build up with his "slide music" using slippery horns. Artie Shaw is doing a lot with his strings. Of course, you recognize Guy Lombardo immediately on the air without benefit of announcement, and Wayne King. Air trade-marks are the makings of bands nowadays.

Radio listeners don't realize it, but the bands try to develop "appearance trade-marks" too. Clyde Lucas has one of the smartest looking bands, all in full dress suits. Casa Loma is another all-tails band. Guy Lombardo wears a red Eton jacket and makes a splash of color. Benny Kreuger affects a yellow full dress coat while Al Donahue and his boys appear in bright blue coats.

* * *

SUCCESS STORY

SHE'D never been on the air before, in fact, had never been in a broadcasting studio before she walked into NBC just as though she were somebody and asked for an audition. Waiting her turn in line, she finally got to the

desk where an audition blank, one of those things where you put down your life history, was shoved at her. "I don't want that," she said shoving it back impatiently. "I want to sing for you right now. I've got something different." The attendant looked at her in amazement, and believe it or not, conducted her to a studio and gave her the mike. Result, she signed a contract and was put on the air the next day. Her name is Mildred Windell and you'll be hearing her. Shows what a little spunk will do.

* * *

BEN BERNIE is smoking longer cigars these days. Ben got tired of cigars that would puff out before the conclusion of the broadcast, so he got them made especially to last. Mark Warnow turned the tables on the song pluggers by wining and dining them recently . . . Joseph Honti is a roller skating champ . . . Hugo Mariani wears those gaudy transatlantic shirts because he doesn't have to change them for a week . . . Two men in Mal Hallett's band who sit together weigh nearly 300 apiece so Mal had to reinforce that end of his stand . . . Cab Calloway has two valets and they are uniformed like army generals . . . Ozzie wants it to be a boy and Harriet a girl, so the betting is even . . . Nano Rodrigo has a band that plays nothing but rhumbas, so the song pluggers called him "No No" Rodrigo.

* * *

NBC's latest rule limits a song's rendition to once every four hours—another headache for leaders and publishers . . . Vincent Travers finds it difficult to smile, but the sight of spaghetti always does the trick. Ergo, a can of spaghetti is placed on the stand right in front of him . . . The boys lost a lot of money betting on the Giants . . . If you don't see Red Norvo with a black bag in which he carries his xylophone mallets, he's on his way back home to get it . . . Benny Pollack is all set with a new band . . . Benny Goodman made some changes in his (Continued on page 73)

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

Coleman, Emil—St. Regis Hotel, N. Y.
 Casa Loma—Congress Hotel, Chicago
 Crosby, Bob—Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis
 Donahue, Al—Book Cadillac Hotel, Detroit
 Dorsey, Jimmy—On Coast
 Duchin, Eddy—Hotel Plaza, N. Y.
 Fields, Shep—Hotel Pierre, N. Y.
 Fio Rito, Ted—Hotel Morrison, Chicago
 Hall, George—Hotel Taft, N. Y.
 Goodman, Benny—Hotel Pennsylvania, N. Y.
 Harris, Phil—Palomar, Los Angeles
 Heidt, Horace, Texas
 Kavelin, Al—Blackstone Hotel, Chicago
 Kemp, Al—Arcadia, Philadelphia
 King, Wayne—Levaggis, Boston
 Lombardo, Guy, Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y.
 Lopez, Vincent—Astor Hotel, N. Y.
 Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.
 Nelson, Ozzie—Hotel Lexington, N. Y.
 Noble, Ray—Rainbow Room, N. Y.
 Olsen, George—Edgewater Beach, Chicago
 Osborne, Will—New Yorker, N. Y.
 Rogers, Buddy—Drake Hotel, Chicago

Phil Harris makes his comeback as Jack Benny's maestro—and the famous Harris smile is still there.

Virginia Sims is the beautiful soloist regularly heard on the Elgin Football Revue, Saturdays on CBS.

And Kay Kyser is the bandleader on the Elgin program, which also stars Ed Thorgersen as sports commentator.



POPEYE'S IN PORT AGAIN

AND HE BRINGS A WHIFF
OF REAL SALT AIR WITH
HIM INTO YOUR PARLOR



RADIO'S one and only salt is back in drydock, safely warped to the pier of the CBS radio studios on Madison avenue, after another summer of exciting adventure on the high seas. That old tar of the bulging muscles is well on his way into another season of broadcasting, a can of spinach in one pocket and a box of Wheatena in the other to keep him going.

Look at the picture above, if you doubt that there's a real Popeye loose in radioland. That flesh and blood sailor is impersonated by Floyd Buckley. And look at the page of cartoons opposite, drawn especially for RADIO MIRROR by Seegar, Popeye's creator. The young man with the mustache is another of the crew which entertains you three times a week. He's Vic Erwin, who directs all that swell music.

Behind the Popeye make-up and the Popeye frog-voice is a personality who's had as many adventures as the Sailor Man himself. Floyd Buckley was born on a ranch in Texas, and toured with an old-time medicine show before

he was out of his teens. Later, he joined an expedition to the jungles of Yucatan, to look for rosewood and mahogany, spent twenty-eight months in the Klondike panning for gold, and worked in Hollywood during the days of spine-tingling serials.

The Hollywood work was the most thrilling, he'll tell you today. He played villains in such early masterpieces as "The Perils of Pauline"—remember Pearl White?—and a broken collarbone was just something to be taken in his stride. Once he narrowly escaped falling off a steel girder eight stories above the ground.

He left serial work to form an independent movie company with B. A. Rolfe, now the noted band leader; appeared in films with Harry Houdini; and entered radio in 1930. Since then he has played all sorts of roles, including Yiddish, although he's Irish.

Floyd lives with his wife and three children on Long Island and practices his frog-voice astride a polo pony or on the deck of his boat on Long Island Sound.

Vic Erwin, Popeye's music-master, and his Cartoonland Band supply the incidental music on the radio show—and do the same chore, incidentally, for the Popeye cartoons you see in the movies.

Olive La Moy, a diminutive blonde with six years of stage experience and five of radio, is the owner of the voice you hear as Olive Oyl, Popeye's best girl. Charles Lawrence is Wimpy, and nine-year-old Jimmy Donnelly, also heard in Columbia's Wilderness Road, plays the part of Matey . . . And that's Popeye's crew!

Above left, Floyd Buckley in his make-up for Popeye looks as if he'd just stepped out of a cartoon. Above, music director Vic Erwin.



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A radio studio turns into a madhouse when Popeye, Wimpy, and Olive Oyl invade it—at least, that's what Artist Seegar would have us believe. Popeye is sponsored by Wheatena, on CBS three times a week—see p. 50 for time.

THERE'S

Swing IN FASHIONS

THE STYLE IN MUSIC

IS REFLECTED IN THE GRACEFUL LINES OF THE NEW WINTER MODELS



One cold, crisp morning, lovely Edith Dick, Lucky Strike's Hit Parade vocalist, came swinging into Bonwit Teller's fashionable Fifth Avenue establishment, and made these selections. The first was a warm wool coat in Bittersweet, with a brown persian lamb collar. Four inverted pleats give a flared princess line. The tiny felt, pill-box hat (in circle) is of the same color with a feather pom-pom. For the next costume, Edith chose a black crepe afternoon frock with coral and gold beading applied around the neck. The new tricky talon fastenings are on both shoulders and side.

Especially photographed for RADIO MIRROR by William Haussler of NBC

A smart office dress is this plaid wool. The exquisite taffeta evening dress comes from the Debutante Shop and is a warm shade of fuschia. The bodice is entirely shirred, with tiny crystal buttons down the front. The shirred bands across the shoulders continue around the back. Note the latest head-dress. Miss Dick fell in love with this white damask evening coat. The hat is one of the new off-the-face Medieval bonnets with gold cut beaded flower design and a filmy black veil.



HOW TO BE A MODERN CINDERELLA



Above, after Lynn Merrill had won new beauty. Right, before she'd started her task of rebuilding.



**DOES YOUR APPEARANCE ACT
AGAINST YOU? THEN READ
THIS STORY OF ONE GIRL
WHO MADE HERSELF OVER**

By JOYCE ANDERSON

old) was appearing at the Starlight Theater in Pawling, New York. She was admittedly the outstanding actress in the company, yet Broadway talent scouts passed her by—she was far too plump and, consequently, *slouchy* to please any Manhattan audience. One night, however, she found an unexpected friend among the spectators, a woman who realized that here was a girl who could go places, if only her figure were modernized, and Zelda Radow, who conducts the “body sculpture” salon of one of New York’s finest stores, knew that she could streamline Lynn Merrill for a brilliant theatrical career.

Then and there one of today’s strangest contracts was arranged. Within a few days, Lynn journeyed to New York and placed herself unconditionally in Zelda Radow’s hands to be rebuilt. How well Miss Radow has succeeded you can judge for yourself,

from the illustrations and the following chart of Lynn’s measurements before and after:

	<i>Before</i>	<i>After</i>		<i>Before</i>	<i>After</i>
Weight	136	126	Upper Thighs	40¾	37
Shoulders	36¾	32½	Knee	16¾	14¾
Bust	38½	34	Calf	14¼	12¾
Diaphragm	32½	29	Ankle	9½	8¼
Waistline	29¾	26¼	Arm	12½	10¾
Upper Hips	38¾	35¼	Elbow	10¼	9¼
			Wrist	6¾	6¼

And this is only part of what was done; even the shape of her hands and the size of her fingers were changed! Time required: One month and a half. Effort required: No special exercises, strenuous diets or nerve-racking treatments.

How was it done? By “body sculpture,” which Miss Radow, who created this revolutionary method, defines as “moulding the client’s body back (Continued on page 63)

THIS is the story of a modern Cinderella, a little girl with a big talent who, like so many of the rest of us, could not prove she was talented because her appearance was against her. It’s a story of hope and promise, because what she has done, others can do, also.

Her pictures are on this page, one picture before she really set to work to show how beautiful she could be, and one after she had literally been made over. Her name is Lynn Merrill; remember it, because you’ll undoubtedly be hearing of her in the days to come. And remember then that you might never have heard of her at all if she had not had the courage to be remodeled and to start all over again with a new face and figure.

Not so long ago, Lynn came into my office, looking very much like the earlier photograph—arms much too flabby, shoulders sloping with unnecessary fat, hips much too broad for beauty. Yet, only the other day, Lynn was the guest of honor at a “coming-out” luncheon, looking even more attractive than the more recent portrait study!

This past summer, Lynn (who is only seventeen years

By MRS.
MARGARET
SIMPSON



Kelvin gives his wife a kiss when she prepares a favorite dinner.

Set the stage with soup

**KELVIN KEECH TELLS YOU HOW IT CAN
BRIGHTEN UP YOUR FAVORITE RECIPES**

WITH the coming of cold weather and the need for huskier meals to combat the temperature, soup plays an ever more important part in our daily menus. Nothing sets the stage for lunch or dinner as well as the right soup, and with the many delicious canned varieties now on the market—and in your pantry, too, I hope—this stage setting becomes simplicity itself. And what a comfort it is to know, when friends drop in unexpectedly at dinner time, that on the shelf is a can of soup which will transform steak and French fried for two into a banquet for guests.

But once you have decided on clear consommé to precede the roast, or cream of asparagus to be followed by cheese soufflé, don't think that ends the story of soup's usefulness. There are countless recipes for main course dishes in which canned soup is an essential ingredient.

There's goloubzy, for instance, a recipe I persuaded Mrs. Kelvin Keech, the charming wife of the NBC announcer, to give me. Mrs. Keech is Russian, and delights in preparing Russian dishes and does Kel delight in eating them! Goloubzy, his favorite, is a skillful blending of an old world recipe with a new world product.

GOLOUBZY

2 lbs. lean beef, ground	1 egg
1 cup rice	1 can tomato soup
1 head cabbage (with long leaves)	½ pint sweet cream salt and pepper to taste

Wash, drain and boil the rice in the usual way, allow to cool, then set away in the refrigerator until it is cold.

Brown the meat in sweet butter then chill it, too. Separate the cabbage leaves, being careful not to tear them, boil in salted water seven to ten minutes (no longer) and drain.

When the rice and beef are cold, mix them together, add salt and pepper to taste, and blend all together with a beaten egg. Now place a tablespoon of the mixture near the stem end of a cabbage leaf, molding it into a compact mass. Fold the short portion of the leaf over the mixture, and continue rolling as though wrapping a small bundle in paper, tucking the ends in, envelope fashion. If the center vein of the leaf is too brittle to roll properly, cut part of it away with a sharp knife, being careful not to cut clear through the leaf. When the goloubzy are all wrapped—if they are bunchy and inclined to fall apart tie a thread around each one—place them open side down in a dripping pan. Combine the tomato soup and cream, pour the mixture over the goloubzy and set the pan under the broiler flame for an hour, turning the goloubzy from time to time so they will brown on all sides. There probably won't be any left, but if there are heat them next day in a shallow pan over a low flame on top of the stove, and they will be as delicious as they were at first.

If you have been resenting the necessity for using leftovers, now is the time to change that attitude. The remains of a roast of beef or of a steak may not look so well in the refrigerator, as Mrs. Keech pointed out, but a noodle ring, the center filled with diced beef which has been heated in thick mushroom soup, is something else. Kel likes it with string beans, and cucumbers with smetana dressing. Cold diced chicken, heated in (Continued on page 80)

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY ?

ED WYNN'S back, every Saturday night, and there's another new program, a full hour, the same evening. What do you think of them? And is Jack Benny funnier than ever this fall now that his former gag writer, Harry Conn, is working for Joe Penner? And do you think Joe is going to be as popular as he used to be on his present Sunday broadcasts? There's still another show, *We The People*, that's worthy of some comment. Directed by Phillips (Seth Parker) Lord, it's heard Sunday afternoons.

But don't limit your bouquets and brickbats to these programs. They're just a sample to show you all you have to pick from in order to write that prize winning letter. Get it in the mail to us without delay in order to compete for the following prizes: First prize \$20.00, second prize \$10.00, and five prizes of \$1.00 each. Address your letter to the Editor, *RADIO MIRROR*, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, not later than December 26.

\$20.00 PRIZE

SING, BABY SING!

My voice, like that of a great many radio stars, is of very unusual quality.

When I was six, the other girls in the first grade said they couldn't sing if I did. When I was fourteen, the teacher thought it safer for me to sit in the back of the room with the boys whose voices were changing. For a time I believed mine was changing, too, but it never has. Times have, though.

On Sunday evenings I turn the dial to the *Community Sing* and sing the solo part with 1000 voices as a background. We cover a great many favorites of mine in a half hour. To be sure, the voices do not keep up with me at all times, but I overlook that and roar away.

Neighbors? Oh, yes, we have them, but they're all kind-hearted. They smile and say, "She's an old maid

school teacher and it's little enjoyment she has." Then they close their windows, leaving me to my 1000 voices—and bliss!

ALTA M. TOEPP,
Sloatsburg, New York.

\$10.00 PRIZE

A PUZZLED LISTENER

Here are three things that have been puzzling me:

1. Many top-notch radio programs feature screen celebrities as guest stars. These stars are paid well for their appearances. But aren't they losing in the long run by keeping possible cinema patrons from the theater?

2. I recently read that in an effort to increase the longevity of popular songs, a head of one of the large broadcasting companies has ordered the smaller sustaining musical programs to "lay off" the smarter numbers. But isn't it this constant repetition of a song all day on the air that makes a song popular in the first place?

3. They say that television will be an actuality in the near future. But will the production heads be prepared for

the great changes in the preparation and presentation of programs that television will make necessary? Will Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny (to name two out of many who will be in the same situation) be expected to memorize a complete script each week along with their personal appearances and screen work? And what will Amos 'n' Andy, Lum 'n' Abner and similar programs do about characters like the Kingfish, Lightnin' and Squire Skimp who exist only in the change of a voice?

JAMES CRAMER, Oakland, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

GOODWILL COURT'S IN SESSION

NBC has ruled that there be no discussions of illegitimacy, adultery and unfaithfulness on the *Goodwill Court* programs. Thank goodness, NBC is going to continue to keep radio clean and to see that all programs are suitable for every member of the family to hear.

The movies are full of such trash. The papers are smeared with it from cover to cover. Moreover, so often the undesirable character is made to appear a heroine. I am glad NBC is keeping such things off the air. Like cheap literature, it is not worth wasting time and money on.

Personally, I have never felt that the people who really have troubles are the ones telling the world about it.

GERALDINE CLEAVER, Anita, Iowa.

\$1.00 PRIZE

OH, THAT MAN ON THE STREET!

Chicago stations are actually overflowing with dull "man on the street" programs. I wonder if radio fans in other cities are bothered the same way. When these programs first came on the air they were fine, brimming over with interesting (Continued on page 55)

Rumors have been abroad that the Eddie Cantors are expecting another arrival. We're betting that Eddie will look just like this if he hears it's a girl again.



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

HERE are a few thoughts for the day, chosen by our good friend, Pat Barrett, or rather I should say, Uncle Ezra.

You can't make footprints in the sands of time sitting down.

It isn't your position that makes you happy or unhappy, it's your disposition.

After a girl picks a husband, she oughta stop pickin'.

If you want to be happy ever after, don't be ever after too much.

Few people with nothing to say are able to keep quiet about it.

By the way, did you read the interesting story of Pat Barrett's double life in this issue, on page 30?

Now, how about that pile of questions? Let's go!

Miss Loretta J., Pleasantville, N. J.—We want RADIO MIRROR to help the one hundred fans in Pleasantville and so here are the answers to your questions on Paul Douglas. Mr. Douglas lives in New York City and is not married. He weighs 166 pounds, is five feet, eleven inches tall, has light brown hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion and is in his early thirties. They tell me he answers his fan mail, so write him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York. His favorite hobby is speed-boating.

Miss Marge B., Chicago, Ill.—If you write to Mills Artists, Inc., 799 Seventh Avenue, New York, I'm sure they will see that you get a picture of Ina Ray Hutton, the attractive, feminine orchestra conductor.

Irene D., Maricopa, Calif.—For pictures of Bing Crosby and Bob Burns, write to them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 555 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Calif. For pictures of Lanny Ross and Walter O'Keefe, address them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. For Frances Langford, the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif. If you get photos direct from the stars, I'm sure you won't have to pay for them. So try your luck, Irene.

Chris P., Granite City, Ill.—Glen

Gray and his Casa Loma boys are playing at the Congress Hotel in Chicago at the present writing; Guy Lombardo at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York—and how about taking a peek at the swell story about Guy in this issue on page 39. Cab Calloway is hi-de-hoing at the Cotton Club in New York City.

Mrs. S. P. E., Atlanta, Ga.—Conrad Thibault has been doing concert work recently. Not so long ago listeners heard him guest-starring for Ben Bernie.

Mrs. E. W. McB., Indianapolis, Ind.—Horace Heidt, the brigadier-general, towers six-feet-six inches and employs 190 pounds of brawn to wield a two-ounce baton.

He was all-around athlete at Culver Military Academy and, in 1924 a star lineman of the University of California's gridiron team when he suffered a broken vertebrae during a game. He later organized a campus orchestra which soon became a box-office attraction.

P. W. De B., Gardner, Mass.—I've really tried hard to find a trace of Lee Bennett who used to sing with Jan Garber's orchestra. Jan just renewed his contract at Catalina Island, California, but there's no word about Lee.

Mrs. Frank H. La F., Holyoke, Mass.—Don Ameche is married to his college sweetheart, Honore Prendergast, and they have a son. There's no record of the Singing Lady's maiden name but

her married name is Irene Wicker.

Edward G., Forestville, Conn.—Eddie Duchin directs his band from the piano and plays a solo at every broadcast. I believe any record or phonograph store carries plain records to be used for personal recordings. Ozzie Nelson is five feet nine-and-a-half inches tall.

Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio—Everett Mitchell is the announcer of the National Farm & Home hour. I haven't heard lately of Jack Owens and Edna O'Dell. However, you can reach them by writing them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

M. H., Red Deer, Alberta, Canada—Robert Simmons was, and still is, top tenor of the Revelers quartet. He was born the son of a minister in Fairplay, Missouri, September 25, 1904. He's five-foot-eight inches tall. You can hear him on the Cities Service hour with the quartet and very often in duets with Jessica Dragonette.

Miss H. M. H., Harrington, Delaware—Lowell Patton is the NBC organist on the early Morning Devotions programs. He has no other outside interests as his radio work keeps him busy. He was never a missionary. And, for the last bit of information, he is still a bachelor.

The Oxford-toned city editor of "The Gasette." He's "Bottle" to Phil Baker but his real name's Harry McNaughton.



Stuart Churchill's Song of Fate

(Continued from page 31)

interpretation of Schubert's "Ave Marie." He played it; the record was scratched and warped; the tone of the Victrola was not all that it should have been by any means. But he heard the melody and something in him responded to it. Again and again he played it until the men angrily told him to stop. He did. But he began to hum it.

Stu had always liked to sing, but he had never considered singing as a profession. In fact he had never sung save for his own enjoyment. He hummed the air now though, and then improvised some words. With the wind and the rain beating against the cabin, with the guttering pale light of the candle casting weird shadows over the room, he sang. And as he continued he became lost in the perfect beauty and peace expressed in the "Ave Maria."

When he finished, one of the men said, "You have a good voice. Why don't you do something about it?"

And at that moment Stuart Churchill made up his mind that he would. He was through with his xylophone and his drums. He would finish the summer season with the Chautauqua and then go East to a conservatory of music.

He didn't have much money, but he had enough to cover his railroad ticket with almost a hundred dollars left to tide him over until he got a job of some sort.

On the train he met an old man to whom he told his ambition. Stu never learned the man's name, but he still thinks him about the wisest man he has ever met. For he told Stu that he would be a much greater singer if he knew more than singing. He advised him to go to school and study music—yes, but study literature and art as well.

That's the reason Stu changed his plans and entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

He found a job washing windows and firing furnaces. The furnaces paid for his room; the windows for his meals. But winter came on, and winters in Michigan are long and bitter. Window washing reached a practical standstill.

He went to a combination restaurant and confectionery store near the campus

and applied for a job as a waiter. But there wasn't a vacancy. Stu argued with the proprietor for a while, but he couldn't argue enough to convince him he needed another waiter. Then he had an inspiration. He asked if the restaurant couldn't use a good entertainer. Before the proprietor had a chance to say "Yes" or "No," Stu hurried on to tell him that he was willing to sing for his meals.

The proprietor wasn't interested. But Stu wouldn't be put off. He was hungry. He pleaded with the man to listen to him sing just one song. At last—probably thinking it would be easier to get rid of this persistent youth if he listened—the proprietor consented.

Stu sang. The "Ave Maria." And when he finished, the proprietor, probably as much to his own amazement as to Stu's, told him that if he came in every afternoon after his last class and sing, he'd pay him—two meals a day.

One spring afternoon a few months later a group of coeds came into the restaurant while Stu was singing. There wasn't anything unusual about that, for since he had started working there the coeds had got into the habit of doing this. But he noticed one of the girls was listening more intently than the others; she requested one number after another, among them the "Ave Maria." When he finished singing it she came over to him and said she was coming in the next afternoon and she wanted him to be sure and be there. "I'm bringing someone with me," she said.

Stu took it for granted that she was bringing her boy friend whom she thought might grow more romantic if the proper atmosphere were provided.

The next afternoon she did come back—and she was with a man. Stu sang love ballads. If that would help her get the man, he was glad enough to do it. But that evidently was not what she wanted for she came over to him and said, "Please sing 'Ave Maria.'"

He did, and when he finished the girl motioned to him to come over to the table.

When he got there, she said, "Stu, I want you to meet Fred Waring."

When Waring left Ann Arbor, Stuart

Churchill went with him as featured soloist in his orchestra.

The Waring Band was making a tour of the country and Stu was singing popular songs with it. Although Waring had heard him sing the "Ave Maria" he did not ask him to sing it with the orchestra. One reason being, of course, that popular bands do not play that type of number.

When they arrived in New York to play at the Roxy Theater, Waring told his arranger to prepare a Schubert overture. The arranger, in turn, asked Stu to help him. While they were working on it, Stu said that it would be a good joke if he were to sing "Ave Maria" in Latin as a part of it. The arranger didn't think it a joke, but he did think it a pretty good idea. And Waring thought so, too.

Stuart did sing it, and in Latin, at the Roxy. The audience was so entranced that it refused to let the show go on until he sang it again. The band was held over for a second week and one night during that week Sigmund Romberg dropped in at the Roxy Theater, heard Stu sing and immediately signed him for a guest appearance on the Swift Hour. He told him to sing "Ave Maria." The response from the listeners was so great that Stu remained for the duration of the program as a featured soloist.

HE still was singing with Waring's Pennsylvanians, though. And last year during one of the Waring broadcasts a manager of Radio Artists heard Stu singing; as it happened he was singing the "Ave Maria." After the program, the manager sought out Stuart and suggested that he leave the orchestra and start out on a career of his own. Stu was taken a bit by surprise; at first he was skeptical, for he knew that in order to start out for himself he would have to give up a steady salary and a cherished security and gamble with fate. He discussed it with Waring, and Waring perhaps struck with the intervention again of the "Ave Maria" and keenly appreciative of the strides Stuart had made during the past six years, unselfishly told him to go ahead.

During one of his last broadcasts with the Pennsylvanians he sang as his feature solo the "Ave Maria." He did not know that his manager was there with a prospective client until after the program. He met the client that night when he had finished. That same night the client signed him for a new program, four times a week over the Columbia network. This broadcast led directly to his new contract on the National Dairy program.

Stuart Churchill has sung the "Ave Maria" more than three hundred times on the air. He has sung it in theaters and in concerts; he has always sung it with love and joy. But the time that he received most satisfaction from rendering it was on last Easter Sunday night when he sang it with the Paulist Choir and the White-man Orchestra. The reason is that three days after Easter he received a letter from a woman in Texas and she told him—but let me tell it as Stu told it to me: "She said she had intended killing herself because she was ill and she was poor and she was discouraged. Then she heard the Paulist Choir and me singing 'Ave Maria.' Somehow it made her realize that what she had planned was all wrong. That piece gave her faith." He waited a moment and then went on quickly, "That piece has given me faith, too—faith in myself and my career. I feel that it has become a part of me."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO MIRROR, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1936.

State of New York)
County of New York) ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred Sammis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Fred Sammis, Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publ., Inc.: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, New Jersey.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

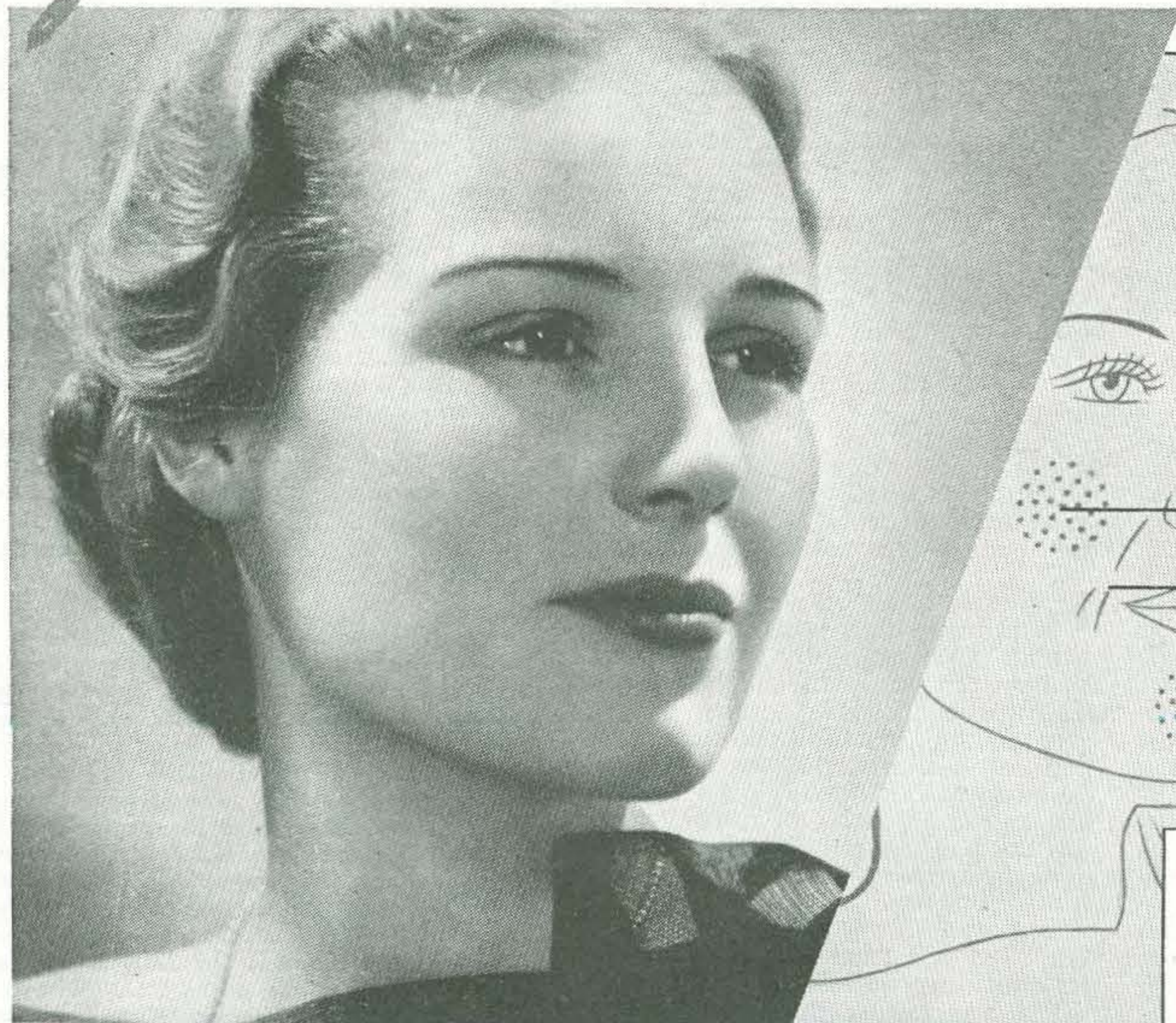
(Signed) FRED R. SAMMIS, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1936.

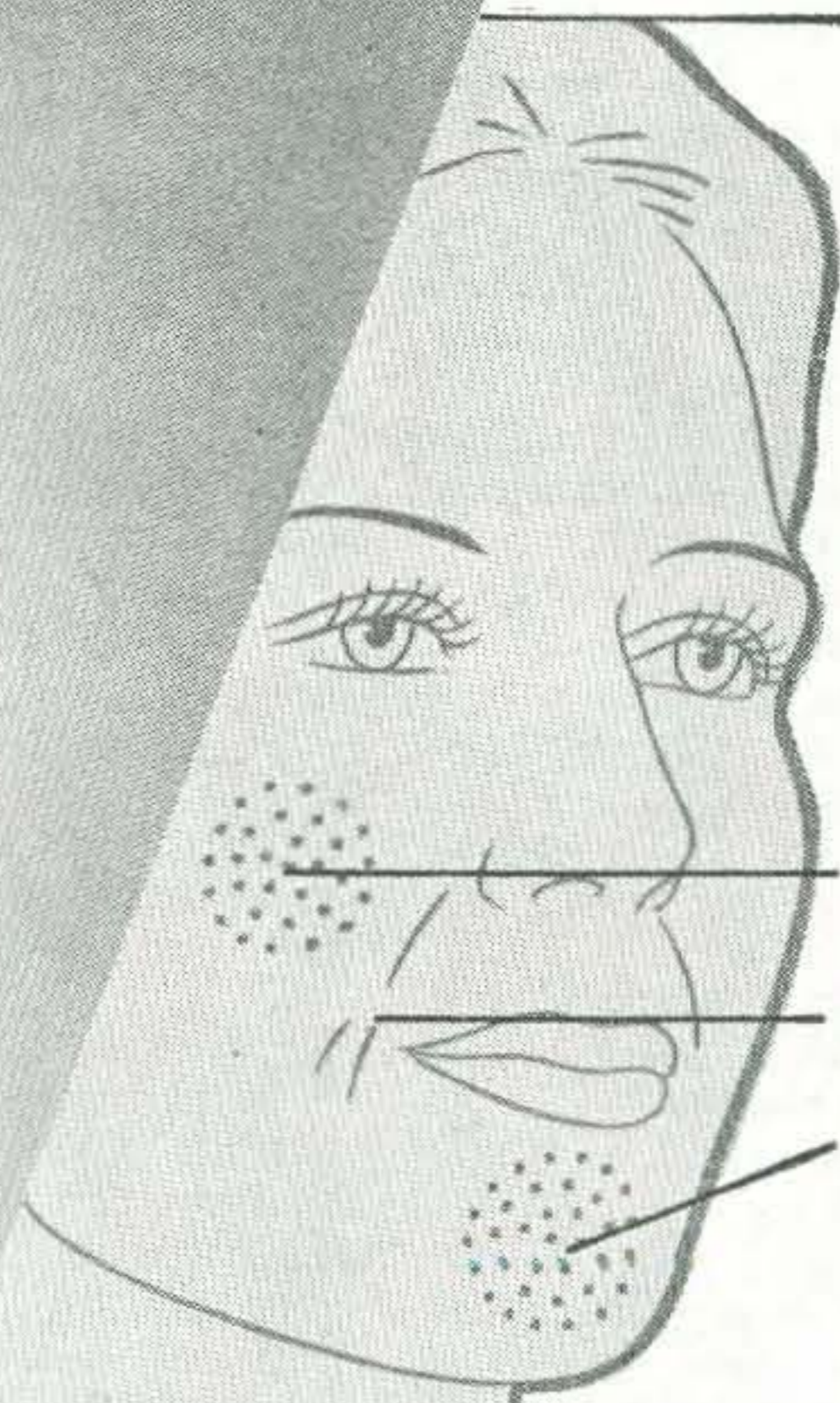
JOSEPH M. ROTH.

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Get at that Faulty Under Skin

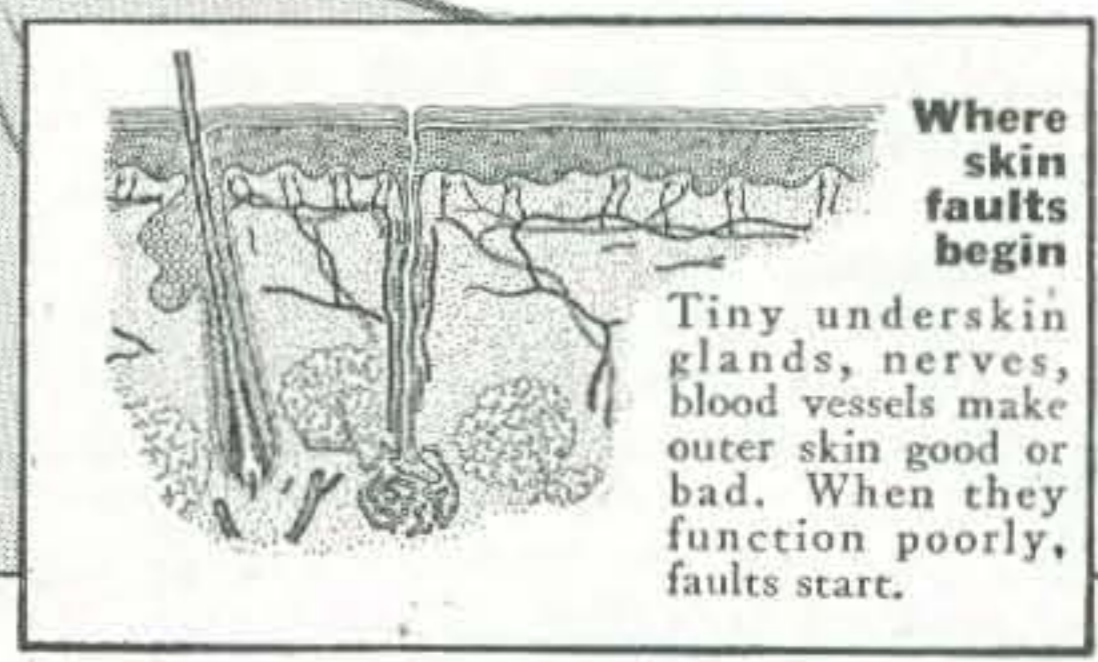


Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."



the
Starting
Place of

LARGE PORES
LINES
BLACKHEADS



Where
skin
faults
begin

Tiny underskin glands, nerves, blood vessels make outer skin good or bad. When they function poorly, faults start.

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *underskin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way



Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing

lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

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

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-CA Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Two Loves That Guide Ted Malone

(Continued from page 25)

of Ted's early life.

It was her own understanding of small boys that brought Ted through those early years without any of the bitterness or scars that so many boys from poor families suffer.

Ted remembers most clearly the day he made his great decision. He was only six, already a solemn lad except when his mother told him one of her funny stories, and for weeks he had coveted the pony the folks across the street owned. Ted had investigated and discovered that they would sell him for five dollars.

He went to his mother with the problem and explained that the only solution lay in his leaving home to find work.

Gravely his mother nodded. It was a good decision. They walked out to the kitchen and Ted helped her put up a lunch for him. With an extra pair of stockings it made a neat bundle which he slung over his shoulder. They kissed goodbye and Ted started out down the street, happy in his resolve.

He was gone nearly two hours before it grew dark. He felt suddenly tired. His lunch had gone an hour before. And he was hungry; he sat down awhile to think. It wasn't long before he began to trudge back home. The pony didn't seem so important just then as his own warm, soft bed. He came in the back way, his head down a little bit, his legs aching. There, on the kitchen table where the others had already finished their meal, was a place all set for him.

A few years later, Ted actually did go into business. Not away from home but in his own neighborhood where he knew everyone and where he could be home for his meals. He and his mother had decided that it was time he had some money of his own, so she spent an hour every day making cookies which Ted took around to all the neighbors.

When Ted finished grade school he had his first really serious discussion with his mother. It was time, he told her, that he was out making his way in the world.

"No, son," she replied with a firm shake of her head. "You're going to have a schooling, four years of high school, perhaps even college."

THERE isn't really any way of telling how this argument would have ended if Ted and his mother had been left to figure out themselves. But Ted's father came home unexpectedly with the dramatic, cheering news that he was back to stay.

That settled it. Not go to high school? Nonsense! Of course Ted would go. And go he did, with happy pride in the way his parents always looked out for a fellow's best interests.

As he explained to me, "My mother was my first great love and she remains one of the two loves which, emotionally, are my strongest guides today. If I have any real understanding of mothers everywhere, and their sons too, it's because my mother understood me so well."

It has been, of course, entirely different with Verlia Mae, yet in the story of how he fell in love with her and finally succeeded in marrying her, there is the same strong emotional pull.

"Verlia Mae Short was a Sophomore in high school," Ted said, "when I was a senior. She still had braids down her back the day I fell in love with her, and she'd never had a date with a boy."

"It was just before Hallowe'en and on that night we had a big school party, the sophomores upstairs and the seniors

downstairs. You weren't supposed to go from one to the other. But I bribed my teacher with some candy and got her to go up and ask Verlia if I could take her home, after meeting her at the front door of the school. Somehow, the teacher succeeded and I did take Verlia home."

It was the natural, romantic beginning of a school romance. The rest of that fall and all winter they went out together as often as both sets of parents would permit. Then Ted graduated and the problem of schooling versus work came up again.

This time it was decided by Ted's father. Unknown to any of them, he had been saving money for just this occasion. Ted could go to college, not an expensive one, but to William Jewell, ten miles from home.

So he started that fall what he thought would be four happy years on the campus of William Jewell. Even happier than most of the students, because he had Verlia Mae, only ten miles away.

IF fortune had been good to Ted so far, it turned with a vengeance as Ted began his third year. Verlia Mae had decided that she too should attend William Jewell. Ted was wildly elated at first.

It took him practically no time at all to find out how wrong he was. He hadn't counted on Verlia Mae's good looks. He had known all along, of course, that she was the prettiest girl in high school. But until she arrived on the campus, he hadn't fully appreciated her real beauty.

"She was crowned Beauty Queen that fall," Ted said, "and every handsome, rich fraternity man in school was at her feet."

Ted was tasting the bitter potion of competition and he didn't like it. He was suddenly ashamed to ask her to spend the evening walking around the campus or going down to the river bank to sit and talk. Her other beaux all had cars, could drive her into town, could do all the things for her Ted couldn't.

"I grew desperate. When I finally sat one day in the study hall, waiting for her to come out from a class and when she came at last, accompanied not by one but by four attentive boys, I knew I couldn't go on."

That same day Ted made the most important decision of his life. It was a decision that took courage and a granite resolve, for it could have caused heartbreak to the person Ted owed the most. He decided to quit school and go to work.

Love led him to Arthur Church, who then managed and now owns station KMBC in Kansas City. Ted was hired. He was, in fact, the staff of KMBC. He was salesman, actor, announcer, and continuity editor. Fortune which had frowned such a short time ago, was smiling again. Ted had stumbled into his life's work.

"It was easy after that," Ted went on, "I courted her at every opportunity. Every time I did another piece of work well, I'd rush to tell her, explaining that the day of our marriage was that much nearer. It never bothered me that she always said she wouldn't think of marrying me before she was twenty, which she'd be in November of her senior year."

"I don't know how I did it, I guess I'd just worn down her resistance, but on her twentieth birthday I persuaded her to run off with me to a Kansas City judge—with the agreement that we would keep our marriage a deep secret."

"We did keep it quiet until about the

first of the year. Maybe you know about something of that sort. Somehow we just decided to confess. So we told our families to listen in to a certain one of my broadcasts on Valentine's Day evening. They didn't even believe me at first, when they heard me say that my best valentine was the lovely girl who had married me months earlier."

Two more momentous events were to fill his cup of joy to brimming. Just a year after he was married, Bubbles was born. Never has any parent loved a child more. Ted had just one more dream he wanted terribly to come true. It did, this summer.

In August, Ted won a sponsor for his five broadcasts a week. It means so many things. It means that life for two grand elderly people back out in Kansas will be easier. It means that the Westchester home Ted had rented for Verlia Mae and Bubbles can be permanently their own.

Two loves that guided Ted Malone, guide him as surely as any man could ever want, to complete happiness.

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES:

Between the Bookends has been on the air seven years . . . The program has had seven different accompanists at the organ in that period of time, starting with Howard Ely and now heard with CBS staff organist, Fred Feibel . . . Ely, who is now Malone's private secretary, plays the organ only for recreation these days . . . Program airs over CBS network from Paramount organ studios in Paramount theater overlooking Times Square, New York . . . Malone broadcasts in semi-dark studio . . . Only a spotlight beams down on the organ . . . "Gives the program proper atmosphere," explains poet Malone . . . Between the Bookends, which incidentally, Malone thinks is a poor title, because too many listeners think it's a book review broadcast, pulls about 400 letters daily. Top figure was 17,000 letters for one month . . . Malone likes to call these "personal letters" rather than fan mail, and actually answers every one . . . Plenty of packages are mailed in from friendly fans, including blue sweaters, pastries, towels, linens . . . Most of the gifts are used in the office . . . Of the 55,000 poems, Malone has on file, of which 20,000 were submitted by the poets themselves, his favorite is "Benediction" by Eleanor Powers . . . He recites it twelve times a year for sentimental reasons . . . However his most famous poem is "A Recipe for Cooking a Husband" anonymously written . . . There have been over 15,000 requests for this and Malone's staff mail out mimeographed copies of the tome . . . Ted's in the 1936 edition of "Who's Who," and proudly tells you he received two more lines than Presidents Coolidge and Harding. Most of Malone's broadcasts are ad lib jobs, depending on the weather for their contents . . . If it's raining, Malone recites moody poems; if the sun is shining, he does a bright doggerel . . . When six, he recited his first poem, "Bears" at Sunday school . . . Forgot the middle part and ran home, crying, to his mother . . . At high school, Malone recited a passage from "Julius Caesar," forgot momentarily an important line . . . He scratched his head, then continued successfully . . . His English teacher later commented that the pause was wonderful dramatic suspense . . . Pond's are his first sponsors . . . Got idea for title from staring intently one day at his own desk bookends, which contained a novel, an almanac, telephone directory, dictionary, the Bible . . . "Everything was right between a pair of bookends," he says thoughtfully.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 48)

sensible questions, but now my dials are quickly spinned in the opposite direction when I hear a giddy woman after the ball game screeching that so-and-so is her favorite player because he's so cute! Then there are adolescent youngsters who insist on breaking in on such programs to get a sample of what's being advertised. After yelling, "Hello ma," all they can say is "uh, huh," "I guess so," and "I don't know." Boring to say the least!

Vox Pop is splendid! Would that all "man on the street" programs were as entertaining.

Come on fans! Let's throw these weird programs off the air. We don't want them. Think of all the valuable programs that should be taking their place.

MISS MARION KOERNER,
Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"IT AINT WHAT IT USED TO BE"

Something has gone wrong with Ma Perkins' program. Like the old gray mare, "it ain't what it used to be." We love Ma Perkins and enjoy her philosophy. We admire the neighborly way she is ever ready to help anyone regardless of race, creed or color. She is loyal to her home, her family and her home town. Ma Perkins is a real person and Rushville Center a real place.

Lately the program has grown too sensational to ring true. You feel that it is fiction instead of real life and that someone is either trying to pull the wool over your eyes or else hand you a wooden

nickel. Zeppo, the ape, was horrible. Of course, we want thrills, but not chills. Don't let them spoil our beloved program. Make each broadcast better but don't get too far from the beaten track.

MRS. ANNA BURNHANS,
Tribes Hill, New York

\$1.00 PRIZE

A FLAWLESS PRODUCTION

The other night, after a Hollywood Hotel broadcast, which made an hour just fly by, I sat back and tried to figure out just what makes this program one of the best on the air. I found myself searching my vocabulary for laudatory adjectives.

It has flawless production, fine continuity, four splendid singers, a grand orchestra and an ace announcer.

It offers us variety with its dramatic interlude that features our movie favorites and its commercials are of reasonable length.

But most of all it enables us, through the spell of illusion, to slip from our own troubled world into one of gay informality, light laughter, sweet romance and general good-fellowship.

MISS ANNE GRACE,
Hackettstown, N. J.

\$1.00 PRIZE

ONE OF RADIO'S WONDERS

A bouquet, please, for the radio engineers who rebroadcast programs from all parts of the world and thus make it possible for music lovers to compare the

best music that our own country can offer with the best in other countries.

Today I listened to a rebroadcast of an operatic masterpiece from Austria. I heard the noisy audience, the tapping of the baton of Toscanini, the greatest genius of the age, and then almost two hours of inspired music.

Thanks to radio engineers, I have heard music from Milan, Rome, Paris, London, Vienna and other musical centers throughout Europe and not once did I have to put up with the inconveniences of ocean travel, customs inspections and strange foods. Truly, my radio dial is a passport to the whole world of fine music!

MARY BENNETT,
Akron, Ohio

HONORABLE MENTION

"I just read a letter in October RADIO MIRROR which called Teddy, that swell, young actress on One Man's Family, 'an impossible youngster.' I don't see how anyone can listen to that program and say such a thing about Teddy or any of the family. In my opinion, if more grown-ups and children would reason and act as the characters in One Man's Family, the world would be a better place for us all."—VIOLA MORRIS, Clarksburg, W. Va.

"This summer I have listened to almost every one of Jackie Heller's delightful programs and he gets my vote for having the most beautiful voice, the most pep, and the grandest personality of anyone on the air today."—MISS JEANNE ECKMAN, Detroit, Mich.

and I thought college would be fun!



NOBODY IN THIS WHOLE COLLEGE LIKES ME... SO I'M GOING HOME!

YOU'LL HAVE TO LET THE DEAN KNOW, RUTH

RUTH, BEFORE YOU LEAVE COLLEGE, PLEASE SEE A DENTIST. I'VE NOTICED THAT OFTEN BAD BREATH...

MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS!

THEN... THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

...AND TODAY JIM ASKED ME TO THE PROM!

NO WONDER YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT LEAVING COLLEGE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

Now-NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating foam*, removes the *cause*—the decay-

ing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!



COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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



For cheeks as soft and mouth as rosy as a baby's, go to your **BEAUTY SHOP** weekly! Also, it aids facial circulation as well as beauty of mouth to enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** gum daily.

"You surely are the happy bearer of glad tidings when you tell us that the Slumber Hour will be back on the air and that Mr. Cross will sing the theme song. We feel that it would not be the Slumber Hour without him and hope that he will sing other songs during the program as he did before."—MARY E. THOMPSON, Wilmington, Delaware.

"After watching a group of folks 70 to 94 years of age, listening to the radio, I am always impressed anew with the miracle of it."—SARAH C. DAVIS, Omaha, Nebraska.

"Why, oh why can't our popular song writers find something else to write about, and lay off this broken heart sob stuff? We'll never get rid of the depression while singing these 'blues' songs."—GEORGE E. CURREY, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

"I'd like to suggest a renewal of the Palmolive Beauty Box Hour with operettas one can never forget or tire of."—CHRISTINE MURRAY GLENN, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

"Of the new talent worthy of a sponsored program this winter, I would name the girl born in Canada, lived in India and went to school in Denver, and more definitely mentioned as Jean Dickenson. In addition to a voice of high quality and finish, she has an over-the-air personality that radiates from her golden, energetic voice."—J. E. SILLS, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Charlie Butterworth, you are the sort of inane rambler we can listen to all night without a yawn."—K. A. GRAY, Manitoba, Canada.

"If at any time you want to lose your identity, for fifteen minutes, listen to the Girl Alone program. It's a knockout! The most original, human and cleverest concocted. The leads, Patricia Ryan (Betty Winkler) and Scoop Curtis, are positively exhilarating."—HELEN S. PHILLIPS, Burlington, Iowa.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 9)

Margaret was brought into the scene. And now, three days during the week, the husbands of these two sisters gather their children around the radio just before dinner and together they listen in to their mothers who have been reunited by radio.

* * *

NEW YORK DOINGS—Joe Connelly, the Irish announcer on WFAB, is now wearing green glasses all the time. His friends think he is making a gesture to the colors of his native land, but he is really suffering from "kleig eyes." He had been making a series of shorts on Irish folk lore at the Astoria movie studios . . . WHN's latest attraction is pretty Blanche Haring who suddenly discovered she had a radio voice—passed the announcers' audition and landed a job as announcer. Her first chore was emceeing from the French Casino, with Eddie South's orchestra, and they whisper that she's good . . . It's no fun being the leading lady on The Wonder Show. • Every Sunday night something terrible happens to blonde Rita Johnson who plays the feminine lead on WOR-Mutual's tear-jerker plays. She is now quite accustomed to being abducted, shot at, or tied to the railroad tracks. In recent weeks, Rita has been thrust into an elevator shaft with a car hurtling down above; has been besieged by maddened natives in darkest India; has suffered the bitterest poverty and the snobbish taunts of society—all for the cause of old-time mellerdramer. Although a newcomer to radio, Rita is well fortified for these parts,

having acted in school plays and in stock companies. She is only 22, five-foot-five, weighs 113 pounds and was born in Worcester, Mass. . . . Victor H. Lindlahr, Editor of the Journal of Living, lecturer and nationally known radio personality who has been broadcasting for years over the New York stations WNEW and WMCA, is now giving his inspiring talks on health over Mutual's WOR. One may remember that he is the son of Henry Lindlahr, the man who at the age of 40 made his will and went to Europe in a last desperate attempt to find help for the diabetes which he had been told would shortly end his life. But, within six months' time he was a well man, having learned the importance of diet and the use of hydrotherapy. At the age of 41 he began the study of medicine and founded the famous Lindlahr Sanitarium in Chicago. As a boy, Victor absorbed his father's teachings and he is devoting his life to showing people the natural way to health. Victor Lindlahr's broadcasts can be heard daily except Saturday and Sunday, at 12 noon.

* * *

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL—Congratulations to Arthur D. Gillette of station WCKY, Cincinnati. Arthur was married on October 10 to Miss Alberta Mountain at the Elberon Presbyterian Church. They spent their honeymoon in North Carolina and will settle down in Ludlow, Kentucky. . . . Art Topp, WBBM sound effects man, went to the altar on October 17. Rose Kuzma is the lucky girl. . . . Louise Starkey Mead (Clara of Clara, Lu 'n' Em) served as maid of honor at WBBM's Paul Dowty's wedding, with Edith Adams as the bride, on October 16. . . . Mrs. Johnny McAllister, wife of WBT's popular Philco Phil, and herself a member of the secretarial staff of the station, has recovered from a recent operation and is back at her desk.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD—Joe Bishop and Mary Rosetti, alias Honey and the Jolly Tar, of the early morning KNX program, claim a medal or something—so they say. Each day for two weeks, these two set their morning rehearsals one hour earlier, timing them so that by the date of their first broadcast they would be accustomed to early rising. They are now full-fledged early risers and are reporting at the mike at 7:45 a. m. daily to sing for early dialers.

* * *

CHICAGO BREEZES—Pat Flanagan, WBBM's ace sportscaster, has been going to night school lately—as a teacher! Fifteen hundred service men of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, sponsors of his late football broadcasts, have been taking a course in salesmanship under his direction. . . . Since WBBM maestro, Billy Mills began featuring hits of the early twenties on the "Do You Remember" portion of his Sunday noon News with Music programs, his bandmen have been rustling through old trunks to bring discarded instruments out of the moth balls. They say the old orchestral arrangements need the old instruments to properly feature the old songs.

Floyd Gibbons, whose name means romance, danger, death, has never before told his own personal history. Don't miss the exciting second installment—next month.



HERE'S A DELICIOUS NOURISHING LUNCH that costs less than 3¢ a portion

WHEN the youngsters come tearing home from school, rosy-cheeked and ravenous, you want to have a good hot lunch ready for them. Something they'll enjoy. Something that will "stick to their ribs" these cold winter days, build up their active little bodies, give them new energy for work and play.

Here's the very thing!

Give them Franco-American Spaghetti. It has other big advantages, too. It comes ready-prepared, you simply heat and serve. It costs so little—less than 3¢ a portion. And it's a favorite with *everyone*. Dad will be as fond of it as the youngsters.

Surprise him with it some night soon.

One taste tells you how *different* Franco-American is from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Its tangy, tempting cheese-and-tomato sauce contains *eleven* different ingredients, blended with subtle skill, seasoned to savory perfection. Yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢.

It would cost you more to buy uncooked spaghetti and all the different ingredients for the sauce and prepare it yourself. And isn't the *time* you save worth something, too? Order Franco-American from your grocer today.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI



THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

The Personal History of Floyd Gibbons, Adventurer

(Continued from page 23)

wilderness warfare, their swarthy earthiness contrasting strangely with the chilly sharpness, like finely tempered steel, of the White aristocrats.

Back in Gibraltar, after a four-day trip through the southern Rebel area, Floyd listened to British naval authorities tell him that it was impossible to go eastward, into Government territory, because a narrow strip of land between it and Gibraltar was held by the Rebels. He could, however—and did—get transportation by water, and landed at Malaga.

In Malaga, his troubles began. In the first place, he was presumably entering Spain there for the first time. Government officials didn't know he had already been with the Rebels.

They looked him over suspiciously at the port, and when he proffered his passport they demanded a "Red permit."

"Red permit?" asked Floyd. "Isn't this Spain? Don't you represent the Spanish government?"

"Si, Senor. But you must have a 'Red permit' to enter."

"Is it your government that is recognized in Washington?" Floyd asked, pretending to be confused. "Maybe it's the other fellows who have an ambassador there."

"Certainly not, Senor," the port official sputtered, swelling with offended dignity.

"Well," Floyd said, pointing to the visa put on his passport by the Spanish consul in the United States, "there you are. If that's your government's stamp, you've got to let me in."

The official shook his head and muttered, but he could think of no counter argument, so Floyd was admitted. But there was more trouble a few minutes later, when he had to declare the money he was carrying. He had between \$4,500 and \$5,000 in cash and letters of credit. In Spanish money this amounted to nearly 50,000 pesetas—a great deal of money to any Spanish Loyalist, since for the most part they are laborers and peasants. Every cent had to be carefully counted and listed on Floyd's passport, on the same page as his Government visa. Nothing could have been more dangerous for him. The possession of that money stamped him as a member of the hated capitalistic class; perhaps a spy.

Even before landing at Malaga he had changed his clothes. To have dressed respectably would have been even worse than having all that money. All the time Floyd was in government territory he never wore a tie, a clean shirt, pressed trousers, light socks, or a coat.

He hired a car and set out eastward, along the coast as far as Cartagena, then inland to Murcia, where he was able to get a train for Madrid.

The whole country had a wild, nightmarish unreality under the glaring sun. Across the doorway of a church someone had scrawled in bright chalk: "King Kong"—symbolizing, in the name of an American movie, what seemed to be superstition to this suddenly Godless land. Shifty-eyed idiots, freed from their asylums, roamed the streets aimlessly, picking at the debris of ransacked homes.

But if the chaotic condition of the country was a danger and a hindrance to an ordinary traveler, it was in some ways a help to an old hand at reporting like Floyd. He had long ago learned how to take advantage of official indecision and muddle. All that was necessary, to get what you wanted, was a high hand, a confident air, and an ability to think faster than the sergeant-major.

FLOYD rode into Madrid on the train at dawn of August 23, just a dozen hours before he was scheduled to go on the air. Going past the campus of the university he saw what had been left there the night before—bodies of Rebel sympathizers.

With this picture still bright in his mind, he went to station EAQ and attempted to present his credentials for that night's broadcast. Yes, they knew who he was, but they were doubtful about admitting him. That very morning, the station had been formally transferred from its private management to the Government. Now the place was overrun by soldiers, with a flustered Government official named Segrario at their head.

Floyd adopted his best self-confident air and within a few hours had gained admission and Segrario's friendship. He had no script for the broadcast; there had been no time to prepare one. Segrario was much more upset over the coming broadcast than Floyd was. Until the revolution, he had been a member of Spain's small middle class. Caught between two fires, he'd become a Loyalist for safety's

sake, but he knew little of Government policy and nothing whatever about radio.

Floyd calmed his jangled nerves, promised to watch his words, and suggested that Segrario stand beside him during the broadcast and stop him if he started to say something he shouldn't.

Broadcast time came, and with Segrario at his elbow, Floyd started out by describing a peaceful, happy Madrid. "But," he said, "though it's Sunday, there are no church bells ringing in Madrid."

A warning shake of the head from the little manager stopped him, and he returned to harmless details. Then, once more, reportorial enthusiasm overcame judgment, and he tried to tell of the bodies he had seen on the campus—only to be stopped again, this time more peremptorily. The watching guards posted in the studio knew something was wrong, though they couldn't understand English. Their hands crept toward the breeches of their rifles. Another misstep, and Floyd knew there would be no time to explain.

He finished the broadcast, not knowing when he might say the fatally wrong thing, even unintentionally. Days later, he learned that he had been quietly cut off the air in the midst of his talk.

THE broadcast a week later was easier, in a way. At least, he had a script ready for submission to the officials. It was returned to him, ten minutes before broadcast time, butchered even of remarks he had considered perfectly harmless to the Government.

Floyd left Madrid with the intention of finding General Franco, leader of the Rebel forces in the north, and interviewing him. He had to take a roundabout route to do so—eastward from Madrid to Valencia, then by cruiser to Barcelona,

Mallorca, and Marseilles; across France to Hendaye, back of the Rebel lines at the French border, and down to Burgos, where, along with several other correspondents, he was effectively bottled up for several days.

Franco was at Caceres, some distance to the south, but no credentials were being issued to correspondents to go there to see him. Moreover, Floyd and the others were in danger as long as they stayed in Burgos.

At last Floyd and three other correspondents—H. R. Knickerbocker of the New York Journal, John Whitaker of the Herald Tribune, and a man from an English paper—lost patience, hired a car, and set out for Caceres.

In sight of Caceres, they instructed the driver to start blowing the horn and make more noise than three Spaniards. With the exhaust open and the horn bleating they tore through the winding streets like a messenger from Mars. The car screeched to a stop before Franco's headquarters and the quartet of correspondents leaped out in high excitement, waving their papers.

Their impetuous attack was too much for the guards surrounding their general. For all they knew, these men had just come from the front with news that Madrid had fallen. They fell back and let the reporters rush past them, direct to the room in which sat Franco.

Floyd's latest exploits, the Spanish ones, are no more than minor items in a long list. All his life he has had one motive, one desire—to be where the excitement and danger were thickest.

You can find the clue to his character in his childhood, and in his parents. He was born in Washington, D. C., on July 16, 1887. His father, Edward Thomas

Gibbons, who died two years ago, was an advertising man and promoter, a person of tremendous physical and mental energy, who always had more ideas than he had time to carry out.

Gibbons was usually successful in his enterprises, sometimes not. The family, which consisted of Floyd, Edward, Donald, Zelda, and Margaret, was always comfortably well-off. Sometimes Gibbons was very rich; sometimes it was necessary to economize.

HIS mother, who before her marriage was Emma Theresa Phillips, undoubtedly contributed her share to Floyd's love of adventure and change of scene. "She was a regular gypsy, she enjoyed traveling so much," Floyd says affectionately of her. Far from complaining at the various uprootings which occurred during Floyd's childhood because Edward Gibbons had conceived a project in some distant city, she liked them.

When he was eleven he made his entry into the newspaper business. You can call it that, anyway. The Spanish-American War had broken out, and all Washington was in a ferment of excitement.

Newspapers couldn't be printed fast enough to satisfy the public demand for news from the front. Any boy with an armload of papers was sure to be sold out in a few minutes.

He went to his mother and asked to be allowed to sell the papers. He said he thought he ought to earn a little money, himself. Mrs. Gibbons agreed with him and gave her consent, but she wasn't fooled in the least by all his high-sounding talk. She knew exactly how he felt.

That was Floyd's first newspaper job. The second one came eight or nine years later, in Minneapolis. In between, there

FOR PETE'S SAKE, IT'S TIME TO QUIT—

SO RUN-DOWN HIS JOB NEARLY HAD HIM LICKED

SUE—YOU KNOW MY BROTHER'S A DOCTOR AND HE SAYS THAT TIRED FEELING GENERALLY COMES WHEN YOUR BLOOD GETS UNDERFED. HE SAYS FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS FINE TO HELP TONE YOU UP. IT FEEDS THE BLOOD.

IS THAT RIGHT— I'LL GET SOME FOR JACK ON THE WAY HOME—

VITAMINS A. B. G and D

JACK—DON'T YOU KNOW

WHERE'S JACK? WORKING LATE AGAIN?

YEP—SAYS HE CAN'T LEAVE. Y'KNOW IM WORRIED ABOUT THAT GUY—HE'S IN A BAD SLUMP—CAN'T GET THINGS THROUGH—THE BOSS IS BEGINNING TO NOTICE IT, TOO

JACK—JACK—YOU MUST GET UP—YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE TO THE OFFICE AGAIN—

LATER THAT MORNING

WHY SUE—HOW NICE TO SEE YOU—IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE YOU AND JACK HAVE BEEN DOWN AT THE CLUB—

I KNOW—BUT JACK'S JUST ALL-IN LATELY. NOT UP TO ANYTHING EVENINGS— I'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM TO BE SO WORN OUT. IM AWFULLY UPSET ABOUT HIM—

DON'T LET "UNDERFED" BLOOD KEEP YOUR ENERGY LOW

Many of us slow down during this time of year. Usually when you have this run-down feeling your blood is "underfed." It doesn't carry enough food to your tissues.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with essential vitamins and other food elements. As a result, your blood carries more and better food to your muscles and nerves.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—one cake about 1/2 hour before meals. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER.....

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food. What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

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Try Your Luck — and Be Lucky Ever After!

The Right Shade of Face Powder Will Add the Final Touch to Your Personality

By *Lady Esther*

All women and girls make up. But plenty of them need to be *made over!*

Yes, positively. They're hiding the loveliness Nature gave them and quenching the vital spark of personality with a drab, dull, *dead* shade of face powder.

What they need is a shade that flatters, that gives them the young, alive, *vivid* look that never fails to attract.

How sure are *you* that you're using the right shade of face powder? Even if you think you're satisfied—there may be another shade that would create a "you" no one has ever seen before!

You're An Individual, Not A Type!

Don't be old-fashioned and choose your shade by type or coloring. You aren't a type. You're yourself and nobody else. Choose your shade according to which is most *becoming* to you, before your own mirror. And the only way to do this intelligently is to try on all five Basic Shades, one after the other.

So new—so true is this new way of finding your true shade that I offer to prove every word at my expense. I will, therefore, send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face

Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays On For 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and how long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more without getting shiny.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (29) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

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.)

had been several changes of residence, and many changes of school. Floyd never did manage to graduate from any school.

In his own mind there was no question of the sort of job he wanted. He was supremely interested in just one thing—people. All his life he had been eaten up by an avid curiosity to know what was going on around him.

In those days, reporters hadn't become quite respectable. At worst, they were considered drunken and irresponsible; at best, they kept irregular hours and didn't make much money. Like many parents who are occasionally guilty of instability themselves, Edward Gibbons wanted his son to settle down to a good, safe, profitable occupation, and he objected strenuously to Floyd's newspaper ambitions. Mrs. Gibbons, as always, understood, and it was with the knowledge of her approval that Floyd got himself a nine-dollar-a-week job on the Minneapolis Daily News.

UNDER the guidance of the News' editor, William G. Shepherd, he thought he was on his way to becoming a good newspaper man. Then, three weeks after he got the job, Shepherd called him into his office. "Get your pay from the front office," Shepherd said gruffly, "and don't come back. You're fired!" He didn't offer any explanation, either.

Minneapolis couldn't hold Floyd after that. He felt as if everybody in the town must know he'd been fired from his first newspaper job.

He packed up, said goodbye to his parents, and went to Milwaukee, where he got another job on another paper. They didn't fire him there, and before long there was a story on his paper's front page—"By Floyd Phillips Gibbons." He cut it out and sent it home to his mother, sure that she would be as proud of that by-line as he was; hoping, maybe, that William G. Shepherd would somehow get to see it and realize what a good newspaperman he'd let slip through his fingers.

Years later, after the war, Floyd had his chance to see Shepherd again. It was in Rock Island, Illinois. Floyd had made his fame, and he was on a lecture-tour. The night he spoke in Rock Island, Shepherd was speaking there too.

After their lecture engagements Floyd and Shepherd met and boarded the train to Chicago together. Yes, Shepherd remembered Floyd, all right, and there was no fake in his pleasure at Floyd's success. They sat in a Pullman compartment, smoking and talking. Floyd was itching to ask why Shepherd had fired him, but he didn't. He waited, and at last the answer came.

"I suppose you've often wondered why I fired you, back there on the News?" Shepherd asked, over the second highball.

"I supposed because I was no good."

"No, that wasn't the reason. I knew you had it in you to be a reporter. There was a man with a lot of advertising connections who came into the business office and demanded that we fire you, so hard and so fast you'd never bounce back. Because he was a pretty powerful fellow in advertising, we thought we'd better do as he asked . . . That man was your father. He said he didn't want you to be a lousy, half-starved reporter."

Floyd Gibbons' father would never have had Floyd fired from his first job if he'd known that by doing so he was starting his son on the road which led to greater and more dangerous adventures. Sleepless nights and burning days with Villa's army in Mexico—a torpedoed ship in the dead of night—horror and bloodshed in the World War—all are in the second instalment—next month.

Uncle Ezra's Double Life

(Continued from page 30)

yarns about covered wagon days, or commented wittily on the "modern" folks and their "doin's;" preferred this to the games and pastimes of his fellow playmates. Some folks thought he was funny, others said it was because his folks were "show people" who traveled. Even Pat couldn't explain himself. But he liked the way Uncle Johnny's chin whiskers bobbed up and down when he was chewing a bit of tobacco, he thrilled to Pleas Ferguson's yarns of the early west, and he laughed at Judge Bothwell's comments.

Later, as a young man, Pat stepped out to pursue the elusive fame and fortune of the footlights. After three or four years filled with hardships, hall bedrooms, and irregular meals, his big break came. It was in Chicago, about 1911, when Pat landed the biggest part of his early career. Strangely enough, it was the part of an old man, the elderly, ex-judge Stott, in the old play, "The Lion and the Mouse."

Realizing the importance of his role, Pat went back in his mind to the scenes of his boyhood. He remembered how old Brad Harmon used to hobble out from behind the counter, how Uncle Johnny would scratch the side of his head when he was thinking. From each he took something. He worked, he studied, and as a result, he made a success of ex-judge Stott beyond his wildest dreams. He found it was easy for him to walk like an old man, natural for him to talk like one, but more important, Pat Barrett found he could think like one.

AFTER several successful seasons of portraying old men in musical comedy and on the legitimate stage, Pat began to realize he was creating a character of his own; a composite picture drawn from the rural friends of his boyhood, mingled with all the characters he'd portrayed on the stage—but made original too by his own ideas regarding the workings of an old man's mind. With this character, Pat was lured into the then big money of vaudeville.

For twelve years this white-headed, comical old codger was a headliner on the Keith and Orpheum circuits, and each year found the old fellow becoming more and more a living personality, more and more an individual. Pat prided himself on his ability to live his characterization.

Then, without his realizing it, his characterization began to live *his* life! No longer could Pat Barrett leave his old man behind at the theater each night by the simple action of removing a daub of greasepaint and a bunch of crêpe hair. It followed him home, it parked him over in a corner each night with his slippers and a book, it made him complain of aches and pains.

It made him feel like an old man!

It was wise Nora, Pat's wife, who first realized what was happening. And as soon as Pat realized it too, he fought grimly against this encroachment of his characterization into his private life. Pat refused even to think of his old man except when actually on the stage. Nora and he went to more parties and dances than ever before. He took up swimming, golf and tennis.

Just when he'd apparently solved his problem, just when he'd limited the chin whiskers to the footlights only, along came radio, along came the National Barn Dance and Uncle Ezra.

"You know," he told me, "in vaudeville I was all right. The act was pretty well set, and except for a few minor changes now and then, it would be done auto-



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by Elizabeth McKenna

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Hundreds of thousands of women swear by NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Because they have had proof again and again—not only themselves, but for every member of their families—that this pure, all-vegetable corrective is just right for stimulating clogged, sluggish bowels to an easy, normal movement that flushes away dangerous waste poisons.

Nature's Remedy is so **sensible**. It is entirely different from other laxatives, being purely vegetable. You'll notice the amazing difference in its action the first time you try it. So gentle and easy—yet so very thorough and invigorating. This is because NR is made up of a perfect **blend** of the most effective vegetable laxatives. NR is a **corrective**, a **conditioner** that aids in training the bowels to normal, regular functioning.

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atically, without thinking about it. "But when I got into radio, everything was different. I had to write a script, I had to think up something new three times a week. I got so I was thinking of the program most of the time, and finally, all of the time. It wasn't like an ordinary fellow who is worrying about something, because I wasn't worrying, I was just thinking, thinking about Uncle Ezra."

Once more the old fellow had come back to dim the youth Pat values so highly. Once more he found himself seeking a quiet corner, apart from the world in which he lived.

Yet, the program had to be written and produced. That couldn't be done automatically, it had to be done by "Uncle Ezra," completely and without limitation. To think that Pat Barrett could make his program ring true without going back to live in bygone days would be folly. But much as he loved the warmth and friendliness for which it stands, neither was Pat going to completely become his old man character.

So Pat Barrett found a compromise which has split his life into two worlds.

In a very modern office building in downtown Chicago there is a door which reads, "Patrick Barrett."

Stepping through the door, which is always open, you walk magically into a quaint setting of long ago.

YOU stop. What is this you have stepped into? Why, there is an old horse-hair sofa against the wall, a rag rug on the floor, a huge old fashioned rocker in a corner. True, you came to see Uncle Ezra, but . . . Standing beneath the ornate brass chandelier hanging from the ceiling you gaze around the room, see the old chromos on the wall, the little hand embroidered lace doilies on the chairs, the conch shells on the table, the stereoscope, the music box, the china cat, the lace curtains. A thought flashes across your mind. Can this be . . . can this be "Rosedale?"

Yes, it's a fictional vision come true. It's a part of Rosedale, all right, and it's Uncle Ezra's workshop. With the exception of the NBC studios, this is the only place where the old fellow is allowed full dominance of Pat Barrett's life. Every day, for a set number of hours, Pat drops his modern cloak, leaves headlines' bustling humanity, and a feverish twentieth century world far behind so that he may become old "Uncle Ezra."

"I guess you'd call that a double life, wouldn't you?" Pat smiled. "When I step into that office, I'm one person; when I step out of it, I'm another. For twelve years in vaudeville, and eight years in radio, I have been living two distinct lives, that of a young man, and that of an old man."

"It's keeping those two sides apart that has led to my unique existence," he added with a chuckle. "Some folks would call it mental self control. I try to keep myself out of the old fellow's radio program, as well as striving to keep the old fellow from dictating my personal life."

As Pat finished his story my mind flashed back to the broadcast I'd witnessed in the NBC studios a few hours before. Like the parting of a hazy curtain before my eyes, I could see the transformation then. The quiet there in the studio . . . the producer's signal as the second hand neared the hour. . .

And in the center of the studio, Pat Barrett was Pat Barrett no more. The strong shoulders drooped slightly with age, his twinkling blue eyes dimmed a little, the firm hand of youth became the unsteady hand of age. He adjusted his glasses in a grandfatherly way. . .

"Uncle Ezra" was on the air. . .

How to be a Modern

Cinderella

(Continued from page 46)

to her original figure requirements. In our salon, we work on the individual frame-line, not trying to make her figure into a standard, average pattern but endeavoring to bring out all the individual beauty of her body. We have reduced women from a size 42 to a size 18, when they had only hoped to become a size 20—because we discovered, after we had removed those camouflaging rolls of fat, that nature had really intended her to be a size 18!

"The most frequent troubles which afflict the modern woman are a lazy, sluggish circulation and, subsequently, a poor distribution of fat on the body, because it has a tendency to settle on portions of the anatomy easily and quickly reached by the blood stream—usually the abdomen and hips. In body sculpture, we rely on two factors: manipulation and our own formulae of solutions. The manipulations are designed to accomplish three results: bringing up the circulation, breaking down fatty cells, and relaxing the nervous system. It is *not* Swedish massage, which, generally speaking, is prescribed by doctors to correct certain conditions. There are no faddish diets, no sweltering steam baths, no violent exercise. Ordinarily, however, we do advise a balanced menu for our clients, one which supplies the deficiencies in their diet, rather than eliminating certain types of food.

LYNN'S story is inspiring, indeed, but it's even more inspiring to go through Miss Radow's salon, to see the hundreds of charts of her clients, many of whom have been reduced even more spectacularly. Incidentally, Miss Radow is not particularly interested in bringing down the weight (unless it's obviously excessive, of course) but in perfecting the actual measurement by inches of the various parts of the body. Some of the charts will show you that a client has reduced from five to seven inches around her bust, waist, hips and thighs, and yet has only lost six pounds. No menace to health there, but oh! what a change in the figure!

It all goes to show that we don't need to accept the dumpy or stringy figures we seem to have been born with. Proper attention to the food we eat will help, proper rest, proper posture, wholesome exercise to stimulate that lagging circulation, even the way we take our baths and clean our faces will count.

But no one will really notice your new figure, your better proportions, unless you show them off in well-chosen clothes. Just look at the difference in Lynn's early costume and the smart new ensemble which came from the store where she was "re-built." A well-chosen wardrobe depends on two things (no, not money, not original creations)—a normal figure to dress and good taste to dress it with.

Wouldn't you like to have Zelda Radow's suggestions for a home beauty regime, including simple exercises for stimulating circulation, daily facials which require only such creams and ingredients as you already have on hand, instructions for making beauty masques and pimple treatments and chin straps at home—as well as the four weeks' balanced menu which Lynn Merrill followed when she was remodeled to scale? You can have all of these free. Just address your query (and a large self-addressed envelope, please!) to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

It wasn't the Cold that froze him
'twas the sight of
her Rough Chapped Hands



I NEARLY CRIED when Dave complained about my hands. I hated them myself—all harsh and red. They stayed rough all winter, no matter what I put on them . . .



THEN—A FRIEND TOLD ME Jergens Lotion softens hands in no time. I turned to Jergens—and a few days later Dave whispered . . . "I love your hands. They feel so soft."

but Jergens brought about
an early Thaw!

HANDS can be thrilling when they're soft and smooth. But cold, wind and water take the natural moisture from hand skin—make it likely to chap and roughen. And most women wash their hands eight times a day, they say—have them in water eight times more.

But Jergens Lotion heals and softens dry, harsh hands amazingly

fast. Why? . . . Because Jergens goes into the skin cells more effectively than other lotions tested, and swiftly puts back lost moisture. Besides—Jergens contains two special ingredients, used by doctors. Red, rough, chapped skin is made soft, white and fine in just a few applications. Jergens is never sticky. Use Jergens faithfully. At all drug, department, 10¢ stores.



JERGENS LOTION

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the girlish softness of your hands. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1725 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario).

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They Said It Couldn't Last

(Continued from page 38)



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Why waste time with palate-pleasing anti-septics? Zonite, by actual laboratory tests checked and rechecked by authorities, is 5 times more germicidal than any other popular non-poisonous antiseptic. Besides, Zonite has great power of penetration. It searches out many obscure hiding places of cold germs. Zonite is not used full strength. For economy's sake read package circular. A teaspoonful in a third of a tumbler of water equals most mouth washes undiluted. Try Zonite for mouth odors, too. The only popular antiseptic that *permanently destroys* strong odors originating in the mouth. Get Zonite today! U. S. and Canadian druggists.

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LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room PA-8913 Washington, D. C.

all, Louise was terribly young, he decided, from the advanced wisdom of his twenty years.

He tried to do what everybody said was the right thing. He went away, to Oregon, to visit relatives. He even got a job, and he stayed away awhile from Roswell.

He was utterly miserable, all those eight months, and so was Louise. At the end of them he returned, and they ran away to the next town, and were married.

The marriage ceremony was going on at the exact moment during which two worried parents were holding a council of war and deciding that they didn't know what to do. Mr. Massey had called on Mr. Mabie and the two of them were shaking their heads worriedly.

"I've done everything," Mabie said. "I've talked to him and talked to him, but it doesn't seem to do any good."

"It doesn't do any good to talk to Louise, either," Massey admitted. "She's spoiled—always has been, being the only girl with seven brothers."

No, it didn't do any good to talk. Louise and Milt returned to Roswell that evening, scared but defiant—and married.

There were terrible scenes, of course, even worse than Louise and Milt had expected. There was even talk of an annulment, an entirely possible procedure, since both Louise and Milt were under age.

The Masseys, though they were bitterly hurt and apprehensive for Louise's future happiness, had really nothing against Milt as a person.

It was just that they'd had so many plans for her! All her life she had sung, and had practiced music with her two younger brothers, Dott and Allen. Even in Louise's childhood, Mr. and Mrs. Massey had intended that some day she and her brothers would have musical careers.

AS much as anything else, it was Louise's agreement to continue going to high school, and when that was finished to study music in El Paso, which eventually reconciled the Masseys to her marriage. They still did not believe it would bring her lasting happiness; they did not believe so immature a marriage could survive the temperamental clashes of two high-spirited youngsters; but if it did not last, they said to themselves, she could pick up her life and go on from where Milt had interrupted it.

All around town their pessimistic attitude was reflected. Nothing as exciting as this runaway marriage between the children of two leading citizens had happened in Roswell for years, and Roswell made the most of its possibilities for gossip. The average time allotted Louise and Milt to stay married was one year.

"They were right, of course," Louise admits today. "Milt and I weren't really in love. We were only crazily infatuated with each other. Neither of us knew the real meaning of love, as we've come to know it since, through long association. If it hadn't been for two things, the marriage couldn't have lasted a year."

"One was that all this opposition made me angry. It's true that I had always been spoiled. I always found a way to get what I wanted—if not from Dad, then from Mother, and if not from either of them, from one of my brothers. I'd never even considered the possibility of being defeated in a desire. And after my marriage I made up my mind that what I wanted was to prove they were all wrong, and *make* my marriage last rather than admit defeat.

"The other thing that saved our marriage was my music. Anybody as young as I was can't settle down to being just a housewife. I had to have another interest to help me work off surplus energy."

MILT'S father gave them, as a wedding present, a lovely home in Roswell, and they settled down—Louise to resume school and Milt to working in the hardware store. There was a constant coming and going between that home and the Massey ranch. Sometimes Louise and Milt would move out to the ranch for a few days, or Dott and Allen would come in to stay with Louise for a week or so. Gradually, the Masseys became fond of Milt. They couldn't help liking him, for his good-nature and kindness to Louise.

Louise, Dott, and Allen continued their musical work together, but more and more their trio was becoming a quartet. Milt happened to be pretty good on a bass fiddle and a saxophone, and when they played in the evening he'd join them.

At the end of a year Louise carried out her promise to go to El Paso, alone, and study music; and Milt carried out his promise to permit her to do so. After her return, he made no objection, either, to her going with her father, Dott, and Allen to Los Angeles for a trip which was partly pleasure, partly to see if the three of them couldn't get a job singing on the radio.

The Masseys didn't get the job in Los Angeles, but only a few months after their return to Roswell, Charles F. Horner, the owner of a number of traveling vaudeville units similar to the old-time Chautauquas, offered them a job.

Those days, while she was considering Horner's offer, are the only time in the ten years since Louise's wedding when she has really feared her marriage was in danger.

Her desire to accept the job wasn't the imperious demand for something new of a spoiled child. It was something deeper, surer than that. It was almost a necessity. If she had to choose between going, and remaining Milt's wife, she knew what her choice would be—to go.

But it was Milt who made the decision, who once more showed a kindness that was really wisdom. He chose to make the trio into a quartet and go with her. It wasn't easy for him, either. Old Mr. Mabie was growing old, looking forward to the day when he could retire and turn the hardware store over to his son. Going on the road with Louise meant disappointing his father, giving up the home he had just had redecorated, changing all his plans for the future. He might, if he hadn't been Milt Mabie, have grown angry, stood on his rights, insisted that Louise stay where she belonged in his home. He might have done that—and if he had, he would have lost her.

They said it couldn't last—but it has, and very successfully, for ten years. Neither Louise nor Milt has ever regretted leaving Roswell. There have been hard knocks, plenty of them, but the group which went to work for Horner's vaudeville circuit is still intact, and has even added a fifth member, Larry Wellington. Dott and Allen have both married since going into radio, and Larry married too, shortly after joining the group. Now they all live, four couples of them, in an apartment house in Great Neck, Long Island—"neither too far from each other, nor too near," as Louise says. Every summer they return to Roswell, and some day they plan on going back there to stay.

What's New On Radio Row

(Continued from page 7)

"Oh, let's compromise," she offered with suspicious sweetness. "Let's drive around to all the filling stations and look at your picture on the posters."

So they went to the Taylor picture.

BACKSTAGE SNAPSHOT

Fred Astaire rehearses his Packard show from early morning until late at night . . . sometimes rehearsals run to 3 or 4 a. m. He drapes a turkish towel over the mike, and mops his brow from time to time . . . Other members of the cast take time out for lunch; not he . . . Johnny Green's as indefatigable a worker as the dancing star and doesn't mind skipping the noon interim . . . Astaire uses two dancing boards, jumps from one to the other like a startled gazelle . . . When he takes a breathing spell, he dashes over to where the socially registered Mrs. Astaire sits . . . She takes copious notes while Fred works . . . He talks things over with her, then holds a confab with Maestro Green . . . Charlie Butterworth breezes in about 3:30, then everything goes hilarious . . . The orchestra, particularly the wind section, becomes breathless from laughter . . . Butterworth is jittery, one of those performers who is vastly more nervous at a dress rehearsal than at a performance . . . His hands tremble as he holds his script . . . After rehearsal Astaire and his wife slip out a rear door . . . The autograph hounds are left holding the bag in front . . . Fred, although he broadcasts for one of the better motor cars, drives off in a shabby station wagon.

BA-BA BLACK SHEEP

Edward Everett Horton, one of film-dom's recent gifts to radio, comes from a family that is veddy, veddy social, and when he showed signs of becoming a Thespian, it was decided at solemn family conclaves that a terrible calamity had fallen.

So now Edward Everett supports practically all the other Hortons. He has built a house for his family next to his own, and sends regular remittances to other relatives throughout the land.

NEWS, BEGORRA!

Rupert Hughes has worked out a serial for Mary Pickford in Irish dialect, and by the time you read this chances are one of the several sponsors now considering it will have signed on the dotted line.

IT'S A WISE CHILD

When Smith Ballew worked in "All Scarlet" he had to grow a moustache which, although becoming, was so distasteful to his young daughter, Janice, that she refused point-blank to kiss him. As soon as he finished the picture he shaved it off, and everything was hunky-dory for a few days until he was notified to grow another one for his part in "Serenade on the Seine."

SALES PROMOTION

Nelson Eddy has been broadcasting over KNX which, up to the time of joining the CBS chain, was a small local station. The singing star used to grab a bite at a tiny lunch room next door, but fans soon wised up. So many of them flocked into the place, the proprietor rented the



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B. Max Mehl paid Mr. Brownlee of Georgia \$1000.00 for this coin that he found while digging—**DO YOU WANT BIG MONEY for OLD COINS-BILLS-STAMPS?**

POST YOURSELF! ... IT PAYS!

I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J. D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740 for a few old coins. I will pay highest cash prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

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two adjoining stores, installed ultra-modernistic fixtures, and is now worrying over his income tax.

* * *
AIR COOLER

That chill in the Cocoonut Grove the other night wasn't the air conditioning apparatus running wild. What happened was that Joe Penner and his gag man, Harry Conn, wandered in and met Jack Benny, for whom Conn used to operate a typewriter. Sonia Henie could have cut figures on the stares.

* * *
PROSPERITY NOTE

The item you saw in the dailies that Bing Crosby is getting rid of his racing stable, and substituting a stable of fighters, is only half true. He isn't getting rid of the oat burners. He's buying more, but he'll manage a half dozen pugs, too.

A building permit has been granted for the construction of the Bing Crosby Building on Wilshire Boulevard, and there all Bing's extra-curricular business activities will be quartered, with the rest of the premises being rented out as offices.

* * *
PRESS-TIME FLASHES

Sir Harry Lauder hears the call of radio and prepares to emerge from his Scotland retreat long enough to acquire another fortune. He will come to America to broadcast . . . Wayne King quits flying at the earnest behest of his wife who can't forget the tragic fate of Will Rogers.

Bing Crosby, a man of many enterprises, signs up George Turner, the twenty-year old Dallas heavyweight with a record of twenty-nine victories in thirty appearances in the prize ring. Turner, you may recall, played with Bing in his Columbia picture, "Pennies From Heaven" . . . And Al Jolson, like Bing, a racing and prize fight enthusiast, acquires a two-year old eligible to run in the Kentucky Derby in May. Al, too, not so long ago took a pugilist under his wing when he annexed Henry Armstrong, St. Louis Negro featherweight.

Paul Whiteman, switching sponsors soon, renounces hotel engagements to concentrate on his radio programs. Amateurs and other extraneous interpolations are out and the dean of American modern compositions will confine his efforts to music . . . Lily Pons, dismayed by the plight of deer in last winter's severe weather, converts part of her Connecticut estate into a refuge for wild life.

* * *
DID YOU KNOW—

That Ted Husing and the Voice of Experience, both famous for their bald pates, once exploited hair restorers on the air?

That Helen Gleason, the opera and radio lark, was born with two teeth? It happened on a thirteenth, too, the month being September and the year 1906, in case you are interested in such things.

That Mario Braggiotti taught Doris Duke Cromwell, the world's wealthiest wren, how to play the piano?

* * *

Before long the chances are Helen Hayes will be broadcasting Bambi from Chicago, her stage play, "Victoria Regina," being scheduled to transfer from Broadway to the Loop shortly after the first of the year. Miss Hayes will be missed at Radio City for she has been one of the season's most picturesque personages in more ways than one. She appeared at the studio in her stage costume of Queen Victoria with puffed sleeves and

slicked-back hair exciting much interest among the tourists and others who chanced to glimpse her in the corridors. This was necessary because only ten minutes leeway was given the actress to get from Radio City to the Broadhurst Theater to make her appearance as the nineteenth century British queen. Fanny Brice, star of the Ziegfeld Follies, is another who enlivened the studio scene this fall. She, too, had to broadcast in stage apparel because of the close connections.

* * *

Cheerio's emergence as a sponsored artist after ten years as a sustaining feature is one of the historic events of the new season. It took the manufacturer of Sonotone, an aid to the deaf, to accomplish this miracle, Cheerio having remained adamant all these years to efforts to commercialize his program. But even now, Cheerio chooses to continue his morning program unsponsored, contributing to commerce a separate musical setup at another hour.

Although Cheerio loves to preserve his anonymity under that inspirational tag, it is no secret his pay checks are made out to Charles K. Fields. He is a San Franciscan, a classmate of Dr. J. Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University, and ex-President Herbert Hoover. It was through the influence of Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce in Coolidge's cabinet, that Cheerio moved from Station KGO, San Francisco, to the NBC networks in 1927.

* * *
POSTSCRIPTS

When Burns and Allen switch sponsors next April they will jump their broadcast fee from \$5,000 a week to \$10,000, and move over to NBC after four years on Columbia. The Bing Crosbys are expecting another little stranger with the advent of the new year.

John B. Kennedy is planning a round-the world tour . . . Rudolph Wiedoff, who taught Rudy Vallee how to toot a sax, is operating a gold mine in Nevada . . . Dorothy Page is being wooed by a young man with plenty of dough, aptly enough named Armand Rusk . . . Add to hand-holders in the Columbia studios, Virginia Verrill and Jimmy Farrell.

If honorary titles mean anything to you, Paul Whiteman is a Kentucky colonel, a colonel in the Texas Rangers and a sergeant in the Colorado State Militia . . . But for that matter Amos 'n' Andy are admirals in the Nebraska Navy and that sovereign state doesn't even own a row-boat . . . Add marriages: Pat Murphy, the Scoop Curtis of the Girl Alone cast, to Lucille Edwards, of Station KSTP, St. Paul, Minn. . . Major Bowes always broadcasts with a few leaves of rose geranium in his coat lapel.

Almost incredible news reaches this department about the goings-on of Jack Benny in Hollywood. A Coast scout reports that Jack, once a Broadway fashion-plate, meanders about the cinema capital in rumpled clothes, tieless, hatless and much of the time, shaveless!

"Red" Nichols uses a swinging boom microphone to pick up solos from his musicians. It obviates the necessity of the instrumentalists leaving their chairs and walking to the center mike.

"Radio," says John P. Medbury, the newspaper humorist who should know since he concocts many radio scripts, "is the gag man's heaven. It's the place where all the old stage jokes go after they die."

Richard (Sherlock Holmes) Gordon is writing a book of theatrical memoirs . . . Irvin Cobb is collecting \$3,000 a broadcast for presiding over Paducah Plantation.

A Barrymore Finds Youth in Middle Age

(Continued from page 37)

from ten generations of showfolk should not don her greasepaint a few years early in order to eat. With emphasis on *eat*. So she did, skipping from town to town under the guidance of her actor-uncle John Drew, and somehow managing to evade the laws that would stop her.

At eighteen, a popular and coming young actress, she began the assortment of romances that were to keep her adoring public titillating for eleven years and give her the title of "the most engaged girl in the United States." Fifteen times she announced her engagement to fifteen different men, then changed her mind. The array included one duke, one earl, one baronet, two millionaires, a multi-millionaire, a playwright, an author, three actors, one editor, an Indian prince, a poet and a cotillion leader of the Four Hundred.

She had not been born a blue blood but she was so pretty, clever and delightful as a young girl she quickly became the darling of society in New York and London. The houses of the great welcomed her; she was entertained by duchesses and princesses in English castles, by Mrs. John Jacob Astor and the Fifth Avenue social registerites on America's finest yachts and country estates. Then one day—a typical Barrymore episode—she was to make a statement that infuriated the society women of two continents who had befriended her.

"Society," she stated to a Kansas City newspaper, "bores me to death. Women of wealth are merely selfish and piggish; they are empty shells and perfectly meaningless and useless to the country.

ALSO," she added, "I'll never marry the son of a millionaire. The average young son of a millionaire hasn't the brains of a kitten."

Although these statements were later denied by Miss Barrymore such treason was never quite smoothed out among her huddy-doddy friends. Proof, however, that she didn't mean what she said about millionaires' sons was evidenced when she announced her definite engagement in 1909 to Russell Griswold Colt, son of Col. Samuel Colt, millionaire president of the U. S. Rubber Co.

Their glamorous courtship was the delight of all the Barrymore adorers. For three hundred dollars Colt bought a first-row run-of-the-show seat for his fiancée's current season at the Hudson Theater in New York; and during the hundred and four nights previous to their wedding that Ethel played in "Lady Frederick" she gazed either at the face of her husband-to-be who had run down from Boston or his empty seat banked to overflowing with long-stemmed pink roses.

They were married, the bride in mink and her groom in a racy raccoon coat, in a brief ceremony at Hyde Park, Massachusetts, with John Barrymore and Colt's brother for witnesses. Ethel's ring was an enormous emerald set with diamonds. Her new father-in-law gave her a ten-thousand-dollar automobile built in France, a beautiful country estate at Mamaroneck, New York. The night of the wedding she performed as usual at the theater while her groom sat in a box and tossed upon the stage magnificent bouquets of violets. For their honeymoon Colt went on tour with her in their private car; he had given his promise not to interfere with her career.



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Her three children, Sam, Ethel and Jackie, were born within four years after her marriage. Ethel Barrymore became America's favorite young mother as well as its favorite actress. Ten days after Jackie's birth she was starring brightly in "Tante" and in the full bloom of motherhood she was said to be more beautiful at that time than she had ever been in her career.

It was Ethel Barrymore who first brought class with a capital C to the movies. Prior to her going to Hollywood in 1914 few of the first rate stage folk had deigned to give the lowly flickers a tumble, but with the Barrymore sanction on silents the Broadway-to-Hollywood stream began to flow. Her pictures were tremendously successful. For six years she deserted the stage for movies and vaudeville until one day—another typical Barrymore episode—she stated to the world, "I hate Hollywood! It would take several books to record its stupidities!" With that she swished out of California. She returned, it is true, to make one opus, "Rasputin," with John and Lionel a few years ago, but only under great persuasion from her brothers.

With the announcement of her retirement from the stage—and there will be no annual farewell tours, either—on the Ben Bernie program last August, Ethel Barrymore caused another furor in the theatrical world. News reporters calling at her Mamaroneck home the following morning came away with highly varied statements. To some, it turned out, she had stated that she was definitely *not* retiring and to others she had stated that she definitely *had* retired and it was all very confusing. The explanation of it seems to be that she was using her woman's prerogative of changing her mind between calls and from moment to moment she wasn't exactly sure herself whether she was on the active or retired stage list. Now, however, it's a settled matter. The First Actress of the American Stage will devote herself herewith to radio and the coaching of promising young actors and actresses.

"The truth," she explained to me, "is that I'm tired. Tired not of acting but of traveling, and the stage means incessant travel. I want some time to enjoy my children and garden and books here in the country. Radio will give me that time. Anybody who says one dramatic radio program a week is hard work is telling a big one! I know what hard work really is; I've rehearsed and played eight shows a week for years and years and years. My radio program is merely a matter of rehearsal two afternoons a week and one nightly performance. It's fun. It's play.

AND, she added, throwing her arms wide in the Barrymore gesture of exhilaration, "I'm thrilled to death and crazy about it! On the air I can be—oh, my dear—a youngster again!"

You couldn't get a better picture of Ethel Barrymore than by going up to Mamaroneck to call on her. She's respected and loved by everybody in town from the taxi driver at the station to the grocer, to the filling-station keeper at the corner where her private lane turns off the Boston Post Road. Her spacious and beautiful white house, part of which is three hundred years old, is a week-end mecca for some of the biggest personages in the world of society, the theater and radio. There is no stiff formality, no social regimen in the big house. President and Mrs. Roosevelt, her frequent guests, are referred to simply as Frank and Eleanor.

Miss Barrymore lives alone with Sam,

Ethel, Jack and the servants. In 1932 she was granted a divorce from her husband and given the custody of the children. On Wednesday nights, however, Mr. Colt comes regularly to have dinner and spend the evening.

The things closest to Ethel Barrymore's heart are her family, her home and work. She has a legion of interests. At fifty-seven she's a very amazing woman. She didn't miss a game of the World Series last season, nor a single big New York prizefight, symphony concert or furniture exhibit. She's writing her memoirs, changing the scheme of her flower garden and making preparations for her school for young thespians. She doesn't go to the movies but tunes in Gang Busters "as regularly as attending church, because I think it's the best acted dramatic show on the air." The total result of all these activities is that Ethel Barrymore is as young and stimulating a personality as you'll ever meet.

The only thing she has done thus far to disappoint her radio fans is refuse to allow an audience to watch her broadcast.

"DO hope," she said to me, "that broadcast-goers will understand that. You see, studio audiences can't hear dramatic performances very well from where they sit. If they were there I'd have to divert myself from the microphone to speak out to them and that would hinder my performance—and I'm playing, really, to the people who tune in at home."

So when you listen to her you can know she's playing solely to you and you. Not the Ethel Barrymore of now, but glamorous Ethel Barrymore of eighteen and twenty-two, and thirty will be coming right into your own home to entertain you.

Times do change. That's an honor and a luxury three generations of Americans would have given their eye-teeth for.

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: Success of Lux's theater of the air, and Helen Hayes' Bambi series, prompted Bayer Aspirin to do something similar. . . . So they hired First Lady of Stage, 57-year-old Ethel Barrymore. . . . Sister of Lionel, John, niece of John Drew, daughter of Maurice . . . Ethel was born in Philadelphia; made her stage debut 17 years later. . . . "Regular gal," says 25-year-old Albert McCleery, who adapts but does not actually write the air scripts. . . . All of Miss Barrymore's famous plays are planned for ether adaptation, but she will not allow any additional dialog added. . . . There are forty such plays for radio to draw upon. . . . McCleery's job is to prune, cut out characters, delete, speed up these "dated" plays. . . . Original plays usually run 2 hours, contain 140 pages of script. . . . For radio they must last no more than 29 pages of script. . . . Her radio premiere was "Captain Jinks," and was panned by ether critics. . . . Miss Barrymore picked it for sentiment's sake. . . . In 1900 it was her first starring vehicle. . . . First radio rehearsal made everyone nervous until the great actress appeared. . . . Then they found her quite regular, anxious to have many rehearsals, and willing to listen to commercials. . . . Only time temperament flares in the Barrymore breast is when another line must be deleted from one of her favorite plays. . . . The actress has played all these roles at least 200 times each; knows from memory where the weaker lines are—what lines are show stoppers. . . . Right now sponsors are awaiting public reaction on program idea. . . . Later they might switch to a serial. . . . The star hates radio actors who "act" before the cold microphone, rustle their scripts. . . . She stands serenely still, holds her script firmly in her right hand.

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RADIO MIRROR

A Sentimental Guy

(Continued from page 39)

"Did you really enjoy the music? Thanks. We liked playing it for you."

These are some of the things I thought, and saw, and heard the day he was playing for thousands at this great East coast beach. And during the intermissions, as I sat under the band-stand and talked with Guy and the members of his band, I learned why Guy Lombardo is where he is today.

It is just this—and it should be printed in letters six feet high for every young, ambitious band leader in the country to read—Guy Lombardo is where he is today because he is an inherent sentimentalist!

He always does the sentimental thing, he takes the hard, sentimental way out—and somehow he never loses!

For example, quite a few years ago, when Guy was just coming into popularity at the Fort Stanley Casino, on Lake Erie, he was asked by one of the women in his home town to play an engagement at their Mothers' Club. It meant journeying almost a hundred miles, and staying up all night.

Would most orchestra leaders have accepted? Guy put it up to the band. "It will be a grind, but most of the mothers know you boys, they haven't seen you in a long time—it will sort of be something for the home town. Let's go."

The orchestra played the engagement. They were thanked. That was all.

Five years later, Guy Lombardo closed a run in Chicago and opened at one of New York's largest hotels. It was the break he had wanted all his life. The husband of the woman who had asked him to play at the Mothers' Club was the person who sold, signed and delivered the Lombardo contract!

THE success of Guy's music has been built upon popular sentimentality. It might sound, now that everybody is listening to it, like music that would be easy to sell, music that people would take to instantly. It is not. The Lombardos, through Guy, have had a tremendous struggle to get people in the sentimental mood. Had it not been for the faith and financial gamble of one man the Lombardos might never have made the grade.

When Guy came to the Granada Cafe in Chicago he was practically unknown. It was in 1928, and the country was hot jazz conscious. Anything went over if it was loud and hot. After the first rehearsal, the manager came over.

"If this is the type of music you are going to play," he told Guy, "you won't last two days."

"You don't like it?" Guy asked.
"Yes, I do," the manager admitted. "It's sort of soft, and dreamy, but my customers come here to be pepped up."

"Give me a week," Guy said, "if you like it, I believe your customers will."

It took three weeks, and a good many radio broadcasts to convince the crowds. The manager never complained. He stuck by his promise.

About a year and a half after Guy left the Granada, word came to him in New York that the manager of the Granada was headed for ruin. It was shortly after the depression had gotten under way, and the manager just didn't have the money to hire first class entertainment.

Lombardo, now in the four-figures-a-week class, went to the heads of the hotel in which he was playing and asked for two weeks' leave.

Guy then herded the band to Chicago. He opened at the Granada the following

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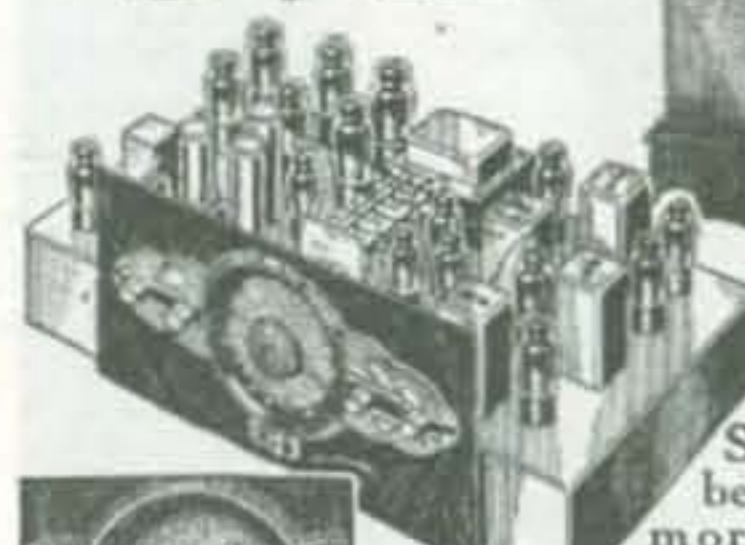
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night, played a week and a half—without pay—packed them in, practically put the Granada back on its feet.

Another conclusive piece of evidence in the chain of Lombardo sentimentality can be provided by Fred Luther who runs a small dance hall in the heart of the Pennsylvania mountains, in the town of Carrollton. He and Guy have been pals for years. Ever since 1927, to be exact, when Luther started out to boost Guy's popularity, and Guy vowed to boost Fred's business.

Last October, Guy played his tenth engagement in Carrollton, Pennsylvania, at the Fred Luther dance hall. From as far as a hundred miles away the Pennsylvania farmers will flock to see and hear the Lombardo music, and most of them can say, "I can remember him when—" When? That night Guy opened for the first time at Luther's, and the lady in the box office sold two hundred and ten tickets. Last year the number was well over four thousand!

And all because Fred Luther and Guy Lombardo took a liking to each other, because Fred, during the days Guy was getting a start, wrote letters of recommendation to other managers, shifted bookings around so that Guy could make a little more money here and there.

Just why Guy Lombardo has this sentimental attitude towards music and people is not hard to explain. He gets it from his father, Guy, Sr.

It took Guy over three years to persuade Guy, Sr., to move from the old farm in London, Ontario, to the United States. And only when Guy had found a farm that was so similar in appearance to the London farm would Guy, Sr., even consider it.

LAST September, just before the family was to move, Guy received a frantic letter from his mother.

Guy, Sr., refused to leave the old homestead unless he could take his pet cow!

Guy explained that he could get several cows that would be just as good right in the United States.

Guy, Sr. stuck to his guns. It was a question of the cow going, or nobody going. So the cow went along with the Lombardos. A special trailer was built, and Guy, Sr. bought twenty tons of select Canadian hay for the cow to munch.

The first night on the road the Lombardo family attempted to register at a very exclusive hotel. Guy, Sr., asked the manager, nicely enough, to find a place to keep the cow for the night. The manager, just as nicely, informed Guy, Sr., that he was not interested in handling accommodations for a cow.

Guy, Sr., promptly struck his name from the register, and the remainder of the nights on the trip were spent in tourist camps!

Just as Guy's father has this fine sentimental feeling towards the animals he has been around all his life, so has Guy that same sentimental, musical obsession with everything he comes in touch with. It is human. It is real.

Before I left that afternoon, Guy told me about a conversation he had in a Chicago hotel a few months ago with his friend, Lou Gehrig.

"Guy," Lou said, "the day I am too old to get up there at the plate, it will take the entire National and American league—with baseball bats—to drive me from the park!"

And Guy answered: "Lou, if the time ever comes when I'm not leading an orchestra, it will be because I am too feeble to climb up on the band-stand."

The two sentimental friends shook hands on that.



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Faith!

(Continued from page 26)



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to life. I was reminded of old things—good old things out of a vanished and happy adolescence. It seemed like the times when my mother sat at the piano and played "Ben Bolt," while my father and the rest of us caroled behind her with deep feeling; and, stranger still, I was reminded that I was an American.

His program was both a revelation and a gala party. We sang "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Smiles"—with a dramatic interpretation by Lee Roberts, composer of the song, who furnished a moving interlude—"Dixie" and numerous others, ending with "Auld Lang Syne."

As "Auld Lang Syne" died away, I hurried back stage to keep my appointment with Rodeheaver whom I had not seen for almost twenty years.

It was not difficult to realize why he has been one of the great spiritual leaders of his generation, as, little by little, he sketched his background and unfolded his wholesome philosophy.

Born in Ohio during the year 1880, his parents took him to the hamlet of Jellico in the hills of East Tennessee when he was a baby. He grew up there.

It was almost thirty years later, that Homer Rodeheaver, whose rich baritone had brought him local and some distant fame, joined forces with Billy Sunday. Together, they trekked up and down the land for another twenty years. In his capacity as soloist and leader of the congregation's singing, it is certain that Rodeheaver has appeared personally before more people than any other man who ever lived. The Billy Sunday tabernacles held an average of 10,000. In the whole course of Rodeheaver's amazing career, they were filled to capacity and overflowing.

THE biggest of the Sunday tabernacles was in Philadelphia, but a peculiarity in the way the New York tabernacle was built afforded standing room for 4,000 above the 16,000 seating capacity.

"We filled it every night," he explained, "away up there at 168th Street. That was what started the buses running that far uptown."

"The things which happen, which a song will do," he said, as a distant look of remembrance stole into his eyes, "are amazing. At Pittsburgh once, I was singing a group of hymns over KDKA. . . . It was a long time ago, but the telephone operator broke all rules and risked her job to summon me to the phone. I shall never forget that call as long as I live. I heard the voice of a woman.

"I wanted to talk to you," she said. "I wanted to tell you—you saved me from suicide."

"I know, bless her heart wherever she is today, that she was telling the truth. The details she gave me proved it. The song I sang was 'Heartaches.'"

In his evangelistic travels Rodeheaver has broadcast over nearly every radio station in the country. He told me that his favorite song was "The Old Rugged Cross," and admitted a preference for hymns, "As I've suggested to my radio colleagues," he went on, "the old American songs—not too jazzy, and not too highbrow—are the ones the radio audience likes best.

"A lot of rhythm in its system," he said "is what the country needs. When a man hears a song his heart is moved, but when he gets into it and sings, himself, it's a different reaction. Sometimes I say what we need is more music of the people, for the people, and by the people. It brings

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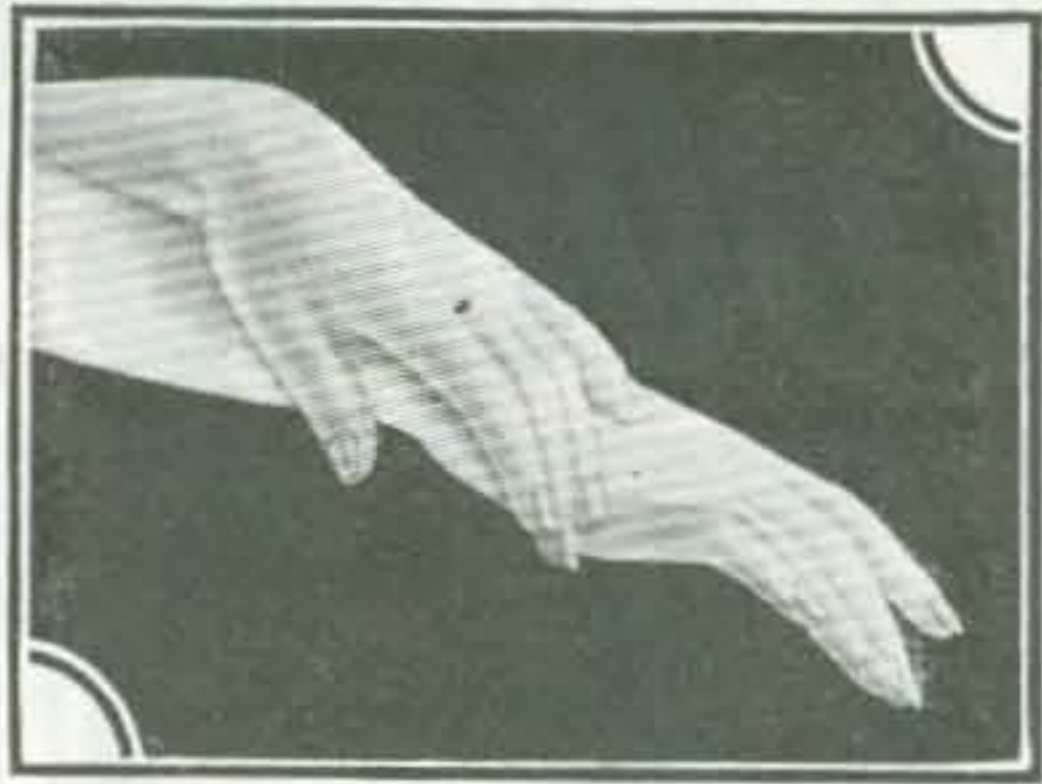
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ADDRESS.....

back the faith of our fathers. Going up and down the land, I've seen first-hand how people are suffering from low morale. Believe me it comes back when Americans get together and sing.

It was late when we said goodnight. I was tired, while he was fresh as a child, vigorous and brimming with health. I went back into the rain, but I didn't mind it so much now. I was but slightly interested in Broadway's storm scene; for I was absorbed in his last words, the words which epitomized his dream:

"If we can get America to sing there will be spiritual recovery. And that's my ambition in radio."

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: There are two prominently sponsored community sing programs on the airwaves. . . . One is Gillette's, the other Palmolive's. . . . Both heard on CBS, they war between each other for the title, "original." . . . Choral experts, however, laugh up their sleeves at these claims. . . . They know the first community sing was heard in Chinese temples, 6,000 years ago. . . . And 100 years ago, Louis Wilkem, a French schoolteacher, popularized them in his school classes in Paris, starting a movement that spread to working men's groups and finally became a national institution of choral societies. . . . At one time in France alone, there were 3,243 choral organizations with 150,000 singers. . . . And not one sent in a box-top to become a charter member. . . . Community sings became popular a decade ago in the movie palaces of America, thanks to organist Jesse Crawford, who sandwiched them in between feature pictures and lavish stage presentations. . . . It's still being done in neighborhood movie theaters. . . . Other experts give credit to Harry Barnhart, a vaudevillian, for the revival of community sings. Actor Barnhart found he had a better act in the four-a-day when he had his audience chime in. . . . The Gillette community sing was first tried out on the regional Yankee network for ten weeks, before trying the big time. . . . Here agency men discovered that the 45 minute fiesta could stand a little comedy. . . . They hired Milton Berle, Wendell Hall, and Jones and Hare. . . . Berle works about 15 minutes on the program, then leaves the show up to the nation's assorted bathroom baritones and kitchen contraltos. . . . The most popular community sing tune is "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," written in 1910 by Leon Freedman and Beth Slater Withson. . . . "Sweetheart" has sold over 1,000,000 copies. But its royalties are turned over to Paul Pioneer, who bought the rights from Freedman, who is now a booking agent. . . . Sophisticated tunes like "Blase," "Blue Pajamas" and "Sophisticated Lady" are taboo for community sings over the air. . . . So are naughty Gay Nineties numbers. The best liked are the very old ones, or the very latest tunes, as surveyed by Lucky Strike's Hit Parade Sweepstakes program. . . . Red-haired Wendell Hall enjoys appearing on community sings because he likes to hear his own creations lustily sung again. . . . One of them is "Mellow Moon;" another is "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More." . . . The best voice heard among visitors to the studio belonged to a gentleman found singing in the fourth row. . . . He was Charles Hackett, tenor with the Metropolitan Opera Company. . . . In movie house community sings, the audience is familiarized with the tune when the organ runs over the number first. . . . On the radio, an electrical guitar runs up a chromatic scale to reach the proper key. . . . There isn't time to play the number first. . . . The only trouble experienced on Columbia's community sings, is that sometimes the slides come on the screen upside down. . . . This is annoying and amazing because the men who run the machine are union Motion Picture Operators; the same men who screen Hollywood's movies



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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 41)

band, and five new faces are to be seen with Ray Noble.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Bob Burns needn't think he has the last word in queer instruments in his bazooka. Ted Weems, the maestro for the Fibber McGee and Molly broadcasts, and also heard with his dance band on the Mutual system every Sunday, is pretty fond of his goofus horn, which is a cross between a bazooka and an Oriental water pipe. Figure that one out if you can.

Ted found the goofus horn in a pawn shop in Kentucky, and bought it at once simply because he'd never seen anything like it. He discovered that a firm in Paris is the only goofus horn manufacturer in the world.

The principle of the goofus horn is the same as that of an accordion, except that instead of the bellows used with the latter, air is blown through a rubber tube attached to a footlong circular brass tube. As on an accordion, the keys are arranged like the black and white keys of a piano; the range of tone is two octaves; and the tonal quality is a mixture of accordion and harmonica.

For Miss Robin Hannibal—Isham Jones' orchestra has about fifteen players—and when last heard from Isham was touring in the West. While we're on the subject of your letter, Clyde McCoy was the trumpet player (not trombone) who made "Sugar Blues" famous. He has his own band now at the Roseland in New York, and you can listen to him on the Mutual network.

For Gladys Brandt—Edith Dick and Buddy Clark are the vocal soloists on Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes. You'll find pictures of Edith, and the new winter fashions, on page 44 of this issue.

THEME SONG SECTION

All you dance-band enthusiasts seem to have lost your interest in theme songs lately—perhaps you know the signatures of practically all the established bands. At any rate, we haven't been getting the inquiries we used to.

Here's a theme song whose haunting beauty struck me so much the first time I heard it that I got to work and tracked it down. It's "Blue Reverie," which George Olsen has adopted as a signature tune since taking over the late Orville Knapp's band. An original composition, it's by Chick Floyd, who plays the electric organ in the Olsen orchestra.

Use the coupon below for answers to your questions. But remember, sometimes we've answered those questions elsewhere in Facing the Music.

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This Is Romance

(Continued from page 11)

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one could almost call them dreams, that Andre Kostelanetz built up about Lily Pons came out exactly as he expected. Lily proved to be, as a working artist, all that Andre had hoped she would be.

And how did Lily feel about Andre? Well, at first, her attachment was purely professional. She had a job to do, to bring music to people and make them like it. The man she worked with—Andre Kostelanetz—was the easiest, kindest individual in the radio world, and her attitude was more grateful than loving.

If observations do not fail us, we may believe that it was the combined Kostelanetz-Pons sense of humor that put their relationship on a more personal and human basis. To quote Andre again:

"It was on April Fools' Day, last year, shortly after Miss Pons' series had started, and I decided to play a little practical joke on her. As she stepped up to rehearse a song, I had the orchestra play four notes higher than the score. Her keen ears caught right on, and she sang right along with us, her eyes twinkling. So the joke was on me."

All during the series of rehearsals and broadcasts that followed there were many little incidents like that one which made, as the publicity girl remarked, the growing romance of Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz "so cute." Lily was scheduled to stay on Andre's program thirteen weeks—she stayed thirty-nine. Which should conclude clue number two.

AS their regard for each other grew, Andre's and Lily's attitude toward each other became more guarded. Only the most subtle caught the meaning in the commonplace things they spoke of to each other. Some people working on the Chesterfield program saw what was going on and then went about minding their own business. Others, even now, do not know anything about the actual feeling between Lily and Andre.

Clue number three. That supposedly sad day when Lily Pons was to leave the Chesterfield program, and embark for Hollywood to make her first talking picture, "I Dream Too Much." What would become of Andre? Would the distance of three thousand miles kill their romance?

If you had been playing this mystery game when you saw Lily Pons' picture, you would have found the answer to that question on the credit sheet of "I Dream Too Much." Under the title, "Musical Direction," was the name Andre Kostelanetz. Did Lily insist on Andre being given the job? And did he fly three thousand miles every week to be with Lily, or was his heart only in his work? It is only a clue, but remember it. Later on you will see all that it means.

Now we have this foundation, and these observations, and we come to the present. To the "today" clues. Upon what can we hang our today's observations? What is it that tells us that the Lily Pons-Andre Kostelanetz romance is at its peak? Lily won't talk. Andre won't, either—not much.

We say much, because we have talked with him just enough to know how he feels, to realize the terrific pressure he is under trying to keep his feeling for Lily Pons from being noticed.

Let's have a look at the clues on the inside of the Kostelanetz business office. On the walls are pictures of the artists who have worked with him. One picture of every star—with the exception of Lily Pons. There are three of her and they're in the most conspicuous places.



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We go down to lunch together to have a talk about the stars he has worked with, and his method of handling them. All very harmless enough, but does Andre bring up the name of Lily Pons? Not once. He runs the gamut of emotion from A to Z about every other star he has worked with—until every name has been covered except that of Lily Pons!

When her name is finally brought up, he actually blushes! "Yes," he says in his delightful accent, "Miss Pons is so easy to work with, a beautiful artist." And then, most amazing of all, he reaches in his breast pocket and takes out a small wallet. From it he extracts a tiny strip of film. He holds it up to the light. It is Lily.

Three separate pictures of her! He explains the details of the strip of film. Which part of it is the sound track. How it was made. What is most interesting to us is the look on Andre's face as he holds the celluloid up to the light and looks at the image of Lily Pons. When he has finished explaining the technicalities, he looks at the picture for an instant longer, and then places it meticulously back in his wallet.

"That is how she looks when she sings," he says quietly.

Where did he get the film? Was it a gift from Lily? Does it mean something to both of them? It is another clue, a link in the chain of evidence. We do not have to wonder about the look on Andre's face as he gazes at the little strip of film. The look alone almost tells the story.

AT this writing, Lily Pons has completed her second picture in Hollywood. Again it was Andre who flew to the West Coast every week to do the musical score on the picture. The day I talked to him, he was getting ready for another week-end trip to the coast. Clue? I should say so. Just why is Andre flying to the coast again? Simple deduction tells us that it isn't to work on the picture. The picture has been completed.

Listen to the conversation that took place between Andre and a gentleman in an elevator in the Columbia Broadcasting building. Said the gentleman:

"How was the trip last week, Andre?"
"All right," Andre answered, "although I got quite a scare. Just out of Denver something went wrong with one of the wings, and I thought we were going to have to make a forced landing in the mountains."

"I wouldn't make that trip for anything in the world," said the gentleman.

"Oh, it isn't so bad," Andre answered, "I get a little frightened now and then, but it is nothing."

"How do you like it out there?" the gentleman asked.

"Fine," Andre answered, "last week we went swimming, and we had a lot of fun." (Aside to detectives: note the *we*.)

"Going out again this week, Andre?" the gentleman asked as the elevator reached the ground floor.

"Yes," Andre Kostelanetz answered, and he smiled, "of course."

The conversation really tells a great deal. It gives you real perspective on this romance that both Lily and Andre have kept in the background for almost a year. Further, it throws a light on the type of man Andre Kostelanetz really is.

Flying, all told, six thousand miles a week. Flying through all kinds of weather and conditions, to be with Lily Pons.

A little afraid of the air—and yet traveling all that distance.

Even if Andre won't talk, we can't hold it against him. There isn't anything snobbish, or high-handed, in his silence. If

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!



● When old-style laxatives fail to bring relief from the headaches constipation causes—it's time to turn to FEEN-A-MINT. Because FEEN-A-MINT is different; it's the delicious chewing gum laxative, and what a difference that chewing makes! FEEN-A-MINT acts gently, yet thoroughly, in the lower bowel—not in the stomach.



● Your life can be so different when you're free from the chains of constipation! FEEN-A-MINT, the modern laxative brings relief so easily and pleasantly. No griping or upset stomach. No weakening after-effects. No disturbance of sleep when taken at night. Forget old-fashioned methods and join the 16 million people who have changed to FEEN-A-MINT, the modern laxative. Write for a free sample to Dept. 0-1, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

3" by 7"—25c each. Five for \$1.00. 8" by 10"—40c each. Three for \$1.00. From any negative or part of negative. Negatives made from pictures 25c each. Roll films developed and printed 39c a roll. 16 mm. movie film developed \$1.50 per 100 ft. Prompt, satisfactory service guaranteed. ROBERT SCOTT, Box 556, Saltsburg, Pa.

What Do You Do with Your Little Finger?

—when you pick up a glass or cup? . . . You know from watching others that charm and poise can be destroyed instantly by the misuse of hands. And by the same token, the correct use of your hands can become a tremendous social and business asset. Great actresses accomplish much of their poise by proper hand action. The makers of Frostilla—the famous skin lotion that keeps hands, face and body smooth and lovely—asked Margery Wilson, the international authority on charm and poise, to tell

- how to hold a cigarette
- how to pick up cards
- how to shake hands
- and how to make hands behave to the best advantage on all occasions

Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on How to Use Your Hands Correctly. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it without charge to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30th, 1937.

Just mail the front of a 35c, 50c or \$1.00 Frostilla Fragrant Lotion box (or two fronts from 10c sizes) and your copy will be sent FREE.

"FROSTILLA"
457 Gray Street, Elmira, N. Y.
Enclosed is Frostilla box front—therefore send me my copy of Margery Wilson's book on hands.



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

The Love I Had to Fight



"Get out and don't ever come back," he shouted.

"As she responded to my every touch, I knew intuitively just how she felt. In my new-found delirium I did not wish to speak or stop dancing—I just wanted to go on and on, endlessly, in rhythmic tide with Patty, holding her close, drowning myself in the unfathomable depths of her shadowy eyes. Tonight was forever—and it was ours!"

* * *

At last he had found the great love of his life. In an ecstasy of joy, his thoughts raced into the future—a blissfully happy future with this exquisite girl forever at his side, with their children growing up into proud manhood and womanhood. Oh, it was too good to be true!

And that's just what it proved to be—too good to be true. For the very next day he was to discover that, instead of embracing this love, he would have to fight it—fight it as if it were a plague. Could he do it? And if he didn't—But read for yourself this powerful and fascinating human document, "The Love I Had to Fight"—a true story so poignant, so deeply moving that the Editors of TRUE STORY awarded it a magnificent \$1000 prize in a recent true story manuscript contest. You will find it complete in TRUE STORY Magazine for December.

NOW ON THE SCREEN

If you would like to see re-enacted before your eyes the stories that have pleased you and touched you and moved you so deeply when you read them in True Story Magazine or heard them in the Friday night broadcasts of the True Story Court of Human Relations, be sure to urge the manager of your local theatre to show every one of the forthcoming True Story Court of Human Relations series sponsored by Columbia Pictures Corporation and based on stories from True Story Magazine. Already thousands of theatres throughout the country have arranged to feature these vivid ten minute dramatizations. Watch for them!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

EDITORIAL BY BERNARR MACFADDEN • MY STRANGER HUSBAND • THEY HANGED MY SON UNDER THE LINDBERGH ACT—IN WHICH MOTHER GOOCH TELLS THE YEAR'S MOST HEART-RENDING STORY • THE MAN WHO PLAYED SATAN • IN HIS DELIRIUM • WAS IT JUST BIG BROTHER LOVE • AND I WAS THE GUILTY ONE • EVEN THOUGH I WAS A MOTHER I MARRIED FOR MONEY • THE TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER AND MANY OTHER INTERESTING AND HELPFUL FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS.

TUNE IN THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, COAST TO COAST NBC RED NETWORK. SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR NEAREST STATION AND EXACT TIME. PRIZES!

True Story

DECEMBER—OUT NOW!

you have followed the clues, you must have seen the whole picture, and you must feel as we do, that there is something deep and fine, a feeling devoid of sensationalism, and filled with respect, in the manner that Andre Kostelanetz hides his feelings for Lily Pons.

Of course, all of us are a little bewildered—and excited. We don't know what will happen next. At any rate, we couldn't be more surprised at Andre's numerous week-end journeys than the colored porter who carries his bags at the Newark Airport. A few weeks ago he scratched his head when he saw Andre alight from the plane, and said:

"Mistuh, you all got to inspect this air line every week?"

If he only knew!

The Tragic Price Mary Marlin Paid for Success

(Continued from page 13)

escape. Perhaps it is true that everything is written, somewhere, years before it happens; that all our petty decisions are nothing but dust thrown into the wind.

Two days before the wedding her telephone rang.

"Miss Blaine? There's been an accident! You must come at once!"

An accident! He was hurt! Quick! Taxi, Mercy Hospital. Hurry! White walls, shiny floors, starched linen, the smell of antiseptics. A long hallway . . . an open door.

He lay very still. A doctor wrote something on a chart. Tenderly she bent over the bed, anxiously looked up at sober faces. Her eyes asked a question. Someone answered.

"Concussion."

"Will he . . .?"

They looked away.

Then, seeming to sense her presence, faintly he opened his eyes. He couldn't speak, but he tried to smile. Vainly tried to smile for the last time at the girl he loved before his face slowly relaxed, his eyes closed, he lay still. . . .

They took her home. Somehow the sleepless night dragged by, the endless hours into days. Somehow the master, Time, slowly began the process which partially heals even wounds of the heart. Somehow she finally allowed her maid to answer the phone.

"It's your agent, ma'am," she said. "He wants to know about the part."

"The part?"

"It's a new play. He says it's something you've always wanted to do."

"Oh, yes, I remember."

Absently she looked down at the furls of satin she held in her hands. A wedding gown, a wedding gown she would never wear. Slowly it slipped from her fingers.

"Tell him," she said softly, "tell him I shall take the part."

DO YOU THINK YOU KNOW JACK BENNY?

Then you're due for a series of shocks—all you have to do is read the story about him in the February issue on sale December 23.

Exposing Radio's Racketeers!

(Continued from page 16)

better he still has the prestige of a fine radio show at little cost to himself. If the racketeer knows his job, and he usually does, the advertiser is so bedazzled by the time the deal is closed that he doesn't notice the contract mentions no stars by name—just lumps them all together under the general heading of "vaudeville talent."

On the night of the broadcast an aggregation of third-rate, broken-down vaudevillians shows up at the studio; the show is terrible; the advertiser doesn't pay the balance of the money, but the program has still cost him far more than it was worth, and the promoter, after paying off his talent, has still made a nice chunk of profit.

Here's a practice which cheats both advertiser and listener. Mostly it's carried on by small foreign-language stations in big cities. A promoter buys an hour of time from the station. The station officials don't know what he's going to do with the hour; they ought to, but they don't bother to ask. Then the promoter peddles this hour piece-meal to independent merchants, taking whatever he can get for one or two minute "announcements" on the station. The program, as it finally emerges from the loudspeaker, consists of forty-five minutes of commercial blurbs and fifteen minutes of music, interspersed in snatches of a few bars each between selling talks. Here is the list of advertisers on a typical actual program—four restaurants, two butchers, two watchmakers, two candy stores, one dance hall, one travel agent, one bakery, two delicatessen stores, one women's dress shop, and one lingerie shop. The whole practice is a gross abuse of the commercial possibilities of radio, resulting in programs which are dull and irritating to listeners and of no possible value to advertisers.

AND while we're on the subject of foreign-language stations, let me tell you the one about the pastor of a foreign-language church who conducted a marriage bureau over one of these stations in New York. On his program he offered to introduce young people of his faith to each other, object matrimony. The racket, of course, was to perform the ceremonies for his boys and girls if they fell in love. And as a sideline racket he slipped numerous commercial blurbs for a furniture store into his radio talks!

A healthy slice of business for foreign-language stations comes from dentists and doctors. As no doubt you know, it is contrary to the medical code to advertise, but if a doctor advertises in a foreign tongue, it isn't likely that anybody but the people he wants to reach will know it.

Before you send money to a radio station, be reasonably sure in your own mind that the offer you are answering has been made in good faith. It's a pet gag for small stations to broadcast their own advertisements, asking you to send in ten cents for something or other—a cookbook, package of seeds, or similar household article. If an established commercial firm makes such an offer through a station, it is almost sure to be bona-fide, but if a station itself makes it, be careful, because you may not get the promised article. If you write in often and bitterly enough, you may at last receive it, but about nine out of ten people either give up after one try, forget about it, or decide that their letters or the merchandise got lost in the mail.

(Continued on page 79)



Does your
PAY ENVELOPE
keep you out
of this picture?

● If it does, do something about it! Get a raise in salary—but first get the training that will entitle you to this raise. Thousands of men in the same fix as you have gotten this training by spare-time study of an I. C. S. Course.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 2293-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost, please send me full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- Architect
- Architectural Draftsman
- Building Estimating
- Contractor and Builder
- Structural Draftsman
- Structural Engineer
- Electrical Engineer
- Electric Lighting
- Telegraph Engineer
- Telephone Work
- Management of Inventions
- Mechanical Engineer
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Patternmaker
- Foundry Practice
- Reading Shop Blueprints
- Heat Treatment of Metals
- Sheet Metal Worker
- Welding, Electric and Gas
- Civil Engineer
- Highway Engineer
- Surveying and Mapping
- Sanitary Engineer
- Steam Engineer
- Marine Engineer
- Bridge Foreman
- Building Foreman
- Diesel Engines
- Aviation Engines
- Automobile Work
- Plumbing
- Steam Fitting
- Heating
- Ventilation
- Air Conditioning
- Refrigeration
- Pharmacy
- R. R. Locomotives
- R. R. Section Foreman
- R. R. Signalmen
- Air Brakes
- Coal Mining
- Chemistry
- Fruit Growing
- Navigation
- Agriculture
- Cotton Manufacturing
- Woolen Manufacturing
- Poultry Farming

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- Business Management
- Industrial Management
- Traffic Management
- Cost Accountant
- C. P. Accountancy
- Bookkeeping
- Secretarial Work
- Salesmanship
- Service Station Salesmanship
- Advertising
- Business Correspondence
- Lettering Show Cards
- Stenography and Typing
- Civil Service
- Mail Carrier
- Railway Mail Clerk
- Grade School Subjects
- High School Subjects
- College Preparatory
- First Year College Subjects
- Illustrating
- Cartooning

DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES

- Professional Dressmaking and Designing
- Home Dressmaking
- Advanced Dressmaking
- Millinery
- Foods and Cookery
- Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

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

Present Position.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

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. 441, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

Hand Out FREE CIGARETTES

EARN UP TO \$95 WEEKLY Introducing NEW WAY TO SMOKE. We furnish you Free Cigarettes. Ask any man to have a Free Smoke. Hand him LIGHTED Cigarette from beautiful pocket-size "Magic Case". Just touch button. Presto! Out comes LIGHTED Cigarette automatically. No batteries or electricity. Get Magic Case for 15 days' trial at our risk. State favorite brand cigarettes. MAGIC CASE MFRS., Dept. A-4661, 4234 Cozens Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

This Beautiful Lifelike PHOTO RING NEWEST SENSATION! Send any NO MONEY! snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful crystal-like ring. 50c Indestructible! (Hand-tinted Waterproof! 25c extra) Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 50c we pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. 4, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLEANS CLOTHES New Way...Sells On Sight

NEW DRY-CLEANING CLOTHES BRUSH. Revolutionary invention. Banishes old-style clothes brushes forever. Never anything like it! Secret chemical plus unique vacuum action. Keeps clothing spic-and-span. Also cleans hats, drapes, window shades, upholstered furniture, etc. Saves cleaning bills. Low priced. AGENTS WANTED. Hustlers making phenomenal profits. 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., 431 Bar St., Akron, O.

RELIEF FROM PSORIASIS

Make THE ONE SPOT TEST with DERMOIL

Generous trial size 25c stamps or coin Dermoil has been 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. Nonstaining. Grateful users report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and their skin became clear again after years of suffering with scaly patches. Dermoil is backed by a positive agreement to give chronic sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. Beautifully illustrated book on psoriasis and Dermoil FREE. Trial bottle and amazing PROOF OF RESULTS 25c to those who send in druggist's name and address. Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried.

LAKE LABORATORIES Box 6, Northwestern Station Dept. M-17, Detroit, Michigan

AT LAST

IT'S double-acting FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. One ingredient-group coats irritated throat linings, thereby quickly relieving tickling, hacking; and checking coughing. The other group actually reaches the bronchial tubes, aids in loosening phlegm, breaking up cold, and speeding recovery. No stomach-upsetting drugs. Ideal for children, too. For speedy relief, speeded-up recovery, insist on—

A COUGH RELIEF that ALSO SPEEDS RECOVERY

FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR COMPOUND

BEGINNING NEXT MONTH

GREAT *new contest* SERIES

\$5,000.00
per month for

YOUR TRUE STORIES

Beginning with January, each month until further notice Macfadden Publications, Inc., will award \$5,000 in handsome cash prizes for true stories.

The first contest of this great new series opens on January 2nd and closes on January 29th, 1937. Ten prizes ranging from the magnificent first prize of \$1500 down to the substantial sum of \$250 will be paid for the ten best true stories received from January 2nd to January 29th inclusive.

Announcements regarding subsequent contests and prize schedules will appear in successive issues of several Macfadden magazines.

In the meantime prepare now to take advantage of the splendid opportunity offered by the January contest. Surely, at some period in your life you have lived or observed the working out of one or more true stories so vivid, so gripping, so emotionally compelling that men and women everywhere would be pleased and thrilled to read them.

These are the stories that we seek and will pay handsomely to secure. Begin to plan your first true story today. Send it in as soon as possible after January 1st and then prepare to take part in the February and subsequent contests. While it is a popular saying that "opportunity knocks but once" during the period of this contest series opportunity will knock *once each month*. Can you afford to miss such a chance to add substantially to your bank account?

If you have not taken part in true story manuscript contests in the past we urgently suggest that before actually beginning to write you send for a free copy of a booklet telling "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories". A coupon is provided for your convenience. It will be to your advantage to read this booklet carefully.

Watch the February issues of this and similar Macfadden magazines (on sale during January) for contest rules, prize schedule and other important details.

**MACFADDEN
PUBLICATIONS,
INC.**

122 EAST 42ND St.

NEW YORK

Macfadden Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 490		W.G.
Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.		
Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories".		
Name.....		
Street.....		
Town.....	State.....	
(Print name of state in full.)		

(Continued from page 77)

You can't always be sure of such offers even when they are made in the name of some commercial firm, unless you personally know the firm. Some stations make up fake names for non-existent firms, and put on programs supposedly sponsored by these firms. Let's take a special case, in order to make this racket clearer. You hear a program sponsored by a firm calling itself the Eiffel Tower Hosiery Co. The announcer says: "As a special introductory offer, we will send listeners to this program three pairs of fine Eiffel Tower silk stockings, a flask of Toujours Vous perfume, and a beautiful hand-embroidered linen handkerchief—all for the introductory price of one dollar!"

When the money starts to roll in the racketeering station manager hustles out to the nearest wholesale district, buys the cheapest and shoddiest hose, perfume, and handkerchiefs available, and mails it out. For her dollar the listener gets about forty cents worth of pure and assorted junk.

The point is, of course, that there is no Eiffel Tower Hosiery Co. It's just a fictitious name the station has thought up to lend credibility to its own racketeering scheme.

Do you think that every time you hear something on the air you are hearing live talent unless the announcer says, "This is an electrical transcription," or otherwise tags the program as a recording? Yes, I know that according to law that is what he is supposed to do, but in practice this law is frequently violated outright or neatly evaded. This is how it is evaded in some stations: The announcer says, "You all know Bing Crosby from his radio broadcasts and his records. Here he is." The word "records" is included in the announcement, you see, and presumably that makes everything all right, even if the listener is left with the impression that he's listening to Bing in person.

HAVE you ever heard your local announcer, at the end of a network program, cut in and say that the program you just listened to was sponsored by So-and-so? And have you thereupon been pleased because one of your favorite sustaining artists had gained a commercial? You shouldn't be. The network doesn't know about it, the star doesn't know about it. What has happened is that your local station has turned a non-commercial program into a commercial one by selling it to a local advertiser and keeping the money.

You must always be on your guard against false and misleading advertising claims on small stations. The penalty is loss of a station's license to operate, but the advertising claims are sometimes so difficult to check on that it is hard to stop the practice completely. One case is typical. A clothing company was advertising over a western station, something like this: "Add one dollar to the price of any garment from \$15 to \$50 in our stock, and

receive two instead of one. And upon entering our store, mention this broadcast. If you do that, and make a two-garment purchase, you will be given two seats to next week's prize fight absolutely free!"

Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? It was. Investigation revealed that the store in question not only failed to include some of its suits in the two-for-one offer, but that the prices marked on the clothes which were included, were exactly one hundred percent higher than they should have been—in other words, twice the proper amount for a single suit. Moreover, if a customer mentioned the broadcast upon entering the store he was really tipping off the salesman to charge him top prices—because he was a sucker!

QUESTIONABLE accounts carried by small stations include advertising for medicines and remedies which have been condemned as worthless by government investigators. Astrologers and fortune-tellers are also heard, promising to reveal your past and future life—even though the law clearly states that such people are not to be allowed on the air.

Then there is the inevitable involved and complicated dodge which appears to an observer to mean so much hard work that the racketeer would be better off earning an honest living. Some performers go on the air for months absolutely free, taking not a cent of money from the small station they're heard over. Their racket is to ask listeners for letters containing little incidents which may be incorporated into the program, or for letters on some other subject, perhaps. What the racketeers want are the letters. In time, they collect an immense list of names and addresses. Then they quit the air, get themselves a suitcase full of cheap books, and start out on a house-to-house canvass of the people who have written in. They have no difficulty getting to see their prospects, because the latter already know them by name, and are more or less flattered to be receiving a visit from a radio "star."

Rackets—some of them petty, but all of them big enough to gather in hundreds of thousands of dollars in illegal money. Radio is infested with them, and for its own sake it must clean house. Probably there are other rackets of which I know nothing—new and ingenious schemes for trapping the unwary. That is why you who read this, all over the country, must be on your guard for new tricks as well as those I've told you about here. Wiping out the rackets is too big a job for radio and the F. C. C. to handle without your help in pointing out where to attack. Have you too suffered—either at the cost of your money or your time—at the hands of the racketeers? If you have, or if you should in the future, write to the editor of RADIO MIRROR or to the Federal Communications Commission in Washington and help to prevent others from being victimized in the same way.

Be a RADIO EXPERT



Learn to Make \$30, \$50, \$75 a WEEK
I'll train you at home in spare time



Chief Operator Broadcasting Station

"When I completed 20 lessons, I obtained my Radio Broadcast Operator's license and immediately joined Station WMPC, where I am now Chief Operator."—**HOLLIS F. HAYES**, 85 Madison St., Lapeer, Mich.



Own Business Pays \$300 a Month

"I now have my own Radio business, which shows three hundred dollars a month profit—thanks again to National Radio." **FRANK T. REESE**, 39 N. Felton St., Philadelphia, Penna.



Earned \$50 First Month in Spare Time

"I knew nothing about Radio. After four lessons I began servicing Radios, earning \$50 the first month. Last winter I made as high as \$100 a month in spare time."—**G. F. WALTON**, 808 West Olney Road, Norfolk, Va.

Do you want to make more money? Broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, station managers and pay up to \$5,000 a year. Spare time Radio set servicing pays as much as \$200 to \$500 a year—full time servicing jobs pay as much as \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Many Radio Experts own their own full or part time Radio businesses. Radio manufacturers and jobbers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, servicemen, paying up to \$6,000 a year. Radio operators on ships get good pay and see the world. Automobile, police, aviation, commercial Radio, and loud speaker systems offer good opportunities now and for the future. Television promises many good jobs soon. Men I trained have good jobs in these branches of Radio.

Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Practically every neighborhood needs a good spare time serviceman. The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets. They show you how to do Radio repair jobs that you can cash in on quickly. Throughout your training I send plans and ideas that have made good spare time money for hundreds of fellows. I send special equipment which gives you practical experience—shows you how to conduct experiments and build circuits which illustrate important Radio principles.

Find Out What Radio Offers You—Mail Coupon

Mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It's free to any fellow over 16 years old. It describes Radio's spare time and full time opportunities, also those coming in Television; tells about my Training in Radio and Television; shows you actual letters from men I have trained, telling what they are doing and earning; tells about my Money-Back Agreement. MAIL COUPON in an envelope, or paste on a postcard—NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. 7ATB
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

J. E. SMITH, President,
Dept. 7ATB,
National Radio Institute,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and explains your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio experts. (Please Write Plainly.)

NAME.....AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....



HOW ABOUT A DATE WITH ONE OF RADIO'S RICH AND HANDSOME BACHELORS?

Do you think you could qualify or make such a good impression you'd be asked out again? Check up on yourself by reading the fascinating revelations in the February Issue of

RADIO MIRROR

The One Broadcast Hollywood Fears

(Continued from page 29)

fear, envy, and sometimes respect, in the talk. Most of them admit that they need not be afraid if they conduct themselves like ladies and gentlemen. But they can't help resenting it when Jimmy takes them to task.

Let's take a look into some of Fidler's methods and see what sort of chap this bogey man of Hollywood really is.

Always ready to fight for the underdog, he recently raised his voice until Hollywood realized that more than one old time star needed financial help. Because of his campaign, and because he was not afraid to mention names, many of your old-time favorites are now receiving contracts to studios, or preferred extra calls which they so sadly needed.

When a certain producer tried to force his attentions on a young starlet, whom he had just put under contract, she went to Jimmy. He related the incident on the air! Withholding names but telling the producer that unless he stopped annoying the girl his name would be announced on the next broadcast.

The following morning two thugs called on Fidler, and politely informed him that unless he laid off, something very mussy and unpleasant would happen to him. Before he went on the air again, Fidler sent word to the producer to be sure and listen in. He announced the visit of the producer's henchmen and informed the producer that if anything unpleasant happened to him, the entire case, a record of which now reposed in the safe-deposit box of his attorney, would be given to the newspapers. The girl was never molested again!

SOMETIMES Jimmy pays for inside tips and then, again, sometimes, not. It depends entirely on the motivation of the person who gives the information—and upon whether or not he actually needs the money.

One of Fidler's most satisfactory and hard hitting ways of bringing the stars up on their toes is reading an open letter to them over the air.

Once, when he chided Carole Lombard for taking two of Glenda Farrell's boy friends away from her in quick succession the trade papers, and his old enemy, the

Screen Actors' Guild, went to his sponsors and tried to have him removed from the air. But the sponsors seemed to see things Jimmy's way!

"The greatest response I ever received from an open letter," Jimmy told me, "was when I wrote to Robert Taylor and told him that unless he quit being a champion playboy he would lose Irene Hervey. He did lose her to Allan Jones, but, in that instance, the fans did not like my letter!" Jimmy grinned.

"I suppose some people regard me as a Public Enemy," said Jimmy, "but why should anyone in Hollywood be afraid of me unless he has a guilty conscience? If I see what looks to me like a wrong, I try to use what influence I have to right it. If I see someone getting out of line, I try to push or help him back in. I defy anyone to point out a single instance where I have broadcast or printed anything to hurt a reputation or defame a character."

Now, you are probably wondering what sort of chap this Jimmy Fidler is. A little about the fellow whose shadow hangs ever across Hollywood's sins and misdeeds. If you were introduced to him you would find him a rather slender, blond man, a typical man-about-town, well but never over-dressed, charming and with a smile that you'd remember. He never knows what it is to relax and his reservoir of energy seems endless. He paces the floor like a caged lion when he talks.

He was born in St. Louis but spent his boyhood in Memphis which accounts for the South in his radio voice. He has been married three times, once at a tender age, and that first marriage lasted only a year. His next marital try was with an actress, Dorothy Lee—and such marriages rarely work out in Hollywood. Today he has found his true heart's desire, a girl who loves to sit at home with him and who does not demand the night spots.

The business side of Fidler's life is equally interesting. He was a western editor for a magazine which paid him a salary of \$500 a month. He earned another \$300 by writing for other magazines. He earned almost \$10,000 a year, a sum not to be lightly cast aside—but that is

exactly what Jimmy did when he decided to become a radio commentator!

"Before becoming a magazine editor," Jimmy explained, "I had been a personal publicity agent to stars. I helped such stars as Janet Gaynor, Wally Reid, Edmund Lowe, Marion Nixon, Rudolph Valentino, Betty Compson, and many more to positions of wealth and fame by my efforts on their publicity campaigns. I discovered how avidly fans listened to news and gossip of Hollywood, and vowed if I ever found a medium that would satisfactorily bring this information to people I would jump at the chance of doing the job. Radio proved to be the answer, so I gave up everything and resolved to build myself into a radio personality. If I could make others rich and famous, why not Jimmy Fidler?"

It was with this sort of faith that Jimmy gave up his \$10,000 a year income, and for more than a year interviewed stars on the Hollywood on the Air program. And without one cent of compensation!

At last his efforts bore fruit in the way of a national broadcast. That was the turning point. Sponsors, his daily news column, and the Fox Movietone News job followed in rapid order.

Success hasn't changed Jimmy Fidler very much. He has some fundamental rules which he never breaks. He doesn't mind telling them:

"I take great pains never to obligate myself to anyone in Hollywood. That is a hard and fast rule because I don't want my hands tied by some personal obligation if I am forced to take a swat some time. I never attend the many press parties, for I can't afford to accept the hospitality of a star and then later rake him or her over the coals. I'm duty bound to my job. It has been a long, steep climb but I see sunshine ahead. Now that I am on the air all the year around, I'll give my listeners *all* the news that is fit to talk," he smiled, "and get away with it too!"

If the past is any indication of the future, Jimmy will do just that. Our celebrities will toe the mark—or pay the price. It is the sort of price which money cannot buy—that is why Jimmy Fidler has the broadcast which all Hollywood fears!

Set the Stage With Soup

(Continued from page 47)

chicken soup with a bit of flour added for thickening, may be used in a rice ring.

No doubt you have used canned tomato soup in preparing Swiss steak, but have you tried it with veal chops? Brown the chops in butter, pour a can of tomato soup over them and simmer, covered, for fifteen minutes. Turn, baste thoroughly with the soup, and continue simmering for fifteen minutes more. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and set under the broiler flame until the cheese has browned.

Macaroni and spaghetti are on the preferred list in the Keech cuisine, and these standbys, too, Mrs. Keech dresses up with canned soup. She makes a sauce for spaghetti by browning in sweet butter thin slices of frankfurter (the skins are to be removed first), then adding a can of tomato soup, half a glass of milk, plenty of pepper, and simmering until it is of the desired consistency. With this, Kel likes

lettuce, with Mrs. Keech's special Roquefort cheese dressing.

Macaroni à la Keech is prepared as follows: place a layer of cooked macaroni in a buttered casserole, cover with a layer of hard boiled egg slices, spread with cream of spinach soup and dot with butter. Repeat until the casserole is filled, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven.

On those rush days when Kel has only a few minutes between broadcasts for lunch he is likely to order poached eggs on toast—but poached eggs with a difference. Sometimes they are poached in chicken consommé, sometimes in tomato soup, sometimes in beef bouillon, but never in plain water.

When you arrive home late in the afternoon because your bridge game has lasted longer than usual, do you worry about what can be prepared most easily and quickly so that dinner won't be de-

layed too long? Next time that happens, try Mrs. Keech's suggestion of salmon with pea soup, or cheese with tomato soup. For the former, drain the oil from a can of salmon, remove skin and bones and place in the upper part of a double boiler. Add a can of pea soup (undiluted) and heat through. If the mixture is too stiff—it should be the same consistency as any creamed dish—add milk gradually until the desired consistency is reached. Serve on buttered toast.

Cheese with tomato soup is prepared in the same way, the proportions being one half pound of cheese to one can of tomato soup. Serve on buttered toast or crackers.

Mrs. Keech has other delightful suggestions for using canned soups which shall be sent to you, together with recipes for Kel's favorite salads and desserts. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS

"WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.



Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard pro-

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

*functional disorders

prietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Season's Greetings

FROM
R-J-REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
 MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
 PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO



At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200 cigarettes.

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. (right, above)

Camels



There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to *your* gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And *enjoyed!* With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Prince Albert



It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for *themselves*—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning... to wish *your* friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.



One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. (far left)

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. (near left)

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