

ROUGH COPY

Radio MIRROR

FEBRUARY

10¢
A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION



Can THE
LAWYERS DRIVE
GOODWILL
COURT
OFF THE AIR?

GINGER ROGERS—
Television's Ideal



At Last!

Answering All
Your Questions
About
TELEVISION

COMPLETE WORDS
AND MUSIC TO A
FAMOUS THEME
SONG IN THIS
ISSUE

ROUGH COPY

Do you
take hearts
by storm?



YES, IF YOUR MAKE-UP'S NATURAL

WHAT IS BEAUTY FOR—if not to set masculine hearts athrob—if not to bring the thrill of conquests—if not to sing little songs of happiness in your heart when he admires? Make-up's so important—especially your rouge!

There's nothing beautiful about rouge that looks painted, that outlines itself as a splotch. But Princess Pat rouge—*duo-tone*—Ah, there is beauty!


All over the world smartly-groomed women say Princess Pat rouge is their favorite. Let's discover its secret of utterly *natural* color. Your rouge—unless it is Princess Pat—most likely is one flat tone. But Princess Pat rouge is duo-tone.

There's an undertone that blends with an *overtone*, to change magically on your skin. It becomes richly beautiful, vital, *real*—no outline. The almost

incredible, astounding effect is that of color coming from within the skin, just like a natural blush. You'll be a glamorous person with Princess Pat rouge—irresistible. Try it—and see.



mail coupon
now!

Princess Pat cosmetics  are non-allergic!

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

TUNE IN — "A TALE OF TODAY" with Joan Blaine, NBC Red Network—every Sunday 6:30 P.M., E.S.T.

FREE

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 792
2709 South Wells Street, Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> English Tint | <input type="checkbox"/> Poppy | <input type="checkbox"/> Gold |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Squaw | <input type="checkbox"/> Vivid | <input type="checkbox"/> Tan |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Medium | <input type="checkbox"/> Theatre | <input type="checkbox"/> Nile |

One sample free; additional samples 10c each.



Name.....

Street.....

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

IN CANADA, GORDON GORDON LTD., TORONTO

ROUGH COPY

Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums



ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... help keep your gums healthy with Ipana and Massage.

SHE'LL sit by the hour for the latest finger wave, spend dollar after dollar on beauty aids, and fret and worry over the first sign of a skin blemish. But her friends and even strangers seldom notice these things. They only see her smile—a disappointing smile—a smile that is *dull, dingy* and *unsightly*—a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile *still* could be attractive—with teeth sparkling, white and brilliant. But not until she does something about her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the *meaning* of that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush.

Heed that Tinge of "Pink"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*go to your dentist*. You may not be in for serious trouble—but *let him decide*. More than likely, however, he will lay the blame to our modern menus—to the soft foods that rob our gums of necessary work. And

usually he will suggest more work for those lazy, tender gums and the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

If he does, start with Ipana and massage today. Use it faithfully. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll notice a new life and firmness as circulation quickens in the gums.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier gums, how appealing your smile will be; how *brilliant, sparkling*. Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today, and help make your smile the lovely, attractive thing it ought to be.

Remember

a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



IPANA Tooth Paste

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On Sale January 22



In Pittsburgh is the luxurious home of Dave Rubinoff's parents, the home he gave them in return for their many sacrifices to help him win success. Don't miss the touching story his parents tell next month of these sacrifices and how they were repaid.

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PORTRAIT OF GINGER ROGERS

BY GEORGIA WARREN

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NATURE IS *Stingy* WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

THIS BEAUTIFUL ENAMEL..ONCE WORN AWAY..
NEVER GROWS BACK—NEVER!



be
safe.

Protect precious enamel.
Once lost, it's gone forever. Be safe and win
flashing new luster with
absolute security!

Nature restores skin, hair, nails—but never
tooth enamel. Those precious surfaces,
once worn away, are gone forever. Beauty
goes with them... decay attacks teeth...
the days of enchanting young teeth are over.

Guard those precious surfaces! Now
science brings you the *utterly safe* tooth
paste. One that cleans by an entirely new
principle. That uses no chalk or grit or
harsh abrasive.

Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM

Pepsodent containing IRIUM brings flashing
luster to teeth—cleans them immaculately—
freshens mouth—stimulates gums and free flow-
ing saliva—yet does so with the *safest action ever
known in tooth pastes.*

Because IRIUM—the thrilling new dental
ingredient—removes film without scouring or
scraping. It *lifts* the clinging plaque off teeth
and washes it gently away. It leaves the enamel
surfaces *spotlessly clean*—then polishes them to a
brilliant luster you never even *saw* before!

It's an *amazing* advance in tooth beauty and
safety. In just a few days your teeth sparkle with
alluring brilliance that everyone *notices*. Buy a
tube of Pepsodent containing IRIUM. Begin *now*
to use this new method that brings flashing
luster to your teeth with *absolute safety*.

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..

Pepsodent contains NO GRIT
NO PUMICE—*Utterly Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..

Pepsodent contains NO SOAP.. NO
CHALK. Gently floats film away,
instead of scrubbing it off.
—Utterly Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..

Pepsodent tones up gums and
promotes free-flowing saliva.
—Utterly Refreshing!

Pepsodent alone among
Tooth Pastes contains **IRIUM**

be safe.

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS **IRIUM**



WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW



By JAY
PETERS

PRESS-TIME FLASHES: Witty and wisecracking James J. Walker, New York's ex-play-boy mayor, should make his debut as a news commentator shortly. Sponsors regard his remarkable

gift of gab and ingratiating personality as potential star material . . . Rudy Vallee is negotiating with producers to star him in a legitimate play on Broadway . . . Major Bowes turns down a quarter of a million dollars to work in the movies because it wouldn't be fair to his sponsor.

Jean Harlow, offered plenty for a solo session with the mike in New York, declines, claiming she hasn't the courage to run the gauntlet of autograph fiends. A brand new reason for not broadcasting . . . 520,000 visitors passed through the portals of Radio City during 1936, 55,000 more than last year's record. At forty cents a head, it means the tidy sum of \$208,000 paid out for a peek behind the scenes of broadcastland.

Two old timers in show business, Billy B. Van and Gus Edwards, are on the verge of signing with sponsors for network programs . . . the networks taboo any humorous mention of Mrs. Wallie Simpson and King Edward, though they are the most discussed topic in the world . . . Gossips see a romance budding between Kay Thompson of the Chesterfield program and Jack Jenny, saxophonist with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra.

* * *

So many programs originating in Hollywood are creating such a demand for film stars that salaries have gone haywire, and this development is forcing some of the shows to move back East. When this column was compiled, the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency, producer of the Lux Radio Theater and Shell Chateau sessions, was again contemplating with favor Radio City, where plenty of talent of all kinds is constantly on tap. On the Pacific, stars once content with \$2,000 a broadcast are demanding—and getting—\$5,000, and sponsors find the cost of programs mounting beyond all reason.

* * *

Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson of *Dangerous Paradise* fame will return Jan. 4 in a new dramatic serial.

Columbia's staff of announcers is in the throes of a shake-up. It follows a new rule imposed by its Artists Bureau that announcers must give up to the bureau twenty per cent of their salaries in commissions for any extra money earned splicing on commercial programs, for news reels, transcriptions, etc. Carlyle Stevens and Del Sharbut promptly turned in their resignations to become free-lance mikemen and others are following in their footsteps. The departure of Sharbut provided an opening at the New York headquarters for Ralph Edwards, formerly of KFRC on the West Coast.

* * *

Jack Benny becomes Public Entertainer No. 1 in the Crosley Reports, the sponsors' Bible, replacing Major Edward Bowes who occupied that exalted position for two years. Critics assign much of the credit to Benny's new script writer, Al Boasberg, for ten years a movie scenarist and director.

Sears, Roebuck and Company, going strong for picture celebrities for its Then and Now program, hands Francis Lederer \$3,500 for a single broadcast and considers Ronald Coleman at \$7,500! Is that the reason for its sudden departure from the air?

* * *

With applications for new broadcasting stations being filed with the Federal Communications Commission at the rate of twenty-five weekly, the rush to the Ether Eldorado is on in earnest. Fifty new transmitters (Cont. on page 71)

Jack Pearl grins in pleasure over being back on the air as the Baron. Here he is with Mrs. Pearl.



(above) "SKIN LIKE SANDPAPER after this snowy trip!" Hinds soaks chapped skin smooth again. Its Vitamin D is *absorbed*—actually seems to fill out skin. Creamy, not watery—Hinds works better!



SHE NEEDS HELP! Her skin will, too—so chapped! That's when Hinds, with its Vitamin D, feels so good. It comforts chapped skin *faster*.



PRETTY GIRL, pretty dress. "But with this chapped skin, I'll look a sight!" Smooth your skin with Hinds, the vitamin lotion. Its Vitamin D is actually *absorbed* by skin. Now, more than ever, Hinds creamy softeners soak scuffed, chapped skin soft again. Face and hands bloom out truly smooth—not just slick.

**CHAPPED HANDS
FEEL GOOD, LOOK GRAND**

Sooner!

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!



SCRUB THE TUB...but save your hands with Hinds. Skin stays smooth—regardless of gritty cleansers, drying soaps. Hinds is creamy...not watery. And now contains Vitamin D that skin actually *absorbs!*

FREE!

The first one-piece dispenser
—with every
50c size



©Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

Now...Hinds contains "Sunshine Vitamin" that skin absorbs

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. Vitamin D is *absorbed* by the skin and gives it many of the benefits of sunshine. Actually seems to fill out dry skin! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens dryness, aids skin in its fight against cracked knuckles, chapping, tenderness, heat, cold, wind, and housework. Promotes supple, soft skin. Try Hinds, the "sunshine vitamin" lotion. Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does your skin *more* good! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone...inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty, Monday to Friday, 12:15 p.m. E. S. T. over the WABC—CBS Network.

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

CINCINNATI: Those sighs and repressed cries you hear in the background of the program over the Mutual Network from 10 to 10:45 P. M. EST, every Monday, are real. Those sighs and cries come from some hundred privileged spectators who are watching the Famous Jury Trials program go on the air at WLW.

When the audience is seated for this drama—written by Don Becker from data based on actual outstanding cases in the country's history and assembled by the prominent New York trial attorney, Martin H. Young—it faces a complete courtroom setting. The judge, Richard Kay Keith, sits on his high bench. At his left is the witness chair. Immediately in front sits the clerk, who is E. J. Rogers, casting director of WLW. The production man, Harold Carr, gives his last minute instructions to the cast. Final adjustments are made on guns, chains, and other sound effects by the chief technician, Don Winget, Jr.

The actors in their places, Announcer Peter Frant introduces the show and the ringing voice of the bailiff calls the court to order. From here on the tenseness is comparable only to a courtroom murder trial. As the prosecution addresses the jury, the witness—if the script is dramatic enough—breaks down . . . the defense attorney shouts back . . . the bailiff jumps to his feet . . . a scream . . . a woman has fainted. It is all so real that the audience, no longer in a studio but a real courtroom, comes to its feet.

By **RUSS KING**

Judge Keith pounds for order and the actor-bailiff, whispering away from the mike, calms some spectator, reminding him that a program is on the air. As the state rests and the defense addresses the jury in presenting its case, those "ohs" and "ahs" you hear are the natural reactions of an audience vitally concerned with the trial it is witnessing.

When Announcer Grant signs off at 10:45 P. M., the audience, hesitant for a moment, rises and visibly reflects the letdown after the forty-five minutes of tenseness. The attorney who a few minutes before was shaking his fist in the face of a witness, incurring the wrath of the court and the spectators, is talking and laughing with that witness. That realism of a few minutes before, now—and only now—reveals itself for what it was: just another script, but a script expertly written and acted. As the audience trails out it is evident that many have not yet fully assured themselves the courtroom scene just witnessed was not the real thing.

* * *

YESTERDAY'S STARS???

This department is accustomed to letters but hardly such a flood as the December RADIO (Continued on page 73)

Below, a fascinating character study of Jimmie Stevenson in action at a WJR microphone during one of his programs as a star news broadcaster.

Below, left to right, William Green, Richard Keith, and Sidney Slon, who help make those Famous Jury Trials over WLW every Monday night such realistic radio broadcasts.

Forster Studio





LISTERINE SAYS "Hurry-up" to Nature's Healing Process

Feel chilly? . . . Uneasy? . . . With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?

Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing. Prompt action may prevent much needless suffering. Or hasten the healing process. Thus ending the cold or sore throat sooner.

Don't Treat Symptoms Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely *antiseptic*—NOT *anesthetic*. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Additional precautions? Certainly. The Common Cold calls for common sense hygiene; plenty of fresh air, rest, and sleep; and regular elimination.

But gargle frequently with Listerine Antiseptic, several times a day at least. Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds . . . and got rid of them faster . . . than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



Even in the throats of healthy persons, disease-producing germs are found at all times. X-ray photographs of garglers indicate how Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches the germs on throat-surfaces.



Now a finer Cough Drop
by LISTERINE
Wisely Medicated



A Clean Face

IS THE SECRET OF RADIANT
BEAUTY



● Beauty authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—for a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach; but its special

action makes Golden Cleansing Cream many times more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

See for yourself, tonight, how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store, for just \$1.00.

Daggett & Ramsdell GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Copy. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

 <p>MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST!</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? • Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. Your tissue shows <i>more</i> dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing. 	<p style="text-align: right;">Dept. MF-3</p> <p>Daggett & Ramsdell Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue New York City</p> <p>Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)</p> <p>Name..... Street..... City..... State..... Dealer's Name.....</p>
--	---

MORE NEWS

ON THE
HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By RUTH GERI

TOUGH SLEDDING! In sharp contrast to the notable successes of Don Ameche, Vin (Myrt & Marge) Haworth and Lionel Stander, who came from radio to Hollywood, other air-wave actors and actresses find the path to movie fame discouragingly rocky. Art Jacobsen, Donald Briggs, Dorothy Page, and Shaindel Kalish all were stars in Chicago.

Yet Jacobsen is merely twiddling his thumbs, tied up by contracts which prevent him from doing other work. Briggs has spent most of his time in a hospital repairing bones broken when he filmed a Western without a double. Dorothy Page, catapulted into the movies after winning the title of radio queen, was dropped at the expiration of her option. Shaindel Kalish has been successively renamed Anne Preston, for Universal, who had her chestnut hair tinted red, then Judith Blake, at RKO, where she was made a blonde.

Fourth Estaters are faring better. Bill Cooper, who authored Lights Out and other big Chicago script shows, is profitably at work at 20th Century-Fox, and the other night, at Jimmy Wallington's party for the cast of "Scandals"

Kenny Baker (below) finishes his song on Jack Benny's program to take part in RADIO MIRROR'S special NBC anniversary broadcast.



I ran into Bob Andrews, one of radio's most prolific penmen. The originator of Skippy, Betty and Bob, Jack Armstrong and other shows still finds time to keep Just Plain Bill and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch running while he also bats out picture stuff for Sam Goldwyn. In his spare time, if any, Bob boasts, with justification, of his new five-months-old daughter Deidre.

TRUTH WILL OUT. There have been so many conflicting reports concerning the Fred Astaire-Packard show it's time the truth were told—so here it is, straight from the feed-box. The stories that Astaire wanted to be released because he felt Charlie Butterworth was stealing the show or because he couldn't work out enough dance routines for radio are all wet. Astaire told me he'd like to drop his radio work during the more strenuous portion of the shooting on his new picture because the mental and physical strain of the dual assignment was too much. The fact he didn't drop the radio show sets him in a class by himself as a real trouper, for the reason he didn't is that his pal, Johnny Green, turned down a lot of big offers to work on the Astaire show and Fred didn't want to seem unappreciative.

SCOOP!!! Willie and Eugene Howard will remain on the road with "Scandals" until late in March, when they will return to New York, take a two-weeks' rest, (Continued on page 89)

Below, Robert Taylor, whose appearance in the Lux Theater precipitated a near riot. Too many of his loyal fans succeeded in crashing the gate.



"I'm most certainly grateful to Camay"

SAYS THIS CHARMING WISCONSIN BRIDE



BELOIT, WIS.

Camay?—I wouldn't be without it! It's so pleasant to use, so quick in results. Yes, I'm most certainly grateful to Camay.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Jane Sherman Clark

(Mrs. Edward G. Clark, Jr.)

"THE bride carried orchids, wore white velvet with old lace"—a charming picture, but then what a lovely bride! For Mrs. Edward Clark, Junior, has joyous blue eyes, hair like blond satin, a complexion that's as fresh, as fair, as spring itself! And she keeps it so (just as you should yours) by daily care with deep-cleansing Camay.

It's exhilarating!—the mere touch of Camay's deliciously fragrant lather! And how clear, how

satin-smooth it makes your skin, even in coldest skin-trying weather. Camay's so soothing for Camay's so mild—provably milder than all other beauty soaps, by actual tests on women's skins.

Begin Camay care of your skin today. The price is very low!

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Test

THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE AND UPLIFT BRASSIERE

... at our Expense!

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES, IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!



GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately

IF YOU Do Not

Reduce

AT LEAST . . .

3 INCHES in 10 DAYS . . . it will COST YOU NOTHING!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr.

Thousands of other women today owe their slim youthful figures to this quick, safe way to reduce. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense? Immediately Appear Inches Slimmer!

fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are other Perfolastic wearers!

Perfolastic Reduces Safely . . . Quickly Without Diet, Drugs or Exercise!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness! The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. **You Risk Nothing; Mail Coupon NOW!**

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely and quickly!

PERF

Reduce

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 282, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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

41 EAST 42nd ST. NEW YORK CITY

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

MANY thought the amateur craze was just a fad—but little did we think how far amateurs could go. Now it's Major O'Keefe and his Dramateurs! In other words, it's the Saturday Night Party heard over the NBC red network at eight o'clock, for a full hour. Listen in and tell us what you think of it, as well as of the many other new winter programs. The prizes are as usual, \$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best, and \$1.00 each for the next five selected. Address your letter to the Editor, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, not later than January 25.

\$20.00 PRIZE

AS ONE SALESMAN TO ANOTHER

About two years ago, as my knack in getting orders was getting really sour on me, I began to worry. The more I worried the worse things got. My health became impaired and I went to a doctor who gave this wonderful advice: "Put a radio in your car and get your mind off yourself."

Did it work? I'll tell the world it did. The first prospect I breezed into thought my jokes were extremely funny—he did not know that while on the lonely road, fifty miles long, I took in those jokes from the air. I had the same experience with others. Everyone seemed interested in radio.

If you're a brooder as I was, take a tip from me and follow that doctor's advice.

PATRICK M. FRAWLEY,
Elmsford, New York.

\$10.00 PRIZE

A MIGHTY GOOD HABIT.

Every time I hear Bing Crosby on the Kraft Show, I am reminded of the time I had trying to hear him a few years ago. We'll say about the time "The Blue of the Night First Met the Gold of the Day."

My daughter and her very young son were staying with me at the time, and young son wasn't interested in crooners.

Fortunately for my daughter and me, each evening about the time Bing was due on the air, an ice-cream man passed our door. This is what happened for weeks when Bing was on: Dinner over, one of us turned to dial for NBC and Bing, spread a blanket on the floor for young son while the other watched at the door, money in hand to get a small

cup of ice-cream to keep young son quiet so that we might enjoy our favorite program.

This young man who is eight years old now, said only lately: "I sure like Mr. Crosby, Grandmother. But it seems I've been listening to him just 'bout all my life. Mother says he's a mighty good habit."

EDITH BUSE, Hynes, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"JUST FED UP"

And now the gangster comes to radio with a vengeance! If a program needs a little pepping up, just throw in a gangster, or several gangsters! This leaves the way open to threatening letters, warning telephone calls and mysterious disappearances. Add to the gangster element the other woman angle, and you have a real knockout—so the sponsors of the majority of daytime serials think. But the public thinks otherwise. The serial quickly loses balance and humor and is dialed off by hundreds of listeners. The long standing popularity of One Man's Family is notable and should give sponsors an idea of what the public wants. We don't want gangsters and cheap melodrama!

MRS. H. RAYMOND LAWTON,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

(Continued on page 60)

"Tally-ho!" That's when Portland Hoffa appears on the scene on Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight program.



"A COLD"

Be *doubly careful* about the laxative you take!



WHAT is one of the most frequent questions the doctor asks when you have a cold? It is this—"Are your bowels regular?"

Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know, also, the importance of choosing the *right* laxative at this time. Before they will give any laxative their approval, they make *doubly sure* that it measures up to their own strict specifications.

Read these specifications. They are very important—not only during the "cold season," but all year 'round.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by 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

Ex-Lax checks on every single one of these 8 specifications . . . meets every demand so fairly that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families.

For more than 30 years, mothers have recommended Ex-Lax to other mothers. And Ex-Lax has given complete satisfac-

tion, not merely to thousands of families—but to millions. It has grown, slowly but surely, to the point where today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

DISCOVER THE TRUTH FOR YOURSELF

Anyone who has ever used Ex-Lax can explain in a moment why Ex-Lax is so universally popular. It is thorough. But it is gentle. . . . It is effective. But it is mild. . . . It gives you the most effective relief you could ask for. But it spares you all discomfort. No nausea. No stomach pains. No weakness. That's why it is such a favorite not only of the grown-ups, but of the youngsters, as well.

EVERYONE LIKES THE TASTE OF EX-LAX

Perhaps you have been taking bitter "druggy" mixtures. . . . Then change to Ex-Lax, and find out how really pleasant a good laxative can be. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It pleases the children as well as the older folks.

All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer, you may try it at *our* expense by simply mailing the coupon below for a free sample.

---TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!---

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-27
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Age.....

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

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



WHAT HAVE THE STARS RESOLVED?

SIX HEADLINERS MAKE SOME PLEDGES THEY'RE DETERMINED TO KEEP SO THAT THEIR FANS CAN HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR OF HAPPY LISTENING



PHIL BAKER

I resolve, though it's going to cost me a lot of real physical pain, to turn over a new alarm clock and always get to rehearsals on time. More important to my followers, I promise to keep my program running at the same speed with which it started this fall and not let myself or Bottle or Beetle slip into a dull and boring routine. Further, now that the election is over, I pledge to keep the pages of my Gasette unsullied by any taint of those soon-to-be-forgotten subjects, politics and politicians.



KATE SMITH

I resolve to resist the present trend in broadcasting to make every big program a mixing-bowl of talent, by keeping my program simple, friendly, and—I hope—unique. I resolve not only to continue giving public awards to people whose heroic acts have made them deserving of recognition, but also to acquaint myself with these people's circumstances so I can get help to them if they need it. I further resolve to remember that people love the old songs best, and to sing at least one on every program.

(Continued on page 14)

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

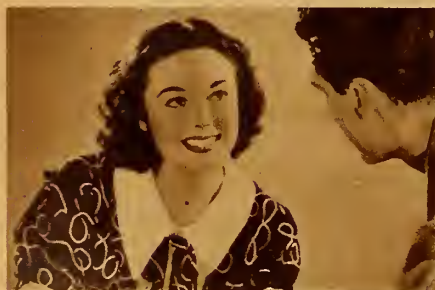


● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.



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

● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.



● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—
—young and old.



**Family-
sized boxes
only
15c & 25c**

Slightly higher in Canada.

WHAT HAVE THE STARS RESOLVED?



ED WYNN—I am resolved to break a long radio tradition and cast into the pit of oblivion, along with the comedians who refuse to subscribe to my plan, the word "Stooge" which often hurts the listener's as well as the performer's feelings. Further, I pledge to keep Graham McNamee with me as long as he's willing or until some sponsor gets smart and buys him away. Last, I promise to remember I am performing for my listeners, not my studio audience.



HELEN HAYES—I resolve to do all in my power in 1937 to aid the development of radio drama so that it, can eventually take its rightful place by the side of its older and better established sisters, the stage and screen. I further resolve, should television come around that corner, to heed its call and to forget my present prejudices against it, so I can proceed to adapt myself and my work to conform in every possible way to its exacting new requirements.



FRED ALLEN—For the greater good of the old Town Hall, I resolve that I'll continue calling Portland's Poppa as many uncomplimentary names as I can think of with the aid of Joe Miller—all in fun, of course. And I further resolve to make another moving picture some day, in case listeners grow tired of waiting for television—but I won't resolve when I'll do it, knowing the tendency of the Allen energy to wilt when summer comes around and I leave Radio City.



PHILLIPS LORD—I resolve—at the request of the editor of RADIO MIRROR—not to rest on my laurels but to spend the new year trying to develop another idea for a program as unique and full of human interest as that on which We, the People is built. Further, I resolve that the individuals and the stories we present on We, the People, shall continue to be you listeners and your stories, chosen from all applicants by your own representative committee.

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Brief Reviews of the New Programs by Weldon Melick

THE WORM TURNS. Whenever a critic gets a chance to do what he has been telling others how to do, he is never quite so critical again, for some reason or other. Before you read this, your critic will be writing the comedy skits for Pinky-Dinky Mitchell and his pals on The American Pageant of Youth. It's all about how to make a million dollars. (Are you interested?) You will be the Critic on the Hearth from now on—let me know what you think of the show.
NBC Sun., 12:00 P. M., 30 min.

ED WYNN. This seems to be a month for renovated comedy technique, and a general S. O. S. to the public for program ideas. The show mentioned above isn't the only one to order a new set of blueprints for its humor. Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl and Walter O'Keefe are also displaying laughs in new and improved 1937 screeline models. Wynn has Graham McNamee again and Don Vorhees' orchestra, as well as a guest star each week who does some specialty he is renowned for, supported by Wynn. Teaming a serious celebrity with a comic stooge such as Wynn has riotous possibilities. And just so Ed won't run out of ideas for subjects to wisecrack about, tempting prizes are offered for suggestions.
NBC Blue, Sat., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

JACK PEARL has a characterization that is only "new and different" from the last thing he did on the air. In other words, he's the same old Baron Muenchausen he was at the top of his fame, with his whoppers, Cliff Hall and his mush-mouthed "Vas you dere Sharlie?" This familiar set-up is augmented by sev-

eral new stooges and tenor Morton Bowe. Tommy Dorsey swings the baton. It looks like a bona fide comeback for Pearl.
NBC Red, Mon., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

LISTEN TO THIS. Jack Pearl is going to have plenty of competition in the way of tall stories from the classics of the Burlington Liars' Club dramatized here. With the smoothly matched voice of Johnny and Dotty, Lew Diamond's Orchestra and a new "Deserver" each week (professionals unknown to the networks), this is a happy, snappy half hour.
MBS Tues., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

JOE RINES. A nutty show but not a side-splitter. Called Dress Rehearsal, it's supposed to give you a picture of radio behind the scenes, if you call a cartoon a picture. Highlight is Rines interviewing the Countess Kleptomaniac, who has a fetching Southern accent with a dash of Northern, Western and Eastern Asia and Europe. Rines leads the orchestra, acts as master of ceremonies, and cuts up. In fact it's nearly a one-man show except for the other people, including Morton Bowe, Mabel Albertson and Pinky Lee.
NBC Blue, Sun., 11:30 A. M., 30 min.

1847 MUSICAL CAMERA. A well-produced hodge-podge which doesn't go anywhere except everywhere and leaves you wondering what it's all about, since it definitely isn't about 1847. Willie Morris, the "1847 Girl" with the whatta voice, and Josef Cherniavsky's plentygood orchestra, keep the time from dragging and the public gets prizes for suggested themes.
NBC Red, Sun., 4:30 P. M., 30 min.

HOMEMAKER'S EXCHANGE. More prizes for suggestions—have all the program producers thank their brain cells dry? This time the call is for hints on time and temper saving schemes for housewives. Judging from the items offered, Mrs. John Q. Public isn't so bad at writing radio programs. Eleanor Howe takes charge.
CBS Tues., Thurs., 11:45 A. M., 15 min.

STYLE SHOW. Gowns are really modeled before the microphone and Charles LeMaire does a neat job of describing them, but not neat enough to compensate for the lack of television. It's fine for the studio audience, but on the other end of the radio set, milady will feel left out on the back porch. Even from there, though, she can hear Eddie Duchin's music, and there are guest designers to relay the latest fashion dope hot off the cables from Paris. Altogether, a better program of its type than has been produced before.
NBC Red, Thurs., 4:00 P. M., 30 min.

PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Already popular on discs, the idea of finding missing relatives and performing other such parlor tricks with radio's magic should prove a smash hit with full network facilities at its disposal—unless it gets monotonous to those who aren't missing. Octavus Roy Cohen stole this march on the Voice of Experience.
NBC Blue, Mon.-Fri. 11:15 A. M., 15 min.
Red, Mon.-Fri. 2:45 P. M., 15 min.



**"My test of a powder
...it just must not
show up in strong light"**

COMING out into the bright midday sun—what's the worst way a powder can fail you?
By showing too much! That's the answer a surprising number out of 1,067 girls gave!
The powder that stood first with them for not giving "that powdered look" is—Pond's.
"Glare-proof" colors never embarrass you. Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give your skin a soft look in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its clinging texture.

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

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



FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades
(This offer expires April 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-PB, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____
Address _____

REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR



Acme photo.

The Editor of RADIO MIRROR (right) presenting Arnold Johnson (left) with a gold baton on his one hundredth performance on the Feenamint Amateur Hour over MBS, while comedian Benny Rubin makes a face.

NOTHING, in these modern days of broadcasting, is more fleeting than the average radio program. With its usual run of thirteen weeks, it has silently stolen away before you can get into the habit of tuning it in, and without a pause for breath, a new sponsor, hungry for a chance to advertise on the air, has snapped up the vacant time and filled it with new personalities.

It is rare indeed that a program runs a full year without a break. When it reaches its one hundredth broadcast and is still gaining speed, it is time to pause a moment and salute that program. On November 22, the Feenamint National Amateur Night, first network amateur program, celebrated its one hundredth broadcast. In honor of that occasion, RADIO MIRROR presented Arnold Johnson, with a gold baton in recognition of his faithful services as the musical conductor which have made possible the program's continued success.

by

Fred R. Sammis

LOVE Came back to Lois

WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)



BUT HE USED TO TELEPHONE EVERY DAY . . . AND IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS NOW!

IF I WERE YOU, LOIS, I'D GO TO A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST AND FIND OUT WHY YOUR SKIN LOOKS SO OLD LATELY!



LOIS SEES EMILE, FAMOUS NEW YORK BEAUTY EXPERT

YES, EVEN GIRLS IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES CAN HAVE "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN . . . SKIN THAT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK LIFELESS AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP . . .



WHY EMILE RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And its Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a special protective quality all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emile

21 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

4 WEEKS LATER—
SWEETHEARTS AGAIN
THANKS TO PALMOLIVE!



How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DON'T think you're safe from "Middle-Age" Skin just because you are young! For beauty experts warn that this ugly condition threatens even girls in their twenties. So be on your guard against the first sign of dryness, coarse-texture . . . the symptoms of "Middle-Age" Skin!

Use Palmolive regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your

complexion soft, smooth and *young*

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?



CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY
FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Daffoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?



MADE WITH
OLIVE OIL TO KEEP
COMPLEXIONS YOUNG
AND LOVELY

The Dionne Quintuplets  The World's Darlings



"OF COURSE —
WE EAT **KARO**"

the Dionne Quintuplets

All reproductions copyrighted 1947, NCA Service, Inc.



THE TABLE SYRUP OF QUALITY
RICH IN DEXTROSE
The Food-Energy Sugar

Karo

CAN THE LAWYERS DRIVE GOODWILL COURT OFF THE AIR ?

THE INSIDE STORY OF AN ATTEMPT TO CENSOR
RADIO WHICH MAY REVOLUTIONIZE BROADCASTING

By
**FRANK H.
LOVETTE**

ON September 16th, a completely new idea in radio programs was heard for the first time over a coast-to-coast network so that the whole nation could tune it in. Since then, though thousands of letters have been written, equally condemning and approving, the program remains the fifth most popular broadcast in America.

In other words, you who listen to radio broadcasts want to hear Goodwill Court every Sunday night over NBC. If you didn't, you wouldn't tune it in. Goodwill Court stands approved by a large majority.

Yet, after eight weeks on the air, a movement has been started to deprive you of Goodwill Court by driving it off the air.

It is the first attempt in American broadcasting history to censor radio. Until this time, the government itself has deemed this neither necessary nor wise. A Federal law was even passed which stated that radio could not be censored unless it became indecent, profane, or obscene.

Goodwill Court is none of these. But it stands charged with being unworthy for you to listen to by a group of men who may hold the power to put it off the air.



Wide World

The New York County Lawyers' Association wants the law to stop Goodwill Court, fifth most popular program in America, from broadcasting any more. A. L. Alexander, above, the program's director, with mail saying the lawyers are wrong.

In November, the New York County Lawyers' Association issued a report in which it stated that it was seeking a court ruling which would prevent New York lawyers and judges from appearing on the Goodwill Court program. Such a ruling could put an end to the broadcast, for it would leave Goodwill Court without its foundation—the expert opinions of the judges who give their advice to people who cannot afford to go to lawyers' offices.

Let's see how good a chance the (Continued on page 99)

The love Gladys Swarthout's

Paramount

If you could have seen Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman together during any of their frequent appearances in public within the past few years—arm in arm at broadcasts and the opera, window-shopping on Fifth Avenue, roller skating in Central Park, entertaining brilliantly at their East River apartment or their Hollywood home—you would surely have said to yourself, seeing how much like lovers they were, "It's grand about the Chapmans. Now there's a couple who are really happy together!"

If you had talked with them you would have been convinced of it. Gladys would have shyly told you how terribly thankful she was that there wasn't a single cloud in their marital horizon. Frank would have stated the same thing with repeated glowing phrases.

And if you had read anything or everything printed about them, stories of their romance and home life, undoubtedly you would have concluded that theirs was the ideal marriage. Didn't everything they say and do prove it? Radio Row was right in calling their union the most glamorously successful one among the mike people.

Everyone else concluded those things too, from seeing and knowing and reading about the Chapmans. Yet the great untold story behind all conclusions is the fact that for the past three years Gladys Swarthout's marriage has been perilously near disaster! For three years it

Gladys' faith in her husband never wavered a moment.

♥
fame couldn't tarnish ♥

BY MARY
WATKINS
REEVES

has dangled by the single fragile thread of a man's pride, a thread that threatened to snap at any moment and hurl another celebrity romance against the rocks of divorce.

Only very recently has the thing occurred which has restored the marriage of these two singing stars to the secure basis on which it was founded the summer day in 1931 when they were quietly wed at Tenafly, New Jersey: Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman are to be back on the air right after January first singing together on a new program for the same sponsors of Parties at Pickfair. Now the story of their past three years can be told.

The first time I heard Gladys sing was four years ago in a large southern city. She came to town much heralded by publicity, she wore a metal cloth gown that fitted her exquisite figure so perfectly she might have been dipped in silver, she gave a performance that set the local critics to dusting off their finest stock of adjectives. And yet only three hundred people gathered in the small salon of a hotel to hear her sing.

A year later she could have returned to that city and packed its mammoth auditorium to the roof for three nights running. For in a few short months she had become a radio star and an idol of the public. Radio had lifted her from the comparative obscurity of the recital stage and the Metropolitan into the coast-to-coast limelight of the microphone, and almost overnight her name had become a household word from Broadway to Hollywood.

Like a skyrocket, the girl from Deep Water, Missouri, had zoomed to greater heights of recognition than she had ever dreamed would be hers. But instead of being totally happy about it, deep in her heart Gladys Swarthout was sick with regret and fear. This wonderful success, this sudden fame had come to her—but it hadn't come to her husband! And the two of them had started out together on an equal footing.

Frank Chapman was an established concert artist when Gladys Swarthout was an obscure young singer playing the Balaban and Katz theater circuits of the west. They met in Florence, Italy, where Frank had spent two bril-



Frank dropped his singing for Gladys but stardom is his.

FRANK CHAPMAN SAW HER STAR RISE FAR ABOVE HIS OWN TO THREATEN THEIR MAR- RIAGE BUT NOW DEVOTION IS REWARDED

liant years as the only American member of the Italian National Opera Company. They fell in love, returned to this country to attend each other's debuts at the Metropolitan, gave a joint recital which brought them ovations of praise, and a year afterward they were married.

Then they settled down to the business of being very happy together and very busy. During the opera season they appeared just about equally on the stage of the Met, during the rest of the year they went on concert tours both singly and together. Of the two of them Frank was by far the more outstanding professionally. He was the well seasoned artist; he led, Gladys followed. Which status, where two musical careers in the same marriage are concerned, is ideal.

(Continued on page 69)



JIMMY FARRELL



IGOR GORIN

WOULD THEY ASK

You

FOR A DATE?

THE thrilling baritone of Nelson Eddy reaches out to you, quickening your heart-beat. Romantic, handsome Tom Waring closes your eyes in secret dreams. Frank Parker sings and you long to know and speak to him. Abe Lyman lifts his baton and sweeps you off into a land of make believe with the magic of his music.

But in that land of make believe, how do you picture yourself? As the girl you really are or as the heroine in a book of fiction? And how much difference is there between you as you really are and as you picture yourself?

Probably the difference is so big, it doesn't occur to you to try and make yourself over. That is your mistake. If you want dates, if you seek popularity, if you want men to call you, to come and see you, then you should learn what they expect of you and what they don't like about you.

That is why I have gone to ten of radio's most attractive bachelors, men wealthy in good looks and in actual bank balances, and have asked them what *they* would seek first in a girl and what faults would be most apt to turn them away. Virtues and faults which are within your reach and which can be eliminated, if you really want to make yourself into the kind of a girl most men admire.

Their answers represent the desires, likes and dislikes of the most attractive men, men who have found success and, through experience, know what they want most. Here they are speaking their minds for your benefit. Check up on yourself. It's the chance of a lifetime really to hold a mirror up to yourself and, having examined, go out and face

the world of men, secure in the knowledge that you have a darn good idea of how to attract them.

"In ten easy lessons"—one really—see how you can double your popularity in your own circle, wherever you may live, and make your life happier since you can free yourself of nagging fears and doubts as to how to act where men are concerned.

The young men I questioned, Nelson Eddy,

Frank Parker, Abe Lyman, Vincent Lopez, Jerry Cooper, Jimmy Farrell, Henry King, Tom Waring, Richard Humber and Igor Gorin, agreed almost to a man on what they would prize most in a girl and what they'd object to most.

The first thing they would expect of a girl is so small, such a detail, that many of us are apt to overlook it. But it should serve as a lesson in how observant most men actually are to points we think of as too minor to be worth worrying over. These ten radio bachelors warn you, "Always keep the seams of your stockings straight."

Next, and this may surprise you—it did me—when you are out on a date, don't disregard your father's and mother's orders. The man you're with might try to talk you into staying out later than you were told to, but he'll respect you more if you refuse to listen to him. That's what Nelson and Tom and Frank and Abe and Igor and the rest of them told me.

Here's something else very surprising, but it is a pleasant surprise. The next time you're challenged, just refer to what these bachelors say. They all agree that a girl has a perfect right to demand that her escort be a good dancer. Score that up as one for your side.

But here is something you might have thought of as silly when it came up last Saturday night at the dance. It isn't, though, according to the unanimous verdict of our bachelors. When the man you're with asks you to sit out a dance, say yes before you hesitate. His reasons for asking you may not be very good, but he'll resent it if you refuse or try to argue.

The next may be harder for you to agree with and it may leave you open to criticism from some of your friends. But our bachelors thought it important. So take a lesson from them. They said, "Be willing to make a first date with a man who doesn't have a car or the money to take you to the places you want to go to." I suppose they really meant, "Don't be snobbish," but I think it is good advice to follow in any event.

TWO bachelors disagreed with the other eight on the next point. Nelson Eddy and Henry King took issue, but the others all said yes to the question: "Should a girl marry a man if she has to continue working?" There are probably many men in your home town who would disagree violently. Perhaps you do yourself, but I imagine it would be for different reasons. There are many who still feel instinctively that a woman's place is in the home. The more modern, more successful point of view says something else.

Here is something to open your eyes. It did mine. Take an active part in some outdoor sport, if you would stand high in the estimations of our radio bachelors. None of them thought a girl lost any of her attractiveness by inclining slightly towards athletics, which further

proves that their thoughts are distinctly modern in some respects.

Only Vincent Lopez and Henry King didn't say a decided yes to the question: "Should a girl know how to cook?" and both of these men are musicians, used to odd hours and eating whenever they have a free half hour. To the others, who more or less expect a comfortable home life from their marriages, the ability to cook was an essential. Don't think, however, that means they expect you to get all the meals. It is the psychology of having cooking knowledge which is important to them.

Have you often wondered how much knowledge of what is going on in the world men expected you to have? Here's a clue. Make of it what you will. Our bachelors believe that you should be able to name at least two members of the United States Supreme Court. Which shouldn't be a hard test of knowledge, but try yourself out now. Your face may be unexpectedly red. For that matter, try yourself on naming the author of "Gone With the Wind." The bachelors chose that because it is a national best seller and will soon be made into a movie. Just the last name of the author will do. If you can't think of the first.

One last point they said yes to is something on which I imagine most of you will agree. But those of you who are independents, think twice. Ten very eligible bachelors tell you to "Be willing to sacrifice your career for babies." The question might not arise. Your husband might not want children, but if he should, he would expect you to agree with him.

That concludes the first part of our lesson. The second half is on the negative side. Here are
(Continued on page 88)

**IF YOU'D LIKE TO DOUBLE YOUR
POPULARITY HERE ARE THE FAR
FROM GENTLE HINTS TEN RADIO
BACHELORS WANT TO GIVE YOU**

By JUDY ASHLEY

TOM WARING



JERRY COOPER



HIS

If you managed a star whose income was just about the biggest thing in the entertainment field, you'd be pretty happy, wouldn't you? And if you were his friend, you'd sit back and smile and think it was pretty swell.

That is, you would if you didn't manage Bing Crosby or weren't his friend. But if you did or if you were, you'd never know a moment's peace. Life then would be like sleeping on the edge of a grumbling volcano.

For Bing Crosby, unspoiled, devil-may-care, lovable Bing, is radio's unfettered rebel, a rebel whose generosity, unswerving loyalty to old pals, and devotion to his principles of right and wrong, lands him into more tough spots per week than a Hindu wrestler or a brigade of Marines could get out of.

Hollywood is littered with examples of the iron willed determination of Bing Crosby to be independent. Of times when his whole career has hung in the balance while his family got the jitters and had to go to bed. Because, as any star will tell you, it's not achieving stardom that's tough, it's staying there on top that's really hard to do, and to do it you've got to mind your P's and Q's. Or at least, every-one but Bing does.

There was, for instance, the recent tempest that broke about the unperturbed head of Bing Crosby in regard to the matter of the radio program known as the California Hour.

The California Hour was a program presented by the chain stores of the West Coast to fight against proposed anti-chain store legislation. It was such a partisan issue that amateur talent was used, because naturally no star wanted to become identified with it.

For every listener approving, there was bound to be one equally disapproving.

A friend of Bing's not thinking of the consequences, asked him to guest star on The California Hour. "Sure! Glad to," Bing responded cheerfully. Remember, he wasn't to receive a penny for his services. It was a case of friendship, pure and simple. But what a storm broke about Bing's head when it was announced! Five independent merchants who are tenants in Bing's office building threatened to cancel their leases. His radio sponsor, whose product is handled by thousands of independent merchants as well as by chain stores, protested bitterly. Literally thousands of letters and telegrams came in. Bing's brothers, Larry and Everett, pleaded and cajoled—in vain!

"I said I'd do it and I will!" the star insisted.

Finally, the friend who had asked him to appear realized the consequences that would ensue, and he himself asked Bing to forget the promise, releasing him from his obligation.

Then there is the matter of Jimmy Dorsey's band. In the profession and out of it everyone admits Dorsey has about the best swing band there is. But—it isn't the band for

**BING CROSBY, THE UNFETTERED REBEL OF RADIO,
WOULD RATHER LOSE HIS STARDOM THAN GO BACK
ON HIS WORD—AND IT'S POISON TO HIS CAREER**

Wide World



OWN BEST ENEMY

By JOHN EDWARDS

Crosby. Even Jimmy Dorsey himself admits that. Experienced showmen have told Bing he needs an orchestra with more men and a string section. It would provide a better background for his style of singing. His guest star policy calls for a band of a more symphonic type. But Bing has a stock reply to all suggestions and pleads that he make a change.

"He's my friend and he stays!" he says, and that ends the discussion. Jimmy, you know, was an old crony of Bing's back in Bing's Paul Whiteman days.

SPEAKING of Paul Whiteman brings to mind a hitherto unrevealed fact in connection with Bing's present radio program. It used to be Whiteman's program, you know, and when it was offered to Bing he refused to accept it until Whiteman had signed for another program.

All Hollywood knows of the case of Arthur Johnston, who wrote the musical score for Bing's latest picture, "Pennies from Heaven." Johnston worked on Bing's movie lot for a long while, but although he was a hard and conscientious worker, he didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Finally he was dropped, and the worry brought on a nervous breakdown. He was in a hospital for months, during which time Bing visited him constantly, and encouraged him. When he was well, Bing sent him to New York where he teamed up with lyric writer Johnny Burke.

Bing tried to sell the team to his own studio, but there was nothing doing. So Bing bought a half interest in "Pennies from Heaven" and hired Johnston and Burke to do the score! The happy ending came when they turned in a crackerjack job and wrote a lot of best selling songs.

Each of these instances of Crosby's twitting of (Continued on page 97)

Left, Dixie Lee laughs, but she knows that not even the king's men can persuade her husband to change his mind once he's given his promise, though it's usually bad for his work. For the time of Bing's Music Hall, sponsored by Kraft, turn to page 53.

Paramount



HOLLYWOOD?" There was a gay, carefree note in Honore Ameche's laugh. "I'm not afraid of Hollywood. Hollywood can't hurt us."

I wondered how many wives had uttered those same brave words—and then had been forced to sit and watch their homes, all that was fine and precious in their lives, crumble slowly away under forces they could understand but couldn't fight. So many—so very many—that it has become almost a maxim that happy marriages can't exist in Hollywood.

It isn't Hollywood's fault, really. Hollywood is only a symbol for what happens. Gossips say, "Oh, So-and-so has gone Hollywood, and he and his wife have split." But what they mean is that So-and-so has done what countless other men in countless other professions have done since the beginning of time. He's suddenly made a great deal of money and achieved a great deal of success and received a great deal of praise, while his wife stayed home and minded the babies and kept his house in order and—worst of all—stood still. Left behind.

Yes, many wives have said that, but none of them with the calm assurance that shines in the gray eyes of Honore Ameche. With her, the wish isn't father to the thought. She knows that the talisman exists which will make her and Don proof against Hollywood's adulation and

flattery and false values. It's her Hollywood insurance. "It isn't that Don is better or stronger than other men," she explained seriously. "Or that I'm cleverer than other women. It isn't even that he and I are more in love with each other than others have been who have come here and then separated. We're both human. But we have one protection—Don's radio work, his attitude toward it. His devotion to it is almost a religion."

That is hard to understand, unless you go back to Don's very beginning, back to a day when, bewildered and defeated, he knelt in the enfolding gloom of a little church in his native Madison, Wisconsin, and poured out his soul in a prayer for Divine guidance. A long line of sturdy Italian peasant forbears had instilled into him a deep religious fervor. His cares and troubles seemed to slip away in prayer.

Don Ameche was a failure. In deepest shame, he realized it. Behind him were two heart-breaking years of frustration on Broadway. He had wanted to be an actor, but he had failed; had come home to a life of dull, sordid, underpaid work, stretching ahead of him endlessly.

At home was a sick mother, crippled from a motor accident. A father who faced his old age bereft of the small competence he had worked a lifetime to secure. Seven brothers and sisters looked to Don for food and clothing.



Honore laughs down at Don in the swimming pool his sudden riches have brought.

"Hollywood can't come"

WHEN A YOUNG MAN BECOMES A MOVIE IDOL HE USUALLY LOSES HIS

For more than a year after his return from New York he had done unskilled work—first in a mattress factory, then in an automobile plant, finally in a road gang. Break his back as he might, he still couldn't make enough money to supply his family's needs.

Sick at heart, he went into the church to pray. Its peace enfolded him, as it always did. If he could only stop fighting, and stay there, forever! Well, he thought, why not? He loved the church. Why not embrace it for life, become a priest?

Filled with decision, he sought out Father Sheehy, his priest, and confided in him. The kindly old cleric shook his head.

"No, no, my son. You're tired now, and discouraged, too. You have carried a heavy burden. But you cannot desert your family now, when they need you so much. Wait. Wait and have faith. Trust in Him who will find a way for you."

Two days later a long distance telephone call came to the youth as he swung his pick in the road gang. He laid down his tools and answered the summons. He never returned. The call was from Bernardine Flynn, with whom he had once played in a stock company in New York. There was an opening on a

Between us
SAYS

MRS. DON AMECHE

By DOROTHY BROOKS



new radio program, Empire Builders, in Chicago. Would Don come to the city and audition for a part in it?

"So you see," said Honore, after she had related all that, "what Don's feeling is for his radio work. He feels it was sent to him. He has been in radio ever since that time. He says he will always be, no matter what else he does, as long as radio wants him."

Within two years after that fateful telephone call, Don had become one of radio's most brilliant and beloved dramatic actors. His mother received medical care that mended her health. His father saw new hope on his horizon. His brothers and sisters were sent back to school. The lean days were over. Radio had done that.

"Don will never forget," Honore declared. "He knows he must repay the beneficence of that Providence. That is why his attitudes toward his radio work and his movie work are so different. He feels that in his radio work he can, in a small way, bring comfort and cheer to the sick, the shut-ins, the blind, the aged—people who cannot go

The handsome star of the First Nighter program recently has become a screen discovery, but there is an untold reason why this golden fame cannot damage his marriage. For Don's First Nighter program time, see page 53.

out of their own homes to seek entertainment and pleasure.

"And you know, much of his radio fan mail comes from just such people. He reads and answers every bit of his radio mail himself, but his movie fan mail is altogether different. Most of it comes from gushing girls.

"Of course, Don enjoys his movie work. But he enjoys it because it's more a matter of personal gratification as an actor. And of course there is the financial angle. Anyone likes to feel he can make money—a lot of money."

A lot of money! That is the treacherous shoal on which so many of Hollywood's matrimonial barks founder. Yet, when you see how different the (Continued on page 95)

WIFE BUT DON AMECHE HAS A SAFEGUARD THAT PROTECTS HIS LOVE



IT'S YOURS FOR THE PLAY-
ING—OZZIE NELSON'S BEAU-
TIFUL THEME SONG FEATURED
ON THE BAKERS BROADCASTS

Loyal Sons Of Rutgers

Extra Lyrics by
OZZIE NELSON '27

Adapted and Arranged by
OZZIE NELSON '27
From an original melody
by PHILIP BLISS

THE SONG'S STORY

Just ten years ago, on a gridiron at Ithaca, New York, Ozzie Nelson was playing quarterback on the Rutgers eleven. It was the fourth quarter of a blazing game when Ozzie called time out. To a man, the loyal followers in the stadium rose and sang the college song. It was the most moving thing Ozzie had ever heard or seen and he decided in that moment that "Loyal Sons of Rutgers" would henceforth be the theme song of his orchestra.

f very, very slowly

VOICE Guitar

F Bb F C7 F

1. Loy - al sons of Rut - gers
2. Hit the line and run - the
3. When the ev - 'ning sha - dows

Bb G7

bat - tling In the sha - dows
ends, boys Play the game with
ga - ther And the bat - tles

C7 F Bb

of twi - light For the
heart and soul Right on
fought and won Sing a

F C7 F Bb

pres - tige of Old Rut - gers
 thru at ev - ry plunge, boys
 song for dear Old Rut - gers

G7 F C7 F

— On the grid - iron how they fight: _____
 — Push the ball a - cross the goal: _____
 — And each stal - wart loy - al son: _____

CHORUS Bb F

Ring the bells of Old Queen's Col - lege — Paint the

G7 C7 F C7 F

town as neer be - fore — Play the game, boys, play to -

Bb G7 F C7 F

ge - ther — Score once more, oh! score once more. —

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When time runs short on the Bakers broadcasts, you hear only the verse of the theme song, but on Ozzie's sustaining programs, the band almost always plays all the music. It's simple music, but full of wistful, haunting melodies.





Ray Lee Jackson

J A N E P I C K E N S

Lovely Jane has left the Pickens Sisters trio behind to find new success for herself. She is heard every Saturday night on NBC's new hour milk program and is studying for a Metropolitan audition. As though this weren't enough she's also in the "Follies."

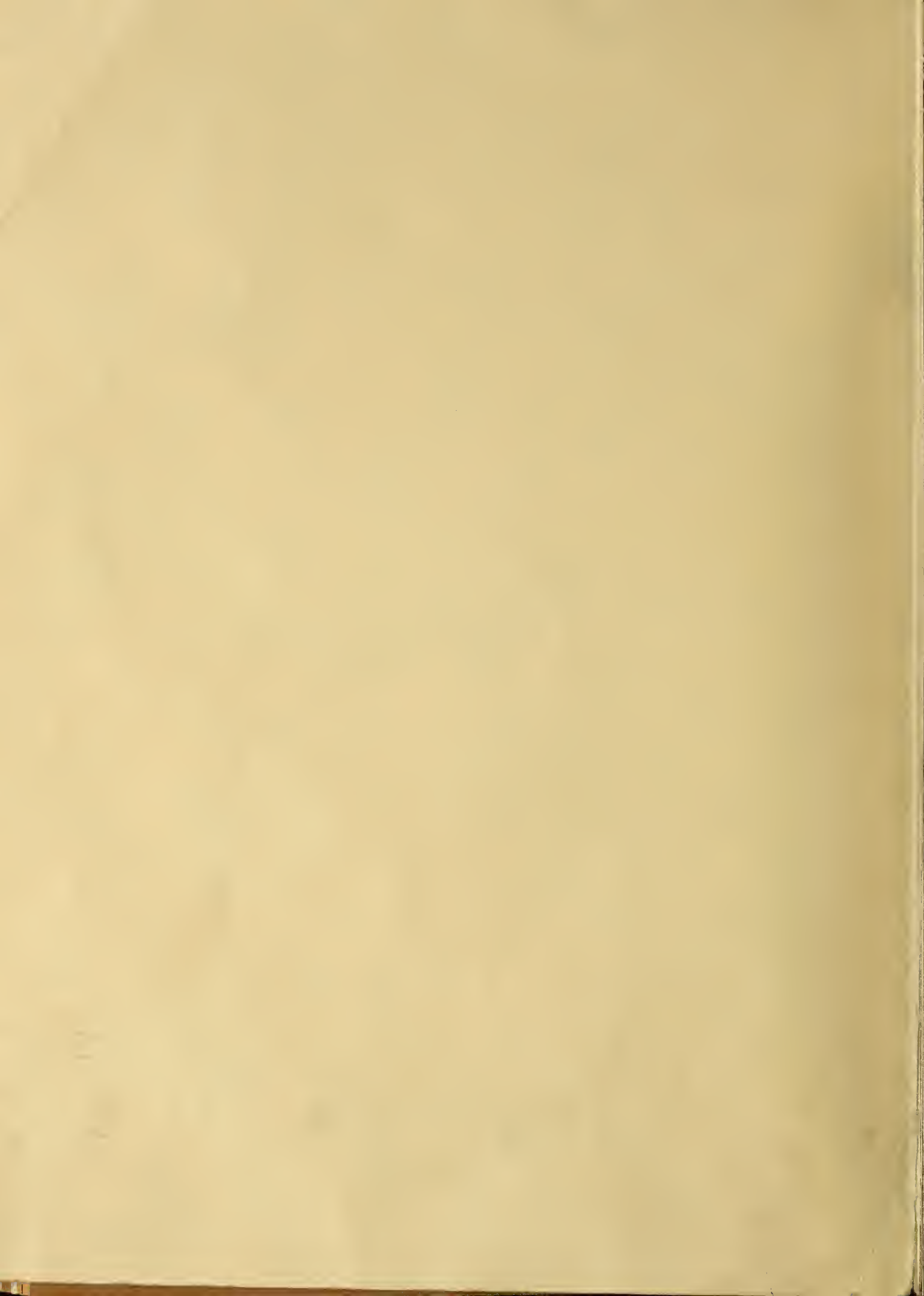
THE-MONTH

Radio City's most eligible bachelor joined Paul Whiteman's Woodbury Varieties early in November, and unless there's a sudden change in plans will remain on the program as its singing star after Shep Fields becomes its maestro soon after New Year's Day.

F R A N K P A R K E R

Ray Lee Jackson





PICTURES-OF THE-MONTH

Radio City's most eligible bachelor joined Paul Whiteman's Woodbury Varieties early in November, and unless there's a sudden change in plans will remain on the program as its singing star after Shep Fields becomes its maestro soon after New Year's Day.

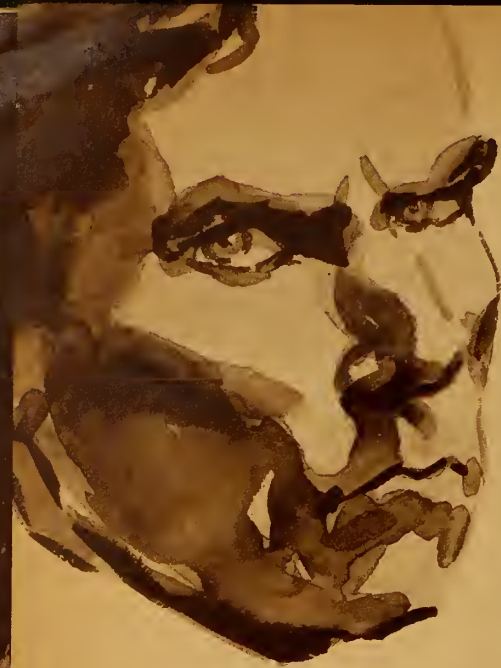
F R A N K P A R K E



FRANK PARKE
The young bachelor, the picture shows, has joined the Paul Whiteman band in November, and unless there's a sudden change in plans will remain on the program as its singing star after Shep Fields becomes its maestro soon after New Year's Day.

HOW TO TELL

LEARN IN ONE HILARIOUS



EDDIE CANTOR



KEN MURRAY

YOUR pet bore has that funny gleam in his eye, that apprehensive smile, that threatening way of clearing his throat. He may be your best friend, but at this moment, you're positively afraid of him. He's about to tell a funny story.

Oops—there it goes:

"Have you heard the one about the time Mae West . . ."

"Stop me if you've heard this one, but . . ."

"I can't tell it in dialect, but there used to be an Irishman I once knew . . ."

"Knock, knock . . ."

"Say, you'll die laughing at this one . . ."

But you don't die laughing. In fact, you're pretty miserable. You shuffle your feet. You fumble with the buttons on your vest. You cough nervously as the endless joke goes on. Finally, you force a laugh. You wish that something could be done about it.

Something can be done about it. With a little effort in the right direction, you and your annoying friends can learn how to tell a funny story well. The problem is to find that right direction. Comedy technique is something like those old facts of life when it comes to frank discussion. There are so few people you can go to for the truth.

I went to Joe Penner. I went to George Burns, Gracie Allen, Eddie Cantor, Ken Murray. I laid my cards on the table. The time had come, I said, for a little missionary work on their part. They had won their way to the top, to big reputations and big incomes, by making people laugh. That was fine, no one could grudge them that. But how about the rest of us? Sure, we want to go on laughing at their jokes. But we like now and then to tell them ourselves. And as often as not we don't seem to have much luck. What about letting out a few trade secrets?

Now this may surprise you, but every one of these big radio performers heaved a great big sigh of relief. Every one of them said this was something he'd wanted to get off his chest for a long while. You see, they explained, they're in the same boat with most of the people in their audiences. Off the radio, off the stage, off the screen, they're

RADIO'S ACE COMEDIANS

REVEAL THEIR TECHNIQUE

FOR YOU PARLOR COMICS

WHOSE JOKES FALL FLAT

up against the same social situations that other people have to meet. Count them in on this crusade to wipe out the scourge of bad jokes. They proved as good as their word. They haven't held back anything they've picked up in the course of their careers as comedians.

Maybe you've envied them at one time or another for what seemed to be a natural talent for evoking explosive, hearty laughter from listeners.

Why, you said, they don't even have to try. Oh, don't they, now! Take their word for it, comedy isn't a gift, but the result of conscious application to a well defined problem. The remarks that cause spontaneous laughter are concocted just as carefully as grandma's recipe for spice cake. "A pinch of this, just a sprinkling of that, and lots of raisins." In other words, there's a method in a comedian's madness.

And there should be method in yours, too, if you crave to be the life of the party. Not that you'll have to sit down and start a filing case for jokes. Every professional comedian has one. But that's only because he has to draw on a bigger than average supply to meet a bigger than average demand. For your purposes, memory will suffice to store all the jokes you need. But you have to use your memory. Like the professional, you should develop a series of jokes which are applicable to a variety of situations and moods. You'll have to develop a repertoire of stories if you want to be the sort of person who can get a laugh out of almost any crowd in almost any situation. That's Joe Penner's hint to the amateur comedian, anyhow.

"How many times have I heard people say, 'I never can remember a story!'" Joe said. "I've been guilty of the same thing myself. But it's sure as shooting you can't repeat a story properly unless you remember it—all of it. The thing I'd suggest is to jot down the ones you hear and maybe give them a new twist. There aren't many new jokes in the world, you know. Most of the things you laugh at are old as the hills. The point is—they have a new angle."

To illustrate the point, Joe gave me an example from his personal life. One day he told his wife an old-as-the-hills

A FUNNY STORY

LESSON FROM THESE EXPERTS



GEORGE BURNS

GRACIE ALLEN



JOE PENNER



BY JOHN LAGEMANN

darkie joke. It was the one about the Southern plantation owner who woke up in the middle of the night to hear a commotion in his hen coop. Getting out of bed, he hurried outside to see what was happening. Trembling at the door of the coop he shouted, "Who's there?" From inside came the equally trembling reply, "Just us chickens, boss."

Next day, Joe returned home alone to find a lot of feminine gewgaws scattered about the empty living room and a great rumpus in the pantry off the dining room. "Hey," shouted Joe, "Who's in there?" His wife opened the pantry door, revealing a group of impromptu visitors raiding the shelves for tea snacks on the maid's day off. She shouted back, "Why, just us chickens, boss."

"Old joke; new angle, you see," Joe said. "But it had to be well memorized. Otherwise it wouldn't have come spontaneously. That's why I'd advise you, if you aren't the remembering kind, to jot 'em down in a little book and work 'em up to suit yourself. Even rehearse them. Then all you've got to do is wait for something to happen as a cue. Plenty will happen—does every day of the year."

So be sure to memorize your jokes perfectly. That's point number one. Point number two is supplied by Milton Berle. This famous Broadway comedian told me that, in his opinion, suitability is the basis of all good comedy. If you've ever winced at the spectacle of Aunt Bessie in the throes of a wicked story, you know what he means.

"You might think a joke's a joke, no matter who tells it. But not so, alas, not so. A quip by Gracie Allen wouldn't fit into Bea Lillie's line at all. My own cracks wouldn't go over so well in the mouth of Alexander Woollcott. The reason there are so many types of professional comedians is that there are so many styles of humor. And here's where the amateur makes his big mistake—he's ready to tackle anything which may come along. He can't put that certain something into some jokes because he just hasn't the voice or the particular personality demanded. Jokes are as specialized as doctors, but you can find plenty to fit your type if you choose carefully."

Apart from typed jokes, Milt pointed out, there are always the wisecracks. In making the wisecrack beautiful, he admits, it's every man for himself. Look at Mr. Simpson of England. Well might he exclaim: "My only regret is that I have but one wife to give to my King." The old

sayings and famous quotations that can be slightly misquoted to fit any situation are end-

less. Every public library has a dictionary of familiar quotations. Look it up sometime and see if you don't get some ideas. Who was it said, "Give me *Life*, give me *Liberty*, or give me the *Saturday Evening Post*?" Surely you can do better than that.

You might think that the professional comedian gets a break by having his quip right there before him on script when he steps up to the microphone. But Eddie Cantor, wagging his head vigorously, says it's the amateur who has the break when it comes to a chance to be really funny.

"A person who doesn't tell jokes for a living should be three times funnier than the guy who does," Eddie said. "In fact, all the amateur needs to steal the show is self-confidence and presence of mind! Think of the mental hazards which face the professional. He says to himself, 'Tonight at 9:45 P. M., E.S.T., or whatever the time might be, I've got to be funny. It says so in the paper.' He knows his audience expects him to be funny, and they know he knows it. Consciously or unconsciously his audience is saying, 'I dare you to make me laugh.'

"But the parlor comedian knows his audience personally. He knows what they've been up to lately, what they're thinking about and he can sneak up on them with a tailor-made story or quip before they have time to stiffen. The best laughter is unexpected laughter! But half the time the guy who doesn't make his living telling jokes won't make use of this tremendous advantage."

The next time you think you are prepared to surprise your friends with a joke, heed Mr. Cantor. Eddie pointed out as horrible examples you people who clear your throats self-consciously and cause a terrible pause in conversation before you say, rather feebly, "That reminds me of the joke about—" Or you who smile apprehensively and have that pouncing look that your best friends can tell a mile off. All you people give your audiences time to consider that they may *have* to laugh. You've ruined the joke, Eddie says, before you've even begun to tell it.

Don't ever tell a joke apologetically. Or the laughter that follows will be so polite you'll feel like crawling under the carpet.

It's fear of such laughter that makes a lot of people tell a joke aggressively, Eddie thinks. (Continued on page 101)

CAN you imagine what it would be like at the height of a great operatic career suddenly to find your voice completely gone? To be young, talented, ambitious, with a brilliant future stretching away before you one moment; then—nothing but a blank wall of silence.

Ed Jerome, whom you hear as leading man on *Rich Man's Darling*, as well as in dozens of other dramatic shows of the air, knows what it means to come face to face with that haunting threat which hangs constantly over an actor's or a singer's life.

Even though it happened long ago, that period of silence haunts him still, a vivid reminder of the uncanny tricks that fate can play, a force which shapes his career even today.

But let us go back.

At sixteen, Ed Jerome was a simple Irish boy, a telegrapher's assistant in a New York hotel, tapping out messages at eight dollars a week. He'd hum to himself at his work in his deep voice, because life seemed very full and pleasant to him.

He was helping to support his family in a little flat. Once in a while he could save enough for the theater and stretch his overgrown legs in a second balcony seat, craning his neck at the remote wonders on the stage.

And then it happened—that sudden onrush of fame. His pal, another telegraph operator, persuaded him to take sing-

ing lessons, a vocal teacher marveled at the voice, got him a scholarship at a New York school. But it wasn't enough.

One summer evening, with a little scraped-up spending money in his pocket, his passage paid, and the promise of a scholarship at the Conservatoire de Paris, Ed Jerome sailed for France to become an opera star.

He couldn't get over it as he walked the streets of bewildering Paris, and sat in little sidewalk cafes with strange new friends. Everything had been so easy, so sudden. Everything he did was wonderful.

The greatest teacher in the Paris Conservatory adopted Ed Jerome as his protégé. Ed Jerome, the wire-chief's son, the big Irish boy who hadn't been able to finish high school, walked around with the vocal score of Gounod's "Faust" under his arm, and drank tea at the afternoon parties of countesses.

At seventeen, Ed Jerome in the black velvet domino and devil horns of Mephistopheles made his operatic debut in "Faust" on the stage of the Paris Opera House. He was the youngest Mephistopheles of operatic history, but he sang the role like a veteran—perfect from the glorious mature bass voice to the last subtle little pantomime.


Even after the thunderous applause and the praise, he couldn't believe it. Something was the matter. Things didn't happen like that in the (Continued on page 76)

ED JEROME'S STRANGE ORDEAL

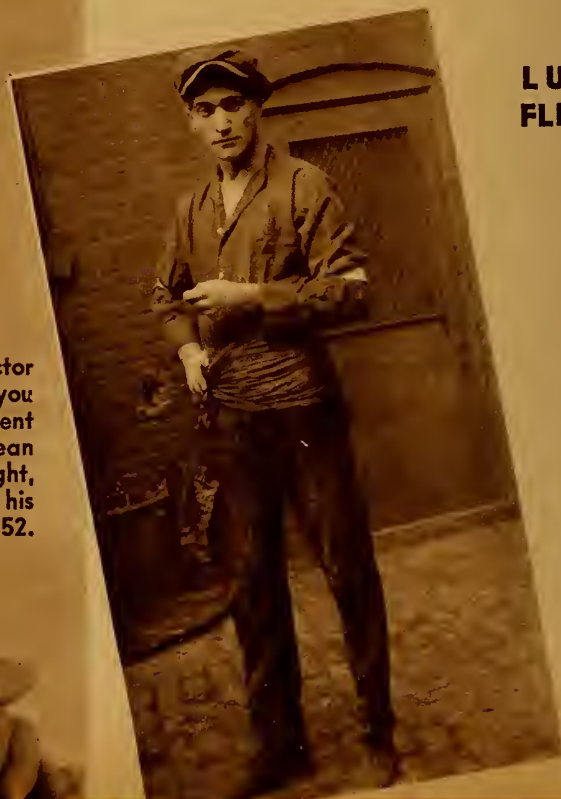
THE STAR OF RICH MAN'S DARLING

LIVED A WEIRD LIFE OF SILENCE

By
**LUCILLE
FLETCHER**



In the cultured, brilliant actor who is Ed Jerome today you will find no traces of the silent clown who convulsed European audiences with his antics. Right, as he looked then. For his broadcast time, see page 52.



GENIUS IN A FOG

By WELDON MELICK

Paramount

JACK BENNY has been a quitter all his life. At every turning point in his career he has turned tail—but each such occasion has somehow advanced his fame and fortune.

I've heard actors, writers and comedians marvel that anyone could reach the top by the seemingly careless, unambitious, unbusinesslike methods that are Jack's. His Sunday half-hour recently forged ahead of Major Bowes in a national radio popularity survey, returning to the first place it lost two years ago. Yet Jack is easy-going, almost phlegmatic, and always takes the line of least resistance. When he gets into a violent argument he will suddenly give in to save himself the effort of keeping his mind on it.

His friend, George Burns, found him fuming one time over the incompetence of his vaudeville agent. Jack had determined to fire him. George didn't want to miss the fireworks, and went along, with his companion getting hotter under the collar and thinking up new vilifying epithets all the way.

As they entered the office, the agent called a cheery, "Good morning, Jack!"

"Is there any mail today?" Benny seethed.

"No, there isn't, Jack."

"Well, goodbye," the infuriated actor boiled, and on the way out mumbled, "I guess I told *him*!"

Another demonstration of his one-mouse-power temper occurred years ago at the Academy of Music in New York City, which boasted the most blood-thirsty audience since the Roman Coliseum. The house welcome to each new act was a prolonged raspberry—when tomatoes were out of season. Entertainers dreaded to play the spot, but egotistically gave everything they had for the applause of the barbarians, as it was equivalent in the theatrical world to a Congressional Medal for Bravery.

Jack sauntered in from the wings in his usual preoccupied manner at the first performance. His "Hello, everybody!" was drowned in the raspberry-flavored accolade which crescendoed to a thunderous roar as he shuffled deliberately across the stage, his eyes on the floor. When he reached the other side of the stage without so much as a change of expression, the raspberry subsided into ominous defiance, pre-facing the real baiting and torture of a human sacrifice.

Jack tossed them a genial "Goodbye, folks," sauntered out of the theater and never came back.

Benny has developed quitting to the perfection of a science. He quit high school in his sophomore year—by request. The principal said he wouldn't amount to any-

thing and was only wasting the taxpayers' money.

Jack next quit his home for the stage. His father threatened to lock up the welcome mat if the boy walked out on him, but admitted he was only bluffing when he found out his son was serious.

Young Jack Benny was a violinist when he quit the stage to join the Navy. There were Seamen's Benefits, so he kept right on entertaining. When the world conflict was over, all that was left of a second-rate violinist was a first-rate comedian.

Laughs are not only Jack's career, they are also his existence. His closest friends are rival comedians—those who can make him laugh the most frequently and heartily—and



**TOLD BEHIND JACK BENNY'S BACK,
HERE'S THE STORY OF EVERYTHING
YOU NEVER SUSPECTED ABOUT HIM**

when Jack Benny laughs heartily, he falls down, rolls on the floor, and clicks his heels. He matches laugh for laugh, reveling in a joke with the same abandon whether he's on the giving or receiving end.

ONE morning during a Winnipeg date, the Bennys' friend, Al Burns, telephoned from the hotel lobby that he was on his way up to their room. To give Al a laugh, Jack stood on one bed with a pitcher of water on his head and Mary stood on the other bed balancing a telephone book on her brow. At the knock on the door, Jack called "Come in!" and in walked the waiter with their breakfast.

Jack doesn't go in for practical jokes. His idea of fun takes the milder form of telegrams and long distance phone calls.

When "Big Boy" opened in San Francisco, Florence Moore, who was playing in the same city, received a telegram from Jack Benny and George Burns to this effect: "Jolson opens tonight. As we don't know Jolson, we are sending you a telegram. Congratulations."

The night George Burns and Gracie Allen got married in Cleveland, Jack called up from Vancouver at 4:00 A. M. "Hello—this is Jack Benny!" he announced. George said, "Bring up two orders of bacon and eggs!" and hung up.

While George was playing the Palace in New York, Jack sent him this wire from San Diego, "I think your act is sensational. You've got the cleverest routine, the funniest gags Broadway has ever heard. I think you're a genius—better than Chaplin!" He signed it "George Burns."

Jack once wrote George a six-page letter. George was too busy to answer, so he switched the names in salutation and signature, and sent the letter back. Jack redoubled, and for a year and a half, that was the only letter that passed between them, but it passed frequently.

After George's first program on the air, Jack wrote him a fan letter: "I listened to your program last night and I think it was swell. I would appreciate it very much if you would send me a picture of Tom Mix's horse."

George dug up a picture of a jackass and inscribed it "To my very dear friend, Jack Benny." Jack acknowledged it with "Thank you for your picture."

When Jack meets friends after the theater or in a restaurant, he can't refrain

from a cordial, "Come on up to the house—we'll have a lotta laughs." Sometimes he comes home with thirty people. But Jack will never make a good night owl. He habitually rises before nine o'clock every morning, in aggravatingly jubilant spirits. So about the time the impromptu guests dispose of their wraps, their host is asleep on the couch.

He's never the life of the party. But whoever is the life of the party never had a better one-man audience than Jack Benny. He whoops at whatever strikes him funny. Several comedians have risen from the minor ranks through his enthusiasm. He has sat in on radio auditions and used his compelling personality to persuade sponsors to contract comedy programs which would compete with his own, just because he wanted to help someone he used to know in vaudeville.

He is probably the only actor on record without a spark of professional jealousy. When Jesse Block first teamed up with Eve Sully, Jack loaned the pair his best piece of gag material, a sure-fire bit that was getting his biggest laughs on the road. He figured it might do them a lot of good while bookers were catching their act in New York, and wouldn't do him any harm, since they would drop it as soon as they started on the road themselves.

The bit was terrific. Block and Sully became sensations over night and were being held over in New York when Jack returned to play the Palace. After his first performance, people said he was doing a Block and Sully. He took the bit out of his own act and told his friends to keep it when they went on the road.

Jack often gives a fair imitation of a lunatic on the loose. When he is not composing goofy telegrams, he is usually lost in a fog of concentration and petty worries. A sudden question will jar loose some words concerning the subject on his mind, making the most surprising answer. Sometimes he doesn't hear you at all, and other times he startles you with an answer fifteen minutes after you have forgotten what you asked.

Four years ago, Jack committed a stupefying act which convinced all his friends of his insanity. Without a single other prospect in view, he quit cold a job that was bringing him \$1400 a week. He asked for a release from his contract (Continued on page 79)

Did you ever suspect that Jack was a quitter?
Or that Mary Livingstone left him the first
year they were married? But read the story.

Maurice Seymour



DON'T ACT YOUR AGE

It was 5:57 P. M. In three more minutes the first episode of Raising Junior would go on the air over a national network and the boy who was to have taken the part of Bobby hadn't shown up. Raymond Knight, collaborator and actor in the serial, was approaching madness with pantomime and sound effects in the NBC corridors. Suddenly the elevator doors opened and Knight caught a fleeting glimpse of a chunky, sandy-haired nine-year-old boy.

"HOLD IT!" he yelled as the doors started to close. He jumped at the surprised lad, yanked him out of the elevator, and rushed him up a flight of stairs and into the studio. There he thrust a script into the kid's hands, caught his breath, said: "You're Bobby!" and pushed him in front of the microphone.

That was Walter Tetley's first commercial program, and he remained on it two years. Most children, probably most adults, would have gone to pieces under the hysterical excitement of that moment. But Walter read Bobby's lines without audition or rehearsal—there wasn't a second even for coaching—as if he had been playing the role all his life.

It was his opportunity to prove that he was not a child. And therein lies the secret not only of Walter's success in radio, but the success of every other child who has made good in this adult game. Therein, also, is perhaps the answer to the question that has been puzzling you, whether your own child would have a chance.

There is no place in radio for children who are children in anything but voice and years. They must all measure up to adult standards in dependability and efficiency as well as talent. The boy who misunderstood the time of the Raising Junior broadcast or got too absorbed in a baseball game may have had more dramatic ability than Walter, but he proved he was a child mentally and his radio career ended right there. Nobody even remembers his name.

Walter has been the busiest kid in radio ever since. Barely sixteen, he's made 2300 ether appearances on 150 different programs, a record which few if any adults can match, has shared a microphone with such a dazzling variety of stars as Cantor, Ripley, Waring, Whiteman, Penner, Benny, Winchell, Lombardo, Burns and Allen, the Marx Brothers, Easy Aces, Leslie Howard, Clarence Darrow, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, Grace Moore, Amelia Earhart,



Walter Seigal

When you hear a boy's voice on a big program it is probably Walter's—and he's the star of the Maltex Jack Masters series, too—turn to page 52.

By ANNE
ELLISON

Babe Ruth, Irene Rich, Warden Lawes and Lanny Ross. In one week alone he was in the Show Boat, the Palmolive program, Fred Allen's Town Hall and Helen Hayes' serial, as well as less important broadcasts.

Fred Allen is one of the stars who demands Tetley whenever he needs a boy's voice on his program. I asked him his reasons, and in what he told me I found further proof that to be a successful child star you have to act like a grown up.

"Tet is a better actor than nine out of ten adults in radio," Fred told me, "and he was just as good three years ago. That kid can do anything. The only reason he's not an English professor in Harvard right now is that radio pays better. When he plays my son in a skit, he mimics my voice perfectly in whatever accent I'm using, Chinese, Oxford, hill billy, and he can do Scotch better than any of us.

"He bones on his lines until he's letter perfect. He's actually got us in the habit of expecting so much from him that on a few occasions we've bawled him out for slight mistakes that we'd probably overlook in an adult. He cries like any sensitive kid does when you hurt his feelings, because of course he isn't the tough little brat he seems to be in some scripts—he wouldn't last fifteen minutes in this business if he was—and it's rather a shocking revelation after you've known him to discover he's just a child after all."

Tet has suggested several gags (Continued on page 105)

A STAR AT SIXTEEN, WALTER TETLEY'S PROOF OF WHAT HE SAYS

For Your Radio



MURRAY'S MARLYN STUART—Her "Mama, that man's here again" at the beginning of Ken Murray's Tuesday night CBS show and another line at its end are her only appearances on the air, but they've made her better known than many other stars. Tiny and blonde, she is taking singing lessons to get ready for the time when she'll have more to do. She's from Ohio.



OZZIE'S SHIRLEY LLOYD—The new vocalist with Ozzie Nelson's band on NBC's Sunday evening Baker's Broadcast is also a new arrival to radio. Shirley is just twenty, and has been singing professionally only two years. She left her home in Pueblo, Colorado, to sing on Herbie Kay's orchestra. When Ozzie heard her in Chicago he decided she was the vocalist he needed.



CIVIL WAR MAJOR—Jess Pugh plays Major Drucker, friend and counselor of Nurse Clara Barton, in CBS' dramatic serial, Junior Nurse Corps, three times a week at five. His birthplace is Indiana, where he worked in a bank after leaving school. Then he was a humorist and monologist for twenty-one years on a lyceum circuit. He's married and has two grown sons.



CIVIL WAR NURSE—Lovely Sunda Love portrays the famous nurse, Clara Barton, in the Junior Nurse Corps. She comes from a musical family, and was teaching piano when she was ten. After graduating from the University of Illinois she went on the stage and then into radio. Brown-eyed Sunda is married to the boy who gave her his fraternity pin while they were in college.

Scrapbook



SINGER WALTER CASSEL—Two years ago he rode out of the Middle West in a cattle car full of yearlings; now he's one of the stars of the Saturday Night Party over NBC, at the age of 26. He started his career by studying dentistry; married; painted signs for a living; and was encouraged to sing by Lawrence Tibbett. The latest of his three children was born in October.



"YOUR PET" TENOR—A contribution of the South to radio is William Perry, tenor soloist on the CBS Your Pet program Saturday nights. He's a member of an old Nashville, Tennessee family, and was a music teacher in the Nashville schools before entering radio. You heard him first as a member of the Melodeers Quartet. He likes to ride horseback and to watch football games.

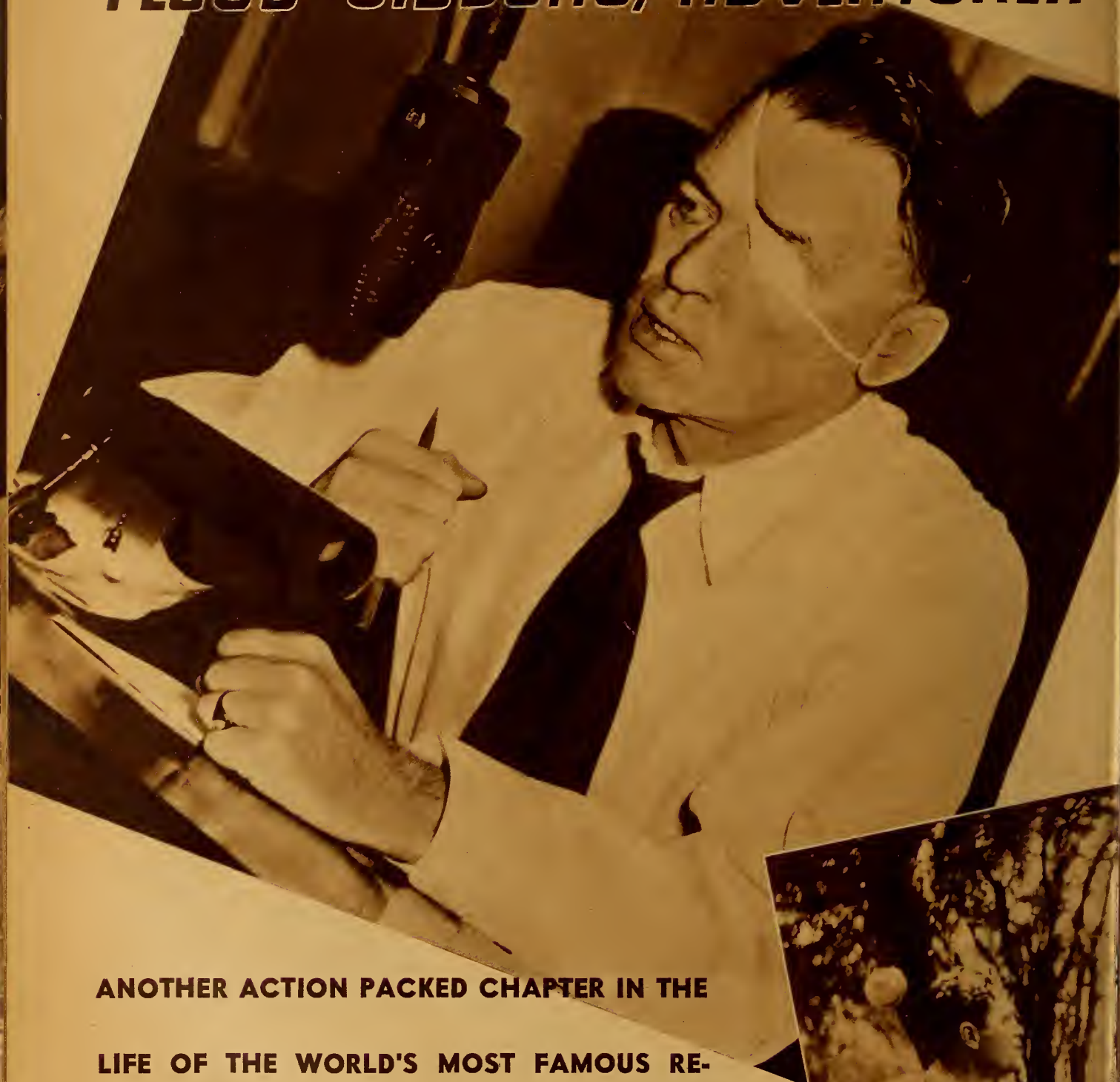


DUDE RANCH'S JIM BABCOCK—The story-teller on the NBC Log Cabin Dude Ranch Tuesday nights is John Milton, a real old-time actor. He made his debut in New York in 1892, with Mme. Helena Modjeska, and has appeared with most of today's famous stars. He spends his vacations in the West, but he played in London one summer, and would like to go there again.



QUESTIONER UNCLE JIM—Jim McWilliams is master of ceremonies on Uncle Jim's Question Bee, on NBC Saturday nights. For many years he was in vaudeville as the partner of Frank Crumit, then retired to his home at Virginia Beach, Virginia, where he's a church elder and a member of the county school board. The rest of his time he spends choosing questions for his program.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF FLOYD GIBBONS, ADVENTURER



**ANOTHER ACTION PACKED CHAPTER IN THE
LIFE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RE-
PORTER AS HE COVERS CHICAGO'S UNDER-
WORLD AND PANCHO VILLA'S REVOLUTION**

The story so far: Ever since he was a child in Washington, D. C., Floyd Gibbons has wanted to be where the excitement was. His first job, when he was eleven, was selling newspapers in Washington, and he took it not because he had to earn money but because the Spanish-American war was on and it was thrilling to be out on the streets, bringing the news to the waiting public. Later, the family moved to other cities, and was in Minneapolis when Floyd grew old enough to decide he'd had enough formal education and wanted to begin earning his own living. He had only one ambition—to satisfy his insatiable curiosity by being a newspaper reporter. In spite of the opposition of his father, Edward Gibbons, who wanted him to follow some more settled line of work, Floyd got a job on the *Minneapolis News*. After a few weeks he was fired—he never knew why until years later, when he learned that his father had had him discharged on purpose, hoping to disgust him with a reporter's life. Instead, he went to Milwaukee and got another newspaper job.

Part Two

MILWAUKEE was kind to the boy from Minneapolis—or perhaps it was just that Floyd was a good reporter. After his first signed story, which he clipped and

By NORTON RUSSELL

sent proudly home to his mother, there were many more. He was no longer a cub, but a full-fledged reporter—and not yet in his twenties.

He stayed in Milwaukee only six months, however. His father came to see him one day and asked him to come home, back to Minneapolis. "You can get a job on a newspaper there, if you want to," he said. "You know how I feel about that, but I guess you know what you want to do. Come home, anyway. Your mother misses you—she thinks you're too young to be out on your own."

The truth was, as Floyd realized later, that his mother sympathized perfectly with him, but his father couldn't bear the thought of his eldest son being in another city. He wanted to have him where he could keep an eye on him, control him. He hadn't learned that controlling Floyd Gibbons was a little like controlling a boiler-full of live steam without a safety valve.

Floyd returned, but with a stipulation: he was to be completely on his own. He would neither accept money from his father nor live in the Gibbons home. And, of course, he was to be allowed to work for a newspaper.

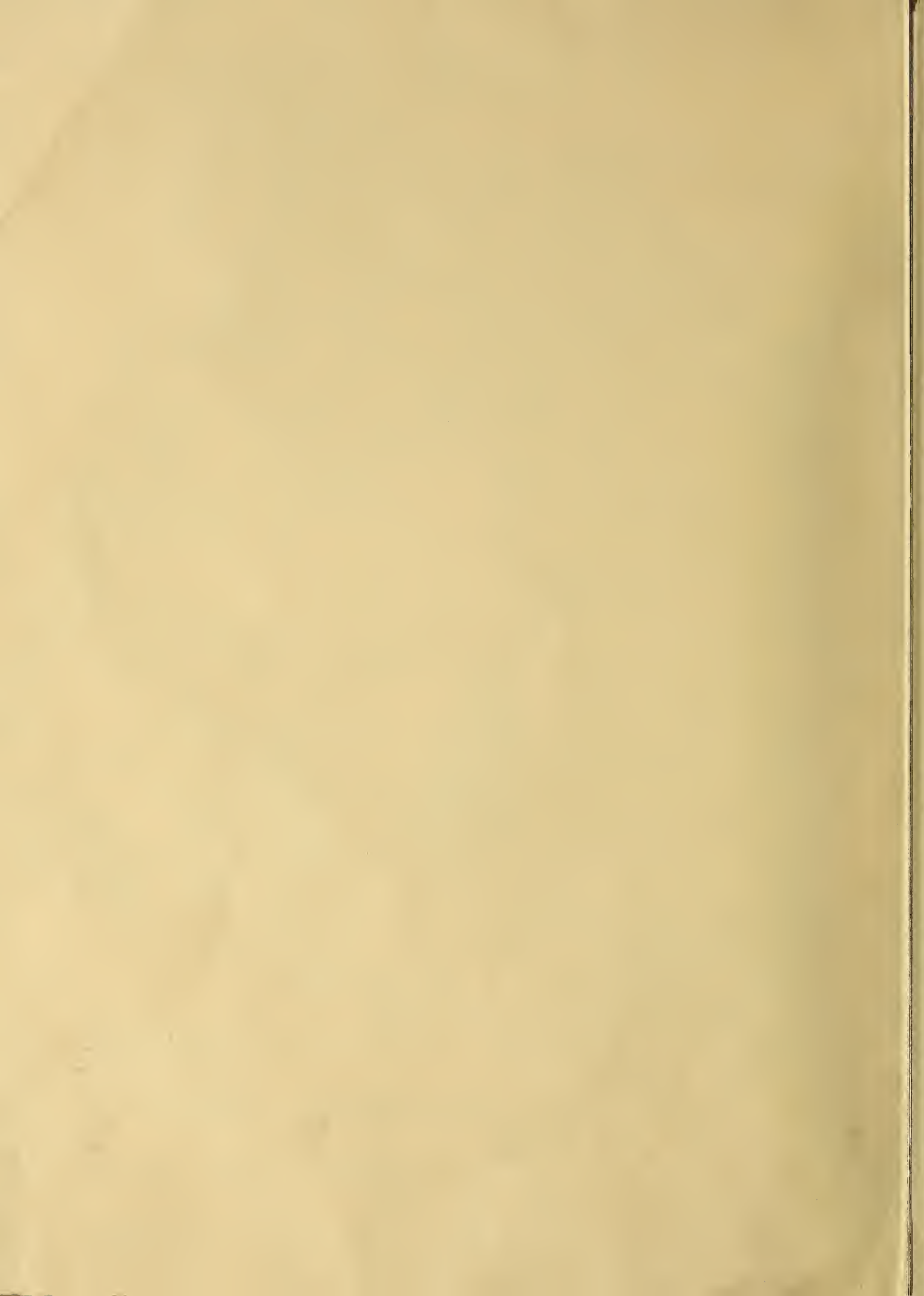
He got a job with the *Minneapolis Tribune*, and in the next year or so he had his first (Continued on page 84)

Opposite page, Floyd Gibbons in the midst of one of his rapid-fire stories on the Nash Speed show. Below, there's a story behind this picture taken during Pancho Villa's revolution. Floyd and another man had just given first aid to the old Mexican soldier at the right, who had been wounded. When Floyd and his companion attempted to continue on their way, the Mexican, unable to speak English, warned them not to go any farther by holding his hat up on the point of his rifle. A bullet zoomed through the hat and Floyd stayed right where he was.

Below, Pancho Villa's men and their families beside one of the trains which Villa used as his traveling headquarters. Floyd had a private car to himself. At bottom, Floyd (second from the right) in front of a dugout during the Mexican Revolution. Note the beard—life in Mexico didn't offer the time nor the facilities for very frequent shaving.

Photos loaned to RADIO MIRROR by Floyd Gibbons from his personal scrapbook

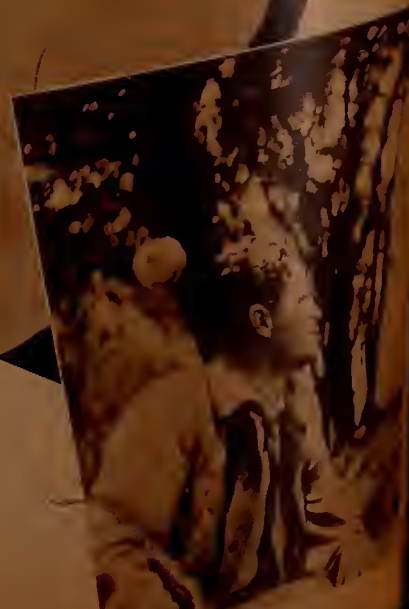




THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF FLOYD GIBBONS, ADVENTURER



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By NORTON RUSSELL

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Photos loaned to RADIO MIRROR by Floyd Gibbons from his personal scrapbook



IS TELEVISION

IN the darkened quiet of your own living room, you and your family lean forward, intent upon a mirror which reflects the images of the Honeymooners, Grace and Eddie Albert. Their lips move—you see them—and as they do so the sound of their voices fills the room. You laugh as they wink at each other . . . The scene changes; you are watching King Edward's coronation or the Spanish revolution; a whirl of lights, and President Roosevelt is delivering his opening message to Congress. The smile you've had to imagine at his fireside talks is really there.

From an unimpeachable source, I know that television on a commercial scale will be undertaken in New York City during 1937. Already, such stars as Grace and Eddie Albert are broadcasting weekly programs which are both heard and seen by television experts stationed at various points within the radius reached by the television waves. Those waves aren't powerful enough yet to span the Atlantic, but by the time King Edward's coronation is held, television service will be available to one-quarter of the population of the British Isles. In Germany, people will be able to watch Hitler's face as he talks to them on a screen four times as large as any yet developed here.

Have you wondered, in the midst of all that has been said and printed on the subject of television, what a television set looks like? Now, if you will look at the picture accom-

panying this article, you can see for yourself. Have you wondered what you would see if a set were installed in your home and a program tuned in? Have you wondered which of today's radio and movie stars would retain or increase their popularity in the new medium? Which Hollywood star is television's ideal? And have you wondered when the general public—meaning *you*, not reporters nor electrical engineers—will get a look at this newest mechanical marvel, and perhaps a chance to buy one?

Those questions, too, will be answered by the time you've finished reading. I want to give you a report, today's report, on the progress of the most fascinating forward step man has ever taken to abolish limitations of space and time.

Television on a non-commercial basis has been going on, as no doubt you know, since early last summer. That is, programs under constantly changing conditions have been broadcast, and have been watched, by a small group of experts who had been supplied with receivers.

In November, on the 62nd floor of Radio City's tallest building, I watched a forty-minute sight and sound program flashed simultaneously upon the screens of almost a dozen television sets, ranged along the wall. The program came from the top floor of the Empire State building, sixteen blocks downtown. *(Continued on page 93)*



REALLY HERE?

POST YOURSELF ON TO-
DAY'S ENTERTAINMENT
SENSATION WITH FACTS
AND PICTURES YOU'VE
NEVER READ OR SEEN

By LOUIS UNDERWOOD



Photos by William Haussler of NBC

Opposite page, television requires heavy makeup for its performers. Note how Grace and Eddie Albert are accenting their features with the grease paint. At left, an actual broadcast scene, with its heavy camera, the microphone at the end of a derrick, and the battery of spotlights. Above, a television set being tuned in to receive a program. The gray oblong at the top is the 7½ by 10 inch screen upon which you see the performer's image. Scientists are working now to perfect a larger screen.

IF AL JOLSON HADN'T MET AL GOODMAN TWENTY YEARS AGO TWO

THIS is the story of a great friendship. A tempestuous, demanding friendship, but nevertheless a great one, true and deep and abiding.

It's the story of a famous star and of the man he first started on the road to success, then grew to depend upon for success in his own career. It's a story which grew to be a legend along the Broadway of fifteen years ago; and although the Broadway of today has forgotten it, it is still fresh and strong in the hearts of Al Jolson and Al Goodman.

If these things had not happened you might not today be listening to Al Jolson on his new Rinso program; and you almost certainly would not hear Al Goodman as maestro of the Show Boat and Lucky Strike programs. These two men as they are now, are products of the relationship which began between them in 1917. Without Al Jolson, Goodman might well have remained an obscure orchestra leader instead of the important figure in radio he is; and without Goodman, Jolson could never have reached the high position he occupies in the world of entertainment.

The story is significant for still another reason. Through Al Goodman's eyes, I saw a Jolson I hadn't met before, a more human and understandable Jolson. In the ten years during which they were closely associated, Goodman learned things about Jolson no one else knew, or could know. But their place is later in the story.

In 1916, Al Goodman was in San Francisco, leading the orchestra for "What Next," a musical comedy starring Blanche Ring and Charles Winninger—yes, the same Charles Winninger who was later to be the beloved Cap'n Henry of Show Boat. It was a road company, hastily thrown together, and although the stars were well known their supporting cast and the orchestra were of considerably less than Broadway calibre. Nobody knew who Al Goodman was, and certainly nobody cared.

Until one night when Al Jolson dropped in to listen to the show. He was on a vacation, but that couldn't keep him out of the theater. After the performance, he looked Goodman up, backstage, and said, "I'm going to have you working for me some day. I'll send for you, and you've got to come. You've got something no other musical comedy orchestra director I've ever heard has, and I need you."

Then he went away, and that was the last Goodman heard from him for almost a year. "What Next" had closed after its Coast run, and Al Goodman hadn't been able to find another steady job. It was wartime, remember, and he was in naval uniform, subject to call at any time. When



Warner Brothers

Al Jolson, above, was always fighting with his producers until he found Al Goodman who smoothed the way for his first real success. Jolson's on the air again, on a big new show.

he applied for work in a show, the manager would look at the uniform and shake his head, afraid to hire him lest he be called away suddenly in the middle of a run.

Debts began to pile up. Al and Mrs. Goodman struggled along, trying to feed their two little children and themselves, but it was uphill, hopeless work. And then—just as if he'd known when Al Goodman needed his help most—then was when Al Jolson sent for him to come to New York and direct the orchestra for his new show "Sinbad."

THEIR FRIENDSHIP BROUGHT

OF YOUR BEST LOVED STARS WOULDN'T BE BROADCASTING TODAY

In order to understand what Goodman could and did do for Jolson, you must understand what theater orchestras were like in those days. The musicians in them were musical snobs. They considered themselves above the music they were called upon to play, if that music held the merest taint of what people in those days called ragtime. They weren't at all in sympathy with Al Jolson and his vivid, energetic way of performing. They remembered that he'd come to the musical comedy stage straight out of minstrel

shows, and they thought he was just a coon shouter. Their music was stodgy, ordinary, and downright dull. They wanted to play for a Jolson extravaganza as if it were an operetta.

Jolson's efforts to get the kind of accompaniment he wanted from a long succession of musical directors had resulted in an unending battle which was almost a Broadway tradition. He couldn't help fighting with them, because all their ideas of how to play music were the exact opposite of his. He liked to have a good time on the stage, cavort around and enjoy himself, sing a song when and how he pleased at that particular moment; and because he was a clever showman, when he had a good time the audience did, too. But the usual Broadway orchestra conductor, with his set ideas of how to do things, wouldn't let Jolson have a good time.

Al Goodman, below, was an obscure orchestra leader when Al Jolson hired him to pep up his Broadway extravaganzas. Now Goodman is musical director for the Hit Parade and Show Boat.

Harold Stein



Al Goodman was different. He liked Jolson, in the first place, and sympathized with what he was trying to do. He was young, eager, anxious to experiment with new ideas. He came from the West Coast, where theater orchestras were less formal. When Jolson would suddenly decide to change songs in the middle of a performance, Goodman was always ready with the music at a moment's notice. Jolson could follow his whims, and know that Goodman would follow them, too, and that there would be no confusion in the orchestra, only an added spontaneity and excitement. Under Goodman's direction, "Sinbad" took on a new sparkle and color.

Every performance was an adventure instead of a routine. The critics, when it opened out of town, were enthusiastic; and because they didn't know the whole story, they gave all the credit to Jolson. For the first time he was able to show them the full power of his great theatrical personality, with which he seemed to take every individual member of an audience into his confidence.

Goodman was satisfied and happy. Jolson had given him his big chance, and in his gratitude he was well pleased to be able to further Jolson's career. Yet until tragedy struck at his private life, he never knew how far Jolson's friendship for him went past a mere professional relationship. He knew he had a good boss—but he didn't know he also had a friend.

"Sinbad" was play-
(Cont. on page 67)

THEM STARDOM

By DAN WHEELER

AND SO THEY GREW UP

When the picture below was taken, Winifred Toomey used to come to her summer radio programs looking sad because soon she'd have to go back to school. She needn't worry about homework any more, she's too busy being featured on the Tom Mix series over NBC. Sophisticated waves replace baby ringlets.



The same smile, but such a different effect! When Betty Wragge auditioned for radio, she was the Dutch bobbed girl below. But, like radio, she has grown up, and this winter she is taking a leading role in Pepper Young's Family, the popular dramatic serial broadcast five times a week on NBC.



A VERY SHORT TIME AGO THEY WERE RADIO'S STARLETS. NOW THEY ARE FULL FLEDGED ACTRESSES TAKING PART IN NETWORK PROGRAMS

Nancy Kelly's another drama debutante who made her first microphone appearance as Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz. She liked short dresses, didn't like the boys and had already appeared in fifty movies, way back in those days. You hear her on the CBS March of Time, and also on the Cavalcade of America.



Ethel Blume's first program was Madge Tucker's The Lady Next Door. Graduation for her was just a year ago, when she was added to the cast of Peggy's Doctor. Now she is a regular member of David Harum and Home Sweet Home. Her rise to stardom has been as rapid as the sudden flowering of her beauty.



FASHIONS THAT FLATTER



Above, Hildegard poses in her slinky, black cellophane evening gown. There are tiny threads of red and green running through the material, giving a rainbow cast. This is a gown most women can wear because of its simplicity.



A Le Maire selection—the sveltness of pure Greek in a typical evening gown of this season with its knee-length tunic, trimmed with bands of gold leather upon which is appliquéd a scroll of multi-colored, scintillating beads.



Hildegard's own coat of gray duveteen with lots of Persian fur trimming. The collar criss-crosses in front and down along the sleeves. Right, a Le Maire selection—a romantic gold lamé robe with a full skirt and pinched wasp waist. The puff-shouldered jacket goes over the backless back.



BEGINNING with this issue, Charles Le Maire, star designer of the La Salle Fashion Show, broadcast each Thursday afternoon over NBC, will select for RADIO MIRROR readers the most important costumes of the month, modeled by beautiful radio personalities.

This month we've chosen Hildegard, NBC's singer and television girl, as our model.

The Le Maire creations shown on these pages can be purchased at any of the following stores:

New York City.....	Bergdorf Goodman
Boston, Mass.....	Ida Claire
Bar Harbor, Me.....	Mrs. Franklin, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.....	House of Wenger
Baltimore, Md.....	Gaither-Williams
Washington, D. C.....	Pasternaux
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Mabel Danahy, Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Wm. Penn Hat Shop
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mary-Louise, Inc.
Detroit, Michigan.....	Sax-Kay
Chicago, Ill.....	Stanley-Korthack
St. Louis, Mo.....	Madaline et Cie

Des Moines, Iowa.....	Younkers Bros.
Omaha, Neb.....	Brandeis
Kansas City, Mo.....	Jean Coventry, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Vanity Fair
Indianapolis, Ind.....	L. S. Ayer Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Lee-Koff
Minneapolis, St. Paul.....	Young-Quinlan
Minnesota	
Norfolk, Va.....	House of Morris
Winston Salem, N. C.....	Diffo
Charlotte, N. C.....	Mantaldo Inc.
Nashville, Tenn.....	Weinberger
Atlanta, Ga.....	Weinberger
Birmingham, Alabama.....	Kate Talnetta, Inc.
New Orleans, La.....	The Liluby Shop
Baton Rouge, La.....	Elles Shoppe
Tulsa, Oklahoma.....	Nell Jackson Inc.
Oklahoma City.....	Kerr Dept. Store
Dallas, Texas.....	Neiman Marcus
Houston, Texas.....	Harlowe, Inc.
San Antonio, Texas.....	Eda & Matilde Wolf
Denver, Colorado.....	Gano-Downs
Salt Lake City, Utah.....	Classique Shop
San Francisco, Calif.....	Ransahoff
Los Angeles, Calif.....	Bullock's-Wilshire
Portland, Oregon.....	Meier & Frank
Seattle, Washington.....	Helen Igoe
Spokane, Washington.....	Haddad Inc.

Below, Hildegard in a Bergdorf-Goodman sport dress of mustard-color imported wool fabric. It's a very smart street costume and good and warm under your winter coat. Pockets and neckline are trimmed with Persian cloth.

A Le Maire selection—it's called "Eleven o'clock on." With its small bolero you are ready for the day. You are even ready for dinner by removing the jacket to disclose the décolletage. The tiny hat goes with it.

Photos by Ray Lee Jackson



FOLLOW RADIO MIRROR'S STYLE PARADE LED BY CHARLES LE MAIRE AND LEARN THE LATEST TIPS ABOUT CLOTHING

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

**FIRST WITH THE LATEST,
WE GIVE YOU DANCELAND
SECRETS BEFORE THEY'VE
EVEN BECOME WHISPERS**

MUSIC has picked itself a strong man. Joseph V. McKee, former mayor of New York, has been retained by the Music Publishers Protective Association to serve music in the same capacity as Judge Landis in baseball and Will Hays in the movies. One of the first matters McKee took up was the code of fair trade practices which seeks to correct abuses of long standing in the industry, such as publishers paying orchestra leaders for plugs, for making special arrangements of their songs, etc. McKee is expected to crack down on these practices as well as talk turkey to infringers who make records of radio programs. Developments are awaited with interest.

* * *

An epidemic of new bands is breaking out, seeming to

indicate that that corner to prosperity has been passed. Mario Braggiotti (of Fray and Braggiotti, piano team) has polished off a band that looks to be going places. Bert Block, whose cohorts Tommy Dorsey raided, is back with a new outfit. Harry Reser has taken unto himself a young, new bunch of musikers and discarded the Clicquot Club Eskimos which brought him fame. Jack Jenny (not Denny or Benny) has assembled a fine unit. Jack is considered one of the ace trombonists in the business.

* * *

You'd be surprised how sensitive most of the maestros are about their figures. Daily they consult their scales with apprehension. Glen Gray, who is six foot three, goes to the mat almost daily with a professional wrestler to keep down his poundage. As do most of the men in the band. Of course the classic examples in the reducing column are Paul Whiteman and Jacques Renard who took off huge slices of bulk by diet. Golf is by far the favorite method. Harry Sosnick is one of the few trying to put on weight. Eddy Duchin keeps lithe by his frequent and sweeping bows to the debts who frequent the Plaza. Hal Kemp by autographing photos, Frank Parker by playing polo, Benny Goodman by playing hot tunes, Dick Stabile on the rowing machine, Bob Crosby by taking frequent hot and cold baths. It's really a grim business.

* * *

Although they all began by playing an instrument, the maestros who can keep it up and lead, too, are the exceptions. Did you know that Abe Lyman used to play drums, Rudy Vallee the sax, Paul Whiteman the viola, George Olsen the drums, Ozzie Nelson the sax, Guy Lombardo the fiddle, ditto Ben Bernie, Will (Continued on page 82)



Mario Braggiotti's an orchestra leader now that he's given up his piano duets.



Fred Waring looks seriously on while Rosemary Lane and Tom Waring go over their lines for RADIO MIRROR'S program honoring the National Broadcasting Company's Tenth Anniversary.



CORONATION COIFFURES

By

JOYCE ANDERSON

NEVER BEFORE HAS
HAIR STYLE BEEN
SO IMPORTANT. NOW
IS THE TIME TO
MAKE THAT CHANGE



FAN



AIGRETTE

THREE thousand miles away, on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, the greatest preparations for any public event in modern European history are taking place. The most publicized, and certainly the most dramatic coronation in the history of the British Empire will take place next May. And so—it's Coronation Year.

In the cut of your dresses, in the colors of your accessories, even in your shoes and hats and cosmetics, this is the important question to be considered: "Is it Coronation?"

But before you can be sure of your ensemble, no matter how many modish new dresses and coats and hats you are buying, you won't be fashion-right until you've done something about your hair.

Stop and think. How many months, even years, has it been since you've done your hair a new way? And you've gotten away with it, 'too, so far, but you can't any longer. Not this season! Just look at the types of hairdress illustrated on this page. That ought to show you how much you're going to have to experiment before you can be satisfied. You won't be alone in your experimenting, either, for half the lovely stars of radio I've seen lately are in the same throes.

That's why I went to Robert, the famous Parisian hairdresser and perfumer, who has a New York salon on upper Fifth Avenue, and persuaded him to give me these four examples of his own Coronation creations. If radio stars think it's worth their

while to go to Robert for specially designed coiffures—and pay him well for it, too—it's certainly going to be worth your while to study the sketches he gave me and then try them out for yourself.

Robert has given each of his creations delightfully appropriate names and each one typifies an essential feature of the Coronation trend. "Coronation" itself, for instance, shows you the clusters of ringlets which are so important today; notice the symbolic crown effect achieved without artificial rigidity or coldness. "Aigrette," with its distinctive center part, illustrates the lifted hairline at the temples. "Flighte," with its extremely smart simplicity, is the personification of the off-the-face movement. In both "Flighte" and "Coronation," you see the *(Continued on page 92)*

CORONATION

FLIGHTE



RADIO MIRROR RAPID

SUNDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
CBS: Church of the Air.
NBC-Blue: Southernaires.
NBC-Red: Sabbath Reveries.
- 10:30
CBS: Alexander Semmler.
NBC-Red: Music and American Youth.
- 11:00
NBC: Press-radio News.
- 11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto.
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano.
- 11:30
CBS: Major Bowes Family.
NBC-Red: The World Is Yours.
NBC-Blue: Idont Dress Rehearsal.
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Pageant of Youth.
NBC-Red: Moscow Sleigh Bells.
- 12:30 P.M.
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle.
MBS: Ted Weems Orchestra.
NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall.
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion.
- 1:00
CBS: Church of the Air.
NBC-Red: Lucille Manners.
- 1:30
CBS: French News Exchange
NBC-Blue: Our Neighbors.
NBC-Red: Melody Matinee.
- 2:00
MBS: The Lamplighter.
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA.
NBC-Red: Landt Trio and White.
- 2:30
NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt mysteries.
- 2:45
CBS: Cook's Tours.
- 3:00
CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic
NBC-Blue: Your English
NBC-Red: Metropolitan Auditions.
- 3:15
NBC-Blue: Point Lookout Light.
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Grand Hotel.
- 4:00
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers.
NBC-Red: The Widow's Sons.
- 4:30
NBC-Blue: Fishface and Figs-bottle.
NBC-Red: Musical Camera.
- 5:00
CBS: Your Unseen Friend.
NBC-Blue: We, the People.
NBC-Red: Marion Talley.
- 5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo.
NBC-Blue: Stoppnagle and Budd.
NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
CBS: Joe Penner.
MBS: National Amateur Night.
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour.
- 6:30
CBS: Rubinfoff, Jan Pearce.
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today.
- 7:00
CBS: Professor Quiz.
NBC-Red: Jack Benny.
- 7:30
CBS: Phil Baker.
NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson, Bob Ripley.
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals.
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Sunset Dreams.
- 8:00
CBS: Nelson Eddy.
NBC-Blue: Arma Band.
NBC-Red: Good Will Court.
- 8:30
CBS: Eddie Cantor.
NBC-Blue: Romance of '76.
- 9:00
CBS: Ford Sunday Hour.
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell.
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
- 9:15
NBC-Blue: Paul Whiteman.
- 9:30
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music.
- 10:00
CBS: Gillette Community Sing.
NBC-Blue: Edwin C. Hill.
NBC-Red: General Motors Symphony.
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago.

MONDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
CBS: Betty and Bob.
NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs.
- 10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella.
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
CBS: John K. Watkins.
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45
CBS: Hymns of All Churches.
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine.
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
CBS: East and Oumke.
NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister.
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.
- 11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Oafoe.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Red: Mary Martin.
- 12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 12:45
CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
- 1:00
CBS: Five Star Revue.
- 1:30
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens.
- 2:15
CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:45
NBC-Red: Personal Column.
- 3:00
MBS: Mollie of the Movies.
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
NBC-Red: Hour of Charm.
- 4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 5:00
CBS: Junior Nurse Corps.
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over.
- 5:15
NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 5:30
CBS: Adventures of Jack Masters.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Blue: Flying Time.
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
NBC-Red: Education in the News.
- 6:30
Press Radio News.
- 6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
CBS: Popeye the Sailor.
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
CBS: Goose Creek Parson.
MBS: The Lone Ranger.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
CBS: Alemitte Half Hour.
NBC-Blue: Helen Hayes.
NBC-Red: McGee and Molly.
- 8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat.
NBC-Blue: Melodiana.
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone.
- 9:00
CBS: Lux Radio Theater.
MBS: Gabriel Heatter.
NBC-Blue: Sinclair Minstrels.
NBC-Red: Warden Lawes.
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: Jack Pearl, Cliff Hall.
NBC-Red: Studebaker Champions.
- 10:00
CBS: Wayne King.
MBS: Famous Jury Trials.
NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam.
NBC-Red: Contented Program.
- 10:30
NBC-Red: Krueger Musical Toast.

TUESDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
CBS: Betty and Bob.
NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs.
- 10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella.
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
CBS: John K. Watkins.
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45
CBS: Hymns of All Churches.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
CBS: East and Oumke.
NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister.
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef.
- 11:45
CBS: Eleanor Howe.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott.
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15 P.M.
CBS: Ted Malone
NBC-Red: Mary Martin.
- 12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 12:45
CBS: Rich Man's Oarling.
- 1:30
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 2:15
CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:45
NBC-Red: Personal Column.
- 3:00
MBS: Mollie of the Movies.
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
NBC-Blue: Have You Heard.
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
NBC-Red: Cheerio.
- 4:30
CBS: Billy Mills & Co.
NBC-Blue: Oog Heroes.
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 4:45
NBC-Red: Women's Clubs.
- 5:00
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.
- 5:15
NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:15
CBS: News of Youth.
NBC-Blue: Animal Close-Ups.
NBC-Red: Mid-Week Hymn Sing.
- 6:30
Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
NBC-Red: Billy and Betty.
- 7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies.
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
CBS: Ted Husing's Sportcast.
NBC-Blue: Jim Braddock.
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 7:30
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
NBC-Blue: Vivian della Chiesa.
- 8:00
CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall.
NBC-Blue: Log Cabin Oude Ranch.
NBC-Red: Leo Reisman's Orchestra.
- 8:30
CBS: Al Jolson.
MBS: Listen to This.
NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest.
NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00
CBS: Fred Waring.
MBS: Gabriel Heatter.
NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie.
NBC-Red: Sidewalk Interviews.
- 9:30
CBS: Camel Caravan.
MBS: True Detective Mystery.
NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives.
NBC-Red: Fred Astaire.
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Portraits of Harmony.
NBC-Red: Jimmy Fidler.

WEDNESDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
CBS: Betty and Bob.
NBC-Blue: Press Radio News.
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs.
- 10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella.
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
CBS: John K. Watkins.
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45
CBS: Hymns of All Churches.
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine.
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister.
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.
- 11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Oafoe.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Red: Mary Martin.
- 12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 12:45
CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
- 1:00
CBS: Five Star Revue.
MBS: Music From Texas.
- 1:30
NBC-Red: Oan Harding's Wife.
- 2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens.
- 2:15
CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:30
NBC-Blue: Jean Oickenson.
- 2:45
NBC-Red: Personal Column.
- 3:00
MBS: Mollie of the Movies.
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
NBC-Blue: Continental Varieties.
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
NBC-Red: Henry Busse Orch.
- 4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 5:00
CBS: Junior Nurse Corps.
- 5:15
NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 5:30
CBS: Adventures of Jack Masters.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Blue: Flying Time.
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:30
Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
NBC-Red: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies.
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
CBS: Popeye the Sailor.
NBC-Blue: Jim Braddock.
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
CBS: Goose Creek Parson.
MBS: The Lone Ranger.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
CBS: Cavalcade of America.
NBC-Blue: Revue de Paree.
NBC-Red: One Man's Family.
- 8:30
CBS: Burns and Allen.
MBS: Tonic Time.
NBC-Blue: Ethel Barrymore.
NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00
CBS: Nino Martini.
MBS: Gabriel Heatter.
NBC-Blue: Professional Parade
NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight.
- 9:30
CBS: Come On, Let's Sing.
- 10:00
CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord.
NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade.

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON

PROGRAM DIRECTORY

THURSDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Betty and Bob.
 NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs.
- 10:15
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
 CBS: John K. Watkins.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45
 CBS: Hymns of All Churches.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.
 NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
 NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
 CBS: East and Dumke.
 NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister.
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
- 11:45
 CBS: Eleanor Howe.
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Allen Prescott.
- 12:00 Noon
 CBS: The Gumps.
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15 P.M.
 CBS: Ted Malone.
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 12:45
 CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
- 1:00
 NBC-Blue: Vaughn de Leath.
 NBC-Red: Oan Harding's Wife.
- 2:00
 NBC-Blue: Words and Music.
- 2:15
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:30
 NBC-Blue: Women's Clubs.
- 2:45
 NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.
 NBC-Red: Personal Column.
- 3:00
 MBS: Mollie of the Movies.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
 NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera Co.
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
 NBC-Red: La Salle Fashion Show.
- 4:30
 NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 5:00
 NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.
- 5:15
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 5:30
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
 CBS: Wilderness Road.
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
 NBC-Red: Cabin in the Cotton.
- 6:15
 CBS: News of Youth.
 NBC-Blue: Animal Close-Ups.
- 6:30
 CBS: Eddie Oooley.
 NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies.
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
 CBS: Ted Husing's Sportcast.
 NBC-Blue: Jim Braddock.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 7:30
 CBS: Vee Larnhurst.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
 MBS: Pleasant Valley Frolics.
 NBC-Blue: Music Is My Hobby.
- 8:00
 CBS: Kate Smith.
 NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee.
- 9:00
 CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs.
 MBS: Gabriel Heatter.
 NBC-Red: Show Boat.
- 9:30
 NBC-Blue: Town Meeting.
- 10:00
 NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall.
- 10:30
 CBS: March of Time.
 NBC-Blue: NBC Jamboree.

FRIDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Betty and Bob.
 NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs.
- 10:15
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
 CBS: John K. Watkins.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45
 CBS: Betty Crocker.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.
 NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
 NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister.
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.
- 11:45
 CBS: Or. Allan R. Dafe.
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
 CBS: The Gumps.
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15
 CBS: Ted Malone.
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 12:45
 CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
- 1:00
 CBS: Five Star Revue.
 NBC-Red: Oan Harding's Wife.
- 1:45
 MBS: Beauty Forum.
- 2:00
 CBS: Kathryn Cravens.
 NBC-Blue and Red: Music Appreciation Hour.
- 2:15
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 3:00
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
 NBC-Red: Tea Time at Morrell's.
- 4:30
 NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 5:00
 CBS: Junior Nurse Corps.
- 5:15
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 5:30
 CBS: Adventures of Jack Masters.
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
 CBS: Wilderness Road.
 NBC-Blue: Flying Time.
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:05
 NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.
- 6:30
 Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
 CBS: Mortimer Gooch.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
 CBS: Popeye the Sailor.
 NBC-Blue: The Stainless Show.
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
 CBS: Goose Creek Parson.
 MBS: The Lone Ranger.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
 NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
 CBS: Broadway Varieties.
 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich.
 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert.
- 8:15
 NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam.
- 8:30
 CBS: Andre Kostelanetz Orch.
 NBC-Blue: Oeath Valley Days.
- 9:00
 CBS: Hollywood Hotel.
 NBC-Blue: Fred Waring.
 NBC-Red: Waltz Time.
- 9:30
 NBC-Blue: Twin Stars.
 NBC-Red: True Story Court.
- 10:00
 CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra.
 NBC-Blue: Shep Fields' Orchestra.
 NBC-Red: First Nighter.
- 10:30
 NBC-Blue: Vivian Oella Chiesa.

SATURDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 Press-Radio News.
- 10:05
 CBS: The Bluebirds.
 NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose.
 NBC-Red: Charioteers.
- 10:15
 CBS: Richard Maxwell.
 NBC-Blue: Raising Your Parents.
 NBC-Red: The Vass Family.
- 10:30
 CBS: Let's Pretend.
 NBC-Red: Manhattans.
- 10:45
 NBC-Blue: Happy Jack.
- 11:00
 CBS: Cincinnati Conservatory.
 NBC-Blue: Madge Marley.
 NBC-Red: Our American Schools.
- 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Melody of Romance.
 NBC-Red: Ooc Whipple.
- 11:30
 NBC-Blue: Magic of Speech.
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef.
- 11:45
 NBC-Red: Home Town.
- 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: Call of Youth.
 NBC-Red: Abram Chasins.
- 12:30
 CBS: George Hall Orch.
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
 NBC-Red: Emerson Gill's Orch.
- 1:05
 NBC-Red: Rex Battle Orchestra.
- 1:30
 CBS: Buffalo Presents.
 NBC-Blue: Our Barn.
 NBC-Red: Campus Capers.
- 2:00
 NBC-Blue: Words and Music.
- 2:30
 NBC-Blue: Whitney Ensemble.
- 2:45
 CBS: Clyde Barrie.
- 3:00
 NBC-Blue: Country Cousins.
 NBC-Red: Varieties.
- 3:15
 NBC-Blue: Gale Page.
- 3:30
 NBC-Blue: Hesserberg Orchestra.
 NBC-Red: Week End Review.
- 4:30
 NBC-Blue: Joan and Escorts.
 NBC-Red: Hugo Mariani's Orch.
- 5:00
 NBC-Blue: Musical Adventures.
 NBC-Red: Top Hatters.
- 5:15
 NBC-Blue: Timothy Makepeace.
- 5:30
 NBC-Blue: Bill Kountz Orch.
 NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:05
 NBC-Blue: Jesse Crawford.
 NBC-Red: Otto Thurn.
- 6:15
 CBS: News of Youth.
- 6:30
 Press-Radio News.
- 6:35
 NBC-Blue: NBC Home Symphony.
- 6:45
 CBS: Saturday Night Swing.
 NBC-Red: Religion in the News.
- 7:00
 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel.
 NBC-Red: Red Grange.
- 7:15
 CBS: Ted Husing's Sportcast.
 NBC-Red: Hampton Institute.
- 7:30
 CBS: Carborundum Band.
 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Box.
- 7:45
 NBC-Red: Thornton Fisher.
- 8:00
 CBS: Columbia Workshop.
 NBC-Blue: Ed Wynn.
 NBC-Red: Saturday Night Party.
- 8:30
 NBC-Blue: Meredith Willson.
- 9:00
 CBS: Floyd Gibbons, Vincent Lopez.
 MBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell.
 NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance.
 NBC-Red: Snow Village Sketches.
- 9:30
 CBS: Your Pet Program.
 NBC-Red: Shell Chateau.
- 10:00
 CBS: Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes.
- 10:30
 NBC-Blue: Nickelodeon.
- 10:30
 NBC-Blue: Hildegarde.
 NBC-Red: Irvin S. Cobb.

HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE

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

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

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

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

Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network

WABC	WIBW	WWVA
WACO	WIBX	KFAB
WADC	WICC	KFBB
WALA	WISN	KFBK
WBBM	WJAS	KFH
WBIG	WJR	KFPY
WBNS	WJSV	KFRC
WBRC	WKBN	KGB
WBT	WKBN	KGKO
WCAU	WKRC	KGVO
WCCO	WLAJ	KHJ
WCOA	WLBZ	KLRA
WDAE	WMAS	KLZ
WDBJ	WMBD	KMBC
WDBO	WMBG	KMOX
WDNC	WMBR	KNOW
WDDO	WNRN	KOIN
WDRC	WNAX	KOL
WEAN	WNBK	KOMA
WEEL	WNOX	KRLD
WEGC	WOC	KRLD
WFBL	WOKO	KSCJ
WFBN	WORC	KSL
WFEA	WOWO	KTRH
WGL	WPG	KTSA
WGR	WQAM	KTUL
WGSJ	WREC	KVI
WHAS	WRSJ	KVOR
WHCC	WSFA	KVOR
WHIO	WSJS	KWKH
WHK	WSPD	KFKB
WHP	WTCC	CKAC
	WTL	

Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Networks

RED NETWORK		
WBEN	WHO	WSAI
WCAE	WIRE	WTAG
WOSH	WJAR	WTAM
WDAF	WMAQ	WTIC
WEAF	WNAC	WWJ
WFBR	WOW	KSD
WRC	WRC	KYW

BLUE NETWORK		
WABY	WGAR	WSYR
WBAL	WHAM	WXYZ
WBZ	WJZ	KDKA
WBZA	WLS	KOIL
WEBR	WMAL	KSO
WENR	WMT	KWK
WFIL	WREN	

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

WAPI	WOAI	KGHL
WAVE	WOOD	KGIR
WBAP	WPTF	KGLO
WCFL	WRVA	KGU
WCOL	WSB	KGW
WCSC	WSM	KHQ
WDAY	WSMB	KJR
WEBC	WSOC	KLO
WFVA	WSUM	KOA
WFBC	WTAR	KOMO
WFLA	WTMJ	KPO
WGBX	WVNC	KPRC
WIBA	KDYL	KSTP
WIOD	KECA	KTAR
WIS	KEX	KTBS
WJAX	KFI	KTHS
WJDX	KFSD	KVOO
WKY	KFYR	CFCF
WLW	KGA	CRCT
WMC		

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

PUT MAGIC IN YOUR BAKING



Friendly, lovable Ma Perkins, with her homely philosophy, as played by Virginia Payne, is heard five times a week over the NBC network, and sponsored by Oxydol.

JUST hearing Ma Perkins on the air would be enough to tell you that she has grand ideas about food. But talk with her for only a few minutes and you'd be really sure. She makes you see visions of spoon bread and waffles, luscious, spicy desserts, and dumplings with gravy.

In the old housewives' calendars Friday was always baking day, the day when bread and cookies, cakes and pies, were prepared for the coming week. What an exhausting day it was! And how dull and unappetizing those foods, so fresh and delicious on Friday, seemed when they appeared at table some days later. How much pleasanter—and more sensible—is our modern baking magic which brings freshly baked foods to every meal, glorifying even the hurried, grumbling before-business breakfast into a gracious start for the day.

Ma Perkins belongs to the "hot breads for breakfast" school, and no nonsense about their being hard to make or difficult to digest. Rice spoon bread is one of the leaders in her household, and if you wonder why, just try it on your family some morning and wait for their verdict.

RICE SPOON BREAD

3 tbl. white cornmeal	2 eggs, separated
¼ cup flour	1 tsp. salt
1 cup cooked rice	1 tbl. sugar

**ARE YOU AN OLD-FASHIONED
KITCHEN MECHANIC? LET MA
PERKINS TELL YOU ABOUT
SOME UP-TO-DATE RECIPES**

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

2 tsp. baking powder	1 cup milk
1 tbl. butter	1 cup boiling water

Pour boiling water over cornmeal and mix together. Sift in sugar, salt and flour. Cook in double boiler until thick. Stir in rice and butter. Beat together egg yolks, baking powder and milk, and stir into rice and cornmeal mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased baking dish, set in pan containing an inch of hot water and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Everyone likes waffles, of course, but until you have tried Ma Perkins' orange waffles you just can't realize how delicious they can be. Since she often serves them to her Sunday night supper guests, she believes in saving time and trouble by using one of the prepared pancake flours. She mixes the flour and liquid according to the directions which come with the package, adding one beaten egg and two tablespoons of grated orange rind for every two cups of the prepared pancake mixture. The waffles are served with orange slices, or orange marmalade, but they also may be served as a dessert with whipped cream to which grated orange rind and a few drops of orange juice have been added.

Nothing could be better on a cold winter night than veal pot pie with dumplings, and if you have been neglecting this dish get to work today with this recipe given to me by Ma Perkins.

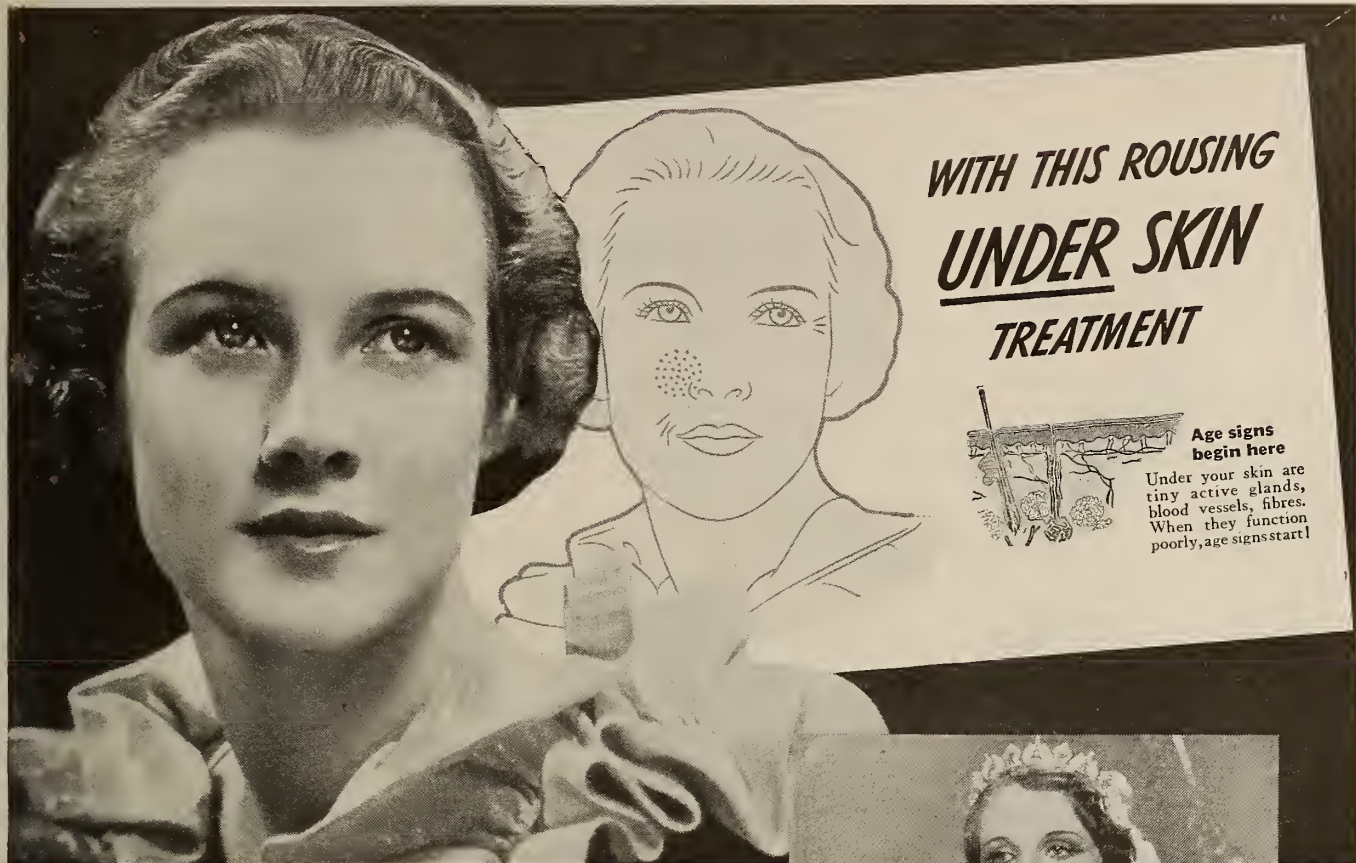
VEAL POT PIE

2 lbs. shoulder of veal, in inch cubes	½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 onion	2 cups diced potatoes
1 tsp. salt	¼ cup tomato catsup
⅛ tsp. pepper	3 tbl. flour
	½ cup cold water

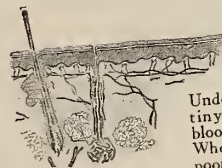
Dumplings

Cover veal and onion, which has been cut in quarters, with cold water, bring to a boil slowly and simmer for an hour and a half. Remove from fire and cool until the fat congeals on the surface. Return to fire and again bring to a slow boil. Add salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Add potatoes and continue cooking until potatoes are nearly done. Add catsup and thicken with flour blended with cold water. (Continued on page 104)

Reduce Pores... Soften Lines



WITH THIS ROUSING
UNDER SKIN
TREATMENT



Age signs begin here
Under your skin are tiny active glands, blood vessels, fibres. When they function poorly, age signs start!

Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

THE *Lady Morris*

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirling London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."



Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—*briskly*. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

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

POND'S, Dept. 8TR-CB, 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

always
ardent color..

never

*lipstick
parching*



Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills!...But remember, too, that—lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty "Sub-Deb." It contains a special softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades. New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO

Tom Waring of Waring's Pennsylvanians—February 12.

Connie Gates, NBC vocalist—February 19.

Frank Munn, of The American Album of Familiar Music—February 27.

Jack Benny and Jessica Dragonette—the 14th.

Phil (Seth Parker) Lord—the 22nd

Robert (Bazooka) Burns—the 25th.

THE ORACLE SPEAKS

Beulah Delli C., Elwood, Ind.—We know a lot about Harry Von Zell. First of all, he was born in Indianapolis, Ind., July 11, 1906. He got his education there, Sioux City, Iowa and Los Angeles, California. He left college after his first year when a football injury caused a protracted period of inactivity. He later took up boxing. Yes, that's just what I mean. Harry won three bouts and lost and tied one

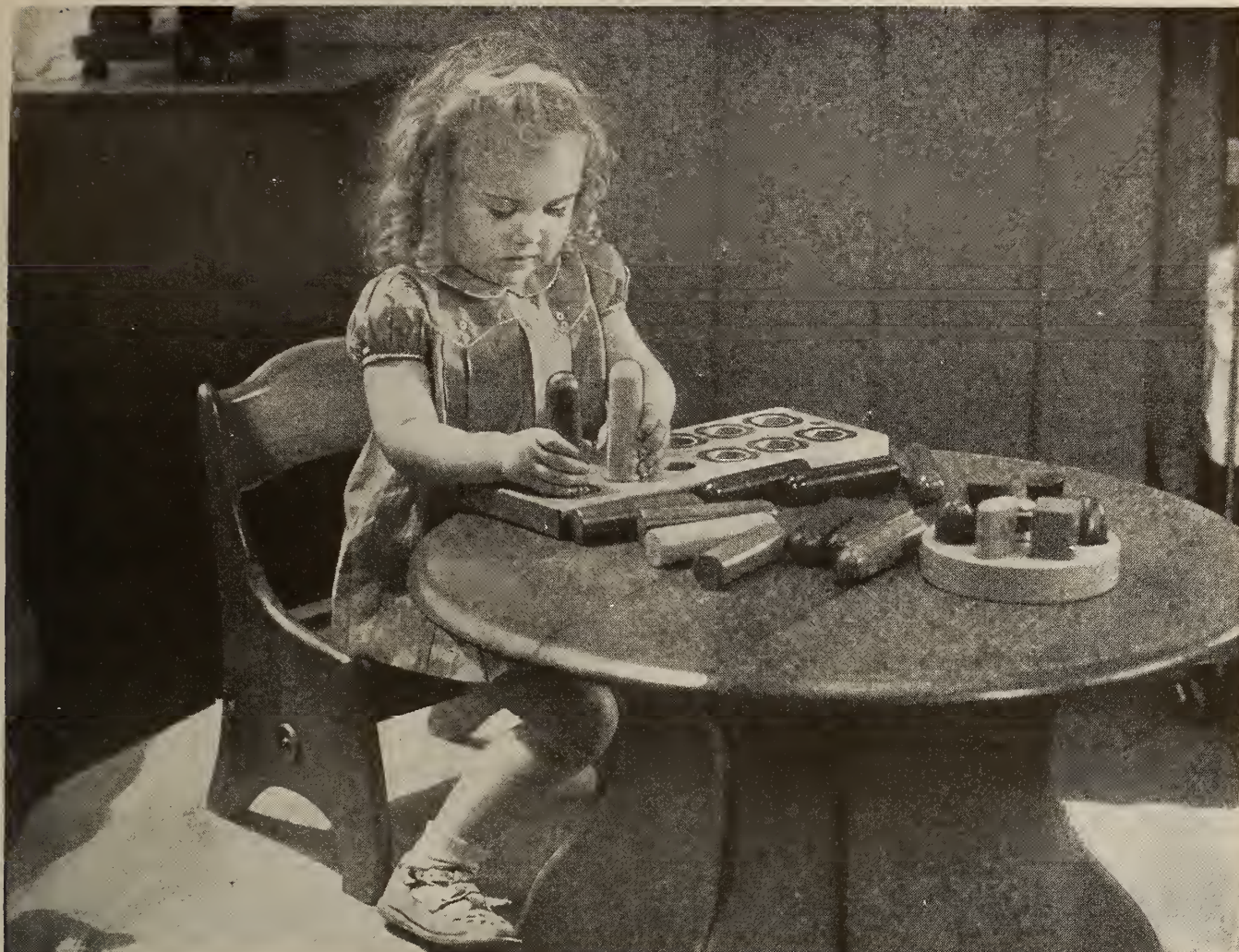
each before deserting fisticuffs as a profession. Made his radio debut over station KMIC as a singer. Harry is married, and he calls his wife "Mickey." The Von Zells live on Long Island with their seven-year-old son, Kenneth Harry. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

Gar K., Brooklyn, New York—So far as we know, Judy Starr's real name is Judy Starr. She was born in Thomasville, Georgia, and brought up in Clarksburg, W. Va. Judy, who is twenty, is surely the tiniest grown-up songstress on the air, for she is four-foot-nine in height, weighs eighty-three pounds, and wears size one-and-a-half shoes. She attributes her success to her first evening gown and Rudy Vallee. She's not married.

Irene B., New York City—Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton went off the air last year and we haven't heard of them since. However, they might be on some
(Continued on page 58)

Hollywood Hotel's popular Frances Langford has her busy moments. Now that her latest picture, "Born to Dance," has been released, she's busier than ever autographing pictures for her many ardent admirers.





Children's Hour

SPECIAL CARE IN EVERYTHING...

FROM SPECIAL TOYS THAT TEACH...TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE...

THAT'S WHY CHILDREN THRIVE BETTER TODAY...

SEE THAT TOY?

It's a *special* toy...made to teach children how to think and use their hands. Doctors tell us that practically everything children get today should be made *especially* for them...even their laxative.



It's common sense, isn't it? For a child's system is tender...too delicate for the harsh action of an "adult" laxative.

So when mothers seek professional advice on this subject, doctors usually prescribe Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially *and only* for children.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently stimulates the natural muscular movement. It clears

away the waste without any harsh irritation, without any violence.

Fletcher's Castoria can never upset a baby's tender stomach. It doesn't rush turbulently through his tiny system. And it won't cause diarrhoea or cramping pains. You see, it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Only the purest of pure ingredients. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.



And important as anything else... Fletcher's Castoria tastes good. Children love it—think it's a treat. Some mothers are inclined to overlook the importance

of pleasant taste in a laxative. They forget that forcing a child to take a bad-tasting medicine can completely and seriously upset his entire nervous system.

So stay on the safe side, as millions of mothers are doing, and keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. You can get it at every drug store in the country. Ask for the Family Size bottle. It lasts longer...and gives you more for your money. The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every carton.

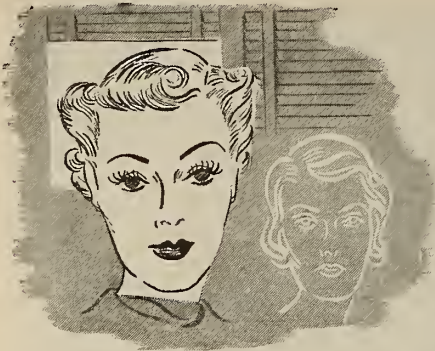
Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The laxative made *especially* for babies and growing children

What Do You Want to Know?

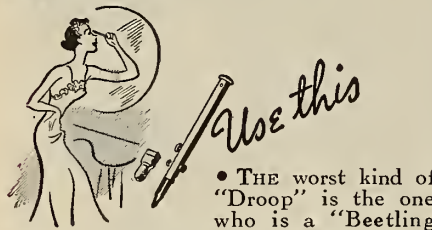
(Continued from page 56)



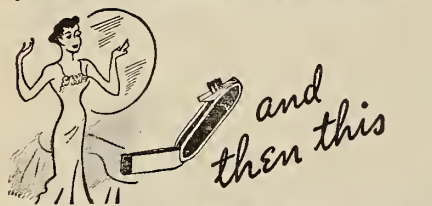
DON'T BE A DROOP!



• Do you know the difference between a "Droop" and a glamour girl? Nine times out of ten it's her eyes! And it's so easy . . . just slip your lashes into KURLASH, and in 30 seconds they'll be curled back in an entrancing sweep. KURLASH is that handy little beauty necessity that curls your lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. \$1 at all good stores.



• THE worst kind of "Droop" is the one who is a "Beetling Droop," with heavy, sinister eyebrows, or a fringe of unwanted hair ruining her hairline. But you don't have to be one! Use TWEEZETTE, that clever little automatic gadget for painlessly removing unwanted eyebrow and face hairs. \$1 everywhere.



• BUT curling and grooming aren't enough. You must color those sweeping lashes. LASH-PAC is your purse-size mascara in a neat lipstick shape, with a tiny brush, all ready to use, popping out of the other end. Comes in brown, blue, green and black. Only \$1.

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY
 To: JANE HEATH, Dept. MG-2
 The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.
 The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3
 Please send me, free, your booklet on eye
 beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my
 complexion.
 Eyes _____ Hair _____ Complexion _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 (please print plainly)

local station. If they are, they haven't told us about it.

Joan D. of Garfield, N. J. and Jean D. of Brooklyn, New York—Buddy Clark was born in Boston. He studied law at Northeastern Law School there, but his singing as an amateur won such hearty response, that he decided in his third year to abandon law for a radio career. He started about four years ago and now is one of radio's popular singers. Golf and ping pong are his favorite sports. Address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Ruth M. F., Charlotte Hall, Md.—By this time, if you've purchased a copy of January RADIO MIRROR, you must have read all about Ted Malone in that swell story entitled, "Two Loves That Guide Ted Malone." Am I forgiven for not telling you about him before?

Harold M., Springfield, Mo.—For a picture of Cab Calloway, write and ask him for one in care of Mills Artists, Inc., 799 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York.

Mr. M. R. Hardin, Rutherford, N. J.—Our letter came back marked "not found." This is just to let you know that we appreciate your suggestions and will try to please you soon.

Helen Hayes H., Los Angeles, Calif.—I enjoyed reading your Carmen Lombardo Club bulletin. Would you be interested in reading about brother Guy? Or maybe you have already read it. It's called "Sentimental Guy," and it's in the January RADIO MIRROR.

Eddie Duchin fans, attention! If you want to know all about the Eddie Duchin fan club, get in touch with Edna Rogers, 3730 N. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Kitty B., Bay Head, N. J.—Wasn't that list just a bit too long, Kitty? Have a heart! Here are a few you asked for. For photographs of Cornelia Otis Skinner, Kate Smith, Ed Wynn, Irene Wicker, address them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. For a photograph of Walter Wolf King, write to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, and address Benny Rubin in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York.

Frank A., Lansford, Pa.—Write to Little Jack Little in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. I'm sure your letter will be forwarded to him and he will be glad to send such an ardent admirer a photo. Address Paul Whiteman in care of the National Broadcasting Company's New York City office—Rockefeller Plaza; Bob Burns, the National Broadcasting Company's California office—555 South Flower Street, Los Angeles.

K. B. G., Phila., Pa.—June Meredith is on the air, playing in the serial, The Story of Mary Marlin, over the National networks. Jean Paul King plays the leading part in Romance, Inc., over NBC's WJZ. As for Frank Singheiser, he's a free lancer, playing dramatic bits here and there. The William Adams who played in The New Penny, is the same person who played in the Palmolive Beauty Box programs, as Tom Gilbert.

Mildred W., Winnipeg, Canada—Happy Jack Turner sings on the Breakfast Club

program. Address him in care of that program at the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. You can write Tony Russell for his picture at Station WBZ, Boston, Mass.

Cecily D., Evanston, Ill.—Sorry, but we can't help you with addresses of movie stars. Please write to the movie publications for them. Of course, George Burns and Gracie Allen are radio stars as well as movie stars and we know where they can be reached. Address them in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th and Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, California.

Betty H., Chicago, Ill.—The Hoffinghams are off the air at this writing. Here's the lineup of the Show Boat cast. First, of course, there's its leading tenor and master of ceremonies, Lanny Ross; then Helen Jepson, soprano; Molasses 'n' January; Sam Hearn, comedian; Ross Graham, baritone; Al Goodman's orchestra and the Modern Choir.

Mr. Sully C., Somerville, Mass.—Whata list! First of all, Frank Parker's name is Frank Parker. He'll take an oath that it is not Ciccio although at one time some publicity notices said he was called "Ciccio." Frank was born in New York of Italian parentage. And he lives in New York today. We don't know now when he will appear in vaudeville, but if you want to write and ask him, address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

Mrs. A. J. K., St. Croix Falls, Wisc.—You're right about Lady Esther on Wayne King's programs and Frances Moran of Today's Children. George Hessberger is not Walter Blaufuss. George conducts an orchestra at some dance spot out West.

Jean M., New Toronto, Canada—Why don't you write to Jerry Cooper direct? Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, N. Y. Did you read the story about Jerry in the December RADIO MIRROR?

Dolorys C., Klemme, Iowa—Lanny Ross is married and is in his early thirties. They used to have a double to do the speaking parts for Lanny on the Show Boat, but that was long ago. Lanny has proved that he can act as well as sing.

Alias Kismet, Derby, Conn.—How am I doing now? You see, I took some of your good advice. Bob Ripley was born on Christmas Day, 1893, in Santa Rosa, California. You might be interested in knowing that Bob's mother was born in a covered wagon when his grandparents were enroute to the West Coast. Also, that his father swam the Ohio River at the age of fourteen when he ran away from home. There was an item about Ed Thorgersen in the January issue of RADIO MIRROR in For Your Radio Scrapbook department. I hope you saw it, because it was accompanied by a swell picture of Ed.

Miss Z. M. M., Dunkirk, New York—I'm sorry I couldn't catch an earlier issue to print your reply and hope I'm not too late. Bert Parks was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on December 30, 1914. He's Columbia's youngest announcer. Bert is five feet-eleven inches tall, weighs 148 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes and is not married.

(Continued on page 66)

All Day long

YOU NEED THE 3-WAY PROTECTION THAT ONLY KOTEX OFFERS!



CAN'T CHAFE

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



CAN'T FAIL

The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.



CAN'T SHOW

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

3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 11)

\$1.00 PRIZE

DO YOU AGREE?

Of all the juvenile movie and radio stars who have appeared before a microphone, who is the greatest? Who has the sweetest, most appealing speaking and singing voice?

Is it not little Bobby Breen, Eddie Cantor's protege? No other boy singer ever to stand before a microphone or movie camera has the poise and charming personality so enriched by that golden voice of his as little Bobby Breen!

Some of the child singers over the radio may have a fairly good speaking voice, but few child radio stars possess the smooth, enchanting quality of voice Bobby Breen has.

Fortunate indeed was Eddie Cantor in obtaining the services of this adorable little nine-year-old lad whose golden voice has brought joy and happiness to many millions of lovers of good music and children.

ROY ROBERT SMITH,
Denver, Colo.

\$1.00 PRIZE

YESTERDAYS' STARS VS. NEW TALENT

Not long ago I read one of the "What Do You Want To Say?" letters in RADIO MIRROR, written by a lady who seemed to want the yesteryear performers back on the air and screen instead of so much new talent.

Since I have the privilege of voicing my own opinion, I would like to differ with her upon this matter.

If it were possible, suppose we could and were going to bring back yesteryear's automobiles, trains and other environments in which our ancestors lived. Where would we, including that lady, fit in, in this modern age? Nowhere, that is certain!

I say, yesteryear's performers had their heyday, now let the talented Youth of America have one of its own. More power to them!

MISS WILLAVENE DEWITT,
Oakland, Maryland.

\$1.00 PRIZE

RADIO'S PROGRESSING

The trend to public participation marks, I believe, the beginning of a new era in radio.

The cut and dried radio trio—music, comedy and drama—has grown weary from overwork. A new idea is being born, public participation, first dramatized and brought to public attention by Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.

Just think for a minute how public participation has flourished. We have the Good Will Court, Columbia's Community Sings, the new Question Bee programs, Vox Pop, Husbands and Wives, the Listener Speaks, and Phillips Lord's new People's Program.

These are not a fad, but a trend. "Nothing is more interesting than people," is an old truth, and radio is just finding it out. This evolution holds promise of heightened listener interest in the future.

MRS. VERA I. MACK,
Freeport, New York.

\$1.00 PRIZE

TEN YEARS OF RADIO

Radio has grown up from a squawking, unreliable, sometimes amusing, more often irritating, protege of science to a universally acceptable form of diversified entertainment. But radio has not grown alone—I've grown right along with it.

Ten years ago I lived in another era where I had to wind a phonograph or pump a player piano when I yearned for music. My political views were hand-me-downs gleaned from the audible opinions of the men in the house. I was too busy or too tired to give anything but a perfunctory glance at newspapers or magazines. In fact I was a narrow minded, apathetic housewife with an intellectual boundary of four walls. But now I have a brand new outlook on life. I form my own opinions after giving all parties concerned a fair hearing. I know as many popular tunes as my sixteen-year-old daughter. I am as familiar with the situation in Spain as I am with the one that exists next door. Gossip, envy, ignorance have done a fade-out. Music, laughter, knowledge fill my day. I'm younger, happier, smarter.

You bet radio has changed, and with a twist of the dial I kept right up with it.

MRS. WES SAUM,
Yankton, South Dakota.

HONORABLE MENTION

"Everyone's kicking at radio's overstocked football forecasts, abstracts, interviews, controversial discussion, and a wealth of stadium filling pre-game comment which over advertise America's most colorful fall sport."—STAUNTON MORAN, San Francisco, Calif.

"On Firestone there is the mixed chorus with Margaret Speaks, the brilliant American soprano, more recently termed the Distinguished Firestone Soloist, well known for her high sense of courtesy and prompt acknowledgment of all fan mail."—J. E. SILLS, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"I predict that the next ten years will see a toning down on advertising, a few more hours per week given to educational programs, and in the good shows we will hear more radio artists than screen stars, and swing music will swing into oblivion, while more music of the Wayne King variety will serve to strengthen and quiet our jangled nerves!"—MRS. JACK DE MERRITT, San Antonio, Texas.

"It doesn't add to the interest of a program to hear the performers giggling at one another's jokes. Why not let the radio audience do the laughing?"—MRS. M. N. WILCOX, Lawrence, Kansas.

"I enjoy good music, dramas, news and educational reviews, but if my hostess likes something different, it is satisfactory with me. A constructive criticism is always acceptable, but a harsh, rude one, is entirely uncalled for. More cheers and fewer boos!"—L. D. EARLE, Berkeley, Calif.

"Why can't we have more programs of good music during the day? Do they think we housewives care for nothing but popular music?"—MRS. BERNARD ELLIS, Stamford, Nebraska.



FEMININE HYGIENE made easy



THE MODERN METHOD
Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the modern way to feminine hygiene.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, convenient and easy. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use... much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parahydracin* for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR
Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of Unguentine.

NORFORMS

© N. P. C. 1937 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

DON'T MISS The Revealing Major Bowes Story Next Month

DO THIS FOR YOUTHFUL LIPS

USE TANGEE EVERY DAY — see it change to the **ONE shade most becoming to YOU...**

Watch new loveliness glow on your lips the instant you apply Tangee. The delicate orange color in the stick changes—right on your lips—to the exact shade of blush-rose that perfectly becomes *you*. Only Tangee has this magic Color Change Principle. Only Tangee gives your lips this fresh appealing naturalness of youth. Tangee *isn't paint* and can't give you a "painted look". Paris insists upon delicacy, harmony! Use Tangee Lipstick. And use Tangee Rouge, too. Also contains Color Change Principle. Gives youthful natural color to cheeks.



JUST BEFORE BED — use Tangee, feel it smooth and soften your lips for the night!



Do not confuse Tangee Natural with ordinary cosmetics—which should be removed at night. Tangee Lipstick's special cream base can't possibly harm, but *soothes* your lips. Day and night it prevents chapping, dryness. Awake each morning, lovely to look at, with soft, smooth lips... No more faded "morning look". Of course, no trace of Tangee on bed linens! You can safely use Tangee Lipstick *day and night*. Buy one today, 39¢ and \$1.10, or tear out coupon and send for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-up Set.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

Painted **GLARING** Lips



Tangee **GLOWING** Lips

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
 ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MA-27
 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada).

Check Shade of Powder Desired Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

NAME _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS



THINK A MOMENT!

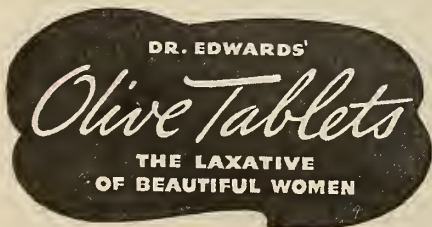
*Has more than
one day
gone by?*

Keep tabs on yourself. Establish regular habits of elimination. Most doctors agree this is for your own well-being.

If more than one day goes by, take an Olive Tablet just as an aid to Nature.

You'll find Olive Tablets excellent for this purpose. Mild, gentle, the formula of an eminent Ohio physician, they are used in thousands of homes as a standard proprietary.

Keep them always on your bathroom shelf and caution the whole family to use them on the evening before the second day. Three sizes—15¢—30¢—60¢. All druggists.



HENRY FORD'S about to make a low bow to Hollywood—Henry Ford is *not* about to make a low bow to Hollywood! He is—he isn't! The rumors are flying thick and the denials fast as we go to press, but the question ought to have been settled one way or another by the time you read this. And this is the story behind all the excitement.

The story is that Ford is dickering with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a weekly hour program to originate in Hollywood and use the M-G-M roster of stars for talent. The reputed cost would be \$30,000 a week.

As far as star names go, this scheme would threaten to put all other Hollywood radio programs in the shade, but that's not its only advantage, at least from the viewpoint of the movie producers. If M-G-M supplied the talent for a radio show, it would also oversee the script material used, control the number of air appearances made by their stars, and compromise with exhibitors who have been demanding that movie stars be taken off the air completely. If the contract goes through, the Ford show won't be presented on either Saturday or Sunday nights—the nights most people like to go to the movies. That's just one of the little provisions which ought to please M-G-M's exhibitors.

All in all, if the Ford-M-G-M contract is signed and works out successfully, there will probably be other sponsors who will tie themselves up exclusively with one studio, and the history of radio's relationship with Hollywood will enter upon a new chapter.

THE Sinclair Oil Company is turning up at local stations with a sweepstakes idea for a program, after both networks looked dubiously upon the notion as being a little too much like a gambling game. The "lucky-number" tickets aren't sold, however—the oil company gives them to anyone who asks for them, and the Federal Communications Commission is said to have decided this doesn't constitute a lottery. So if the plan turns out to be successful on local stations, the chances are that it will sooner or later crop up on one of the networks.

Henry Ford dickers with M-G-M as he mulls plans for the biggest thing yet in broadcasts from Hollywood.

Wide World



NBC employees got their chance at a prize contest during the NBC Tenth Anniversary celebrations, and NBC emerged with a new slogan. It was submitted by Miss June Hynd of the New York Program Department and won for Miss Hynd a first prize of \$100. Here's the slogan: "By Choice the Nation's Voice."

ONE of radio's bombshells exploded when Jessica Dragonette and Cities Service announced that the star of the Friday-night Cities Service concerts would leave the show on February 5. For seven years Jessica has been the bright particular star of this program; in fact, the program and Jessica had come in the minds of most listeners to be one and the same thing. Now Lucille Manners, who twice substituted for Jessica during the latter's summer vacation, is to take her place permanently.

It's always painful for a star and a sponsor who have been associated for many years to come to the parting of the ways, and the Dragonette-Cities Service split was no exception. Jessica couldn't be reached for a statement for some time after the official announcement had been made, and the sponsor's explanation of the change was vague and non-committal.

But for the readers of RADIO MIRROR, here's a forecast of what Jessica will be doing after February 5. Call it a well authenticated rumor, which says that she'll be starred on a new program to be sponsored by a famous soap manufacturer, on a network yet to be chosen, but probably CBS.

DECEMBER 29 and 30 are to be big days for the Mutual Broadcasting Company. The twenty-ninth, you know, is the date set for extending the network across the country, taking in the Don Lee chain in the West as well as stations in the Middle West. On the evening of that day, MBS stations in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, and Boston will salute the Coast in a big program featuring virtually every star on the MBS list. And on the thirtieth, the Coast stations will return the compliment, with a program which will have Conrad Nagel introducing a lot of movie stars.

Lucille Manners will take Jessica Dragonette's place on the Friday night Cities Service show in 1937.





Common-BOYS-GIRLS MEN-WOMEN

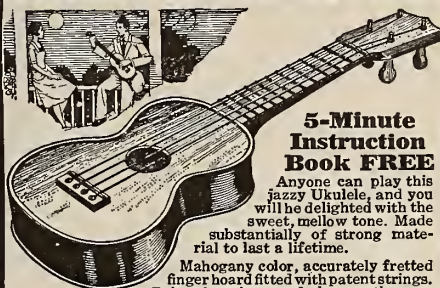
PICK YOUR PRIZE

FINE PRESENTS SURE TO BE YOURS!

For selling only 24 packets of "Garden-Spot" Seeds at 10cts. a packet and returning the \$2.40 collected. *Positively nothing more to sell—No Extra Money to Pay*, excepting on special value Wrist Watch. Everybody plants Garden-Spot Seeds. Beautiful colored packets filled with living seeds guaranteed to grow. Known with favor for more than 29 years from Maine to Mexico. Lots of people will take five to ten packets. Your own family and a few friends will buy all of them. You can sell out in no time. **Here's What You Get for Selling only 24 packets:** One Big Premium, your selection. **Extra!** We send along with your Premium as a **FREE Reward for Promptness over Fifty Brightly Colored Transfer Pictures**, Parrots, Ostriches, Lions, Elephants, Monkeys, Ships, Airplanes, a perfectly amazing collection; catalogue of many presents which tells you about **BIG CASH** distributing only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Sent postpaid.

PRIZES. Read the offers. Pick your Premium. Sign and mail the coupon or copy the coupon on a postcard. **SEND NO MONEY NOW—WE TRUST YOU.**

Hawaiian Type Strumming Ukulele



5-Minute Instruction Book FREE

Anyone can play this jazzy Ukulele, and you will be delighted with the sweet, mellow tone. Made substantially of strong material to last a lifetime.

Mahogany color, accurately fretted finger board fitted with patent strings. Brings happiness and pleasure to the wash 'round. With our five-minute instruction book, containing many songs with words and music, no lessons are necessary. **Complete outfit given for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Sent postpaid.**

Moving Picture Machine



Here is the Greatest Prize of All!

Boys, you can now show movies right at home. This outfit uses films and works like the regular machines. Made of metal, snappy black enamel finish. Uses oil and comes complete with lamp, globe, film, and colored slide. Stormy nights need not be dull. Have lots of fun giving shows.

Given for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Sent Postpaid.

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set



Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen

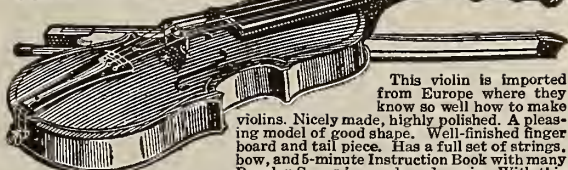
Convenient and sanitary kitchen utensils that you use every day. Blue-bird granite is most durable, finished to mirror smoothness, acid-proof and easy to keep clean. In color it is a beautiful mottled blue-gray. The entire Set, given as one premium, consists of four regular-sized pieces: one Mixing Bowl, one Pudding Pan, one Preserving Kettle with handle, one Sauce Pan. Given for distributing only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. We pay postage.

Send No Money WE TRUST YOU

VIOLIN, BOW and Instruction Book

Imported from Europe

Send TODAY



This violin is imported from Europe where they know so well how to make violins. Nicely made, highly polished. A pleasing model of good shape. Well-finished finger board and tail piece. Has a full set of strings, bow, and 5-minute Instruction Book with many Popular Songs in words and music. With this remarkable book you can quickly learn to play without a teacher. **Send no money.** Just name and address. We trust you with 24 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds to sell at 10c a Pkt. When sold send the \$2.40 Collected and Violin Outfit will be sent to you Postpaid. Send your order to Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa. We Pay Postage.

JUNIOR GUITAR

Imported from Europe



Get this handsome instrument NOW, Here's How. Just send your name and address (**SEND NO MONEY**). **WE TRUST YOU** with 24 packets of Garden Seeds to sell at 10 cents a packet. When sold send \$2.40 collected and **WE WILL SEND** this mahogany finished guitar and Five-Minute Instruction Book absolutely **FREE**. Write for seeds **NOW**.

Guaranteed Chromium WRIST WATCH

A big American Watch factory worked three years to make this Watch possible. See the graceful shape, the smartly designed case, the swanky metal dial with raised gold numerals.

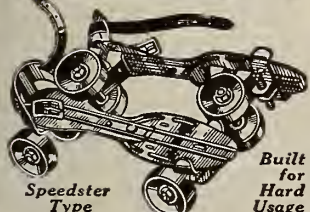


Movement guaranteed. Case is all one-white metal. This beautiful Watch given for selling only 24 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds and 98c extra or given with no extra money for selling only 48 Pkts. Write for seeds today. We trust you. Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 431, Paradise, Pa.

GET THIS POWERFUL AIR RIFLE

Think of the fun in this straight-shooting gun. Steel barrel and walnut stock. Shoots BB shot with force and accuracy. A gun any boy can be proud of. Sell only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cents a packet. Sent postpaid.

Genuine Easy Bearing Roller Skates



Built for Hard Usage

Whizz! You turn the corner with a bang, you heat your friends in every race when you have genuine Sherwood Type Skates. The smooth-running, easy bearing rollers make fast skating easy—they go like the wind. They will expand to fit any shoe. Improved Type Skate Key **FREE** with every pair. For selling only 24 packets "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Sent postpaid.

Household Clock

New Colors! New Beauty!

Secure this all-around utility Clock and you will be assured of having one Clock you can use anywhere in the house. It is ornamented front richly finished in two-tone effect, with beautifully colored harmonizing dials, in neatly set off with a richly gold plate. Give us for distributing only 24 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Clock delivered to your door—we pay postage.



10-piece Priscilla CURTAIN SET



There's a charm of welcome when you fit your home with these dainty Curtains. This is a very pretty made marquisette Curtain Set in refined white pattern, finished with 2 1/2 inch ruffles in color. Each curtain in 20x90 inches, 2 pairs, 4 Curtains, 4 Tie-backs, and 12 Ruffled Valances, 10 pieces in all. All given to you as one premium for distributing only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cents each. Sent postpaid to your door.

The WATCH for MEN

Read This Remarkable Offer!

A "regular" man's Watch. Completely new standard 40-size thin model, with improved movement, a guaranteed accurate time-keeper. A dependable and faithful companion. **Given for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Packet. Sent Postpaid. Send NOW.**

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

GIANT SPY-GLASS



3 FOOT TELESCOPE

See moon and stars and people miles away. Gives new pleasure. Always ready. Given for selling only 24 packets of seed at 10 cents and returning money collected. Send no money.

Crinkled Bed Spread

in Attractive Colors



Will Make You Proud of Your Bedroom

A glorious surprise. It surely is a beauty and always popular because it is so practical. The crinkled stripes are neatly woven in contrasting colors of rose, gold, or blue, the same on both sides, and stand the wash 'till well. No ironing — just let it dry and it is ready for use. Makes dressing in the bed a real pleasure. Size 80 x 90 inches, big enough to cover over pillows and bolster, giving effect of a two-piece set. Given for selling only 24 Pkts. "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c.

Genuine Leather BASKETBALL

FULL SIZE

Share the thrill of basket-ball—now a major sport. Grand for both girls and boys. This genuine, pebble grained cowhide Basket ball will withstand the grind of many games and the roughest practice. Latest type bladder. Complete with lacing needle and rawhide lace. **Given for selling only 24 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Pkt. Send for seeds today—we trust you until sold.**



ALL GIFTS SENT POSTPAID

No Charges to Pay on Delivery

Cut Here

PICK YOUR PRIZE THEN MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 431, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me at once 24 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds. I agree to sell them within 30 days and return the money for my GIFT according to your offers. You agree to send my Gift promptly, postpaid.

Name _____

Post Office _____

State _____

Street or R. F. D. _____ Box _____

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling-in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

By LESTER GOTTLIEB

THIS is a short short story of a big man who refused to quit. If the reading time of it was comparable to the long hours Gabriel Heatter spent alone, patiently awaiting the "breaks," this could well be a competitor of "Anthony Adverse." Today Gabe is at the top of the heap, after skyrocketing to fame over the Mutual network, with his vivid radio reporting of the news of the world. But it was a long road with plenty of detours.

Gabe was born of average middle-class parents in New York. His father was superintendent of a clothing factory, an industry noted for seasonal unemployment. When his father was out of work, young Gabe would pester hard-boiled city editors for night work. He got odd jobs, but his ideals of journalism were temporarily smashed. The sixteen-year-old lad dreamed of foreign correspondents' adventures in war-inflamed Europe, like those he read in the *Times* by Walter Duranty, of "I Write as I Please" fame. He hoped to cover city politics and expose corrupt politicians. Instead he was assigned to church socials and women's bridge clubs.

But Gabe didn't give up, though the years crept up amazingly fast and he knew he wasn't getting anywhere in particular. Somehow the well-known breaks played hookey from the Heatter household, which now included a wife and two children. No longer did he attend church socials, but he still got no further in his journalistic career than Hoboken. The job of editing a steel trade journal was the best he could do, until he took pen in hand and wrote an open letter to Norman Thomas, Socialist leader, which appeared in the *Nation* magazine.

So impressed with this letter was a smaller New York radio station that it invited Thomas and his unknown assailant to talk it out over the air. To Thomas it was a routine invitation. To Gabe Heatter it was his first escape from the stuffy steel trade journal; a temporary release from mediocrity.

"I've still got plenty of time for fame, I'm only forty," he said to himself in front of the bedroom mirror. He pulled up his belt vigorously and patted down his steel gray hair.

"I'm not as young as Lanny Ross or as handsome as



GABRIEL HEATTER HAS PROVED THAT LIFE DOES

BEGIN AT FORTY—AT LEAST FOR NEWSCASTERS

Frank Parker, but I've got just as much fight as they have."

At least someone heard the debate, for the next day a prospective sponsor called the station and asked if the man who waged Norman Thomas a brilliant battle of words was available for radio work.

HIS work on these programs prompted his sponsor to take more air time on WOR. Then came the horrible Lindbergh tragedy and Gabe was assigned to broadcast from Flemington three times a day. The blue-eyed, square-jawed Heatter made many radio friends in the tiny New Jersey town, but he also gained a flock of friendly enemies.

Gabe knew this assignment was his big chance—perhaps his last opportunity to rise to the top. He kept his typewriter clattering incessantly from six in the morning until broadcast time, rewriting, cutting, editing and relighting stale cigars. The newspaper reporters who had finished their stints early in the morning, were hitting the hay for well-earned sleep. They were rudely interrupted by the bang-

ing keyboard of the Heatter typewriter. At first the news-hawks asked him to stop in calm tones. Then they got rough. One morning a barrage of pillows, old shoes, and broken bottles whistled through the transom of Gabe's hotel door. For the remainder of the trial, Gabe typed his copy in the little hotel lobby, a blanket around his cold feet, a box of fresh cigars at his elbow, and woolen gloves on his chapped hands.

Fame hasn't changed Gabe a bit. He and his tiny wife, a former school teacher, and their two children live modestly at Freeport, Long Island. They own a popular priced car and a basement full of good books.

Basil, his son, is a poet. The daughter, twenty-year-old Maida, is advertising manager of a Long Island department store. The children seldom listen to their father's broadcast.

This summer the boy roamed around Europe, most of the time on a bicycle, thanks to a strictly business deal he made with his father.

"I promised to pay half his expenses providing he would return with some inside information on the European situation," explained Gabe. "Believe it or not, he brought me some interesting comments from the working class, though he complained it made his poetry too cynical."

Gabe still reads all his fan mail, particularly the ones his worshipping brother sends him daily. He changes his clothing six times a day, maintains a small New York apartment and a log cabin near Sherman Lake in Connecticut. He does this because he never knows where the Mutual network will stick a mike under his face next. He'll try anything now, after those harrowing experiences last year, when he broadcast under the Hudson River, as sand hogs blasted away, or in the Bronx Terminal Market at three o'clock in below-zero weather.

He smokes fifteen expensive cigars a day, and never finishes one of them. A tramp—if he were a smart tramp—could follow in Gabe's wake and smoke like a millionaire. He has a penchant for taxicabs that drive carefully. He eats chicken salad almost exclusively, and his big blue eyes dart poisonous glances at any table companion who sprays his food with catsup. His shirts are always too big for him and his trousers too loose. Because he is an unusually neat man, otherwise, I asked Gabe why he wore this vaudeville-comic outfit. He always looks to me as if he's going to pull a white rabbit out of his baggy trousers.

"I like plenty of free wheeling when I'm working," he explained.

No matter who his distinguished guest may be at the studio—the Governor, Mrs. Roosevelt, or a new record-breaker in the world of sport, Gabe loosens his tie, pulls down his suspenders, and then starts the interview.

An idealist at heart, Gabe's ambition is to broadcast from a different city every day so he could be where the news is being made. Monday, New York; Tuesday, Chicago; Wednesday, Kansas City; Thursday, Los Angeles, and so on, war, peace, strikes, drought, floods, death.

"That would be real radio reporting," he says enviously.

There's only one hitch to this idea—Gabriel Heatter, fearless forecaster of world events, is afraid to fly!

His first book, "Faith," has just been published, with an advance order any old-time author would be proud of. An important steel official, who knew and liked Gabe when he was on the steel trade journal, heard about the book and ordered 10,000 copies before publication, to be given to his employees as Christmas presents.



Ha! Ha! My proud beauty! Now I have you in my power . . .



Mr. W.—Clap hands, Margie—what's the matter with you?

Mrs. W.—Oh, look! The curtains—one of those sheets is mine.

Mr. W.—Gosh! Is the gray one yours? It looks sick beside that nice white one.



Mrs. W.—Oh, Russ! Did you really hear all the mothers who helped put up the curtain say those things about me?

Russ W.—Yep! They said your clothes have rattle-tale gray 'cause your soap doesn't wash clean. And they wished you'd use Fels-Naptha 'cause it's got *heaps* of *naptha* in the *golden soap* and that chases out every speck of dirt.



FEW
WEEKS
LATER

Mr. W.—Great Scott! Have you still got that moustache?

Mrs. W.—Take it off—you're no villain! You saved my reputation with that tip about Fels-Naptha Soap. It's made my washes look so gorgeous, I'm going to take you to town to a *real* show!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!**

\$5,000.00 FOR TRUE STORIES SUBMITTED THIS MONTH

Macfadden Publications, Inc., will pay \$5,000 for the ten best true stories submitted during January, 1937, as per the prize schedule, shown above. This is your big opportunity to cash in handsomely upon a happening in your life or the life of a friend. Study the rules carefully—send for the free booklet mentioned below and proceed to write the story that may make you richer by \$1500.

SCHEDULE OF PRIZES	
First Prize.....	\$1,500
Second Prize.....	1,000
Third Prize, 2 @ \$500....	1,000
Fourth Prize, 6 @ \$250....	1,500
<hr/>	
Total of 10 Prizes.....	\$5,000

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the best story will be awarded the \$1500 first prize, the person submitting the second best story will be awarded the \$1000 second prize, etc.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Another big true story contest next month.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.
Do not send us printed material or poetry.
Do not send us carbon copies.
Do not write in pencil.
Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.
Stories must be written in English.
Write on one side of paper only.
Put on **FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL**, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.
Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.
At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected. Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter, except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Friday, January 29, 1937.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 28C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

WRITE FOR BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, ADDRESS:

**Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. R. M., P. O. Box 490,
Grand Central Station New York, N. Y.**

(Continued from page 58)

Beatrice N., St. Paul, Minn.—Annadell Kiger is no longer on the Ma Perkins show. I understand she's changed her name and gone to the Coast. Marjorie Hannan plays the part of Fay Perkins. Yes, Frank Fay was Barbara Stanwyck's former husband. No, Bobby Breen is not Eddie Cantor's real son. Kenneth Griffin plays the part of Larry Noble in Backstage Wife and Vivian Fridell plays the part of his wife.

M. C., Harrisburg, Pa.—John S. Young is the only NBC staff announcer boasting a doctor's degree. He was born in Springfield, Mass., in August 3, 1903. Mr. Young weighs 175 pounds, is five feet-eleven inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. He plays the violin, piano, guitar, banjo, ukelele and vibraphone; speaks several languages fluently, and has an extensive wardrobe, and Russian pajamas are his weakness.

Billy S., Austin, Texas—For pictures of Benny Goodman, and Eddy Duchin, write to them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Write to Hal Kemp in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Louise M. N., Hartford, Conn.—Al Pearce is broadcasting again. This time it's over the Columbia Broadcasting System, on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, at three o'clock. I guess it's too late to answer your second question—and besides, you must already know the answer if you've been tuning in on Town Hall Tonight, Wednesday nights.

James A. C., Jr., Sour Lake, Texas—Sorry, Jimmy, we do not supply pictures of the stars. However, we can tell you about them—without charge. Ben Bernie was born in Bayonne, New Jersey, one of eleven children. Papa Bernie was a blacksmith, but young Benjamin was too frail for a trade so he became a violinist and even gave a concert at Carnegie Hall at the age of 14. Ben's five-feet-ten inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, has brown hair, brown eyes, and is married. He smokes about twenty-five big, black cigars a day.

Paul C., Detroit, Mich.—Frances Langford is twenty-three years old so that makes the year of her birth, 1913 (at this writing). The latest report on Myrt and Marge is, that they have been auditioned but nothing definite has been set. Please be assured that RADIO MIRROR will print the glad tidings when they are all set.

Mr. Albert C., Phoenix, Arizona—For pictures of Ben Bernie, Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Lanny Ross, write to them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Address Guy Lombardo in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

A regular reader, Wilder, Minn.—Station WGN is the nearest station on the Mutual Broadcasting System to your town, on which you can hear the Guy Lombardo program.

Jerry Cooper and Frank Parker fans attention!—Annette J. Shreier, 45 Barclay Street, Worcester, Mass., is editor of the club paper, The High and Low Tabloid, and is also the president of the Jerry Cooper-Frank Parker Harmony Club. More members are wanted.

Mary T., East Hartford, Conn.—If you'll tell me what stars' photographs you want, I'll be able to tell you where you can write for them.

Their Friendship Brought Them Stardom

(Continued from page 45)

ing in Boston when Goodman's infant son fell suddenly ill, back in New York. It was not supposed to be a serious illness—that is, not at first. Two days passed, and the child grew worse, so much worse that after that evening performance Goodman planned to take a late train back to New York, returning in time for the next night's show.

In the last act of "Sinbad" there was a spot in which Jolson rubbed a lamp, like Aladdin, and made a wish. Usually it was a funny wish, one of the big laughs of the show. But this night, when he came on the stage, Jolson's eyes were sad, and as he rubbed the lamp he said: "I'm going to make a silent wish."

Something communicated itself to the audience—the tone of Jolson's voice, the look on his comically blackened face. For half a minute it sat silent, confused, not knowing why it was aware of some deeper meaning underlying his words.

Down in the pit, Al Goodman understood that meaning. He did not need the telegram Jolson handed him a few minutes later, after the performance, to tell him his son had died.

Jolson proved the quality of his friendship in the next few difficult weeks. He not only paid the expenses of the child's illness and death, but he took care of the remainder of Goodman's West Coast debts—debts which he had been struggling to pay off during the time since he had come East. Most important of all, he showed his sympathy in a score of quiet, unobtrusive ways.

A TIME was to come when Goodman would remember the staunchness of Jolson's friendship, and would hinder his own career to repay it.

Successful musical comedies ran longer in those days than they do now—much longer. Goodman and Jolson were associated for ten years, and in all that time Jolson starred in only three shows—"Sinbad," "Bombo," and "Big Boy"—making an average run of slightly more than three years for each show. Since month after month of doing the same thing gets boring for actors, long runs usually aren't the unmixed pleasures you'd expect them to be; but nobody ever got bored in a Jolson show. Jolson never gave them a chance.

He was always changing, usually on the spur of the moment. He had a repertoire of a hundred or so songs, which his orchestra had to keep always on tap, so that while the audience was laughing at one of his jokes Jolson could lean down and whisper to Goodman the title of the piece he wanted to do next. Sometimes, near the end of a performance, if he had a particularly appreciative audience, Jolson would toss the silly musical-comedy plot aside completely and just go on singing and wise-cracking until eleven-thirty.

He was always in blackface, of course, and few people know what he looked like without it. One trick he played on the audience once or twice was to enter the auditorium from the rear, after the performance had started but before his first entrance. Without his make-up, nobody recognized him, and he climbed up on the stage and interrupted the show with a barrage of irrelevant chatter. Wandering into the wings, he returned to the stage rubbing black on his face, still talking, still enjoying himself hugely.



● **"Good grief, Mr. Giraffe, what a perfectly terrific rash you've got! You're broken out all over, even on your tail. And your neck's a sight! When a person has so much neck, it must be awful!"**



● **"I can remember when I used to have rashes... Boy, did I itch! In those days before we had Johnson's Baby Powder, there were times when I felt like jumping right out of my skin!"**



● **"But take a look at me now! Not a rash or a chafe anywhere since we've been using that soft, downy Johnson's. You try it—and see if it doesn't knock the spots off you, too!"**



● **"Feel a pinch of my Johnson's—isn't it smooth and slick? Not a bit gritty like some powders. It keeps my skin as fine as silk!"... That's the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc... no orris-root. Always keep Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil in your baby's bath-basket, too!**

Johnson + Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Audiences loved it, even if Jolson's producers, the Shuberts, didn't. The light-hearted way in which Jolson could upset the carefully worked-out schedule of a show drove them wild. It resulted in "Standing Room Only" signs which grew dog-eared from too much use, but the Shuberts couldn't ever be sure that Jolson wouldn't go too far. It wasn't show-business as they knew it, and it confused and worried them.

Naturally, he was one of the hardest men in the world to work with. Sometimes he and Goodman would argue bitterly over something one or the other of them had done—call each other fearful names and end up by not speaking to each other. Then Goodman would punish Jolson by standing in the pit and listening to the comedian's gags with an expressionless face. Nothing upset Jolson more. He'd come to regard Goodman as his best and most appreciative audience, and he was convinced that if Goodman didn't laugh the jokes were no good.

"Laugh, darn you, laugh," he'd mutter in agony through clenched teeth so only Goodman could hear. "So help me, if you don't laugh I'll kick you right in the face."

SIDE by side with Jolson's frequent and unpredictable flashes of temper ran his loyalty and his generosity. Goodman learned things about him no one else knew—things Jolson would never allow to be published. He knew that every year, when Jolson organized a benefit show for sufferers from tuberculosis at Saranac Lake, he not only paid all the expenses of the show, including salaries for everyone who took part, but added a personal gift of three thousand dollars himself. He knew that in spite of numerous tempting offers

from rival producers, Jolson consistently refused to leave the Shuberts. He knew of almost daily furtive acts of charity and kindness which Jolson performed impulsively and without thought of return.

Long before that ten years' association between Goodman and Jolson was over, the orchestra leader had become general musical director for the Shuberts. Whenever a new show was to be produced it was his duty to whip its music into shape and to stick with it during its preliminary tour and until after it had opened on Broadway. All this took time—time which Goodman had to take off from the current Jolson show. And to lose his favorite orchestra leader, even for a short time, was something Al Jolson didn't like at all.

He used to invent means of getting Goodman away from general Shubert duties to particular Jolson duties. A smooth-running Jolson show on tour would suddenly develop acute orchestra-trouble. There would be a pitched battle between Jolson and the unfortunate wretch who happened to be waving the baton; and then there would be a hurry call to New York: "Send Goodman quick."

On one occasion, while Jolson was playing in New York, Goodman had been rehearsing a new show for the Shuberts day-times and conducting for Jolson at night. The new show was an important and expensive one, and Goodman expected to conduct for it on the opening night, turning the Jolson performance over to an assistant. But when Jolson heard of the plan he blew up and insisted that Goodman must stay with him—and there was nothing to do but let the assistant conduct the opening night of the new production.

It's easy enough, if you don't belong

to the theater, to stand back and murmur "Childish!" But remember, to Al Jolson it was serious. Al Goodman was part of his success. Moreover, Goodman was his friend; he was comfortable only when Goodman was in the pit. Finally, and perhaps most important, Jolson was all of the theater, that topsy-turvy world of exaggerated loyalties, prejudices, superstitions.

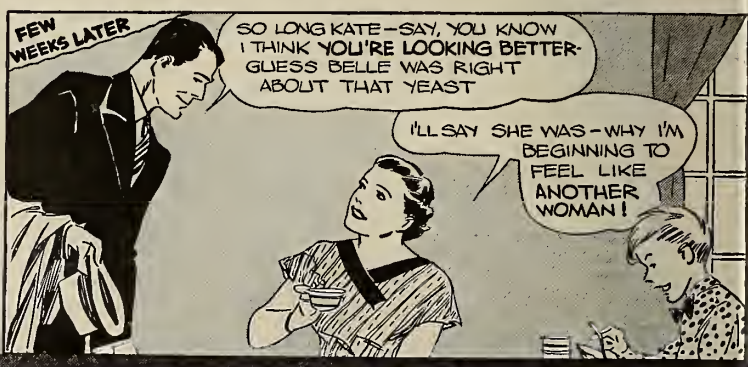
BECAUSE Jolson was his friend, because he remembered the days after the death of his child, Goodman never hesitated in choosing between furthering his own career and giving his time to Jolson. Many a time he was in Jolson's orchestra pit when he should have been somewhere else. Many a time he worked longer than was good for his health, in order to be with Jolson and at the same time do work he had to do for the Shuberts. With all its bad effects upon his own career and upon his health, it was little enough to do for his friend. That's the way it was, and that's the way it continued to be until Jolson left the stage for the broader fields of Hollywood and radio—for work in which he did not so greatly need the help Goodman could give him.

The two old friends don't see each other often nowadays. Jolson spends most of his time on the West Coast; Goodman most of his in New York; and there are only brief reunions when one of them visits the other's territory. It doesn't really make much difference to their friendship, though. Two people who know each other as well as these two do, can't forget. You know that, when you know that every time either has a birthday the other always calls him by long distance, from the other edge of the continent, just to say, "Many happy returns."



**JUNIOR-IF YOU DON'T
I'LL SCREAM**

**SO RUN-DOWN EVERY LITTLE
THING GOT ON HER NERVES**



VITAMINS A. B. G and D

The Love Gladys Swarthout's Fame Couldn't Tarnish

(Continued from page 21)

It was not long, however, before that status was to be turned topsy-turvy and it was through a generous act of Frank's that the change was to come about. He had been signed to sing on the Firestone broadcasts and was beginning to make a name for himself with the listeners. Eager for his young wife to share in all his triumphs and opportunities, he persuaded his sponsors to engage her for the program too. When they consented, he took hours and weeks from his own work to teach her all he knew about radio technique. And one night Gladys Swarthout debuted on the air singing a duet from "Rigoletto" with her husband.

Of the two of them standing there at the microphone on Sunday evenings perhaps Frank most deserved to be sought out by fame for a pinnacle among the stars. I have often thought, knowing Gladys, that she yearned for him to achieve great success much above her own ambitions. But the tricky finger of fame swung above both of them for a while, then whirled her to the heights and left her husband behind. Pretty soon when people asked people, "Who is Frank Chapman?" it was much easier to say, "He's Gladys Swarthout's husband" instead of "He's a well-known baritone."

THAT was where the trouble began. And it was radio that had caused the rift. Many a celebrity marriage has ended in divorce when the wife achieved more prominence than the husband. Professional jealousy is a thing few couples can weather successfully. So, with Gladys' climb to stardom, the gossips sat back to

see what Frank Chapman would do. Perhaps he realized that his marriage was endangered and was willing to go to any end to save it. Perhaps he reasoned that whatever success he might gain would always be dimmed by the brilliant light of a brighter star beside him, so he might as well give up. Or perhaps his really greatest desire was to sacrifice his own interests in helping to further the career of his pretty wife. Anyway, Frank Chapman retired.

I talked to them shortly after he had reached this decision. "No one," he said to me, "is willing to do as much for Gladys as I am. Agencies have too many clients. Despite a secretary, a maid, a manager, a Hollywood agent and a New York agent, Gladys still needs me as her personal adviser. And I am so concerned with her well being that nothing can afford me any greater pleasure than giving up my own career to help her all I can."

"If I have achieved anything," Gladys went on to say, "I owe it all to Frank. He is the most remarkably unselfish person I have ever known. He has sacrificed everything for my success and I couldn't have gotten anywhere without his assistance."

Thus their protests that they were entirely happy under the new arrangement. But were they? Frank Chapman, who had been trained to be a singer, who had spent his whole life preparing himself for his own career, had stepped aside to the position of buffer between the world and another singer who was greater than he. The months and years that he had planned to devote to his own future were now de-

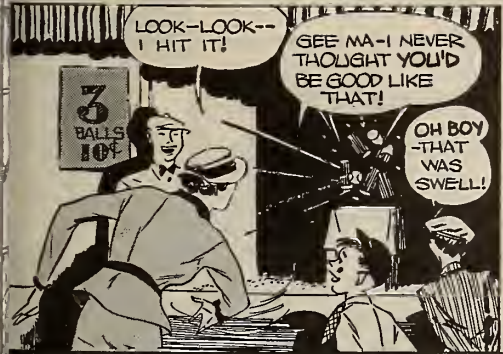
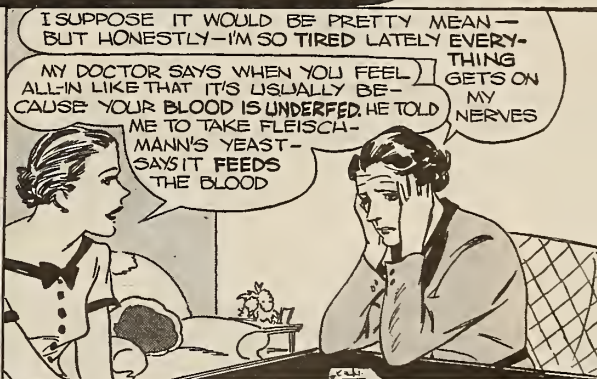
voted to his wife's. And that is a position—a position of subjection—that since the beginning of time has been destined for the woman in a marriage, not the man.

UNDER her husband's guidance Gladys' successes tripled and quadrupled themselves. Frank was always present in every emergency to look out for her. At program rehearsals he sat in the control room. "I do not allow production men or engineers to make suggestions direct to Gladys," he explained to me, "she is too high-strung, too easily upset. Suggestions are made to me and I relay them to her." When she went on concert tours Frank travelled by her side to bear the brunt of detail and interruption that might annoy her. He arranged her programs, coached her in her preparation of them, handled all business matters. When she performed at the Metropolitan he was constantly backstage in attendance. Frequently he received her interviewers, answered her important mail, superintended the running of their lovely apartment.

When Gladys was called to Hollywood Frank had planned a brief concert tour of his own, his first professional work in a long time, but he immediately cancelled it to go to the coast with her. They took over Grace Moore's house and servants and stayed eight months while Gladys made "Give Us This Night" and "Rose of the Rancho."

"Frank was indispensable," she said to me afterward, "because I knew he would bring out the best within me. You see, I lived in dread of the yes-men of Hollywood. I had heard so much about them.

STOP THAT WHISTLING—)



DON'T LET 'UNDERFERD' BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING TIRED OUT

THAT tired, nervous feeling at this time of the year usually means your blood is *underferd* and does not carry enough of the right kind of nourishment to your muscles and nerves. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with health-building vitamins and

other vital food elements. It helps your blood to carry more and better nourishment to your nerve and muscle tissues. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly each day—one cake about 1/2 hour before meals. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Start today.



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.

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-----



**DON'T LET
HALF-WAY CARE
STEAL ANOTHER TOOTH**



DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Firm, handsome teeth depend upon two things—cleaning them thoroughly and keeping gums healthy. Even if teeth look white the tooth paste you are using may provide only half the care you need. Forhan's ends this half-way care. It whitens teeth and—

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was developed by an eminent dental surgeon especially to give you double protection. When you brush your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, rubbing it in gently with the fingers. Note how it stimulates your gums, how it leaves in your mouth a clean, fresh feeling! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Try a tube today.

Also sold in Canada.

Forhan's *The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by R.O. Forhan D.D.S.*

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Keep Skin
Young
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Mercolized Wax

● Mercolized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful underskin. Blemishes disappear. Mercolized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs. Cleanses. Softens. Beautifies. Protects. Start using Mercolized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion. USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily. At drug and department stores everywhere.

While everyone was gracious and kind, still I wanted the truth and I knew my husband wouldn't deceive me. He is my severest critic.

"Oh, but there was one thing I hated about Hollywood! The morning after we arrived there the papers announced that Frank and I were separating. It upset me terribly and I was outraged. We denied it, of course, and the next day the papers printed the denial, then the following week they said we were separating again. It went on that way the whole time we were there. I was inclined to take it too much to heart, but Frank taught me how to regard such stuff as utter silliness. Still, I can see how false rumor ultimately separates a great many people who love each other."

It seems too incredible to those who gossip that the less important husband of a famous woman can really give up his own work just to be of service to her and yet remain content in his position. Consequently the true facts are always twisted—he is either softly living on his wife's support, or he retires because he knows he can never become as important as she, or he hasn't any pride. On the contrary, Frank Chapman must have had the pride of ten men to withstand the things that he knew were being suggested about him on all sides.

"Rose of the Rancho" was not the success Hollywood nor Gladys had hoped it would be. "I'm not satisfied with what I've done in 'pictures,'" she told me last summer, "I'm going back to the coast to make 'Champagne Waltz' and do the finest job I ever did. Then I shall have hurdled my last big obstacle. I can just simply sit down and take a big long breath and relax for the first time in years!"

But what about her husband? When Gladys' career should become securely established she wouldn't need him any more. That would be the crucial point of his three years of complete sacrifice; then would come the biggest adjustment he would have to make.

BACK to the coast they went again. Frank was present on the set every day while his wife was working, smoothing out a detail here, making a valuable suggestion there. Paramount even appointed him musical supervisor. With the result that "Champagne Waltz" was a tremendous success from its very first rushes. Gladys has never looked lovelier nor sung in more perfect voice nor acted more competently than in her newest picture. With its preview she stepped to the topmost step of her career: her last big obstacle had finally been hurdled and she could continue safely on her own, unaided by her husband.

So again the gossips sat back to see what Frank Chapman would do. Hollywood, which had tried to separate them before, now had greater reason than ever

to attempt it, for with her recent hit Gladys Swarthout became one of the most important names in the cinema city roster. And all rumor needs to start its vicious work is an important name and a good reason.

People said Frank realized his marriage would need another support to stay intact against this new circumstance that would inevitably destroy it. People also said he did what he did not because he really desired to follow his old career again but simply because he had to do it to save himself. Anyway, he came out of retirement. Radio offered him a job at the moment when he needed one badly and he took it.

Wisely, he had not entirely neglected his talent during the past three years. He hadn't let his rich baritone voice become rusty through lack of use. What spare moments he had which could not be put to Gladys' advancement he had spent in practice and study.

WHICH proves, I think, a very admirable thing about this man. His long retirement was not merely an act to insure his marriage by doing away with the causes of professional jealousy. Neither was it a refuge, a comfortable spot to retreat to where there would be no futile struggle to match the achievements of another brighter star. If either of these had been his motives he would have let his own talent wither, for a reason. Instead, he kept his voice in trim so that whenever Gladys became established he could step back into his career just as before to take up where he left off. He has proved by returning to the air that he stopped singing three years ago purely to devote himself to his wife's getting ahead, and nothing more. And a sacrifice of that kind is invariably rewarded.

For when he sought to step back into professional life, radio, the thing that had caused the rift between careers in the beginning, gave him his chance. Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout, equally starred on their new half hour broadcast, are broadcasting together again just the way they started out. On an equal footing. So far as the program is concerned neither is the leader and neither is the follower. They aren't billed as Mr. and Mrs., for Frank is not one to want to share reflected glory from his famous wife's bright limelight. Instead they are two distinctly individual artists striving for the approval of their listeners, each solely on his own merits.

A happier circumstance still, their marriage is back on its old secure basis. There need be no more rumors about the Chapmans, no more dangerous crises nor injured prides nor sacrifices for them to face. Provided, of course, that Frank makes good on the air.

He will. Being the fine person and artist that he is, he deserves the rare luck it takes for fame to strike in the same marriage twice.

ATTENTION ALL YOU AMATEUR BROADCASTERS!

WHAT HAS BEEN YOUR MOST THRILLING EXPERIENCE AS A DX'er? RADIO MIRROR WANTS YOUR STORIES. WRITE US A LETTER DESCRIBING THE MOST EXCITING MOMENT YOU'VE KNOWN WHILE YOU WERE BROADCASTING. Keep your letter short. Don't write over 250 words. Best letters win cash prizes. Address Radio Mirror Magazine, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 4)

were licensed in 1936 and the New Year finds 700 stations in the nation. Leading the stampede are newspaper owners bent on acquiring their own stations as media for the dissemination of news and advertising.

Chain newspaper publishers, such as William Randolph Hearst and the Scripps-Howard concern, already own many stations and seek others. Individual newspapers all over the country are effecting tie-ups with existing stations where they can't persuade the FCC to issue franchises for new ones. Thus Radio, the so-called Fifth Estate, cements the bonds which link it to the Fourth Estate—and it was only a short while ago the two were engaged in a bitter fight over the right of Radio to project mere news bulletins!

As radio and the newspapers are being drawn closer together, so are radio and the movies. Both results are inevitable because of the close kinship between the three. All have the same function to perform—serving the public with enlightenment and entertainment—and this they best perform working in close and harmonious relationship with one another. That's why radio and film magnates get together in joint commissions to achieve closer alliances, and not to curtail the activities of film stars as some groups of movie exhibitors are demanding. With television coming eventually, if not now, films will play even a more important role in the radio scheme of things.

THESE outstanding developments of early 1937 are not only natural but

they also find a motivating force in the fact that radio has become one of the leading industries of the country. It has just concluded its first \$100,000,000 year, and newspaper owners and film moguls can't be blamed for wanting to get a piece of this juicy pie. Four coast-to-coast networks (counting the National Broadcasting Company with its Red and Blue outlets as separate chains) are now in existence and a fifth is in the making. Warner Brothers, who operate their own station on the Pacific Coast, are interested in this development with the Transamerican Broadcasting and Television Corporation, of which John L. Clark, former general manager of the Cincinnati 500,000-watt station, WLW, is the president.

MEANWHILE the airwaves are so cluttered up with advertisers that Radio Row is consuming aspirin by the carload trying to cure the headaches caused by inability to accommodate sponsors standing in line with bulging bankrolls. An illustration of how really serious is the situation is furnished by the experience of Coca Cola. For months the refreshment manufacturer has had a program all set to go but no place to go on either Columbia or NBC. He has a 45-minute show, Gus Haenschen's "Song Shop," but neither web can provide a spot satisfactory to the sponsor. The hope is that with renewal time in January some advertiser will drop out and open up a place for Coca Cola.

ANOTHER TREND OF THE TIMES
Local stations forge to the front as try-

out spots for artists and attractions aspiring for network recognition. The Columbia Broadcasting System through its Artists Bureau begins feeding talent to WHN, independent New York City station operated by the Low Circuit. This arrangement makes it possible for Columbia to get a definite line on entertainers who have successfully passed its audition board but whom it cannot accommodate on its own kilocycles because of business congestion.

The merit of Octavus Roy Cohen's new program, The Personal Column of the Air, was similarly established at local stations before being launched on the combined Red and Blue Networks of NBC. It was tested for five weeks in fourteen cities via transcriptions and the reaction was so favorable, the Procter and Gamble Company, largest users of air time in the world, grabbed it for national circulation.

Speaking of the Procter and Gamble Company reminds us that that concern's earnings for the third quarter of 1936 reached \$6,629,564, its high-water mark. In the same period the company spent \$2,278,875 for time on the National Broadcasting Company's stations, which it uses exclusively with the exception of Columbia's St. Louis outlet, KMOX, engaged only for the new Personal Column of the Air program.

And in case you are not familiar with the Procter and Gamble attractions, here they are: Captain Tim Healy; Five Star Jones; Pepper Young's Family; Home, Sweet Home; Vic and Sade; Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer; Ma Perkins;

"HONEY—I DON'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR MEN"



HELEN WAS JEALOUS OF HER ROOMMATE UNTIL—

BUT YOU DO TAKE MY MEN — THEY DATE ME ONCE. THEN NEXT TIME GO OUT WITH YOU

HELEN, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. SEE HERE, DON'T GET MAD IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL...



I'M GLAD RUTH WAS FRANK AND I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS AGAIN. SHE SAYS LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, SAVES COLOR, TOO



SOON HELEN HAD DATES GALORE!

OH, SAY—CANT I SEE YOU BEFORE NEXT WEEK?

SORRY, JIM. I'VE PROMISED BOB AND DAVE AND STEVE ALL MY DATES TILL THEN!

ONCE you get the Lux habit you need never worry about OFFENDING. Lux takes away perspiration odor completely—without cake-soap rubbing or the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps. Safe in water, safe in Lux.



Removes perspiration odor—saves colors



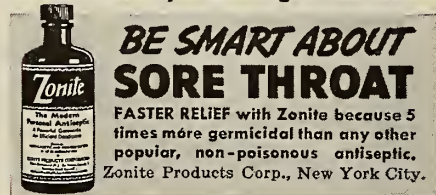
How embarrassing for others—how cruelly disappointing to you—when the mouth wash you trust fails miserably!

Zonite isn't just a temporary "cover-up" for mouth odors, like ordinary mouth washes. Zonite actually destroys scientifically (oxidizes) the odor-causing materials, whether from odorous oils or from fermenting food particles.

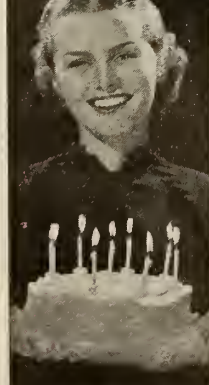
Simply rinse the mouth and gargle thoroughly with a teaspoonful of Zonite in a half tumbler of water to kill onion breath and other strong mouth odors FOR GOOD!

Zonite TASTES like the real antiseptic it is. Not made to please the palate but to get results. Yet you'll get to like its refreshing after-effect (the taste and odor vanish in a few minutes). Zonite is harmless to tissues. Get a bottle today and prove these remarkable results yourself. At all U. S. and Canadian drugists.

The TASTE tells you Zonite gets real results



HOW TO MAKE THAT BIRTHDAY PARTY A THRILLING SUCCESS



Whose birthday next in your family? Let's give a party that sparkles with life and color! Gay streamers, table decorations, costumes, favors—made of "Very Best" Dennison Crepe! Costs little. Easily obtained at stationery, department, and most drug stores. Write for new 32-page book brimful of clever ideas—12 different parties, one for each month. Games, stunts, decorations—everything for a party packed with surprises! Send 10c (in coin or stamps) for "Birthday Parties" to

DENNISON'S
Dept. B-145,
Framingham, Mass.

"VERY BEST" Dennison Crepe

The O'Neills and the late Frank Parker-Ann Leaf combination.

* * *

The final figures weren't available when this was written but it is estimated that over 520,000 persons will have visited the NBC studios in Radio City during the year 1936. This is 55,000 tourists in excess of last year's record. And at forty cents per capita, it means the tidy little sum of \$208,000 was expended by a curious public for a peek behind the scenes of radioland.

* * *

YOU never can tell what is going to happen in this cockeyed business of broadcasting. Late last September Morton Bowe, tenor soloist of the summer Jello program starring Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette, found himself out of a job when that combination was replaced by the return of Jack Benny *et al.* It seemed too late in the season to land a new connection and Morton, pretty blue about his prospects, went on a personal appearance tour of movie theaters.

Then unsuspected jobs began to pop up on every side. First he was engaged for the CBS show with Ray Sinatra's orchestra. Then lodent toothpaste signed him for the Joe Rines-Mabel Albertson set-up on NBC. Hardly had his signature dried on this contract when a third was placed before him. It was to sing on Smith Brothers' Melody Matinee with Muriel Dickson, the Cavaliers' Quartet and Victor Arden's orchestra. And right on the heels of that came his fourth engagement, to sing with Jack Pearl on the revived Baron Muenchausen proceedings.

So, Morton Bowe instead of being jobless is so busy with so many programs he has had to hire an attendant-secretary to make sure he doesn't miss a broadcast or two every week!

* * *

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

OSWALD Nelson's mother named him Oswald in the fond belief it couldn't be corrupted into a nickname. Her heir was just two days old when his dad started calling him little Ozzie and Ozzie he has been ever since. So what happens? A son is born to Ozzie and Harriet Hilliard and they promptly christen him David Ozzie Nelson, knowing the futility of labeling him Oswald.

Harriet, by the way, lost no time in getting back to Hollywood after the stork's visit. She is engaged in filming "An Apple a Day," in which she will be supported by Joe Penner, Parkyakarkus, Victor Moore, Helen Broderick and Jimmy Gleason, a most promising cast.

New uses of the radio are being discovered every day. A band of boy burglars employed it most successfully to ransack Brooklyn, N. Y. apartments, introducing a novel technique in looting. Entering a flat while the owner was away they would snap on the loudspeaker to cover the sounds of their activities and make the neighbors believe the occupants were home. They burglarized scores of places before the police got wise to the stratagem and nabbed them.

Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone live in a twenty-three-room house in Hollywood. Until radio and then the movies removed him from the vicissitudes of a troupers' life, Jack had spent a lifetime in hotel bedrooms . . . Reinald Werrenrath, Jr., son of the soloist, is a Radio City page. Young Werrenrath has no aspirations to sing.

* * *

Jan Peerce's right surname is Perlmuth. His parents still reside in Ludlow Street in the heart of New York's East Side, and stoutly resist all efforts of their son to remove them to a more fashionable neigh-

borhood . . . Lately there has been so much duplication of topics and themes kidded by radio comics that they contemplate establishing a clearing house where ideas to be burlesqued will be registered two weeks in advance of the broadcast date.

Unless you know the ropes, about the hardest thing to get is a ticket to a big broadcast. And if they keep on enlarging the shows provided for the studio spectators, ducats for same will be as difficult to obtain as reserved seats in Heaven. Sponsors are no longer satisfied to present just the artists on the programs. Take the Chevrolet Sunday night session projected from Columbia's Playhouse No. 1, for instance. The stars—Rubinoff, Virginia Rea and Jan Peerce—are seen in the regular broadcast and then Chevrolet entertains its guests with motion pictures.

Nine out of ten announcers can sing—most mikemen got their start as soloists—but very few singers qualify as announcers. Two exceptions are Basil Ruysdale and Walter Cassel, both baritones. Cassel began his radio career as announcer at Station WOW . . . Clarence Muse, Negro composer-singer-actor heard with Irvin S. Cobb on the Paducah Plantation, carries a Hebrew mazuzah for good luck.

POSTSCRIPTS

Phil Spitalny's all-femme Hour of Charm band is co-operative, which arrangement raises the weekly wage of the girl instrumentalists considerably above the musicians' union scale.

The United States Office of Education is spending \$113,000 to produce those educational programs on the air. The money goes to the writers, research workers, musicians and actors involved; not a cent is received by the stations which broadcast the programs without cost to the government . . . George Burns and Gracie Allen, going from (Campbell's) soup to (Grape) nuts so far as sponsors are concerned, make the switch April first—and that's no April fool gag, either.

Gloria Grafton Knapp, widow of Maestro Orville Knapp, killed in an airplane crack-up, who sang on the air as prima donna of "Jumbo," is appearing in a New York night club.

Lind Hayes, son of Grace Hayes, of stage and air renown, has won a movie contract as a result of his success as a singer and an impersonator on Eddie Cantor's program . . . Don Johnson, whom dialers know as Professor Figgibottle, is a busy radio script writer. He does the Andy Gump serial, contributes comedy to the Sunday night Community Sing sessions, and aids and abets Goodman Ace in preparing those Easy Aces dialogues.

Radios are now being installed in baby carriages. What next? . . . Leo Reisman (or his secretary) writes regularly to his fans regardless of how regularly they write to him . . . Add Lee Wiley to the long list of radioroles making pictures.

Irene Rich is losing a lot of money because her radio contract expressly forbids her playing mother roles in the movies . . . Myrt and Marge should be back on the air by the time you read this.

Vera Van will be a bride before you read this . . . Radio's own Dorothy Lamour scored such a success in the "Jungle Princess" that she has been assigned the starring roles in two more movies.

The Marx Brothers set a value of \$10,000 on their services for radio. . . . Ona Munson, of the cinema, is a member of the Cavalcade of America cast . . . Another newcomer to radio is Lola Lane, elder sister of Fred Waring's Priscilla and Rosemary Lane. Lola is well known to moviegoers.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 6)

Mirror article "Yesterday's Stars—Where Are They?", brought down on us. If you think some of "Yesterday's Stars" haven't their fans, don't bet on it unless you're a good loser.

Gene and Glenn, so listeners write, spent the past summer sponsored on The Corn Belt network. Helen Nugent is sopranoing over WLW as "The Old-fashioned Girl."

* * *

OFF THE RECORD

Nashville: Among others in line for Radio's yearly prizes should be Harry Stone, General Manager of WSM.

Believe it or not, you want-to-be-announcers, but Mr. Stone has devised what has proved to be an effective way of discouraging you when you come to him seeking an audition. He doesn't even see you either. And what's more you are the sole judge of your efforts. Sounds like a cinch, doesn't it? But listen!

He works it this way. After your application has been filed you are placed in front of a microphone and given the standard test.

No one listens to your audition.

But your voice has been recorded, imprisoned in wax, and before you get a chance to ask: "How was I? Okay?" the record of your test is put on a phonograph and played back while you listen.

Not so strangely, no one so far has judged his own voice worthy of further test. In each instance the applicant has headed for the nearest exit and rushed back to his job thankful to find it still there waiting for him.

Colonel Stoopnagle probably would like to have this invention credited to his long list, except for the fact that it works.

* * *

Des Moines: As those of you know who make a Saturday night rite of tuning in WHO Barn Dance Frolic, this big, three-hour show is still going strong. Starting its fourth season of the B.D.F. road show throughout middle western theaters, many impressive newcomers have been added to the long list of old favorites. Among them, Berlin and Tull, sure-fire thrill producers with their elusive slip-noose mastery . . . the Calico Maids . . . Roy Faulkner, the Lonesome Cowboy now singing exclusively on WHO . . . Windy Brown, the one-man band . . . and the novelty orchestral unit of Sheriff Quigley and his Deputies. Two of the old favorites retained by popular demand are the comedienne Tillie Boggs and the rhythmic-footed Slim Davis, colored dancer.

* * *

Minneapolis: Although the football season is now folded away along with the mole-skins, it is interesting to recall all the sport page hooting that occurred when a prominent eastern school offered the broadcasting rights of its gridiron games to the highest bidding sponsor. More interesting, it seems, when learning the battles of the Minnesota Gophers, one of the truly great teams of our time, have been a sponsored broadcast locally for several years. A Minneapolis and St. Paul auto dealer sponsored the 1936 U of Minnesota games, and has already signed an option for the 1937 Gopher schedule.

* * *

Chicago: Following his hobby 'round and 'round, Urban Johnson, WBBM sound effects chief, has hooked up his phonograph recording instruments to his

"DIRT POCKETS" IN YOUR SKIN!

When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you *really* cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is *deep* cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it *out!* Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that *penetrates the pores!* Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on

the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grimy dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. *All* the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you a 7-days' tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (30) **FREE**

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

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

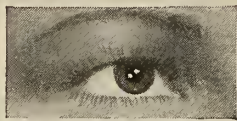
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

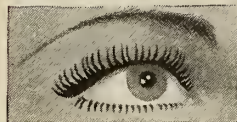
What Do People Say About Your Eyes?



DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.



DREADFUL—Crude, Stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.



DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.



The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard “made-up” look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids

intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!



Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.

Eyebrow Pencil—Black, Brown or Blue.

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

radio. Now when notables come over the air, their voices are automatically etched into waxed impressions that Urban saves for his phonograph album. This little stunt also gives him top rating with the “ham” operators on short waves because he picks up their messages, records their words and sends their voices back to them via his 50-watt transmitter.

* * *

Chicago: Unless sponsors or station owners come to the rescue, radio fans of the Chicago baseball clubs are facing a quiet season. These clubs, after years of free-of-charge and unrestricted broadcasting for sponsors and others, have decided to slap a charge on stations for the privilege of broadcasting play-by-play next year, either for sponsored or sustaining pickups.

* * *

Detroit: Prosperity note—WJR announces earnings up almost \$100,000 over corresponding nine months in 1936.

* * *

Kansas City, Mo.: Early morning tuners of KMBC are getting such an earful of true-to-life gossip and chatter that some are beginning to wonder if they aren't living in glass houses after all. The reason being Margaret and Gordon Munro, newlyweds, dishing out their Across the Breakfast Table program chatter.

* * *

Free-lanceville: That old brotherly spirit was the thing which enabled free lance announcer Jean Paul King to see his school, the University of Washington, play football this year. And this, even though he was three thousand miles away from the gridirons where his favorites were battling. Each week he received from a fraternity brother, on the West Coast, a complete motion picture reel of the game played the previous Saturday.

* * *

FROM MIKE TO MIKE

Cincinnati: The heavyweight title of WLW goes to Harold Carr, production manager and master of ceremonies on the “Tonic Time” program. He pulls the arrow down to the 286 mark . . . **Chicago:** When windy sports announcers are mentioned statisticians find Pat Flanagan blowing the most if not the hardest. It is estimated Pat has thrown 20,000,000 words to the four winds during his eight years before WBBM's microphones . . . **Schenectady, N. Y.:** Texans Max Raney, and Doye O'Dell, alias “The Hi-boys,” are just that. They both stand way up in the air over six feet as they warble their songs of the plains over WGY . . . **Charlotte, N. C.:** After spending several months half-shod, with the other foot in bandages due to a serious infection, Reginald Allen, WBT's Esso Reporter, is back on both feet again . . . **Cincinnati:** Announcer Tom Slater is now hobo number 814,785 on King of the Hoboes Jeff Davis' slate. “The King” bestowed the honor, membership card and all, when recently interviewed by Tom over WLW . . . **San Francisco:** If crawling out of bed early in the morning is anything to be thankful for, Jack Dean has his radio audience to thank. Out of six finalists the audience voted Jack their favorite for the new emcee on the KJBS Alarm Klok Klub program . . . **Chicago:** Newcomers to the WBBM announcing stable are George Watson, formerly of NBC and WCFL, Chicago, and Paul Parker, radio actor and free lance mikeman . . . **Seattle:**

Stanley Harris of the Delia and Tim cast, KOMO, when recently smacked by a hit-and-run driver, pulled himself together enough to make his program, but seven minutes before the end, he passed out and the rest of the staff had to grab his script and carry on for him . . . **Detroit:** Val Coffey, WWJ musical director for the past two years, has resigned to return to his first love, the Detroit Symphony orchestra, with which he was associated for 17 years. . . . **Chicago:** Going professional in a big way, Lucy Gillman and all the youngsters who are members of the Junior Nurse Corps of WBBM have just been granted permission to wear the official nurses' cap of Chicago Hospital. . . . **San Francisco:** Newly added to the staff actresses at KFRC is Lois Hampton, formerly of Pittsburgh. **East Dubuque, Ill.:** Bob Wilson has transferred his announcing voice from Muncie, Indiana's WLBC to WKBB in East Dubuque. . . . **Bridgeport, Conn.:** Carl Lawrence and Jeanette Gwynne have added their piano playing to WICC's talent parade. . . . **Charlotte, N. C.:** Caldwell Cline and Lee Kirby have joined WBT's announcing stable, bringing the staff up to six regulars. . . . **San Francisco:** Violinist Betty Marino and Charles Jacobs, the trumpeter, donated more than their services at a recent Community Chest broadcast. While pouring their talent into the Community Chest some one walked away with Charles' overcoat and Betty's sealskin. . . . **Schenectady, N. Y.:** After years of illness away from WGY's mikes, Billy Rose has resumed his announcing and singing there. . . . **Springfield, Mo.:** Following fourteen months association with KWTO and KGBX microphones, Russ Davis has returned to XERA at Del Rio, Texas.

Below, a favorite woman star, Ida Bailey Allen, joins New York's WHN for a daily hour program mornings.



*She had everything
but love*



UNTIL SHE FOUND THIS LOVELIER
WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING...
FRAGRANT BATHS WITH
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



**WHY MODERN GIRLS ARE FLOCKING
TO THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP**



HELEN MERRIMAN, OF NEW YORK, points out: "No girl can afford to risk perspiration odor. Men simply can't stand it! That's why I bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For the deep cleansing lather of this lovely soap keeps me so sweet and clean . . . so safe from any danger of body odor. And then, its lingering, flower-like perfume leaves my skin so alluringly fragrant!"

AND DORIS ELLIS, OF AMARILLO, TEXAS, explains: "Cashmere Bouquet is so utterly different from ordinary perfumed soaps! Its fragrance is just as exquisite as that of the costliest imported perfume. And long after your bath, this perfume clings to your skin . . . makes your daintiness simply irresistible! Isn't it wonderful that this lovely soap costs only 10¢?"



KEEPS COMPLEXIONS LOVELY, TOO!
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. This pure, creamy-white soap keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug,
department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

Ed Jerome's Strange Ordeal

(Continued from page 34)



**SAVE 1/3
on RUGS**

Send
your
**OLD
RUGS,
CLOTHING**

Write for America's Greatest Money Saving Rug Catalog; 66 pages of beautiful Olson Rugs in model rooms, all in actual colors. Describes—

Patented Olson Process of reclaiming the valuable materials in old carpets, rugs, wool clothing; how we shred, sterilize, merge, picker, card, comb, bleach, spin, dye and reweave into deep textured, firmly woven, full bodied, seamless,

REVERSIBLE RUGS

—that can be used on both sides. *Twice* the wear, *Double* the luxury, at 1/3 the cost.

Choice of 66 Early American, Oriental and Modern designs, Plaids, solid colors, tweedy mixtures, ovals.

ANY Size You Want —to fit any room—sizes you can't get elsewhere.

IT'S SO EASY—Just 'PHONE the Railway Express to call at your door for material, or ship Freight—at our expense.

You risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our 62nd year. [Beware agents. Order direct.]

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1936
ORC

homespun world from which Ed Jerome had come.

He became the sensation of Paris, singing in concerts all over the city.

ONE beautiful June afternoon, he attained the height of his triumph, when he was invited to be the only soloist at the wedding of King Alfonso XIII to the English-German princess, Victoria of Battenberg, first cousin to King George of England.

Thousands and thousands of people filled the church and overflowed the sunlit square outside the doors. Diplomats and aristocracy were there.

Ed Jerome, very erect and properly dressed, stood up in the old Cathedral of San Sebastian in Spain, and sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" just before the triumphal procession began.

At the reception that evening, Ed Jerome was invited to drink wine with the debonair King Alfonso. The new Spanish Queen asked him his age. "But you're only a year older than my little cousins!" she cried.

Her little cousins were the present King Edward of England and the Duke of York.

Ed Jerome, modest good-natured Irish fellow that he still was, thought there could be no more.

But the greatest teacher of the Paris Conservatory thought differently.

Ed Jerome's deep bass voice had also a few baritone notes. These top tones haunted the teacher. The boy was young, the voice not fixed by too much training. Why should he not develop this young bass into a baritone?

"There are few interesting roles for a bass in opera," he told Ed Jerome. "He plays uninteresting people. Outside of Mephistopheles, what can he sing? Old fathers, rich uncles. Edouard, I will make you into something better—a baritone, perhaps, a tenor?"

Ed Jerome nodded. He did not understand how it could be done. But then, neither did he understand how he had become an opera star overnight.

In six months, the baritone, Ed Jerome, donned the glittering bolero, the red sash and three-cornered hat of Escamillo, romantic Toreador of Bizet's opera, "Carmen."

All the deep dark natural tones of his lower register had been wiped away by exercises.

"Toreador! Prenez Garde!" . . . "Toreador! Take Care!" he sang at the top of his new lusty high baritone. How terribly the words of that great aria were to apply to Ed Jerome.

The capacity audience in the Paris Opera House rocked and stamped and shouted. This American, Ed Jerome, was a miracle.

But jolting home in the hansom cab to his hotel, Ed Jerome touched his aching throat and wondered. After "Faust" he had felt happy, normal, he had gone to a party. But now . . . Why should his throat pain so?

He tossed all night long. By morning he could not speak above a whisper. By the time he and his frantic teacher arrived at the doctor's, even that faint hoarse whisper was gone.

Ed Jerome was dumb.

"Perhaps the speaking voice will return," the doctor said skeptically. "But the singing voice?—ah, monsieur, I fear it is perished forever."

Lost, dazed, crushed, Ed Jerome walked out into the quiet Paris sunlight. In spite

of his teacher's promises, regrets, sympathy, he knew he was quite alone. The beautiful dream was over.

But he could not go back to America. He could not go back and tell them over there that there was nothing any more. He must stay here in Paris, stay, do anything but face the bitter shame that seemed to his adolescent mind magnified a thousand times and unendurable.

He hung around the Paris Conservatory, watching the others vocalizing, studying enthusiastically, until the sight of his miserable face and his awful silence made the greatest teacher of the Conservatoire de Paris desperate. What would he not do to help this poor Ed Jerome, whom he had ruined!

The teacher wrote to all his influential friends. He even wrote to King Alfonso of Spain.

"The boy has nothing now," he wrote. "He can neither speak nor sing. If you could think of anything. Even a small thing would do. He is getting poorer. If you could even appoint him to be a clown, Your Majesty."

The kindly Alfonso replied by appointing Ed Jerome Tertiary or Third Clown to the Grand Circus of Barcelona.

The Grand Circus of Barcelona was sponsored by many crowned heads of Europe, but it was King Alfonso's pet entertainment. With a performing troupe of five hundred people, it made an enormous circuit each year, as far north as Scotland, as far south as Africa, and as far west as Russia.

There was no menagerie, no wild animals, no people shot from cannon. It was a simple, picturesque European circus, consisting of three main features—trapeze and tumbling work, equestrian work, and clowning.

To the spread tents of this queer foreign circus, the kid, Ed Jerome, timid and awkward by now, came one morning to begin his long lonely exile.

He brought a paper pad with him and a pencil. These had now become his substitute for a voice. Everything he needed he wrote down—food, instructions, the simplest questions.

HE didn't have to speak a word to be a clown. His work consisted of gestures and facial expressions. He was just a grimacing, silent grotesque figure dressed in a tall hat and a polka-dotted domino.

Since Ed was the lowliest clown of all, the management made him the Gossip in a jealous-husband act, performed by several clowns. Ed, with his face painted dead white, a wide red mouth and huge nose, went around poking and listening to all the secrets, then pretending to whisper them all to the wrong people. In the end he always received a beating.

Ed Jerome became known among his fellow troupers as "El Silencioso"—the Silent One. Even in real life he was a clown, pointing with huge gestures and expressing himself only with his eyes.

Overnight, he became a sort of slave, a wandering European trouper, similar to the strolling actors of the Middle Ages.

He had no property rights, no dignity, no opportunity of making a lot of money. Like a child he was given an "account" for everything—an account for his tobacco, for his wine, lodgings, board.

There were no great friends. For after all he could not speak a word. There was no home. There was no future, no hope.

But all this did not kill the soul of Ed Jerome.

Condemned to solitude, he wandered the

streets of strange cities at evening, thinking. Gradually the hope of going back to opera waned and died pitifully. But after all—was there not a chance of being a great clown? Was not a great clown almost as dignified as a great opera star?

His Irish humor asserted itself. He had noticed that the First Clowns in the Grand Circus of Barcelona flung off their Inverness capes and broad-brimmed hats with as much elegance as the stars of the Paris Opera House.

SO, alone in his hotel room, he practised. Inside of two months he had created an act of his own that made him First Clown of the Grand Circus.

His act sounds like a foolish little thing. But it made a great sensation.

Dressed in a tiny pink ballet skirt over a long pair of pink tights, wearing long yellow curls, a little hat with a big red feather in it, and carrying a parasol, Ed Jerome simpered out into the ring.

Over his own feet were a pair of enormous bare feet made of papier-maché. Suddenly Ed would spy a piece of plain white paper on the ground before him. He would point it out to the audience, then making up his mind, would lean forward to pick up the paper.

The slap down of the huge bare feet would send the paper, which had been stiffened with flour and water paste beforehand, shooting straight ahead.

Through this act he became known as one of the best pantomimists of Europe.

One summer season, when the Grand Circus of Barcelona closed down temporarily, Ed, the First Clown, was sent around to entertain during the Corridas—the bull-fights, national sport of Spain.

Many an afternoon, he heard the dazzling strains of "Carmen" played by the arena band, and saw the matadors and

toreadors in the familiar costume he had once worn as Escamillo. His silent throat would ache to sing, but there would be nothing, not even the faintest whisper.

Then the call would come, and out into the sawdust arena, Ed would mince coyly for the thousandth time, holding his pink parasol.

It might have all gone on forever. He expected it to. Like a sort of monk, he had resigned himself to the life of silence. His companions were books. In every cheap hotel he left his scribbled pads, covered over with the record of his day, his conversations, his requests to strangers. He had almost forgotten that he was an American boy.

And then one winter morning after three years of complete loneliness, Ed Jerome sat up trembling and whiter than the sheets on the bed of his hotel room.

He had been able to clear his throat!

He was afraid to move, afraid to get out of the bed, afraid to swallow for fear it would disappear. A delirium of ecstasy swept over him. He got up gingerly, slowly, like a man who has been paralyzed, a man who has been blind.

For three days he walked around, still silent, still writing on his pad. He told no man of his new hope. He acted in the circus. And at night when he was alone, he shut the door of his room, locked it. As though he were committing a crime, he practised clearing his throat.

The circus was in Germany. He had learned no German. His friends in the hotel were Spaniards. He walked those three days until he found an American restaurant, went in and sat down.

"I'll have ham and eggs, a cup of coffee, and a piece of apple pie," he said to the waiter in a low trembling voice.

Ed Jerome's terrible exile was ended. He rushed back to America still young—only

twenty-two years old. But his hair was already streaked faintly with gray.

In the quiet of his home, he worked to restore his speaking voice again. He rested, read, practiced speaking just words, sentences, then long speeches to himself. After a year, he felt sure that his speaking voice would never desert him again.

And that magnificent singing voice?

Ed Jerome never tried to bring back that fatal singing voice. It had been a great, a beautiful gift. But life somehow had torn it away, and left only long agony in its place. He wanted nothing of it.

He saved and clung desperately to the thing he himself had salvaged, wrested from fate. To others a speaking voice might be taken for granted, be considered a possession scarcely worth mentioning. But to Ed Jerome it was the most precious thing in the world. He worked on his voice, polished it, he developed it into a great instrument of expression.

WHEN Ed Jerome projects that magnificent voice over the radio, he is giving to millions his most priceless possession. The voice he lost so many years ago has become his entire fortune.

Ed Jerome is settling his accounts with fate.

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: Rich Man's Darling has been on the CBS network since February 17, 1936, sponsored by Outdoor Girl cosmetics. . . . Inexpensive to produce, easy to continue, because a serial can go on and on, scripts like Rich Man's Darling are popular because daytime listeners, who are mostly women, like human interest stories about their next door neighbors. . . . One agency that believes in this formula is Blockett-Somple-Hummert, who present, besides Rich Man's Darling, Just Plain Bill,

WHAT A LUCKY BREAK THAT TOOTHACHE WAS!





LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. I HAD JUST BEEN FIRED—ALTHOUGH I KNEW MY WORK WAS GOOD...

SORRY, BROWN, BUT WE'RE CUTTING DOWN



THEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER

YES, PHIL, I LOVE YOU, BUT I WON'T MARRY YOU



AND TO TOP IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACHE. SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST. HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID...



BROWN, DO YOU KNOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH? THAT'S WHY I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS



AND SINCE THAT TIP ON COLGATE'S...

I HAVE MY JOB BACK... HELEN'S CHANGED HER MIND... AND I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!



MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have had 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!



Approved by American Dental Association

Case Report Sampled

1935

20¢

LARGE SIZE

Giant Size, over twice as much,

35¢

MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

6 WEEKS AGO HE SAID: "SHE'S TOO SKINNY!"



Posed by professional models

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 POUNDS — in a few weeks!

If you seem "born to be skinny"—if you've tried everything to gain weight but with no success—here's a new scientific discovery that has given thousands of happy people just the pounds and rounded curves they wanted—and so quickly they were amazed!

Not only has this new easy treatment brought solid, naturally attractive flesh, but also normally lovely color in their cheeks, new pep, and all the friends and popularity these bring.

New body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of the food you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of wonder-working Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite, and help you get

more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm and new winning personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be careful you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't accept any substitute. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 222, Atlanta, Ga.

which has been on the air for five years; Betty and Bab, which is six years old, and The Romance of Helen Trent, which just had its fourth birthday. . . . The scripts are written two or three weeks in advance by a staff of writers. . . . There is a scarcity of writers of this sort of material. . . . Last year the sponsors of Grand Hotel sent out farm letters to many writers asking for contributions. . . . These daytime script shows offer steady employment to radio's lesser actors. . . . Pay for the smaller parts is usually \$20 to \$35 a performance. . . . Most of the performers are out-of-towners who came to New York for work on the legitimate stage, found for one reason or another that steadier, if less artistic, work could be had on radio raw. . . . Script programs have sold everything from toothpaste to rugs successfully. . . . With no studio audience or large band, these programs are lodged in the smallest of radio studios. . . . Thanks to red-headed Martha Atwell, one of radio's few women production chiefs, Rich Man's Darling actors are actually swept away by their parts. . . . Recently Ed Jerome was supposed to go through a door. When he reached his part of the script he suddenly walked right out of the studio. . . . Peggy Allenby, who is Peggy Alden in the script, ad libbed into the mike, until another actor rushed out of the studio to bring Ed back in again. . . . While waiting their turn, during rehearsal, the cast is as restive as a neighborhood sewing circle. . . . Peggy Allenby knits, Ethel Remy, who portrays the program's sinister siren, tells Ed Jerome about her real estate adventures in Florida, and Carl Swenson, who is the program's dashing young Packy O'Farrel, reads a mystery story. . . . After the broadcast, Miss Atwell distributes the following program's scripts and the cast rush down to the restaurant in the CBS building for luncheon. . . . Most of them are veteran and prolific radio actors, with half a dozen jobs a week. . . . Peggy Allenby started her theatrical career in stock companies, teamed with Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Frank Morgan, and Sylvia Sydney. . . . Her husband is John McGovern, another radio actor. . . . She likes to write poetry and listen to the radio. . . . Ethel Remy is a native New Yorker, who studied at the Ethical Culture School and American Academy of Dramatic Arts. . . . When she was fifteen, she made her stage bow and after that appeared with Tallulah Bankhead, Ethel Barrymore, and Billie Burke. . . . Carl Swenson is six feet tall, blond, blue-eyed, and a radio hero. . . . Swenson was born in Brooklyn, became interested in amateur theatricals during his college days at Marietta College in Ohio. . . . His favorite sports are swimming and playing with his six-months-old son, Peter.



Here is Bottle, Phil Baker's stooge and "gentleman's gentleman." Harry McNaughton's his name in real life.

Genius in a Fog

(Continued from page 36)

with the Earl Carrol Vanities road Company, thus throwing away \$20,000—and then and there quit the stage. Of all times that Jack has been a quitter, that remains his masterpiece. But as usual, his professional ascent was only accelerated by the halt!

He had completed a cycle, and come again to the choice between his career on the stage and a home. But this time, he chose a home—for his wife's sake. Mary Livingstone had tried hard to forget the solid, comfortable security she had given up for a portable existence in hotels and trains. She had tried to get used to uprooting her life every few days—packing, unpacking, waiting alone in hotel rooms for Jack, or worse, visiting him backstage, and seeing chorus cuties swarming around him. The first year she had been miserably unhappy and had left her spouse ten times, but always her love for him outweighed her aversion to the merry-go-round of the theater, and drew her back.

By 1932, Mary was resigned to her fate, and had even overcome her dislike for the stage enough to appear in Jack's act with him. But she was still a home girl at heart—and Jack knew there was only one way to make her supremely happy. He saw radio as a solution to his domestic problems.

THEY went back to New York and for three months Jack gave audition after audition to no avail. Then, one night, columnist Ed Sullivan invited him to make a guest star appearance on his own program. For the record, these are the first words that the bland comedian uttered over the air:

"Ladies and gentlemen—this is Jack Benny talking. There will be a slight pause while you say 'Who cares?' I am here tonight as a scenario writer. There is quite a lot of money in writing scenarios for the pictures. Well, there would be if I could sell one. That seems to be my only trouble right now, but I am going back to pictures in about ten weeks. I'm going to be in a new picture with Greta Garbo. They sent me the story last week. When the picture first opens, I'm found dead in the bathroom. It's sort of a mystery picture. I'm found in the bathtub on Wednesday night."

He shortly had his first sponsor, Canada Dry, and amid the flood of old-style gags that deluged radio almost four years ago, the Benny brand of timely character humor sparkled like a Will Rogers quip in the Congressional Record.

It was by breaking from the tradition that called for a star comedian to grab all the laughs from his straight man that Jack Benny developed a smooth-running, eight-cylinder laugh machine while other comics were still wheezing along on one cylinder. Using the same fuel—that is, jokes no funnier and in many cases less clever than those of his competitors—he streaked to record popularity before the others could remodel their ancient vehicles.

He even dragged Mary with him, putting her into the scripts against her will. But she has grown to love the work and the audience loves her blithe assurance.

Although he worries and frets his radio material into shape, making a minor crisis of each broadcast, as soon as the show goes on the air, Jack does his best to befuddle the cast into garbling their lines. He thinks an unintentional slip of the tongue is always good for a laugh, whereas the original line may or may not be. Thus he kidded Don Bestor's spats



It wasn't the Blizzard
that turned him cold
'twas her red rough hands!

OUR WHOLE DAY WAS SPOILED when Bill saw my red, chapped hands. They did look horrid. I'd tried everything but I couldn't seem to get my hands smooth...

THEN—I HEARD HOW WONDERFULLY Jergens Lotion softens hand skin. I use Jergens all the time now and Bill says, "Put your dear soft hands against my face."



but Jergens brought back Warmth and Romance!

WATER — as well as wind and cold — is hard on your hands. It takes away their special beautifying moisture. Yet women say they wash their hands eight times most days — have them in water eight times more.

No wonder hands tend to crack and chap in winter—look red, feel harsh. But Jergens Lotion heals that chapping and roughness in no time.

Why is Jergens so effective? First, this lotion restores moisture *inside the skin cells*, where hand skin needs it. Tests prove Jergens goes in more thoroughly than any other lotion tested. It leaves no stickiness.

Second, Jergens contains two famous ingredients that doctors use. The first application helps. Use Jergens Lotion for soft hands a man loves. At drug, department, 10¢ stores.



All four sizes — \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, — contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known hand preparations. The \$1.00 size is a bargain!

JERGENS LOTION

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the youthful softness of your hands! The Andrew Jergens Co., 1726 Alfred Street Cincinnati, O. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario.)

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PLEASE PRINT

THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "Common Cold" is the scourge of our civilization.

Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold.

They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for a cold treatment! A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the

system must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.

First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are *cold tablets!* They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.

Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects

They open the bowels, an acknowledgedly wise step in treating a cold.

They combat the infection in the system.

They relieve the headache and fever.

They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

Safe as Well as Effective

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets impose no penalty for their use. They contain nothing harmful and are safe to take. Their dependability is proven by over 40 years of use.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated tablets are exactly the same as the regular except that they are coated with sugar for palatability.

Every drug store in America sells Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Let them be your first thought in case of a cold.

Ask for, and demand, Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets! The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

into national prominence, and some of his ad lib remarks about Kenny Baker not only confuse the singer but have him blushing for hours afterwards.

The strangest thing about this good-natured fellow is that he doesn't react to the white heat of success in any way. He's still a small-town boy who can't hold his liquor (one cocktail sends him higher than a kite, so he practically never drinks) and to whom a midnight movie is an orgy. He has no business sense, and takes his wife's advice on everything but the selection of his clothes. Unlike most actors, he dresses conservatively (and he dresses himself—he wouldn't submit to a valet to pay off an election bet).

His diversions are those of a \$35-a-week bank clerk, though his pay check is in five figures. His chief delight is leisurely cross-country motoring. He gave his wife a sixteen-cylinder sedan, but refused to give up his own Pontiac roadster for a more luxurious car. He thinks he's a very good driver, but the temptation to tell a good story frequently takes his eyes from the road.

He's a panic on the dance floor when he pulls a Fred Astaire, but it's a bit nerve-wracking to his unsuspecting partner.

HE sometimes plays casino, but the best thing he does with a card table is to set dinner on it and invite Burns and Allen over. When he starts a meal, he always asks "What's the dessert?" and you have to keep it out of sight or he'll eat it between the appetizer and the soup. He has to taste what everyone else is eating, if it's different from his order. As soon as the dessert is on (once a day it's one of those "six delicious flavors"), he asks, "What are we going to do tonight?" He stops eating when he feels uncomfortable and after dinner looks at himself in the mirror, makes a double chin and remarks, "Gee, I'll have to start on a diet tomorrow!" He always means it, and even bought a medicine ball and gym equipment once, using it all of twenty minutes before he gave it away.

Jack has two habits he can't break. He smokes several thousand cigars a year and bites his nails. Mary frequently slaps his hands out of his mouth, as it's a dreadful example to set for Joan. Jack likes to show you snapshots of his adopted baby—he always has some in his pocket—and if you suggest that she looks a little like him, he is the proudest papa-by-proxy in the world.

At least ten needy actors receive regular checks from Benny. If you see him fasten onto some obscure actor at a party and unobtrusively steer him toward the kitchen, it's a safe bet that radio's ace comedian is asking Joe Hooper how things are going, and is backing up his interest with something to tide him over the tough breaks.

While he was making a personal appearance in Boston recently, the boy who was kicked out of high school because he wouldn't study had an invitation to lecture on humorous writing to the literature classes of Harvard. Jack declined the honor. He explained to a friend, "I can't talk to all those smart guys. I'm only an actor. I wouldn't know what to say."

But if he doesn't stand in awe of his own importance, neither does he of anyone else's. During the same engagement, arrangements were made for him to meet the Governor at the State House. The Governor was late and Benny left—not from impatience after a long wait, but simply because he was due at a rehearsal. The others told him the rehearsal would have to be delayed—that he couldn't walk out on a governor.

Jack simply said, "He can be late. He's

RADIO NOTE: Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening, 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.

got a four year contract, but mine's only for thirteen weeks."

DOTS AND DASHES ON JACK BENNY'S PROGRAM. . . . This merry-maker's program is now radio's number one, according to the telephone polls, which make surveys of listening popularity, for advertising agencies and sponsors. . . . It finally shoved Major Bowes' amateurs into second place. . . . Jock's sponsors attribute this to their high-priced comic's flip-pont personality. . . . But the veteran comedian likes to think his success is due to his innovation of situation comedy on the air, rather than to gags. . . . Jock likes to kid the nation's latest crazes, its newest movies, its latest heroes. However, this type of comedy has its limitations. . . . Lamponing notional affairs, international figures, politics, religions, is taboo. . . . To make up for this, Jack built up his company of funsters into definite personalities, so he could kid them instead. . . . When Horry Conn, \$2,500-a-week gag writer, left Jack to write for Joe Penner, the former fiddler hired another high-priced writer, Al Boasberg, and three assistants. . . . The writers bring in the rough draft to their boss early in the week. . . . Benny greets them in a silk dressing gown, silkier pajamas, and the inevitable cigar tucked in the side of his mouth. . . . Benny injects his own ideas. . . . The following Sunday the cast gives it a first reading. . . . Suggestions are made by Mary, Kenny Baker and Phil Harris, to suit their personalities. . . . One of the hardest workers and biggest worriers on the program is Tom Hornington, crack production man, who has traveled over 75,000 miles, in connection with this show, between the West Coast studios and the New York advertising agency offices of his company, Young and Rubicam. . . . He gets gray hairs every Sunday when Jack upsets the planned routine. . . . It's Hornington's job to keep the program timed properly. . . . Young and Rubicam like comedians on their radio shows. They present Jock Benny, Phil Baker, Fred Allen, Charles Butterworth, Staopnagle and Budd and Ed Wynn, weekly, to a waiting world. . . . Jack's man Friday is baldish Harry Baldwin, who cares for Jock's minor business affairs, arranges his appointments, handles Mary's charge accounts. . . . Phil Morris is Jack's sixth band-leader. . . . Most of the company dress informally for the broadcasts; Jock wears sweater and slacks, Mary a sports dress, but dimpled, thirty-year-old Harris dresses like a Wall Street boran. . . . The former West Coast drummer made a prize-winning short, "So This Is Morris;" his bond has been one of NBC's oces for many years. . . . Hos only one hobby; polo ponies. . . . He owns a string of them. . . . It was Rudy Vollee who first recommended him as a coming maestro. . . . A year ago Kenny Baker was unknown. . . . Taday he starts his first starring talkie, "The Great Crooner," Mervyn LeRoy's first independently produced picture. . . . Is the proud father of a two-months old boy. . . . Dan Wilson's roucaus laugh, usually heard above the rest of the studia audience, is not farced. . . . He still thinks Jock Benny is the funniest mon in the world.

"I WANT HOME GROWN VEGETABLE SOUP the kind that Gerber's makes!"



"Say, mother, we'd need our own garden to get fresh, Home Grown Vegetables like the Gerber folks use in their vegetable soup!

"And even then, our vegetables wouldn't be as good as Gerber's, for theirs are grown from special pedigreed seed in extra-nourishing soil. When the vegetables are ripe and just right, they rush 'em to the big shining Gerber kitchens nearby so they have no time to lose the food values that make them so good for me.

"You ought to see the way Gerber's prepare those Home Grown Vegetables! After scientific straining, the vegetables are cooked in an exclusive Gerber way that preserves, to a high degree, the vitamins and minerals that you are apt to lose when you cook at home. Gerber's Shaker-Cooking means faster and more even cooking, too. I wish I had some Gerber's right now!"

ONLY GERBER'S OFFER ALL THESE ADVANTAGES

Pedigreed Seeds—developed by expert horticulturists for prize vegetables of highest nutriment.

Controlled Farms—for proper soil, and harvesting at the correct degree of full ripeness.

Home Grown—within an hour from our kitchens to prevent appreciable loss of quality.

Shaker-Cooked—after scientific straining, at right temperatures with air excluded, for mineral and vitamin protection in high degree, and even cooking throughout every can.

(Gerber's Strained Cereal made from selected whole grains; Gerber's Prunes are raised in the Santa Clara Valley of California.)

P.S. Gerber's Strained Vegetable Soup is a well-balanced nutritive combination of strained carrots, peas, spinach, rice, barley, beef, tomatoes and celery. Other Gerber Strained Foods: TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, PRUNES AND CEREAL.

Gerber's Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods



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Made of good quality stuffed sateen, boy doll in blue, girl doll in pink. Sent for 10c and 3 Gerber labels. GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Fremont, Michigan 112 (In Canada, Gerber's are grown and packed by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.)

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Check items desired: Boy Doll Girl Doll. Mealtime Psychology, a free booklet on infant feeding. Baby's Book, on general infant care, 10c additional.

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FEMININE HYGIENE

if your method is *modern*

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, greasy, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, safe, effective, and, equally important—*dainty!*

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snowy-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and *completely* removable with water, Zonitors maintain the long effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power yet freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

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Yes, you—anybody can make a lot of money right at home, and what's more, have real fun doing it. We show you how, we furnish everything necessary on an easy basis.

COSTS NOTHING to learn about our plan, all details are given you free. Write today for idea book full of colored pictures telling all about our methods which have made so many people independent. Learn how easy it is to make many extra dollars every week in the most delightful home work you can imagine. Don't miss this opportunity. **Write Now—IT'S FREE!**

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 34-B, Adrian, Mich.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 50)

Osborne the drums, Frank Black the piano and Andre Kostelanetz the violin? Some of the boys who keep up their playing are Russ Morgan, Harry Reser, Benny Kreuger, Hal Kemp, Dick Stabile, Glen Gray, Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman and Red Nichols, to name a few.

George Olsen, famous for his smile, who took over the Orville Knapp band, is transferring that smile to his music . . . George's wife, Ethel Shutta, has collected handsomely in insurance for those stolen jewels . . . Benny Goodman is the only man who can play the clarinet and smile at the same time . . . Wayne King is a stockholder in Lady Esther and is in the unique position of sitting on the board and hiring himself. . . . Ozzie Nelson says it's great to be a dad although he ran himself ragged between hospital and hotel for two weeks. Harriet is now on the Coast fulfilling her contract to make three pictures . . . Red Nichols made his first bid to fame with his Five Pennies, but it's a dollar ante now.

Ozzie Nelson, who used to play professional football, announces his pieces on the stand by numbers. If you happen to be dancing by and hear him say, "3-16-24" you'll know it's Ozzie's signal for a new tune. . . . A cute young singer was engaged by a good looking maestro to sing with his band. It was her first experience and she fell for the leader hard. One evening, he started to introduce her by saying, "I now bring you that beautiful little songstress, Miss—" but he had to lean over and ask her name; which completely wrecked her romance . . . Abe Lyman cleaned up on Roosevelt . . . The publishers are coming forth with their usual flock of Santa Claus songs . . . Since Warners went back on the air Warren and Dubin, their ace song writing team, have been hitting close to a sixteen hour daily schedule, writing "a thousand love songs." Al Dubin explains their success by saying they write music that photographs, meaning that each song fits into the plot and carries along the action in the picture . . . Mal Hallett now has a farm of a thousand chickens (with feathers) . . . It's a show in itself to see the faces Gene Kruppa makes while drumming for Benny Goodman. He also chews gum in any rhythm . . . Incidentally, as predicted in this column, Benny Goodman is packing them in at the Pennsylvania . . . Mrs. Lou Gehrig, wife of the Yankee first baseman, is writing popular songs. Bunny Berrigan, Cozey Cole and Red McKenzie appear in that gigantic revue, "Red, White and Blue" . . . Harold Stern has opened his own Chez Stern Club in Brooklyn . . . Will Osborne made a football short for Paramount.

It's funny how some of our best instrumentalists on the air got started. While Harry Brewer was laid up in bed his dad got him a toy xylophone. Harry amused himself for hours and when he recovered, got a larger instrument. He's still at it and you hear his xylophone pyrotechnics on many programs . . . As a joke a friend of May Singhi Breen's gave her a ukulele for Christmas. Spurning it as too simple to bother with, she tried to exchange it at the store for a bath robe. The exchange was refused so she took the thing home and started strumming it. Fascinated, she kept on and has been playing it ever since. Incidentally she has been

on the air now consecutively for fourteen years.

Dick Ballou, whose orchestra provides nutty Ralph Dumke and Ed East with musical background on their morning gelatin program on CBS, was like all little boys—he wanted to be a policeman. But unlike most youngsters, he practiced it. He got his parents to give him a little policeman's uniform, and in it he paraded the street of Shamokin, Pa., his home town, directing traffic. He got so serious about it that his parents became alarmed and began to look around for something to distract his interest. Finally they hit upon music, and persuaded Dick to take piano lessons, on condition that he be allowed to wear his uniform while practicing. But gradually he grew more interested in the piano and less in being a cop—and that's how he became a musician. He grew up to form his own college band, tour for several years as singer with a road show, and finally enter radio through the influence of the late, beloved Roxy. But there's no telling what he might be today if he hadn't wanted to be a cop so much that he worried his parents when he was a boy.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

For M. E. Mendel—(And for all Lombardo fans)—Here in a nutshell is the Lombardo orchestra. Carmen, saxophone and flute; Liebert, trumpet and drums; Victor, baritone saxophone and clarinet; Fred Kreitzer, piano; Francis Henry, guitar; Fred Higman, second saxophone; Larry Owen, third saxophone; George Gowans, drums; Jim Dillon, trombonist; Bern Davis, bass horn; Wayne Webb, trombone; Frank Vigneau, piano; and Dudley Fosdick, mellophone.

For Mrs. Alice G. Mahoney—Your favorite vocalist, whom you only know by his first name, is Terry Shand, singer with Freddy Martin's orchestra. Terry has been with Freddy Martin for many years, and besides being the vocalist he is the band's first pianist, and a proficient arranger of comedy songs. Just recently he recovered from a serious automobile accident, and is now back with Freddy at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago. Terry's a Southern gentleman. And as for Freddy Martin, he plays the saxophone as well as leading his orchestra, is married, was born in Cleveland, and got his start with the Lombardos. Does that fill the big order you mentioned in your letter?

For M. D. Bergen—Larry Taylor is the baritone soloist with Morton Gould's "Music for Today" band on MBS Sundays at 8:30. He just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, has blue eyes and blond hair, isn't married, and is mighty fond of playing tennis.

For Clarence Bolton—No, Teddy Wilson, the colored pianist on Benny Goodman's trio, doesn't travel with the band; he just makes phonograph recordings with Benny.

For Catharine Fleagle—George Olsen's old orchestra disbanded when he took over Orville Knapp's band; and George's lovely wife, Ethel Shutta, is confining her activities to staying home and taking care of the family, except for a guest appearance now and then. An interesting rumor concerning the personnel of the band is that Knapp in his will specified that no changes could be made in the band's solo-

ists—wishing to make sure that no matter what happened to him his friends wouldn't find themselves out of a job. Maybe it's no more than a rumor, but Edith Caldwell and Leighton Noble still sing the vocal refrains, just as they did when Knapp was alive.

For Agnes Gearhart—Rudy Vallee hasn't any girls singing with him now, and probably won't have for some time in the future. Maybe you mean the Swing Kids, two boys and two girls, who appear on Rudy's program now and then—but Rudy tells me that even he doesn't know their names. That's radio for you.

* * *

UP AND DOWN THE MUSIC SCALE

Arnold Johnson, maestro for the National Amateur Hour on MBS, has organized a dance band for himself and will be installed soon in a swanky New York hotel, with a Mutual wire. He promises something new and different in dance music—no less than "sound effects." As he explained it to me, if he plays a tune about bells, he plans on having a lot of bells handy to ring; if the song's about the ocean, you'll hear the waves. But what if the song is something like "Moon Over Miami"? How do you get sound effects for a moon?

Isham Jones has a CBS sustaining broadcast from the dance floor of the Lincoln Hotel . . . Bernice Claire claims she'll start a vegetable garden next spring. If so, it will be the highest vegetable garden in Manhattan, because Bernice lives in an 86th street penthouse . . . Enoch Light, bandleader on the Mutual system, is still studying medicine between bouts of waving the baton. He used to be a student at Johns Hopkins University.

Hal Kemp's staccato rhythms will be heard from the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, starting the first of the year, over the Mutual system. Unless memory's up to its old tricks, this will be Hal's first visit to the West Coast. There's talk that he may make a picture while he's out there. There's more talk to the effect that Skinny Ennis is thinking of leaving the Kemp organization to start his own band. Not talk, but a fact, is Maxine Gray's departure from the Kemp fold.

* * *

THEME SONG SECTION

Since marrying Virginia Gilcrest, Al Kavelin has appropriately changed the title of his theme song from "Love Has Gone" to "Love Has Come."

For L. T. Shiflett—The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes program uses an unpublished original manuscript by Graham Harris for its theme song. It hasn't a title . . . One Man's Family uses "Destiny Waltz"; and the First Nighter uses "Neapolitan Nights."

* * *

THANKS AND APOLOGIES

First, thanks to Vernon Hiester, for his suggested All-Maestro orchestra. It sounds pretty swell, but alas, I'm afraid nobody will ever hear it in action. Here it is: violins, Joe Venuti, Dave Rubinoff, Reggie Childs; saxophones, Wayne King, Dick Stabile; clarinets, Benny Goodman, Glen Gray; trumpets, Clyde McCoy, Henry Busse, Red Nichols; trombones, Russ Morgan, Tommy Dorsey; drums, Phil Harris; guitar, Nick Lucas; pianos, Eddie Duchin, Ted Fio Rito (why not find a place for Johnny Green, Vernon?); vocalists, Rudy Vallee, Bob Crosby.

Apologies to Lillian Bloom, president of the Igor Gorin Fan Clubs, for listing Igor Gorin's screen name incorrectly. In his screen appearances for M-G-M, Igor will be known as Charles Igor Gorin. To make up for my mistake, I hope Miss Bloom gets many new members for the Igor Gorin club. Her address is 822 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, New York.

* * *

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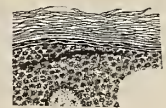
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The Personal History of Floyd Gibbons, Adventurer

(Continued from page 41)

taste of newspaper power. No cub's beat for him this time; he was the *Tribune's* police reporter, on the job twenty-four hours a day. Nearly every cop on the city force was his friend, and those few who weren't his friends were his enemies, which was even better. He nosed into every disreputable hole in Minneapolis, and emerged each time with a story. He spent hours in station-houses swapping yarns and philosophy with the men on duty. He knew the inside dope on everything that happened around town. He was present just after murders had been committed, and suicides. Once, on the fifth floor of a Minneapolis tenement, he even delivered a child.

He swaggered a bit, naturally. In his youthful enthusiasm, as soon as he learned the power of the printed word, he felt as if he were one of the overlords of the town. But he was not too sophisticated, too cynical, to reverse one man.

His name was Jack Jensen. He was another reporter on the *Tribune* staff, a tall, blond Viking, about twenty-five years older than Floyd. He and Floyd roomed together.

JENSEN was a fictional character come to life—the kind of reporter you read about in books. His ability to get a news story down on paper and make it live there amounted to genius. He never left Minneapolis, and he never took a desk job. He went out and got his stories and then wrote them. His average consumption of whiskey was two bottles a day, and he was never drunk. Before he knew Floyd he had acquired the habit of taking morphine, and cured himself of it. One of Floyd Gibbons' bitterest hatreds today is for the men who sell narcotics, and it all stems back to the night that Jensen described the agonies he endured when he was curing himself.

Floyd says Jensen taught him how to read, and how to write by reading. Floyd had never liked school, and had always managed to do as little required reading as was humanly possible, but Jensen introduced him to glories of English literature he hadn't dreamed existed, and through them showed him how to be a better writer himself. They spent many hours together, talking, with a bottle on the table between them. Floyd never touched the bottle when he was with Jensen. "You're Irish," Jensen told him, "and you can't drink. I'm a Swede, and I can."

Jensen died a year ago, in Minneapolis. Many a time, after he himself had left, Floyd tried to persuade his old friend to come to Chicago or New York and work on bigger papers, but Jensen always refused. And one of the biggest humiliations of Floyd's life came when he read Jensen's obituary. Of the man whom he considered a greater reporter than he'll ever be, the obituary said, "His claim to fame was that he once roomed with Floyd Gibbons."

Even today, Floyd can't explain exactly why he left Minneapolis for Chicago. He didn't want to go. His friends were all in Minneapolis, he was happy there, and secure. Perhaps that was the trouble. He was too secure. Life had become too easy. He'd made good in his own home town, and he'd been well on the way to making good in Milwaukee—but who knew how well he could do in a big city like Chicago, where he had no friends and no acquaintances?

He felt he had to justify himself, get out of his comfortable rut; but he knew he'd never go if he gave himself time to think and plan. So one night he borrowed ten dollars from a police captain and jumped on the train for Chicago.

It might have been an excellent idea if he had stopped to inquire how things were in Chicago—because he landed there, nearly broke, in the middle of a printers' strike which had successfully closed down every paper in town except one called the *Socialist World*. And all the reporters in Chicago were trying vainly to get jobs on the already overstaffed *World*.

Most men would have wired for some money and gone back to Minneapolis, or at least to some other city. Instead of doing that, Floyd prowled around Chicago streets until he had dug up a story no other reporter had. He wrote it, walked in to the *World* office, and laid it on the editor's desk.

"I know you're overstaffed," he said, "but if you like that story why don't you give me a job? Then I can go out and get better ones."

He doesn't even remember what the story was, now, except that it wasn't anything colossal. But the editor did like it, and did give him a job, at slightly less than enough money to live on.

BY the time the strike was over the *World* had reached an unbelievable circulation, and was so broke it couldn't pay its reporters. It had no advertising, and the big circulation ate up paper at such a rate it was losing money hand over fist. On the night the big dailies resumed publication the editor took the entire staff of the *World* to a neighboring saloon and told them they could have all they wanted to drink. It was the best he could do; he owed them all three weeks' pay, and the little bit of money he had left, while it could provide a glorious brawl, wouldn't have gone far if divided up among twenty men.

The funeral obsequies for the Chicago *Socialist World* ended up toward dawn in Floyd's room on North Clark street—an airless hole with its one window covered by a burlesque theater sign which burned brightly all night. Floyd and his nineteen fellow reporters went to sleep there, mostly on the floor and in the bathtub, although Floyd, as host, got the bed. To add the final touch to a riotous evening, the rent on the room hadn't been paid for three weeks and the twenty men didn't have one cent between them.

The big papers, now that they had resumed publication, were busy retrenching, trying to save what the big strike had cost them. They were hiring only the irreducible minimum of reporters necessary to get the news—and those they did hire were the men who had been with them longest before the strike.

But, as Floyd says, the thing he has always liked best about reporting is that it is the easiest profession in the world in which to get a job. "Put me down in Albuquerque, New Mexico," he says, "without a dime or any more clothes than those I have on my back—and under a different name, so nobody knows who I am—and I'll bet that within a day I'll have talked to somebody and got a story no other reporter in town has. And on the strength of it, I'll get a job."

The technique works—if you're good at it. It has always worked for Floyd, and it worked this time in Chicago. In a few days he had dug up a story that the editor of the *Tribune* liked well enough to hire the man who wrote it.

For some time after he had a steady and fairly profitable job, Floyd continued

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to live on North Clark Street. It's typical of him. He liked North Clark Street. It was the toughest section of Chicago—a thoroughfare of saloons, furtive gambling games, noisy burlesque theaters, houses of ill-fame. Life—noisy, glaring, naked—boiled and swirled down that street. Back of every window, in every knot of people on the curb, there was a story for Floyd to learn and write. That most of the stories were none too pleasant or pretty didn't matter. They were all stories.

GRADUALLY he built up a reputation on the *Tribune* as a dependable writer of whatever was dramatic, unusual, colorful.

The editors of the *Tribune* soon discovered that Floyd did his best work when he was suddenly shifted off the home grounds to territory that was new to him. Accordingly, whenever there was a colorful out of town assignment, it was Floyd's property. It was on one of these that he went to Mexico, and in doing so stumbled inadvertently upon his first great news story.

Floyd didn't go to Mexico to see Pancho Villa. He went to watch Jack Johnson train for a scheduled battle with Jess Willard; and later he was to cover the fight itself. But once in Mexico, Floyd saw plainly that there wasn't going to be any Johnson-Willard fight.

Right on the border, across the river from Texas, was Juarez. Juarez was Floyd's kind of town. Rough and tough, it teemed with life, and there was a story wherever you turned.

A man named Hypolito Villa was Juarez' boss, a playboy boss if there ever was one. In faultless evening clothes, around his waist a heavy cartridge belt to which was attached a brace of revolvers, Hypolito lorded it over Juarez in grand style. He drove around town in a glittering, high-powered car, most of the time filled with girls. He tossed away money at the gambling tables and the races.

Hypolito was Pancho Villa's brother. It was his job to buy ammunition and see that it was safely transported to Pancho, who was somewhere in the interior.

As the days passed, Floyd learned more about Pancho Villa. Something was happening up in those Mexican hills—something much more important than a series of small-time bandit raids. Scraps of conversation dropped at bars, around faro tables, hinted at the magnitude of Villa's ambitions. Floyd met Hypolito, talked to him, and learned still more. And always there was the news trickling in, of yet another fierce raid made by Pancho.

Floyd wired the *Tribune*: "If the Johnson-Willard fight doesn't come off, there's going to be a lot bigger fight down here anyway. Can I go and cover it?"

Chicago knew a little about Pancho Villa, but not too much. A few American newspaper correspondents had tried to see him, without much success, and the reports which had come in from inaccessible Mexican villages were sketchy and inadequate. America hadn't yet realized fully that Villa's intermittent skirmishes with the Mexican government armies under Carranza were the beginning of a Mexican revolution. The *Tribune* told Floyd to go ahead—and hardly had it done so when the importance of the Villa story began to grow by leaps and bounds.

Armed with credentials secured from Hypolito and other Vallista officials in Juarez, Floyd went to Monterey, the capital of the state of Nuevo Leon, which Villa was then occupying. General Paul Madero, of Villa's army, arranged for Floyd to have an interview with Villa, and acted as interpreter during it.

THEY had told Floyd that Villa's first impression of a man was usually his fixed opinion. It may have been so in Floyd's case, since at the end of the interview Villa granted him permission to accompany a march against Matamoros which was scheduled to take place shortly. There is no doubt, though, that Villa grew to like Floyd even better as time passed and he was allowed to become virtually a member of the General's entourage.

That first forced march, against Matamoros, may have had something to do with Villa's opinion of Floyd. Indeed, he probably smiled a private smile as he



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granted Floyd's request, thinking that the *Gringo* could never stand the pace.

Floyd was routed out of his bunk unexpectedly one morning at three o'clock and informed that the army was ready to start. Then followed nearly twenty-four hours in which Villa's army covered ninety-four miles on horseback and ended up with a successful surprise attack upon a village called Ramones which had been held by Carranza forces. Ninety-four miles at top speed through rocky, arid country, under a blazing sun and in pitch darkness. Exhausted horses were discarded, left to shift for themselves, or die, at the trackside. Any man unable to keep going would have been left to a similar fate.

Floyd came through it all, although for the next few weeks he ate his meals standing up—a small price, after all, to pay for Pancho Villa's respect.

FOR several months during the spring and summer of 1915 Floyd traveled with Villa. After that first mad ride, most of the traveling was done by train. Villa simply commandeered strings of cars, loaded his men, their families and their possessions, on them, and used them as movable headquarters.

Sometimes Floyd slept by the campfire, in the circle of Villa's *Dorados*—his "golden ones" whom he trusted most, or as much as he trusted anyone. Unable to read or write, Villa realized that he was at the mercy of any one of his lieutenants who might feel disposed to write a false message in his name, or mis-read an incoming message to him, and this made him suspicious of everyone. And because he was suspicious of everyone, Floyd himself was in constant danger. If there had been an unexplained treachery, whom would Villa have suspected first? The American, the inquisitive *Gringo* whose

nose for news was into everyone's business. And as Floyd knew very well, the penalty for even suspected treachery was a few minutes' work for the firing-squad.

One day he watched Villa, in a fit of temper, shoot down a beautiful horse for no other reason than that it had refused to let him mount it. Yet there was a kind of brutal logic in Villa's explanation. "That horse was a traitor," he said. "He never learned discipline. Some day he might cost me a battle."

Through the first weeks of early summer Villa's forces stationed themselves at Aguascalientes. They seemed to be waiting, piling up reserves of strength and ammunition for a major drive. At first, Floyd lived in a brewery on the outskirts of town. It was safe enough there, theoretically, because it was a Canadian-owned brewery, and the British flag was one thing both Villa and his enemies respected. But its situation at the edge of town made the space in back of it particularly handy as an execution spot, and at dawn every morning prisoners were lined up outside Floyd's bedroom wall and shot.

In answer to Floyd's request, Villa allowed him to fit up a box-car as his private office and home. On its side Villa even ordered his men to paint "Oficina Particular del Corresponsal Especial, La *Tribuna*, U. S. A."—private office of the special correspondent, the *Tribune*, U. S. A. It was from here that Floyd sent many of his dispatches, returning to it after short field trips with Villa. The Villista armies were consolidating.

At last everything was ready. Villa advanced, and met the Carranza army, under General Obregon, near Leon. The battle was disastrous for Villa, resulting in a complete rout for him. Even before it had ended, Floyd realized that Villa's brief reign of glory was over. He was

no longer the possible defender of the peon, but a defeated bandit chief.

Floyd pushed his way past the retreating armies to Juarez and across the border to General Pershing's headquarters in Texas. There he reported that if America would propose and negotiate a truce between Villa and Carranza, Villa would accept it and peace in Mexico would be restored. But by the time the truce had been offered it was too late to help Villa. The Carranzistas needed no truce. Villa's men had been broken up into small groups and driven into the mountains.

With his reputation as a foreign correspondent greater by far than when he left, Floyd returned to Chicago, where he remained for slightly more than a year. Then the *Tribune* decided to send him to London as its correspondent there. On February 17, 1917, Floyd sailed from New York. The German government had just drawn a blockade zone around the waters of the British Isles and the coast of France, and had announced to all the world that its submarines would sink without warning any ship, of any nation, that tried to penetrate those waters.

Floyd's ship was the ill-fated Cunard liner *Laconia*.

War guns rumbling dangerously all over the world, forecasting another bloody conflict, have brought back vivid memories to Floyd Gibbons of the last fierce days of the World War, his trips to the front, and the loss of his eye. More memories—into Russia after the revolution in the days of the great famine—across scorching deserts into the strange, weird land of Timbuctoo. All these, a thrill a sentence, are yours in the next instalment of the life story of the most famous reporter in the world. Don't miss it. In the March issue, on sale, January 22.

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HOPE WENDY IS RIGHT



SAY BABS
HOW ABOUT MY DANCE TONIGHT?
(TO HERSELF) MAYBE WENDY IS RIGHT!



AFTER ALL, FELLOWS, DON'T
FORGET THAT BABS AND I
ARE ENGAGED

YOU'RE SIMPLY DIVINE
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LET'S ELOPE!

THAT'LL BE
GRAND BOB!

(TO HERSELF) THANK
GOODNESS FOR
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Would They Ask You for a Date?

(Continued from page 23)



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BIGGEST SELLER IN YEARS! Amazing 3-in-1 household invention—Brush, Broom, Mop all in one. Makes housework play. Incredibly light—easy to handle—CLEANS LIKE MAGIC! Sweeps carpets, rugs without raising dust; Brushes unpolished furniture, walls, Scrubs floors, linoleum without scratching. Endorsed by thousands! Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute! Housewives wild about it—buy on sight. Agents cleaning up.

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!

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TASTE LIKE CANDY

The Sensational
McCoy's
Cod Liver Oil Tablets

Check Full of Vitamins "A" and "D"

Have remarkably helped many boys and girls, men and women, to

Put On Firm Flesh

3 to 7 Pounds Quickly

Starting Today Take 2 McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets after each meal. 60c and \$1 size—all Druggists

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

McCoy's, 544 S. Wells St., Chicago Dept. 22

Rush Free Sample of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets to

Name

Address

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

points radio's bachelors don't like to find in girls. Many of them wouldn't take a girl out if she were guilty of them. Certainly, whether they would or not, the girls would be getting off to a very bad start. And what is more important than the start you make?

Don't—and I know what you're going to say about being comfortable in hot weather—roll your stockings below your knees. This seems to be some sort of symbol with most men. My guess is that they dislike more what rolling stands for than the actual effect on their sense of vision. And before you throw this objection clear out the window, stop and think of the men you're defying, men than whom you couldn't find more eligible bachelors.

DON'T buy shoes that are too short for you. How our bachelors feel they could find this out, I don't know, but if they did, their reaction would be very unfavorable. This is another point in the psychology of men being attracted to women, and as such it can't be overlooked. They don't like to think of a woman being so vain she is willing to half cripple herself.

Don't let a man kiss you good night the first time you go out with him. At least, it isn't advisable in the majority of cases. Igor Gorin would expect you to, and Tom Waring wouldn't care. But Nelson Eddy certainly wouldn't like you for it, and neither would Frank Parker and Jerry Cooper. In fact, it is very important to seven of the bachelors, and fairly important to another. Only Tom and Igor disagree.

The next point seems to me to be more a matter of etiquette, but according to these men, most escorts foam at the mouth when you do it. Don't, if you're in your right mind, wave at another man while you're dancing. You can smile and get away with it, but any visible other means of greeting won't go over—at all. So watch yourself. It's an easy mistake to make, if you aren't thinking.

Would you insist on a church wedding? Well, if you would, you might get any kind of a reaction from your fiancé, according to our radio bachelors. Half of them thought you should, five others thought you shouldn't. Frank Parker says you shouldn't, but to Nelson Eddy it doesn't matter in the least. So take your choice.

When I put the next question, I had hoped for a different answer, or at least some sort of compromise. But not one of the ten thought there should be a doubt. In other words, "Don't expect to have dates with other men after your engagement." I might be inclined to feel that this could be a short sighted policy in some cases, but there it is. If you'd be popular, you had better conform.

There is the complete composite picture of what ten radio bachelors would want and would hate in the girl they were taking out. The yesses and nos in most cases were impersonal, the rulings of the majority. Perhaps you'd like a more definite description of the kind of a girl each one of these bachelors is looking for.

Here they are—and again, you should

be able to draw helpful conclusions in most of the cases, conclusions that should smooth the way to your own personal popularity.

Frank Parker wants: "A girl who is physically attractive, but her mental equipment is more important and can make up for physical faults. She should be no taller than five feet, three inches, with a wholesome rather than sophisticated or exotic appearance. She should be able to talk about important world affairs, but under no circumstances should she take herself too seriously. Have a sense of humor."

Nelson Eddy seeks: "A girl who is intellectual, dignified, not too young, domestic, not wrapped up in a career, who likes music, appreciates art and is sensitive."

Abe Lyman likes: "A girl who doesn't drink; an old fashioned girl, a home girl, not a show girl or a sophisticate."

Vincent Lopez, however, hopes for: "A girl who knows her way about, knows how to drink a cocktail (one) and hold a cigarette, who is tall, stately, dresses smartly, and is a good dancer. And brunette."

Jerry Cooper wants: "A girl who isn't startlingly beautiful so that every man stops and looks at her; who can talk without being a chatterbox, and can take one drink without wanting two."

Jimmy Farrell looks for: "A girl who is a college graduate (because Jimmy was once a professor) who is about five feet six inches, brunette, immaculate in dress, broad minded about show business, well read, a moderate smoker, and a teetotaler."

Henry King asks for: "A girl who is able to make her mark in society, since this is woman's real career; a girl that a man could look up to and respect for her ability to make her way in the social whirl."

TOM WARING, whose taste is really the most sophisticated of all, wants: "A girl who has literary or artistic leanings; whose morals are her own business; who is spontaneous; who dislikes fashionable things, going to fashionable places, and being in the swim all the time."

Richard Himber's the victim of a wish fulfillment, for he desires a girl who: "Has done things I have always wanted to do and never have; a girl who's gone to Europe, so I could learn things from her; a girl who's a good auto driver, since I'm so bad; a girl who is a tall blonde, tolerant, understanding, slightly maternal."

Last is Igor Gorin, a Viennese by birth and a resident of America for only three years. Igor insists on: "A typical American girl who doesn't pretend to be sophisticated, who is honest and yet retains just a touch of mystery; she cannot be, under any circumstances, a professional musician."

There, for you—whether you're in the throes of your first love affair, whether you're engaged, or a career girl, or even married—are ten men's hopes and desires.

Take their words to heart and free your life of some of its most puzzling complications.

What Do You Think Of Movie Stars On The Air? Should They Be Barred From Radio? Read The Stirring Open Letter To Hollywood From The Editor—Next Month In The March Issue of RADIO MIRROR.

More News on the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 9)

and return to the air via Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.

TIE THIS, MR. RIPLEY! So many stars go hay-wire because they don't get the billing to which they feel they're entitled, it is the height of something or other to find one like Bing Crosby. He wants to sue somebody or other because, he claims, a promise to him was broken—that he was NOT to be starred in "Pennies from Heaven." And he's holding up the shooting on his next picture until a leading lady with a name as big or bigger than his own is secured.

SMART ANIMAL—NO BULL. Bob Burns and Bing Crosby went to the San Diego Fair to judge a beauty contest. It simply poured that day (they'll run me out of California for that!) and the beauties, not wanting to get their bathing suits wet, went home. So Bob and Bing, wandering about the fair, were delighted to see their old pal "Cuddles" who starred with them in "Rhythm on the Range" in a blue ribbon stall. "Cuddles," by the way, is a male bovine. Bing called him, but the bull didn't give him a tumble. Bob gave Bing the laugh. "Watch this," he said—and imitated the sound of his bazooka. The bull burst into a roar that could be heard all over the fair grounds. "Yeah, he's a music critic, too," Bing taunted.

POSTMAN'S HOLIDAY. Fred Astaire plays hookey from the neighboring RKO lot to slip in and watch a Crosby rehearsal. He was first to congratulate Bing

when a Crosby nag won a race at Tanforan, the first victory for one of Bing's oat burners in a coon's age.

POOR LITTLE RICH BOY. Igor Gorin, romantic baritone of Hollywood Hotel, makes plenty of money—but he never has any. The reason: a long while ago he tied himself up to a contract with a furniture dealer who undertook to be his manager. The furniture dealer died seven months ago, and now all Gorin's earnings go into his estate pending its final settlement. They came to take his piano away the other day, and sympathetic friends had to straighten the matter out. Incidentally, as soon as Gorin's financial affairs have their kinks unwound, he will have money enough to buy the ring for one Mary Elizabeth Smith, veteran radio actress and formerly Leslie Howard's leading lady.

STAND BACK, GIRLS. Robert Taylor's radio debut on Lux precipitated a near riot. Some enterprising females discovered a fire escape exit leading into the balcony of the Lux Theater and more than two hundred got in that way without tickets. That left that many ticket holders outside holding the bag. Then the fire marshal threatened to call off the whole show because more people had crowded into the theater than could be seated.

AND MORE GRIEF. It was Lux's tough luck month. The week after the Taylor affair, during a rehearsal of "The Virginian," Charles Forsythe, the sound effects man, shot off the top of his thumb

when a revolver backfired, causing Ynez Seabury, who had just come from a session with the dentist, and was groggy anyway, to keel over into the arms of Gary Cooper.

HELPING PAPA. I sat at breakfast the other morning with Eddie Cantor in his lovely Beverly Hills home. He was going over the script of his next show between gulps of coffee. Daughter Marjorie sat across the table, and read the pages as papa finished. She held a crimson pencil, and from time to time deleted vigorously. "Say, what's all that you're cutting out?" Eddie wanted to know.

"Too many Idas," was the unfilial response.

YOU GET GYPPED. If you think Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone are funny on the air, you ought to hear the show they put on backstage after the broadcast. Jack always gets buttonholed by about umpteen people before he can get away, consequently Mary is always kept waiting—and she doesn't like it. The other Sunday night she cracked to Jack, while he was deep in a confab with a script man, "Aw, come on Jack. We'll write next week's program tomorrow."

SYMPATHY STUFF. Kenny Baker had been on the movie lot at 7 a. m., worked all day with the exception of time out for one rehearsal, two shows and a benefit performance. At the latter, somewhere about nine at night, a photographer posed him for a picture. "Gee," he sympathized,

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

"MAKEUP'S such a problem!" Miriam Hopkins confides. "It's heavenly to find new makeup that matches, and that's just right for you!"

If your eyes are blue, like Miriam Hopkins', then Marvelous Makeup Dresden type is right for you, too! If your eyes are brown, ask for Parisian type; gray for Patri-cian type; hazel, Continental type. Marvelous Matched Makeup... keyed to the color of your eyes... includes harmonizing face powder, rouge,

SAYS GLAMOROUS
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lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara.

Thousands of women have tried and like this new makeup. 9 out of 10 say it's a big improvement, brings immediate new beauty. And you can try it, thriftily. Your drug or departmentstore recommends Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup, each single item only 55 cents (Canada 65 cents).

Your mirror... or that man who matters... will echo—"There's something marvelous about you... tonight!"



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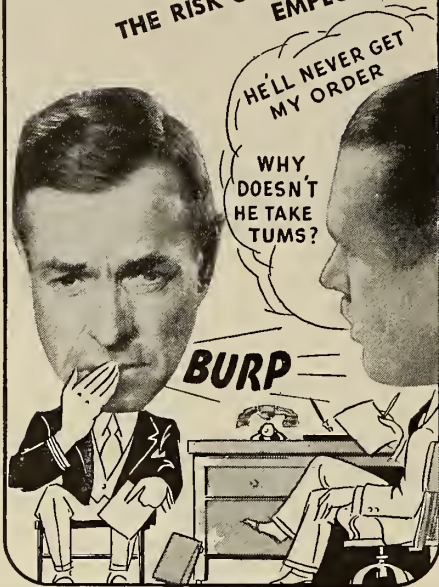
MARVELOUS

★ Miriam Hopkins—star of "Men Are Not Gods"—an Alexander Korda production.

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AT SELLING, YOU HAVE
LOST YOUR PUNCH...
YOU BURP TOO LOUDLY
AFTER LUNCH!
TAKE TUMS FOR GAS...
AND THUS AVOID
THE RISK OF BEING UN-
EMPLOYED!



HERE'S THE
FAST WAY
TO RELIEVE
ACID INDIGESTION
HEARTBURN...GAS...
SOOR STOMACH

Carry TUMS—Get Relief
5 to 30 Minutes QUICKER

HERE'S real scientific acid indigestion relief done up in a 10c, "vest-pocket" roll of tasty little mints. No wonder millions have adopted the sensible carry Tums idea, to be sure of getting thorough, quick relief from today's unexpected attacks of heartburn, sour stomach or gas. Tums are pleasant-tasting... just like candy... so handy to carry in pocket or purse. And contain no harsh alkalies. No chance for dangerous over-alkalization of your stomach. Just enough of Tums' antacid compound is released to correct your stomach acidity... the remainder passing un-released from your system. Only 10c a roll—even cheaper in the 25c, three-roll ECONOMY PACK. At all drug stores. Carry Tums.

Free Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 28B-71, St. Louis, Missouri.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



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HANDY TO CARRY

SHOW SILK HOSIERY
WITH Guarantee for as long as
HALF YEAR

MAKE UP TO \$32.00 IN A WEEK
TAKING ORDERS

Ford Cars Given as Bonus. Send name with hose size and favorite shade for offer of your own hosiery FREE as extra bonus. Sensational profit details and startling outfit offer. Work full or spare time. Everybody a prospect. Get immediate cash earnings. Be like Grace Wilber, who reported \$37.10 earned in 9 hours, or Chas. Mills who earned \$120.00 in one week. Both received new cars as bonus. Act quick!

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PLEASANT SMOKE VAPOR
gives quick relief to
ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS

Send for **FREE** package of cigarettes and powder—prove at our expense how Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound soothes and relieves Asthmatic paroxysms. Standard remedy at drug-gists. Cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Powder, 25¢ and \$1. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. MW-1, Rupert, Vt.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND

**COUGHING TEARS
YOUR THROAT**

**MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN
FOR QUICK RELIEF**

It's the drying of tiny moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract that often causes coughs. Sticky phlegm collects, irritates, and you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture. Sticky mucus is loosened and easily expelled. Irritation goes away—coughing is relieved. Try Pertussin at our expense. Use coupon below.

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440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me 2-oz. prescription of
Pertussin FREE... by return mail.

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What made their hair grow?

Here is the Answer

"New Hair came after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing," writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Mary H. Little also has luxuriant hair now after using Kotalko. Yet for years her hair, as she describes it, "was as bare as the back of my hand."

Many other men and women attest that hair has

stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko to stimulate scalp action.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko? Encourage new growth of hair to live on sustenance available in your scalp. Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.



FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.
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Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO.
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"I wouldn't be a photographer for anything. They're working all the time!"

FASHION NOTE. Johnny Green showed up in the studio wearing a bright blue coat. "I wouldn't part with this coat for anything," he explained. "I used to wear it in Buddy Rogers' band."

QUICKIES. Dorothy Page may finally say yes, and become Mrs. Armand Rust if the rich Texas rancher keeps on asking her... And speaking of matrimony, Trudy Wood has been the secret bride of Bill Bryon for six months... You're wrong, Mr. Winchell. Anne Jamison's heart is not a Wall Streeter, but a millionaire Hollywood garage man... Marion Talley and Aubrey Scotto, her film director, go places together... Eddie Cantor and company to New Orleans for the opening of Bobby Breen's "Rainbow on the River"... And Bobby's sister, Sally, who gave up her own career to further her kid brother's, has taken up where she left off, and has a part in his first film... Burns' and Allen's plans for a Broadway Show are off because of new picture commitments... Ditto Henry King, who cancels his Plaza Persian Room date to stay with the show... When you list Hollywood's better hostesses, put Gertrude Niesen's name 'way up near the top... While on the subject of parties, Jimmy Fidler's invitations were cute, containing a map of how to reach his house... Francia White's five-gaited saddle nag copped two blue rosettes at the horse show... Bob Ripley is here for M-G-M shorts... Eddie Cantor is displeased over the casting of his thirteen-year old protegee, Deanna Durbin, in "Three Smart Girls"... Oh, yes. A note to press agents: Stop sending me guff about that band leader whose wife just had a baby, and who is coming to Hollywood. The last time I interviewed him he said all he wanted was to be left alone. Okay... Rupert Hughes' adopted son, Rush, is making the grade locally as a news commentator... Victor Young is set to continue on Shell despite his Jolson tie-up... A biography of Bing Crosby, written by his brothers then re-written by himself will hit the stands shortly after you read this... Jimmy Newell is starring in hosiery operas for Warner Brothers... Harry Jackson, NBC ork leader, does a local kiddie show as Uncle Whoa Bill, telling youngsters to eat up all their spinach or else... Bela Lugosi presented a pup to Joe Penner, and luckily it was cocoa brown, so the comic named it "Cocomaalt" after his sponsor... Don Wilson is right back where he started, with one big difference. The big announcer is broadcasting for Associated Oil, first radio sponsor he ever had, but he gets more dough now... Warren Hull, who used to announce the Bea Lillie and Hit Parade shows, is now a Warner Brothers leading man... Peggy Shannon, who was brought to Hollywood to take Clara Bow's place as the "It Girl," is playing bits on First Nighter... Reason Leah Ray isn't singing with Phil Harris' band at the Palomar is that 20th Century-Fox contract won't permit... Raymond Paige's wife, Diane York, who was a star reporter on C. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s paper here at the age of seventeen, is making her radio debut... The network press agent who said the local radio editors were "a lot of schoolboys" is in very Hollandaise... The J. Bennys will play Portland and Seattle, and foot the bills for the broadcast from there to give Mary Livingstone's home town pals a chance to see her work... Writer Bob Andrews' missus, Vi Bradley, goes to Boston to play socialite club... Curtain!

HUGHES TO OAKIE TO CAMPUS. Just when the Camel Caravan with Rupert Hughes as its master of ceremonies and a lot of movie stars coming and going, was getting nicely settled for the winter, a sudden cyclone swept over the program and when it had passed, there was Jack Oakie as its new star. After several guest appearances last summer, Jack was announced generally as being ready to start a program in the fall for a razor blade company. This fell through and that was practically the last radio audiences heard of Mister Oakie until December when, out of a clear sky, it was made known to one and all that he was replacing Rupert Hughes as the star of the Camel Caravan Tuesday nights over the CBS network.

The story behind the scenes of this sudden move is the story of what the sponsors of the Caravan are trying to accomplish with its air advertising. A year ago when the tobacco concern sponsored Walter O'Keefe and Glen Gray's orchestra, it was aiming primarily at the large group of college listeners throughout the country. This summer when it changed the show to a full hour with Hughes and guest stars, it was broadening its appeal. Now, with Jack Oakie, it has swung back to its campus attractions.

In order to present even a stronger college front, it kept its fresh and youthful music and Oakie was instructed to play to the undergraduates. All in all, the program has stepped up its pace and filled its sixty minutes with new vim which should make for lots of enjoyable listening through the cold weeks ahead. Mr. Astaire, who is heard opposite on the Packard Hour, over NBC, had better look to his laurels if he is to keep ahead on the popularity ratings.



Jack Oakie finally hits his radio stride, making his bow December 29 as regular host of Camel Caravan.

Warner Brothers

THRILLING OFFER BY MAVIS!

ONLY 25¢ FOR THIS STUNNING NEW SILVERY NON-TARNISHABLE Sweetheart Charm Bracelet

IT'S NEW! IT'S SMART! IT'S THE "RAGE!"
... to wear miniatures of those you adore on a Sweetheart Charm Bracelet. Be the first in your set to own one! Miniatures are reproduced from your favorite photos or snapshots—hand-colored by fine artists—set in a frame which clasps onto the bracelet.

THERE'S ROOM FOR NINE—sweetheart, chum, sorority sisters, movie stars, mother and dad. Easy to snap on or off. The bracelet itself is a series of gleaming disks etched with a flying dove. Non-tarnishable. Will not discolor the skin.

THIS WONDERFUL OFFER comes to you from Mavis—the velvety, delicately scented talcum Frenchwomen use to safeguard their daintiness. Make their charm secret your own. After every bath, before you dress—clothe yourself in fragrant Mavis. Its alluring all-over fragrance keeps you flower-fresh for hours. So soothing, too!

CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS HOW TO GET ONE

Mavis Talcum Powder offers you this lovely Sweetheart Charm Bracelet—with one miniature to start your collection—for only 25¢! Stores can't sell them for anywhere near that low price. Just get a 25¢ size of delicately scented, flower-fresh Mavis. Mail in the coupon attached to the can, with 25¢ in coin, and any clear photo or snapshot (to be returned with your bracelet). For each additional miniature, send 10¢, photo, and a coupon from a 25¢ size Mavis. (Offer good only in U. S. A.)

DON'T DELAY! HURRY! Order your Sweetheart Charm Bracelet today! Get your 25¢ size Mavis Talcum Powder now.

MAVIS *Genuine Mavis Talcum*

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Dependable Pariozen requires no applicators or other accessories. The easy-to-use tablet alone is sufficient. Harmless, non-caustic, greaseless, odorless. Twelve tablets in glass container cost only one dollar. Don't hesitate to ask your druggist for Pariozen Tablets. If his supply should be temporarily exhausted, write us for free sample.



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YOU, TOO, CAN EARN \$30 A WEEK

Nancy E—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making \$30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for:



CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 38 years has been training men and women, 18 to 60, at home and in their spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The course is endorsed by physicians. Complete nurse's equipment is included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of the hundreds of men and women earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how you can become self-supporting as a nurse.

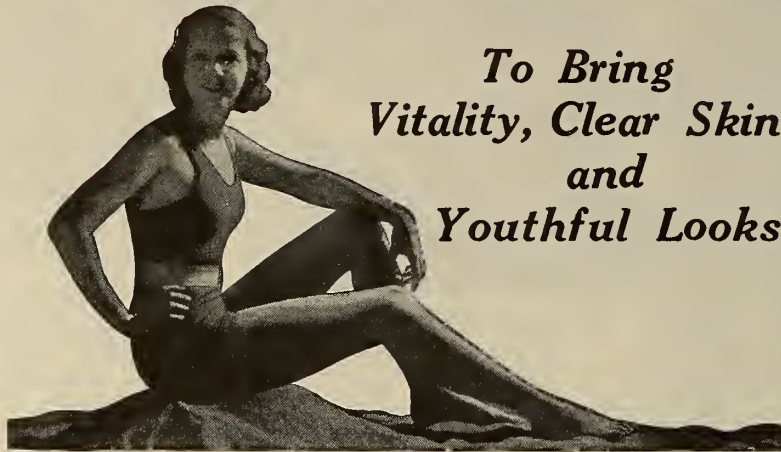
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Kidneys Must Purify Blood



To Bring
Vitality, Clear Skin
and
Youthful Looks

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood, is through 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If, because of functional troubles, your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, these poisons remain in the system and make your eyes look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time you find yourself all Tired-Out, Nervous, and unable to keep up with the speed of modern life.

Functional Kidney troubles also may cause much more serious and disagreeable symptoms, such as Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, and Itching.

Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present-day foods throw an extra heavy load on the Kidneys, and that most people need help from time to time if they are to feel their best and preserve their youthful appearance. Fortunately, for sufferers it is easy to help functional Kidney Troubles with the doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex, which now is available at all drug stores under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or cost nothing.

sician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the strict and rigid standards of the United States Dispensary and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and being designed especially to act in the Kidneys and Bladder is swift and safe in action. Most users report a remarkable improvement in 48 hours and complete satisfaction in 8 days.

Guaranteed To Work

Because of its unusual success, Cystex is offered under an unlimited guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Under this unlimited guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work to your complete satisfaction or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs, or delay. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex) today.

Doctors Praise Cystex



Dr. T. J. Rastelli

Doctor T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. C. Z. Rende, another widely known Physi-

TRAIN FOR Electricity Spend 12 weeks in Coyneshops. Learn by doing—many earn while learning. Free employment service after graduation. You don't need advanced education. SEND FOR BIG NEW FREE BOOK, and my **PAY TUITION AFTER GRADUATION** PLAN. H. C. Lewis, Pres., COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 500 South Paulina Street, Dept. 27-64 Chicago, Ill.

Learn Public Speaking At home—in spare time. Many overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence and increase earning power, this easy way. Write for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words* and requirements. North American Institute, Dept. 1382 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair

IN 3 MINUTES

Without Danger of Coarser or Stubbler New Growth

Everywhere you go, everyone is talking about or using De Miracle. Its vogue seems to have started when it became known that this marvelous discovery made it simple and easy to get rid of leg or arm hair, without danger of faster, coarser or stubbler new growth.

No Razor—just dampen hair with De Miracle and then rinse hair away with water. It leaves the skin as smooth, soft and hair-free as a baby's. Leaves no dark hair stubble and does not make hair grow faster, coarser, or stubbler. Try it today.

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STREAMLINED—SELF-HEATING Irons in 1/2 Time for 1c

Newest ironing discovery in 20 years! Beautiful, streamlined, all chromium-plated iron has no cords or tubes, heats itself, burns 96% free air and only 4% kerosene. Does whole ironing for a penny or less! **USE IT ANYWHERE** Can be used anywhere, indoors or out. No more work over hot stove! Insulated handle. Cannot rust or tarnish, lasts a lifetime. Finger-touch heat control gives right temperature for any kind of ironing.

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BURNS 96% AIR

AGENTS! Selling everywhere! Wynne made \$16 in one day, Jamison \$15. Write at once for sensational profit plan.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 374 IRON Bldg., Akron, Ohio

Coronation Coiffures

(Continued from page 51)

illusion of height at the front which is basic in all the newer coiffure designs, while "Fan" reveals very distinctly the corresponding lowness at the neckline which fashion demands.

Luckily, these essential features of Coronation coiffures lend themselves to many interesting adaptations to suit each and every personality. By choosing wisely and combining well, any woman can find the particular hairdress which will accentuate her own individuality and enhance her appearance. The main requisites are simple—a good permanent wave and hair that's in the best possible condition as to cleanliness, texture and color.

"Never before," says Robert, "has the permanent wave been so important. It is absolutely essential as a foundation for the new, soft coiffures. In the past, permanents were more or less a matter of choice—that is, if a woman was satisfied with her naturally straight or slightly curly hair. This winter, every woman will need one, for today's coiffures require hair that is easy to handle and that will adapt itself quickly to any desired ringlet or swirl.

AND never before has the quality of the permanent wave been so important. Softness is the keynote and kinkiness is definitely out. The patron who comes into a beauty salon and requests a permanent that 'will last six months,' is really practicing false economy. To produce such a permanent it is necessary to apply too much heat to the hair, burning the tissues, and the money presumably saved by getting permanents less frequently is usually spent twice over in purchasing reconditioners and having special expensive shampoos to restore natural health to the hair. Worst of all, a poor permanent will be glaringly revealed by the simple, sweeping lines of Coronation coiffures."

Since beauty of the hair itself is such a necessary part of the new styles, it behooves us to pay particular attention to the life and color and highlights—which, in turn, means plenty of good shampoos and, probably, rinses to bring out the sheen. In the case of hair which is dull and streaked, or uninteresting in color, the utmost care must be used in choosing a dye which is both effective and harmless. All these—shampoos, rinses and dyes—are easy to obtain today in good quality and forms that are easy to use at home. But whatever treatment you decide on, be sure that you're willing to go through with what you start! It's better to keep the original drab shade of hair given by nature than to apply the most becoming hues in the world, if you're not going to keep it up systematically and sensibly. The same thing applies to shampoos; you can't expect even the best of these to work miracles if you don't use them regularly and often and really give them a chance to show what a marked improvement they can make.

Incidentally, here are two excellent but little-known tricks in caring for your wave that you might like to try. I'll bet you didn't know that vaseline, used the night before you go to the beauty parlor, will make each wave last longer! Just rub it into your scalp and hair with your finger tips and comb it through, then wash it out next morning. After each wave you get, you can make your coiffure hold better (and look neater and glossier) by rubbing your fingers and palms with brilliantine before combing it out. Thus, when you comb the ringlets around your

fingers or brush away from the part, the brilliantine on your hands will smooth each strand into its proper place.

Be sure to send for my new illustrated leaflet this month, for it contains sketches of the "convertible" coiffures created by Bernard az Guro, one of Manhattan's favorite hair stylists, for the coming season. They're based on a very practical idea, since the convertible coiffure can be dressed elaborately for evening (practically compulsory this year, by the way!) and simply but distinctively for daytime. Don't forget to send a nice large envelope (stamped and self-addressed, of course) with your inquiry this time. Just address Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.



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Is Television Really Here?

(Continued from page 42)

The room where I stood was pitch dark; even the walls were hung with black drapes to absorb stray beams of unwanted light. Each set looked somewhat like an ordinary cabinet radio set, with a raised top. Placed diagonally under the top was a mirror, arranged in such a position as to reflect the image on the "eye" beneath. The size of the reflection is 7½ by 10 inches.

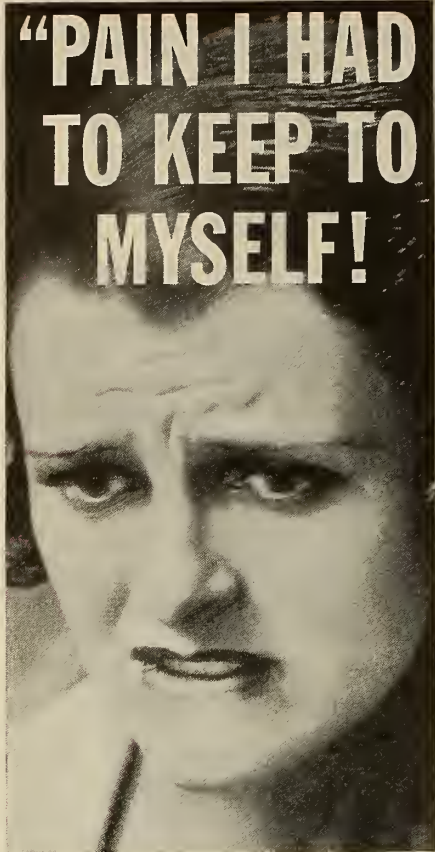
A splash of light on the mirror—light which gathered itself together and took on shape as the image of a young woman, Betty Goodwin, of the NBC press department, who had been chosen to announce the program. Then forty minutes of varied kinds of entertainment; Hildegarde and the Inkspots in musical numbers; a news reel; a Bob Benchley comedy short.

Of the two types of television broadcast, the broadcast of motion pictures and of actual living people, the motion pictures were the most satisfactory and the live talent the most interesting. While Hildegarde and the Inkspots were singing you were conscious that here was a new art, but the moving pictures were just movies reduced to a much smaller size than one is used to seeing.

When the program was over I knew that in spite of crudities, in spite of difficulties which hadn't yet been overcome, television was on its way down the home stretch!

There is still a lot of secrecy surrounding television's day-by-day development. Partly it is due to the eagerness of the world to believe in television. There haven't been any of the derisive sneers which greeted the first announcement of sound movies, nor any of the predictions that it would be just a toy. All the marvels of a scientific age have taught us to treat the dreams of scientists with respect and belief. So, while the public is inclined to be optimistic about the early prospects of television, those who are actually at work on it have leaned over backward to be pessimistic, warning us not to expect too much at first, not to jump at conclusions, saying "Perhaps," and mentioning 1938, 1939, and 1940. There are, however, several very good reasons for believing that television, on a basis which will make it useful to you and me, will come before then.

One is the statement that commercial television will be a fact in New York in 1937. This means that television receive-



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ing sets will be offered for your purchase, and that entertaining or instructive programs will be regularly broadcast to make those sets worth the money they cost.

Another reason for expecting television soon is brought back to America by travelers abroad. In Germany, scientists have been quietly working, and they are on the verge of perfecting a screen which will be three feet square without loss of clarity or distinctness in the image. Solving this problem alone would give television a tremendous impetus, for all the experts agree that the small 7½ by 10 inch screen is one of the greatest factors holding the new industry back.

Finally, there is the fact that whether broadcasting officials will admit it or not, their actions prove that they look upon television as a fairly immediate probability. Why? Because the NBC program department is being trained in a new technique in continuity writing, make-up, staging, and a multitude of other details connected with actual television broadcasting conditions. All these are problems which must be solved if television is to be successful, but they are, after all, secondary problems. If the broadcasters didn't believe they could put good home receiving sets on the market, and broadcast programs which a good many people could see, they would not now be spending time on problems of make-up, writing, and staging. Those are all things which could wait until after the technical engineers had completed their work. The only conclusion we can draw is that the laboratory work is far enough advanced to give assurance of success. Nor would Hollywood be so interested in testing such stars as Ginger Rogers, who promises now to have just about the perfect face for television—and perfect figure too—if she stays thin, for one of television's tricks is to make its subject seem pounds heavier.

WHAT stands in the way of home television being offered to you tomorrow? First, there is the expense. Sets cannot now be made for less than \$300 apiece, although mass production, it is estimated, may lower the cost to \$100. Forty-five miles is the farthest distance a television wave can travel now, and in order to provide coast-to-coast service an unprecedented outlay of money would be necessary. New York's television station, next year, will serve New York alone, not the rest of the country. Second, there is the constantly changing television situation. Changes in transmitting equipment are being made all the time, and television is different from radio—changes in receiving equipment have to be made at the same time. A set which you bought today might therefore become obsolete next month.

These are admittedly important objections, but even so, their significance dwindles beside the fact that television is progressing and that regular programs are being sent out on the air. That fact says one thing, and says it clearly—Television for your home is on its way!

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SAFE BECAUSE IT'S EASIEST TO CLEAN

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

"Hollywood Can't Come Between Us" says Mrs. Don Ameche

(Continued from page 27)

attitude of Don and Honore toward their newfound prosperity is, you feel that perhaps, after all, the gray-eyed girl's prediction is based on something solid; that Hollywood can't hurt her and her husband. They are entrenching themselves against the insecurities of transient fame.

Papa Ameche has his truck garden, his orange groves, his vineyard, on the place, a half mile down the road from Don's, that his son bought for him. Sunny California is a lot like his native Italy, and he smiles happily. Don's brothers splash about the swimming pool on Don's place. Don himself makes trays of sandwiches for the multitude of guests always scattered informally about the house and grounds.

As Don has not forgotten radio, neither has he forgotten his old friends. There is, for example, Gabriel, the little Belgian foundling whom Don first met when he was a student at Columbia Academy in Dubuque, Iowa. Some cigar-ettes were discovered in Don's room. Gabriel, in his admiration for the dashing, handsome boy who had befriended him, took the blame for the contraband. He was about to endure stoically the punishment meted out for such an offense when Don learned of it in time to admit his guilt. But he had never forgotten Gabriel's devotion, and now Gabriel is a combination major-domo and secretary, and one of the family.

THERE are no servants, in the accepted sense of the word, in the Ameche establishment, a new record, probably, for Hollywood, where new money usually means butlers, chauffeurs, English maids, and what not. Yet on the big estate the Ameche's rent from W. C. Fields there is only Gabriel and Anna, the young Wisconsin farm girl Honore brought from Chicago to look after the children, little Don, Jr., and three-year old Ronny. But Anna, too, is like one of the family. She, Honore, Don and Gabriel all try their hand at cooking.

Picture Anna, blithely humming a Polish folk song while she hangs diapers inconspicuously against the green and gold of orange trees on the expensively landscaped lawn of the estate, and you will be able to picture to yourself the homey, informal atmosphere of the Ameche household. That is the scene Honore surveyed contentedly as she gave voice to that prophecy, "Hollywood can't hurt us."

In the house itself, the guests, largely old friends of the Chicago radio days seeking a foothold in the picture industry, roam at will, foraging in the big ice-box, or helpfully washing the dishes. Hospitality at the Ameches is dispensed in the good old Italian tradition, bounteous but simple. People come to do as they please, dress as they please, eat when and as they please, and help themselves.

Honore, in slacks and jersey, her strawberry blonde hair hanging down her back in long braids, goes calmly about her manifold duties as wife, mother, and mistress of a home. Had she wished, she could have servants to do all the tasks that fall to her lot, and she could haunt beauty parlors and modistes. But she does not feel she needs those expedients to hold her man. She counts on his intense de-



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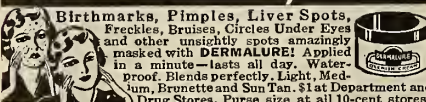
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votion to radio to keep him from "going Hollywood."

"I was afraid, for a little while, when we first came here from Chicago," she confessed. "I was afraid then, but just one thing, the house we have here made me understand I had nothing to fear.

"You see, in Chicago we had always lived in a little place. And when we came out here, we took a little place, too, because the rentals were terrific! Don wanted a bigger place, but I said no, and stuck to it. But it was damp there, and finally we had to leave because of my sinus trouble.

"A long time before that—away back last July—we had seen this place we have now, but I had refused absolutely to take it. Now we had no choice. We couldn't find any other place. So we had to move here. And it costs three times what we paid in Chicago! That was when I was afraid.

"But," she concluded, "it hasn't made a particle of difference in the way we live—or in Don. That's why I'm so sure that no matter how much money Don makes in the movies or how famous he becomes he'll always—we'll always—be the same."

She paused thoughtfully.

"There's one more thing that will show you," she said. "Don could give up his radio work now, if he wanted. He could get along very nicely without the money because he is making more than enough in pictures. And most men would give up radio, too, because that work is a great deal harder than picture work. It takes a fearful nervous toll which Don doesn't feel in his picture work. Yet he doesn't give it up. He won't give it up. He never will."

You see, when you talk to Honore, the subtle pattern of faith that underlies the air of gay casualness in the Ameche household. You understand it best of all if you are there on a Sunday morning when the church bells peal over the sunlit quiet of the San Fernando Valley. Don, with Ronny's little hand clutching his, Honore's arms locked in her husband's, stroll down the road from mass.

Honore smiles as they pass by a big empty house not far from their own. She looks pityingly at the cold facade. A great star lived there. Now he lives in a big apartment, and a valet cares for his needs. His wife is in New York. They will be divorced soon. The star will not be a star much longer. But Hollywood can't do that to Don and Honore.

She squeezes his arm. She is thinking of radio, her anchor to windward, her insurance against the disaster that has befallen so many Hollywood idylls.



Joe Penner in the midst of a good (we hope) gag of a Sunday evening.

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His Own Best Enemy

(Continued from page 25)

fate seems to lead to another one. "Pennies from Heaven," although ready for release months ago, has been accumulating dust on the shelves because of another typical bit of Crosbyan adherence to a matter of principle.

Bing has been battling for a long time over the actor's right to have some authority in the cutting of scenes and editing of pictures. He deems it only fair that a star should have some word in the final selections of what scenes or material should or should not be released to the public gaze. When "Pennies from Heaven" was in production, Bing insisted that one of the numbers, "And So Do I," be re-shot. The producer differed. When the completed picture was run off, it proved Bing was correct. The number recorded badly. Then the producer asked Bing to re-take.

"Nothing doing—now," he replied. "But Bing, you can't let a scene like that get out," Larry and Everett joined in. "That might do you a lot of harm."

"All right. Let it. But maybe they'll listen to me next time when I try to tell 'em something for their own good."

The fact that thousands of dollars of his own money is tied up in the picture means nothing whatever to Bing. "It's the principle of the thing," he says flatly—and that is that.

It isn't only in his work, either, that Bing is untractable where his principles are concerned. It's a standing joke in the film colony that when one of Bing's extensive string of race horses wins a race Bing will trip over his whiskers. His horses are very consistent nags. They almost always run last. And make no mistake about it, Bing is fond of those horses. He paid fancy prices for them at the Saratoga sales. Of course he'd like them to win.


"Why don't you try different training methods," a noted horseman advised him. "That's all that is wrong with your horses. They're good horses. They ought to win."

Bing's trainer is an ex-jockey that Bing used to know in Spokane. As a jockey he became too heavy to obtain mounts, and he was pretty much up against it. So Bing installed him as trainer of his sixteen thoroughbreds, and every month foots the bills that run to four and five thousand dollars—for a lot of losing horses. He won't take the advice of horsemen, and install a regular trainer, because this jockey is also an old friend.

Paradoxically, although Bing will go to the utter limit for a friend, he refused recently to help out his brother Larry because a principle was involved. Bing, Larry, Everett and a fourth man set up a song publishing company. The fourth man wrote a tune. Bing liked it and Larry wrote the lyrics. The friend, of course, was anxious for Bing to give the new number a plug—but he went about obtaining the favor in the one way that went against Bing's grain.

He didn't go to Bing and ask forthrightly that he plug the song. Instead, he persuaded Bing's wife, Dixie Lee, to intercede in his behalf. Bing jumped all over poor Larry.

"After this, when you or anyone you know wants me to do a favor, come and ask me," he stormed—and then he added, "And as for that song, you can throw it in the ash can as far as I'm concerned. I'll never sing it!" And he never did. It was a good song—but Larry made exactly \$22.19 out of what might have been a big hit with rich returns.



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Nor did that end Bing's retribution. He withdrew from the song publishing company, and today that company, owned by Bing's own brothers, who are very close to him and whom he loves dearly, gets just the same consideration as any other company from Bing. Not a whit more or less.

Bing loves his brothers, and he certainly loves Dixie, yet the deepest and closest family ties of affection do not prevail against his strict sense of right and wrong. Dixie wanted him recently to act as best man at the wedding of a noted movie star. She was asked to get him to do it, and she couldn't very well refuse. But Bing could—and did.

"The woman's a publicity hound, and I won't do it," he insisted, and he stuck firmly to his resolve.

It isn't only since Bing has become a big star that he's been this way. He was the same on the way up, while he was still struggling. He might have achieved stardom a lot sooner than he did had he been willing to desert his two partners, Al Rinker and Harry Barris, in the team of The Rhythm Boys. Even his pal Paul White-man urged him to quit the team and do solo work, but Bing stuck by his friends.

When the trio did finally break up they were playing an engagement in a Hollywood hot spot. The manager promised them a bonus over their salaries if the business exceeded a certain figure. It did—but the manager didn't make good on his promise. Bing walked out. The other two urged him to remain anyhow, because the pay was excellent even without the bonus.

"I'd starve first," Bing insisted. But he didn't have to starve. When he struck out for himself, he began a quick skyrocket to his present fame.

When Bing accepted his Music Hall contract, he stipulated that Bob Burns be signed too. He'd known and liked Bob in vaudeville days, when Bob was a black-face comedian. Years later when he met Burns, broke and discouraged, he urged him to try radio. Bing even arranged for an audition for his friend, and he still has the written report that was sent to him on it. It reads "A fair comic."

Bing's brothers—and even his sponsor—tried to persuade him to give Burns less time on his own show when the bazooka player joined the Hollywood broadcast.

"He'll steal the show from you," they warned.

"If he does, more power to him," Bing retorted.

Bing's love for comfortable clothes always has been well known. With his rise to picture stardom, he is the despair of his brothers, who are practical enough and wise enough in the ways of Hollywood to know that appearance means a great deal.

"You look about as romantic as a hill-billy!" Everett stormed at him recently when he had gone three days without shaving, and then appeared in a patched coat and battered cap.

"If I have to look like a clothing store dummy to be a star, I'll quit," Bing answered.

Bing doesn't like publicity that seems to glorify him. Several writers were pestering him with proposals to do a biography on him in book form. He thought if it was going to be done at all, it would be better to have it done in the family, where he could keep an eye on it. So he let his brothers write the book, which will go on sale the first of the year.

"Take a look at this," said Larry, handing me a written memorandum he had received from brother Bing after he had read the manuscript for the book. Here

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is the memorandum which I copied down verbatim:

"Here seven chapters on which I have done a little re-editing. I think it will need some more but I'll go ahead with the remainder first. I note a tendency to make me something of a Frank Merriwell an impression which I'll try to overcome."

(Signed) Bing

Larry spread his hands in an eloquent gesture of despair.

"Now what can you do with a guy like that?" he asked. "Except love him—of course."

Can the Lawyers Drive Goodwill Court Off the Air?

(Continued from page 19)

lawyers have of driving Goodwill Court off the air. Let's consider their charges against the program and what they're going to say in court.

On the strength of these charges, the court will be asked to make a decision which will be momentous in broadcasting history. Can radio be censored? Are you who are the listeners to be deprived of hearing a program you have approved and want to continue hearing? Can Goodwill Court be driven off the air?

To find the answers to these all-important questions, I went to the officials in charge of this program. They gave me answers to each of the charges of the lawyers, answers which I am handing on to you so that you may decide for yourselves the merits of the case.

The first charge is directed against the man who began the program and who is its conductor and guiding force, A. L. Alexander, whose story you read in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR. Each charge is printed in italics.

Alexander is not a lawyer.

The program officials point out, however, that Alexander never gives advice to the people who come to the studio, to ask for help. His only job is to introduce these people to the judges and to you and to help them state their cases. Why, then, is legal training necessary?

Judges are frequently interrupted and even corrected by Alexander.

In answer, the broadcasters explain that because of the informal nature of Goodwill Court, interruptions are often necessary to make the judge more familiar with the case. Sometimes they're also necessary to explain the judge's meaning to the petitioner. Why, it's asked, can this be condemned when the judges are giving their advice unofficially?

The so-called litigants may perhaps be identified by listeners interested in the other side of the controversy.

The radio officials told me frankly that they didn't see what harm could possibly come of this condition. No names or addresses are ever given, so identification is never certain, but granted that a listener might be sure in his own mind, there can still be no basis for libel or slander. If this is the case, what other reason is there for barring judges from the program?

On the program, you hear only one side of the question.

The truth of this statement is obvious. Its merit as a point against Goodwill Court is more in doubt. If these same people went to a lawyer's office for help, wouldn't they tell him just one side of the story? And, for a fee, wouldn't he give them advice based on just this one side? Besides, these people on Goodwill Court are warned several times, both before and

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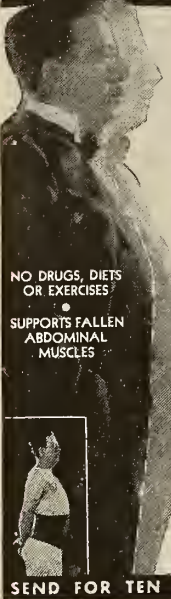
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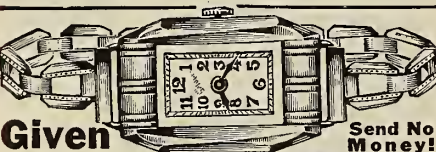
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during the program, that there may be other considerations about which the judges don't know. In other words, the judges merely serve to put them on the right path. That is the opposing viewpoint of this argument.

The judges have no opportunity to check the correctness and soundness of their snap judgment.

Forty-three judges have so far appeared on Goodwill Court and behind each of them is a long knowledge of the law and many years of actual practice in making quick decisions. Also, broadcasters point out, when a judge is confronted with a problem which demands more than a few minutes' consideration, he is told about the case in advance and—if necessary—continues his study of it after the broadcast is over.

The judge's advice is accompanied by the announcer's solicitation to purchase the sponsor's coffee and the program is conducted primarily for commercial purposes to exploit a morbid curiosity in the private woes and tribulations of the so-called litigants.

As any radio listener knows, the program officials say, American broadcasting is built on commercial sponsorship and it is only the sponsorship of Goodwill Court which makes this program possible on a coast-to-coast network. Sponsorship has not meant that the judges are paid nor has it interfered in any way with the advice they give or the manner in which the program is conducted.

The program lacks any educational or sociological values, and only furnishes amusement.

THE broadcasters' answer to this was to give me a large bundle of letters which have been sent to Alexander by the nation's leaders in education and social welfare. Among them were Governor Herbert Lehman of New York, Attorney General John J. Bennett, Jr., of New York, the famous attorney, George Gordon Battle, many New York Borough Presidents, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Each commended the program for the help it was giving people who could get that help nowhere else and expressed a hope that the program could continue indefinitely.

Some people who come to the program appear to think that they are before an actual court.

I was assured, and I knew from listening to the program itself, that every effort is made to avoid this. Each applicant must write in advance to Alexander and if accepted, is told then that any advice given is unofficial and advice only. He is told again at the broadcast. The fact that he must go to a radio studio and talk with a microphone in front of him is added proof that he is under no delusions when the judge speaks.

Listeners in other states, insofar as their own state laws are concerned, are entirely misled by the broadcast.

That charge the program heads answer with this counter statement: the judges unflinchingly ask the applicants where they live and if not from New York State, the possibility of different laws and resulting complications is definitely pointed out in terms no one could misunderstand.

The judges are violating the New York Bar's code of ethics by using their profession and offices to promote the business interests of others.

In answer, here again the broadcasters point out that the judges receive no pay. They are given checks made out to whatever charity they choose. These judges still feel that their appearance on the program is charitable work and so far not one of the forty-three judges has given

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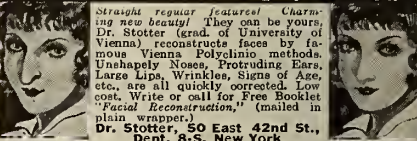
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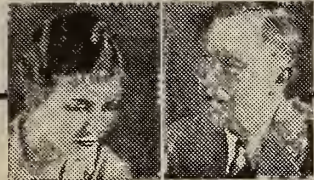
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any indication that in the future he will feel differently.

There's the case against the Goodwill Court and the case in defense of it. If the Lawyers' Association goes through with its plans, these are the basic charges they will bring up in court against Goodwill Court.

What would be the result if the Association succeeds in getting a court order barring New York judges and lawyers from broadcasting on Goodwill Court?

As I have pointed out, it would be the first censorship of radio. For awhile it could be only partially censorship. Nothing would prevent the program from moving over to New Jersey, for instance, and having judges from that state give advice. But precedent would have been established for the interference in broadcasting by a minority group seeking to regulate interstate commerce—namely, the transmission by radio of intelligence across state lines. Broadcasting cannot be confined to the area of any one state.

In other words, broadcasting cannot afford to lose this first battle. If it does, it will be the signal for minority groups on all sides to rise and attack freedom of speech on the air. In time, the day would come when broadcasting would no longer be a vital force worth listening to, but a weak carbon copy of the present ideals which make listening so enjoyable.

Can the lawyers drive Goodwill Court off the air? I hope not.

How to Tell a Funny Story

(Continued from page 33)

These he lists as the "smile-darn-you-smile" type of comedian. You can recognize them by their terrible habit of looking you straight in the eye. As though they were about to tell you some unpleasant truth and thought you couldn't take it. That hypnotic stare, says Mr. Cantor, is very bad.

"And, please," he moans, "can't anything be done about the one-story comedian?" You know him well. Old Uncle Joe, for instance, who tells that one about the time Mae West went to the White House. Humor for him begins and ends with that one story. No matter what you've been talking about, he says, "That reminds me," and goes to it.

"Life is too long," says Eddie, "to go on telling the same old stories in the same old way year after year. Take a tip from the professional. Vary your stories. Weave in local color. And above all, be ready to accept a funny, impromptu line when you bump into one. Life is full of situations where a line, unfunny on the face of it, can get the biggest laughs. I remember one time I was playing in Boston in a Ziegfeld show. That morning, newspapers had screamed headlines recounting Calvin Coolidge's refusal to become candidate for president. In my last scene, another member of the cast made an exit, calling for me to hurry up.

"Take it easy," I called after him. 'I do not choose to run.' A day later would have been too late for that line. As it was, it got more laughs than the stuff I'd sweated over for weeks."

So up on your current events, you parlor comedians! Read your newspapers! Be flexible!

AND have presence of mind at the payoff. That's the advice of Rupert Hughes, who can spin a lengthy anecdote and make his audience hang on to every word.

"Take Moe Bloom who collected enor-

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H.J. COLLIN, Dept. P-349
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mous damages from a railroad company after a train wreck," Hughes smiles. "A very mild train wreck, it was; and an envious friend asked Moe how he managed to collect such an enormous amount. 'Presence of mind, presence of mind,' Moe said. 'When I felt the train lurchin' I kicked my wife in the face.'"

You must time your punch lines, pace your story, draw it out or cut it short according to the mood of your audience. And, added to Mr. Cantor's stern warnings, here's this one from Mr. Hughes.

"There are three poisons which spell certain death to a joke. First, you can tell your audience that what they are to hear is extremely funny. Second, you can interrupt your joke with something serious, like saying 'This really happened to a young girl in Oskaloosa.' And last, if you want to kick a poor joke when it's down, you can ask your audience if the joke you've just told wasn't too funny for words."

Hughes remembers working on an early motion picture which illustrates all three of these sins. It was called "Torture Chamber," and for Hughes it lived up to its title.

"It was years ago in the robust, silent days, and I had been called in as a sort of combination writer-director-producer. The plot was simple. Billie Burke was pretending to be ill. To frighten the doctor—she was a bit of a prankster—she was to plunge the thermometer with which he was reading her temperature into a basin of boiling water. All this when the doctor wasn't looking.

WE shot the scene like that. Then the cutting room did a little doctoring of its own. Behold the situation when it emerges:

"Billie and the nurse are flashed on the screen, talking things over. A subtitle explains that they intend to play a very funny joke on the doctor. The doctor arrives, produces the thermometer. The film flashes back to another scene where the villain and the villainess of the picture are in serious conversation. We return to Billie's bedside to find patient and nurse in gales of laughter at the poor doctor's fright on seeing the thermometer after it has been plunged into hot water.

"That joke died a horrible death." Probably the simplest formula ever given for story telling comes from Ken Murray.

"The cardinal principle of getting a joke over successfully," he says, "is to tell it in a perfectly straight manner, up to the point of the punch. Then give it everything you've got."

So many parlor comedians, he complains, try to wisecrack on the descriptive part of the joke. "For a few minor giggles, they sacrifice the psychological effect of the big payoff."

He advises the amateur to study the construction of a joke in order to get the most out of it. When conveying the picture, he must be very careful not to tip off the point. And he must see that the punch line comes on the last word of the phrase, and never, never try to get more laughter by prolonging the joke.

"Here's a joke that's pretty familiar," Ken said. "It will illustrate my point. Somebody asks, 'How are you getting along with your new eight-room house?' His friend says, 'Oh, not badly! We furnished one room by saving soap coupons.'"

"Didn't you furnish your other seven rooms?"

"We can't—they're full of soap!" Now what if the teller had made the last line, "They're full of soap and we can't get any furniture in them." The result, Ken pointed out, would have been a mild snigger. The main point was



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fogged by adding too many words after the payoff.

If the story you're telling happens to be one of those lengthy ones, with a complicated build-up, Ken points out an excellent way to hold the listener's interest.

"I have found it helpful, in getting through a long story, to go through the motions of the story action," he says. "For instance, if you're telling how the fellow picked up a telephone and called his wife, actually go through the motions of picking up the phone and dialing it. This gives a sight picture and puts extra pepper and salt into the story."

It's very hard for George Burns and Gracie Allen to get very serious on the subject of humor—which is a serious enough topic if you earn your living by it! In fact, when I asked George how to tell a hilarious story, he threw up his hands.

"When you try to tell a joke with Gracie mixed up in it, there's no right way or wrong way," he said. "Gracie's sense of humor is thrown a little off balance by a dizzy sense of logic, which is also thrown off-balance by her dizzy little brain."

Gracie made a slight sputtering noise. George winked at me, then turned to Gracie.

"Just mention a word and I'll make a sentence using that word."

"PENCIL," suggested Gracie without a moment's hesitation.

"I have to wear suspenders," said George, "or my pencil fall down."

Gracie gave one of her rippling laughs and said she could do that too. George suggested the word "razor."

"Razor," said Gracie. "Oh, that's too easy, George. Just listen to this. A girl fell down. Who'll pick her up?"

George made a grimace. "Gracie, 'Who'll razor?'—that's what you should have said."

"Oh, but Daddy pawned the razor so he could buy a shaving brush."

George winced and looked at me sorrowfully.

"You see," he said, "for some people there may be a right way and a wrong way to tell a joke. But just remember this—for anybody, the wrong way is to tell a joke to Gracie."

And have you a little Gracie in your home?



Eddie Cantor stirs a glass of lemonade before going on his Texaco show.



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I need a reliable man in your town to wear a fine, made-to-measure, all-wool DEMONSTRATING SUIT—advertise my famous clothing—and take orders. You can make up to \$12.00 in a day. My line contains over 160 quality wools, all sensations, values and guaranteed. You don't need experience or money. I supply everything required. FREE of extra cost. Write me today for FREE details. W. Z. GIBSON, Dept. P649, Chicago, Illinois.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group pictures. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

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SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 47c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1547-B CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



ON APPROVAL!



WE DEFY you to tell this ring from one costing \$300.00! To prove it to you, we'll send it on for 25¢ down. If you do not think it the most exquisite piece of jewelry you ever owned; if your friends do not marvel at the glorious brilliance of the magnificent facsimile diamond, return it and we will refund your money. Wear 10 days at our risk. Compare with \$50 rings; if delighted, continue payments of \$1.50 monthly till the total balance of \$6.00 is paid. Ring shipped postage fully paid to your door by return mail. Rush 25¢ in stamps or coin to

MAIL COUPON NOW
BRADLEY, DEPT. 382, NEWTON, MASS.
Here's 25¢. RUSH My Ring Today.

Name

Address

Put Magic in Your Baking

(Continued from page 54)

DUMPLINGS

2 cups flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. butter
3/4 cup milk

Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Work in butter and add milk gradually, beating until smooth. Drop by teaspoon into the stew, cover closely and steam for twelve minutes. Be sure the dumplings rest on the meat and cannot sink into the liquid, as this causes them to be heavy.

When guests drop in unexpectedly around dinner time does the problem of a last minute dessert trouble you? It needn't, if you will follow Ma Perkins' advice. Her answer to the problem is cherry cobbler, which can be put together as quickly as the traditional cherry pie. Just be sure to keep on the supply shelf a can of cherries, a box of prepared biscuit mixture and a bottle of almond flavoring.

CHERRY COBBLER

1 can cherries
1 cup prepared biscuit flour
1 tbl. sugar
1 cup milk
Butter

Almond flavoring
Drain the juice from the cherries and place cherries in a buttered baking dish. Dot with butter, sprinkle lightly with sugar and add a few drops of almond flavoring. Set baking dish in oven so cherries will heat through. Mix the biscuit flour and sugar, stir in the milk gradually, pour mixture over cherries and bake in moderate oven until crust is brown and cooked through. While the cobbler is baking, heat the cherry juice in a double boiler, add one tablespoon of butter and thicken with two teaspoons of flour made into a paste with cold water. Cook until the sauce reaches the desired consistency. Just before serving stir in half a teaspoon of almond flavoring.

We have saved the best for the last this month—a spice cake as delicious as any that Grandmother used to devote an entire day to preparing, but which is simplicity itself to make.

SPICE CAKE

1/2 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup cooked pumpkin
1 cup milk
2 cups cake flour
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
2 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. cloves
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup chopped nut meats.
1/2 cup raisins.

Cream the butter, and add sugar gradually. Beat in egg and pumpkin. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk. Fold in nuts and raisins. Bake in buttered loaf pan in moderate oven, about fifty minutes. Cool and cover with orange walnut icing.

ORANGE WALNUT ICING

3 tbl. butter
2 cups powdered sugar
2 tbl. lemon juice
2 tbl. orange juice
1 tsp. grated orange rind
Chopped walnut meats

Cream the butter, and add sugar gradually. Add orange and lemon juice and orange rind. As soon as the cake is iced,

Blondes? Browns? HAIR TOO DARK?



Lighten 2-3-4 Shades With One New Swedish Shampoo and Rinse—No Dye Nor Bleach

Blondes! Browns! Chestnuts! Redheads! Here's good news! No longer need you sacrifice the admiration, the alluring appeal and popularity that go with naturally soft, golden-toned

light hair. With New Blondex, the fascinating new Swedish Shampoo-Rinse, a single shampoo, followed with the New Blondex Special Rinse (supplied free), will lighten your hair 2 to 4 shades—at a cost of but a few cents. Safely, too, New Blondex brings out the full lustrous natural color and the shimmering highlights that your hair used to have, without dye or bleach. Gone is the dull, drab, oil and dust-darkened color that makes you look old. Get Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with free rinse, now also in a 10c size at all stores.

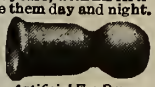
New BLONDEX SHAMPOO & RINSE FOR ALL HAIR

No Joke To Be Deaf



—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Also booklet on Deafness.

THE WAY COMPANY
719 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan



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Ends Drudgery . . . Sells on Sight
AMAZING NEW WALL CLEANER. Revolutionary invention. Banishes old-style honcus cleaning mess and moss forever. No dirty rags—no sticky dough—no red, swollen hands. No more dangerous stepladders. Literally scrubs dirt like magic from wallpaper and painted walls. Also cleans window shades, upholstered furniture, with work. SAVES REDECORATING! Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute! Low price. Lasts for years. Thousands of people about it—buy on sight. AGENTS WANTED. Hustlers clean up big money.

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. KRISTIE MFG. CO., 432 Bar St., Akron, O.



MANY FOLKS NOW SAY THE NEW PE-RU-NA

The Great New Cold-Fighter Often Wins Fight With a Cold

By Helping to Build Up Cold-Fighting Resistance

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

For free sample bottle of The NEW PERUNA, address PERUNA, 644 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 162.



OLD FACES MADE YOUNG!



YOU can look 10 to 15 Years Younger. 5 Minutes a Day Keeps Wrinkles Away. This new sensational home method of Facial Rejuvenation Sent on Trial—You Risk Nothing. Helps to correct age lines, hollow cheeks, and preserves youthful contour of face and neck. No cosmetics. Women, men, all ages, write for thrilling Book and Facial Analysis Chart, both sent FREE in plain wrapper.

PAULINE PALMER, 1435B Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.



Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully for millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



THE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME—DESIR D'AMOUR

Love's Desire

... an enchanting exotic perfume of irresistible charm clinging for hours as lovers loath to part. Just a tiny drop is enough. Full size bottle only 98c or \$1.32 C.O.D. One bottle FREE if two are ordered.

French Roy, Box 131, Varick Sta. New York, N. Y. Dept. 198



LET'S GO PLACES

AND DO THINGS MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Men—Women—Don't act old. Feel Young again—full of pep and youthful ambition. "Step out and do things." Take ANGELA MATE. Harmless, no injurious drugs or dope. Delicious and stimulating. Praised by thousands and approved by many Physicians. Six weeks supply. \$1; C. O. D. plus postage.

North American Mate Co., Dept. 27A, 120 Greenwich St., N.Y.C.



GIVEN SEND NO SEND NAME AND ADDRESS MONEY! LADIES

34-pc. cherry blossom green or pink colored Glass Dinner Set. Or big cash commission—YOURS for Simply Giving Away FREE big colored pictures with well known WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL—Choice of many other gifts. Our 42nd year. Be First. Write today for 12 boxes Salve. Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 65-W, Tyrone, Pa.



3 LIPSTICKS FREE

FREE... your chance to discover new allure by finding the right shade for your lips! Three full trial sizes of the famous Rejuvia Lipstick... each in a new seductive color... sent upon receipt of 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing cost. For beauty's sake, ACT NOW!

Fill out coupon and mail today

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS, DEPT. 63, 395 E. WAY, N.Y.C.

Send me 3 trial size Rejuvia lipsticks; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

sprinkle with the chopped walnut meats.

I know you will want the other magic recipes Ma Perkins wrote down and gave me, including those for drop doughnuts and pineapple upside down cake. Also, if you are not already familiar with the prepared flours which need only the addition of milk or water to make delicious pie, cake, muffins, cookies, shortcakes and meat pie I shall be glad to tell you about them. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Don't Act Your Age

(Continued from page 37)

which have been worked into the Town Hall broadcasts. Allen urged him to write some sketches for himself on the Hour of Smiles. "But if I tried to do that," Walter told me, "I think I'd be overstepping myself." His attitude toward the press raves which Fred Allen is always bringing him for his scrapbook is as typically modest. "They don't mean I'm good," he says, "they just mean my press agent is earning his salary."

If he pays any attention to his press notices, it is to the rare ones that don't laud him to the skies. He was perturbed over a rather flippant description of himself recently and said, "I don't like that. It will lead people to believe I think a lot of myself, and that isn't true."

He doesn't have to think a lot of Walter Tetley. Others do it for him. Jack Johnstone, author of the Buck Rogers series and of Walter's new CBS program, the Treasure Adventures of Jack Masters, confessed that he hated kids and didn't think there was another youngster in the game besides Walter that he could have worked with for three years and still like. Helen Hayes' father wrote the star of The New Penny last year that the show wasn't worth listening to when Walter wasn't in it. Walter was written back into the script in a hurry.

I can't help but think that much of Walter's success is due to his mother's judicious policy of keeping in the background. There are so many meddling mothers in the professional world that the exception is a distinct asset to a child prodigy. Mrs. Tetley has always accompanied Walter to the studio, but there she becomes his business manager and not his mother. She never goes into an audition or rehearsal with him. He had to learn early to stand on his own feet. "They hire Walter, not me," she explains. "In my generation, children were raised to be seen and not heard. But that wouldn't be very good radio training for a child. So I have brought Walter up on the theory that parents should not be seen—or heard. I try never to put myself forward. Some of the stars who are very fond of Walter—Leslie Howard and Helen Hayes for instance—wouldn't even recognize me if they saw me."

The supercilious attitude many gifted children acquire in the limelight is strangely lacking in Walter off the air, though he apes it to perfection in comedy broadcasts. I sought an explanation of this, and his mother told me that she has taught him from infancy that he is a servant of the public, and that he must always consider the audience's wishes before his own. Consequently, he looks up to his public, never feels superior to them. When he played at the Palladium in London, the manager told him afterwards, "What I like about you is you play to the gallery. And when you've got the gallery

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.

Do you want to make more money? Broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, station managers and pay up to \$3,000 a year. Spare time Radio set servicing pays as much as \$200 to \$300 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.



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.

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.



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.

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. 7BT
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 7BT, 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.....



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT
**CLINGS TO THE
COUGH ZONE**

The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold) is one that does its work where the cough is lodged... that is, in the cough zone. That's why Smith Brothers made their famous cough syrup thick, heavy, clinging. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers'—it's safe! 35¢ and 60¢.

"IT CONTAINS
VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



**SMITH BROS.
COUGH SYRUP**
NOW ON SALE IN CANADA

RELIEF FROM
PSORIASIS

with
DERMOIL
Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

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-18, Detroit, Michigan

with you, you're all right."

Because he thinks he's darned lucky to have that gallery to play to, Walter will sign autographs till his arm aches, and from his apparent enthusiasm for the task, you'd never dream he's dying to get away and play ping pong with the page boys. He's been snatched from parties and holiday fun dozens of times for an unscheduled rehearsal or broadcast, and never once complained.

His mother wishes that he had time to sandwich in some dramatic training between his broadcasts. He has never had a cent spent on him for theatrical lessons. Walter disagrees with her as to the value of such training. He says, "Experience has been a better teacher for me than dramatic schools could be. I've heard kids practicing their recitations and it sounds like a lot of nonsense to me. They're learning to talk like radio announcers. When you interpret parts in a play for the radio, you're supposed to talk like people in the street. You learn that in the street, not in dramatic schools."

There are ten do's and don'ts that Walter follows for his conduct in the studios, I found as I talked to him. He hasn't ever listed them himself—I'll do that for him, in a minute—but he obeys them just the same. And every one of them is something every other kid I know would have a hard time learning. Here they are:

Never arrive at rehearsals or broadcasts late or at the last minute.

Don't do a disappearing act after you get there and have the director tearing his hair looking for you. Don't let him find you in his hair, either.

Be thoroughly familiar with your part. Don't lose your script before a broadcast or your place during one.

Keep your mind on the show and not on ice-cream sodas.

If you are hired to read lines, don't play the Xylophone. They pay someone else to do that.

Do a thing the way you're told to, even if that differs from your own idea of the way it should be done—let the silly director think he knows more than you do.

Check your parents, dogs, and roller skates outside the rehearsal hall. They're apt to get under foot.

Don't ad lib except on programs where you have definite instructions to do so.

It throws off the carefully timed schedule.

Don't be snooty with your fans. Don't frown while you're granting requests for autographs. Those people can turn a little black knob an eighth of an inch and *whoosh*—there goes your audience!

And last of all—never act your age, but remember it! Don't call your elders by their first names, even if you've known them for years.

Walter diligently observes all these rules. But that doesn't mean he isn't free to act like a normal boy the minute his professional duties are over. He has played such intense emotional scenes with Ethel Barrymore and Helen Hayes that they were still weeping in each other's arms after the program went off the air. But you'd have found him a few moments later in the studio check room, helping with the coats and hats. That's his favorite occupation between broadcasts.

He plays with his seven pet turtles, he's an expert horseman, and can hardly be torn away from his new 33-foot speedboat. He goes wild with delight when he's at a ball game and Babe Ruth gives him pointers on the game. But his biggest thrills are from his personal achievements—seeing the S. R. O. sign hung out at a theatre where he is making a personal appearance, being made an honorary member of the Chum Club of Glasgow, to which Sir Harry Lauder belongs, being elected vice-president of an adult dramatic club in Edgewater, New Jersey, where he lives, having the song he wrote selected as his school class song and winning a five-dollar gold piece for being the best speller in Roosevelt School.

Speaking of Roosevelt and five dollars calls to mind the fact that Walter gave the first five dollars he ever made in radio to the fund for President Roosevelt's swimming pool. No one suggested that use of the money to him. But Walter had had a touch of infantile paralysis when he was a baby, and his gratitude for his narrow escape frequently manifests itself in sympathy for those whose health is impaired. Every year since he was five, he has appeared in the annual show given at the Crippled Children's Hospital in New York City. On that day, you couldn't buy a Tetley radio performance for a bagpipe full of gold nuggets.

For then he's a child again—just for a night!



Jean Harlow's supposed to have refused a New York radio offer because she was afraid of autograph seekers. But here in California she doesn't mind.

She Got \$400⁰⁰ for a Half Dollar

*I will pay CASH for
OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS*



Mrs. Sam Dowty of Texas, sold B. Max Mehl one-half dollar for \$400.00.

**I Will Pay Up To \$6,500
For One Old Coin
I PAID \$200.00**

**TO J. D. MARTIN, OF VIRGINIA,
FOR JUST ONE COPPER CENT**

"Please accept my thanks for your check for \$200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It's a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins." *Julian D. Martin, Va.*

This is but one of the many similar letters I am constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for some old coins. I paid W. F. Wilharm, of Pennsylvania, \$13,500.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of North Dakota, \$200.00 for a \$10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl paid \$1,000.00 to Mr. Brownlee, of Georgia, for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee, in his letter to Mr. Mehl, says: "Your letter received with the check for \$1,000.00 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time." In the last thirty-six years I have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

**All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals,
Bills and Stamps Wanted**

\$1.00 to \$1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now I will pay \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), \$100.00 for 1894 dimes ("S" Mint), \$8.00 for 1853 quarters (no arrows), \$10.00 for 1866 quarters (no motto), \$200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

**I Have Been Buying Old Money
For 36 Years**

Any bank in Fort Worth or Dun & Bradstreets will testify as to my responsibility. My volume of business, built on fair and prompt dealings for 36 years, is such that I own and occupy my own building devoted to my coin business. You will find every representation I make to be true and not exaggerated. It will pay you to do business with me.

**Amazing Profits
FOR THOSE WHO KNOW
OLD MONEY!**

Up to \$80
for certain
copper cents

There are single pennies that sell for \$100.00. There are nickels worth many dollars—dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. The prices paid are amazing.

**It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big
Values of Old Coins and Stamps**

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid \$900.00 for a half-dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

Huge Premiums for Old Stamps

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for \$10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

**Let Me Send You My Big Illustrated Coin
Folder! It Will Open Your Eyes!**

Use the Coupon Below!

Send the coupon below and 4 cents for my Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars. Write today for this eye-opening, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. It may mean much profit to you.

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Up to \$50
for this Nickel

Will pay up
to \$50

Up to \$225
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326 Mehl Building, Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Mr. Mehl: Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars, for which I enclose 4 cents.

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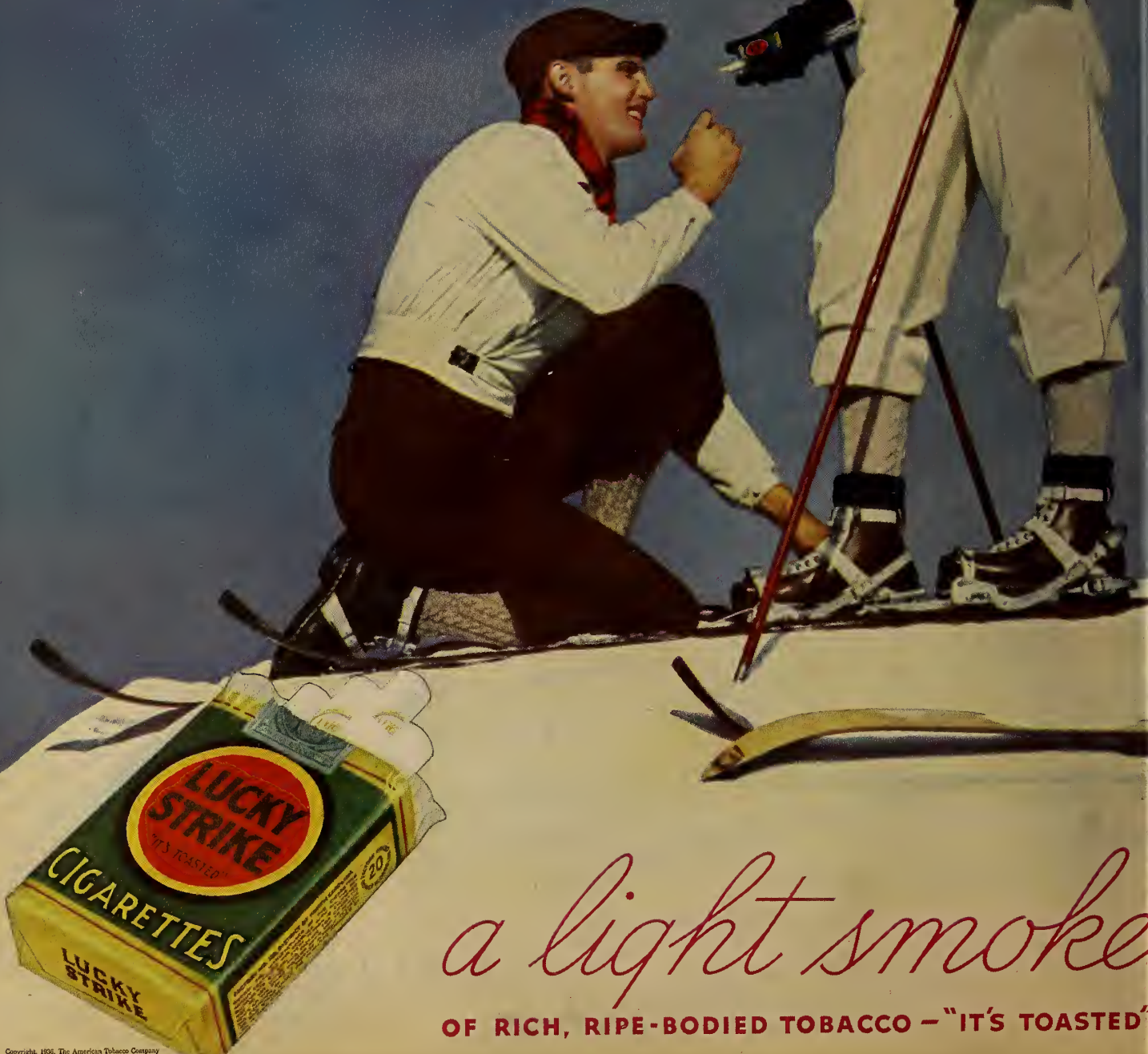
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326 Mehl Building · FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

Feeling Fine

GOES WITH A LIGHT SMOKE

"On top of the world." It's the grand feeling that goes with smoking Luckies . . . a light smoke that treats you right . . . that's truly kind to your throat . . . that delights you with the savory flavor of the highest priced center leaves of rich tobaccos. A light smoke—because only Lucky Strike gives you such fine tobaccos plus the priceless throat protection of the "Toasting" Process. Only Lucky Strike.



a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO - "IT'S TOASTED"