

Radio MIRROR

APRIL



A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



**MAJOR BOWES
WRITES HIS OWN
ANSWER
TO ALL THE
RUMORS**

**At Last! Truth About
DICK POWELL
QUITTING
"HOLLYWOOD
HOTEL"**

JOAN BLONDELL

WORDS AND MUSIC TO HORACE HEIDT'S BEAUTIFUL THEME SONG



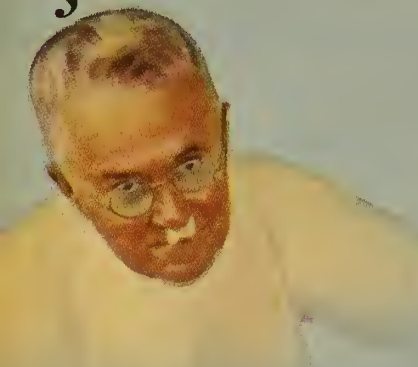
"Ça nous aide à devenir fortes"

["IT HELPS US GROW STRONG"]

WHILE KARO SYRUP is world-famous as a splendid food for children, it is also energizing for active men and women.

As a spread for bread, biscuits, pancakes and waffles, stirred in milk, used for candy-making and cooking, Karo is as delicious as it is nutritious.

Both Blue Label and Red Label Karo Syrups are equally rich in Dextrose... equally rich in food-energy.



DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE says. "Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."



YVONNE DIONNE is one of 5 "bundles" of loveliness and adoration. These healthy, fascinating little girls are the modern "5 wonders of the world".

KARO IS SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE



JEAN: *Last year she couldn't get a date—now look at her!*

MARGE: *Somebody must have told her what her trouble* was.*

*There's nothing like LISTERINE to check halitosis (*unpleasant breath*), the unforgivable social fault

Forgotten Women

by DORIS KAY

I SEE them every day . . . dozens of them . . . women—young women—who are simply forgotten in the social scheme of things.

They are seldom invited out and when men *do* call they rarely call again. When a frantic cry goes out for a fourth at bridge or when someone is needed to fill in at a dinner party, they are usually the last person the hostess thinks about. Why is it? Not because they are dull; I've seen many a witty woman who didn't get around much. Not because they are plain; some of the prettiest young girls are the least popular. Not because they are fat

or old; I've known women heavy as trucks and grey as beavers but still greatly sought after. What then is the reason?

Nine times out of ten, these forgotten girls are not fastidious about the condition of their breath—and if there's one thing for which others drop a woman or a man it is halitosis (bad breath).

How silly a woman is to permit such a humiliating condition to exist when the fault can usually be remedied so easily and so pleasantly with an agreeable deodorant such as Listerine Antiseptic used twice daily as a mouth wash.



**KEEP YOUR BREATH
BEYOND SUSPICION
with LISTERINE**

Almost everyone has halitosis (bad breath) at some time or other without realizing it. And it is the unforgivable social fault. People simply don't want you around when you offend this way. Why take a chance? Why risk unpopularity when it is so easy to correct this humiliating condition. Do not rely on harsh bargain mouth washes, some of which are entirely devoid of deodorant effect. Just trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the quick, pleasant deodorant which strikes at fermentation, the major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves.



the quick deodorant

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co. • St. Louis, Mo.

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COMING IN THE MAY ISSUE

On Sale March 24

Bobby Breen is facing the biggest problem life will ever offer him. Read next month what this problem is and how his decision will affect his entire future. Will he continue to win stardom and fortune? . . . Also, another favorite theme song.

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COVER—Joan Blondell—Painted by Tchetchet

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She thought it was "Another Woman"



... till her Doctor told her
the Truth about
Intimate Feminine Cleanliness

"MY HUSBAND is cruel," she told the doctor. "He no longer loves me."

How mistaken she was! It was just because he *did* love her, and *couldn't* be cruel, that they had been drifting apart. How could he tell her that *she* was the only "other woman" in the case . . . that *she* had changed, in one important way, from the girl he had married?

Often wives fail to realize that after marriage there is a special obligation to be dainty and fastidious. The more tender love is, the more easily it may be bruised by "little" neglects, that are so hard to put into words.

Many family doctors—and many husbands, too—know that one of the enemies of happiness is the wife's neglect of intimate cleanliness at all times. One can talk about superficial things like clothes,

or complexions. But not of intimate things like feminine hygiene.

If you have been seeking a method of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleansing, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been the choice of many doctors, and millions of women.

Among many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" disinfectant provides—



FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol," because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" vanishes promptly after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

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

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A. Dept. 4-R.M.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Right, Fred MacMurray's the new master of ceremonies on Hollywood Hotel, replacing Dick Powell, who's rumored set for a Sunday-night spot

By
TONY
SEYMOUR



Paramount Photo

Above, a famous team broke up as Eddie Cantor released Parkyakarkas from his contract so he could seek stardom with his own program.



Left, plans for a celebration of the 200th birthday of Baron Munchausen are discussed by Victor Arden, Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall at luncheon.

WHAT'S NEW?

ON January 31st, Parkyakarkas set his face toward a goal that has tempted many. That was his last broadcast for Eddie Cantor. He left because other sponsors want to set him up in his own program and because a movie studio wants him for a picture. Cantor held his contract which included options on both his movie and radio work. When the time came that the Greek language murderer thought he should be free, Eddie tore up the contract and now Parkyakarkas is off for that disillusioning thing called stardom. Rumors began last September that this would eventually happen, when the Greek got his first offer. It took him all this time to make up his mind whether he should part company with Cantor. Wiseacres who said he was engaged to one of Eddie's daughters are shaking their

heads. He is now reported interested in another. Which makes the situation all the more tense.

* * *

It doesn't look from where we're sitting like the smartest thing in the world for Parkyakarkas to do. So many personalities have been built up into household names by big programs to the point where they quit for shows of their own. No one even remembers their names now. Paul Whiteman saw a procession of them come to him, stay until they had fame, then leave and disappear into obscurity. It's like that dog in the fable who found a juicy bone and then happened to see himself reflected in the water. The other bone looked so much better he dropped the one he had and got a mouthful of lily (Continued on page 82)

**INSIDE STORY ON THE CANTOR-PARKYAKARKAS SPLIT AND
ALL THE OTHER REAL NEWS BEHIND RADIO'S HEADLINES**

A Clean Face

● How *clean* is your skin? That's your most important beauty problem. For only when pores are thoroughly, deeply cleansed can one hope for a radiant, exquisitely fine complexion.

Starting today, you can be *sure* of a truly clean skin—and all the loveliness it brings. Because today Daggett & Ramsdell offers you the new *Golden Cleansing Cream*—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained!

A New Kind of Cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains *Colloidal Gold*, a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty. This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

Contains Colloidal Gold

Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream is the only cream that brings you the deep-pore cleansing of colloidal gold. You can't see or feel this gold because it is not a metal—any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in a colloidal form, similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream. What you *do* see is a smooth, non-liquefying cream, rose-pink in color, suitable for cleansing every type of skin.

Costs No More

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

is the secret of radiant beauty!



Make This Simple Test!



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

● Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. Your tissue shows *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

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

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

Name.....

Street.....

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

Dealer's Name.....

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Copyright 1937 by Daggett & Ramsdell

MORE NEWS!

ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By RUTH GERI



Above, four good friends outside the NBC studios: Dorothy Page, Irvin S. Cobb, Marion Talley and Barbara Luddy.



At the left are stars playing hookey from their work. Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson are out at the Santa Anita race track trying to pick some winners.

SCOOP OF THE MONTH—Haven MacQuarrie's *Do You Want To Be an Actor?* will be sent on the road by its sponsor to cash in on the heavy local interest in key cities from which it will emanate each week. It's never been printed that shortly before the show was signed, the J. Walter Thompson agency refused to pay \$500 a week for MacQuarrie, only to grab him, a few weeks later, for \$7,500 per broadcast when an emergency demanded something in a hurry to fill the hole left by the suddenly defunct Good Will Court. And incidentally, in case you are an A. T. & T. stockholder, it might interest you to know that \$2,000 was spent within twenty-four hours on long distance tolls while the deal was being negotiated between Hollywood and New York.

* * *

PROSPERITY NOTE—NBC West Coast activities are so profitable that four new studios will be added. When the new facilities are available, most of the shows now emanating from San Francisco will be brought to the movie mecca, and for the first time, Hollywood will give birth to sus-



Wide World

Two of radio's most popular singers sit down to enjoy a sandwich between rehearsals. Conrad Thibault tells Kenny Baker how he likes work on Fred Astaire's show.

taining shows. Meredith Willson is slated for the post of musical director.

* * *

ADMAN CANTOR—You will shortly see in your favorite magazine advertisements of Amos 'n' Andy's sponsor boosting a mouth-wash. There will be a strip of drawings illustrating the constant need to be on the watch for halitosis, with the slogan "Social Security." Here is the story behind it. En route west from his recent eastern jaunt, Eddie Cantor stopped in Chicago, and sold the slogan and the idea for the ads. The proceeds from his brain child will go toward the erection of the old actors' home in which Cantor and Joe Schenck are moving spirits.

* * *

WHAT PRICE GLORY? Life is turbulent for Haven MacQuarrie and Jack Oakie since they took over their respective broadcasts. Oakie was literally forced to duck from the Trocadero, where he tried to entertain a party to celebrate his signing with Camel Caravan. Not only were the autographiends out in double force, but energetic job seekers—in person, by long distance telephone and by wire—bombed poor Oakie until he had to duck out for self-protection. Phil Regan, the singing cop, telephoned all the way from New York to get on the program, and Oakie, who had met him but once, didn't recall him. MacQuarrie amassed more than three thousand requests for loans and assistance within twenty-four hours of signing his contract.

* * *

PAGE MADAM PERKINS! Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, and Martha Raye staged a successful, although unpublished, strike during the filming of "College Holiday." Paramount engaged a bevy of society girls as extras, and the radio four, loyal to trouping tradition, refused to go on until the rich socialites had been replaced with gals who depended upon jobs for cakes and coffee.

* * *

BABY, TAKE A BOW! Just in case you and the boss forget it, two issues ago I mentioned that Adele Astaire would return to Hollywood to do a picture with Fred. Fred thereupon denied it vigorously—but truth will triumph! Anyway, Adele has signed an RKO contract, and there it is in black and white.

* * *

THE OLD VELVET GLOVE—Grace Moore, returning to radio after her concert itinerary, holds no further fears for directors. Known in the past to be inclined to indulge in a bit of plain and fancy temperament when the whimsy seized her, Miss Moore has been more than tractable lately. The reason? She flew off the handle at Columbia recently, whereupon husband Valentin Parera (Continued on page 100)



WHOO-OO! Feel that mad March wind whip your face and hands! Fight the chapping that comes from biting winds, soap, and ammonia water, with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It soaks the tender chapping with comfort. Its Vitamin D is absorbed by dry, water-puffed skin...gives it some of the benefits of sunshine. Every drop of Hinds works better—softening, smoothing skin!

SEE HOW THIS LOTION
WITH VITAMIN D
SOOTHES
CHAPPED SKIN

"THEY LOOK GRAND since I've been using Hinds!" Smooth your hands with the lotion that contains the "sunshine" vitamin. This Vitamin D is actually absorbed—gives dry skin some of the benefits of sunshine. Use Hinds for soft and charming hands!



FREE! The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size

Hinds, with "Sunshine" Vitamin, makes skin feel softer than ever!

The famous Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. This vitamin is absorbed by the skin. Seems to smooth it! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens the dryness, stinging "skin cracks," chapping, and tenderness caused by wind, cold, heat, hard water, and housework. Every drop—with its Vitamin D—does skin more good! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone ... inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty. Mon. to Fri., 12:15 pm E. S. T., over WABC-CBS.

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

**QUICKER-ACTING...
NOT WATERY!**

Dull-Listless

-SKIN BROKE OUT!



● Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

Here's the lesson she learned



● In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered—"You're yourself again!"

And she's so happy now



● Now life is so different for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. O-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



Family-sized boxes only
15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada



Alexander Woolcott at home in his study. Hear the Town Crier over CBS Tuesdays and Thursdays.

RADIO continues to unearth new ideas for your entertainment. Now with the amateur craze boiled down to a single favorite, there crops up a new trend, in which the audience takes part in the show. The first to lead the way were the Community Sings, and now we have Question Boxes, We the Peoples, and Spelling Bees.

Do you like these new shows? Get anything out of them? Like the idea of programs made up of people just like yourself?

Win a prize with your letter of criticism. You may be awarded the first prize of \$20.00, or the second prize of \$10.00. And then there are five additional prizes of \$1.00 each. Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., not later than March 27, 1937.

Here are this month's winners:

\$20.00 PRIZE
THERE'S NO MAKE BELIEVE HERE

I resent Miss Koerner's request that we throw the Street Broadcast off the air. My entire family enjoys this program and there is no reason to discard a program because one person doesn't enjoy it. Recently I heard, quite by accident, one of the Street Broadcasts coming from the waiting room of the Union Station in Omaha, Nebraska. Talk about human interest! There was a man from California, one from New York and people from practically every part of the United States. They

told where they were going, where they had been and why they were traveling, and in that waiting room was a boy that was in the Olympics this year. You would hardly call that a tiresome interview. These programs are real, there is no make believe here, and although some of the questions seem foolish when it comes right down to a fine point, a great many of them are educational. Maybe Miss Koerner was caught unprepared and failed to answer the question. Be that as it may, I shall continue to tune in on Mr. Street Broadcaster.

Mrs. R. A. COLLINS, Wichita, Kan.

\$10.00 PRIZE
TOO MUCH SONG PLUGGING
I've been muttering in my beard for

a long time about my pet radio peeve, so I think I'll put it on paper. It's this: the way movie-radio stars plug songs from their pictures. While a radio star is working on a picture, the songs on his program are invariably "from my latest picture." The popular singing stars do this to the nauseating point. The comedians, such as Benny and Burns and Allen are guilty. Even the opera stars over-plug their picture songs. Naturally, we don't mind them singing songs from their pictures now and then. But when they ceaselessly din those songs into our ears week after week, it gets mighty darned tiresome. And I don't think I'm the only one of this opinion!

T. SWAN, San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

IS IT INEFFICIENCY OR LAZINESS?

There is a saying that "sometimes when you ask for bread, you get a stone." This applies very nicely to many radio programs at present. We sit ourselves down to hear Eddie Cantor's program. Do we hear Eddie Cantor? We do not. We hear a couple of kids. How we used to enjoy Irvin Cobb! Now we must wade through an entire program to hear one moth-eaten joke by Cobb. Edwin C. Hill gets almost unintelligible in his haste to get to his guests. Even Amos 'n' Andy, whom we thought invulnerable, have succumbed. And now we hear a faint, childish voice whom no one can understand, and which adds nothing to the program but a case of chills.

Suppose we went to a movie to see and hear Norma Shearer, and found some radio guys getting off some antics, instead. Would we go again? We would not. And neither are we listening any more to these programs which do not produce what is called for. Are they getting inefficient, or old and lazy?

I am speaking for the members of the Question and Answer Club. We have asked a question, will some one give an answer?

Mrs. G. F. ROWLAND,
Oil City, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE

RADIO AS A MEANS TO PEACE

Radio may now step in and accomplish what diplomats, conferences, treaties and leagues have failed to do. That is, pave the way to world peace.

The British people took full advantage of radio facilities in their recent constitutional crisis. Consequently, Americans now see their English cousins in an entirely different light. If we have criticized them before, we now praise and admire them. Why? Simply because we understand them. Nothing but the marvels of radio could accomplish this!

Due to the (Continued on page 93)

"Camay keeps my skin looking

***Fresh as a Daisy*"**

SAYS THIS CAPTIVATING OHIO BRIDE



Then Camay's so *pleasant*—mild and delightfully fragrant. Mildness in a beauty soap is very important. And Camay, tested time after time against all other leading soaps, is *definitely, provably* milder.

Buy Camay today. The price is small—the rewards are great.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

FROM her dancing brown eyes to her dancing feet, the new Mrs. Hunt is such a *vital*, radiant young beauty. Everything about her is glowing and natural—even to her exquisite Camay Complexion!

She keeps her skin lovely, as *you* should *yours*, by simple care with deep-cleansing Camay. Camay is right for your skin—a beauty soap that gives your face the gentle, thorough, stimulating cleansing it needs for brighter beauty.



CAMAY

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

By
R U S S
K I N G



Above, at the organ, is Eddie Dunstedter, whose Swing Sessions are making history at KMOX in St. Louis.



The Briarhopper Band, left, are star hillbillies on WBAT, Charlotte, N. C. Their versatility brought them stardom.

ALONG THE WAVES

ST. LOUIS: Lynne Loray, young St. Louis actress and KMOX staff member for three years, is the new directress of that station's Let's Compare Notes, daily woman's program. Lynne features subjects of particular feminine interest, especially in fashions and Hollywood chatter.

Josephine Halpin, directress of the Let's Compare Notes program for the past two years, has inaugurated a new fifteen-minute program, One Woman's Opinion, heard daily over KMOX.

* * *

Hollywood: KNX announcer Art Gilmore is proving his

voice wasn't meant only for mere words. He is now dividing his mike chores with a four o'clock Saturday afternoon singing program of his own, announced as Soliloquy in Song.

* * *

Kansas City, Kan.: What used to be station WLBF at 1420 kilocycles is now KCKN at 1310, by permission of the Federal Communications Commission.

* * *

Des Moines, Ia.: Not only did Gene and Glenn spend last summer sponsored on The Cornbelt Network, as we wrote some time ago in answer to their fans who showered us with letters following the article, "Yesterdays Stars—Where Are They?," but they are in their second year on the staff of WHO in Des Moines. (Continued on page 58)



**A SECRET FORMULA MAKES
THIS TOOTH PASTE AN EXQUISITE**

Beauty Bath for Teeth



• Delicate . . . gentle . . . fragrant . . . the dainty cleansers in Listerine Tooth Paste are combined in a special beauty formula which no other tooth paste has. You get results that simply astonish you. Many a New York and Hollywood beauty familiar with every type will use only this gentler, beauty-giving dentifrice.

A Fragrant Milky Bath

Listerine Tooth Paste first sweeps away from teeth and gums that greasy coat that makes them look old. Then it forms a fragrant, milky white solution that bathes the teeth from gum to tip and permits their natural brilliance to stand revealed. They flash . . . they gleam . . . they attract . . . the entire mouth feels fresh . . . invigorated.

A TONIC FOR THE GUMS
WHEN USED WITH MASSAGE

Precious Enamel Ever Safe

You need not regard this dentifrice with suspicion. It is not too harsh, as so many are. Not one of its ingredients can possibly harm precious enamel. Actual tests show that, after the equivalent of 10 years of twice-a-day brushing, the enamel is unmarred and brilliant.

Why not see for yourself how this tooth paste beautifies your teeth? Why not try the beauty bath that famous beauties use?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

More than $\frac{1}{4}$ POUND
of tooth paste in the double
size tube • 40¢

Regular size tube, 25¢



FACING THE MUSIC

THE NEWEST NEWS FROM THE DANCE-BAND FRONT

Gene Austin



By KEN ALDEN

'M going to flop."

Horace Heidt was talking—not the handsome, meticulously groomed gentleman who leads the brilliant Brigadiers on CBS and Mutual air waves, but a nervous, ragged-looking fellow, on the eve of his band's debut at New York's Hotel Biltmore.

The Californian was listening to a balance test made of his band. This is a routine test for radio broadcasts from hotels, restaurants, and other programs that do not emanate from the broadcast studios. The band usually plays from a vacant room, soon to be filled with white ties and orchids. Now it is just a cold, rehearsal hall. The leader sits in a

tiny control room at broadcast headquarters. By telephone the leader shouts instructions to his concert master, who directs the band in the leader's absence. In this case Art Thorsen, Heidt's bass player, is the pinch-hitter.

Heidt had been absent from the big metropolis for four years. Few of his musicians had ever seen New York. Now he was back, scared stiff.

"Listen, Horace," I said, trying to cheer him up, "you'll knock 'em dead!"

He did. Originally signed to play a limited engagement of six weeks, word comes as we go to press that Heidt will remain at the Biltmore indefinitely, possibly two years.

Wide World



Ozzie Nelson, Ray Noble, Will Osborne

Hal Phylfe



Al Donahue

But even this success has failed to remove his inferiority complex. He's still worrying.

* * *

George Hall, amiable CBS conductor, who holds the record for continuous work in one hotel—The Taft in New York—and the greatest number of remote broadcasts on a coast-to-coast network, plays few out-of-town engagements because he hates sleeping on pullmans. But this summer he is planning an extensive tour through the Southland.

Seldom a hundred miles away from Broadway, George's fan mail comes mostly from California and states south of the Mason and Dixon line.

* * *

BACK OF THE BANDSTAND

Little Jack Little left his band in Chicago to organize a new one in New York. The boys in the Windy City are running the outfit on cooperative basis . . . Ted Fio Rito will have a new NBC commercial emanating from Los Angeles this spring . . . Rudy Vallee is now a manager in his own right, handling New England's favorite baritone, Ranny Weeks, and his old Yale friend, Sleepy Hall. The latter is touring with a dance band . . . Joe Haymes, an able swing merchant and arranger, has turned the band over to vocalist Barry McKinley. Joe says he would rather arrange—he has made several stabs as a maestro but is now convinced he works better behind the scenes . . . In case you've been wondering what ever happened to Angelo Ferdinando, he is now known as Don Ferdi. His band is currently heard over NBC from the Coconut Grove nitery near Bridgeport, Conn.

* * *

This is the "coming-out" season. Society is bidding for good orchestras to play at debutante affairs and all-night parties. Just recently the Philadelphia veddy veddy Wideners threw a \$125,000 party, and the Meyer Davis orchestra took a healthy cut of the melon. Orchestras listed as "society bands" are as busy as bees.

Though the names of Joseph V. Smith, Emil Coleman, Al Donahue, and Meyer Davis are not well known to radio listeners, they are prime favorites with the so-called "400."

Such orchestras seldom use brass; feature plenty of piano melodies and routine arrangements. Radio fans prefer swing, torrid trumpets, and brilliant orchestrations. Seldom sold commercially on the airwaves, these bands through their society connections, make almost as much money as Messrs. Kemp, Kostelanetz and Kyser.

Just recently a gay young blade thought it would be a good idea to import Al Donahue's band en masse to his home in Bermuda. He chartered a flock of first (Continued on page 90)

What doctors tell you to look for in a laxative



SOMETIMES a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—even in minor matters.

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will approve a laxative, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself, "Does my laxative qualify on every point?"

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 proved by the test of time.
- It should not form a habit.
- It should not over-act.
- It should not cause stomach pains.
- It should not nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Ex-Lax passes this test with colors flying! Ex-Lax fulfills every requirement. In fact, Ex-Lax meets these demands so fairly that many doctors use it in their own homes, for their own families. And

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax has helped so many millions of other people...people you know, probably...that they have made it the most widely-used laxative in the whole world.

TRY EX-LAX . . . FEEL BETTER

Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you'll find Ex-Lax so mild, so free from violence. It affords thorough relief from constipation, without strain, stomach pains or nausea.

The easy, comfortable action of Ex-Lax leaves you feeling better...looking better...with a greater zest for enjoying life. Children, of course, find such action especially beneficial. For the requirements laid down by the doctor are doubly important to a child.

One more advantage—Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Once you try it, you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

---TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!---
 (Paste this on a penny postcard) F-47
 Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
 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)

All time given is Eastern Standard

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

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



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

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

No Diet, Drugs or Exercise

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You are absolutely SAFE when you wear the Perfolastic Girdle.

Appear Smaller At Once

You appear inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic and then quickly, comfortably . . . without effort on your part . . . it takes off the unwanted inches at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm . . . the spots where fat first accumulates.



"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"

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

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"

"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches."
 Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"

"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."

Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



"LOST 60 POUNDS"

"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 60 pounds!"

Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"

"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."

Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"

"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."

Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.



"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"

"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."

Miss Zella Richardson, Scottsdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"

"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."

Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"

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

Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

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

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

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



PERFOLASTIC, INC.

Dept. 284, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name

Address

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



GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn Separately

JOE COOK'S SHELL SHOW, broadcast Saturday over the NBC Red network at 9:30, combines the best and worst features of a radio variety hour. An average of a dozen guest stars parade before the mike each hour and perform under Joe's playful prodding. The best feature is the ever changing performance, the worst feature the endless amount of talk necessary to introduce each act. It gets downright boring at times. But the program does deserve a trial. Tune in at least once.

JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE, Tuesday at 9:30 on CBS, introduces another of Hollywood's bright boys to radio in his first sponsored series. Jack's the president of a mythical college, and if you've never thought of him in that profession before, that's the reason it's funny. Add Benny Goodman's and Georgie Stoll's orchestras, assorted Hollywood guest stars, and college glee clubs from here, there, and everywhere, and you have the show. Yes, it's another variety hour, but with a difference. Mrs. Oakie's boy is one of the most definite personalities Hollywood has given radio, and his efforts hold all these diverse elements together in a bright, swiftly paced hour of entertainment. You ought to like it.

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX, starring Jessica Dragonette, at 9:30 Wednesday on CBS, got off to a shaky start when Miss Dragonette had to stay in bed with the flu. Lanny Ross, rushed in as a last minute substitute, did a very special job of pinch hitting. Ruby Mercer in the feminine lead did practically as well. It's amazing how easily this program squeezes a whole musical comedy into the brief space of thirty minutes and still allows time for soap to be sold. I'll still take the Beauty Box in a full hour, but I'm not paying the bills. If you were a staunch fan of the old Beauty Box, I think you'll like this as the next best thing.

WATCH THE FUN GO BY, with Al Pearce and his gang, Tuesday on CBS at 9:00, is the first of the two half-hour shows which take the place of Fred Waring's orchestra. Al's a veteran air comedian, and he has most of his veteran gang with him—Tizzie Lish, Arlene Harris, Elmer Blurp, Lord Bilgewater, and Eb and Zeb (Eb and Elmer, in case you didn't know, being Al himself). Not all of them on each program, however. Sometimes the hu-

REVIEWING STAND

B Y S E L E C T O R

mor falls a little flat—but don't we all?—and perhaps Al would be a better master of ceremonies if he weren't quite so paternal. But Elmer, Arlene, Tizzie, and Bilgie are joys forever.

UNIVERSAL RHYTHM, with Rex Chandler's orchestra, Fridays at 9:00 on NBC's Blue network, is the second Waring replacement. Built strictly for those who want to listen to popular music without too many interruptions, it's unpretentious but comfortable and pleasant.

BEATRICE LILLIE, Wednesday on the NBC Blue network at 8:00, has taken the place of Fannie Brice as star of what used to be called Revue de Patee. Auntie Bea, to me, is almost always a panic, but I refuse to recommend her humor. You have to be slightly nutty to enjoy her when her supply of comedy runs low. Script writers seem to fail Miss Lillie quite frequently. I still laugh. You might give it a try if you aren't a dyed-in-the-wool fan of One Man's Family, on at the same time.

HAL KEMP, Friday at 8:30 on CBS, is the new Chesterfield maestro, taking Andre Kostelanetz' place on the sponsor's second half-hour of the week. Hal, by enlarging his band and annexing Kay Thompson and her singers, has produced a very musical, very danceable half-hour. It's a pleasant way to start a weekend. You quickly get in the mood of doing things. Tune in for the latest contribution to good jazz.

RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE, Sunday over the NBC Blue network at 9:15, features Judy Canova and the rest of her family, Frank Parker, and Shep Fields. In a half-hour it manages to leave a pleasant impression. Fields' Rippling Rhythm is much better when taken in these small doses. Parker's singing seems better than ever, and Judy, with Annie and Zeke, is fairly funny even when she digs up jokes that should have been left buried in peace. If Sunday symphonies are too much for you, here's the answer.

1937 EDITION OF TWIN STARS, broadcast Friday at 9:30 on the NBC Blue network, ought to be called Triplet Stars, because it has three—Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Buddy Rogers. Aided by a top-notch script, Helen and Victor successfully move their movie characteristics into radio, Helen acid and wise-cracking, Victor confused and unhappy. Buddy leads his orchestra to care for the musical end of the proceedings.

FLOYD GIBBONS' TRUE ADVENTURES, Thursday at 10:00 on CBS, is another of the currently popular tries at bringing the drama of real life to the loudspeaker. It's a successful try, too. A couple of Floyd's dramatized thrills had the short hairs bristling on the back of my neck.

MA AND PA, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday on CBS at 7:15, picked New England as the locale and Parker Fennelly and Margaret Dee as the two leads.



AFTER THE MOVIES . . .
D-A-Z-Z-L-I-N-G LIGHTS
"powder must not
show up all chalky"

A quick dab at your face as you leave the movie. Then out into the bright lights! Are you wondering how your powder looks? Dreading its showing up terribly?

In a recent inquiry, Pond's got twice the vote of the next-liked powder for not showing up in strong light.

Pond's colors are "glare-proof." They catch only the softer rays of light. Never look "powdery" even in the hardest light.

Special ingredients make Pond's cling—stay fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

FREE 5 "Glare-Proof"
Shades

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

(This offer expires June 1, 1937)



Name _____

Address _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Major Bowes

WRITES HIS OWN ANSWER

ARE REPORTS THAT THIS GREAT SHOWMAN IS GOING TO DROP HIS AMATEURS REALLY TRUE? HERE IS HIS FIRST STATEMENT WRITTEN FOR PUBLICATION. READ WHAT HIS ACTUAL PLANS ARE!



The Major at his desk where he prepared this letter to the editor, in answer to rumors about his program.

(When the March issue of RADIO MIRROR went on sale carrying the article "Is Major Bowes Dropping His Amateurs?" the Major was asked to answer the questions this story raised and to reply to the author's conclusion that all signs pointed to the necessity of Major Bowes turning to a new kind of program. Here is his reply, published as he wrote it himself. It is thoroughly revealing.)

THANK you for the advance copy of your article relative to amateur hours appearing in the March issue of the RADIO MIRROR. I found it most friendly and interesting although I believe the article erred in many of its conclusions.

Insofar as amateur hours on the radio are concerned, I can speak only for my own program. When I originated this form of radio amateur hour, it was followed by a great

many other programs patterned after it, on both local stations and national networks.

These other programs were similar in the respect that all used amateurs as talent. The fact that almost all of those including all of the national amateur hours have since disappeared from the air, has no bearing on my own particular Amateur Hour.

What is important is that these amateur programs in leaving the air have given as their reason, a dearth of amateurs. They have simply announced that no more amateurs were available and one particular sponsor went as far as to announce that every amateur of talent in the New York area had already been given an opportunity. These statements were made all-embracing and the impression created that my program, too, was confronted with this insoluble problem.

(Continued on page 101)

Fashion Parade of the Month . . . APRIL



If you go south, "Mimi" says, you wear Rust on sun-tanned fingers with all your sports clothes. In town it's perfect with all the browns and greens. A big favorite with blondes.



Rust



"Mimi" says Old Rose is just made for those difficult wine shades. A dusky feminine rose without a bit of yellow in it. Lovely with pastels, too.



Old Rose



At last a deep red, so dusky and soft that even men like it. Robin Red is a find, "Mimi" claims, because everyone can wear it with everything. Smartest of all with black for town.



Robin Red

Miss Mimi Richardson shows how she wears the new "Smoky" Nail Shades

BERMUDA. Miss Mimi Richardson, smart New Yorker, winters in a water-green bathing suit and Cutex Rust nails on fingers and toes.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Miss Mimi Richardson, in wine chiffon and Cutex Old Rose nails, dines and dances with a well-known noble foreigner.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y. Miss Mimi Richardson inspects a famous polo player's "string" in smart black tweeds with Cutex Robin Red nails.

POPULAR with half a dozen smart sets, pretty "Mimi" knows all about clothes—and how to make them do the most for her.

She's tremendously impressed with the flattering new Cutex "smoky" nail shades. "Their smoky softness makes ordinary polishes look terribly crude," she says.

Cut out the figures above, if you like, and get the effect of "Mimi's" 3 favorite Cutex "smoky" shades with the different color costumes.

Then, go over your own wardrobe. You can make yourself look smarter and fresher—and twice as feminine—in clothes worn with the right "smoky" shades of Cutex.

Polish by Cutex is famous for its lustre and its long wear without peeling or cracking. And the new formula resists both fading in sunny climes and thickening in the bottle. It evaporates less

than half as much as ordinary polishes. You can use it right down to the last gay drop.

Make your fingers as glamorous as "Mimi's." You can afford to buy at least 3 beautiful shades—at only 35¢ a large bottle. 11 smart shades to choose from. At your favorite shop anywhere.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

8 other smart Cutex shades

BURGUNDY—New deep, purply wine shade. Wear with pastels, black, white, wine, blue.

ROSE—Lovely with pastels, correct with difficult colors.

CORAL—Charming with beige, gray, green, black, dark brown.

RUBY—Goes with any color—a grand accent for black.

NATURAL—Safe with the most vivid shades, smart for active sports.

Also Mauve, Light Rust and bright Cardinal.



CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-B-4
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve Rust Burgundy Robin Red Old Rose

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

ROUND-THE-WORLD CALENDAR
OF A CALIFORNIA LADY

Mrs. Rufus Saine Spalding III

Dinner parties in the Pasadena house
Midnight snacks at Hollywood's "Troc"
Bridge and Polo at Midwick
Sailing and aquaplaning at Montecito

Santa Barbara for tennis and horseback
New York for important "opening nights"
Winter jaunts to Mexico, the West Indies, or Europe
Annual visit to her husband's estate in Kauai, Hawaii



THE beautiful Mrs. Spalding, shown on her husband's sloop "Hurulu," is a skilled yachtswoman. Her enjoyment of the sea illustrates her charming zest for life. She travels, she entertains, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. "Camels are so mild," she says, "they never get on my nerves. And everybody knows how they help digestion!" Smoking Camels sets up a natural, abundant flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—and thus encourages good digestion. At the right, Mrs. Spalding enjoys a late supper in Hollywood's Trocadero, whose host, Billy Wilkerson, says: "Camels are certainly the popular cigarette here."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Costlier Tobaccos!

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

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

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia • Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore • Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

THERE is little hero-worship among the people who move through the region of brick and stone and lights that is New York City from Forty-second to Fiftieth Streets, between Sixth and Eighth Avenues.

That little parcel of ground is the Roaring Forties, and its people live by, of, and for the stage. And the years have left them hard-bitten, tough, and cynical, without the time or inclination to give anyone more than his just due of praise—or maybe a little less than that.

But there's one man they worship, these smooth-faced old veterans of the footlights. They worship him in little groups under the tawdry lights of Broadway, or in the paler glow of a half-hundred hotel rooms—wherever one or two of them gather to ask, "What's new?"

He is a lean caustic fellow, and his name is Fred Allen. You and I may measure his brilliance by the things he says on Town Hall Tonight each Wednesday over the

Idol of the ROARING FORTIES

By **BILL STUART**



**THE SIDE SPLITTING STORY OF
THE TIMES WHEN FRED ALLEN
WAS ONLY SLIGHTLY COLOSSAL**

NBC Red network, but the old troupers of vaudeville remember him for the remark he made to the manager of the old Palace in Tuscaloosa or what he did to the famous moocher while playing the New England circuit ten years ago. To them, he is one of their own kind who has become legendary—a man whose code is more fair than fairness itself, whose loyalty is unquestioned and whose own past exploits add glamour to their profession and therefore—though indirectly—to them.

Several months ago, when Fred announced that he was opening the amateur portion of his hour-long program to professionals who thought there might be some place for them in radio, he received letters from old-timers who had played every circuit in the country with him. The general tenor of them ran like this:

"Freddie, we've always known that if there was one person in the world who would remember the people who have proven their ability over and over, it would be you. The amateurs have had their fling and we've sat back, letting them have it. Now it is our turn—and, mister, we're going to deliver for you."

The Roaring Forties, the most publicized section of any city in America, are with the writer of that letter to a man. Why? Well, to find out, we talked to some of the old timers who have already appeared during the latter half of the program. We learned that Fred Allen has done (*Continued on page 84*)

AT LAST! TRUTH ABOUT

Dick Powell Quitting

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

Warner Bros.



**THE ROMANTIC AND
DRAMATIC STORY OF
A BOY WHO LOVED
A GIRL AND FOUND
THE COURAGE TO
RISK HIS STARDOM**

THE title of this, except for copyright laws, might have been "Boy Meets Girl." It was as simple as that, actually. Boy Meets Girl—Dick Powell meets Joan Blondell—and Dick Powell leaves Hollywood Hotel.

That is what really happened. That is the one true story which explains why one of radio's biggest programs has bade farewell to its brightest star. No one has attempted to give you the facts or explain what you deserve to know—why you have lost Dick Powell. Dick left with as brief an announcement as though he had been going for a week's vacation.

The story could never have been kept hidden. It is too sweet and



Hyman Fink

Dick can really enjoy his night-clubbing now that he escorts Joan instead of having to be seen with his newest leading lady—only one of the important changes in his life which were made possible by his marriage.

too dramatic, this story of a man lost in a wilderness of Kleig lights and a woman who put her hand in his and led him to a haven of peace and happiness.

The story begins a lot longer ago than anyone knows. Its roots are buried deep down in Dick Powell's youth, in the character that was forming even as he worked for the telephone company in Little Rock, Arkansas. They were there, for anyone to see, in the first evidence of the kind of young man Dick was, when Dick quit the job that was paying him \$125 a month, to go to work for an orchestra that would pay him \$60 a week.

He quit for the bigger income. Not because he felt the call of the artist or because of some inner urge, but because it was a straight business proposition.

You probably never guessed Dick was like that. But he always has been. The next chapter in this story that tells you how Hollywood Hotel happened to part company with its favorite master of ceremonies was written when Dick heard of a band that would pay a banjo player \$125 a week. Dick learned to play that banjo. And he got the job.

Then he set about learning the show business—really learning it. He studied theater management, song writing, orchestral scoring, box office finance, the problem of the movie exhibitor. It was to be his life work and he was going to know everything about it.

He did the job so well in Pittsburgh that Hollywood heard about him. That is history, but there is an unwritten chapter in this history which supplies a very important link in the story of why Dick Powell quit Hollywood Hotel.

Only a few months after Dick landed in Hollywood, he was Movieland's unhappiest young man. Tickled to death at first because he had signed a long term contract which gave him his first financial security, two things happened, in rapid succession, that killed his first thrill of working at an undreamed of salary. First, as he explained to me, "I was shoved into one picture after another regardless of its merits. And then, even worse, I had to undergo what they call a build-up campaign."

It was this combination—the *(Continued on page 65)*

**THOUSANDS WROTE IN ASKING FOR THEIR FAVOR-
ITE RADIO SERIAL TO COME BACK, BUT ONLY A
MOTHER'S LOVE FOR HER SON MADE IT POSSIBLE**

MYRTLE VAIL won't want her son George to read this story. There are too many things in it she would rather not have him know. But I hope he does read it. If he's the boy I think he is, it will make him very happy.

It's entirely a radio story. It couldn't possibly have happened in any other profession. Which is rather odd, because it's also one of the oldest, and sweetest, stories in the world. It's about a mother who kept at what seemed to be a losing fight, putting aside all her personal hopes and dreams—simply that she might give her son the chance he needed if he was to preserve his happiness and self-respect.

Myrt and Marge are back on the air now. To their thousands of fans it seemed only natural that they should return. After all, in their five years of broadcasting for one sponsor they had become one of radio's institutions. It was unthinkable that they might not return.

It wasn't unthinkable to the world of radio, however, nor to Myrt herself. When Myrt and Marge went off the air


**By DAN
WHEELER**

last April, and for a long time after that, the odds were a good two to one that you would never listen to them again. There were so many reasons why they might not come back—and there's only one reason why they finally did. There is only one reason why Myrtle Vail isn't in Hollywood now, writing scenarios. One reason—her son.

Myrt was tired, bitterly tired, when the program went off the air. No one who hasn't written and acted in five fifteen-minute radio scripts a week, every week, knows what a drain it is upon mental and physical resources. For five years, with only brief summer rests, she had been subjecting herself to that routine; and now, suddenly, she was brought face to face with the question, had it been worth while?

The sponsors of Myrt and Marge had suddenly bought another program, and their contract hadn't been renewed for the next year. In addition, they were going off the air two weeks before they had (*Continued on page 71*)

Secret Drama
**THAT BROUGHT
MYRT AND MARGE
BACK TO RADIO**



They're one of radio's famous families: Left, Myrtle Vail and her daughter Donna, who play Myrt and Marge; and below, Myrt's son George, who's the newest member of the cast.



For the broadcast time of Myrt and Marge, sponsored by Super Suds, please turn to page 52

John Alfred Piver

APRIL SHOWERS
BRING YOU THESE MAY
FLOWERS TO BRIGHTEN
RADIO'S PERSON-
ALITY PARADE



Franca White, above, is the petite brunette who has had two enviable network jobs in one season. First she sang duets with Nelson Eddy; then, when he went on tour, she joined Fred Astaire's program.



Blonde, and pert is Lucille Manners who took over Jessica Dragonette's role as prima donna of The Cities Service Concerts when Jessica left to star in a new CBS show.

Ray Lee Jackson

gallery OF beauty

Maurice Seymour

Gale Page, right, has the ability to sing, act, and look charming—and it's natural that she should be one of Chicago's busiest stars. Featured in Tea Time at Morrell's, she also acts in Today's Children.

The answer to every college boy's dream in the line of girl friends is Hollywood Hotel's Frances Langford—whose taste in escorts, so they say, runs to collegians!



gallery OF beauty



When Kathleen Wilson, left, is seen on the screen playing her radio role of Claudia in Hollywood's version of *One Man's Family*, our prediction is that she'll find a permanent place for herself in moving pictures.

Romaine

Brunette and alluring is Shirley Lloyd (right), Ozzie Nelson's tiny singer on his commercial and late night dance program. She sang with Chicago bands before she joined Ozzie's.



Exotic is always the word for Gertrude Niesen, left. Her radio success led her to the star part in "Top of the Town," a new Universal picture. You hear her as a guest on the air.



Photo by Ray Jones

Willie Morris, right, singing star of the Musical Camera series Sunday afternoon, is exactly what you think of when you say "typical American girl"—fresh, winsome, and independent as can be!

HOW LUX THEATER HOLLYWOOD'S



Jean Harlow, above, had never met Robert Taylor until a Lux broadcast, although both worked for MGM.

Taylor, left, found Harlow so good a co-worker their studio has decided to cast them in a picture.

**THE STARS OF THE WORLD'S
SNOOTIEST TOWN HAD NEVER
DREAMED OF MEETING EACH
OTHER, UNTIL THIS SHOW—**

SOMETHING is happening to Hollywood the invulnerable, the impenetrable, the town of a thousand stars who have never met each other and who, until recently, never even wanted to. It's nothing you can stand around and watch, but it is stirring Hollywood to its depths just as much as though it were a first class, house-crumbing earthquake. It's the most far reaching event since this citadel of films became wired for sound, and it's all because a radio program suddenly moved in and set up shop. Society barriers, those invisible and cruelly sharp fences that in Hollywood keep all the stars in their own backyards, are melting away, and the stars are getting out to play, they're getting around, making friends with people they'd never dreamed of knowing six months ago. Snootiness,

KNOCKED OFF HIGH HAT

By
S. R. MOOK

Right, if beautiful Claudette Colbert had observed the former social rulings, she would not have spoken to her ex-husband when they worked for Lux.



Right, Norman Foster was once married to Claudette Colbert. A broadcast brought them together again.

At the extreme left, Adolphe Menjou poses with Lily Pons. They met on a Lux program and now are friends.



Fox Films

impersonality, and fear of rivals are being tossed into the Pacific Ocean as fast as each week's broadcast comes and goes.

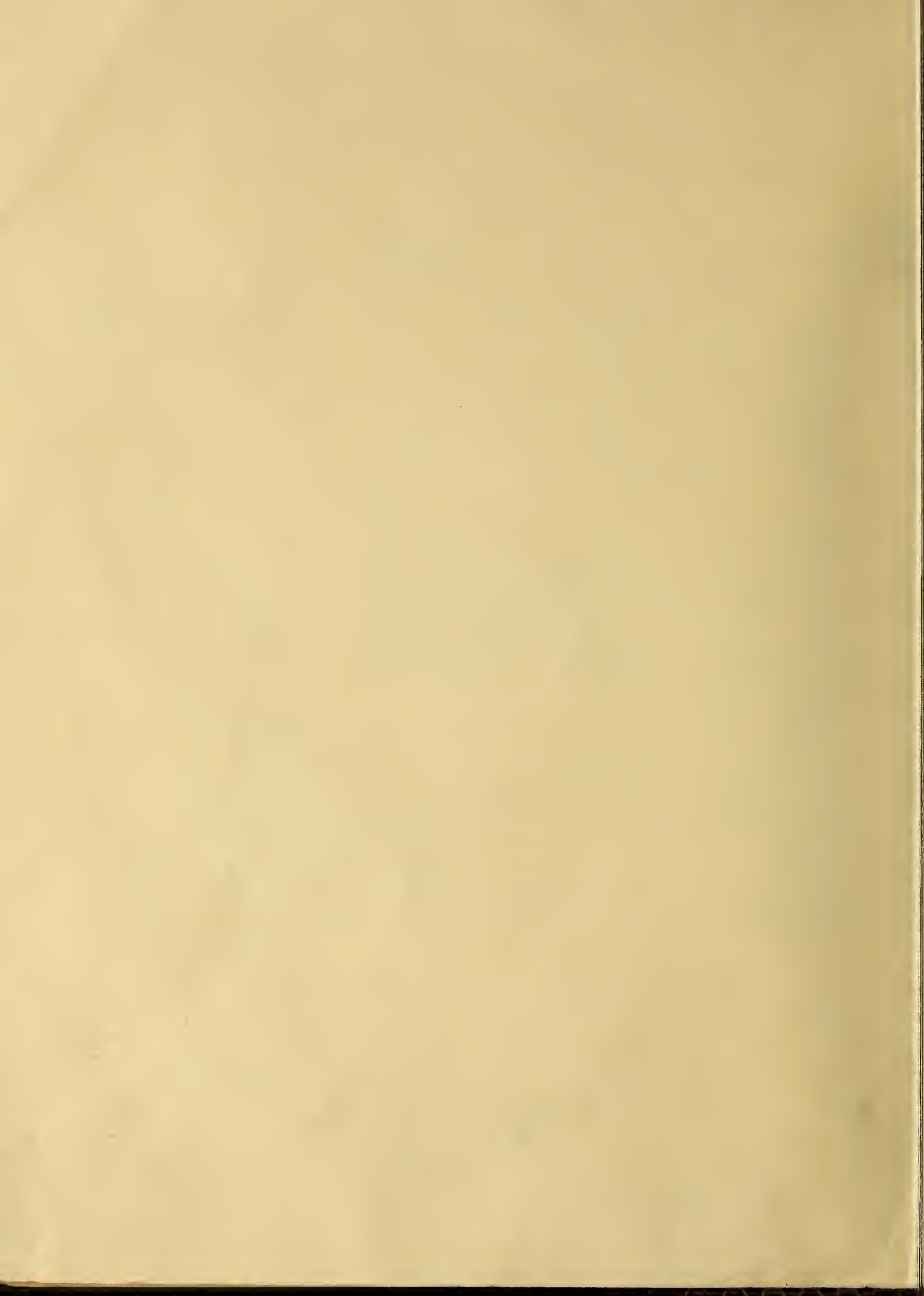
That is what has happened since the Lux Radio Theater came to town. It arrived unannounced and in less than a year it has stalked off the victor by a wide margin. The Lux Theater is smashing Hollywood's society barriers, and everyone is having the best darn time of his life.

It did it in a lot of different ways and now that most of the shooting is over, it seems only natural that it should have happened. But it didn't last June when the first of the Hollywood broadcasts of the Lux Theater went out over the air.

Last June the film city's society barriers were as impreg-

nable as the Rock of Gibraltar before airplanes had motors. They picked the stars' friends for them and dictated the kind of people they could marry and the kind of parties they could give and could go to.

No one could recall the last time a star had married an extra, it had been so long ago. Everyone knew that if a star had, it would have been a major social error and would have earned him the entire town's cold shoulder. If you were a star you might marry an unimportant person in some other profession—if you loved the (Continued on page 94)



HOW LUX THEATER HOLLYWOOD'S

KNOCKED OFF HIGH HAT

By
S. R. MOOK



Jeon Horlow, above, had never met Robert Taylor until a Lux broadcast, although both worked for MGM.



Taylor, left, found Horlow so good a co-worker their studio has decided to cost them in a picture.



Right, if beautiful Clouette Colbert had observed the former social rulings, she would not have spoken to her ex-husband when they worked for Lux.



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Gang Busters'

MOST EXCITING BROADCAST

IN COMPLETE
STORY FORM

**HERE IS THE STORY MOST OF YOU
HAVE REQUESTED TO BE BROADCAST
AGAIN, READY FOR YOU TO READ—
"THE PHANTOM OF THE COAL FIELDS"**

EDITOR'S NOTE: On February 13th, the Gang Busters program finished its first year of broadcasting each Wednesday night over the CBS network of stations. Fifty-two memorable broadcasts that have won an ever increasing number of listeners. RADIO MIRROR is happy to be able to give you the Gang Busters broadcast you have chosen by your letters as the most exciting program and the one you wanted most to be put on the air again. Because of limitations imposed on the sponsors they are unable to repeat any programs. But now you can read "The Phantom of the Coal Fields" here in complete story form.

MARCH 11, 1922. Captain James McGinley of the Pittsburgh police took his ease in his office. Nothing was happening except routine stuff—two stolen

cars, a street accident—nothing to get excited about.

The dictograph on his desk buzzed sharply, and he snapped the switch. The thin voice of the policeman on a downtown beat said:

"Flash! Hold-up at the corner of Pitt and Allen Streets. Bandits escaped in dark gray sedan with \$15,000 payroll. Leader believed to be the Phantom. That is all."

"Get your hat, Lieutenant!" McGinley shouted. "We're going down there with a squad. This Phantom's getting in our hair."

"Flash! Payroll hold-up on trolley car at Thornton Street. Bandits shot guard, escaped with \$25,000. Looks like the Phantom's work. No clues. That is all."

"Not again!" McGinley exploded. "Two hold-ups, miles apart, at almost the same time. He must have an organi-



zation as big, if not bigger than the Pittsburgh police force!"
December 23, 1922. An automobile carrying the \$28,000 payroll of the Beadling Mines turned off the highway onto Cochrane Run Road near Pittsburgh. Ahead of it was a motorcycle guard.

"Watch it, Masterson," said one of the men in the payroll car. "You're too close to Dennis."

"He's all right, Mr. Rice," said the driver. "He's the best motorcycle guard we've ever had. Just watch the way he rides."

"He'd better be," Rice said grimly. "This payroll is just

about big enough to make the Phantom want to talk to us."

There was a sharp explosion, and the motorcycle in front of them swerved, tossing its driver into the road.

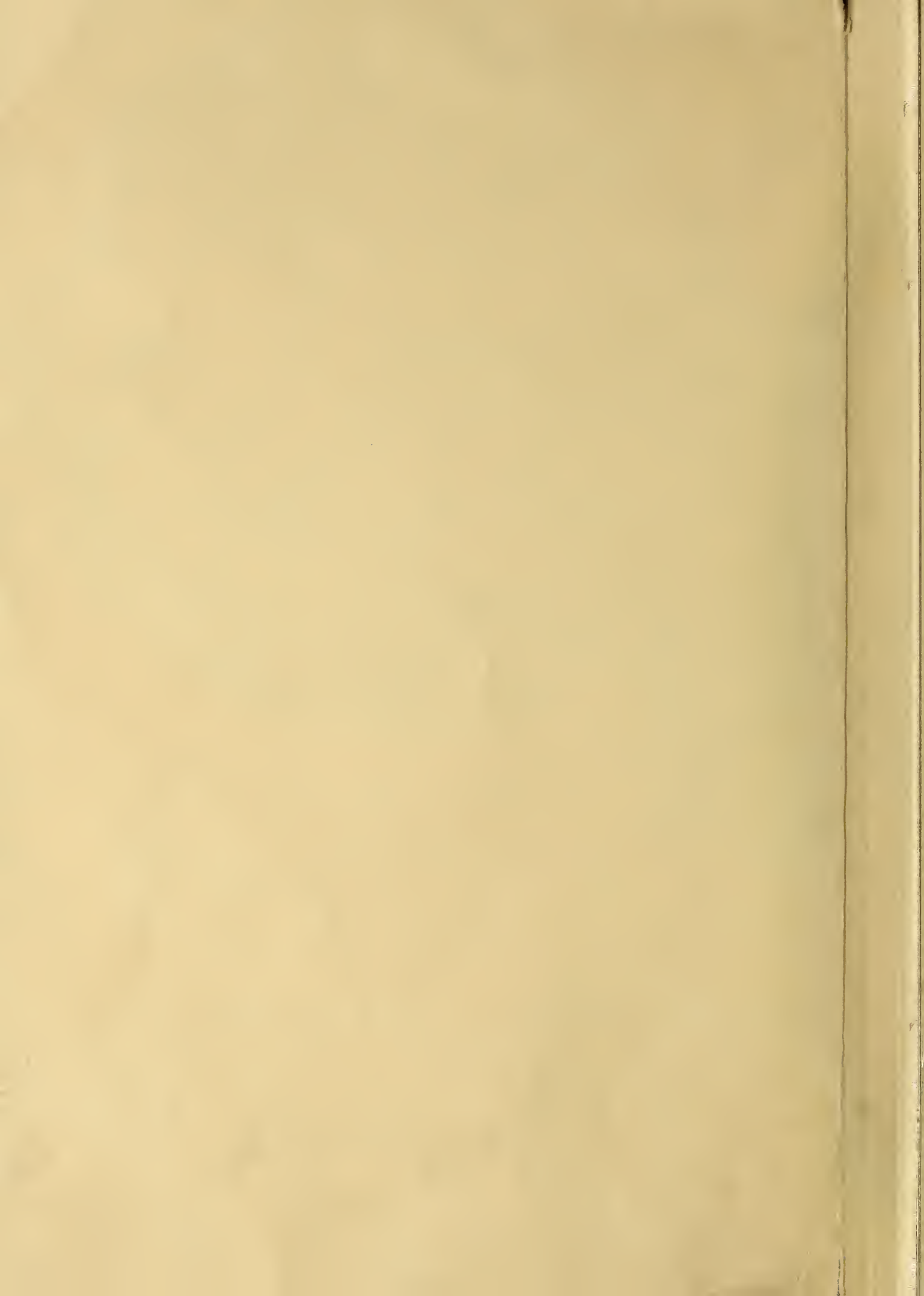
"Look out! Dennis has blown a tire!" Rice exclaimed. The driver slammed on his brakes too late to prevent the car from striking the guard's prostrate body.

"We hit him! I told you we were too close to him," Rice cried as they jumped from the car and ran back to Dennis. They started to lift him, then Rice stopped, staring. "That's a bullet hole in his chest!"

"Stick 'em up—quick," came in *(Continued on page 77)*



The Phantom snarled, "The more people ya kill the more ya got coming of the dough." He laughed, a chilling, maniacal laugh.



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Above, one of the rare Sadhus Ripley finally found, after his dangerous search.

This is the cliff the famous cartoonist scaled to see for himself unbelievable hermits.



RIPLEY'S

Thrilling

By JACK JAMISON

THERE'S no adventure in traveling," Bob Ripley said wistfully. "When people tell me they travel to have adventures I don't believe them. Traveling isn't adventurous. It's just going somewhere."

Coming from one of this century's most confirmed globe-trotters, that statement ought to deserve consideration. It

doesn't. Believe it or not, Bob Ripley was talking through his hat when he made it. I know, because he went on to tell me about his latest trip, the one he took not long ago to India; and enough thrilling things happened to him on that journey to make the average man want to spend the rest of his life in the peace and quiet of Broadway and



The monkey man—a Siddhu who vowed forty years ago never to walk upright again. He's proud he hasn't.



This is India's Bo tree, prized as a religious symbol. Not far from here Ripley's search ended.

Search

FOR INDIA'S WEIRDEST CULT

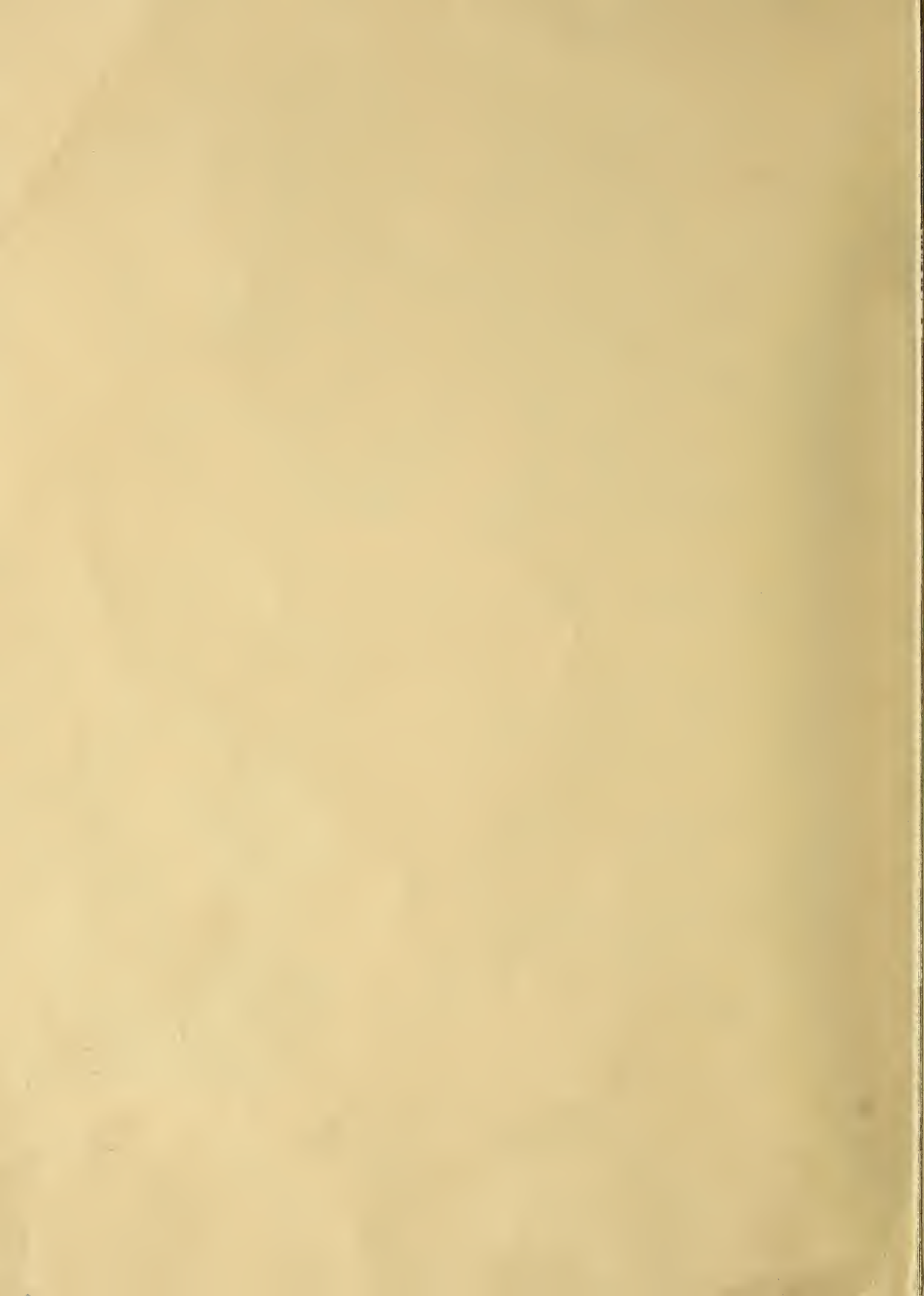
Up a thousand foot cliff in a basket, through the slums of native Arabian quarters, he followed the elusive trail into the land of religious fanatics.

Forty-Second Street and adjacent taxi-infested environs! The only explanation of Bob's curious attitude is that he's become so used to adventure he doesn't recognize it when it steps up and bites him.

Even the purposes of the trip was something I wouldn't care to take on single-handed. Bob wanted to find the

Saddhus, mysterious Hindu religious fanatics. He'd heard weird and often horrible stories about them—poor, misguided souls, living their lives under strange self-inflicted tortures—and he wanted to see them.

- Bob never goes straight to a place, nor does he ever travel by the main routes. He makes *(Continued on page 80)*





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A NEW KIND OF MARRIAGE FOR



Columbia Pictures

WHEN MARY PICKFORD BECAME ENGAGED TO BUDDY ROGERS, IT WAS NEWS—BUT THERE ARE BIGGER HEADLINES IN THE WAY THEY'VE PLANNED FOR THE FUTURE

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

IN the best Hollywood tradition, when a couple marry, it's a streamlined romance from ring to Reno. Love at first sight . . . Plane dash to Yuma . . . Headlines . . . Honeymoon at some very swank resort . . . Home. At home, in the best Hollywood tradition, the last thing the bride would ever think of doing would be burning a biscuit, turning down a dinner date with an old beau or letting her husband interfere with her career; and the last thing the groom would ever think of doing would be encouraging burnt biscuits, forgetting his old flames or letting a wife interfere with his personal liberty.

It's the gay new mode. It's modern marriage.

But America's Boyfriend and America's Sweetheart don't

give a fig for Hollywood tradition. For them it wasn't love at first sight, they won't elope, they'll honeymoon at home, and settle down to live in direct contrast to most of their neighbors.

Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford are going to have a new kind of old-fashioned marriage.

Picture a queen who shuts the great doors of her castle behind her forever and goes to seek her happiness in the ordinary life of an ordinary woman. She is stepping out of the spotlighted showplace that was the castle, into the quiet unpretentiousness of a ranch house in the hills. Trading her formal hostess gowns for gay little aprons, her social secretaries for a phone that won't ring too often. Tearing

OLD FASHIONED MARY AND BUDDY

Buddy came back to radio this winter when his band was signed for Friday night's Twin Stars.



United Artists

up an old life's roots that were wrapped about costly furnishings and glistening parquet floors, visiting royalty and shimmering chandeliers; transplanting those roots to modest surroundings and a simple regime. She is exchanging pomp for peace, circumstance for contentment—and gladly.

The queen is a fair little lady with tired eyes and a heart eager to be rid of its awful loneliness. She is Mary Pickford on the day she leaves Pickfair to become the bride of Buddy Rogers.

Picture a tall and strikingly handsome man who has known the rare thrill, the rewards, the ego-satisfying success of being an idol. Adored of women the world around, sought after by hostesses, befriended by many of the most beautiful stars in Hollywood, innumerable paths to romance constantly beckoning him. He is leaving all that, the free and casual and exciting life of a popular young bachelor, to settle down with one woman and one romance. To come home promptly to the usual dinners-for-two on a card table before the fire. To take on the responsibilities, the ties and inevitable routine of marriage—and gladly.

The idol is a more quiet man than you'd expect, with gently charming manners and eyes most noticeably lighted by happiness and expectations. He is Buddy Rogers on the day he becomes the husband of Mary Pickford.

This new life for these two will in almost every way be a direct contrast to their pasts. Perhaps for that very reason it is so much the life they want. They have decided

upon it, planned for it. For Buddy and Mary are much like two weary travelers who, having met many times on the highway, meet again in surprise one day to discover that all along each had been blindly searching for the other.

"It was last July when I returned to Hollywood," Buddy told me, "that we began to go together steadily for the first time. Up until then we seldom saw each other more than once a year when our paths would accidentally cross in New York or Chicago. I was traveling with my band, you see . . ."

He paused, fumbled his necktie, blushed to the line of his thick black hair. "Well, it's hard to say how or why you fall in love with someone. I had (Continued on page 86)



HERE IT IS — THE ROMANTIC THEME SONG HORACE HEIDT WROTE FOR HIS RADIO SHOW

I'll Love You In My Dreams

✦ Fox Trot Song ✦

Words and Music by ABEL BAER, HORACE HEIDT, and BENEE RUSSELL

C+ E7 E7 C+ E7 A7 F#mi A7 Bmi D7
 I'll Love You In My Dreams _____ If on - ly

Bmi D7 G7 Emi G7 C6 F#7 Gdim7 G Emi7 Bmi Emi7
 in my dreams, _____ I'll whis - per all my old words of love.

A dim7 Dmi +6 E7 A7 Gdim7 A7 D7 Ami7 D7 Bmi
 — to you Just like I used to do. I'll

C+ E7 E7 C+ E7 A7 F#mi A7 Bmi D7 Bmi D7
 kiss your lips each night Kiss to my heart's de-

G7 Emi G7 C6 C dim7 C Eb7 Bbmi Eb7 G Gdim7 G C+ E7
 light, Al- tho' you're gone, if that's the on- ly way it seems, I'll

A7 Bmi D7 1. G Alt dim7 Ami D7 Bmi 2. G Cmi+6 Emi G
 Love You In My Dreams. I'll Dreams.

rit. e dim.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in both treble and bass clefs. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'rit. e dim.' (ritardando e diminuendo). Chord diagrams are provided above the vocal line for each measure.

Used by permission of the publisher, Leo Feist, Inc., New York, N. Y.

THE SONG'S STORY:

Back in 1924, Horace Heidt was very much in love with a girl who didn't love him. She didn't even want to go out with him. Every night, instead of dancing with the girl he loved, Horace used to go to bed and dream of her—and in his dreams she

loved him too! He wrote this song then, around his real-life love drama. Later, Abel Baer and Bennee Russell helped him revise it, and he has used it ever since for his theme . . . But after he'd written the song, he married a different girl!



BUSY SINGER BOWE—Plainfield, N. J., boasts that Morton Bowe began his singing career there as a choir boy. Later he was a linotype operator, and now he has four network programs—Five Star Revue, Mid-day Matinee, Dress Rehearsal and Jack Pearl. He began his radio career as a member of the Cavaliers Quartet.



MORTIMER'S BETTY LOU—Louise Fitch, the cute Betty Lou of the Mortimer Gooch series on CBS, is just twenty-two and hails from Nebraska. After college she decided radio was her natural career and landed a job on the Betty Crocker programs. From there she went on to a small part in Betty and Bob, which she still has.

FOR YOUR RADIO



AMOS' RUBY—Amos' beloved Ruby Taylor, when she appears on the air, is played by Elinor Harriot, beautiful Chicago radio actress. She also is one of the leads in Bachelor's Children on CBS. Born in Duluth, Elinor has traveled far professionally, and has been in stage productions with actors Walter Hampden and Henry Hull.



VIC AND SADE'S RUSH—Billy Idelson was born in Forest Park, Ill., seventeen years ago. By the time he was thirteen he'd participated in more than one thousand broadcasts and still managed to keep up on his studies, look after his pet dogs, and fish. He thinks radio work is fun, but he wants most to be on the stage.



AND MORTIMER HIMSELF—Bob Bailey, who plays the title role in CBS' weekly Mortimer Gooch sketches, was born in Toledo, Ohio, on Friday the thirteenth of the year before the war. He started a theatrical career as a handbill distributor (salary, \$5 a week) and progressed to a wild west show in the recent Chicago Fair.

RADIO HANDYMAN CLAIRE—Malcolm Claire plays many roles around Chicago radio studios, best-loved of which was his Spare Ribs on the Sinclair Minstrels. He also writes his own Uncle Mal program for the kids. He is thirty-eight years old and still retains his pleasant Alabama drawl after years in vaudeville and radio.

SCRAPBOOK



FORD SYMPHONY'S CAMERON—A former reporter and for eighteen years a business associate of Henry Ford, W. J. Cameron brings you interesting and informative talks during intermission time on the Ford Symphony hour, Sunday nights on CBS. He's modest, does not like publicity, and writes all his talks himself.



PATTY IN TODAY'S CHILDREN—Frances Carlon has been lucky enough to find three outlets for her talents—the stage, movies, and radio. Her screen work included "White Parade" and "Music in the Air." Only a year in radio, she has already gained the part of Patty Moran in Today's Children, heard daily over NBC.



GULF'S GOOD MAESTRO—Oscar Bradley's music is remembered most for its association with Will Rogers. Oscar is now the orchestra leader for the Phil Baker program on CBS. His career has led him from conductor of the St. Louis Municipal Opera to screen maestro of Shirley Temple pictures. His parents were British.



SERENADER—Freddy Martin is coming back stronger than ever this winter. Heard on NBC Sundays as the Penthouse Serenade conductor, his band broadcasts on many sustaining spots during the week. Freddy is an orphan who learned to play the drums successfully enough to bring him fame, fortune, and love.



GOLD MEDAL DIRECTOR—Eric Sagerquist was born in Sweden some thirty years ago and got his first job playing fiddle in a nickelodeon, when he was twelve. He made his radio debut in Frank Westphal's orchestra and now he has become musical director for the whole Gold Medal Hour heard weekday mornings on CBS.



MIDNIGHT MYSTIC—One of NBC's best bets for late listeners is a man his audiences have never even seen. Shandor, whose music weaves a spell around thousands of devoted fans, was born in Hungary forty years ago. Ever since he was old enough to distinguish notes, he has had a passion for gypsy music. He always plays it.



VALLEE'S NEWEST FIND—Edgar Bergen did a thing no one thought possible in radio by scoring a sensational hit with a ventriloquist act on Rudy Vallee's Variety hour. Bergen graduated from Northwestern University and acquired his dummy, Charlie McCarthy, sixteen years ago. He may soon have his own broadcasts.



HOPEFULS' FRIEND—Haven MacQuarrie is the guiding genius behind the NBC program, Do You Want to Be an Actor, which took Good Will Court's place. MacQuarrie has been an actor, writer, dramatic critic, auto salesman, and for the past sixteen years a vaudeville star with the same act that he has on the radio.



FUNNY HENNY—Kate Smith is responsible for another outstanding new comedian on the air. She discovered Henry (Henny) Youngman in the Yacht Club in New York and hustled him to her Thursday evening program. He drew overnight attention. Henry began his career of making people laugh heartily when he was only nine.



FAVORITE PIONEER—In the days of silent pictures, Fred Niblo was a famous producer and pioneer. Now he's pioneering in a new field by putting on the air every Wednesday night over NBC Professional Parade, a full hour program for the sole benefit of singers and actors who can't find employment.

Nino

CROSS COUNTRY FLIGHT

NOT so many years ago, a young Italian, Rudolph Valentino, held the fluttering pulses of millions of feminine Americans in the palm of his hand.

A long, intent, hypnotic look from Rudy, up there on the silver screen, would cause any stately matron to feel weak around the knees and light in the head.

It started the Latin-lover legend. Or maybe it isn't a legend—I'm not going to get mixed up in any international argument. Maybe Latin men, take them as a class, *are* dashing, amorous, imperious, demanding, passionate, cruelly tender, ruthlessly adorable, and all the rest of it. I just know one who isn't.

I know one who is shy and bashful and given to blushing and entirely too amiable for his own good. His name is Nino Martini.

Nino's life is one *beeg* peck of girl trouble. They bother him, they chase him, they write him lies, and they make his life miserable.

It's all the Latin-lover legend's fault. Nino is dark haired and dark eyed; he has a glorious tenor voice; and he's a Latin. What else is needed to prove that he's the perfect Latin-lover type? Nothing, unfortunately for Nino.

On the other hand, let's be perfectly fair. Nino doesn't realize it, but he, not the legend, is responsible for a lot of the hot water he gets into. He's just so darn gullible and kind hearted that he really needs a bodyguard. He's had plenty of chances to learn his lesson, but maybe experience isn't the swell teacher it's reputed to be. Anyway, Nino hasn't learned it. I'll bet you right now that he'll fall for the next hard-luck story some love-stricken girl pours into his receptive ears.

I'll never forget the night I watched Nino broadcast in one of Columbia's Manhattan playhouses. He'd returned, not long before, from making pictures in Hollywood, and this, plus the fact that he was being starred on the Chesterfield program, packed the theater to the rafters.

Seventy per cent of the guests—I'm not exaggerating—were girls and women. They got there early. The first three rows looked like a cross section, or a convention, from a dozen girls' schools.

After Nino's first song six of these delicious young women, in the first row, rose and waved what appeared to be a dozen handkerchiefs at him. They yelled at the top of their voices, and carried on until an usher came down to quiet them!

At the close of the program they took up the heaviest barrage of handkerchief waving, and yelling, and whistling, that I have ever seen or heard!

Nino took it all as casually as he could, but he blushed, looked embarrassed, and more than slightly worried.

Just why he looked worried, I found out from Nino two days later in his suite at the Essex House. It took three hours of Nino's floor pacing, gesturing, and pleading, to show me all the problems that have arisen out of Nino's girl trouble!

Most of the trouble is started—but not finished—by girls who have the all consuming desire to become opera singers. Or say they have, anyway.

Nino showed me hundreds of letters from girls who wanted advice, introductions to opera producers, and even personal instruction from Nino.

These letters worry Nino, but he writes back to each correspondent giving whatever advice he thinks best. But personal interviews, or instruction—never!

There was Ruth (we cannot reveal her right name). Nino's not going to forget Ruth in a hurry.

He's not *ever* going to forget her, if she can help it!

She came back-stage one day when Nino was singing at an opera house in Canada, and begged for a chance to sing for him. She said that some day she was going to be a famous prima donna; and that Nino just *had* to tell her what he thought of her voice.

Nino liked the girl's apparent enthusiasm and sincerity, and consented to hear her sing. She sang, and not very well, but Nino didn't want to discourage her, and told her to keep on trying.

Immediately, she considered herself his protégée! And was Nino flabbergasted! Well, to put it mildly, yes. Ruth's idea was for Nino to take her on the continuation of his concert tour. She insisted she would be anything. His valet—his secretary—anything—but she just had to go along!

Nino, naturally, put his foot down hard. He explained why such a thing would be impossible. Ruth couldn't, or wouldn't understand, and for a solid week Nino had to slip out of strange exit doors to avoid her.

Nino continued on his tour. Every single day he would receive letters from Ruth telling how hard she was studying, and how some day she would be great enough to sing with Martini.

Nino, out of the goodness of his heart, was foolish enough to answer a few of these letters. It was certainly an unwise move, because two months after leaving Canada, while he was singing in Detroit, Ruth suddenly put in an appearance back-stage!

Ruth claimed that she had spent (Continued on page 88)

**GIRLS WHO CRY AND
GIRLS WHO LIE ARE
THE NAUGHTY VIL-
LAINS OF THE SAD
STORY NINO TELLS**

Martini's

FROM LOVE

By JACK SHER





International

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF

Floyd Gibbons, ADVENTURER

Above, Floyd hurries from a dugout full of dead Chinese soldiers in Shanghai. Inset, at home in New York.

By NORTON RUSSELL

PART FOUR

FLOYD GIBBONS never did learn exactly why he was fired by the *Chicago Tribune* after having worked for it for fourteen years. No explanation was ever offered, and he's never been able to figure one out to his own satisfaction. It couldn't have been inefficiency, because the *Tribune* had given him a large bonus only the year before.

Whatever the reason for it, his dismissal left him at loose

ends in the middle of Europe, and practically broke into the bargain. One of the popular beliefs about reporters is true—they never have much money.

For a while he hung rather aimlessly around Europe—the Dardanelles, Bulgaria, the Balkan states—interviewing statesmen and kings, both ruling and deposed, and selling special correspondence now and (Continued on page 60)

**THE FASCINATING LIFE STORY OF A HEADLINE HUNTER
WHO'S AS WELCOME IN PALACES AS HE IS IN BARRACKS**

Life

STACKED THE CARDS

MILTON BERLE KNEW JUST ONE THING WAS TRUE WHEN HE SET OUT AT SEVEN TO SUPPORT HIS FAMILY—HE HAD TO SUCCEED

HE was seven years old. A small, thin, undernourished seven-year-old, with brown eyes too big for his face, and shoulders too narrow and slight for the weight of responsibility they had to carry.

The casting director in the Brooklyn movie studio didn't know about the responsibility, though, or care either. All he saw was an impudent, not over-clean kid, who grinned at him and answered his questions with a salty, devil-may-care insolence in his voice and in the tilt of his snub nose. The casting director hardly noticed the boy's mother, hovering in the background, and didn't think of her at all except to wonder why she didn't thrash the tar out of her young imp of Satan. He was glad she never had, because an imp of Satan was exactly what he wanted for an important part in the movie his studio was beginning.

So Milton Berle got the job—the job he simply *had* to have.

Still being the Satanic imp, he sauntered out of the office at his mother's side, whistling noisily and unconcernedly. They turned the corner. Milton looked up at Mom and winked—and she winked back. Their system had worked once more. Mom's information had said the studio wanted an ill-mannered brat for that part, and so Milton had been an ill-mannered brat when he applied for it. If Mom's advance tip-off had been that the studio wanted a little Lord Fauntleroy, Milton would have been a little Lord Fauntleroy, without that young gentleman's fancy clothes. And he'd have got that job, too, because—well, because he simply *had* to have it.

For twenty-two years, since he was six, Milton Berle has been succeeding because he had to.

There was never time for him to play. There wasn't even time for him to make the dollar or so a week other boys earned and brought home (*Continued on page 67*)

All the success that Milton enjoys today as Community Sing's star is his by right of many years of hard struggle.



Milton's mother's life is easier now. She is wearing the black Persian lamb coat her son gave her last Christmas.



Milton's father owes his life to his son. Without the medical care Milton gave him, he wouldn't be alive today.



By LOUIS UNDERWOOD

Reducing Secrets That Really Worked

by Marion Talley

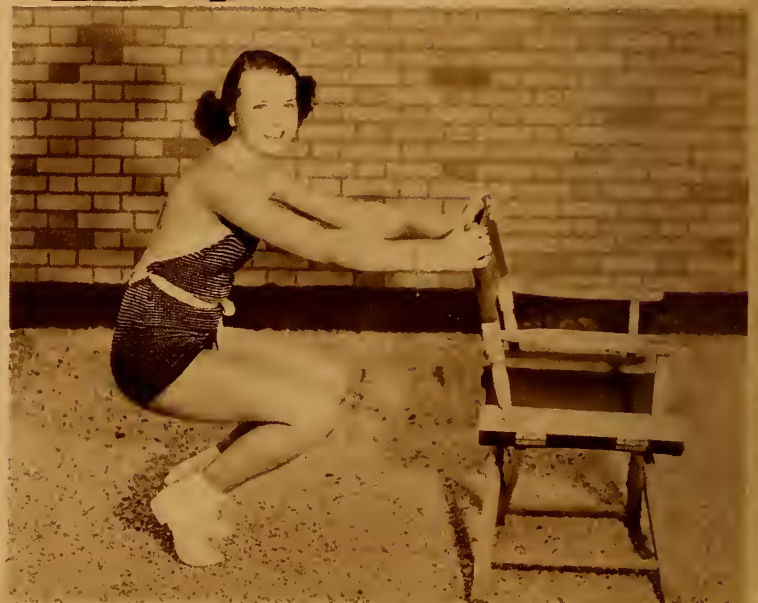
OUT here in Hollywood, where keeping slender often means keeping your job, rather than being a mere matter of having an alluring feminine figure, there are more panaceas to stave off the demon avoirdupois than one could hope to try in a life time. Most of them are high priced: most of them stress the minimum of effort, physical and mental, that they require. There are diets, plain, fancy, and freak. There are baths and massages. There are pills and powders. The woman faced with the urgent problem of losing a considerable amount of excess weight is quite naturally bewildered when she asks herself the all-important question: "How?"

In my case, as I related in *RADIO MIRROR* last month, I was faced with the immediate necessity of shelving twenty pounds. My picture contract depended upon doing it—and doing it at once. There certainly was no dearth of "experts" eager to take on the task for me at sums ranging from a few dollars to a few thousand. But it seemed to me that their methods were designed to appeal to flabby minds as well as to flabby bodies, for in almost every case *they* were to take all the effort. That didn't sound like common sense to me, for in my professional experience I had learned that it's pretty generally true nothing worth while ever is accomplished or gained without effort.

There was no reason, as far as I could see, why sound common sense shouldn't be as valuable a guide-post to reducing as to anything else. Certainly I'd never found any substitute for it. So I thrust aside all the tempting whispers of the beautiful little booklets advertising the merits of this easy system and that one, and worked out a program of my own.

It seemed to me that a simple course of exercise and a (*Continued on page 62*)

Above, Marion illustrates the first step toward a perfect figure. A glass of hot water and the juice of one lemon as soon as you get up in the morning. Next come the setting up exercises, of which there are seven, described in detail in the article. Five of the most graphic are illustrated here. At the right is number two, for the hips, which reach the correct proportions after a little of this.



**DON'T LET THOSE TWIN PROBLEMS OF WHAT TO EAT
AND HOW TO EXERCISE GET YOU DOWN—READ THIS
FAMOUS STAR'S STORY AND BEGIN TO LOSE WEIGHT**



Above is exercise three, which pulls up those tummy muscles and strengthens the legs. The toe is the important thing in this—it must be kept pointing down all the time, in order to keep the leg muscles flexed and tense. Above, right, exercise five—harder but very satisfactory if you're looking for results. You alternate the legs on this one, as you do on number three, kicking as high and as far back as possible, keeping your head up and forward, to trim the hips. Here's one warning—don't expect to be perfect on this stunt the first time.

Below, left, is number six, which is the same kind of exercise you used to be able to do only with an expensive swimming machine. Here an ordinary chair takes the place of the machine, and the results are just as satisfactory, according to Marion. You must kick with your left leg as you stroke with your right arm. The last exercise (below) calls for persistence. It's a tough one to do, as you can see by looking at Marion's pose. Don't fail to follow the complete diet which you'll find in the article. It supplements the exercises.



Fashions from the Stars



Chosen by the director of NBC's La Salle Fashion Show from the smart Saks Fifth Avenue store in New York, the dresses shown here seem to be the stuff that spring-time dreams are made of. The yellow crinkle crepe evening gown above is glamorous with its wide belt and dramatically full skirt. Its twisted neckline is softly flattering, and broad shoulder straps reach the waist.

**GAY AS SPRING ITSELF ARE
THE NEW DRESSES CHOSEN BY
CHARLES LE MAIRE AND MOD-
ELED BY HARRIET HILLIARD**

Left, for travel or town, Harriet is wearing a three-piece monotone suit in powder blue and brown. A plain tailored skirt matches the cape, which is shoulder fitting and comfortable. The stitched collar is clasped by a chain at the neck. Schiaparelli clips fasten the jacket, which boasts four pockets and a stitched belt. Left below, another view of this ensemble with the cape off. The white silk shantung dress below is what you'll be wearing when the weather turns from balmy to hot. It's gaily embroidered all over with white and royal blue flowers, with a blue leather belt matching the blue silk turban. The sleeves are short and puffed, and there's a bow at the center of the round collar.



For the list of stores where these dresses can be purchased, see pg. 10.

Harriet Hilliard is ready for a dinner for two—or for twenty-two—in the flowing chiffon gown at the left. The puffed shoulders accent the flattering drape of the bodice, while the sleeves gather to fall just below the elbows. The full skirt is studded with rhinestones. Kay Morrison designed the dinner dress below, with its small flower buds on a black background. Five tiny bows fan the bodice in the back, above the gently flaring peplum. The front line of the dress is straight, and the skirt, flaring near the bottom, preserves Harriet's slim silhouette.



Left, a Kay Morrison afternoon dress of black silk crepe with diagonal pin tucks darting out from the center line of the bodice, and a full flared skirt. White taffeta edges the cuffs and front of the collar, while a zipper closing is also a trim at the back of the neck. The belt is trimmed with patent leather. Harriet's scarf is made from four sable skins—sufficient protection from spring breezes.



**SPRING AND EASTER
ARE IN THE AIR—
LET LOVELY LILY
PONS SHOW YOU
WAYS TO CAST
OFF THAT WIN-
TER DULLNESS
AND DRABNESS**



RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.

WALK IN
Beauty

By

JOYCE ANDERSON

HAPPY EASTER! How much those words can mean to a feminine world weary of winter and indoor life, hungry for the beauty and gaiety and freedom of spring (and simply dying for a chance to wear those spruce new Easter outfits.) The joyous spirit moves housewives, debutantes, office and factory workers—and prima donnas and movie stars, too, as I discovered when I hurried out to Silvermine, Connecticut, to see if one of the most smartly

dressed women of three continents (Europe and both North and South America) and three professions (opera, screen and radio) could be induced to tell us her fashion secrets for spring.

I found Lily Pons in the lovely walled garden of her country home, a demure whitewashed brick building modeled after an old French farmhouse. The petite star was busily engaged in dragging a ragged (*Continued on page 98*)

RADIO MIRROR RAPID

SUNDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Church of the Air.
 NBC-Blue: Cloister Bells.
 NBC-Red: Sabbath Reveries.
- 10:30
 CBS: Romany Trail.
- 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: Tudent Dress Rehearsal.
- 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: Moscow Sleigh Bells.
 NBC-Red: Southernaires.
- 12:30 P.M.
 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle.
 MBS: Ted Weems Orchestra.
 NBC-Blue: Music Hall of the Air
 NBC-Red: University of Chicago
 Round Table Discussion.
- 1:00
 CBS: Church of the Air
 NBC-Red: Dorothy Oreslin
- 1:30
 CBS: Eddie Dunstetter
 NBC-Blue: Our Neighbors.
 NBC-Red: Melody Matinee.
- 2:00
 CBS: Music of the Theatre
 MBS: The Lamplighter.
 NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA.
 NBC-Red: Landt Trio
- 2:30
 NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt mysteries.
- 2:45
 CBS: Cook's Tours.
- 3:00
 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic
 NBC-Blue: Captain Diamond.
 NBC-Red: Metropolitan Auditions.
- 3:30
 NBC-Blue: Lee Sullivan.
 NBC-Red: Grand Hotel.
- 4:00
 NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers.
 NBC-Red: Penthouse Serenade.
- 4:30
 NBC-Blue: Fishface and Figgs-
 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: Stoopnagle and Budd.
 NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
 CBS: Joe Penner.
 MBS: Feenamint Program.
 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour.
- 6:30
 CBS: Rubinoff, Jan Peerce.
 NBC-Red: A Tale of Today.
- 7:00
 CBS: Professor Quiz.
 NBC-Blue: Helen Traubel.
 NBC-Red: Jack Benny.
- 7:30
 CBS: Phil Baker.
 NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson, Bob Rip-
 ley.
 NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals.
- 7:45
 NBC-Red: Sunset Dreams.
- 8:00
 CBS: Nelson Eddy.
 NBC-Blue: Musical Comedy Revue.
 NBC-Red: Do You Want to be an
 Actor?
- 8:30
 CBS: Eddie Cantor.
 NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago.
- 9:00
 CBS: Ford Sunday Hour.
 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell.
 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-
 Round.
- 9:15
 NBC-Blue: Rippling Rhythm Revue
- 9:30
 NBC-Red: American Album of
 Familiar Music.
- 9:45
 NBC-Blue: Edwin C. Hill.
- 10:00
 CBS: Gillette Community Sing.
 NBC-Red: General Motors Sym-
 phony.
- 10:30
 NBC-Blue: Romance of '76.

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: Ma Perkins.
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
 CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45
 CBS: News.
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.
 NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
 NBC-Red: Oavid 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. 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 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.
- 1:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories.
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 2:00
 CBS: Kathryn Cravens.
- 2:15
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:45
 CBS: Myrt and Marge.
 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.
- 4:45
 CBS: The Guiding Light.
- 5:00
 CBS: Junior Nurse Corps.
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over.
- 5:15
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
 CBS: Dorothy Gordon
- 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.
- 6:15
 CBS: News of Youth.
- 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
 NBC-Blue: Bughouse Rhythm.
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
 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: Sweetest Love Songs.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone.
- 9:00
 CBS: Lux Radio Theater.
 MBS: Gabriel Heatter.
 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-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: Ma Perkins.
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
 CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:35
 CBS: News.
- 10:45
 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 Marlin.
- 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 12:45
 CBS: Rich Man's Oarling.
- 1:00
 CBS: Jack Berch.
- 1:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories.
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 2:15
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:45
 CBS: Myrt and Marge.
 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.
- 4:30
 NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes.
 NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 4:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light.
- 5:00
 NBC-Blue: Your Health.
 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.
- 6:30
 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: Ma and Pa.
 NBC-Blue: Tastyest Jesters.
 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties.
- 7:30
 CBS: Alexander Woolcott.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
 NBC-Blue: Vivian della Chiesa.
 NBC-Red: Henrik W. Van Loon.
- 8:00
 CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall.
 NBC-Blue: Log Cabin Dude Ranch.
 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
- 8:30
 CBS: Al Jolson.
 MBS: Listen to This.
 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest.
 NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00
 CBS: Al Pearce.
 MBS: Gabriel Heatter.
 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie.
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson.
- 9:30
 CBS: Jack Oakie.
 MBS: True Detective Mystery.
 NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives.
 NBC-Red: Fred Astaire.
- 10:00
 NBC-Blue: Armo Concert Band.
- 10:30
 NBC-Red: Jimmie 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: Ma Perkins.
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
 CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:35
 CBS: News.
- 10:45
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.
 NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
 NBC-Red: Oavid 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. Dafoe.
 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.
- 12:45
 CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
- 1:00
 CBS: Five Star Revue.
- 1:30
 CBS: George Rector.
- 1:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories.
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 2:00
 CBS: Kathryn Cravens.
- 2:30
 NBC-Blue: Jean Dickenson.
- 2:45
 CBS: Myrt and Marge.
 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.
- 4:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light.
- 5:00
 CBS: Junior Nurse Corps.
 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.
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- 6:30
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 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies.
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
 NBC-Blue: Tastyest Jesters.
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
 MBS: The Lone Ranger.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
 CBS: Cavalcade of America.
 NBC-Blue: Beatrice Lillie.
 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.
 NBC-Blue: Professional Parade
 NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight.
- 9:30
 CBS: Beauty Box Theatre.
- 10:00
 CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord.
 NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade.
- 10:30
 NBC-Red: Gladys Swarthout.

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON

Meri Bell in her very smart kitchen frock, gives her announcer-husband, Dell Sharbutt, some cooking hints.



Model kitchen by Macy's

By
**MRS. MARGARET
SIMPSON**

Brighten your meals WITH CANNED MILK

THEY met in October—they were married in March. That sounds like a romance record even in the 20th Century, but not to Meri Bell and Dell Sharbutt, radio veterans in their twenties and accustomed to a schedule of rush and hurry to meet rehearsal and broadcast appointments. Meri Bell, you know, is the singing star of Five Star Revue, on CBS Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at one

o'clock; and Dell is the announcer of several popular programs, including Guy Lombardo's Tea Time half-hour, Ma and Pa, Broadway Varieties, and the Sweetest Love Songs Ever Sung.

"It sounds crazy, I suppose," Meri Bell explained in that throaty contralto of hers, "but actually it was crazier than that. I'd returned to Chicago (*Continued on page 75*)

**HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES—TRY THIS SURE AND SIMPLE WAY
OF PREPARING YOUR PET RECIPES FOR NEW TASTE THRILLS**

A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

TOP OF THE TOWN

BRILLIANT BEAUTY! GORGEOUS GIRLS! SPARKLING SPLENDOR!

Busy With Entertainment!

George Murphy • Doris Nolan
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude
Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

LOU BROCK
Associate Producer

RALPH MURPHY
Director

Songs You'll Rave About!

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling
Coming On" • "There Are
No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To Be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where Are You?" "Jamboree"

CHARLES R. ROGERS Executive
Producer

Here is the committee who decides which letter writers are to appear on We, the People.



What ?

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ?

WERE you an "April Fool" baby? Eddy Duchin is the only one we know of in radio born on April first. Then, there's Jerry Cooper; he was born on the third. Walter Winchell was an April baby, having made his appearance on the seventh day. Page Gilman of One Man's Family entered the world on the 18th, and so did Betty Winkler, some years later. We find that Joan Blaine celebrates her birthday on the 28th of April and Frank Parker on the 29th.

The above picture shows the People's committee who plan We, The People air show. Left to right: Evelyn MacDonald, high school girl; John Atterbury, businessman; Phillips H. Lord, program producer; Mrs. Ellen Underhill, housewife; and Laurence McGourty, mechanic. On the recommendations of this People's Committee, who read all the letters sent in by listeners, average citizens from every

part of the country are brought to New York, all expenses paid, to tell their unusual stories over the NBC-Blue network, Sundays at 5 o'clock.

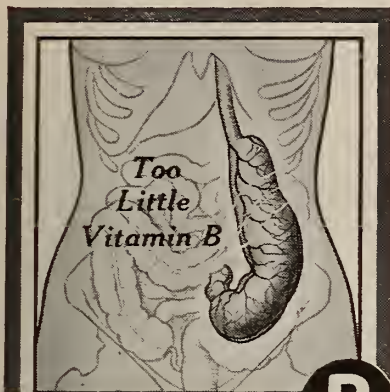
Mae, Providence, Rhode Island—Fred Von Ammon plays the part of Terry Moran in Today's Children, and Jean McGregor takes the part of Dorothy Moran. On Girl Alone, Leo Warner is portrayed by Willard Waterman.

M. P., Wrightstown, N. J.—In case you haven't found the Maybelline program since writing me, tune in the NBC Red network Sunday at 4 p. m. It's called Penthouse Serenade.

Kitty B., Bay Head, N. J.—An apology to you, Kitty, for a bit of wrong information. Address Kate Smith in care of the Columbia Broadcasting (Continued on page 102)

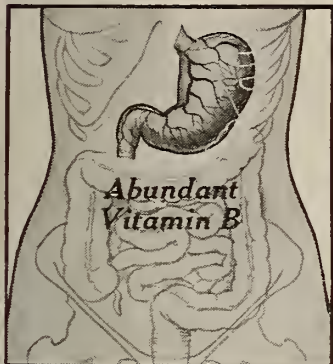
FOR INTIMATE INFORMATION YOU CAN'T GET ANY PLACE ELSE, ASK THE ORACLE, WHO ANSWERS YOUR HARDEST QUESTIONS ABOUT STARS AND SHOWS HERE

You Can't Count On Meals Alone For Vitamins You Need



A shortage of Vitamin B results in fallen stomach, flabby intestines, and many nervous disorders.

B

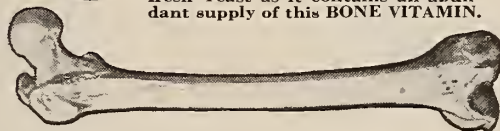


A daily supply of Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN—is important to keep stomach, bowels and intestines strong and active—and assure steady nerves. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly to make sure you get enough Vitamin B. It is one of the foods richest in this essential vitamin.



Not Enough Vitamin D

The crooked bone above shows what can happen when there is an under-supply of Vitamin D—THE BONE VITAMIN. Note the deformity—the enlarged joint, and the porous texture.



Plenty of Vitamin D

An ample supply of Vitamin D should be had by mothers during pregnancy and while nursing to assure her child strong, straight bones and good teeth. Mothers should eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast as it contains an abundant supply of this BONE VITAMIN.

Yet a Shortage of Even ONE Vitamin in Your Diet Can Lead to Impaired Health. By Eating a CONCENTRATED Supply of These 4 Vitamins EVERY DAY You Don't Need to Worry About Getting Enough of Them at Mealtimes

EACH separate vitamin has its own special part to play in helping to keep you healthy. No one vitamin can take the place of any other.

Yet—our ordinary meals, dietitians say, often fall short in one or more of these necessary food elements.

That's why today more and more people are increasing their supply of four of these food essentials by eating FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST.

This *one food* added to the diet assures an *extra* supply of 4 essential vitamins, A, B, D and G. *No other single food* gives you such an abundant supply of *all 4* of these vitamins at once.

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water. *You need the added* daily vitamins this tonic food provides. Start eating it *regularly*—today!

Too Little Vitamin G Means Poor Growth

Diet Ample in Vitamin G

G



When children are weak, thin and poorly developed, it is often a sign their meals do not provide enough of Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN. A plentiful supply of this essential vitamin is especially important to assure proper development of the body tissues. Fleischmann's Yeast is very rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.



INSUFFICIENT VITAMIN A lowers resistance to infections of the nose and throat—contributes to frequent colds. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast and keep up your supply of this valuable vitamin.



THE SUPERB PHYSICAL strength and vigorous health of Herman Brix—Champion Shot-Putter—prove he gets an abundant supply of the 4 important health-building vitamins, A, B, D and G.



The Richest Food Source of these combined Vitamins A, B, D and G

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 10)



Don't be a fade-out!

SAYS



Jane Heath

• Do you always seem to fade into the background when some more glamorous girl arrives? Don't let her get away with it! A woman's most expressive feature is always her eyes . . . so play yours up! A careful touch of SHADETTE on the outside corners of your eyelids is absolutely imperceptible in daylight, but how it does bring out the natural color of your eyes! SHADETTE offers 12 subtle tints, with gold and silver for evening. 75c.



then use this

• BUT be sure you let your lashes do their part to put you in the foreground. Darken them mysteriously with LASHINT compact mascara. It comes in a purse-size little case with a sponge compartment so you can whisk it out ready to use at any moment. And it insures even, natural applications. Black, brown, blue or green to choose from. \$1.



and always this

• Most important of all! KURLASH, to curl eyelashes so that eyes look bigger, brighter, more glamorous! Just slip your lashes into KURLASH, a neat little gadget that, in 30 seconds, has your lashes curled for all day—without heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1.

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: JANE HEATH, Dept. E-4
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)

The boys are broadcasting six half-hours a week for Kellogg's cereal, and three quarter-hours a week for the Ford Dealers of Iowa. And besides, they are broadcasting through WCCO in Minneapolis.

In other words, Gene and Glenn are busy, but no busier than we've been, trying to keep from under the mail the article started our way.

* * *

SWINGING BACK HOME

St. Louis: It really isn't news any more when a local boy makes good, but when the boy returns and takes the old home town by popular storm, that's news.

That's what happened when Eddie Dunstedter, nationally known organist, returned to his native St. Louis and KMOX with his Swing Session, sponsored by the St. Louis Ford dealers.

Introducing a new combination of instruments for the air, an electric organ, violin, clarinet, bass fiddle and guitar, Eddie's new swing ensemble is giving KMOX listeners a thrice weekly treat. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9:30 P. M. CST. All numbers are special arrangements by Dunstedter and each program features a number by the console artist himself. Stuart Johnson is the vocal soloist.

Dunstedter, who just completed a long engagement at the Park-Plaza Hotel in St. Louis, has headed his own orchestra throughout the country, and along with his present Swing Session is heard several times weekly on the CBS network from KMOX.

* * *

THE BRIARHOPPERS

Way down South in Charlotte, N. C. everybody agrees upon one thing. That is an old saw which, when set with new teeth, goes like this: Versatility, thy name is Briarhopper. And to prove it, in case you seem skeptical or perplexed at their assurance, they simply tell you to tune in WBT at four o'clock any afternoon and judge for yourself.

And then is when you agree they are right. At five o'clock, we mean, after you've spent an enjoyable hour listening to WBT's Briarhopper Band.

Led by Dad Briarhopper, Johnny "Mac" McAllister, these eight hill billies just don't give a hoot which instrument they happen to fish out of the pile before the program starts, because any Briarhopper can play any instrument well, and does before the program is over. And if that isn't proof enough of their versatility, they all sing in the same gifted manner. The mature-voiced male members can step to the microphone and do a pleasing job whether the script calls for a twanging hill billy rendition, a quartet part, solo, or opera. While the girls' voices are sure-fire in any type of song, in both solo and combination singing.

Who are these talented Briarhoppers? Well, there's Dad and Minnie and Billie and Homer and . . . but why not take a peek at the picture and really meet the folks. Fans, the Briarhoppers.

* * *

HOBBY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

If you are a hobby hound, and who isn't, you will enjoy Fort Wayne, Indiana's WGL Hobbies Program at 8:00 P. M., CST, each week day. At this hour WGL gives you a chance to bring your hobby out for an airing, because you may be one of the persons selected by the announcer to explain the whys and wherefores of your particular hobby.

And what a radio get-together that would be if WGL could gather all of its brothers and sisters of the hobbyphone from coast to coast, who are hobby enthusiasts. Among them would be Chicago's WBBM entrants:

Eric Sagerquist, musical director of Gold Medal Feature Time programs, whose hobby is wrestling. No, Eric wouldn't be grunting and groaning before the mike, his hobby is only watching the wrestlers do that. He claims he inherits it from his father who was a wrestler . . . And WBBM's announcer Paul Luther goes in for saving 1936 dimes, which sounds like a hobby we could all use.

Over at WLW in Cincinnati having a hobby even seems to be a hobby. Actor Franklin Bingham enjoys one that, if it were a holiday instead of a hobby, would be known as a busman's. Franklin's hobby is radio. Radio engineering, to be exact. And what's more, he can step into a studio control room and handle a program expertly. . . . Betty Lee Arnold, heard in WLW's True Detective Mysteries, writes short stories. Now if Betty can make a hobby of selling them, she's really got something. . . . Larry Lynn of WLW's vocal duo, Larry and Sue, raises chow dogs at his home in Dayton, Ohio. Why couldn't it have been horses, Larry, so we could have gotten in the one about hobby horses?

Hollywood would of course be a little different and there KNX's chief announcer Tommy Freebairn-Smith leans toward inventing for his hobbying. Just to give you an idea of Tommy's interest in the well-being of mankind, his latest is a device to insure all day smoking in a telephone booth without asphyxiation. The invention consists of a four foot rubber tube, one end of which is slipped under the door and the other end has a mouth piece through which you exhale the smoke. When rolled up the contraction fits in the owner's pocket inconspicuously, which is what we especially like about it.

Although being a collector may not come under the classification of hobbies, it has always rated as a second cousin in our book, and that makes a couple of the boys at WBT in Charlotte, N. C. eligible. There, station artist Jack Phipps is a stamp collector, but where Jack stops, announcer Arthur Whiteside begins. Arthur collects anything that ever has been, or ever will be collected by anybody, anywhere. Rocks, buttons, pins, books, Stop-and-Go signs, horseshoes, anything, not to mention hundreds of arrowheads he has picked up here and there. There's a hobby that should break a fellow of the habit of paddling around the house bare-footed in the dark.

And that, WGL, concludes our small offering to your Hobbies Program. You get them all to the microphone and we'll promise to listen.

* * *

PROSPERITY NOTES

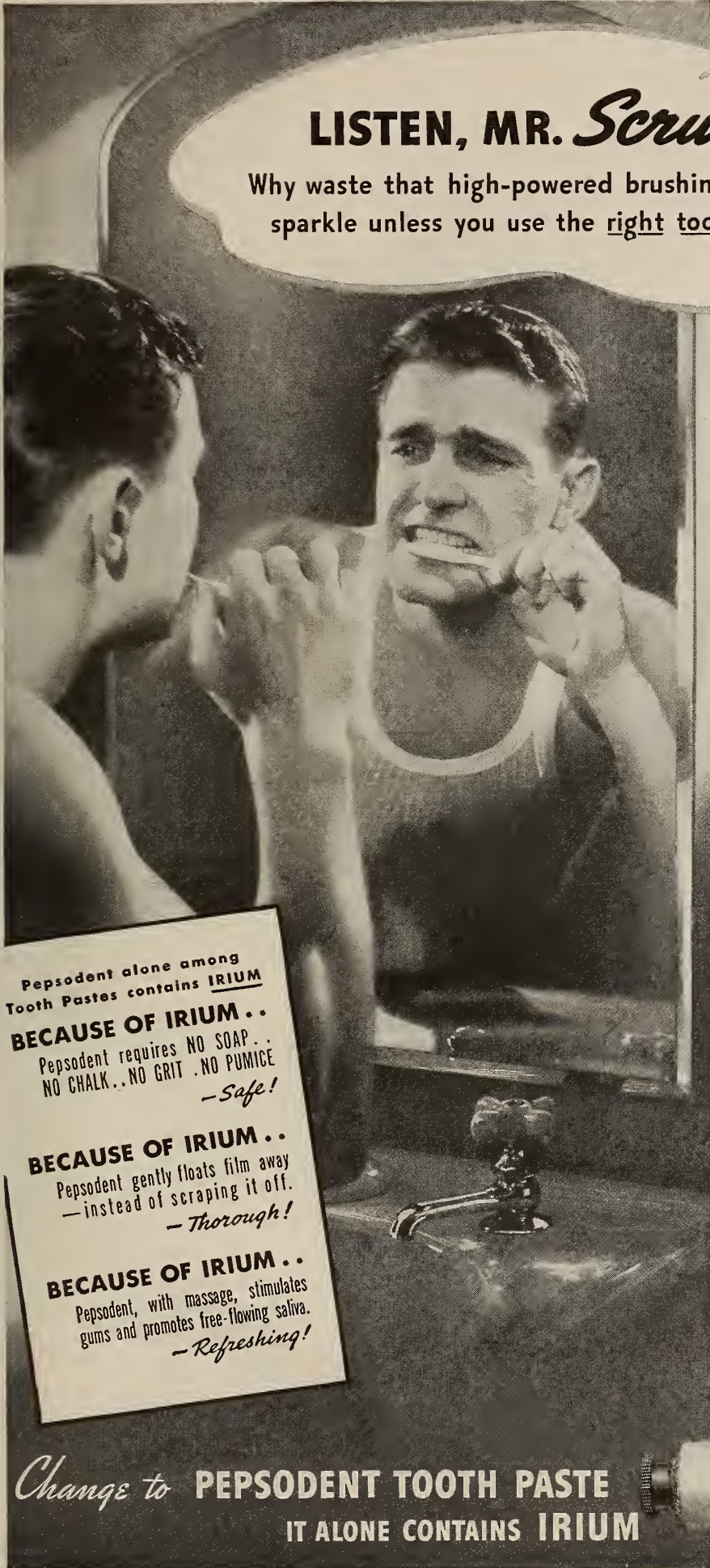
Raleigh, N. C.: WPTF broke all its previous station fan mail records in 1936, the postman delivering more than 65,000 cards and letters to their door during the year. It was also the most remunerative year in WPTF's history, and 1937 started out with commercials increasing hourly.

Los Angeles: That Ben Sweetland, Your Friendly Counsellor over KHJ, is a radio artist in prosperity's clothing cannot be denied. Ben's sponsor, the National Life and Accident Insurance Company, increased the number of their officers by two

(Continued on page 61)

LISTEN, MR. *Scrub-Hard,*

Why waste that high-powered brushing? Your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste, too!



Change to
**PEPSODENT
 TOOTH PASTE**
containing
IRIUM

**Gently removes film . . . wins
 flashing new luster . . . makes
 daily brushing extra effective!**

Are you one of the Disappointed Scrub-Hards who brush faithfully day after day—yet still have dingy, film-stained teeth? . . . Then here's *news* for you. Now proper brushing gets *results*—in teeth that sparkle with natural brilliance!

*New Pepsodent ingredient ends
 disappointment*

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—steps up cleansing efficiency and provides smooth *washing* action instead of hard abrasion. IRIUM makes Pepsodent a wonderful tooth paste. One that responds *instantly* to your brush—penetrates between teeth—speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like *magic*.

It's an amazing advance in tooth hygiene! You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing is *useful*. Your teeth quickly win that glowing luster that everyone *notices*.

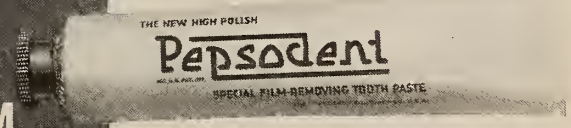
If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it. The days of Scrub-Hard Disappointment will be over!

Pepsodent alone among
 Tooth Pastes contains **IRIUM**
BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
 Pepsodent requires **NO SOAP . . .**
NO CHALK . . . NO GRIT . NO PUMICE
—Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
 Pepsodent gently floats film away
 —instead of scraping it off.
—Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
 Pepsodent, with massage, stimulates
 gums and promotes free-flowing saliva.
—Refreshing!

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



All Pepsodent now on sale
 contains IRIUM.

The Personal History of Floyd Gibbons, Adventurer

(Continued from page 44)

then to American newspapers. There didn't seem to be much fun in going out after the big stories any more, now that he no longer owed loyalty to one paper. He felt unwanted, lost, and wished he were back in the United States. But, he thought in the next breath, what would he do if he were?

Joseph Medill Patterson, whom Floyd describes as "a great soldier, a great statesman, a great author, a great publisher, and a great man," came to his rescue, and gave him an object for his Irish heart to tie its loyalty to once more. Patterson, founder and at that time publisher of *Liberty*, gave him the assignment of writing the history of von Richthofen, Germany's famed war ace.

The job took Floyd a year to complete, and the story ran in *Liberty* under the title of "The Red Knight of Germany." No doubt you read it. Most of America did.

IN order to get the information he had to spend weeks digging into Germany's official war records, visiting von Richthofen's mother, schoolmates, friends. Then he had to go to France and England, check over war records there, compare, conjecture, piece together the unbelievable flying history of that daring, cruel, relentless aviator. In doing all this, he accomplished one thing which made him very happy. He was able to tell dozens of French and English mothers what had become of their sons.

Allied aviators, shot down behind the German lines by von Richthofen, had been entered by their own command simply as "lost in action." Now, by comparing records, Floyd knew who had shot them down, and where—and often, where they were buried.

In 1927 Floyd came back to America, his brain full of a scheme to make the first airplane flight from the United States to Panama. Nobody knows, now, why he thought this was such a colossal idea. He doesn't know himself. However, nothing came of it. A plane which could have made the flight would have cost, at that time, \$100,000, and Floyd couldn't find a backer who was willing to spend that much money.

Patterson once more turned the Gibbons energies into more productive channels by asking him to write a series of articles on pacifism for *Liberty*. Floyd balked at the idea. What, he demanded, could you say in an article about pacifism, except that peace was a good thing? He then offered Patterson a much better idea—better and harder to carry out. He offered to write an imaginative history of the next world war.

It was called "The Red Napoleon," as no doubt you remember, and although it was imaginative, and its time was the future, lots of facts went into the story. Floyd had a European army invading the United States by way of Canada, and before he wrote a line he went up to Canada and followed his fictitious army's route himself.

The movements of the troops, as described in "The Red Napoleon," are all based upon actual geographical facts, taking into consideration road conditions, weather, terrain, and other natural factors. It all proves fairly conclusively that the United States *could* be invaded through Canada. And some of the things Floyd predicted in that book have come true—for instance, world economic unrest, the election of President Hoover, and his defeat after one term.

After the completion of "The Red Napoleon" Floyd went with Patterson and his daughter on the world's first cruise of an air yacht. The plane, a huge thing, belonged to Patterson, and in it they went from Miami on an almost entire circuit of the Caribbean Sea—Havana, Santiago, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Jamaica, Cuba again, and back to Florida.

Practically everything happened to the party that could happen. In Haiti their pilot developed diphtheria and had to go into the pest-house while they sent for another. They landed at Havana in the midst of a tropical storm. The plane caught fire while they were in Jamaica, and sent one of their crew to the hospital; and to cap the climax, an engine exploded while they were in the air above San Juan. If they hadn't been so near land they might never have been heard of again.

The Story So Far: As far back as his boyhood days in Washington and Minneapolis, Floyd Gibbons always wanted to be in the midst of all the excitement. This led naturally to being a reporter, although his family opposed his choice of a career. His first big job was covering the bandit revolution in Mexico led by Pancho Villa, and his graphic reports to the Chicago Tribune soon made him that paper's star roving reporter. The Tribune sent him to Europe just before America entered the World War, and he was on the liner *Laconia* when it was torpedoed and sunk by German submarines. His story of that disaster had much to do with arousing public opinion in America toward declaring war on Germany. Almost until the end of the war, Floyd remained in France as the Tribune's correspondent—until he was wounded and returned to America with a white patch where his left eye had been. After the war he was head of the Tribune's Paris bureau and editor of its Paris edition, as well as being ready at all times to pack his bags and head for any spot in Europe where news was in the making. Once he managed to get into Russia, during the famine there, while all other foreign correspondents were kept bottled up at Riga waiting for permission to enter from the Soviet government. Later he journeyed across the Sahara to Timbuctoo, just to tell the world, which had been reading the novel, "The Sheik," exactly what real sheiks were like. In 1925 his mother died in Paris, and Floyd returned to the United States with her body. Then he went back to Europe, still working for the Tribune—until one day in Bucharest, when he suddenly received notice that he'd been fired.

Floyd had broadcast, you'll remember, over WGN in Chicago, while he was still working for the *Tribune*, but it was in 1929 that his career as a radio star really began. He went on the NBC network as The Headline Hunter, a sustaining feature. His program was just newspaper shop talk, made up of the sort of yarns reporters love to swap when they get together, but it caught on at once. Floyd had rather thought it would, for he remembered the eagerness with which his mother had always listened when he told her what he had done to get this news story or that.

FROM his sustaining program he progressed to a five-times-a-week series sponsored by the *Literary Digest*. It was the most fun he'd had since he'd worked for the *Tribune*. In fifteen minutes he put on the air a whole daily newspaper—headlines, features, editorials, comics, household hints, even ads when he read the commercial announcement. That type of news program isn't new now, of course, but it was then, for Floyd was its originator. Most of today's news commenta-

tors owe their basic formula to him.

The *Digest* program started the characteristic Gibbons rapid-fire speech, too. Normally, Floyd doesn't speak rapidly at all. On the air—well, you know as well as I do how fast he talks there. Here's the reason: In 1929 and 1930 there were so many interesting things happening in the world that Floyd had to tell about them all. He just couldn't bear to leave any of them out. So he made his scripts longer and longer, and read them faster and faster, until finally he was delivering between 4,000 and 5,000 words in a fifteen-minute period. Soon his style of delivery became his trademark, and he has kept it ever since.

More sponsored programs followed—General Electric's House of Magic, and then the Libby Owens glass company program. In each of them Floyd conducted a campaign, just as recently in his Nash Speedshow he campaigned against allowing the United States to be dragged into the Spanish rebellion.

On the House of Magic he campaigned for more widespread understanding of the value of science to our daily life, and on the glass company show he hammered at the necessity for safety glass in all automobiles. Both projects tied up very nicely with his sponsor's plans, of course, but with the glass company he talked himself out of a job.

He kept pointing out how many deaths were caused by ordinary glass in automobiles until women's clubs and other organizations throughout the country took up the cry for shatterproof glass. At the end of fifty weeks the largest manufacturers of motor cars in the country, who had always made their own non-safety glass, signed a contract with Floyd's sponsors to supply them with all the safety glass they needed. After that the sponsors didn't need a radio program any more—they were too busy making glass.

THE winter of 1931 came, and with it Japan's invasion of Manchuria. It was too much for Floyd, who had been living too peacefully for too long, and he was off to Vancouver to sail across the Pacific. He crossed the ocean with Will Rogers, and flew with him across Japan and Korea before parting from him and striking up through China to Mukden, which was occupied by the Japanese.

Never in his life had he been so cold. The wind, sweeping across hundreds of miles of frozen snow, cut through furs and heavy quilted felt. There was no escaping it.

Even the men in the armies, used as they were to hardships, suffered terribly from the sub-zero weather. It was impossible for them to touch their rifles with their bare hands without having the cold bite deeply into the flesh. Floyd, marching with the Japanese army, was worse off than the men. After days of cold, he would retire to the barracks where the natives could, apparently be comfortable—but even in them he almost froze to death.

And there were three months of this for him to look forward to!

Next month, this life story of a roving reporter draws to its exciting close—see how news is made, read how Floyd in a glorious burst of luck cracked the biggest, world-wide, front-page story of the year; go with him from dangerous Shanghai to the battlefields of Ethiopia and then back home to his two radio programs. Don't miss it, all in the May issue of RADIO MIRROR.

(Continued from page 58)

in Southern California and added at least fifty men to their various office staffs during his past year of "friendly counselling."

* * *

BRIDES, GROOMS, ETC.

Los Angeles: KHJ's production staff member Wayne Griffin and Elinor Warren Huntsberger, concert pianist, have been Mr. and Mrs. since December 12th. . . . When filling out a Social Security blank recently, KHJ's technician Ted Bliss gave his station pals the first intimation of the November wedding which made Miss Frances Maher his wife.

Charlotte, N. C.: Grady Cole, WBT's Comet Rice comic philosopher, Ford newscaster and Stewart-Warner commentator, recently surprised the station staff by announcing his marriage to Miss Helen Sisson of Norwood, Ga. . . .

Chicago: About the time the happy couples above were honeymooning, WBBM tenor Jack Brooks and his wife (Helen Keppler of the CBS Chicago music library) were enjoying their first wedding anniversary.

* * *

OUR HELPING HAND DEPARTMENT

Chicago: Cheri McKay of WBBM's Sunday noon broadcasts, News with Music, would like to know the name of the unknown fan who sends her those American Beauty roses before each program.

Cincinnati: While announcing the Stumpus Club over WLW, Tom Slater bemoaned the fact, on the air, that he was still single while Charlie Dameron, singer, was the papa of a new baby son.

Since, Slater's mail has been loaded with proposals daily, but the prize was from a listener who wrote: "I'm not speaking for myself, but for my cousin. She'd make you a fine wife."

Cincinnati: Vicki Chase, WLW soprano, likes nothing better than French onion soup. You're welcome, Vicki.

* * *

RADIOS AND AHS

Like the proverbial step in the dark, a radio voice is liable to land anywhere, and do anything.

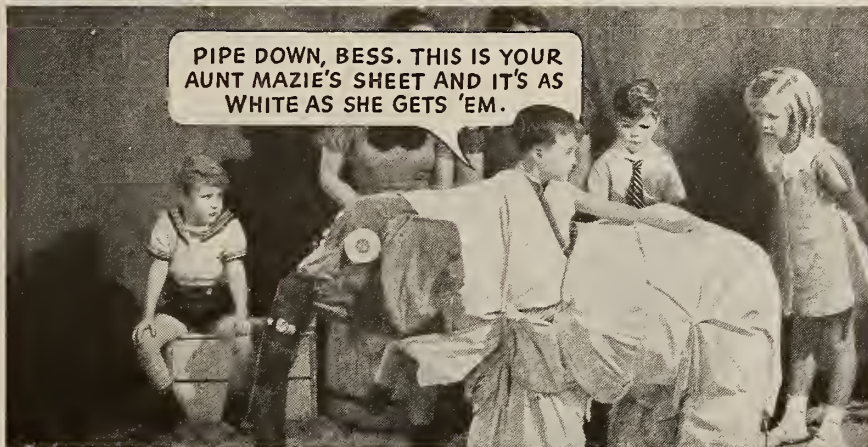
Take the case of the Nashville attorney who sought M. . . . L. . . . (name on request, so help Jack Harris, who told us the story) to inform her of an estate awaiting her signature. Her signature had to be on the dotted line by a certain date or the estate forfeited.

With the deadline three days away, the attorney, in desperation, bought an announcement over Nashville's WSM. The announcement was made at 5:30 p. m. and in less than two hours the attorney had a telegram from Mississippi, signed by the party he sought and dated exactly one hour after the time of the broadcast. Jack forgot to tell us the size of the estate, but we did see the telegram.

Then there was the Ken-rad Unsolved Mysteries program over WLW in Cincinnati. In one script the continuity writer had a suspect fictitiously named Roger Anderson, and as fast as it could be done, from Mitchell, S. D. came this letter:

"Your unsolved mystery drama of November 15th was very good, and though I tuned in too late to get all the details to enable me to solve the mystery, I can help solve it by the process of elimination.

"I will now take the stand in my own behalf. I swear that Roger Anderson was not the murderer. I know for I am Roger Anderson . . . I am writing to clear my good name of the stain of murder and to tell you I enjoy your programs very much."



FEW WEEKS LATER



COPY. 1937 FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

CREATE A NEW "YOU"



WITH A NEW POWDER SHADE! A New Face Powder Shade May Give You a New Personality—a New Glamour—a New Charm!

By *Lady Esther*

You know what color in clothes can do for you. One color puts you out like a light. Another makes you look and feel your best.

But no color in clothes has half as much effect on your personality as your face powder shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-blood part of you.

Yet thousands of women and girls are actually wearing the *wrong* shade of face powder. Every morning they commit beauty-suicide, right in front of their own mirrors. They quench their personality, destroy what ought to be their glamour and charm—with a dull, drab, dead shade of face powder!

Far better, I say, to use no powder at all, than to bury yourself alive under such a disguise!

Use the Magic of Color!

Yet for each of these girls and women—for you, too—there is a *right* shade of face powder. It won't subtract from your beauty. Nor will it leave you just as you were. No! This right shade will add the magic of living, glowing color. It will flatter you, glorify you, create right before your eyes a new "you" that you never dreamed you could be!

The reason you haven't found this right shade long ago is probably because you've been choosing according to your "type"—a blonde should wear this, a brunette that. *This is all*

wrong! You aren't a type. You're yourself. And how lovely that self can be—how vivid, alive and alight—you'll never know till you try on all five of my basic shades in Lady Esther Face Powder.

See for Yourself!

To let you prove this to yourself, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of cost.

When you have tried all five shades and have discovered the one that was made just for you, you will be instantly aware of many things. You will see a new glow, a new warmth in your skin. You will see a new beauty in your face, in line as well as color. You will see a new radiance about your entire person.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Your mere request on the coupon below brings them to you postpaid and free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, I will also send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(32)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

Reducing Secrets That Really Worked

(Continued from page 46)

rational diet ought to do the trick for any normal person whose only fault in the past has been neglect or perhaps carelessness, so I worked on that premise. Its success has been so notable that I am glad to pass it along to other women, especially in view of the fact that it requires no expenditure; only a little good old-fashioned discipline, and that the diet needn't interfere with regular family menus.

First, a word of warning. There are two factors: the diet and the exercise. They are of equal importance. You cannot, for instance, exercise twice as much as I do, and eat anything you happen to want. Nor, on the other hand, can you eat half as much as I eat, and take no exercise. Exercise and diet go hand in hand, and the rules you set down for yourself must be adhered to faithfully. That is where the discipline comes in. It is hard to be one's own taskmaster. Indeed, I am quite aware that for the average woman the job is harder than that which faced me. For with me, it was a case of reduce—or else. It meant my career, my livelihood. It is so easy for the average woman to say, "Oh, well. I'll start tomorrow."

LET us start at the very beginning, rising in the morning. First, I slip into a bathing suit, sneakers, and a robe. I squeeze and strain the juice of one lemon into a glass of hot water and drink it. This early morning tonic acts as a blood cleanser and purifier, and tones up the system generally.

I go immediately to the roof of my hotel for my exercises. Of course, I realize that only those living in a delightful year-round climate such as we have in Hollywood can indulge in that luxury, but in winter weather the exercises can be taken just as well—and quite as beneficially—in doors. Be sure, though, to throw wide open all the windows! Get all the fresh air you can while you are exercising. Don't be afraid of getting cold. You won't while you exercise. Your blood will circulate briskly, and keep you warm and glowing no matter what antics the thermometer is performing. But the important thing to remember is that physical exertion, to be of benefit, requires its full quota of oxygen.

Standing erect, then, inhale deeply and exhale slowly. Be sure you are breathing with the diaphragm. Place one hand on your diaphragm. If you are breathing correctly, it should expand like a filling balloon. Incorrect breathing is highly injurious. Inhale and exhale twelve times, standing head up, body erect, shoulders back, stomach in. Now you are ready for Exercise No. 1.

Incidentally, I neglected to mention that for the exercises I worked out no equipment or paraphernalia whatever is necessary save an ordinary canvas chair, such as is shown in the accompanying illustrations. If you haven't a chair like that shown, you surely have one sufficiently similar. The chair is not used in the first exercise.

Exercise No. 1: Keeping legs and feet close together, clasp the hands high over the head. Stretch to your utmost height, keeping heels flat on the floor. Rising to tip-toe, swing the clasped arms first right, then left, twisting the upper part of the torso only. The hips must not move. With practice you will find yourself able

to twist the upper portion of your body almost entirely about.

Exercise No. 2: Now comes the chair. Grasp the back of it firmly, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Then slowly lower the body to a squatting position, trunk erect and head back. Rise slowly on tip-toe. Repeat six times, gradually increasing to twenty times as the exercises progress.

Exercise No. 3: Support the weight of the body by grasping the arms of the chair firmly. The feet must be just far enough from the chair so that a diagonal line might be drawn from heels to head. Rising on tip-toe, raise the right leg briskly, bending the knee as shown in the illustration, as high as possible, with the toe pointing downward. Alternate with left leg. Repeat six times, increasing gradually to twenty times.

Exercise No. 4: Sit in the chair. Place the arms over the chair arms. Kick vigorously up and out first with right, then with left leg.

Exercise No. 5: Rest arms on back of chair. Stand at arms length away. Kick back as high as possible first with left leg then with right leg. Keep head up and forward. The kick must come from the hip, as shown in the illustration, for this exercise is designed to reduce and make firm the hips.

Exercise 6: Lie across the arms of the chair. Keeping the head well up, execute the motions of swimming, as illustrated. Kick with left leg when stroking with right arm, and vice-versa.

EXERCISE No. 7: Again we dispense with the chair. Stretch arms horizontally at shoulder level. Twisting the trunk, touch the right great toe with the left arm, raising the left leg as the body bends. Perhaps at first you will not be able to touch the toe, and you may have trouble in maintaining your equilibrium. Do not be discouraged, however, for that merely indicates you need the exercise especially. And you will be delighted to see your hip line fade. But wait. We're not through with seven yet. Stand erect once more. Repeat the exercise with the other hand and foot. Try it four times to each side for the first week, then increase gradually to ten times each.

Exercise No. 8: Sit in a low backed chair and drop the head as far to the rear as you are able. Then chew on a piece of gum for about three minutes vigorously. A month of this exercise (which should be taken at night as well as with your regular setting-up in the morning) will eradicate the most stubborn set of double, triple, or what have you? chins. I found it invaluable as preparation for picture work, where the camera is so cruel to the slightest irregularity of line.

So much for the exercises. The only other form in which I find time to indulge regularly is walking. Wherever and whenever possible, I walk. If time permits, I choose stairs rather than an elevator on my round of business appointments. With a little thought you can crowd a surprising amount of exercise into a busy day without disrupting your schedule, and after you've been at it for a while you'll feel a lot less worn out at night, too.

Now for the diet. After my morning exercises, of course, I take a shower, which is important in prevention of colds. Then to breakfast. Here is a week's menu. As I said before, the whole idea of my own plan was based upon common sense, and yours should be too. You can substitute and vary to your taste or needs if you merely keep that in mind. I am giving you my own, however, from which to work.

*My husband hated "economy dishes"—
until I found out about Franco-American Spaghetti*



Discovered! A tasty nourishing dish *for less than 3¢ a portion*

ORDINARY "economy dishes" often make dull eating. But not Franco-American Spaghetti. It has flavor, food value — *everything!* Yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢ — less than 3¢ a portion.

Serve Franco-American today. See how different it is from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Taste its savory cheese-and-tomato sauce containing eleven different ingredients. Delicious to heat and eat just as it comes from the can. Or

try the tempting casserole dish below.

Tuna and Spaghetti Casserole (Serves 3 — costs just 30c)

- 1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
- 1½ teaspoons minced onion
- 1 small can tuna fish
- 2 strips bacon

Place a layer of Franco-American in a greased casserole. Add some of the flaked tuna fish and onion. Alternate layers of spaghetti, fish and onion until all is used. Arrange bacon strips, cut in half, over top. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) until casserole is well heated and bacon crisp.



Franco-American SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Protection...
Modern Style
with smart

* Sani-Scant



• Figure-fitting as a dancer's panty, smooth as your skin beneath tight-fitting skirts—yet adequately equipped with a protective panel that will repay your confidence with unfailing performance.

The pinning tabs inside are correctly placed to be comfortable and easy to adjust—no other belt is necessary.

Ask specifically for Kleinert's Sani-Scant—one dollar at any good Notion Department.



IF YOU PREFER A SEPARATE BELT ask for "Conture"—equally efficient worn high or low. Made of soft *NUVO—Kleinert's velvet-textured elastic fabric which clings without cutting or pulling. 50c in Notion Departments everywhere.

Kleinert's

* T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TORONTO, CANADA . . . LONDON, ENGLAND

MONDAY

Breakfast

Fruit juice cocktail (juice of an orange, a lemon, a grapefruit)
Coffee (half hot coffee, half hot milk, no sugar)

Lunch

Mixed green salad (shredded lettuce, cabbage, raw spinach, endive and celery)
French Dressing (see note)
Three rye wafers
Skimmed milk or buttermilk

Dinner

Tomato juice cocktail
Celery curls
Steamed peas and carrots
One slice lean roast lamb
Whole wheat melba toast
One pat butter
Sliced pineapple

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Small glass tomato juice
One poached or soft boiled egg
One slice dry whole wheat toast
Coffee (as before)

Lunch

Vegetable soup
Two rye wafers

Dinner

Fresh fruit cup
Broiled steak
Spinach with lemon juice
Mashed turnips
Lettuce and tomato salad
Baked apple (see note)

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Whole grapefruit
Coffee (as before)

Lunch

Fresh fruit salad on lettuce (any fruits except bananas and pears)
Rye wafers
Hot tea with lemon

Dinner

Bouillon
Thin slice of lean roast beef
String beans
Steamed beets
Slice of dry whole wheat toast
Cabbage, celery and apple salad on lettuce
Non-fattening mayonnaise (see note)
Steamed figs

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Tomato juice
Cracked wheat cereal with milk
Coffee (as before)

Lunch

Grated carrot and raisin salad
Rye wafers
Skimmed milk or buttermilk

Dinner

Fruit cup
Vegetable plate (any vegetables except corn, potatoes and lima beans)

Two slices crisp bacon
Two slices dry, whole wheat toast
Asparagus tips and romaine salad
French dressing
Lemon sherbet
Coffee (as before)

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Fruit juice cocktail
Coffee

Lunch

Spring salad (lettuce, tomatoes, radishes, cucumbers, celery, cress)
French dressing
Rye wafers
Skimmed milk or buttermilk

Dinner

Tomato juice
Broiled fish (any lean fish but no shell fish) with parsley and lemon garnish
Broiled tomatoes
Broccoli
Cottage cheese and chives salad
Prune whip (use egg whites instead of whipped cream)

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Whole grapefruit
Coffee

Lunch

Consomme or vegetable soup
Rye wafers
Fresh fruit

Dinner

Melon ball cocktail
Broiled lamb chops
Steamed kale
Once slice whole wheat toast
Grilled pineapple
Cauliflower
Tea with lemon

SUNDAY

Brunch

(late breakfast and lunch combined)

Orange juice
Coffee (as before)
Choice of
Whole wheat waffles
Two slices crisp bacon
or
One medium boiled egg
Bacon
Toasted bran muffin

Dinner

Clear chicken soup
Celery curls
Radishes
Two olives
Broiled chicken
Asparagus
Baked squash
Avocado and grapefruit salad
Small portion ice cream
Demi Tasse

NOTE: By substituting mineral oil for olive oil, French dressing and mayonnaise become non-fattening.

Baked apples can be glazed by using one half tablet of saccharine instead of sugar.

If coffee and other foods are unpalatable without any sweetening, a small quantity of saccharine may be used without danger of gaining.

At Last! Truth About Dick Powell Quitting Hollywood Hotel

(Continued from page 21)

type of parts which he was assigned and the publicity build up—that soon had him eating his heart out in sheer loneliness.

Dick missed, among other things the invigorating, stimulating contact with a living audience. He abhorred the zany type of singing hero he was called upon to portray. He felt that all his years of study might as well have been tossed into the ash can. And to crown it all, the studio publicity department took over his private life. He was handed schedules for his leisure hours. He must go here for lunch, dinner, dancing; he must be seen with this one and that one. Before the release of each new picture, he was carefully reported engaged or about to become engaged to the current leading woman.

A Goldfish was a recluse beside this fellow who wanted no part of the glamor that had been thrust upon him. He found himself with literally thousands of acquaintances—and not one friend! Here is just one incident that will show you. He wanted to go fishing; one of those sudden impulses. So he chartered a boat and sat down to get up a party. Inside of two hours he called the whole thing off. He couldn't think of even a half dozen men friends close enough to be asked.

"Even when I did meet the kind of men who I felt would be congenial, they wouldn't be themselves with me. Why, once in New York on a vacation, a friend of my brother's took me to his club. Say, the men he introduced me to practically talked baby talk to me! I felt like punching them in the nose. But then I realized,

of course, that they regarded me as a sort of amiable idiot. Naturally they judged me from my pictures and what they'd read about me."

Then Dick found radio. He went on the Hollywood Hotel program. The loneliest man in Hollywood had a back-log now. He was more nearly happy than at any time since he'd left Pittsburgh. He had something he could, figuratively, get his teeth into. He grabbed on to that radio work like a drowning man clutching the proverbial straw. Now he could do the things he wanted to do informally, intimately. The fifteen minutes he spent as master of ceremonies before the broadcast began was an oasis in his week. And there was the studio audience, too. It was almost like his old master of ceremony days!

"You know, I believe I stayed on that program for a year after I really knew I ought to leave just for that fifteen minutes."

The program was a heavy drain on Dick's time. There is no more exacting producer in radio than Bill Bacher, which is why Hollywood Hotel has such perfect timing and speedy tempo. But that means long and arduous rehearsal. Warner Brothers, although indulgent, didn't really like it much the way Dick had to walk off the set a couple of times a week at one o'clock. They even offered to raise Dick's salary to cover the loss he would sustain if he would give up radio. But they could have offered twice that—and Dick would still have kept the radio spot. It was his life-saver.

Then the program began to undergo

a gradual change. The guest movie stars and the movie previews crowded Dick into a corner. His importance dwindled, imperceptibly but surely. He saw it ebbing away. He was scared—but he didn't know exactly what to do about it. Dick was always a mild sort of fellow. He'd never think of *fighting*.

And then—again—miraculously, desperation made way for overwhelming happiness. Dick proposed to and was accepted by Joan Blondell. You know, of course, about their marriage. Who doesn't? The studio exploited their New York honeymoon to the point where Joan boiled over. It wasn't a honeymoon; it was a nightmare. They were glad to return to their simple, unpretentious, suburban home. For the first time in years Dick was happy.

The most natural thing in the world, when he began to regain the even keel he had lost while he foundered in discouragement, did happen. Dick began to turn a critical eye on his career. Joan was his inspiration. Between them, they clamped firm feet down on the spectacular publicity. Their lives, they contended, were their own to live as they liked—and that was that. No more circus stuff. No more arranged days, planned out honeymoons.

THE day after I talked with Dick, he and Joan left for Yosemite Park for a real wedding trip. No publicity. No fanfare. No ballyhoo. The new Dick Powell was showing his claws. He told the publicity department where to head in—and in no uncertain terms. It could only follow, in Dick's emergence as a man who knew what he wanted, that there soon

DOWN TO HIS LAST FRIEND

MY MASTER'S SO DOWN-HEARTED. AND NOBODY COMES HERE ANYMORE. GUESS I'LL CHEW UP THIS MAGAZINE.

HERE, YOU RASCAL! STOP THAT!

HM! WHAT'S THIS? "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH. SEE YOUR DENTIST"... SAY! I WONDER...

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

TWO WEEKS LATER— THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED THIS HOUSE IS JUST OVERRUN WITH PEOPLE THESE DAYS!

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

Now-NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

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

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

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

*My day couldn't have
been More Perfect!*

... YET IT MIGHT EASILY
HAVE BEEN SPOILED BUT FOR
THE 3-WAY PROTECTION
OF KOTEX



*A fast game
of Table Tennis*

1 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.

2 CAN'T FAIL

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

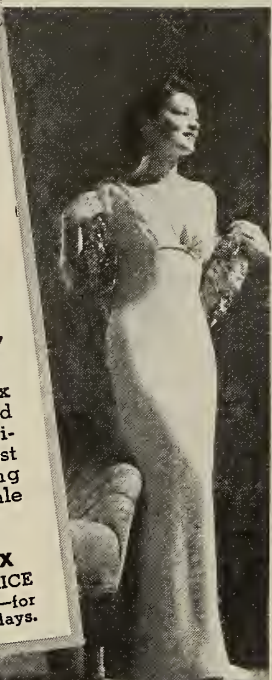
3 CAN'T SHOW

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.



Shopping with Suz



Dinner Downtown

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

arose a crisis in his broadcasting work. Before his marriage in October, Dick had promised to remain on the Hollywood Hotel program. The rest of the cast signed new contracts, But Dick's ran until January. However, when in October he agreed to remain, it was on certain conditions. Warner Brothers were to receive additional publicity on the program. The number of hours of Dick's rehearsals, the number of songs he was to sing, the handling of the guest star situation, and other details were to be ironed out.

Dick told me that if a new contract had come up for signature in October, he would have attached his name without hesitation. At that time radio was still too precious to take any chances with. He'd have let himself be pushed around a bit rather than risk losing it. But between October and January, Dick's chest began to stick out, the way a man's will when he is newly married to the girl he loves, and wants above all else to shine in her eyes.

In the radio studio, though they didn't realize it at first, they had a new, different Dick Powell to deal with. The amiable, obliging fellow who never seemed to care much what anyone did to him was fading before an assertive, self-confident man on whose toes no one could tread—and get away with it.

The time allotted to Dick on Hollywood Hotel was being cut down more and more. In proportion, he was getting less fun out of the job. He didn't need the money. But he *did* want to do radio work.

AND so he saw what he should have seen long ago, but would never have acted upon—if Boy hadn't met Girl.

Dick, with the pride of having Joan Blondell as his bride, and his new found courage, suddenly realized that unless he made a critical decision he would never have the chance to do the kind of radio work he wanted above all else.

"So I made up my mind," Dick told me. "I decided, once and for all, that I had to quit, had to leave the program that once had meant so much to me."

With a minimum of fuss and publicity Dick went quietly about the job of leaving. If you have read that he finally left because Warner Brothers would not allow him to continue, you have read the wrong reason—as you can see by now.

Dick quit! Walked out! Left the show! And the day after his last Hollywood Hotel broadcast on which he explained to Frances Langford and the others that he had too much movie work to continue, he and Joan left for that private honeymoon I have already mentioned. On the same day, Warner Brothers assigned two of their top flight song writers, M. K. Jerome and Jack School, to prepare numbers for a new program to be known as Dick Powell in Movieland.

Even as this is being written, Dick is in Yosemite Park and the two song writers are hard at their work. And on the desk of Dick's agent, offers from other sponsors are piling up. I saw three of them. They were wonderful offers, and for the kind of program Dick hopes to have. But should he turn all these down, he will still have Dick Powell in Movieland.

So Dick's radio future is assured. He has Joan to thank. It is Joan who has given him his new mental state, the new feeling of being happy. And this change has catapulted him into a new realization of his own strength.

With Joan, he'll become—there's no other way to put it—bigger and better than ever. Love, which has done so many different things to so many Hollywood stars, has shown Dick Powell the way to his first real happiness.

Life Stacked the Cards

(Continued from page 45)

to their parents. A dollar a week—what good would that do, when he needed forty—fifty—sixty—a hundred? Always there has been that driving need, for money and more money. Always, even today, when after repeated failures he has at last found his place in radio as star comedian on the Gillette Community Sing program.

He didn't want the money for himself. Not until recently, indeed, has he ever spent upon himself any but the very smallest part of what he made. It has all gone to sustain the responsibility he shouldered when he was a child; and now that radio is making it possible for him to earn more than ever before, the surplus is going to make that responsibility secure forever.

Moses Berlinger, Milton's father (it wasn't until later that Milton shortened the family name to Berle), fell ill when Milton was less than six years old. It was a painful and crippling illness—rheumatism. Day after day Moses was forced to stay home from his little store on the East Side of New York, and at last there was nothing left to do but give the business up entirely, since he could neither care for it himself nor afford to hire someone to run it for him. The shop was sold at a loss.

FOR a while the proceeds of the sale kept the family and paid for medical attention for Moses. Sarah Berlinger, Milton's mother, was working, as a detective in Wanamaker's store. Now and then Moses was well enough to look for work—but no sooner would he find it than another crippling attack would force him to stay home and lose his new-found job. There were six mouths to feed—Milton, his two older brothers, his baby sister, and the parents. Years of poverty, of trying to decide whether this coin or that would go for food, for rent, for medicine, stretched away endlessly ahead of Sarah Berlinger.

Until the night she returned home to find Milton parading excitedly up and down the sidewalk in front of their tenement building. He was wearing a pair of his father's trousers, hitched up precariously under his arms with bits of string; a pair of his father's shoes, and an old derby hat, its black greenish with age. Under his nose was a scrap of dark-brown fur which Mom recognized with a gasp of horror as part of her fur muff. True, that muff was so old it wasn't much good to her, but— She halted the little figure's gay, shuffling gait with a none too gentle grasp of his shoulder.

A man who had been standing on the curb laughing, stopped her.

"I've never seen as good an imitation of Charlie Chaplin in my life," he said, wiping his eyes. "There's a Charlie Chaplin contest up in Fordham this Saturday. Why don't you send the kid? I bet he'd win the prize."

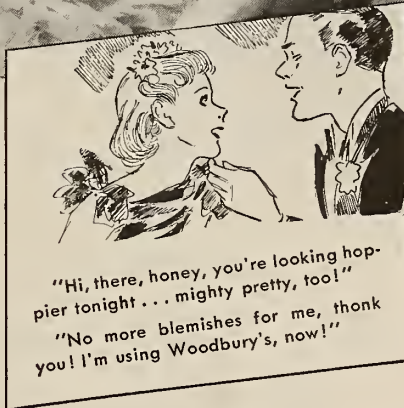
Mom was too angry at the moment to pay much attention to him, but later on, when she'd cooled off, she yielded to Milton's pleas and agreed to let him go. He went, and came back with first prize.

The prize itself was only a loving cup (it was later pawned for \$2.75), but what it represented, and the idea it gave Mom, were worth the difference between life and death for the whole family. If Milton was good enough to win a prize, why wasn't he good enough to earn some money? Down on Fourteenth Street and over in Brooklyn and New Jersey, she'd heard, there were movie studios, and she'd

Eager for a Lovelier Skin?

You'll be devoted to these

Germ-Free Beauty Creams



**They Help Prevent Blemish . . .
Vitamin D in Woodbury's Cold Cream
Quickens Skin's Breathing**

A complexion that dryness will not sear . . . that blemishes will not mar. A skin that looks young . . . is young! You have the finest scientific beauty aids to help you in your quest. Woodbury's Creams foster a beautiful skin.

The cold cream is made of delicate oils that lubricate the dry, thin skin to make lines less

obvious. And blemishes, caused by surface germs, need not appear to ruffle the satin-smoothness of your complexion. Woodbury's Cold Cream is germ-free. It will not tolerate blemish-germs, either in its own lovely texture or on your skin.

One further way to outwit the loss of radiant skin youth is to let your skin *breathe quickly*. This is the task of Sunshine Vitamin D, a new ingredient in Woodbury's Cold Cream . . . to help stimulate the rapid breathing process of skin cells.

Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream is the companion to the famous Cold Cream. It forms a smooth and flattering foundation for your make-up. Each, only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.



SEND for 10-PIECE Complexion Kit!

It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7476 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name _____

Address _____

"Oh Mother!

I'VE LOST MY JOB!"



THE job she needs so badly. The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn't know *why* she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

Underarm perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in business or in social life.

And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid — with Mum!

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

Harmless to clothing. You can use Mum any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And another important thing — Mum doesn't interfere with the natural perspiration itself. Its work is to prevent the ugly *odor* of perspiration.

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

LET MUM HELP YOU IN THIS, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about offending.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

seen little boys in the movies not half as clever as Milton.

On her next half-day off from Wana-maker's Mom took Milton on a tour of these studios. At first it seemed like a hopeless task, until she got to know a few of the people who worked there. Then she'd find out beforehand what sort of a boy was needed, and when Milton applied for the job, he'd be that sort of boy—clean or dirty, angelic or devilish, exactly what was wanted.

His first job carried a salary of thirty dollars a week, almost twice what Mom made by walking around the store all day, spotting shoplifters. He was a little more than six years old.

When Pa found out what was going on, he objected bitterly. His baby son working because he couldn't! In his humiliation he protested that soon he'd be able to find work again, work that he could do. Mom agreed. It was only for a little while. When he was better, Milton could stop. And slyly, she played on his pride in his son. Wasn't it wonderful that Milton was so smart? Just by acting in front of a camera he could make more money than his mother!

Do you remember that old masterpiece of a serial, "The Perils of Pauline," or dear old John Bunny and Flora Finch? If you do, you must have seen Milton Berle. For almost five years he worked in the movies, off and on but mostly on, bringing home each week that all-important pay envelope.

THEN the movies began to drift westward, and soon there were no more jobs in Brooklyn and Fort Lee—but Milton couldn't stop working. As long as his father could be free of financial worries, he was in fairly good health, but Milton knew he could never hold down a job. The responsibility for keeping the family going was Milton's—it would always be his—he could never lay it down. If there were no movies, he'd have to find something as good or better. He was eleven when he began making the rounds of Broadway theatrical producers' offices.

Almost at once, he found work, mostly in musical shows. At twelve he was part of the children's sextet in a revival of "Floradora," a sextet that was allowed neither to sing nor dance. New York had passed a law which said, for some reason no one has ever been able to figure out, that children on the stage must not sing or dance. The children's sextet had to speak its lines instead of singing them, and walk through its paces instead of skipping to the music.

When "Floradora" closed Milton changed his name, shortening it to Berle and advanced his age a few years. It was the only way to take advantage of what seemed to be a natural ability to sing and dance. There weren't enough plain speaking parts in plays to go around, and those there weren't paid enough money; but he knew he could always find a good job in a musical. He was a cocky, self-confident youngster, rather large for his age, and in both appearance and manner he could pass for sixteen.

Wearing long trousers, interviewing producers, standing for hours on the Broadway corners sacred to members of the theatrical profession, Milton thought he knew all the answers. He was sure of it when he got a good part in a musical comedy.

But there was one answer he had all wrong. It cost him his job. After his show had been running a few weeks, Milton came prancing off the stage after his dance one night. A kind looking elderly gentleman was standing in the wings.

"Weren't you in 'Floradora,' son?" he asked.

"You bet!" Milton replied, still in that happy daze which smothers actors' judgment when they hear applause.

"I thought so," the man said grimly. "Your name is Berlinger and you're twelve years old and you'll have to give up your part in this show."

There was nothing anyone could do. Vainly Mom and Milton protested that Milton was a good student at the Professional Children's School, that they had to have the money because Milton's father was an invalid. The law was the law.

Once more a way had to be found past an apparently insurmountable difficulty. Just as when the movies failed him he had turned to the Broadway stage, now when the Broadway stage failed him, Milton turned to vaudeville. Until he was seventeen he toured the country, first with a girl partner, later in an act by himself. It was expensive; Mom or some older person always had to go along, and he couldn't devote as much of what he earned to his family as he could in New York; but there was nothing else to do.

AND there were the horrible years of adolescence, the years between fourteen and sixteen that every child who makes his living on the stage dreads. Awkward and ungainly, his voice changing, he was neither boy nor man. Booking agents would look at him doubtfully, shake their heads. He took what engagements he could get, watching the lines of worry deepen on Mom's face. She could hide them from Moses, but not from her son. His brothers, only a few years older than he, had left school and gone to work, but their combined salaries weren't as much as he had made in his good days.

Time passed, and he was through that dark period, once more making enough money to assure ease and comfort for the sick man at home. At last his big opportunity came—a chance to be master of ceremonies at the Palace Theater in New York. If he succeeded there, he knew, he'd be in the big time for good. If he failed . . . well . . . he couldn't fail.

Something must have told him how not to fail. An unknown youth, he was following such headliners as Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor before the most critical vaudeville audience in the world—so he capitalized on his obscurity. In his opening speech he informed his audience that they didn't know who he was, and that the only reason the Palace had hired him was that he'd watched all the big comedians, and knew all their jokes. That statement started the great joke-stealing myth that still haunts Milton, but it turned the trick with the Palace audiences.

Just once more Milton Berle has had to succeed in a new field. Radio at first would have none of him. He guest-starred on Rudy Vallee's program, then on Fred Waring's, then as a pinch-hitter for Fannie Brice—always without success.

Stubbornly, Milton buckled down to conquer the toughest job of them all. He analyzed his comedy style, discovered just what was wrong with it for the air—too fast, too sophisticated, too Broadwayish—and tried once more. And succeeded.

Thanks to radio, Milton is today happy in the knowledge that nothing can ever happen, while they live, to bring privation to the father and mother he loves better than anything in the world. It is the first time in his life he has had that knowledge. Radio has brought him enough money so that he has been able to put some aside, in annuities, against possible disaster. His brothers and sisters are making their own ways in the world, and Mom and Pa occupy a luxurious apartment in New York while he is out in Hollywood.

It wasn't April Showers that dampened his love... 'twas the feel of her rough, dry Hands



IT'S NO FUN having rough, puffy, red hands. Jack noticed mine—and I thought our good times were spoiled forever.

THEN—

AN ADVERTISEMENT HELPED ME. I read how quickly Jergens Lotion softens a girl's hands because it soaks into the skin. So I always use Jergens now and Jack says, "Your hands are wonderful—so soft."



Moisture inside the skin cells keeps Hands lovably soft

HAND skin only too easily dries and chaps. Because cold, wind and water dry out moisture from the skin cells. And most women find they have their hands in water up to sixteen times a day.

But—with Jergens Lotion—you can speedily replace that precious lost moisture *inside the cells*. Jergens

soaks in more effectively than any other lotion tested. Your hands soon lose their neglected look—soften, become girlishly smooth. Jergens contains two ingredients doctors use. Use Jergens regularly for tender hands a man loves. It's never sticky. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 for the big bottle—at any toilet goods counter.



JERGENS LOTION

Carries beautifying moisture into the skin more effectively than any other lotion tested.

FREE: PURSE-SIZE JERGENS

Use after hands have been wet, to restore girlish smoothness, whiteness, to your hands.


The Andrew Jergens Co., 1728 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario.)

Please send my purse-size hottle of Jergens—free.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____



*Wake up the Sleeping Beauty
in Your Eyes!*



Maybelline's world famous Solid form Mascara, in the brilliant red and gold vanity—75c. Black, brown or blue.

Good morning, Sleepy Eyes! Freshen up with cold water. Wake up the sleeping beauty in your eyes—with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline. Transform sleepy, scattered, scanty lashes into long, dark, curling, sweeping fringe. And presto!—lovely eyes are ready to work wonders when you're dressed and ready for the day's task, shopping or pleasure.

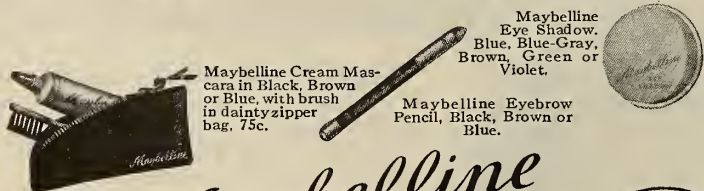
★ Naturally, you'll want to avoid the risk of any hard, theatrical, "made-up" look given by ordinary mascaras. Use only the finest of all mascaras—for the *natural* appearance which reveals *your* individual charm. Use Maybelline mascara—in either the new perfected Cream form or the world-famous Solid form.

★ Not waxy, lumpy or gummy. Non-smarting, tear-proof, absolutely harmless. Keeps lashes soft and silky. There is no mascara more waterproof than Maybelline. Only 75c at your favorite toilet goods counter.

★ Have you tried the largest selling Eyebrow Pencil in the world? It's Maybelline. Let its smooth-marking point form your brows into the expressive, graceful curve most becoming to your individual beauty.

★ Try all shades of the exquisite Maybelline Eye Shadow. You'll find them thrillingly subtle in color and gloriously becoming. Softly blend a shadow on your lids. See how much it adds to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ 10,000,000 discriminating women know that there is nothing quite so satisfying as Maybelline. Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable in the 10c stores. Try this new and more delightful way to daytime and eventime enchantment.



Maybelline



THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

I would like to be able to tell you that all is well with Moses Berlinger—that the loving care Milton is now able to give him has brought back his health. I wish I could tell you that. But the rheumatism has affected Moses' heart, and he never leaves the bed in his sunny room on the south side of the apartment building. Nor can he even listen to Milton's radio programs. The excitement strains his heart too much.

Mom, grown gray-haired and handsome, runs the apartment and Milton too, accompanying him to broadcasts and personal appearances. The only time Milton doesn't like to be with her is when she goes shopping in some big department store. She's too apt to spot a shoplifter and warn one of the detectives to "watch that woman."

"Like an old fire-horse when she hears the engines," is Milton's affectionately disrespectful characterization of her.

And Mom has two fur coats now, to make up for that old muff which Milton cut up to start a career.

Where to Buy This Month's Fashions

- Blue and White Dress by Paul Parnes**
- Samuel Spiegel—Roanoke, Virginia
 - Ann Allen—New Haven, Conn.
 - Robert Simpson—Toronto, Canada
 - Montreal, Canada
 - Greenfield's—St. Louis
 - Levy's Ladies Toggery—Memphis, Tenn.
 - Harriet Woolworth—Evanston, Ill.
 - Joske Bros.—San Antonio, Texas
 - Milgrim—Cleveland, Ohio
 - Milgrim—Miami, Florida
 - Leon Frohsin—Atlanta, Ga.
 - Fredley's—Boylston Ave., Boston, Mass.
 - Ullian's—Worcester, Mass.
 - Deeb Jabley—Daytona Beach, Florida
 - Neustetter—Denver, Colorado
 - Best & Co.—New York
 - Violette—San Francisco, Calif.
 - Perkins Bros.—Corpus Christie, Texas
 - Harvey Marshall—Buffalo, New York
 - Kerman Stores—Chicago, Ill.

- Germaine Monteil's Yellow Crinkle Crepe and White Chiffon**
- Gana Downs—Denver, Colorado
 - Saks—New York and Chicago
 - Ranshoff's—San Francisco, Calif.
 - Bullocks-Wilshire—Los Angeles, Calif.

- Kay Morrison, Dinner Dress and Street Dress**
- Lindner Co.—Cleveland, Ohio
 - Saks Fifth Avenue—New York
 - Neman Marcus—Dallas, Texas
 - William Block—Indianapolis, Ind.
 - Harold's—Minneapolis, Minn.
 - Bonwit Teller—Phila., Pa.
 - Kline's—St. Louis, Mo.
 - B. Forman—Rochester, N. Y.
 - J. P. Allen—Atlanta, Ga.
 - Polsky—Akron, Ohio
 - Gana Downs—Denver, Colo.
 - Montaldo—Salem, North Carolina
 - Charlotte, N. C.
 - Columbus, Ohio
 - Bullocks-Wilshire—Los Angeles, Calif.
 - The Smart Shop—Houston, Texas
 - Gidding Co.—Cincinnati, Ohio
 - Russeks—Detroit
 - Joseph Horne—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 - Garfinkle—Washington, D. C.

- Three Piece Monotone Suit**
- Saks—Fifth Avenue
 - Saks—Chicago
 - Nieman Marcus—Dallas, Texas
 - Julius Garfinkle—Washington, D. C.
 - Rich's—Atlanta, Ga.
 - Wm. H. Block—Indianapolis, Ind.
 - Burger Philips—Birmingham, Ala.
 - Wm. Silvan—Duluth, Minn.
 - Al Rosenthal—Oklahoma City, Okla.
 - Schermerhorn Company—Ft. Worth, Texas
 - Gana Downs—Denver, Colo.
 - Lawton Co.—Cincinnati, Ohio
 - Bullocks-Wilshire—Los Angeles, Calif.
 - Kaufman's—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 - Montaldo's—Bartlesville, Okla.
 - Winston-Salem, South Carolina
 - Best Apparel—Seattle, Wash.
 - J. W. Robinson—Los Angeles, Calif.
 - R. H. Bjorkman—Minneapolis, Minn.
 - Maison Mendesolle—San Francisco
 - Ullian's—Worcester, Mass.
 - B. Siegel Company, Detroit, Mich.
 - Mabel Donahy—Buffalo, N. Y.
 - Hixon's—Milwaukee, Wisc.
 - Jay's—Boston, Mass.
 - Gillespie Shop—Toledo, Ohio
 - Embry Company—Lexington, Ky.
 - Sydenback's—Tulsa, Okla.

**Secret Drama That Brought
Myrt and Marge Back
to Radio**

(Continued from page 22)

expected to, and Myrt had to rewrite and condense a month's scripts into two weeks'.

The Myrt and Marge radio family split up for the summer, or until a new sponsor could be found. Donna Damerel, Myrt's daughter, who plays Marge, went out to California. Vinton Haworth, who played Jack Arnold, also went to California and into the movies. Ray Hedge, the Clarence Tiffingtuffer, found work in Chicago radio studios as a sound effects man.

It was left to Myrtle, remaining in her Chicago apartment, to sell the program to a new sponsor—if it was to be sold at all. As the weeks passed, discouragement and distaste for the task grew upon her—due as much to her weariness as to the difficulties she was facing.

To begin with, legal title to Myrt and Marge as a radio series was still held by her former sponsor. Red tape and delay had to be gone through before her idea and her characters were once more entirely her property.

THEN she found out anew what she had known all along, and had refused to admit—that the long association of Myrt and Marge with one sponsor was a liability, not an asset. Myrt and Marge had become so closely identified in the public's mind with one particular product that all other sponsors were afraid to touch them. It wasn't that they hadn't done a good job in selling their sponsor's product. They'd done altogether too good a job.

In time, she was sure, the program could be sold. In time, its identification with its former sponsor would fade, and at last it would take on new value for a different product.

But was it worth the effort? She thought once more of the never-ending routine of keeping a program moving. Did she want to stay in Chicago all summer, working to find a sponsor—only to work harder still, once she had one? She thought longingly of the life she could make for herself in Hollywood. Why not take her savings before they were all gone, and try to break into the writing end of the movies? She had friends there who would help her, and she knew, with five years of radio scripts behind her, that she could write good dialogue.

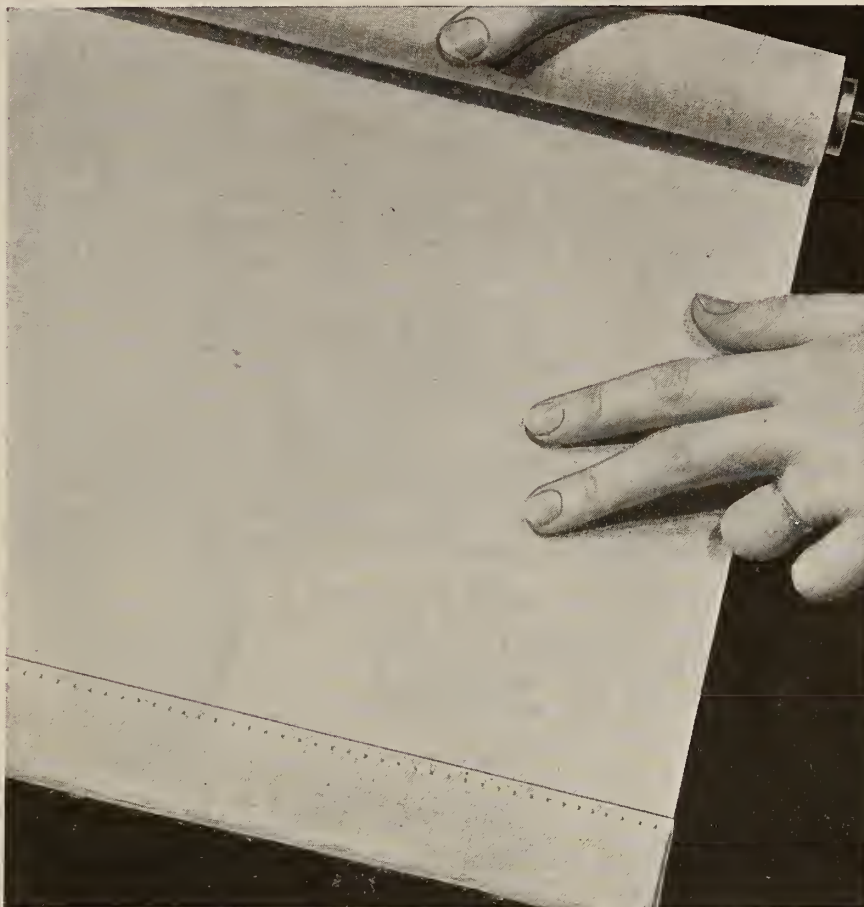
That is what Myrtle Vail would have done, if it had not been for her son, George Damerel, Jr.—the boy you hear playing the part of Georgie Manning on the new Myrt and Marge series.

Few people knew, until the new series began, that Myrtle Vail had a son. He's eighteen now, and most of his life has been spent in school, or with his father, who was separated from Myrtle several years ago.

When Myrt and Marge first went on the air, in 1930, George was put in an exclusive military school near Chicago. Until then, Myrt had been in vaudeville and George had been the typical vaudeville artist's son—without a home, without roots anywhere, without a continuous education. With the money she was earning in radio, Myrt made a promise to herself, she would give George the finest education she could possibly buy for him—and that promise she has kept.

After a year at the school near Chicago, George was sent to another military school, an even more expensive and ex-

THIS WINDOW SHADE
Yours for 15¢!
IS IT "LINEN"?



NEW CLOPAY *Lintone* WINDOW SHADE
***3 OUT OF 4 MISTOOK IT FOR *Costly* CLOTH**

Now Replace All Your Shabby Window Shades . . . BUY 10 FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

★ Here's startling proof that you need no longer pay high prices to get beauty and dignified appearance in window shades. A remarkable new process called "Lintone" now gives to CLOPAY fibre shades the actual appearance of genuine linen! In actual test 3 out of 4 seeing a new CLOPAY LINTONE beside a \$1.50 shade only four feet away thought the LINTONE was the cloth shade!

If no one can see any difference in the looks, why pay the big difference in price? Millions of women have found

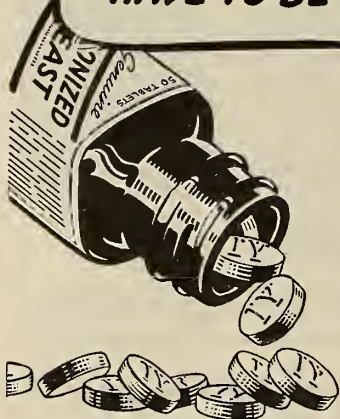
that CLOPAY 15c shades *wear* as well as cloth shades. Now they *look* as well, too. A 15c LINTONE will never crack, ravel or pinhole. It will soil no quicker than the costliest shade and when it does you can afford to change at once—always have spic and span shades at a cost you will hardly notice. See the CLOPAY LINTONES, 15c (rollers 10c additional) now in all "5 and 10" and most neighborhood stores. Write for FREE SAMPLES of material. The CLOPAY CORP., 1227 Dayton St., Cincinnati, O.

New Process *Lintone* CLOPAY 15¢ WINDOW SHADE



**NO SKINNY WOMAN
HAS AN OUNCE OF
SEX APPEAL**

**BUT SCIENCE HAS PROVED
THAT THOUSANDS DON'T
HAVE TO BE SKINNY**



**NEW "7-POWER" YEAST TABLETS
GIVE THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS.
—in a few weeks!**

THOUSANDS of skinny people who never could gain before have quickly put on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets. Not only that, but they've gained naturally lovely color, new pep, new friends and popularity—in almost no time!

Scientists recently discovered that hosts 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 what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of this marvelous 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.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" 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 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, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't aid in building you up in a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on 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 very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists—Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 224, Atlanta, Ga.

7 REASONS WHY

1. Rich red blood, necessary to nourish and build up every part of the body is especially promoted where more iron is needed.
2. Hearty, healthy appetite enabling you to enjoy plenty of good body-building food is assured those who specifically need Vitamin B.
3. Needed aid in getting ALL the flesh-building good out of your food is supplied where Vitamin B is deficient.
4. Nerves depleted by an inadequate supply of Vitamin B, are strengthened by the help of this special nerve-aiding vitamin.
5. Unsightly skin eruptions resulting from Vitamin B deficiency are corrected and natural beauty restored in a short time.
6. Body growth, development and increase in weight are quickly promoted where they have been retarded by Vitamin B shortage.
7. New energy, strength and pep that lead to popularity are quickly given to thousands who need both Vitamin B and iron.

Posed by professional models

clusive one, in Los Angeles. The sons of moving picture producers and stars were his classmates, and he learned to live as they did. Why not? Wasn't his mother a star, too? He had all the pocket-money he wanted, just as they did, and boylike, he never stopped to think that money had to be earned.

Vacations he spent partly with his father, who was now living in Hollywood, and partly with Myrt and his sister Donna. Life, so far as he could see, was pretty entertaining and not at all difficult.

He graduated from the military school in 1935, having acquired a good high school education and expensive tastes, including a passionate love for the game of polo. In the fall of 1935 he enrolled in the University of Southern California. His friends there were still the sons of Hollywood magnates. Dark, good looking, and well bred, he was popular. And as a finishing touch to perfection, he had a string of three polo ponies which his mother had given him as a present.

Those polo ponies are responsible for a boy's heartbreak—and indirectly, they're also responsible for the return of Myrt and Marge to the air. Certainly, if Myrt hadn't given them to George, the life of every actor in the Myrt and Marge series would have been different.

Last spring George joined a polo team which went on a tour of Southern California to play various local teams. The man who got the team together was a wealthy Hollywood producer, and George took it for granted that the usual practice would be followed, of having all the transportation and stabling costs for the horses paid by the promoter. The usual practice—well, at least he thought it was the usual practice.

THE tour was successfully completed, and George returned to the campus—to find himself faced with all the bills for moving and stabling his three horses.

The bills were too big. He couldn't pay them. And rather than become a "welsher," he turned in his three ponies in place of cash.

It almost broke his heart. For the first time in his life he was experiencing the tyranny of money—and fate had decreed that lesson number one should be the sacrifice of his most prized possessions. The horses were gone, and he didn't see how he was ever going to hold up his head in front of his circle of friends again.

Of course he wrote and told Myrt what had happened. It was probably the hardest letter he'd ever had to write in his life, or ever will have to write again; and when the answer came he sat with it in his hand for a long time before he got up courage to read it.

Myrt didn't "bawl him out." But her letter showed him very plainly how hurt she was that he should have lost, through his own foolishness, her gift to him. It made him sit down and think, take stock of himself for the first time in his life, and the conclusion he reached was that two very important things had been left out of his education—the knowledge of the value of money, and a sense of responsibility.

All this happened in the spring of last year. Early in the summer George Damerel, Sr., George's father, died after several months of illness, and George went to his mother in Chicago.

It hadn't even occurred to him that Myrt and Marge might not go back on the air, or that his mother's source of income might be cut off. But he knew what he wanted to do. College was no good to him any more. Shocked by his father's death, disillusioned by the loss of his ponies, he couldn't face a return to

the carefree life he and his classmates had led.

"I'm not going back to school," he told Myrt. "I want to go to work. Be independent."

Looking at him, Myrt saw past the determined set of his jaw to the scared, confused, rudderless state of his mind. She saw, too, the mistake she herself had made. A good education. Yes, it had been that, the best that money could buy—and what good had it done her boy? He talked about earning his own living, but what was there that his education had fitted him to do? Nothing. It had not even taught him to care for money which was given him, much less earn that money for himself.

"What kind of work do you want to do, George?" she asked.

Stumblingly, he tried to hide from her his lack of confidence. He'd like to work on a newspaper—he'd always liked journalism in school. Of course, he knew it was pretty hard to get newspaper jobs without any experience. But there was the stage. He'd gone on a personal appearance tour with Myrt and Marge the summer before, so he had a little experience in that profession, and perhaps, if he couldn't get on a newspaper. . . .

MYRT looked swiftly back, down the years of her own experience on the stage. She knew what the stage could be, and usually was. Why, thirteen days after George was born she'd been rehearsing in a new vaudeville act—she'd had to, to get money to feed him and Donna. And when George was twelve she'd pawned her wedding ring to buy a new dress for the audition which sold the Myrt and Marge series to the radio. As for newspapers—frankly, she didn't believe an eighteen-year-old boy without any experience could find work on any of them.

Nor could she help him if she did what she had been making up her mind to do—give up radio, go to Hollywood, and try to write for the movies. She could give him a little money, the money she had set aside for him to go to college on, but what good would that do? George didn't want money; he wanted, and needed, a job. Something to tide him over a difficult period in his life, something to assure him of his usefulness in the world.

There was only one way she could help him, and yet not appear to be helping him.

"How would you like to go on the air with me?" she asked him. "I can write in a part in Myrt and Marge for you, and as soon as we sell it you'll be making a small salary—just what I'd pay any other actor."

George leaped at the idea, naturally; and Myrt, with a small sigh, put aside her dreams of a life in California, away from the treadmill of writing, rehearsing, broadcasting, writing, rehearsing, broadcasting, day after day, week after week. Now, if she could only get a sponsor—

It wasn't easy. Several times, that summer and fall, negotiations seemed to have progressed with this sponsor or that, practically to the dotted-line point; but something always happened. Out in Hollywood, Donna waited, her trunks all packed, ready to come East at a day's notice.

At last, after eight months off the air, Myrt's confidence in the program was rewarded. Under the sponsorship of Super Suds, Myrt and Marge took over the 2:45 spot on CBS every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays.

I was in the studio the afternoon George made his air debut. He had a song to sing, and a few lines to speak. His singing voice is naturally sweet, but untrained. As to his lines, Myrt had been firm in her

LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!



THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE!

Here's How to Deal with Them

By *Lady Esther*

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?

They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin!

They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores.

This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

Like Black Little Candles In Your Skin

This dirt is stiff and waxy. It's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, soot and dead skin cells.

It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.

It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.

When dissolved, they can be removed with a simple wiping of the face which is the right way! When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good.

You destroy delicate skin tissue and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

Dissolves Waxy Dirt

Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way.

It softens it—dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.

There is no taxing of your skin, no stretching of your pores.

When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear. Also your pores automatically come

down in size. Responding to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

I'll Pay for a Test!

Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take 15 minutes.

Notice how soft your skin is after this cleansing. That shows you are softening the dirt within the pores—dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.

As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

Clean Pores Become Small

As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

Act Now!

But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a purse-size tube 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.)

Advice in allure

FROM THE GLAMOROUS SOUTH SEAS ENCHANTRESS

Lips are most alluring when their color is exciting . . . when they have no pasty look . . . when they are smooth and soft . . . soft to touch!



TATTOO IS ONE DOLLAR EVERYWHERE

The New TATTOO gives lips a strangely intoxicating redness; a sweetly tempting moistness and luster that only South Sea colors have. You'll sense it yourself the instant you see the five luscious shades. And because the New TATTOO is clearly transparent, lips do not have a pasty look to spoil the allure of their enchanting color. But more! There's a magical ingredient blended into the New TATTOO that gives lips a thrilling new kind of softness . . . an endlessly yielding softness!

CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . NATURAL . . . PASTEL . . . HAWAIIAN

TATTOO YOUR LIPS!

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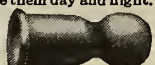
ALTON ART STUDIOS, Dept. 74-A, Chicago
4856 N. Damen Ave.

No Joke To Be Deaf



—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night.

They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



THE WAY COMPANY
719 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration

1. Cannot irritate skin, cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID 39¢ a jar

ON APPROVAL
YOUR CHOICE

SHOCK PROOF!

Guaranteed by MILLION DOLLAR FACTORY

We defy you to tell these magnificent, new, absolutely accurate 1937 model wrist watches from others costing \$20.00 to \$30.00! Guaranteed by 100-year-old, million-dollar factory! SEND ONLY 25 CENTS to cover cost of packing and shipping, etc. Pay two monthly \$3 payments (total \$6). Nothing more to pay. No red tape. Unconditional money back guarantee. Watch shipped same day. Both strap and link bracelet included FREE with either watch. We take all the risk. Send only 25 cents in stamps or coin.

MAIL COUPON NOW
BRADLEY, Dept. 384A, Newton, MASS.
Here's 25 cents. Rush my Watch and FREE wrist strap and link bracelet.

Name.....
Address.....

determination to treat him like any other radio actor. She hadn't coached him at all, hadn't even given him any advice about how to read them. Hands off, is the strict policy between Myrtle Vail and her son.

Between rehearsals, they told me about George's living arrangements. When they first came to New York from Chicago, George lived by himself at a midtown hotel. Afterwards, when Myrt had leased a house in Forest Hills, he went there to live, paying for his room and board. "He'd better pay, too," Myrt threatened, "or I'll take it out of his salary!"

That salary isn't large, but it's larger than a boy his age could earn in any other profession, and out of it he is saving enough to pay his way when he returns to college.

Dress rehearsal, when the whole script is run through just as it goes on the air, was called, and I stepped into the control room to watch and listen. George hadn't seemed nervous—but he muffed his lines! He read them too fast and too soon, interrupted his mother and Donna.

Myrt didn't scold him, but afterwards, when I went downstairs with him for a cup of coffee, I saw that his hands were shaking.

"I'm lousy, and I know I'm lousy," he admitted, over the coffee. "I've got an awful lot to learn about radio. Look at the way I blurred my lines just now." (All the same, he was proud of that bit of radio slang, "blurred.")

THAT'S all right," I comforted him. "It was just rehearsal. You'll be all right when you're on the air."

"Golly, I hope so." He glanced at the clock, pushed back his chair. "It's almost time for the broadcast. Let's go back."

Once more in the control room, I watched the broadcast. George's song came first, before he had any lines to speak. Myrt and Marge were supposed to be listening to him, commenting about him in low voices to each other. The song ended on a high note, sweet and clear.

"Attaboy!" said Myrt. "He finished that off like a real trouper." She was reading from the script; it was the same line she had spoken a dozen times during rehearsal; but there was something in it now that hadn't been there before—a note of praise, of warm confidence, that was for George alone.

He stepped closer to the microphone, holding his script in his hands—and they weren't shaking. He read his lines perfectly, neither too slow nor too fast, without a stumble.

The broadcast had ended, and we were leaving the studio in the usual post-broadcast burst of chatter. Myrt patted her son casually on the shoulder. Then she looked over at me, and smiled. I wish you could have seen that smile. It explained why their fans didn't lose Myrt and Marge.

NEXT MONTH—
Another favorite theme song used by one of radio's leading orchestras—Watch for it—in the May Issue of
RADIO MIRROR

Brighten Your Meals With Canned Milk

(Continued from page 54)

after singing with Gus Arnheim's orchestra on the Coast, where I also did some movie work, and had decided to try my luck in New York. So on I came—in a bus and nearly broke my back—with about seven dollars to my name when I landed here. I got a couple of solo spots on the air which paid my hotel bill, and had a few auditions. After one audition my accompanist and I were going down in an elevator in Radio City and ran into Dell—he and my accompanist were old friends but of course I didn't know him.

"Well, Dell seemed to decide that I was a nice young girl who didn't know her way around in New York—and how right he was about that!—so he took me under his wing. We had dinner together, and went to movies when he had time off from his radio assignments. And we played Russian Bank together almost every night—Dell didn't know until after we were married that sometimes if I hadn't won half a dollar from him at Russian Bank I wouldn't have had breakfast the next morning.

"Then I went back west—none of the auditions had resulted in a contract—wrote Dell a polite 'thank you' note, received one from him in return, and thought that was that. It wasn't until I returned to New York for one day before going on to Boston, and Dell took me to dinner and put me on my train, that I said to myself 'Meri Bell, I think you're in love.' I was, and so was Dell, and as soon as I got back to New York after finishing my New England contract in March, we were married."

DELL took up the story. "The next step was to find a house, not a hotel apartment with kitchenette, and as soon as we found one, Meri Bell turned into a housewife as well as being a singer."

"That was hard at first," Meri Bell said, "but we both wanted a home with real home-cooked meals. Dell hates restaurants."

"I'll say I do," Dell broke in from behind his luncheon menu. "They're always like this—I ordered creamed chipped beef and it's all out." He gave the waiter a substitute order, then turned back to Meri Bell. "What are we going to have for dinner tonight?"

"Mushrooms a la king and peppermint ice cream—how's that?"

"Swell. We have the biggest refrigerator in captivity," he told me, "and Meri Bell makes the best ice cream you've ever tasted, not to mention the mushrooms."

"They're both simple, really," Meri Bell said, "and the recipes are practically fool proof—they're made with canned milk—which is certainly a selling point for cooks as inexperienced as I was when I started out."

MUSHROOMS A LA KING

- 3 tbl. butter
- ½ lb. mushrooms, halved
- 3 tbl. flour
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup water
- 1 tbl. cooking sherry
- 3 hard boiled eggs
- 1 cup diced cooked celery
- ¼ cup sliced stuffed olives
- ¼ cup grated American cheese

Melt the butter in a skillet, add the mushrooms and cook until golden brown. Add the flour and stir until well blended. Combine milk and water, add it slowly.

3 LIPSTICKS Free

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known **FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE**, each in a different, fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs. Glorify your lips with **FLAME-GLO**... send coupon TODAY!

Flame-Glo TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., DEPT. 83, 395 B'WAY, N. Y.

Send me 3 trial size **FLAME-GLO** Lipsticks, enclosed find 10¢ (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

USE "Anti-Colic" 3-HOLE NIPPLES

Ask Your Doctor

No. 151 No. 147

Doctors and nurses everywhere recommend these "Anti-Colic" brand nipples. For **FREE SAMPLE**, mail this advertisement, before May 1st, stating preference: No. 147 or No. 151.

DAVOL Rubber Company—Dept. B-21 Providence, Rhode Island

DAVOL

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN

"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror."

WHAT ON EARTH SHALL I DO?

"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month."

IF THEY WILL ONLY HELP

"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim—if not more."

THEY'VE WORKED WONDERS

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

ARE you missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim.

It came to us, a simple letter written in pencil—just one of thousands from grateful girls who have regained their natural beauty with the aid of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system, too, of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll look better—and feel better—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.



Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

Free! Mail Coupon NOW for Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10¢ to cover postage and duty.) RG 4-37

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE: The above letter is but one case, of course, but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.


This shelving behaves itself!

UNLIKE other shelvings, ROYLEDGE doesn't curl at the edges to become a catch-all for dust. It goes up in a jiffy without tacking—lies straight and neat—stays fresh and clean for months.

Why is ROYLEDGE so different—so practical, you ask? Because of its wonderful patented edge, which is double thick and strong. Just "feel it" and you'll understand why this is the most serviceable shelving you can buy. It's beautiful, too—in a choice of colorful patterns and designs, for every closet and cupboard in your house.

At all 5¢ and 10¢, neighborhood or dept. stores—9 ft. for 5¢; 10¢ sizes, too. ROYLACE, 99 Gold St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROYLIES—beautiful table doilies, make every dish a party dish... 5¢ and 10¢ packages!



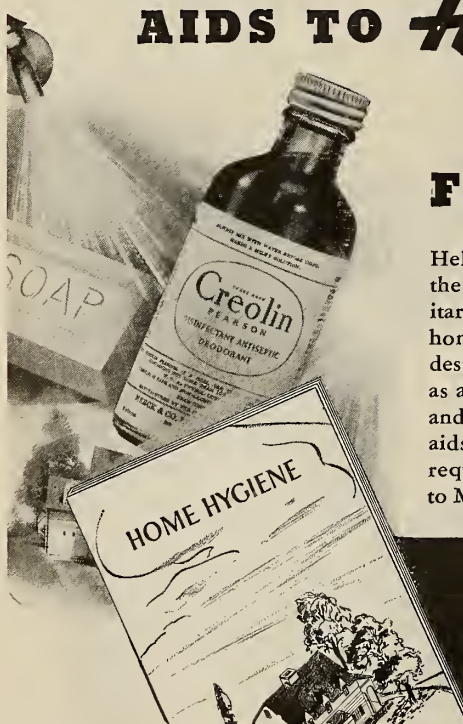
Royledge 9 FT. 5¢
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
S H E L V I N G "FEEL THE EDGE"

AIDS TO *Home Hygiene*

**IN THIS
FREE BOOKLET**

Helpful hints on how to avoid and overcome the dangers and embarrassments of unsanitary conditions and offensive odors in the home. What to do about annoying and destructive insects. Ways of using Creolin as a general antiseptic, personal deodorant, and for first aid. And many other valuable aids for the housewife. Just send your request for free copy of "Home Hygiene," to Merck & Co. Inc., Dept. RM4, Rahway, N. J.

CREOLIN
banishes
Bathroom Odors



and cook over low heat, stirring constantly so mixture will not get lumpy, until thickened. Add other ingredients, heat well and serve on buttered toast.

PEPPERMINT ICE CREAM

- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sweetened condensed milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 cup crushed peppermint stick candy

Blend sweetened condensed milk thoroughly with water. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing pan of refrigerator. When mixture is about half frozen, remove from refrigerator, scrape from sides and bottom of pan, add peppermint candy and beat until smooth, but not melted. Return to freezing chamber until frozen for serving.

"Dell certainly goes for desserts," Meri Bell went on. "Here are two more of his favorites—pompadour pudding and butterscotch pudding."

POMPADOUR PUDDING

- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup water
- 2 eggs, separated
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
- 1 tbl. cornstarch
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. lemon extract
- 4 tsp. cocoa

Beat the egg yolks slightly and blend with the milk in the top of a double boiler. Combine the salt and cornstarch with half the quantity of sugar and add to the milk. Cook over hot, not boiling, water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats the spoon. Remove from heat, and stir in the lemon extract. Combine the remaining sugar with the cocoa and add to the egg whites which have been beaten almost stiff. Beat this meringue until stiff. Pour the cooked mixture into a casserole, top with the meringue and bake in a slow oven (300° F.) for forty-five minutes. Allow to cool, and chill in refrigerator before serving.

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

- 2 tbl. cornstarch
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup water
- 1 tbl. butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract

Mix the milk and water, and blend one-quarter of the mixture with the cornstarch. Scald the remaining milk in top of the double boiler. In another saucepan melt the butter, then add the sugar and cook, stirring constantly, until the sugar melts. Add slowly to the scalded milk, stirring until well blended. Add the cornstarch mixture and the salt and stir until thick. Cover and cook twenty minutes. Cool and beat in the vanilla.

Meri Bell has some other recipes which I know you'll enjoy—black-eyed beans, (a famous southern dish), peanut marshmallow fudge which she and Dell agree is tops in candy, her never failing magic chocolate icing and three other fool proof canned milk recipes. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Gang Busters' Most Exciting Broadcast

(Continued from page 31)

a sharp voice from behind them. "And don't turn around!"

There was the sound of footsteps, then four evenly spaced reports as the bandits shot out the tires on the car. "You won't get far on them flats," said the same voice as before. Bushes rustled at the side of the road, then silence.

Rice and Masterson rushed to the car, secured the extra guns which were in the back, and started in the direction the bandits had gone. It was no use. They had disappeared completely, soundlessly.

A GAIN and again the Phantom struck—and not once, in all his exploits, did anyone get a glimpse of his face and live to describe him. Often, he and his men kept their faces covered. When they did not and his victims disregarded his warnings not to look at him, he kept his word and shot them down.

His method of escape—so sure, so fast,—was what baffled the police. He could be standing beside a payroll car one minute with his men, and two minutes later he would be gone, leaving no trace.

After three years of terrorizing the Pittsburgh district, the Phantom widened his area by invading the American State Bank in Detroit and murdering the teller, Charles Taggart. It was the first time he had dared to attack a place where money was being kept instead of waiting until it was being moved, and his success emboldened him so that six months later, in November, 1925, he and his men carried out another successful robbery in the office of the Ainsworth-Meng Company in Detroit.

Then back to the Pittsburgh district

they went, to continue their lawless career there. Police redoubled their efforts. They staged dummy deliveries to throw the Phantom off the track. Sometimes the paymaster himself did not know in advance what route he was to follow, or what time the delivery was to be made. But the Phantom seemed always to hold up the right delivery at the right time.

March, 1927, the Phantom's greatest coup, and the one which began his undoing.

The Coverdale Mines at last had something they believed would baffle all the Phantom's plans—an armored truck, with thick steel plate and bullet-proof glass, studded with built-in machine guns.

On March 11, shortly after noon, the armored truck turned off the state highway into a side road on its way to Coverdale. Six men were inside, guarding the payroll, vigilant with their shotguns at the peep slits on all sides of the machine. Fifty yards behind the truck, as an added precaution, came a big seven-passenger car containing six more men.

Suddenly there was a terrific crash, and the earth exploded beneath the wheels of the truck and its convoy. Truck, car, men, flew up into the air a hundred feet. As it fell, the truck burst open, spilling the unconscious bodies.

The Phantom had successfully engineered the most daring robbery in the history of Pennsylvania. He and his men, disguised as laborers, had planted a quarter of a ton of dynamite underneath that road under the pretense of repairing it.

Like vultures the Phantom's gang were on the truck before the sound of the explosion had ceased to echo against the

hills. It had been split wide open, and they had no difficulty in reaching the money. In a few seconds they were gone again, over a low hill at the side of the road, and into a deserted mine shaft behind it.

Once more the Phantom's knowledge of the maze of deserted mine workings in that part of Pennsylvania had enabled him to get away from the scene of a robbery two minutes after he had committed it.

STRANGE, that no one before Paul Jawarski had ever thought of making a hiding place out of the mile upon mile of worked-out coal mines. Winding and tortuous, twisting back upon themselves, branching out in all directions, their damp, gloomy caverns could have made a perfect hideout for hundreds of men.

Yet Paul Jawarski thought of many things no man had ever thought of before. Brutal, remorseless, completely without soul, there was still a touch of perverted genius in him.

In 1921 he had gathered together a group of criminals under his leadership and established his headquarters in the tunnel of an old mine a few miles from Pittsburgh. His plans were all laid.

"If ya all do just what I tell ya, we'll have millions and millions," he instructed his men. "We'll go up out of the earth—get a payroll—and be safe back down here again before they know what's happened. If there are guards, we'll kill them. The more ya kill, the bigger cut ya'll git of the money. And don't never give no warning ya going to shoot."

And now he had thought things out so successfully that he and his men were

SHORTCUT TO BEAUTY

Doris Nolan SAYS

*Featured in
"Top of the Town,"
Universal's Musical
Hit Show



COPYRIGHT 1937, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* MAKEUP
by RICHARD HUDNUT

Paris... London... New York... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Berlin

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE
COLOR OF YOUR EYES

HOLLYWOOD AND BROADWAY, lovely women everywhere, agree in acclaiming this new makeup secret. "It's a shortcut to beauty, a way to be sure at last that your makeup is right," says Doris Nolan.... Now you know.
YOUR MAKEUP MATCHES! Face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara blend in a lovely harmony. And now you know...

IT'S RIGHT FOR YOU! For Marvelous Makeup is scientifically keyed to your own personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes.*

YOU'LL LOOK YOUR LOVELIEST when you take this fascinating new step to beauty. Ask your favorite drug or department store for Marvelous Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow or mascara if your eyes are blue; if they're gray, Patrician type; brown, Parisian type; hazel, Continental type. Each single item only 55 cents (Canada 65 cents).

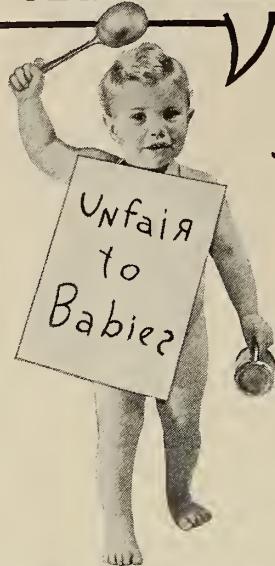
AND THE EFFECT IS STUNNING! See for yourself—in your mirror, in *his* eyes—you're lovely, radiant, enchanting... in this makeup created for you!

Harmonizing ROUGE - LIPSTICK - FACE POWDER - MASCARA - EYE SHADOW



55¢
each

"I'M STRIKING FOR HOME GROWN VEGETABLES!"



"Of course, you know it's unfair to give me anything but the best... but do you know, Mother, that it's unfair for you to cook for me yourself? No matter how you hand-pick my vegetables or how carefully you cook them and sieve them, they won't be as fresh or as nutritious as Gerber's!"

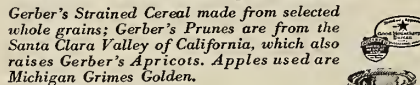
Just read these features of Gerber's Home Grown Vegetables:



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 loss of quality.
Shaker-Cooked—after scientific straining at correct temperatures with air excluded for mineral and vitamin protection in high degree. Each sealed can is mechanically shaken for even cooking throughout.

Gerber's Strained Cereal made from selected whole grains; Gerber's Prunes are from the Santa Clara Valley of California, which also raises Gerber's Apricots. Apples used are Michigan Grimes Golden.



Gerber's Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods
 STRAINED VEGETABLE SOUP—TOMATOES—GREEN BEANS—BEETS—CARROTS—PEAS—SPINACH—PRUNES—CEREAL.
 And now a new Gerber combination: STRAINED APRICOTS AND APPLE SAUCE

Get This Gift for Your Baby

A boy doll in blue, or a girl doll in pink, of high quality satin, all stuffed and trimmed. Sent for 10c and 3 Gerber labels. Check items desired:

- Boy Doll Girl Doll
- Mealtime Psychology, a free booklet on infant feeding.
- Baby's Book on general infant care, 10c additional.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
 Dept. 114, FREMONT, MICHIGAN

(In Canada, Gerber's are grown and packed by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.)

scuttling through the dark corridors under the earth miles from the Coverdale hold-up. He chuckled as he thought of the futile efforts of the police to find him.

But there was one thing he had slipped up on. Because he thought all the guards in the armored truck and its convoying car had been killed, he and his men had not covered their faces.

ONE guard, named Thorne, was not knocked unconscious by the explosion. He had been thrown into some bushes, unhurt, and he had had self-possession enough to lie quiet while the Phantom and his men went right past him. If they had known he was alive they would undoubtedly have shot him.

Thorne got a good look at the Phantom and was able to describe him to the police—slight, dark, with a low, receding forehead. More, Thorne knew he would recognize the Phantom if he ever saw him again.

For some time Captain McGinley, of the Pittsburgh police, had felt sure, without any definite proof, that the Phantom was using the coal mines as a means of escape and a hideout. The discovery of a mine shaft just over the hill from the scene of the explosion made him sure of this.

The question was, how could the police ever track their quarry down in such a maze of tunnels? The Phantom must know the mines far better than any other man alive. He could twist and turn, eluding them at every point.

However, now that it was possible to identify him, there was new hope, and McGinley was spurred on to evolve a clever ruse to bring the criminals out into the open.

He called in the sister-in-law of one of his detectives and asked her to spread gossip among her friends that the police were planning to pour poison gas into a lot of the deserted mine shafts and then close the openings.

"We're not going to do that," he explained to her. "It isn't practical; there isn't enough poison gas in the world to impregnate those old mines. But your brother-in-law is a detective, and if you say we're going to do it, people will believe you. I want the news to leak to the Phantom, so that if he and his gang are hiding in some old shaft they'll get scared, come out and try hiding in some deserted house."

The detective's sister-in-law did her work well. Within two days everyone in the state was whispering about the police's crazy plan to poison-gas the mines. On March 13 Captain McGinley was working in his office when the phone rang. A lieutenant answered it.

"Is Captain McGinley there?" a man's voice asked.

"Who's calling?"
 "I don't want to give my name. Tell him it's a citizen who wants to help him."

McGinley took the call. "There's a gang of fellows who came out here yesterday," his unknown informant told him, "and they don't seem to belong here. They've all left except one—a little fellow with a flat head."

"Where's he?" McGinley asked excitedly.

"Staying in an old house on Walker Road. You go by the Highland Falls Fork, take the right-hand road, and it's the third house. There are no other houses right near it." There was a click on the other end of the wire as the man hung up.

In half an hour, Captain McGinley and fifteen men had surrounded the white house on Walker Road. It stood silent and apparently deserted in the bright sunlight. Not a sound came from inside as they approached, zigzagging lest the Phan-

tom start to shoot. They broke down the door and entered. There was no one on the lower floor.

"If there's anybody in this house show yourself!" Captain McGinley called. "If you don't we'll shoot on sight."

Still no sound.
 They went upstairs. And in one of the bedrooms they found a man, apparently asleep. Yawning, he demanded: "What yer mean, waking up a guy like this?"

"A lot of sleeping you've been doing with all this noise going on!" snapped McGinley. He yanked the blankets off, disclosing the man fully dressed.

The prisoner stood up with a sneer on his face, thinking himself secure because no one had ever seen his face to identify him. Then Thorne came into the room.

"That's him!" he exclaimed. "That's the Phantom himself!"

Jawarski was one of the strangest prisoners the Pittsburgh police had ever captured. He made no attempt to deny his guilt. In fact, he boasted of the dozens of perfect crimes he had committed—boasted of his murders, and of how loot was distributed to his gang according to the amount of killing each man had done. He was sentenced to the electric chair, and locked in an escape-proof cell in death row.

But he was not ready for death yet.

A few days before he was to be executed, Jawarski was talking to a murderer named Vasbinder in the next cell. Vasbinder was frightened. He was to be executed the next day and he admitted he was scared.

"I ain't scared of nothing, and I ain't gonna fry, neither," said Jawarski.

YOU can't get out of here—they got double guards," Vasbinder said.

"Listen, I can get out of anything," Jawarski whispered. "I'm getting out of here right now. Want to come along?"

A few minutes later a guard came with news that a visitor wanted to see Jawarski.

"I want to see him, too," Vasbinder said. "He's a fellow that's trying to get another lawyer for me."

The convicts and their visitor were separated by two heavy doors of steel mesh and guards were stationed on both sides. The man who had come to see Jawarski talked for a minute to the prisoners, then suddenly whipped out a revolver he had concealed on his person and shot the guard on his side of the mesh through the heart. Another shot, and he had disposed of the guard with Jawarski and Vasbinder. While he fumbled for the keys on the guard's dead body, Jawarski and Vasbinder removed their guard's gun.

Quickly the "visitor" unlocked the doors between him and the prisoners. Two more guards came plunging into the room. Jawarski whirled, pulled the trigger of his gun twice, and they fell. Out through the visitors' room the three men went, down a corridor to a gate. Vasbinder fumbled with the bunch of keys taken from the dead guard, trying to find the right one, while Jawarski and his accomplice kept watch down the corridor. Already the prison siren was shrieking.

At last Vasbinder found the key and opened the gate. They ran across the space in front of the prison while machine-gun bullets whipped the ground at their feet. A short distance away was their car, waiting for them. They made it, drove away into the night.

IT seemed as if some malign providence kept watch over Jawarski. If luck had not favored him at every turn he could never have carried out so daring and hazardous a plan of escape. Convinced of his own power now, Jawarski began his

career over again, but this time with a difference. He became reckless, took crazy chances, seeming to delight in letting police catch him, then slipping through their fingers. He robbed the *Detroit Daily News*, getting a very small amount of loot, and afterwards boasting that he'd done it just so he could get his name in the papers.

Vasbinder had become his closest associate, and it was Vasbinder who was with him one night in a speedboat on the Detroit River. From Jawarski's story, which he told later, we can reconstruct what happened on that speedboat ride.

Vasbinder was puzzled and anxious. He couldn't understand what the boss was doing, taking a ride in a boat at two o'clock in the morning. And Jawarski was acting so queer, so silent and mysterious. When Jawarski suddenly shut off the engine in midstream Vasbinder felt fear at his heart.

"See that falling star?" Jawarski asked softly. "That means somebody's gonna die soon. . . . You or me, Vasbinder. . . . Wonder which it'll be?"

"Oh, cut out the philosophizing, boss," Vasbinder said uneasily.

"Life's funny, ain't it? Look at me—smarter than anybody. I done everything I wanted. I robbed more'n a million bucks, and when anybody got in my way I plugged 'em. And yet, where's it got me? I've spent all the dough. . . . Maybe I'm wrong—or maybe it's everybody else that's wrong. But I've made up my mind what I'm gonna do now."

"What, boss?"

"There ain't nobody can catch me. I'm too smart. So I'm gonna give myself up."

"But—" Vasbinder stuttered. "But I don't want to give myself up, boss. I don't want to get caught."

"Don't worry. You ain't gonna have to," said Jawarski, and he laughed. "Yeah, I'm going back to Cleveland, and I'm going into a little restaurant there, where some fellows I know eat regular. They used to sing in the choir with me back home—that's a laugh, ain't it? And I'm gonna sit there until one of them comes in and sees me and tells the cops. Then I'm gonna wait until the cops come and get me, but first I'm gonna kill as many as I can."

"Gee, boss," Vasbinder babbled, "you're outta your head. You're nuts. I don't want to get caught."

"Yeah, you're kind of dumb. Without me to tell you what to do they'll get you sure." There was a horrible sympathy in Jawarski's voice. "I'll fix it."

"What you got that gun for?" screamed Vasbinder, his eyes on Jawarski's hand.

"If I don't kill you the cops will," Jawarski said.

"No, they won't—don't kill me, boss—"

Jawarski laughed. "The next time you open your mouth, I'm gonna pump lead into it. . . . Why don't you say something, Vasbinder? Want me to shoot you, Vasbinder?"

Vasbinder was half choked with fear. "No—" he murmured.

Jawarski pulled the trigger. He tossed the body overboard, into the river.

Jawarski kept his word. He returned to Cleveland and went to the restaurant, where he ate with his boyhood chum. Half-way through the meal his friend excused himself and went into a telephone booth. What were Jawarski's thoughts as he watched, and knew that his friend was informing on him to the police? No one can tell. Those who watched him said that he seemed almost happy.

Police surrounded the lunchroom, Ja-

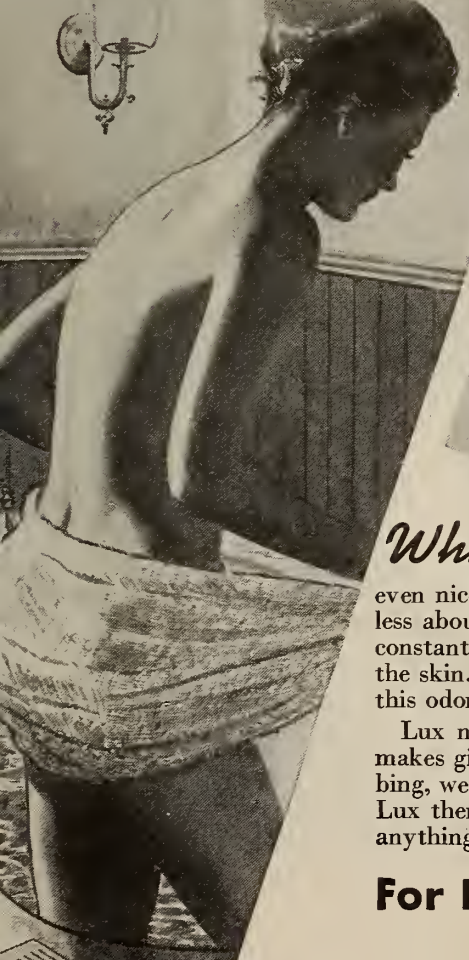
warski waited until they were outside, then he dashed out of the building, shooting as he went, and wounded three policemen. He ran into an adjacent house, where he stayed until smoked out with tear gas bombs. Still he would not surrender. Half-blinded by the gas, he kept pumping lead at the police from a revolver in each hand. Suddenly he fell with a bullet through his forehead.

THE police thought at first he was dead, but miraculously he recovered, and lived to be taken to the electric chair at Rockview Penitentiary, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, on January 21, 1929. The executioner pulled the switch at one o'clock in the morning, bringing to its end the career of the blood-thirsty egomaniac, the Phantom of the Coal Fields.

Larry DeVol was a killer. He shot men down "just to see them squirm." Not only that, but he was so determined to continue his criminal career that he even dared to inflict terrible pain upon himself to escape from prison. Read his story—the story of Gang Busters' proudest achievement, and the second in Radio Mirror's series of this program's most exciting broadcasts—in the

MAY RADIO MIRROR

Just as **OLD FASHIONED** as the Saturday Night Bath—



Washing your girdle only Once a Week



Why is it

even nice girls are often so careless about their girdles? Girdles are constantly absorbing perspiration odor from the skin. Unless they're Luxed every day or so, this odor is almost sure to offend other people.

Lux not only removes odor—it saves the *elasticity* that makes girdles *fit*. Soaps with harmful alkali, and cake-soap rubbing, weaken elasticity—avoid them! Lux has no harmful alkali. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. As every woman knows, anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

For Daintiness...Lux Girdles Often



Ripley's Thrilling Search for India's Weirdest Cult

(Continued from page 33)



detours and stopovers and he sticks to the back country. That's how he finds his "Believe-Its." So his first stop on the way to India was Greece.

He'd never been to that strange community of monks who live atop a bald stone mountain, north of Athens. Their only connection with the world below is a basket hauled up the gaunt rock on a thousand-foot rope.

Bob reached the monastery, to find that it consisted not of one community, but of several, scattered about on adjoining peaks. There was only one way for him to find out what one of them was like inside, and Bob took it. He climbed into a rickety basket and signalled to the watchers on the heights above to pull him up.

Bob admits he was a little scared, going up in that basket. It swung back and forth and around and around, and he knew that a home-made rope and a home-made windlass up at the top were the only things that were holding him.

"But in a case like that the only thing to do is to do your worrying before you get there," he said. "I just closed my eyes and said to myself, 'Well, here I am!'"

ON the mountain top were a dozen bearded, dark-gowned creatures, more like half-wild animals than men. They stared at this strange intruder from another world in fear and distrust, until at last he convinced them he meant them no harm.

He stayed with them for several days, sharing their lives—or rather, their existences. Their days were all alike—up at dawn, work and pray until their bedtime at dusk, eat meals of black bread, goat cheese, and a bitter wine with resin in it. The monotony and solitude had worked on their minds until they were almost insane, in their eyes the far-off, vacant gleam of fanaticism.

Leaving Greece, Bob went on to Cairo in Egypt. Nothing at all interesting happened to him in Cairo, except that students at the University of Cairo objected to having him take pictures of them and threw rocks at him, succeeding in breaking the lens of one of his finest cameras. Really nothing at all exciting in Cairo.

To get to India from Egypt you have to drop down far enough south to cut around the bulging peninsula of Arabia. On his way south, Bob stopped at Khartoum in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. When the English captured Khartoum the native population—to show what it thought of the English—had moved out bodily and built a new town across the river at Omdurman. Because it is the largest Arabian city in existence today, Bob wanted to see it.

Exploring late one night in a highly disreputable quarter of the town, he ventured into a native saloon. Feeble lamps winked along the walls, casting black, evil shadows. Natives and their women squatted on the mud floor drinking Kaffir beer. Everyone was drunk—and in a fighting mood.

There was a sudden silence as Bob stepped through the low arch of the door. Every eye in the room was on him and his white suit. Then he heard a low, sullen mutter. A huge black giant, stark naked, with trickles of sweat running down his sooty skin and an ugly scowl on his face, rose menacingly and moved toward Bob.

It was a bad spot to be in. White men had no business in that section of town, Bob knew. They went there at their own

risk. He might be found dead in the gutter in the morning, and if he were, the English police would be unable even to avenge his murder.

The native was almost on him now, his huge bulk towering in the smoky air. Bob could have turned and run—he wanted to turn and run—but he knew it would be fatal. The only possible way out was to bluff. And Bob bluffed.

Bob's arm shot out and grabbed the black by the shoulder. "Here, what do you think you're doing?" he barked. "Do you want me to knock you down?" He didn't expect the man to understand English, but the tone of voice was what counted, and he made it as authoritative and angry as he could.

In an instant the man's face changed. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said in perfect, Oxford-University English. Then he bowed politely, turned, and barked a few words in Arabic—and everybody in the place got down on his knees and made the white stranger welcome. After that, everybody had a good time, Bob included.

Flying from Bengazi in Arabia to India, Bob rode in an Italian army transport plane. It was a hydroplane, designed to fly over water, but the daredevil youngster piloting it decided to save an hour by flying over land. The next thing they knew, they ran into vertical air currents which flung the plane up a thousand feet at one moment and down a thousand at the next. They were soon flying below the level of the surrounding mountain peaks, and they couldn't seem to climb high enough to get over them. The currents were so strong that twice the plane was nearly flopped completely on its back in the air.

Bob and another man were the only passengers. Thinking quickly, they crawled down inside the two pontoons, one in each, and lay at full length on their stomachs, giving the plane a counter-balance. If you can imagine lying in a pitch-black little coffin, knowing that you may bump into a jagged mountain top at any instant, you know about how you would have felt in Bob's place.

And then at last—India.

Bob contacted the British authorities. They had been notified of his arrival, and they were polite.

"Is it true," he asked them, "that these Saddhus spend their lives lying on beds of spikes, and staring into the sun until they go blind, and holding up their arms until they wither away, and things like that?"

QUITE true," he was told. "They depend on the people who pass by for their food, but they aren't beggars. If no one leaves them food they're quite willing to starve to death."

"Where can I find them?" Bob asked eagerly.

"Where can you find the Saddhus? That we can't tell you. Anywhere. Everywhere. It depends on where you run across them."

He began his search. For a long time he had no luck. He tried the leper colony of Magar Pir, where men with the lion faces that are one mark of the dread disease hobbled about on feet from which the toes had fallen away. In the Kalig-hat Temple he found the most horrible living being he has ever seen—a beggar woman whose entire face was eaten away—but still no Saddhus.

Everyone he asked told him where to find them, but when he got to the place they were never there.

He tried the Vale of Kashmir. A romantic spot, Kashmir, as celebrated in

During Colds adopt the
KLEENEX
HABIT
in your office!

● When sniffles start, put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. Kleenex Tissues tend to retain germs, thus check colds from spreading to others. Simply use each tissue just once—then destroy, germs and all.

Once you have Kleenex handy in your desk, you'll find the Kleenex Habit makes many tasks far easier—just as it does at home!

Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Save Steps—Time—Money

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . And in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess!
Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

poetry and song. Bob found it to be a headache of the more dangerous kind.

Wherever he goes, Bob's camera goes too. Every "Believe-It" he finds must be photographed, for two reasons—first, to serve as copy for his cartoon when he gets back home; second, to silence possible doubters. Necessary part of his equipment though it is, his camera gets him into all kinds of trouble. His attempt to photograph the Gardens of the Shalimar, in Kashmir, was totally misunderstood by the natives there, just as his previous efforts at the University of Cairo had been.

Bob looked up from focussing the camera to find an angry mob surging around him, shouting and shaking their fists. At first, he thought the natives were angry because there is a mosque in the Gardens. He respects all religions and tries to obey the rules wherever he is, so he turned away from the mosque and tried to take pictures of another part of the Garden.

But the mob kept getting angrier and uglier. One ragged, lowering native who appeared to be stirring up most of the trouble finally made Bob understand that they didn't want pictures taken because there were Mohammedan women in the garden with their veils off.

Bob tried to point out that he'd be glad to wait until the women put their veils on, but being a prudent sort of person, he began a dignified retreat as he talked. His heckler went right along with him, shouting epithets at the top of his voice and paying no attention to Bob's apologies.

You can push a Ripley just so far, and then he loses his temper. The native jostled Bob once too often, and Bob pushed him head over heels into a fountain they were passing.

Then came the biggest surprise of the whole incident. Bob was all ready to run,

fearful that one of the heckler's friends would plunge a knife into his back. Instead, every Mohammedan in the place howled with laughter, proving that human nature is human nature the world over. They hadn't liked the tough guy any better than Bob had, and were tickled to death to see him taken down a peg.

But there weren't any Saddhus in the Vale of Kashmir, nor beside the Shalimar. Bob located the famous Bo Tree under which, according to the legend, Gautama sat and became the Living Buddha. There, in this holy place, if anywhere, he should find these religious zealots. But no, there were none.

And then, as he walked away from the Bo Tree, down the white, dusty road toward him he saw coming a queer, misshapen, unbelievable creature who used his arms for a pair of fore-legs, like a great ape! A Saddhu!

The hair rising on the nape of his neck, Bob stopped the man and questioned him through an interpreter. Was he a cripple? No; he was not a cripple; he was the Monkey Man of Buddh-Gaya, he answered proudly. As a boy he had taken a solemn oath never to walk upright like a human being, and he had never broken it. Now, after forty-odd years, the palms of his hands were as calloused as the soles of his bare feet, his arms had grown as long as his scrawny brown legs, and his back was permanently bent so he could never straighten up again.

Once Bob had found his first Saddhu, it seemed it was an easy matter to find still more members of this unbelievable sect. At Allahabad, on the banks of the sacred Ganges he saw another, one, this time, who turned his body into a living pin cushion. He was less spectacular because there are plenty of side-show performers in America who can do the same thing.

After repeatedly sticking pins through their cheeks and tongues the holes stay open, so it doesn't hurt them.

In Calcutta he found another, the Ever-Sitting Man, who for fifty years has sat with his legs folded until they have withered away to the bone. And not far away he came upon still another, named Urdhabahu, who has done the same thing to his arms, holding them straight up over his head, night and day, until his shoulder and elbow joints have become as solid as rock and the arms themselves as stiff as pokers, mere skin on bones.

Poor, tortured, horrible, misguided creatures—fanatics from whom Buddha himself, who expressly forbade such things in his religion, would turn his face away with a shudder!

That was the trip. For anyone else it would have been an experience worth telling and retelling for a lifetime, but to Bob, after twenty years of ships and trains, it's just another business jaunt.

"Nope," he insisted. "Most of the tall tales you hear from travelers just don't happen. Those things that happened to me are true, but then they're not really adventures . . . I remember a brave trophy-hunter I met this trip. It was at Shepheard's Hotel in Egypt. He told me about the giant tiger he had just killed in the African jungles. He stalked it for weeks. At last he caught sight of it and fired. Streaming blood, its fangs bared, the tiger charged him. It was fifty feet away—twenty—ten! But he wasn't the least bit nervous. Nervous? Him? He was as steady as a rock, and at the last minute he shot again. The tiger fell dead right in his tracks, so close to him that he could touch it.

"The only thing wrong with the whole story is that there are no jungles in Africa and no tigers, believe it or not."



AFTER A DAY in the open—how does your skin feel when you start to freshen up for the evening?

All dry and "tight"—Your powder "catches" . . . looks splotchy . . . uneven.

There's a quick answer to that. A special cream melts all that harsh surface roughness

into supple smoothness. Does it in just one application.

How melting softens . . . A distinguished dermatologist explains:—"Exposure hastens the natural drying out of cells on the surface of the skin, causing the familiar dry and 'tight' feeling. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts off these dead cells—reveals the soft, young cells beneath. Then skin feels soft and smooth instantly."

That is why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so popular now with all active outdoor girls.

For powder base—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths flakiness away. Make-up goes on perfectly. Stays.

For overnight—Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't

smear. In the morning your skin is soft, fresh.

For protection—Before long hours out of doors, put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin won't rough up!

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. SRM-VD, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



Mrs. F. Grover Cleveland

"After a long ride has made my skin feel dry and tight, Pond's Vanishing Cream makes it soft and smooth again."

What's New?

(Continued from page 4)

he loves
ardent color...
he hates
lipstick
parching!



Yes, he likes bright lips...they look expressive and responsive.

But how his admiration chills, if lips are dry and rough. Parched lips are old lips!

Remember, then, your lipstick has two duties. It must bestow thrilling color. It must protect you from Lipstick Parching.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," does just that. Because of a new softening ingredient, "Theobroma," it keeps your lips smooth and soft, dewy as a fresh petal. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 ardent and indelible shades, 50¢.

"Air Spun" Rouge is another thrilling Coty make-up discovery! Cyclones blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and smoothness. In shades that match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, 50¢.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

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



pads in exchange. Time alone will tell whether Parkyakarkas has made the right move.

* * *

WHAT starts out to be one thing in radio usually ends up being another. The same agent who boasts he was the first to say Good Will Court was dropping from the air now says there is another tremendous change due in your Sunday night listening habits. Mr. X has it that Dick Powell's new Warner Brothers program is on the verge of being sold to the sponsors of Do You Want To Be an Actor? for next fall. He figures that the present Chase and Sanborn program will continue through the summer at reduced operating costs—salary cuts to you—then be succeeded by Mr. Powell.

* * *

SHOULD crooning Dick Powell get the Sunday evening hour, he will have what used to be the most important sixty minutes in radio, a break for the man who blithely walked off Hollywood Hotel. The reason Eddie Cantor and Nelson Eddy have leaped up and up in popularity surveys is Good Will Court's demise. When it quit, it gave up a fat slice of its listeners to Cantor and Eddy who are on the same time over a rival network. That always happens. A sponsor calls one wrong play and the other side has scored a touchdown.

* * *

WHO said radio columnists buried the axe only in the backs of their best friends? When Frank Parker opened as a stage star in "Howdy, Stranger" (meaning the people who paid cash the opening night) drama critics shook their august heads. After a single week word went around that the show was closing—signal for every radio columnist in town to begin plugging the Parker opus. Business picked up and the management, the last we heard, was looking forward to a run all spring long. At a profit.

* * *

PICTURE of a radio star making a joke: Phil Spitalny who directs those thirty-two bachelor girls on the Hour of Charm, meets his brother, Hyman, for lunch in the basement of the RCA Building. "Hello, Pheel," says Hyman, a dialectician without trying, "how do you fill?"

* * *

BELIEVE-it-or-not, Ripley is going to leave his Sunday night broadcasts sooner than you can say Bond Bread. Another agency which handles many of the General Foods accounts has Robert on an option. They just can't decide which new product should sponsor his program.

* * *

WHEN Milton Berle went to Hollywood early in February to make a picture with Joe Penner on the RKO lot, it looked to outsiders like a fat salary increase. Milton knew better. He had to pay for the rest of the Community Sing gang's railroad fare out there, since he was the only one who left to take a second job. The others just went for the ride. Milton also pays for the gang's extra living expenses in the land of eternal sunshine and frequent blizzards. If you want to make a gag out of that, you can be sure Milton won't lift it.

NADINE CONNER is the girl with the tough job. While Nelson Eddy charges from city to city keeping up on his concert tour, Nadine tags along just to be on hand for their half hour broadcast on Sundays. The folks back home claim she has become a real tiddly-wink player and is fast mastering the tougher squeeze plays in chess. When she gets back she can write a travel book or lecture at old ladies' clubs about where to spend winter vacations.

* * *

SOME time early in March Eddy and Miss Conner arrive in New York City, polishing off a jaunt that started from Hollywood in January. Press agents are already talking wistfully of having Nelson on hand at the Broadway opening of his picture "May Time," knowing from experience that pictures of women tearing the clothes off their idols for souvenirs always make the front page.

* * *

THOSE old Broadway theaters which CBS rented and made over into fancy radio playhouses so the faithful could see their favorite broadcasts, are the objects of much wheezy wrath. Even radio stars who bundle up to their ears in long underwear have been catching colds this winter and they blame it all on the playhouses. The same drafts which blew through the scenery backstage in 1900 are still whistling around in spite of the new streamlined backdrops and sound proofed ceilings. It's getting to the point where the stars are even complaining about the draft from applause.

* * *

PHILLIPS LORD is our idea of radio's most polite gentleman who really hasn't time to be. He poses for pictures wherever you happen to catch him and they come out just the way you hoped they would. He's always the same, whether he's just finished a rehearsal of Gang Busters or of We, The People. He should be happy, though. We, The People is this winter's sensation. Broadcast on Sunday afternoon, the toughest time of the whole week to get a big listening audience, it is forging its way to the top. Even the sponsor says it's mediocre.

* * *

Phillips, by the way, always likes to do things the hard way. Give him a man in New Jersey itching to appear on his program and a woman in Texas with two broken legs, one broken crutch and a burning hatred for radio and Phil will take the Texas woman. He gets her, too. Nobody he has wanted has eluded his grasp yet. No sponsor, either, if we remember correctly.

* * *

EVERYBODY knows that when you reach twenty-one you're pretty apt to stop growing. Or everyone but Lanny Ross. Since he was fourteen Lanny had been in the habit of buying his collars a half size too large. Gave him something to grow into. Then he found he couldn't break the habit. For years his drawers have been piling up with collars that didn't fit. It was only on his latest birthday awhile back that he finally gave in and threw them out. He wouldn't have done it then if it hadn't been for the birthday present his wife Olive gave him.



*"I am 'tops' again
—because I feel and look
like my old self once more"*

"How did I do it?
"I just reasoned sensibly."

YOU just can't be happy and enjoy life when in a run-down condition. Poor health and poor looks won't let you.

Fortunately, straight thinking tells us that vitality and pep are produced by energy created from within...so is the skin beautified and made clear from within.

How natural it is then to turn to the force which makes all this possible...those precious red-blood-cells.

Quite often these cells are reduced in number or in strength. Even a common cold kills these cells in great numbers. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells.

Science has solved this problem in S.S.S. Tonic because it helps you regain your blood strength within a short space of time. Its action is cumulative and lasting.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic because of deficient stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells to restore lost weight...to regain energy...to strengthen nerves...and add glow to your skin.

Be 'tops' again with more vitality... more pep...a clear skin by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel... your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health... its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven... that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.



That birthday present, incidentally, is going to be the cause of a lot of headaches in radio. Lanny has always wanted a machine that would record his broadcasts, but Olive insisted it was sheer extravagance and bought him a bagatelle board instead, leaving the job of recording the Show Boat programs to a regular music company. As a surprise this year, Olive broke down and gave him a swell device of his own. The first thing he did was to invite eighteen people to dinner, write a play for them, and make them act it out after dinner. Later in the evening, just as they were forgetting the torture of being actors, he wheeled out his recording machine and played back the whole drama.

* * *

TRAGEDY struck twice in the radio ranks in January. When Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer died of pneumonia after a brief illness, one of the air's most popular trios ended. She was Lu, of Clara, Lu and 'Em. A few blocks away, in another Evanston, Illinois, home, Mrs. John Mayo Mitchell, the trio's 'Em, lay fighting to recover from the same disease. She has since improved rapidly.

* * *

ON January 17th, at three-thirty in the morning and apparently only suffering from neuritis, Howard White suddenly collapsed. He was dead when a doctor arrived. Thus another radio team was affected, for Howard was the arranger whose brilliant work brought the Landt Trio and White so far up the ladder of success on the NBC networks.

* * *

AN unsung, unwritten hero is a radio dialogue writer going under the name of Carroll Carroll. The agency he works for keeps him under heavier wraps than the surprise halfback before the year's big game. But we flushed Carroll out and learned that he writes that delightful cross talk Bing Crosby exchanges with Kraft Music Hall guest stars. Also the bits of whimsy Bing mutters when introducing a swing artist like Grete Stueckgold. Carroll used to write funny bits for Judge magazine which doesn't explain why he can't have any publicity.

* * *

PAT PADGETT—Molasses of Molasses 'n' January if you listen to Show Boat, plain Pat if you listen to the Dill's Best program over CBS—has a farm where he sits and meditates. This winter one of his sows had a litter of baby pigs. Being an Irishman, Pat thought it would be a good joke to send one of the pigs to the home of Maurice Levy of the O'Neills program. It is still in the back yard, growing an inch a day. Maurice's neighbors supply the garbage.

* * *

A NEW radio battle was bursting into flame in January when the floods roaring down the Ohio valley washed it out. It seems that when Floyd Gibbons began his new program, press agents for Kate Smith howled that he was trading on her Command Performance idea. Floyd countered with the statement that his program was based on his column of daily thrills carried in newspapers for many years. Then came the floods and Kate dropped the Command Performance. She stated that with so many heroic deeds being done on the Ohio it would be foolish to try and select only two or three for prizes. So she turned the money over directly to the Red Cross.



**"THIS FLAVOR
IS TOPS"**



"You're right, daughter— I've been partial to Beeman's for years! It's so delicious and fresh-tasting —that clever air-tight package keeps it fresh as the day it was made. And I like that bit of tang! Beeman's actually perks me up—it's a real help to digestion, too, you know — makes a person feel mighty good!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

Idol of the Roaring Forties

(Continued from page 19)

TANGEE FOR

Youthful Lips



Tangee's Color Change Principle assures your most becoming shade ... Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to a natural blush-rose... Paris bans a "painted look". Tangee isn't paint! Use Tangee Rouge on cheeks. Also has magic Color Change Principle.



Tangee Lipstick's special cream base keeps lips soft all night... Always apply Tangee at bedtime ... 39¢ and \$1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee's special offer.

• 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

Tangee

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
 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 _____ MA47

as much for the profession as any group of people.

"More than most," said Tommy Hyde when we talked to him.

Hyde is an old timer, and one of the greatest dance instructors in America at the present time. He appeared on Fred's program, not because he wanted a chance in radio, but because Fred once did something vaudeville will never forget.

Hyde is a rather small, dapper man in his middle fifties now—and making more money than you can shake a stick at as dance instructor for Ned Wayburn. Twenty years ago when Fred Allen first broke into vaudeville, he was making scraps of money as one of the foremost minstrel men, and was teaching George White to dance.

"Fred was a smart young man," he says, "Audacious. Afraid of nothing. When he decided to get himself a job, he realized that a well-known name would be an asset—and blandly took that of Freddy James, a great star, when he applied for a job on the Australia circuit. Why, it would be like taking W. C. Fields' name now to play Timbuctoo.

THE thing he did down on the Australia circuit is what attracted the attention of the whole entertainment world to him. Made him sort of a hero, right at the start. To understand it, you've got to have the background.

"In those days, the Australians had a great little gag they pulled on American performers who came down on a three month contract. If they didn't like the Americans, they couldn't get rid of them, but they had a little trick that did the job.

"We called their trick the Ozone Circuit, and there was no one who had ever beaten it. If an act was not an immediate hit it was booked for a week on one side of Australia, then a week in New Zealand, then a week on the other side of Australia. You'd get paid for your three weeks' work, but not for the six weeks of sailing between ports. On the Ozone Circuit, it would take a year to earn three-months' salary.

"No matter how patient they were, Americans always quit when they saw it coming. Asked for their week's pay and their return tickets and sailed home.

"But not Fred Allen! His first week was bad and he knew it. At the conclusion of his last performance, he went to the booking office and got what he expected—notice that his next theater would be in New Zealand, a mere matter of two weeks' sailing. Fred grunted. After looking at the agent a minute, he said, 'I'll be back,' and strode out. The booking agent apparently thought that this one was going to give up more easily than the rest, because he proceeded to get Fred's contract and return ticket out. However, when Fred returned a few minutes later, he didn't have his baggage with him. He was wearing a sailor's uniform and he said to the astounded agent. 'Might as well give me the rest o' my sailing orders now, matey.'

"The agent gave up and booked Fred for three months solid, to get rid of him. It was a great victory for the Americans."

Tommy Hyde chuckles when he tells that story. Just as all of vaudeville does. For Fred Allen, you see, is one of those rare mortals who is funniest when he is mad. When the average mortal can only sputter in impotent rage or unleash a right hook to the chin, Fred is, by some magic, always able to deliver a sarcastic

wisecrack that makes his victim first squirm, then laugh in spite of himself, and finally do what Fred wants him to do.

If Hamlet had been Fred Allen, he wouldn't have wasted a lot of time fretting over the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He'd have worked himself up into such a temper that "Hamlet" would have become the funniest comedy ever written, instead of the greatest tragedy.

Jim Kelso, who has appeared on Town Hall Tonight, and whose sneezing act you may remember from 'way back, is another of those who reveres Fred for his acid method of setting things right.

Kelso is a little more than forty years old, straight, blond, English in appearance.

"We who have been around," he says, "think of Fred as the greatest man vaudeville ever turned out. We remember things like the time he showed up a tap dancer who used to get applause by making an American flag burst into all its glory at the end of his act. It was war-time, and of course people would applaud the flag, even if they hadn't liked the dancer's act. It made all the other actors sore to see this guy getting applause by a trick, but Fred was the only one who did anything about it. First he bet the dancer that he could get more and longer applause than the dancer could. We all hoped he'd win, but we didn't really think he could.

"Fred did his usual act, but right at the end he unfurled first a picture of Abraham Lincoln, then a picture of George Washington, then one of Woodrow Wilson, who was president at the time—and finally, a bigger flag than the dancer's. The audience started clapping for Lincoln and kept clapping louder and louder with each new picture. Fred won the bet, of course, and a thousand entertainers got a laugh.

"Once Fred pulled into a little Ohio town that had two theaters. One of them showed big stars, the other one little stars. Fred, of course, wanted to book himself into the big theater, but its manager had never heard of him, didn't know whether he was good or not, and didn't want to take a chance on engaging him.

THAT didn't bother Fred. He went over to the small theater and got himself a job there, on the understanding that if he wasn't a success on his first performance he wouldn't give a second.

"Fred was doing his ventriloquist act at that time. It included a dummy that had a tendency to fall apart every time it was supposed to say something. The whole act was crazy comedy—completely nutty, without any sense to it at all.

"The audience in the small theater didn't understand that kind of comedy. They just sat and watched, and they didn't laugh and they didn't applaud—except for one man down in the front row who was practically rolling in the aisle, he was laughing so hard.

"As Fred came off the stage the manager met him in the wings, shaking his head sadly. 'Sorry, Allen,' he said. 'You aren't going over here. My audience doesn't like you.'

"'Oh, that's all right,' drawled Fred. 'I was just breaking my act in for the manager of the other theater. That was him doing all the laughing.'

Jim Kelso first met Fred Allen when they were both playing the Keith Circuit in the middle west. Fred was already famous then, among the members of his profession, and that was fifteen years ago.

His letters, all written without the use of a single capital letter, were considered priceless, and anyone who got one had to pass it around. Letters he wrote to someone in New York City were apt to have their last reading in San Francisco.

Jim Harkins, who was one of the great names of vaudeville when he appeared with his wife, Marian, is another of those who have worshipped at the Allen throne for years. The rest of vaudeville considers him a sort of minor idol because he has been fortunate enough to be associated with Fred on his Wednesday evening programs.

THE first time I met Fred, to talk to, was about ten years ago. He was known then as the greatest of the script doctors. The boys would meet him and, after a half-hour of chatter, say, 'By the way, Fred, I need a little pep in the middle of my turn. Give me a hand?' Fred would always help until he could hardly see.

"I had come into New York and was stopping at his hotel when I learned he was in town. I tried to get in touch with him at once. I learned that, three days before, a young man he had known had told him he had just been given a part in a new skit. The young man wanted Fred to help him build up his part. Well, though Fred had come to New York to lay off a while and get some rest, he worked four days solid with that kid. Each time he'd finish, the guy would want something else fixed. On the fifth day, I caught Fred in the lobby with a friend of his. I asked him how he had managed to get rid of the kid—and he grunted, 'I rewrote the act so much there wasn't any part left in it for him to play.'"

You can see that Fred Allen has not won regard from these men for nothing. They respect and revere him because he

is essentially what they themselves thought they could be if they had applied themselves when they were young.

They admit they attend his radio broadcasts more often than they did his stage appearances. It's because they like him, they say; but really it's because he is carrying their tradition into a new medium for them—and letting them help by opening his program to their talents.

Fred has brought some of his classic humor into radio; and radio, being a young thing, needs it. There are several examples, but the old timers like best the one concerning the words he directed at a network official one day just after he had finished his last dress rehearsal before going on the air.

As he looked into the control room to see if everything had sounded all right, he became conscious of a delegation of network censors standing beside him.

"Mr. Allen," one of them said brightly, "we've decided we can't allow you to put on that second Town Hall News sketch you have for tonight."

Allen put his hand to his forehead. "It was all right this morning," he reminded them gently. "You let it go through then."

"But on reconsideration," began the spokesman . . .

Fred frowned at him for an instant. "You know how my program goes," he said reflectively. "First, music. Then an announcement. Then crowds and music!"

"Certainly," they agreed. "Well," Fred Allen drawled, "when the noise of crowds and the music stops tonight, you'd better be at that microphone and you'd better be funny—because I won't be there."

With that, he stalked out of the studio. He did not return until his skit was approved.

The five-a-day gentlemen tell that story with relish. To them, it proves that their idol is still topping them all—that their profession turns out the best. They feel anything Fred says is the best thing that could be said; and for the final story that proves it, they tell this:

It's about an old vaudeville trouper who had slipped pretty far with the passing years. Booze, they say.

He had happened to be in New York, had needed money, and had thought of Fred Allen. He found Fred talking to a bunch of the boys in a barbershop and he sidled up just long enough to make his touch. After he got it, he moved away again.

Fred left the group a little later. He hadn't been gone more than a minute when the old-timer returned. Fred's donation had worked wonders. The old gent's nose was a brighter red, his eyes not quite so rheumy.

"Say," he demanded, "did Allen say anything after I left?"

The boys looked at one another and nodded. "He said someone ought to invent a two-way gutter for you," they told him.

The old-timer shook his head and slapped his knee. "Marvelous," he chortled. "Marvelous."

In the May Issue—

More Fashions From The Stars—
Selected by famous style experts, they'll point the way for your new spring wardrobe.



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A New Kind of Old Fashioned Marriage

(Continued from page 35)

"I Writhed with Pain-



*I Couldn't Even
Tell My Doctor the
Torture I Suffered!"*

WHAT agony Piles! What they impose in pain, in mental distress, in loss of personal efficiency!

The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

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always admired Mary for the fine and wonderful person that she is, I'd always treasured her sympathy and advice and friendship. She'd always meant a lot to me. I looked forward to seeing her. But ours wasn't a mutually expressed admiration until just five months before we announced our engagement.

"Some writer once said that 'love occurs in one of two ways: either at first sight or in the gradual fusion of two natures.' It was the latter way with Mary and me. I like to think that our happiness was intended all along and that it worked itself out gradually."

And so, having found their happiness in each other, they have joined forces to plot a new highway for themselves, a quiet and outmoded sort of road called old fashioned marriage. And they are going to stay on that road together—probably to the watchful amazement of most of those who know them.

Buddy and Mary are to be married in the spring. They had planned it for the New Year season but the recent death of Lottie Pickford, whom you probably remember as a madcap in the old-time serials, postponed their arrangements. Her sister's death was a great shock and bereavement to Mary. It left her crushed with the loneliness of finding herself the last of the close-knit Pickford family.

MOST of the details about our wedding are up to Mary, of course," Buddy told me. "But I do know that we won't elope. The majority of our close friends are in Hollywood and we see no reason why we should hop on a plane and rush off somewhere else to be married.

"We'd like to have a simple ceremony at which our friends and my family could be present. Especially my family because it's been so long since I've been able to go home and pay them a real visit. Six or eight times a year I have a half-hour plane stopover in Kansas City and they drive to the airport to chat for a few minutes. But that's been the extent of my seeing them. I'm expecting my mother and dad and sister and brother to come out for the wedding."

Recall, if you can, when any two people of importance in Hollywood have planned nuptials like these. No secrecy. No elopement. A ceremony with few thrills, a great deal of dignity, and relatives gathered from across half a continent to sit in the front rows and weep and kiss the bride and groom. A family affair. In Hollywood such ceremonies went out of style with Theda Bara's bangs, but that doesn't matter to Mary and Buddy. Their wedding will be their first step toward an old fashioned marriage.

And what about the honeymoon? You might expect Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Rogers to engage a suite aboard the *Normandie* or at least to run down to Palm Springs for a few weeks. In her honeymoon days with Douglas Fairbanks Mary had a wedding trip more glamorous than any Hollywood bride has ever had, a long de luxe journey around the world during which she was presented to every important ruler in every big country. But this time she's actually yearning for the luxury of a quiet honeymoon at home!

Says Buddy, "There's a chance that I may have to go to England to make a picture in the spring. If that happens we may be forced to honeymoon abroad. But we're hoping we can stay here and rest. Mary wants that and I—well, I've lived out of a suitcase for so long now my idea of a real honeymoon is to get a va-

cation from traveling. Both of us have been working hard during the past year; we simply want to take off a few weeks after our wedding and spend them leisurely alone together on the ranch."

Alone together, not in the strange swank of some hotel or ocean liner with the prying eyes of the world following them constantly, but in the peaceful privacy of their own new home. If Mr. and Mrs. Rogers could have it their way they'd keep their front-page romance to themselves and out of the papers altogether.

The house that will shelter the love of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers won't be the mansion you'd expect, either. No fashionable decorator will be called in to dictate a formal Louis Quinze living room, to order the pie-crust table ousted to the attic, to insist that the pictures be hung precisely right here and right here. When Douglas Fairbanks married Mary he bought the vast estate that is Pickfair from a wealthy sportsman, remodeled it, enlarged and landscaped it, made it into the showplace of Hollywood and presented it to his bride. It was staffed with a veritable battalion of the finest servants representing nine nationalities. Its grounds, complete with pools and sunken gardens and never a pebble out of place on the heart-shaped driveway, were as meticulously, rigidly attended to as was the routine of living inside the great house. The whole estate was equipped to facilitate heavy entertaining, to please and impress its inevitable stream of famous guests.

Mary is selling Pickfair because, in her own words, "I want a different atmosphere about me, the sort of place where you can rough it by yourself. I shall keep only my antiques and the things that belonged to my mother. At our new home everything will be less formal. *I want to live more within myself.*"

The home that Buddy Rogers will provide for his bride is a rambling one-story ranch house on a piece of acreage in the San Fernando Valley. The newlyweds will decorate it themselves and not a stick of back-breaking-but-beautiful period furniture will be allowed. There will be only two extra bedrooms for guests. And if the chickens get in the zinnia beds or Buddy's collie puts muddy paws on the chesterfield, neither will bring out a militia of servants. The Rogers menage will do with a minimum of domestics and a maximum of homey atmosphere.

OH, we're looking forward to a lot of things," the prospective bridegroom went on jubilantly. "We're going to have horses and kennels and big old easy chairs you can put your feet on and we'll probably eat off a card table before the fire most of the evenings. I'd hate to sit down to dinner at a big long vacant table with Mary so far away at the opposite end I'd have to squint over a dozen candelabras to see her!"

His eyes were radiant as he talked, quietly, with few gesticulations. Watching him, I couldn't help comparing the Buddy Rogers of today with the carefree youth who was once America's boy-friend. Remember the plastered-down hair, the bell-bottom pants, the razzle-dazzle and widely publicized romances with Mary Brian and Claire Windsor? Buddy, at thirty-three, has grown out of that era about as gracefully as anything I have ever seen. His hundred and seventy hard muscular pounds, his thick curly hair which is graying prematurely at the temples, become him. He still has the most incredibly

white teeth and the longest eyelashes that ever flashed on a screen. Beside his solid six-foot-one physique Mary Pickford's fragile hundred-pound-weight looks positively diminutive.

However, it's the change in Buddy *inside* that's most noticeable. There isn't left about him a single hey-hey hangover from the old days. He's a calmer, far more reserved person. He has matured to a man of forceful personality, stability and a great deal of charm.

MARY and I don't want what's called a 'modern marriage,' he continued. "You know, I'm always bewildered at the rules and devices people invent to try to make their lives together work out—things like separate vacations and wives and husbands going out with other people. And too sumptuous homes that through their sheer vastness will prevent a couple from experiencing the little everyday intimacies that are supposed to destroy romance but which I think are half of a real companionship.

"We haven't got anything against the way a lot of other people live. We just like the old fashioned idea, that's all. The idea of living for the person you're married to instead of living for yourself—after all, that's the fundamental difference between the two kinds of marriage.

"We're going to live for each other. That's the secret. You see, when two people discover that they need each other to achieve their greatest happiness it seems to me that there's only one condition necessary to insure that happiness—and that is that *neither one would do anything that could injure the other person.* The old give and take and always consider the other fellow attitude. A marriage like that can survive anything Hollywood would wreck it with.

"We want to live simply. No show, no lavish entertaining. Mary's a wonderful hostess and she loves to give parties but we're going to scale down such entertaining as we do to informal affairs. Neither of us gives a hoot for night-clubbing. We'll keep our evenings free for the things we really enjoy—concerts and movies, reading aloud, our mutual friends, listening to the radio. We're going to garden a lot and ride together early in the mornings. These things and our work will make up our life, and everything else can go hang.

"That's our idea of really living!"
The days at Pickfair weren't that way. For two decades Pickfair was the castle from which Mary ruled undisputedly over Hollywood society, carrying out as glittering and rigid a life as a queen. Many's the time the residents of the castle practically moved out on the lawn to accommodate the entourages of famous guests. Few of the guests were actually invited; they came with letters of introduction or through the maneuvering of friends. A "command" dinner party for the man who is now George VI of England was nothing out of the ordinary, nor were entertainments for Prince William of Sweden, Prince and Princess Prajadhipok of Siam, Einstein, Marconi, Lady Mendl.

There won't be any "command" dinner parties at the house in the valley. Visitors will be *invited* and they'll be quartered in the chintz-curtained guest rooms and expected to take pot luck at the dinner table and like it. The life of the Rogers is not to be constantly upset just to please visiting celebrities.

Radio will play an important part in their plans

"Above everything else," Buddy told me, "we're anxious to be together every possible minute. Sometimes I wonder

why it is that people marry so they *can* be together and then spend their time doing so many things that keep them apart. We want to settle down and stay home. That's why I'm especially delighted that I've got my radio spot on Twin Stars. If I can make good at radio I'll be able to let all this banging around the country go, keep the band in Hollywood and still work on the air and in pictures. Probably you know I have signed a seven-year contract with Columbia Pictures."

Buddy is aware, I think, that the kind of life they're planning together will be a great change for Mary, will require much adjustment on her part. It is for that reason, most likely, that he is leaving all the arrangements for that life to her decision—from the date of the wedding to the blueprints for remodeling the house. A quiet and simple marriage will be a great change for Buddy too, after his long and carefree bachelorhood.

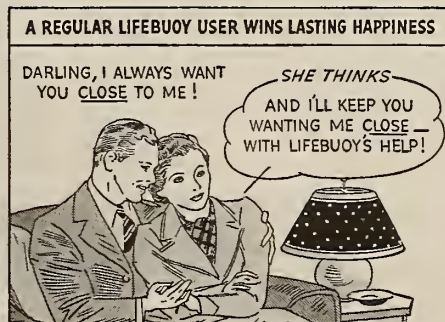
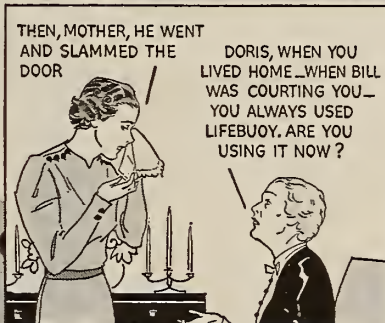
BUT this is all I've ever really wanted," he said to me, "... the one right woman and a home. I've had enough of so-called freedom. Freedom's not so wonderful, you know, when you realize that all the time you're really searching for the right person to imprison you!"

And who'll be the boss in an old fashioned marriage? Buddy's mother and Mary are very dear friends. What chance has a man got when the two women closest to him are so strongly in cahoots?

Buddy only laughed. "Well, I may be letting myself in for it," he said jokingly, "but I guess I'm big enough to take it! Anyway, I'll be the luckiest fellow in the world as long as I have Mary."

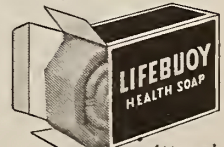
Then he was quickly serious instead of laughing. "Come around twenty years from now," he added, "and you'll see that I still haven't changed my mind!"

ALL I CAN SAY IS — YOU'RE NOT THE SWEETHEART I MARRIED!



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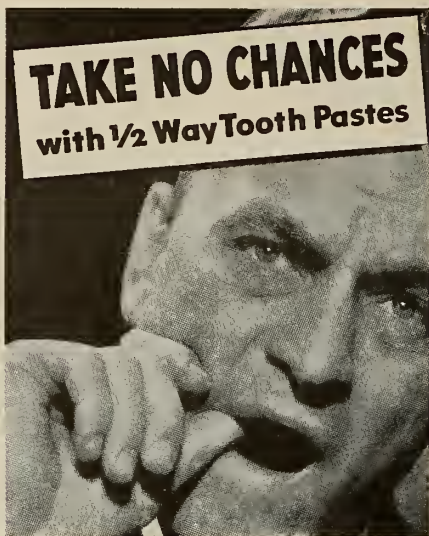
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Nino Martini's Cross Country Flight From Love

(Continued from page 42)



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her last cent to get there, and this was final, Nino had to take her with him. Nino was at his wit's end. He gave her money to live on, and sat down to worry!

He went on worrying, because Ruth remained adamant to persuasion. He offered to pay her way home, but she sobbingly refused.

On the last day of his engagement in Detroit, Nino and his manager put their heads together, and decided to resort to threats.

They called the girl into a dressing room—and talked Latin turkey. As Nino put it, "We both said some mighty rough things to this girl, Ruth, things I hope we never have to say again, but she consented to return home!"

Back in Canada, Ruth continued to write Nino every day. He never answered these letters, and after approximately six months, they ceased to arrive. Nino thought his troubles with Ruth were over at last.

Instead, they'd just started! He received a letter from Ruth's sister, or someone who claimed to be her sister, saying that Ruth had died. Nino felt badly about this, and wrote the sister saying so.

THE sister replied that since Ruth adored Nino so wholeheartedly it might be a noble gesture on his part, since Ruth was a poor girl, to send money for funeral expenses.

Nino complied. The sister wrote back, thanked him for the money, and included several touching descriptive paragraphs about how beautiful the ceremony was.

And on the very day that Nino was telling me of this, Ruth, who was supposed to be dead, was downstairs in the lobby! The funeral money, just as she had planned, had been exactly enough to pay her way to New York!

Knowing that Nino was on the Chesterfield program, she watched the newspaper columns for a mention of where he was living, and when she found it, she spent her afternoons waiting for Nino to speak to her. And, as I write this, she's still there in the lobby.

What to do about her, Nino doesn't know. So far, ignoring her has worked.

All the time that the episode with Ruth was going on, Nino blundered into other troubles of the same nature, problems that were equally difficult to handle.

After leaving Detroit, he headed northwest to continue his tour. On the day he was to leave Butte, Montana, he received a letter from a girl in Tacoma, Washington. The girl said that she had read in the papers that Nino was to sing in Tacoma, and that she wanted to hear him sing, but was too poor to afford a ticket.

Nino showed me the letter. It was very touching. The girl (we'll call her Jane) told how she was down to her last fifteen cents, when walking through an impoverished section of Tacoma she saw the title of Nino's motion picture, "Here's to Romance."

On the billboards were pictures of Nino which stirred her so deeply that she spent the last of her money to see the picture! The letter had a ring of sincerity to it that would not disturb the most suspicious person.

She went on to say that the cheeriness of Nino's face, and his magnificent voice, helped her to see new things in life, and gave her the courage to seek work.

She concluded with the information that she had found employment doing maid's work in a hotel, and that she was saving

her money to hear, and see, Nino sing when he came to Tacoma.

When Nino got to Tacoma, he remembered the girl and her letter. His kind heart got the better of him once more and he sent Jane two tickets for his concert.

After the performance, Jane turned up back-stage, and told Nino how much she had enjoyed hearing him sing. Suddenly, she broke into tears, and begged him to take her with him!

Nino, out of pity, explained nicely to the girl how impossible it would be to take her with him, but for the three nights he sang in Tacoma he had to endure the back-stage pleadings of Jane.

When he was packed and ready to leave for Seattle, Jane declared that she would consent to nothing less than going with him—even if she had to ride on the floor of the car.

Nino slipped furtively out of town. When he arrived in Seattle Jane was waiting for him. But it wasn't the poverty-stricken Jane of her letter. She was dressed to kill. She had a complete new ensemble, two hand bags, and a wardrobe trunk.

All this sudden prosperity made Nino mad. You can hardly blame him. He issued orders to all the doormen that Jane should not be admitted to the theater.

She then switched her attention to Nino's manager, and kept him happy with the information that she would follow Nino to the ends of the earth.

She meant it, too. In Portland, Oregon, Nino's last stop on the tour, she turned up again. She told fantastic stories to the doormen of the theater, saying that she was Nino's fiancée, and that they were quarreling.

NINO'S manager came to the rescue. He told Jane that Nino, after completing his tour, was going back to Italy to be married. It was highly probable, the manager insisted, that Nino would never return.

The next four days were hard on Nino. Jane's pleadings turned into screechings, and she phoned him for confirmation of his manager's story at all hours. The strategy worked, however, and when Nino left Portland, a very sad Jane returned to Tacoma.

Finding that she had been duped, Jane resumed her letter-writing, and Nino can still find a letter from her in his mailbox almost every day. She wants him to return to Tacoma, but he, strange as it sounds, isn't so interested in her requests!

The most embarrassing series of incidents that happened to the Chesterfield singer occurred in Chicago.

Nino was sitting alone, quietly eating his dinner at a table in the dining room of the Congress Hotel. A young woman, accompanied by the head waiter, silently, and assuredly, came to his table and sat down.

Nino looked up amazed. The room was almost empty, and here, sitting at his table, was a girl he had never seen before in his life!

She immediately smiled at his amazement and embarrassment, and said: "Why Nino Martini, I see you don't recognize me. Remember the lovely times we had together in New York last year?"

This was another ruse, and Nino recognized it as such. How to get rid of the young lady was another problem in the life of the now frantic young Latin. She was obviously quite a lady, and utterly at ease!

If he remained pleasant, carried on a conversation, and then politely left, she'd

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TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

Truth is Stranger than Fiction

probably turn up next time he entered the dining room. This Nino emphatically did not want to happen.

As graciously as he could, he reminded the young lady that they had never met. He mentioned that he always liked to eat his dinner alone. It didn't work. The young lady ordered a dinner. She took up a monologue, toying daintily with her food meanwhile.

It was evident that she wanted the few people present, and the head waiter, to see her with Nino. Nino, on the other hand, had different ideas. Thoughts of Ruth and Jane had him jittery.

He called the head waiter, and asked to have his visitor gently and tactfully removed.

"But Miss— says that she is an old friend of yours," the waiter smiled, thinking that Martini was joking.

"I never saw the girl in my life!" Nino declared, getting angry. "And I always remember a face!"

The girl disagreed. The conversation continued back and forth for almost a half hour before the young lady coolly and languorously arose. With a smile, and a wink at Nino, she left!

That same night, Nino came home from the opera dead tired. He went into his hotel room, and began removing his clothes, when he suddenly discovered he was not alone!

The girl who had annoyed him at the dinner table was seated in the far corner of the room. Her coat was on the piano, and she seemed to be even more at ease than she had been in the dining room.

SHE refused to leave. Nino's only alternative was to call the manager, and have her forcefully removed. It was discovered later that she had obtained the key from the desk under the pretense that she was Nino's sister.

That very night, Nino and his manager sat up discussing the series of situations. Something had to be done! There must be some way, they both thought, of keeping Nino healthy, happy, and unbothered.

"If we could only change places," Nino sighed, at three o'clock.

"That's it!" Nino's manager exclaimed. "We'll exchange places!"

Since that disturbing night in Chicago, almost a year ago, Nino and his manager have stuck to their system. It is a tricky one. Nino registers in one hotel room, his manager in another, and they swap keys.

So far the manager has been bothered seven or eight times!

This exchanging hotel rooms has further complications. Nino's close friends can't figure out why they always get his manager when they call for Nino. And Nino's manager's friends are equally puzzled when they continually hear Nino's voice on the other end of the wire.

It keeps both of them calling from room to room, but it has saved any further embarrassment. He can undress in peace.

One of the more recent and amusing cases of Latin fever concerns a nineteen-year-old girl with a literary complex. This young girl has been bothering Nino ever since he arrived in New York. She wants to do what she calls "the story of his life."

Nino does not, as yet, consider himself important enough to have his life story written. But a young girl with a yen to create is hard to stop.

She writes long sample chapters about her reactions to Nino's singing. He finds these masterpieces in his mailbox every Saturday morning. A few hours later she calls on the telephone, with the important message that she must see Nino at once.

Lately, Nino sighed, she has been stand-

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ing at the stage door annoying the ushers with further messages. "How can Nino expect me to write his life story if I can't even see him?" she tells the ushers.

They don't seem to know, either, and Nino becomes quite disturbed when they ask him. It is all very funny to Nino's friends, but he can't seem to see it that way.

He is right. There might be the notion in the young lady's head that she can write herself into Nino's life story. It has been tried before!

Other young ladies send Nino pictures of themselves with the instructions that Nino write something personal, and endearing, below. It requires an arduous letter to each one, explaining in ambiguous terms, just why Nino cannot comply.

Nino might, be more explicit, and reveal that writing his name under the picture of a strange girl, in a moment of pity, almost caused him a court suit.

The girl, according to the letter which accompanied the photo, was an invalid in a Philadelphia hospital. The picture was supposed to mean life or death to her. The request came from a person posing as her mother.

The girl was healthy enough to threaten to give the picture to a Philadelphia newspaper, along with a cooked-up story about her romance with Nino! Unless, mind you, Nino bought the picture back at a pretty sum!

If Nino were all that people of his race are reputed to be—passionate, and amorous, and on to the ways of the world—he would undoubtedly avoid these difficulties.

BUT that is just it. He isn't. He is a shy, lovable young man who gets taken in each time because his heart gets the better of his head.

What really caused me to wonder whether Nino's "girl troubles" were over was when I saw him three nights after this interview.

It was after the Chesterfield program, and Nino was standing in the stage door. He was surrounded by what looked like a hundred pushing, excited girls. Nino was signing their autograph books, he was blushing slightly, but on his face was a smile a mile wide!

Somewhere in that crowd there might be another Jane or a Ruth!
Latins are either forgiving or forgetful!

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 13)

class cabins on the *Monarch of Bermuda*, engaged hotel rooms at a swank Bermuda hotel, and paid Al a big price. The orchestra worked but two nights.

And Emil Coleman tells of the night he played a gala debutante affair on Long Island, for a fabulous price. Emil and the boys played continuously from 8 P. M. to 4 A. M., without an intermission.

"We didn't even have time for a cigarette," moaned Emil.

* * *

WATCH OUT FOR

Dark-eyed, dark-haired Shirley Lloyd of the Ozzie Nelson crew. She has picture possibilities . . . Freddy Martin's orchestra from the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago, because the band has been enlarged to nineteen pieces, and now includes a 'cello for the waltz groups . . . Larry Lee's orchestra from Los Angeles. It is coming East shortly . . . Skinny Ennis, Hal Kemp's singing-drummer who might branch out as an independent leader, but

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under Hal's management.

* * *

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE MAESTROS

After a radio rehearsal, Ben Bernie sits down with his staff, not to go over musical numbers, but to pick the nags . . . Abe Lyman smokes tremendous cigars in the control room, and barks orders through the kick-back mike . . . Hal Kemp works best without coat or vest . . . Henry King is active and serious during a rehearsal, constantly popping up from the piano to handle the baton. But once he's on the air, debonair Henry seldom leaves the keyboard . . . Mark Warnow usually tells a joke to the musicians just before broadcast time "to get the boys in the proper frame of mind."

* * *

SCOOP

Shep Fields who turned an ice cream soda straw into a \$1,000,000 instrument (it makes "rippling rhythm") is adding two trombones to his orchestra, to augment the band's orchestrations. Shep firmly believes that to keep at the top of the heap leaders must keep on developing new musical tricks.

* * *

Don Bestor is a little annoyed. Just recently he purchased a beautiful home in Forest Hills, Long Island, near by the residences of Hal Kemp and Red Nichols, so he could spend more time with his wife and family. But what happens to the bespectacled, bespatted conductor? His manager books him for a lengthy tour of the hinterlands, and poor Don has yet to spend one night in his new home.

* * *

Al Bowlly, Ray Noble's veteran vocalist, has returned to Merrie Old England for good. Homesick, Al decided to quit these shores and organize his own orchestra for engagements in London.

Another unhappy lad is Merwyn Bogue, Kay Kyser's comic singer, known to radio fans as "Ish Kabibble." The Kyser troupe have been on a tour of one-night stands and Kay thought it would be a good idea to have "Ish" lug the band's own public address system equipment from town to town.

You can now hear the famed Casa Loma orchestra over NBC from the lofty Rainbow Room in New York. They replaced Ray Noble there for the winter and spring season.

* * *

Gene Austin, who was one of the greatest of phonograph-record singing stars, made such a sensation as a guest on Joe Penner's program that not only was he signed for the duration of the radio show, but Joe is now hoping to have him in the next Penner picture for RKO.

* * *

THEME SONG SECTION

You tried hard to stump me this month. As a matter of fact, you even *did* stump me, on several themes. The reason was that the orchestras you asked about aren't on the air just now, and an orchestra that isn't on the air doesn't have an air signature. That's logic. However, here's a husky handful of those elusive melodies.

Ted Weems—"Out of the Night." Ted uses this both for his late-at-night sustaining show and his Sunday morning commercial on the Mutual system.

Russ Morgan—"Does My Heart Beat For You?" by another famous orchestra

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An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

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Morton Gould in his Music for Today program—an untitled original by himself.

George Hamilton—"The Volanda" by himself.

Richard Himer—"Falling in Love," by Victor Young to open the program with; "It Isn't Fair," by himself, to close.

Shep Fields—"Rippling Rhythm." That's all—just "Rippling Rhythm," and you should have guessed that one for yourself.

Roger Pryor—"The Whistler and His Dog."

Jay Freeman—"The Bug," by himself.

Isham Jones—"It's Just a Dream Come True," by himself.

Carl Ravell—"Haunting Me," an unpublished original.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Benny Goodman's orchestra: Piano, Jess Stacy; bass, Harry Goodman; Trumpets, Viggie Elman, Harry James, Gordon Griffin; trombones, Murray McEachern, Red Ballard; woodwinds, Hymie Shertzer (sax and clarinet), Vido Musso (sax, flute, and clarinet), Bill Depew (sax and clarinet), Arthur Rollini (flute); guitar, Allan Reuss; drums, Gene Krupa. Benny, of course, plays the clarinet as well as leading the band. The trio which plays with the orchestra is made up of Teddy Wilson, piano; Lionel Hampton, vibraphone; Krupa on the drums; and sometimes Benny on the clarinet (in which case it's a quartet instead of a trio.)

* * *

Mark Warnow's Blue Velvet orchestra, heard regularly on CBS: Violins, "Frenchy" Herrschaft, Felix Orwitz, Johnny Augustine, Morris Goffin, Dave Mancowitz; cello, Emil Stark; harp, Sepp Morscher; piano, Walter Gross; bass viol, Frank Worrel; guitar, Ward Lay; drums, Howard Gould; saxophones, Artie Manners, Virgie Merrill, Harold Sturr; trumpets, Nat Natalie, Lloyd Williams; trombones, Jim Rosselli, Joe Vargas.

* * *

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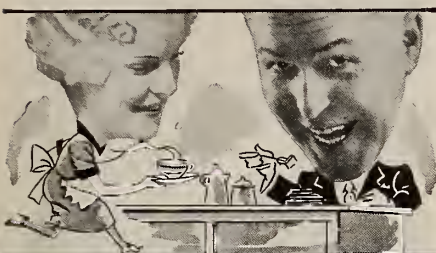
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What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 9)

broadcasts from the Inter-American Peace Conference, the peoples of South America have been brought a little closer and revealed in a different light. To understand a country's problems is the first step in an amicable settlement of differences. Truly, the golden age of radio may yet be the answer to world peace!

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TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

A little icing on a good cake adds to its taste. But icing piled on very thickly makes that same cake sickening. This pertains to amateur shows on the air.

When the amateur shows started they were interesting, and occasionally the talent was outstanding. After a while every other program got to be an amateur show, of one kind or another. Talent got scarce and more and more got on the air until I felt as though I ought to be able to do something on the air; maybe pound a typewriter in time to "Alexander's Rag Time Band."

Now I like the community sings. For goodness sake, don't overdo them, too.

LOUISE B. RENZULLI, Providence, R. I.

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ORCHIDS TO A PROGRAM THAT'S DIFFERENT

I'm actually brimming with praise for a new radio treat which our whole family enjoys. Here's to the continuance of Uncle Jim's Question Box, a program that's really tops. Unaccustomed as I am to fan letter writing, I'm so thrilled with this novel Saturday night feature that I couldn't resist the temptation of telling you how very much I enjoy it.

During each broadcast, our parents, my brother, and I compete for holding of the "title," as we solemnly call it. While little sister watches jealously over the score-pad, we four see how many of the questions presented we can answer before Uncle Jim or the radio competitor does.

It's a weekly ritual with us now, and we are all very envious of the winner of the much honored "title." (I won the precious title this week.)

MARY LOUISE SESLER, Uniontown, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE

HE'S RADIO'S FLO ZIEGFELD

These are not the words of one who is afflicted with the ever common malady known as "Hero Worship." On the contrary, I would call this a tribute from one of the members of the unseen radio audience. His name is H. P. Vallee, better known as Rudy. This man has discovered many of our stars and is constantly looking for new material for the benefit of the radio audience. He has been known to go out of his way to help budding stars and always encourages worthy musical talent. He is a credit to radio and I believe he has earned the title of "Radio's Flo Ziegfeld" and should be awarded a congressional medal.

STANLEY MAZZOTTA, Lawrence, Mass.

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Through unnecessary ignorance
CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT



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Please send me 2-oz. prescription of Pertussin FREE, by return mail.

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How Lux Theatre Knocked off

Hollywood's High Hat

(Continued from page 29)

lowest paid writer in Hollywood, or director, or doctor, or even dentist—it was all right—but never, if you valued your contract renewal, an extra.

People had even reached the point where they were classifying the stars themselves and drawing a boundary line between them. They were listing them as Class A and Class B stars—Class A for those whose names were put above the titles of their pictures and Class B for those whose names were listed below the titles. The idea was that Class A couldn't mix with B. No running around together, no parties together, not even any friendliness towards each other. There's no telling where this would have ended, if the Lux program hadn't stepped in.

But most important of all, the Lux broadcasts have taught stars a lesson they'd almost forgotten. It has taught them to forget themselves and have a good time. Radio recognizes no social strata, it posts no uniformed guards every few feet outside the theater where the broadcasts are held, it doesn't bother to put up steel fences with electrified barbed wire strung across their tops. And you don't need a pass countersigned by every big name in the movie industry to get in and watch.

It doesn't have first nights, at which every performer must be present in brand new evening clothes or have it whispered about him that he is slipping; its directors don't give boring parties which are command performances, making it mandatory that you go, even if you know beforehand you're in for a terribly dull time; and it doesn't require its juveniles to stick together in one large group, to prove to Hollywood and the rest of the world that they are just as young as the roles they play on the screen.

RADIO does none of these, but it does do just the opposite. It puts stars, featured players, bit players and assistant-assistant production men together, whirls them joyfully about and slaps them into a full hour broadcast. There is no more closely confined, no more intimate business in the world than a radio rehearsal. Usually the bit player knows more about broadcasting than does the star, and it is usually this extra, scorned and ignored on movie lots, who confers with the program director when any difficulties arise.

The Lux program steps on toes, corrects without fear of having the star break his seven-year contract, and doesn't bother to post burly, eagle eyed men to spot every suspicious character lurking at the stage door. So far it hasn't even been necessary to hire ex-G Men to drive the stars to and from the broadcasts.

It is in this informal, friendly atmosphere that Hollywood's newest—and, not long ago, impossible—friendships have blossomed forth. The program breeds them by the simple cultivation method of getting the stars to take their shoes off during rehearsal and letting in a sight-seeing crowd of hundreds to sit a few feet away while the actual broadcast is performed.

Imagine Taylor or Garbo or Gable making a picture before hundreds of their fans watching open mouthed almost without touching distance of their idols!

Even uninvited guests have been known to arrive in time for a broadcast. Recently just before the program went on the air, two kids climbed the fire escape and opened a door to the balcony. Before the



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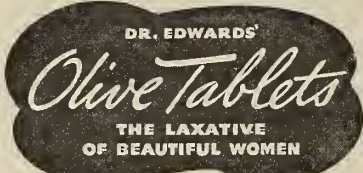
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attendants could yell "Hey" every seat in the house was filled, with no way of separating those who had entered with tickets and those who had crashed the gates.

When Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor broadcast, three hundred people who hadn't arrived in time burst through the doors anyway, because it was raining outside and they were getting soaked. Attendants managed to drive them back outside in a roar of excitement, but the interruption meant nothing to radio. The noise of chasing the extra hundreds away only mixed with the sound effects on the stage and gave just the added realism that was needed.

The chances are you felt sure that stars in the big money class who worked for the same studio, making pictures week after week a few yards away, knew each other and were friends. But they don't, or at least didn't, under the caste system.

Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, for instance, two of M-G-M's biggest box office attractions, had never had more than a fleeting glimpse of each other until the day they arrived at the Lux Theater for the first rehearsal of "Madame Sans Gene." And when they did meet, it wasn't just a formal introduction and formal chit chat ending quickly with not another meeting in the next two years. Instead, Jean stood at the mike, glanced up at Bob and murmured under her breath,

"Local girl gets break."
"Trying to kid me?" Bob grinned.

Jean lowered her lashes. "Why Mr. Taylor!" she exclaimed. "Don't you know I'm just like all the other girls—dying to get a close look at you, and maybe even your autograph."

"Baloney," was all Bob could mutter.

NO, indeed." Jean persisted, "Like a million other girls, I'd have phoned you before now if I could have gotten your number."

"I don't know about the number," Bob replied, "but you're certainly getting my goat."

A studio stage is an enormous affair. Stars and principals could stand in different corners and not be within shouting distance of each other. At a radio rehearsal, they are all grouped on one tiny stage. It makes for such intimacy that before the first day had passed, Bob was buying Kleenex for his cold and Jean's, he had dug a cinder out of her eye and discovered they smoked the same brand of cigarettes.

Here's the pay off to this whole nearly unbelievable incident. It has never happened before in movies and it may never happen again—though perhaps producers will learn a lesson and actors who have let themselves be bound too closely by conventions will break the traces.

Jean and Bob, who had never even met, worked so well together and enjoyed each other so much their bosses decided to cast them in a picture together. It is scheduled to be "The Man in Possession" and when you see it, just remember that radio made it possible.

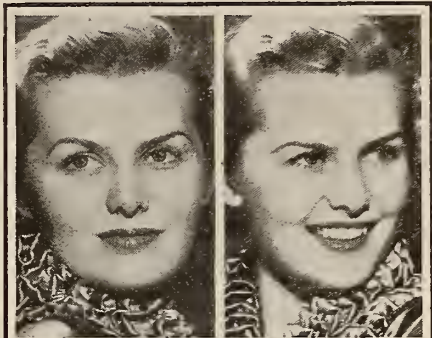
Where else, too, would you have found Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster working together in peace and harmony? The movies hadn't been able to bring this ex-husband and ex-wife together since their break-up. I know myself that one night when they were at the same club dancing, one of them left immediately on hearing that the other was there, just to avoid the embarrassment of a meeting. Society rules told them they must.

Yet here at the Lux Theater, they were on the same program, working together during long, grilling hours of rehearsal. And because they are refined, civilized peo-

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ple and because radio had broken the ice, they had a good time. Claudette heard all about Norman's new baby and Norman heard about Claudette's husband. A real friendship will probably come about from this to take the place of a love that has died.

On this same broadcast, incidentally, was Walter Huston. Though they had all worked together in the stage play "The Barker" in New York, they had seen little of each other since their Hollywood success. And were they happy about it! Most of the time they should have been rehearsing they were off in a corner reminiscing.

It was at another rehearsal, that of "The Gold Diggers," that Joan Blondell and Dick Powell met Ted Atmore for the first time. Ted is a veteran gold miner whom Lux had imported from the mountains to tell the listeners about his work.

At a studio, even though they had been in the same picture, Joan and Dick, swell people though they are, would probably never have paid any attention to Ted—and it wouldn't have been snobbishness that kept them apart, either. But in the intimacy of the theater, they got to talking to him, became so interested in his stories and his personality they have invited him to their home for dinner several times.

It is even rarer than a day in June that a studio has the nerve to cast an unknown player in the lead opposite a star, but the Lux people did it when they set Barbara Luddy opposite Paul Muni in "The Story of Louis Pasteur." What is more, Muni spoke very highly of her work after the broadcast—and Mr. Muni is not a gent given to indiscriminate praise. He is one of the most intense people I have ever encountered and any place where he is working takes on the solemnity of a graveyard.

Loretta Young is another star who found herself cast opposite a comparative unknown when she and Gavin Gordon played in "Polly of the Circus." Gavin is well known around Hollywood because, in more or less minor parts, he has given some grand performances. But his opportunities have not been as frequent as his friends have wished. Loretta remembered him for his work with Garbo in "Romance" and got a real thrill out of meeting him.

Spencer Tracy is a push-over for anyone he considers a good actor or actress. When he was told Frances Farmer would play the nurse with him in "Men In White" he was as excited over meeting her as any kid would be over a new toy. He had just seen her in "Come and Get It" and had been wondering how he was going to manage a meeting since they work at different studios.

One of the most interesting meetings Lux has fostered was that of Frank Morgan and Akim Tamiroff on the "Captain Applejack" show. They had not met before and, as both are accomplished comedians and scene-stealers, the executives were not anticipating a pleasant time of it. But Morgan and Tamiroff struck up a friendship that has lasted far beyond the broadcast. Each watched the other intently during rehearsals, but it was for the purpose of learning something of the other's technique rather than the fear of having something put over on him. They played their scenes together beautifully, each got his laughs and neither stepped on the other's lines.

ANOTHER meeting that Lux engineered and which has resulted in a friendship, was that of Lily Pons and Adolphe Menjou in "Conversation Piece." Miss Pons'

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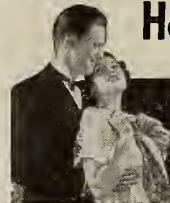
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English is still a source of great concern to her. She didn't want to rehearse in front of the rest of the cast and the orchestra until she was sure of her diction. So she asked Frank Woodruff (who stages the plays) to bring Menjou to her home for the first couple of rehearsals. Her delight knew no bounds when she discovered Menjou spoke French. For about ten minutes, while his two stars jabbered at each other in her native tongue, Frank might as well have been in Timbuctoo for all the attention that was paid him.

The extent to which Lux is breaking down the social barriers of Hollywood may be gauged by the fact that Jack Oakie and Cecil DeMille share a dressing room in the theater. DeMille is a master of ceremonies on the Lux program and Jack acts in the same capacity on the Camel Caravan Hour. At the studio Mr. DeMille occupies, not a dressing room or an office, but an entire bungalow. Yet here in the radio theater, he shares a small room with Jack. Shares it and likes it!

If you're in Hollywood and want to see the stars—see them at their best—try to get a ticket to the Lux broadcast. If you're not in Hollywood, tune in on your radio and listen. You'll not only hear the best plays put on in the best possible manner (and with casts that could never be assembled anywhere else) but you never know when you'll be listening in on the development of some new romance. Lux is literally making Hollywood one big happy family.

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: Lux Radio Theater. . . . Heard on CBS, Mondays at 9 p.m., EST, from Hollywood . . . Budget for time, usually talent exceeds \$22,000 weekly . . . Despite rumors to contrary, ace director Cecil B. DeMille actually directs the programs. Play shortage and the 1936 trend in radio toward the California celluloid industry, pushed Lux to Hollywood on last June . . . The old Music Box theater on Hollywood Boulevard, formerly the home of the flesh-and-blood drama, was rented by CBS, called "Lux Radio Theater" on Monday nights . . . Other evenings, numerous ace CBS coast-to-coast coasters take over playhouse . . . Seating about 1000, replete with dressing rooms for the stars, front rows are usually roped off for the gilded celebrities. Rehearsals begin on Thursdays, run through to Monday night . . . Actors usually have no trouble appearing, as arrangements have been made with picture studios to give stars time off . . . After broadcast the actors are usually invited to dinner at star-of-night's residence . . . Since it's only 6 p.m. in Hollywood, actors are found acting in slacks, sweaters, sportswear . . . Lou Silvers, musical director of Lux, and former Al Jolson accompanist-arranger, is one of Hollywood's hardest workers. He is also musical director of 20th-Century Fox . . . Actors like to appear in Lux theater, because it often gives them an opportunity to play their favorite roles. Spencer Tracy always wanted to do "Men in White." When studio assigned Clark Gable to the part on Camel Caravan, he was heart-broken. He finally appeared in the Kingsley drama on Lux . . . Two play-readers are kept busy in J. W. Thompson ad agency in New York, finding new, old plays for film-land's top-notchers . . . In Hollywood, two talent men are constantly signing up bigger and better names, seldom dicker over price . . . Lux has had only one casualty. Occurred during rehearsal of Gary Cooper in "The Virginian." One scene called for sound man to shoot off a lot of blank cartridges . . . Suddenly a voice near Cooper shouted, "Good God I'm shot." The movie star glanced hurriedly at his script, found no such line. He turned around to find the sound effects man wounded, his hand bleeding . . . One of the cartridges had backfired . . . He was rushed to the hospital where he soon recovered.



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Name
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City State
Color of your hair?

Walk in Beauty

(Continued from page 51)

little skye terrier out of her precious lily beds. The dog was Panouche, whose name means "Dirty Rag" in the argot of Miss Pons' native province, and the lily beds were just beginning to bloom from the bulbs she herself had planted.

"Though this is hardly the costume in which to discuss Easter fashions," she laughed, indicating the trim slacks and comfortable brogues she always wears in the country, as we sank into the wicker chairs on the paved terrace, "this is one style which goes all year 'round out here.

"But there is a fashion secret even in that. The Frenchwoman has found that the simplest way of achieving chic is to find one model which is becoming to her and then have it copied in various colors and materials. I find one dress which is becoming to me and then need waste no more time. So I stick to one model which I know is suited to a little person like myself. This spring, for instance, I can have a winter evening dress copied in a fresh, lively print."

"Stick to a few colors, also, that you have learned by experience are becoming. For example, I am going to wear much, much black and beige this Easter and spring. This principle makes it so much easier, of course, to plan a smart matching wardrobe of accessories—and every woman knows that accessories are the tiny items which point up a costume, which add a certain spring gaiety and make the difference between a really smart ensemble and a costume which makes little impression indeed."

One accessory for evening of which Miss Pons is particularly fond is fresh flowers for the hair. At the opening of the Metropolitan Opera this past season, she was in the audience with dark red carnations in her coiffure, worn with a black velvet princess gown and a hip-length silver fox cape. A huge antique Florentine brooch fastened the high neck above two daring diamond-shaped openings (one of which exposed her throat and upper bosom, and one just below the bust) and wide diamond bracelets covered her left arm from wrist to elbow. This is the same dress which she has had copied for spring in beige and black. The print, incidentally, is a lily-of-the-valley design which was specially created in her honor, and with it she wears a spray of these favorite flowers in her hair. Also carrying out this new spring color scheme, she has purchased two tailored suits, one beige with a black blouse and the other black with a beige blouse. You can see how easily the accessory problem can be solved this way, achieving quite different effects.

RECENTLY, for her first New York recital in three years, at Carnegie Hall, she wore a medieval gown of silver lame with a tight bodice (a feature of most of her costumes, since it sets off her tiny waist), very full skirt with a train, and infinitesimal puffed sleeves. Sable edged the square neckline, and she carried a sable muff. This same style was then copied in pink taffeta for her Washington, D. C., engagement and will probably be made up in still lighter materials for spring and early summer. All her clothes are made right here in America, most of them being designed by Valentine, though she still buys her handmade lingerie in Europe and her shoes in Buenos Aires, where she has found a perfect last for her size 1½ feet. In selecting footwear, too, she finds one model she likes and buys it in different colors and materials. This season she has chosen an open-toed, strapless design for



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AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



DROP THAT KNIFE!

Corns Come Back Bigger, Uglier — unless removed Root* and All

Don't take chances by paring corns at home. Corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever, unless removed Root and All. End that corn for good with this new, double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the corn lifts out, Root and All in 3 short days. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.) Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, scientific corn plaster, held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Try this Blue-Jay method now.



*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



GIVEN—LADIES! 34 pc. COLORED GLASS DINNER SET or big cash commission. Send name and address. Beautiful Cherry Blossom design. CHOICE of green or pink glass: 6 plates, 6 tumblers, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 nappies, 1 each, sugar, cream, vegetable and platter. This is only one of nearly a hundred articles featured in our catalog, which we give for selling our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE for cuts, burns, sores, chaps, etc. to friends at 25c a box with a beautifully colored Art Picture FREE and remitting as per new premium plan book. 42nd year. **WE ARE FAIR AND SQUARE.** Start now by sending for one chosen box. **SEND NO MONEY!**—We trust you. **BE FIRST. WILSON CHEM. CO., Inc.** Dept. 65-A Tyrone, Pa.



ON APPROVAL!!

To introduce our ladies and gentlemen's solid gold effect, richly designed rings set with full carat brilliant blue-white faceted diamonds, we will send one to you ON APPROVAL. Simply send 25 cents to cover cost of packing, shipping, etc. Wear at our risk. Pay two monthly \$2.25 payments (total \$4.50). Nothing more to pay. Ring shipped in rich Gift Case, postage fully paid to your door, by RETURN MAIL. Rush 25 cents in stamps or coin to

BRADLEY, Dept. 384, Newton, Mass.



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

**Relieves
TEETHING
PAINS
within
1 MINUTE**



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

**DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion**

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Get Set for Life!

MAKE UP TO \$65 WEEKLY in new kind of wholesale business. Place famous line 6c-10c merchandise with stores. Merchants grab our **FREE GOODS** Deals. 200 fast-selling products—all on salesmaking Counter Displays. Up to 140% profit for you and merchant. No experience or investment needed to start. Get big catalog **FREE**. World's Products Co., Dept. 4897, Spencer, Ind.

AMAZING NEW BUSINESS Sell to Stores

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR the NEW CREAM WAY

As Little or as Much as You Want—Safely—Quickly! Not a Drug-Store Liquid! **Lechler's Lightning Hair Lightener** is an amazing product, an antiseptic, white, creamy paste. It has many advantages over liquid preparations. You can use it to lighten the roots and scalp only. Cannot run to the ends of the hair like a liquid. Can't make the hair lifeless, dry or brittle. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. Can not streak or over-bleach. Actually beneficial to bleached hair and permanents. Used by famous stage and screen beauties for over 20 years. Harmless—guaranteed. Mailed complete with application brush for only **FREE** with first order—25-cent bottle.

FREE THE NEW ART OF LIGHTENING HAIR
LECHLER LABORATORIES, INC.
560 Broadway, Dept. A, New York, N. Y.

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. 24
Rush Free Sample of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets to

Name

Address

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

both daytime and evening wear.

When you have assembled your Easter costume and decided upon the colors and fashions you prefer for spring, are you going to wear them well? Or are you, like so many of us, going to ruin the charming effect you've planned with your posture and carriage? You can guard against this, if you'll only follow these simple instructions from Mariana Smille, head of the Empire Mannequin School, who has trained so many girls for commercial photography, motion pictures, the stage, fashion shows, society debuts—in fact, anyone who must meet a critical public!

"American girls," she advises, "should remember that their ideal type is the outdoor girl, which doesn't necessarily mean one active in all sports, but one who has the fine figure and carriage associated with athletic ability. That means broad shoulders, flat tummy and narrow hips. If one doesn't already have these, they can still be acquired by exercise and emphasized by one's carriage. That latter is so important. True beauty depends upon it, and carriage itself depends upon the way you hold your chest—which, in turn, depends upon your breathing. This should be done from the diaphragm, the upper stomach and not lower, for the main object is to carry the chest *high*, not *out*. At the same time, this brings the derriere in where it belongs."

In addition, as Mariana Smille explained it to me, the back of the neck should be straight, the head high and the chin up. The shoulders should be well back, with your shoulder blades flat, and should not swing or sway as you walk. To get your shoulders erect and straight, raise your arms to shoulder level on either side, swing them back as far and as high as possible, until your hands touch; do this several times and you'll find your shoulders are in just the right position, from which they should not vary. On the other hand, you should be relaxed from the waist down, so that you swing along naturally and easily.

TO avoid the awkward swaying and wobbling of the hips which are such common faults, mannequins are trained first to walk with their hands on their hips. This gives a sense of proper balance and makes it possible to tell if the hips are moving out of line. Keep your knees straight (but not rigid, of course) and take fairly good sized steps. Never walk with bent knees. That's what's responsible for the heel-first gait which makes one walk jerkily and runs down the heels of one's shoes. Here's a good way to break yourself of that heel-first habit—just try walking on the balls of your bare feet, with your heels just about as far from the ground as they are when you have on your high heels. And, finally, to cultivate a steady, well-balanced stride, try walking along the cracks in the sidewalk whenever you're out-of-doors. Relax and *don't* look at your feet.

Put these simple rules all together and they spell good posture, a better figure and thus better-fitting clothes. So face the springtime confidently, wear your newest bib-and-tucker with assurance—and walk in beauty in the Easter parade!

Lily Pons has two precious beauty secrets which I'd like to tell you about. One is her recipe for a home cucumber mask, with the simplest possible ingredients and instructions for use. Also, I have six "do's" and "don't's" for selecting one's wardrobe which were given to me by Travis Banton, the famous Paramount stylist. Just send a large stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and they're all yours for the asking!

**Best
FOR BABY!**



50¢

Kleinert's *SOFTEX Baby Pants are made of soft transparent SILK, fully waterproofed. They weigh less than an ounce—and are unbelievably durable. When you buy *SOFTEX, you are buying real COMFORT for your baby!

*Softex is a SILK fabric, waterproofed without the use of rubber.

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

***SOFTEX BABY PANTS**
485 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

Amazing Offer! Send 3 negatives (FILMS) with this ad and 25c coin (No Stamps); receive postpaid 3 Beautiful 5x7-inch Enlargements; 12 for \$1; postpaid. 1 for 10c, plus 5c postage. Neg. Ret. Canada, too. M4, Unique Art Service, 269 E. 135 St., N. Y. C.

10¢

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time. SHAMPO-KOLOR won't rub off. Colors roots/leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm. wave. Free Book, Vallynig Prod. Inc., Dept. 18-A, 254 W. 31 St., N. Y. C.

TYPewriter 1/2 Price

Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day

Save over 1/2 on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.

SEND NO MONEY


All late models completely refinished like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED. Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once.

Free course in typing included.

231 W. Monroe St., Dept. A-403, Chicago

International Typewriter Exch.,

10-day Trial



Trindl ELECTRIC ARC WELDER

Works Off Any Storage Battery or Ordinary Light Socket

This new electric arc welder is made possible by the invention of a low voltage carbon. Auto batteries may be used without removing from car. Uses about same current as four headlight bulbs. Broken parts are simply melted together by the white hot electric arc. In just a few seconds. Produces about 7000 degrees heat.

Hottest Flame Known

Melts iron and steel instantly. Welds fenders, radiators, bores in bodies, milk cans, tanks, brazes broken castings. Works on anything iron, steel, brass, copper, tin or galvanized metal. Permanent repairs made for almost nothing. Used by factories in many operations. Positive money back guarantee by a responsible firm.

AGENTS

Men with cars to sell mechanics, repairmen, farmers, radio and battery shops, factories, 5 to 10 minute demonstrations make a sale. U. P. c. 150% profit. Write today.

TRINDL PRODUCTS

2229-EU CALUMET AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

More News!

(Continued from page 7)

squelched her so thoroughly that it begins to look permanent.

* * *

MOTHER KNOWS BEST. Helen Broderick is sitting up nights trying to figure how she can heal the breach between her son, Broderick Crawford, and Peg LaCetra, New York radio singer. Broderick has been rushing Lucille Ball, Paramount cutie, since his engagement to Peg was broken.

* * *

UGHT TO BE A LAW. There are sections of Hollywood's Fourth Estate which should very appropriately be run out of town. For instance, there is the trade paper which sent an advertising solicitor to drum up some business before the opening of the current Al Jolson series. He was asked to come back later, because everyone was too busy to talk with him. However, it turned out that the advertising solicitor doubled in dramatic criticism, so to speak, and one of his jobs was to review the Jolson premiere. He did—and how! He panned everyone on the show except Victor Young—who previously had taken an ad. You wouldn't think that advertising executives would be disturbed by such a thing, yet they were.

* * *

ROMANCE TO ORDER. Buddy Rogers, who returns to his Twin Stars show when he finishes his British film commitment, will meet Mary Pickford, his mother, and Mary's niece on the Continent, and make the return voyage home with them. Mary and Buddy insist the newspapers were responsible for the inception of their romance. I asked Mary when they'd be married. She looked at Buddy and sighed. "I don't know," she admitted, "but I guess it will have to be when the newspapers tell us to."

* * *

MEET THE BIG NOISE. At Al Jolson's party a woman insisted upon being presented to Joe Penner. "Are you really Joe Penner?" she asked when her request was granted. Joe bridled. "Yes," he admitted, "I'm Joe Penner." He waited for her to ask for his autograph, but she merely stared. "I just wanted to take a look at the man who teaches my son to make such horrible noises," she devastated.

* * *

QUICKIES. Martha Raye and that Paramount musical director seem to be rushing into something . . . Gertrude Niesen, house shopping, is hunting one to which a nursery might be attached if and when necessary . . . Ben Bernie, all by himself, and looking very glum, at Santa Anita races . . . Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler at the track four days each week . . . Jan Garber in a coat you could play checkers on picking one winner after another—but not betting on it . . . Note to radio editors: Check up on the beautiful wife of a famous Hollywood star who recently spent ten days in Manhattan talking with sponsors . . . Three of Hollywood's leading seeresses have predicted death for a noted mistress of ceremonies . . . Edward Everett Horton feverishly calling the hospital where Kate Cantry, his press agent, is gravely injured as a result of an auto accident . . . Fred Astaire busy denying rumors that Mrs. Astaire was more seriously hurt than was generally supposed when her car crashed with that of Miriam

PREVENT BLACKHEADS

Sensational Beautifier Refines Skin

Women all over the country who formerly were miserable over a skin beladen with blackheads, whiteheads, large pores and other skin faults, are now enthusiastic about a new beautifier.

This remarkable preparation, which contains oxygen, penetrates into the mouths of the pores and prevents the formation of fatty blackheads.

When the oxygen frees the pores of disfiguring dirt and grease, the skin resumes its natural, clean appearance. It becomes soft and smooth to the touch.

The name of this new beautifier is Dioxogen Cream. It is the only preparation in the world containing Dioxogen, and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Prove to yourself that you too can have a skin free from blackheads, open pores and other skin faults. Dioxogen Cream is not drying and benefits any type of skin to which it is applied. 50¢ and \$1 jars at dept. stores and high class drug stores.



DIOXOGEN CREAM

Amazing New Popular PICTURE RING

Marvelous new secret process! Any photo or picture reproduced, permanently on a exquisite gem-like ring. A priceless keepsake! Guaranteed! Sample ring from any photo you send only

48¢

SEND NO MONEY!—Everyone wants PICTURE RING. Show ring—take orders—make money! Just send photo with strip of paper trimmed so ends meet around finger for size. Pay postman only 48¢ plus few cents postage. Photo returned with ring. Money back if not delighted. Order NOW! PICTURE RING CO., Dept. X-69, Cincinnati, O.

Sensational BARGAINS

Guaranteed \$102.50 Model NOW Only \$44.90 Cash or on Easy Terms

SMALL CARRYING CHARGE

10-Day Trial No Money Down

Fully GUARANTEED

Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized \$102.50 office model re-finished Underwood No. 5 for only \$44.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements, including standard terms. Has up-to-date improvements, including standard 4-row keyboard, backspacer, automatic ribbon reverse, shiftlock key, 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect all purpose typewriter. Complete rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

Learn Touch Typewriting Complete (Home Study) Course of the famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned, given during this offer.

Money Back Guarantee Send coupon for 10-day trial—if you decide to keep it pay only \$3.00 a month until \$49.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE 403
231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 403

Send Underwood No. 5 (P.O.B. Chicago) at once for 10 days' trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay \$3.00 a month until I have paid \$49.90 (term price) in full. For quick shipment give references and occupation.

Name..... Age.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of \$95 a Week?



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 444, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50¢ box of KUBAK Shampoo.

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR

NO NOTE READING—NO SCALE PLAYING

Let a popular Radio Pianist train your hands to play Piano by Ear. TEN LESSON METHOD sent postpaid for \$1.00, or pay U. S. Postman \$1.00 plus postage. Nothing more to buy. Satisfaction assured—or your money refunded. Piano Accordion bass charts included Free. Order now!

MAJOR KORD Dept. M-20 DEL RIO, TEXAS

COURSE COMPLETE

MEN & WOMEN

Hotel Positions

Train NOW for hotel, club and institutional field. Salaries up to \$1,500 to \$5,000 a year, living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Quality at home in leisure time. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Write name and address in margin and mail this ad today for FREE Book. Check positions in which you're interested.

GOOD PAY

FASCINATING WORK

LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES

{ } Manager { } Steward
 { } Assistant Manager { } Hostess
 { } Chief or Floor Clerk { } Housekeeper
 { } Auditor { } Cashier

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

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well-known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex, \$10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, California, guarantees Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

Dr. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician



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 by 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.

LEARN Electricity IN YOUR HOME by Practical Shop Training!
NEW EASY WAY TO BETTER JOBS—GOOD PAY! We furnish dozens of items of Electrical Equipment to train you by practical shop methods doing actual jobs right in your home. Write for Free Book and full details.
ELECTRIC INSTITUTE, Inc., Dept. 037D, Hinsdale, Ill.

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 hay 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 the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.



No More "Dead-Arm" Ironing

FREE OFFER



Learn to press things quickly to gleaming perfection

We hope this message may bring for you the decision now to turn, to change to this modern powdered starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, they don't brown things and you get no spots or rings as with solid starches. We, The Hubinger Co., number 348, Keokuk, Iowa will send our little proof packet. Simply write for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch".

Hopkins . . . the Bing Crosbys and the Jack Oakies are looking over the baby-coach market . . . and the Valentin Perras (Grace Moore) are expecting the stork—via the adoption route . . . Joan Blondell gave Dick Powell a white piano . . . Charlie Butterworth taking a train daily to the hospital where his dachshund is confined with a broken leg . . . A medal for Don Ameche, who put out a brush fire that threatened the hillside home of director Tay Garnett . . . Of all the Hollywoodites whose light is hidden behind two or three bushels, incidentally, the handsome Irish lace cuspidor goes to Bill Woodruff, Lux director who gets little credit for his swell job . . . When Rudy Vallee's show finally arrives on the Coast it will become a permanent western feature, according to agency plans . . . CBS is hunting a theater large enough to house the Milton Berle-Community Sing show . . . Joe Koestner's eleven-year-old son is doing very nicely, thank you, with NBC dramatic roles . . . "One Perfect Night," sung by Marion Talley on a recent program, was written for her birthday by modest Joe Alvin, of the NBC press department . . . The Conrad Thibaults have taken a Beverly Hills home . . . Gertrude Niesen's mother, bedridden for two years, nevertheless does all Gertrude's song arrangements . . . Connie Boswell, in case you've been wondering, is doing okay on the California Hour . . . Warren Hull, ex-NBC announcer who became a Warner Brothers actor, has realized a life's ambition—to sing on the radio. He's on Warner's California network . . . The "mystery admirer" still sends Barbara Luddy those lovely flowers . . . Fred Waring hit Hollywood Boulevard before going on his road tour to look over movie and radio prospects.

Major Bowes Writes His Own

Answer

(Continued from page 16)

Nothing is further from the truth. I have never found the dearth of amateurs that other radio programs have complained about. As a matter of fact, we have more applications now than we have ever had and more acceptable amateurs in reserve than ever before.

What has happened is that the desire to be on my program has grown steadily, and it is quite evident that this is not the case with others. My program has passed that first stage of development where many were attracted to try out for it simply as a "lark," or for idle curiosity. It is now in its second and more substantial phase, that of a recognized and earnest, though no less entertaining, clearing house for untried talent.

Prominent teachers, schools and institutions of voice, music, dramatics, dancing and stage, are active in their support. The music departments of leading universities as well as band schools, singing societies and other such organizations are co-operating. All have expressed thorough approval of the handling received by persons on this program and consider an appearance on my amateur hour highly beneficial to their pupils.

They consider it a valuable experience for students and a dignified and effective manner in which to provide them with encouragement, self-assurance, as well as stage and radio technique. The head of one of New York's best-known music schools recently told me that she would like to make it compulsory for every pupil to appear on my program at least once

"Hurry, Mother!"

I WANT MY OLIVE OIL POWDER"



MOTHER, there's extra comfort for your baby, greater freedom from chafing and irritation, in Z. B. T. Olive Oil Baby Powder. Due to the olive oil, Z. B. T. forms a protective moisture-resistant coating that clings and soothes for hours longer than other powders. Free from zinc in any form, Z. B. T. is approved by leading hospitals, by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

For FREE SAMPLE

send postcard to Z. B. T., Dept. F-1, 80 Varick Street, New York City.



MAKE MONEY AT HOME!
Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home," and requirements.
NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 1384 Chicago



Married and Earns

\$25 a Week

Do you need extra money? Is your husband out of work? Or are you forced to face the world alone, with children to support?

Thousands of graduates and students of the Chicago School of Nursing are numbered among those approaching or past the 40 mark. Many also are married, with home duties. They have learned at home and in their spare time the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Many earned a considerable sum every week while studying.

Course endorsed by physicians. Est. 38 years. One graduate has charge of a 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now and learn how you can prepare yourself to earn \$25 to \$35 a week as a C. S. N.-trained practical nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 184, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____ Age _____

City _____ State _____

FINER OLSON RUGS

Send Old Rugs Carpets, Clothing **SAVE 1/3**

Mail Coupon or 1c Postal for big FREE BOOK of Rugs and Model Rooms in Colors. Shows how we merge, shred, sterilize and reclaim wool in all kinds of old rugs, clothing—bleach, respin, re-dye and weave luxurious, seamless, two-sided Rugs.

ANY SIZE YOU WANT CHOICE of 66 Early American, Oriental and modern designs, solid colors, blends, ovals. Orders Filled in Week.

PHONE Railway Express Agency to call at your door for material, or ship Freight—our expense. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Our 63d year. (Beware of agents.)

→ FREE BOOK

OLSON RUG CO.
 CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
 Mail to 2800 N. Crawford Av. Chicago, Dept. A-80
 Yes, mail FREE, your 66 page, money-saving Book in colors, Beautiful New Rugs from Old.

Name

Address

Town.....State.....1937 ORC

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
\$1 Package for Only 25c

CONCENTRATED GARLIC TABLETS—Pure vegetable matter. No taste. No odor. No drugs. Tests by eminent Medical Scientists prove that regular use of these tablets in many cases helps to lower High Blood Pressure and relieve headaches and dizziness. Mail this ad with 25c and we will send regular \$1.00 box, fully prepaid. Address Dept. 208, DEARBORN PRODUCTS, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

HERE'S HOW I LEARNED TO PLAY THE PIANO WITHOUT A TEACHER

Took only spare time at home easy as A-B-C

MY FRIENDS are astonished when they hear me play the piano, for only a short time ago I didn't know one note from another. Yet here I am, playing the popular song hits at sight, having the time of my life, with more dates and invitations to parties than ever before. All because I answered an advertisement that told about an amazingly easy way to learn music at home—and offered a free demonstration lesson to prove anyone could do it. Over 700,000 people had enrolled for this remarkable method, so I decided I'd try it, too. And am I glad I did! The lessons were a revelation—they made music as simple as A-B-C. It was really fun to learn and now I get more satisfaction out of playing the piano than from anything else I have ever done.

FREE BOOK AND DEMONSTRATION LESSON
 This story is typical. You, too, should be able to learn music at home this easy, fascinating way. Send for Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson. No cost, no obligation. Write today, mentioning the instrument you'd like to play. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. Address:

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
 3064 Brunswick Building
 New York, N. Y.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
 Piano Guitar
 Violin Saxophone
 Organ Mandolin
 Tenor Banjo
 Hawaiian Guitar
 Piano Accordion
 Or Any Other Instrument

during their course as part of the study of concert technique.

Only recently a national music trade-paper said editorially: "The influence of Major Bowes' hour continues to make itself felt in stimulating musical ambition in the youth of the country. Several teachers have told us that applicants come to study, frankly stating that they wish to prepare themselves to try for the amateur hour."

This new and higher type of serious amateur added to the steady stream of self-taught and unprivileged amateur, has given the program improved balance. It is my considered opinion that the program has continuously gathered strength and is now stronger than ever.

Important also, is the amount of actual good which my program continues to do. Amateurs have come to accept it as the most effective stepping stone to fame now available in America. The list of amateurs who had their start on my program and have since made impressive headway in the various branches of show business is a long one, and one in which I can take pride.

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, instead of the address given you in the February issue of RADIO MIRROR.

J. B. B., Baltimore, Md.—The reasons for Phillips Lord giving up Seth Parker may be many. In the first place, the program wasn't sponsored. Then, his second idea won him a sponsor. This was Gang Busters. And now his third idea is also sponsored. This one is We, the People.

Mrs. F. M. B., Hubbard, Ohio—You must be wrong on this one. Records don't show Don Ameche as Bob on the Betty & Bob program. Elizabeth Reller plays Betty and Lester Tremaine is Bob.

Mrs. Fred W., Olympia, Washington—A letter forwarded to the Landt Trio in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York will reach them. The Oracle deeply regrets to inform you that their partner and pianist passed away recently. His name was Howard White.

Beatrice M., Springfield, Mass.—Forhan's are not advertising via the airwaves at present, nor are their mystery series scheduled to return at this writing.

Grace Moore fans, attention: You are cordially invited to join the Grace Moore Fan Club, headed by Josephine W. Lowry, 2200 Harrison Street, Wilmington, Delaware. The dues are fifty cents a year. Each member receives on joining, a membership card, picture of Miss Moore, and later a membership list. A year's membership in the club entitles a member to six issues of the News, which comes out every two months.

I. R. C., Marysville, Washington—Really now, I couldn't list every single person who has played in Mary Marlin. The principle characters, however, are Mary Marlin, played by the popular radio actress, Joan Blaine. Robert E. Griffin plays the role of Joe Marlin, Mary's husband; Carleton Brickert plays David Post; Judith Lowry is Annie, Mary's maid; June Meredith is Eve Cabot Underwood; Isabel Randolph is Margaret Adams; Eli-nor Harriot is Sally Gibbons; Murray

Several of our amateurs are now under contract in Hollywood, one young lady has just signed a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company, others are being featured in musical comedy revues appearing with well-known bands, starring in night club shows and holding important spots on national radio networks.

Then, too, my own traveling units absorb a large number of amateurs, providing them with work and valuable trouping experience.

The response from listeners, by letters which flow in from everywhere, by the telephone voting in New York and in the honor cities, and by the reports of my sponsors the Chrysler Corporation, all indicate an appreciation of my efforts that is most gratifying.

Thank you for this opportunity to express my views. I wanted you to know why this so-called shortage of amateurs had in no way affected my program and why, on the contrary, I have been able to maintain and improve my standard of quality. Let me assure you again, that Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour is in no danger of disappearing from the air.

Forbes is Doc Sharpe, and Gene Morgan is Daniel B. Burke. Lucienne Boyer is not a regular radio star. Miss Boyer, however, has often guest-starred on the air. A letter addressed to her in care of the Versailles Club in New York, might reach her. Why not try?

Marie B., Bronx, New York—Bobby Benson was played by young Billy Halop. Billy is fourteen years old and has been playing all sorts of parts in radio since he was six years old. He's an American.

Mary Lee J., Waterbury, Conn.—Lanny Ross' favorite color is blue, as you'd expect from his fair hair and blue eyes. I believe if you write a letter to Lanny's brother, Winston Ross, and address it in care of the Theater Guild, New York City, N. Y., they will forward it to him.

Gene M., Wilmington, Delaware—Walter Cassel was last heard on the Saturday Night Party over the NBC network. Walter came from Omaha, Nebraska, made good, and then sent for his wife and children.

Mrs. A. D., Rochester, New York—You're right. The part of Dr. Douglas in Helen Hayes' show of last year, "The New Penny," was played by Wilmer Walters, the same one who plays David Harum. Marion Barney, who plays the part of Pepper Young's mother, is married in real life and is in her early forties.

Grace L., New Haven, Conn.—No, Margaret Santry is not the Martha Deane of WOR.

Fifi D'Orsay, fans, attention! Get in touch with Mary Helen Quelly, 1748 East 52nd Street, Brooklyn, New York, if you want to join the Fifi D'Orsay Club.

Eleanor Holm and Arthur Jarrett fans, attention! The above young lady is also president of the Eleanor Holm-Arthur Jarrett Club. Get in touch with her for further information.

M. K. P., Carnegie, Pa.—Ted Malone's birthday falls on May 18. He was born in the year of 1908.

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