

A PERKINS Reveals TYRONE POWER'S Darkest Days

Radio MIRROR

AUGUST



**JEANETTE MACDONALD
ADVISES NELSON EDDY
ABOUT LOVE**



GLADYS SWARTHOUT

NEW DAY-BY-DAY PROGRAM GUIDE-See page 43
JIMMIE FIDLER COVERS HOLLYWOOD-See page 20

SO OFTEN
ROMANCE
 HANGS BY A THREAD



SEE YOU TUESDAY, THEN

EXCITING VACATION, ADA?

EXCITING? I'VE MET THE MAN. HE WAS SIMPLY WONDERFUL TO ME. AND JUST AS RICH AS HE IS SWEET.



HE'S ASKED ME OUT ON HIS YACHT FOR DINNER TUESDAY. HE REALLY SEEMS SERIOUS. OH I WISH.....

OF COURSE YOU DO. YOU OUGHT TO GET MARRIED ADA. YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER.



TUESDAY NIGHT



YOU'RE EVEN MORE ATTRACTIVE, TONIGHT. I NEVER MET A WOMAN I LIKED SO SUDDENLY... AND SO WELL.

IT WAS FATE; PERHAPS YOU CAPTURED MY IMAGINATION AS FEW MEN HAVE.



I COULD DANCE FOREVER WITH YOU!

NOT IF I KNOW IT!



I'M SORRY TO DRAG YOU HOME THIS EARLY, BUT MY HEAD IS SIMPLY SPLITTING. FORGIVE ME.

OF COURSE I DO, YOU POOR DEAR.

3 WEEKS LATER



TO REALLY LOVE A MAN AND LOSE HIM OVER SOME TRIFLING FAULT THAT ONE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT... WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME? WHY DIDN'T YOU?

HALITOSIS IS SUCH A DELICATE SUBJECT THAT EVEN YOUR BEST FRIEND WON'T TELL YOU. WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE REMEDY. WHY NOT TRY LISTERINE?



ADA TAKES A HINT

2 YEARS LATER



ADA! HOW THRILLING. NOT YOUR OLD BOY FRIEND THAT WENT TO AUSTRALIA?

NO, BUT ONE MUCH NICER. HE'S BEEN RUSHING ME ALL YEAR. I REALLY THINK I'VE GOT YOU TO THANK-FOR THAT HINT YOU GAVE ME.

Beauty Experts say:

"NEVER TAKE A CHANCE"

You never know when you have halitosis, but others do and pass you up. Why run the certain risk of offending when all you need do to make your breath fresher, sweeter, more agreeable is to use Listerine Antiseptic. A major cause of bad breath is the fermentation of tiny bits of food the tooth brush has missed.



THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW KEEP THEIR BREATH SWEET WITH LISTERINE

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times before social and business engagements. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.

LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)



Shipboard Sensation

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



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

HERE is a girl who should own a smile like sunlight dancing on wind-swept water—a *rippling, dazzling, flashing* smile! The merest parting of her lips should reveal teeth that are bright, that glisten with a beautiful lustre.

But how distressing for her (*and how shocking for you*) if when she smiles she reveals dull teeth and flabby gums, tragic evidence of dental ignorance or deliberate and unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Don't let such neglect penalize you. Any time your tooth brush shows that warning tinge

of "pink"—see your dentist *and see him promptly*. You may not be headed for serious trouble but it's safer to have your dentist's assurance. Many times, however, the verdict will be gums that are the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and exercise—and, very often, gums that will respond to the wakening stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums when you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation quickens and stimulates the gum tissues—helps them

to a new firmness that keeps them healthier. The theory of Ipana and massage is approved by many American dentists—is taught in many schoolrooms all over the land. And right at home Ipana and massage can be your dentist's able assistant in the care of your teeth and gums.

Start today to use Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth brighter. And your smile will then be a smile you can be proud of—*radiant, winning, lovely!*

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock E. D. S. T.



Quickly...

Correct These Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS ... it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

—You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The Perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will come increased pep and energy.

Send For Ten Day Free Trial Offer

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely! You risk nothing. Mail coupon now!

SUMMER IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

Dept. 288 41 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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

Name

Address

Use coupon or send name and address on penny postcard

Radio Mirror

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COVER—GLADYS SWARTHOUT—PAINTED BY TCHETCHET

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PROFESSOR

QUIZ

TWENTY QUESTIONS



Prof. Quiz dictates a tough one.

1. What famed movie star, making a guest radio appearance, grabbed the baton away from the orchestra leader, giving the excuse that he'd always wanted to lead a band?
2. According to a recent survey, how many families in the United States own radio sets? And how often are receivers being bought in this country?
3. Who is the big time star who wants to quit radio for good and study playwriting?
4. Who is the new master of ceremonies on Hollywood Hotel? Where was he born, and under what other name did he become a popular singer?
5. What instrument is used to play the theme song of One Man's Family, and what is the name of the man who plays it?
6. Who is the beautiful singer on that new hour program Sunday nights, and who is her sponsor?
7. Whose voice is it which is supposed to belong to a popular radio character which isn't a person?
8. What is Deanna Durbin's real first name?
9. What star wants to find a sponsor who will buy two comedians and put them on the air alternate weeks?
10. Who is the very beautiful young girl who has just one line to speak every week on a big night-time program?
11. What popular star has her son working as an important member of the cast of her radio show—as well as her daughter?
12. What is the name of the first race-horse (alleged) Bing Crosby ever bought?
13. What is the maiden name of Wayne King's wife?
14. What radio star was invited to have tea with Queen Mary of England and Benito Mussolini?
15. What star gave up studying to be a lawyer and took a job peeling vegetables for a Chicago restaurant?
16. What one-time child movie star is making a come-back via radio dramatic programs which don't even announce her name on the air?
17. Pick and Pat are who else on another program?
18. What are the real names of Fibber McGee and Molly?
19. What's the name of the Lombardos' theme song?
20. What sensational program suddenly went off the air because of legal entanglements?

(You'll find the answers on page 64)

How could he tell her

why their Marriage had failed?



How could he say—"You've been careless about feminine hygiene"? Husbands can't be expected to know about "Lysol".

IT WOULD be so much easier, she thought, if he'd burst into a *rage*, instead of this indifferent kindness that hurt her so.

Family doctors—and too many husbands—know that one of the causes of discord between husband and wife is neglect of the feminine hygiene that is so necessary for intimate cleanliness.

If you are in any doubt regarding a wholesome, cleanly method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It is recommended by many physicians and is used in many hospitals,

for many antiseptic needs. Here are good reasons why:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, does not hurt or harm normal tissue. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is an effective germicide, active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.) when other types of disinfectants may not work.
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... Cleanly, disappears after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 8-R. M., Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

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.



COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

By
RUSS KING



Many of you KSO early morning dialers would like to meet serenader Dick Teela.



She's WHN's blues singer on the Jay C. Flippen Melody Hour. Meet Ethel Shepard.



Harry Burke is announcer and director for all programs on station WOW, Omaha, Nebr.

CHICAGO: Elected again to the high position of President of the Bath Club by one vote—his own—R. Calvert Haws, WCFL's program director, has the popular, fast moving Friday Night Bath Club off to a good start. In a Friday evening spot at 8:15, conveniently timed for those who can't wait until Saturday night, the Bath Club melodies float through the air with the greatest of ease sponsored by the makers of the soap that floats in your bath with the same buoyancy.

Teeming with melodies of the moment interpreted by Peacock Kelly and his orchestra's steaming brand of frothy rhythm, Judy Talbot, Dion Craddock, Phil Kinsman, the Air Masters, Bob Kirk, the Jennings ensemble and the Hamiltonians, the club is an airwave shower guaranteed to be 99 44/100 per cent pure entertainment.

Raleigh, N. C.: Stressing world-loved hymns selected from requests by her innumerable air fans, Edith Arnold, lovely WPTF artist, is now starred on her own Tuesday and Thursday morning gospel songs program. Mrs.

Arnold, whose Tuesday evening Sweet Songs of Long Ago broadcast has long been a WPTF choice hour, is accompanied at the console by studio organist Raymond Cosby.

WOW!

Out in Omaha, Nebraska, where WOW is a radio station, there is an announcing program director who his colleagues and listeners will tell you is tops in the entire mid-western area. And with that introduction from the home grounds, ladies and gentlemen, we give you Harry Burke.

Harry has been with WOW since 1931, coming there as an announcer from his home town, Norfolk, Nebraska, where he was manager of WJAG for four years. Not only a capable microphoner, he is a program manager, who believes detail supervision important, and the consistent high quality of his station's programs and announcing speak for his ability. At present he is handling special programs where the sponsor demands commercialingo with that Burke microphone (*Continued on page 77*)

THE REVIEWING STAND

B Y S E L E C T O R

THE CHASE & SANBORN PROGRAM, on the air Sunday nights at eight o'clock, E.D.S.T., over the NBC Red network, is a multiple threat not only to programs which are on the air at the same time on other networks, but to all variety programs and all comedians. From now on, they'll all have to measure up to the entertainment concocted and served by the Messrs. Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy and Werner Janssen, Miss Dorothy Lamour, and assorted guests. But then it should be good—the weekly talent bill is estimated at around \$20,000, and you have to sell a lot of java to make that much money. Fields is, as far as I'm concerned, the leading light of the show, with Bergen and the manikin McCarthy running a close second in the comedy division. You could even say Bergen and McCarthy came first some nights, and I wouldn't quarrel. Don Ameche makes an excellent master of ceremonies—though he should do something about that laugh of his—and can turn himself into a topnotch leading man in any dramatic sketch. The beautiful Miss Lamour has allowed Hollywood to improve her singing considerably, though looks are still her strong point, and Werner Janssen's music is both impressive and novel. Not that there aren't weaknesses. The program hasn't yet discovered the trick of moving as smoothly as Rudy Vallee's, and Fields' script writers have a little difficulty in turning out as colossal material on a week-to-week basis as they produced for their boss' first program. But admit all that, and you still have something to quell that Sunday-night itch to leave the house.

* * *

Manhattan Merry-go-round, Sunday nights at nine o'clock, E.D.S.T., on the NBC Red network, has Bert Lahr as its star now. Bert Lahr is a very funny man behind foot-

lights. On the air he is not funny at all. Rowdy he is, and noisy, and awfully energetic, but hard work doesn't invariably produce good humor. Bert—and it pains me to say so—also commits the cardinal radio sin. He makes no bones of playing to his visible audience instead of his invisible one. On the air he's been known to run through his repertoire of comical faces, panicking the people in the studio but leaving you and me distinctly chilly. Other comedians do the same thing—as Jimmie Fidler so bitterly complains in his open letter on page 57—but they don't do it as openly as Bert does. The rest of the program has become secondary to Bert—Rachel Carlay and Pierre Le Kreeun sing a song or two and Abe Lyman's orchestra plays with all its old vim, but Manhattan Merry-Go-Round is Bert Lahr's show now, and no doubt about it. Too bad the sponsors felt they had to enter the Sunday-night comedy parade instead of leaving their program the pleasing musical half-hour it once was.

* * *

Tic Toc Revue, Monday nights at seven, E.D.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network, is just what you need, when you come home after a hard day's work, to relax you and make you decide the world isn't so bad after all. You won't laugh at it, and you won't thrill to it, but you'll have a good time and maybe get a little drowsy. If that's a left-handed compliment, I don't mean it to be. Tic Toc Revue presents one brand new star and one well known one. Jean O'Neill, the newcomer, does nicely on her first commercial, singing today's songs in a sweet, slightly husky voice. Baritone Barry McKinley, a dependable for (Continued on page 82)



Glaring sun throws
a hard light
on your face

Pond's "Sunlight"
Shades catch only the
softer rays of the sun
—soften your face

Glare-Proof!

Flatter you in hard, blazing light

Now 3 "Sunlight" shades

Summer Brunette

Sunlight (LIGHT)

Sunlight (DARK)

Pond's new "Sunlight" Shades catch only the softer rays of the sun... flatter your face, soften its look in the hardest glare! Three glorifying shades completely away from the old sun-tan powders—Try them at our expense.

Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PII, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Oct. 1, 1937)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Copyright, 1937,
Pond's Extract Company

...more than one financial help. Ben, and because he was... names, many of... favorites are now receiving studios, or preferred extra... they sadly needed... certain prod... tried to... ions on... street... just put... she... y. He relat... the... the... holding names... telling... that unless he stopped annoying his name would be announced on broadcast.

...ing morning two thugs called and politely informed him that... off, something very mussy... ant would happen to him. Ben... on the air again. Fidler sent the producer to be sure and lis... He announced the visit of the... henchmen and informed the... that if anything unpleasant hap... him, the entire case, a record of... reposed in the safe-deposit box... ney, would be given to the... The girl was never molested

...he would lose Irene Herve... he did lose her to Allan Jones, but, in that instance, the fans did not like my letter!" Jimmy grinned.

"I suppose some people regard me as a Public Enemy," said Jimmy, "but why should anyone in Hollywood be afraid of me unless he has a guilty conscience? If I see what looks to me like a wrong, I try to use what influence I have to right it. If I see someone getting out of line, I try to use, or help, him back in. I try to bring to your attention a single instance where a man has broadcast or printed anything to hurt a reputation or to damage a character."

Now, you are probably wondering what part of cheap Jimmy Fidler is. I'll tell you about the fellow whose had... I've been across Hollywood's and... I've been introduced to... you would find him a rather slender, and made a typical man-about-town, well but never over-dressed, charming and with a smile that you'd remember. He never knows what it is to relax and his reservoir of energy seems endless. He paces the floor like a caged lion when he talks.

He was born in St. Louis but spent his boyhood in Missouri... the South... married... and that... His... D...

...covered how... and gossip of... I ever found a... factorily bring this... I would jump at the... job. Radio proved... gave up everything... myself into a radio... could make others... not Jimmy Fidler?"

...I was with this... gave up his \$10... for more than a... the Hollywood or... with... cent... of a national... last... his eff... turning... ant... column... and the... followed in rapid... Success hasn't... very much... rules which... mind to... "I ta... myself... is a... want...

WHAT'S NEWS?



Paramount

Above, Martha Raye's attending a lot of parties these days, since she ran off and acquired a husband. He's a young and handsome gentleman named Buddy Westmore.



Right, a happy foursome formed by Charles (Andy) Correll, Ken Carpenter, Molly and Fibber McGee. Hollywood's got Fibber and Molly who may stay there permanently.

By
TONY SEYMOUR

**NEWS WHILE IT'S STILL
HOT, GOSSIP WHILE IT'S
STILL FRESH, SERVED UP,
GARNISHED WITH LAUGHS,
BY OUR DEMON REPORTER**



W. C. Fields (above) may get ribbed every Sunday by Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen's famous dummy, but it's worth a fortune.



George Burns, wife Gracie Allen and band-leader Ray Noble, celebrate with a laugh Gracie's new lending library for dolls.

W. C. FIELDS came to the rescue of radio by giving it a new comedian at a time when all the old-line funnymen were preparing to take that summer rest—but it's not generally known that radio also came to the rescue of W. C. Fields. Fields' illness was so expensive that by the time he had recovered from it most of the savings he had stored up from his picture work were gone, and the money he is getting from his radio appearances is more than just small change to him. It's an important bridge between convalescence and the good health he must be in before he can go back into the movies.

* * *

Dixie Lee is redecorating the nursery of her home in pink! Can it be she is hoping to coax the stork into bringing

a baby sister for the three young Crosby males?

* * *

When Eddie Cantor gave his daughter Natalie in marriage to Joe Metzger recently he made up his mind to take this business of being a father-in-law seriously. Today Joe's new antique shop—sounds funny, but the antiques are really old—is groaning under the weight of an immense Neon sign which announces: "Eddie Cantor, Incorporated. Gifts and Antiques." And business is booming!

* * *

Courting disaster, your reporter is going to present a list of hoped-for programs for this fall and winter. Some are only rumors, some slightly more than rumors, some may go on the air

any day now, and some may not go on the air at all. Anyway, grab your hats; here we go!

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer movie company, undaunted by Paramount's dismal attempt to concoct a radio show, has a program of its own all ready and waiting for a sponsor. Script, musical and dramatic talent—everything's ready for the payroll to show up. All of M-G-M's contract players are said to be available for the program except Norma Shearer and—but of course—Greta Garbo. The only condition M-G-M will make to an interested sponsor is that the show must not be put on the air on Saturday or Sunday nights. People like to go to movies on those nights if they haven't anything better—such as listening to an all-star radio show—to do.

As soon as she gets back from her

honeymoon with Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald may affix her signature to a contract to broadcast for the same people who hired Nelson Eddy for your pleasure last year. Jeanette has long held out against radio's lure, but they say she's beginning to weaken.

Ina Claire, of the stage, is still trying to get a script in shape for a weekly dramatic show. Last we heard, it had got to the point of rehearsing for an audition. Bert Lytell, another stage and screen personage, is also just over the horizon. Just how far over, nobody seems to know, but there are those who care.

Warner Brothers is another movie firm which has a program all ready, willing and able to exhibit itself to the customers. Every now and then this shop crops up in the news, and seems about to make its bow, with Dick Powell starring in it—but then the excitement dies down again and nothing more is heard for a month or so. Perhaps by this winter it will make the grade.

Nope—no plans for Shirley Temple or the Quintuplets.

* * *

"Unusual" California rains dampened his guests' ardor when Buddy Westmore entertained the other night with an old-fashioned hayride in honor of his fiancée, Martha Raye. (Yes, Martha and Buddy are married now.) Buddy, a resourceful lad, wasn't stymied. He brought the straw from the wagons into the living room of his ranch home, and the party carried on from there.

* * *

Fred Allen's off the air, but Fred Allen stories keep cropping up, and some of them are too good to forget. Here is a whole batch of them. At the half-way point of an hour network program, as you know, there is always the "station-break," thirty seconds during which the network studio is off the air while the member stations broadcast their call letters. Fred found a way to use these thirty seconds that delights the Allen heart. For the last half-dozen broadcasts before he left the air he'd turn to the studio audience and deliver impromptu wisecracks that he knew studio censors wouldn't allow him to broadcast.

For instance, on a repeat broadcast for the West Coast, around midnight New York time, he turned to the audience and gravely announced, "Ladies and gentlemen! You can all go home now, because we won't have to broadcast the second half of this program. That man out in Pasadena who always listens to us has gone to bed."

Once, just after the station-break chimes had run, he interrupted the dead silence in the studio with the remark: "They don't answer—just like when Mrs. Simpson called Buckingham Palace."

Mrs. Simpson jokes are, of course, absolutely taboo on the air, which is probably the reason Fred followed this off-the-record gag a week later with another one. Wearing his best dead-pan expression he stood solemnly on the stage during the station-break and asked, "Is there a Mrs. Simpson in the house? There's a fellow calling on the telephone who says his name is Edward."

We still can't tell you who Professor Quiz is, but we can tell you one story about him that ought to make you wonder if he isn't some sort of a magician. One day the Professor performed a trick for the rest of his Question Bee cast. He thrust a long scarf-pin through the fleshy part of his forearm—clear through, so it came out on the other side. While the pin was still in the flesh, and without appearing to be in pain at all, he asked, "How many spurts of blood would you like to see when I take this pin out?" One of the bystanders said, "Three." The Professor smiled, nodded his head, and took out the pin. Blood welled out of the wound in three distinct spurts. Then it stopped, and didn't bleed any more at all. Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley. The Professor's explanation is that he has such perfect control over his body that he can will the blood to come or stop.

* * *

But then, the Professor isn't the only remarkable guy on his program. Arthur Godfrey, his announcer, is a walking miracle too. Ask any of the doctors who took care of him six years ago when he was frightfully injured in an automobile accident, and they'll tell you that. Godfrey had so many bones broken that even today he can't give you a complete list of them, and the doctors at first said he couldn't live. He did, though, and then the doctors told him he'd never walk again. That made Godfrey mad, and he swore he would. When the nurse left him alone he'd get out of his wheel chair, support himself on the back of it, and take a few steps. One day they caught him at it, and after they'd finished scolding him they decided to give him some crutches.

Godfrey used the crutches, on the sly, like canes. Today he doesn't even limp, except when he is very tired. The doctors told him he could never ride a horse again, or fly an airplane—so he rides horses all the time at his farm near Washington, and has about six hundred flying hours to his credit.

* * *

Harry Von Zell, one of radio's most popular gentlemen, is having his first crack at stardom these summer evenings—but at a price. Harry is taking Phil Baker's place on the Sunday-night Gulf program, thereby, at last, getting an important part on one of the shows which he has always done a good deal to

make successful. Only those connected with the programs he announces know just how many of Harry's suggestions and ideas have gone into them. As a pinch-hitting stooge and actor in Fred Allen, Phil Baker and Stoopnagle and Budd skits, Harry revealed an unsuspected talent for comedy, and now on the Gulf show he's getting his reward.

But that price he has to pay for his chance at stardom—All winter long Harry has been telling Phil Baker that this summer he intended to take a month off and visit his parents in California. He's thought of nothing but that trip home. And now Phil has gone out to California and Harry has to stay in New York to run Phil's show. Baker gets the last laugh, but he says that's only fair—he's the best comedian!

(Continued on page 83)



Paramount photo

Roland Asher, assistant director, tells Anthony Quinn and Dorothy Lamour they've been selected as the leads for "Last Train From Madrid."

Cap'n Henry

Tells

"WHY I DECIDED TO COME BACK"

By

K I R T L E Y B A S K E T T E

"I'll tell you why I'm going back on Show Boat," said Charles Winninger, "because I belong on that program. Because that program needs me. Because radio is the greatest outlet for entertainment in the world and I miss the millions of old friends I used to talk to every week. Because I haven't had any real fun, or," he grinned, "any fights since I left it. But mostly because I think we can bring Show Boat back to the greatest program on the air—as it used to be!"

He tossed his curling and silvered locks and pounded a hearty fist against the wall. To the left Gypsy Rose Lee almost jumped out of what was between her and pneumonia and to the right the Ritz Brothers dived under the piano. The whole row of beaverboard makeup cubicles quivered and shook like a grade A earthquake. This was in Hollywood, on the set of "You Can't Have Everything" at 20th Century-Fox Studios, and naturally what followed were angry shouts of "Quiet!"

"Quiet!" grunted Charlie. "How the devil can I talk and keep quiet too?" A nervous assistant director popped his head inside, "Gosh, Cap'n Henry," he admonished, "We're shootin' pictures!"

"Sorry," said Charlie, suddenly mollified, "Hear that?" he said, "that's what they all call me—'Cap'n Henry'!"

Almost three years ago Charles Winninger bowed out of one of the most beloved characters that ever existed on the air, "Cap'n Henry" of the Maxwell House Show Boat. He had his reasons then for leaving and he didn't mind telling them. He has his reasons now for going back and he's just as frank about them. Three years off the air and outstanding Hollywood success haven't changed him one whit, haven't changed his ideas, or his love for radio and that particular part of radio still close to his heart—Show Boat. Apparently, too, those years haven't dimmed the memory of all those who have flooded him with letters since his return was announced, of those who still call him—"Cap'n Henry."

"That's what I mean," said Charlie Winninger, "when I say I belong on that program; that's what I mean when I say I miss my old friends. Listen—"

As he talked, I realized just what all this was meaning and could mean to radio and Thursday night's old time favorite program. There had never been a greater or more popular figure in radio than Charlie Winninger. When he quit so suddenly, three years ago, half the pleasure of listening died for many, many listeners.

Nor has Show Boat been very happy since it saw Cap'n Henry walk down the (Continued on page 68)



**HERE'S THE WHOLE HAPPY STORY
BEHIND THE JOYFUL NEWS THAT
SHOW BOAT'S GREATEST STAR IS
AGAIN GOING TO BE ITS PILOT!**

REVEALING

Tyrone

DARKEST

By VIRGINIA PAYNE
(MA PERKINS)



**A GREAT RADIO STAR WRITES
ABOUT THE MAN SHE GREW UP
WITH AND TELLS THE SECRET
INSPIRATION WHICH LIFTED
HIM TO BRILLIANT SUCCESS**

TWO years ago a young man, little more than a boy, came to Chicago and went to work in radio as "just another actor." He was so quiet and unassuming that few people who worked with him then can remember anything about him now. He played nothing but small parts, kept very much to himself, and in less than six months he left as quietly as he had come.

Today he is a star, the most sensational young newcomer Hollywood has seen in the last year. His name is spelled out in electric lights in every town from coast to coast—TYRONE POWER, the name of a great actor being carried over into the second generation. Yet radio, when he was part of it, hardly knew he was around. Even today, most of us who gathered with him around a microphone two years ago don't know what happened to Tyrone Power during that dark, bitterly cold, discouraging winter he spent in Chicago.

I probably wouldn't know either, except that I have known Tyrone Power all my life. I went to school with him, was raised with him as a child in Cincinnati, and—most important—I shared, to some extent, the adoration for a great man which has been the guiding star of Tyrone's life. That is why, when the editor of RADIO MIRROR asked me to write this article, I was happy to do it. I want everybody to know why Tyrone left radio so abruptly, because when you know that, you know as well why he is famous today.

Power's

DAYS



ILLUSTRATION
BY FRANCOIS

No one could possibly understand Tyrone Power without knowing about his mother and father. They have always been the foundation of his life, and one had only to meet either of them to understand why. His father, the idol of two continents, and brilliant actor though he was, was even more brilliant a personality. His mother, for many years a star in her own right, was, and still is, the essence of feminine charm. No boy, aspiring to stardom, ever inherited more. And no young man, fighting his way to the top, ever held that inheritance more sacred.

I remember, when I was a girl, the first time Tyrone hustled me proudly over to their house to meet his father. He had come to Cincinnati for a short visit between engagements, and I remember Tyrone literally had to pull me through the huge library doors. His father, stately and poised, sat there in the big armchair.



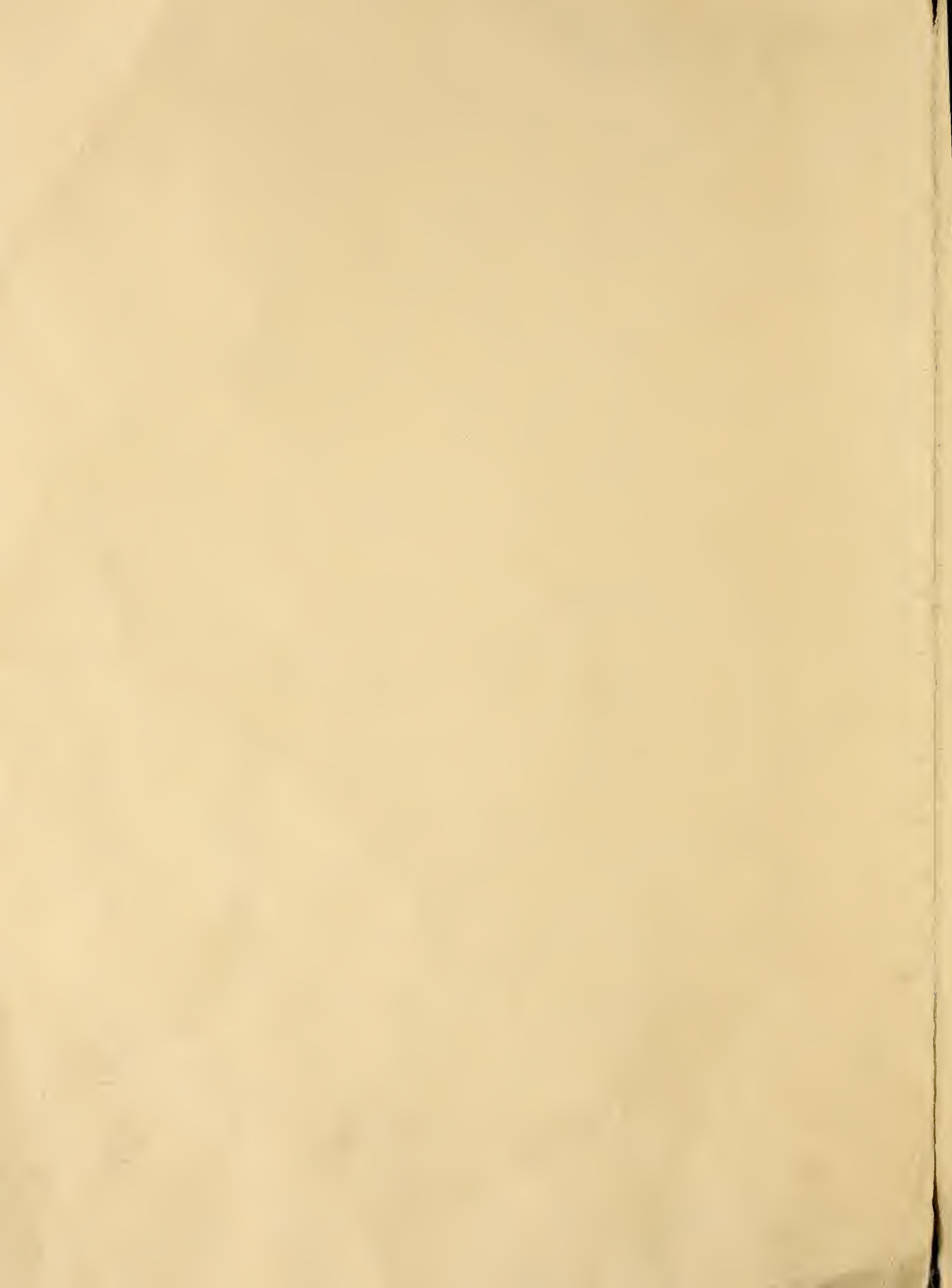
The others laughed and kidded Tyrone about being a fresh-air fiend when he walked to the studio through a blizzard. The truth was that he didn't have the money for carfare!

"Father," Tyrone said eagerly, "this is 'Ginny'."

I curtsied, as gracefully as I could, and stood with my eyes glued to the floor. That was the kind of man he was. There was a kingly, regal air about him when you first met him which made me, a small girl who wanted to become an actress, stand in awe.

But not for long. A moment later I felt a large hand take hold of mine, and I was seated beside him, in the big armchair by the fireplace. Tyrone was leaning eagerly over the opposite arm of the chair, his eyes agleam with pride.

Then the elderly man smiled and began to talk. I don't remember what he said. He could have talked about as dull a subject as arithmetic, and still held us spellbound. His voice seemed to come from deep inside of him; when he was in a room, no one else mattered. It was easy to understand why he was one of the (Continued on page 74)



REVEALING

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By VIRGINIA PAYNE
(MA PERKINS)



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Jeanette MacDonald



MGM photo by Clarence Bull

**A HAPPY BRIDE WHO
HAS LEARNED A POIGN-
ANT LESSON IN THE
ART OF REAL LIVING
WANTS TO HELP THE
MAN WHO HAS NEVER
DARED FALL IN LOVE**

Right, Nelson, Jeanette,
Gene Raymond, Anita Lou-
ise, and James Stewart—
at "the happiest party"
Jeanette ever attended.



Hyman Fink

**By JACK
SMALLEY**

ADVICE TO Nelson Eddy

ABOUT LOVE

THOUSANDS of fans once clamored for a real life romance between the lovely heroine and romantic hero of "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie" and "Maytime." They knew what they wanted. They believed that if only Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy could find love, they would discover the real happiness all their followers wished for them.

The happiness of Jeanette MacDonald was assured when Gene Raymond, with his gay laughter and tender smile, came riding over the hill and into her busy life.

And what about Nelson Eddy?

Jeanette had often said she would never marry. She changed her mind. Nelson Eddy has frequently declared he is too busy to find love. Can anyone change his mind?

Jeanette learned her poignant lesson in life through a picture she and Nelson did together, when they enacted, for the screen, the tragic story of lovers separated by careers—the story told in "Maytime."

That story strengthened a decision that had been so heartbreakingly difficult for Jeanette to reach; could she marry and still have her successful career? She hadn't been able to decide when she was cast to play in "Maytime" the tragic role of a woman who passed love by and died regretting it.

Like this heroine, Jeanette had believed that there was no place for marriage in her career, that there was no time for any outside intrusion upon a life made up of constant devotion to a goal set long ago. With all her energies devoted to the demands of her career, with singing lessons and language lessons, with concert tours, pictures, and radio programs, she thought her life lacked nothing.

That was before the right man came along.

Now Jeanette knows how empty her life—that had seemed so full—really was before she met Gene Raymond. Because the parallel between Jeanette's life and Nelson Eddy's is so striking, it is inevitable that Nelson should learn, through Jeanette, the truths that she had discovered and which she wants to tell him.

For Jeanette wants Nelson to know what she has learned from love, the dramatic lesson in living it has taught her. She knows that Nelson Eddy, too, has said that there is no place for marriage in his career, so full of road tours, radio programs, movies and the always constant study.

That is why a woman in love wants to advise a man who is afraid to be.

"We are great friends, Nelson and I," Jeanette said, "and I do not believe I am overstepping when I say we are confidants as well.

"For a long time I thought as Nelson does and sincerely believed that there was no place for marriage in the life of a person who had dedicated every moment

of her life to the exacting demands of a singer's career.

"A career like mine could not be casual. A dismaying amount of preparation must go into it. Nelson and I are singers. Therefore, we encounter the same problems.

"A singer never is satisfied, always is striving for improvement, always bending every (Continued on page 79)

Hurrell



Jeanette MacDonald's ADVICE TO Nelson Eddy ABOUT LOVE



A HAPPY BRIDE WHO HAS LEARNED A POIGNANT LESSON IN THE ART OF REAL LIVING WANTS TO HELP THE MAN WHO HAS NEVER DARED FALL IN LOVE

MGM photo by Clarence Bull

Right, Nelson, Jeanette, Gene Raymand, Anita Louise, and James Stewart—at "the happiest party" Jeanette ever attended.



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Havell



THE CHANCE

Jerry Cooper

**EVERYONE WHO HAS EVER
LOVED WILL UNDERSTAND
THE STRANGE DEBT THIS
YOUNG STAR OWES TO THE
GIRL HE WANTS TO MARRY**

Below, Joan Mitchell, the girl Jerry left behind when he joined Hollywood Hotel.



Bruno of Hollywood

JERRY COOPER always knew the day would come. Though it would open the door to new fame and success for him, still he dreaded its coming. He knew he would have no choice but to accept what that day brought. Even if it meant the end of things between him and Joan Mitchell.

The day came. The producers of Hollywood Hotel called Jerry to the West Coast for one of the star parts in that top radio show. It was Jerry's big chance. It would have been criminal not to accept it—and Jerry, realizing that, accepted.

When you listen to Jerry singing on Hollywood Hotel next Friday night, think a little of Joan Mitchell, the girl he left in New York. One thing is certain: Jerry will be thinking of her too, and wondering if he chose the right course. But what other course could he have chosen? No matter what the outcome, he took the chance he had to take.

On the one hand, Hollywood Hotel, money, fame, probably a movie contract—and separation from the girl he loves. On the other, moderate fame, fairly good money, a chance to be with Joan every day



Murray Korman

DARED

TAKE



—but still no opportunity for the marriage both of them desire with all their hearts.

Joan and Jerry have not been the luckiest lovers in the world. Ever since that night a year and a half ago when they first met, circumstances have always conspired to keep them from finding happiness together. Now they are separated by the width of a continent, but this separation may, in the end, solve the problem of their lives in the way they want it solved. For it was not only to further his own career that Jerry Cooper went to Hollywood. He went, also, to pay a debt he owes the girl he loves.

Joan and Jerry, as you may already know, first met when Jerry was singing in the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway. Joan was one of the girls in the chorus of the floor show. From the time they first exchanged a few words of conversation, there was nobody else on earth for either of them.

But their world was an unstable one. Who knew how long a job would last, how soon it would be before they were eating in automat and living in hall bedrooms? Jerry was on the way up—but how could he be sure something wouldn't happen to change the course of his career? There is something of the gambler in everyone who takes the stage or any of its branches for a livelihood. There has to be. But Jerry and Joan weren't willing to gamble with their love for each other.

No doubt you supposed that Jerry was already a high-salaried star before he received the Hollywood Hotel offer. True, he was a promising star; he made enough to pay his expenses and save a little. But he did not make enough to give him the feeling of security his nature craves and must have before he can consider marriage.

Then, too, both Joan and Jerry had their individual responsibilities. Joan is the chief support of her family, with whom she lives, and she earns the money to pay for her invalid sister's medical care. She couldn't forget the people who were dependent on her, and she

is much too proud ever to allow Jerry to take over the financial problem they present. Still another obstacle, until recently, was the opposition of Jerry's mother to his marriage. Mrs. Cooper wanted them to wait, because she was afraid they could never adjust the differences in their backgrounds. Joan, after all, is a New York girl, Broadway to her finger-tips—and Jerry, despite a thin veneer of city sophistication, is still the country boy who came up from New Orleans a few years ago. Could two people, raised in such different atmospheres, be happy together? Mrs. Cooper wanted them to be sure they could before taking any irrevocable step.

That was the argument she offered against marriage, but I believe the truth lay deeper than anything she ever said. A tragic experience of her own—her marriage to Jerry's father broke up when Jerry was twelve—bred a fear and distrust of marriage in her heart. She didn't want Jerry to suffer as she had suffered. She believed he would be happier, as she had been, alone. So Joan and Jerry waited, waited on their financial position and on Mrs. Cooper's wishes. Waiting brought its sacrifices. It brought them to Joan, not to Jerry. Twice in the last year Hollywood scouts have come to her offering movie contracts. They were not dazzling opportunities for stardom, but to a girl as wise in the ways of show business as Joan, they were all the more attractive for their moderation. She could have gone to Hollywood on a fair salary, and there she would have been trained, given small parts at first, and gradually coached for a screen career. What Hollywood was offering Joan Mitchell was a chance to make good. Joan refused both offers. She had only one reason for doing so: she wouldn't leave Jerry behind. They didn't discuss these movie opportunities much, between themselves. What was the use? Each knew that for her own sake Joan should accept them, but Joan knew she wouldn't. And Jerry hoped she wouldn't. He couldn't help it. New York would be too dreary a place if she were to leave it. They were both learning, too, how much Jerry needs Joan, and will always need her. Jerry is still a guileless and trusting soul, in spite of his Broadway (Continued on page 62)

B Y D A N W H E E L E R

Youth, vitality and authentic Southern charm blend to make Durelle Alexander the perfect camera subject. Not yet twenty, she began her career in movies when she was seven. Long with Paul Whiteman, she is now a CBS star and was supposed to be engaged to Gil Bundy, famous cartoonist, though no one really knows her heart.



gallery of

Hollywood's great photographer, Hurrell, took this picture of exquisite Joy Hodges who, with Jimmy Grier's orchestra, has won a contract renewal for Joe Penner's program. She's on the Fibber McGee show, too.



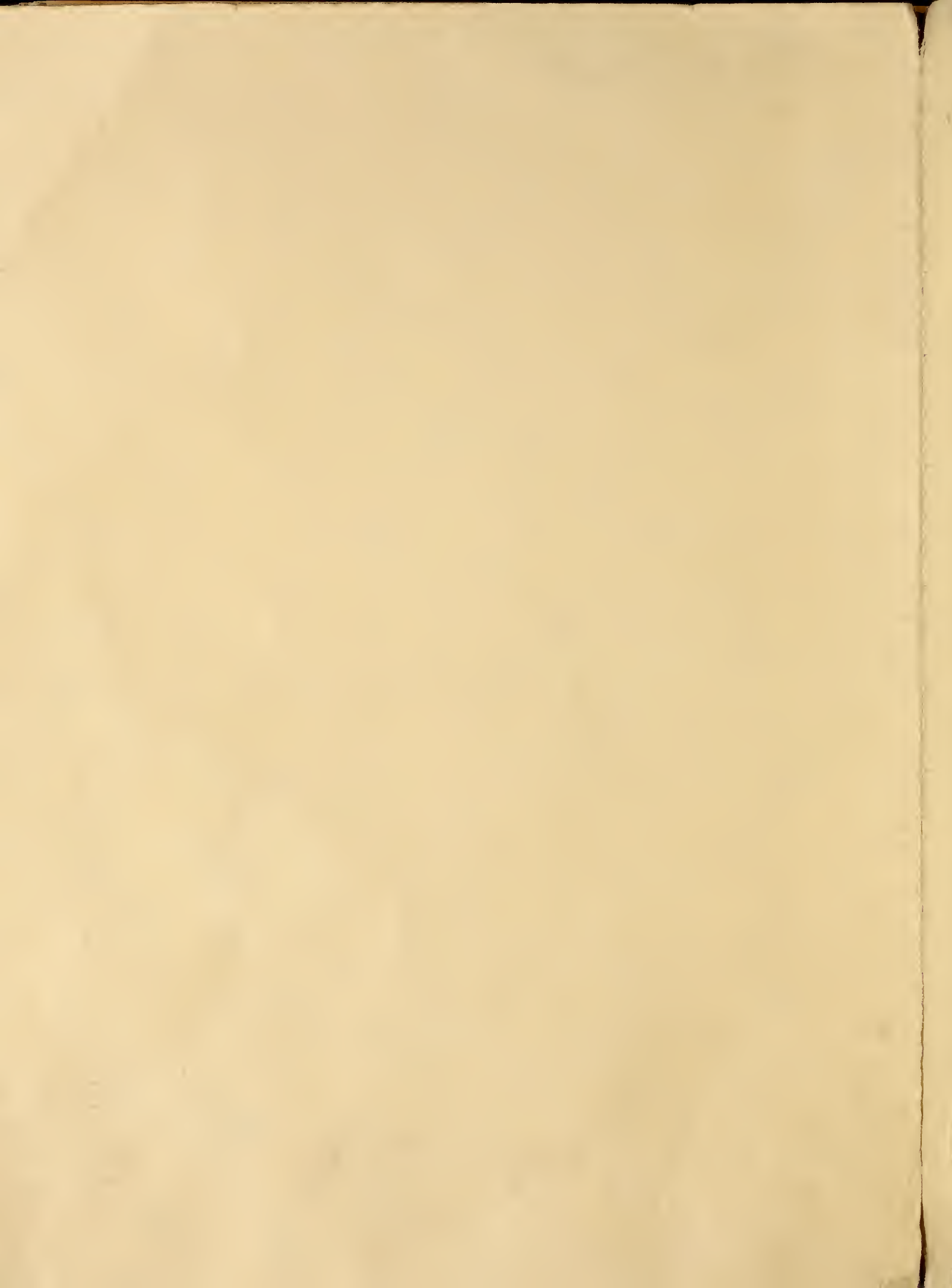
Typical of the perfect and rare American beauty is the golden loveliness of Florence George, an NBC coloratura soprano and member of the City Opera of Chicago. Already, Hollywood scouts have under option this Dayton, Ohio girl who began by studying piano and who won the title of prettiest co-ed at Wittenberg College.

Maurice Seymour



beauty

Charm that extreme youth never possesses is the keynote of this new camera study of Jessica Dragonette who grows more lovely with each passing year, even with all her hard work on the CBS Beauty Box programs.



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gallery of beauty

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With her younger sister, Patti, safely married to Bob Simmons, Jane Pickens has returned to New York and the program which she left last fall when she went on the road with the Follies. When she left it, the broadcast was called the Saturday Night Party but now it's the Sunday Night Party, having changed its time to Sundays on the NBC Red network. Though Patti has found a husband, Jane is determined to stand by her career.



Maurice Seymour



Harriet Hilliard than whom there isn't a lovelier young singer has finished work on another picture for RKO and you will be seeing her shortly in "New Faces," the movie which has those comedians Parkyakarkus, Joe Penner and Milton Berle. Miss Hilliard is doubly happy these days now that she knows her man is going to be in Hollywood for keeps. Meaning that Ozzie Nelson junior will once more have a papa to whom he can say goodnight.

BEHIND the HOLLYWOOD FRONT

Mary Livingstone may go in for face remodeling now that she's got herself a picture contract.



Al Jolson, above, having tea with Parkyakarkus, comes in for a scolding in Jimmie's open letter.



Editor's Note: *Once more RADIO MIRROR gives you its new Hollywood reporter, famous Jimmie Fidler, whose broadcasts you hear Tuesday and Friday nights on NBC. This is Hollywood and radio unadorned, brought you by the man whose reputation has been won by the biting honesty and searching truth of his news. Because of the freedom of expression granted him, opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily those of the magazine and its editor.*

FRED ASTAIRE'S limelight fever has jumped to a dizzy degree of late. He understands the dollars and cents value of wholesale adulation as well as any en-

tertainer in the business. But always, with his permission, the background of those spotlights blazing on him warmed the lesser members of his cast. When they turned in swell performances, Freddie was among the first with congratulations.

But that part of the dancer's makeup seems to be missing these days. I told you last month about the apparent dissension between Astaire and Charlie Butterworth. What looked like harmless bickering on the part of two high-strung artists, now grows serious. I get it straight that if Astaire does leave the Packard program permanently, there will be but one reason—Charlie Butterworth.

When the show increased in popularity, as evidenced in



by
Jimmie Fidler

Left, watch for a trailer with Grace Moore and her husband in it parked out in your back yard.

Columbia Studios

**DEVASTATING IN ITS
UTTER FRANKNESS AND
EXHILARATING IN ITS
HONESTY — HERE'S THE
SECOND IN THIS DAR-
ING NEW SERIES OF
UNCENSORED REPORTS
ON MOVIELAND STARS**



Ken Murray, above, is through playing benefits — Fidler knows the reason.

recent surveys, the comic Butterworth was credited with the program's growing success. Those handling publicity for the show, emphasized each week what Charlie would do. Astaire felt himself slipping into the background on his own bill.

I understand that his producers are now pleading with him to let bygones be bygones. That everything will be different on the next series. But I hear that Freddie won't believe them unless Charlie hies himself off to another program. If the comic does leave the show, I think Freddie will be back. Otherwise, he is almost a cinch to be missing from that familiar Tuesday night spot. By the time you read this, the summer cast of Johnny Green, Trudy Wood and Buddy Blair will have taken over the show.

I CAN'T quite visualize Grace Moore doing her warbling as she bumps around the country in a trailer—even if that trailer does have a miniature piano in it. But that is exactly what she is doing these days. Hubby Valentin Perera bought one of the swankier numbers, so they are hitting the gypsy trail and communing with the great outdoors, probably as you read this. Don't be alarmed if you awaken some a. m. and find a strange trailer parked in your back yard, and "Madam Butterfly" arias exuding from its windows.

I HEAR rumblings of discord in the cast of "One Man's Family," that satisfying serial that airates from San Francisco. Seems that all sorts of (Continued on page 57)

Personality



TIC TOC'S SINGER—Sensational is the word for the rise of youthful Jean O'Neill, left, who sings on NBC's new Tic Toc Revue, Monday nights. A year ago Jean was graduating from a Brooklyn high school. Last winter she was in a music publishing house trying out a new song, and Scrappy Lambert of the Town Hall Quartet heard her. He was so impressed he brought her to Fred Allen's program for her network debut. That was in January, and now, after a return engagement on Town Hall Tonight, she's the featured soprano soloist on a sponsored network show. Jean is just eighteen, and won her new job in competition with a dozen other singers.

QUIZ' MAN GODFREY—The quizzing assistant to CBS' quizzing Professor Quiz is Arthur Godfrey, who in his thirty-four years has held at least that many jobs. Arthur was born in New York, the son of a veteran newspaper man, and has always tried to carry out his boyhood ambition to see everything and do everything. He's been an office boy, coal miner, Navy radio operator, taxi driver, vaudeville performer, and cemetery lot salesman. Just now he's one of radio's highest paid announcers. Besides his Professor Quiz show, he announces the popular Sun Dial program in Washington, which has eighty-five sponsors. In his spare time he fishes, pilots an airplane, reads the latest biographies, and swims expertly. He also wants to learn all about farms.



GUIDING LIGHT—The brightest light of NBC's serial, Guiding Light, is Mercedes McCambridge, right, who plays Mary in the story. Hers is also the role of Diana in another NBC serial, Dan Harding's Wife. Mercedes is one of the members of the 1937 graduating class at Mundelein College in Chicago. She was born in Joliet, Illinois, and came to Chicago in 1927. She won a scholarship to Mundelein from forty other contestants—and it was a lucky scholarship, because an NBC scout heard her doing a solo part in the Mundelein verse speaking choir last June, and gave her a contract with his network. Her part in The Guiding Light is her first leading role. Mercedes has never let her radio work interfere with school, as was proved by her Phi Beta Kappa key when she graduated from College a week or so ago. She collects penguin models as a hobby, and likes tall, dark, not handsome, men.



CLOSE-UPS

HIGHLAND ELLA—Eddie Cantor chose Ella Logan, right, as one of the pinch-hitting stars for his program while he takes his summer vacation. Ella, who was born in Glasgow, Scotland, was a dancing and singing star in Europe when she was only eleven. By the time she was fifteen she was giving command performances in the homes of royalty and dancing at parties with the Prince of Wales, the present Duke of Windsor. In 1932 she came to America for a part in the Broadway musical, "Calling All Stars." Then she went to Hollywood for her screen debut in the Universal hit, "Top of the Town." Her latest picture is "A Young Man's Fancy."



MANHATTAN'S OWN BERT—Back on the air once more, Bert Lahr, right, is the comedy star of NBC's Sunday-night Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. The name of the program is appropriate, because Bert is Broadway's favorite son. Born in New York, Bert served his stage apprenticeship in vaudeville, and then, in 1927, scored a personal hit in a musical revue called "Delmar's Revels." Since then he's kept first-nighters happy every year, and just now he's co-starring with Beatrice Lillie in "The Show is On." Broadwayites recognize Bert in the wintertime by his massive tan fur coat—there's never, they say, been another one like it. He's married, has one son, and when he's playing in New York lives at a hotel in the theater district, so he can be near his friends.



HOLLYWOOD'S OWN ADELA—Reporter, novelist, scenario writer, radio star and a colorful personality is Adela Rogers St. Johns, who broadcasts her own news program on NBC at 9:45, E.D.S.T., every morning except Saturday and Sunday. She was born in San Francisco, the daughter of Earl Rogers, the most spectacular lawyer of his day. As a child she attended all his trials—experience which was later invaluable when she started life as a reporter. She became Western editor of Photoplay when it was the only moving picture magazine published, and began to write Hollywood fiction around her experiences. Adela is married to Patrick O'Toole, an aviation executive, and she is the mother of five children. She is credited with having discovered Clark Gable but says she only suggested him for a leading role in "A Free Soul," which she had written.



THE

First Lady

MAKES THEM BLUSH!



**THE FRANKNESS FOR
WHICH MRS. ROOSE-
VELT IS FAMOUS IS
ALL HERE IN THIS
AMAZINGLY HUMAN
STORY ABOUT HER**

By
JACK SHER



Above, the President's wife and daughter, Mrs. John Boettiger, who discussed family affairs as cameramen took their pictures.

Anna Eleanor Roosevelt hasn't the time to dress especially for her Wednesday-night programs. Once, she arrived with her slip showing.

MRS. ROOSEVELT wanted to see her daughter, Mrs. Anna Boettiger. Anna was in Seattle, so Mrs. Roosevelt jumped into an airplane and set out across the continent. The weather was bad, and she was grounded twice and stuck in the mud once, so that when she finally did arrive in Seattle it was almost time for her Wednesday night broadcast. Not until broadcast time was near did she realize she hadn't had anything to eat since breakfast, so she sent a page-boy downstairs for a sandwich. Between mouthfuls, the wife of the President rehearsed her fifteen-minute program—casual, unruffled, and perfectly happy.

Something rather special had been arranged for that particular broadcast. Mrs. Boettiger was to interview her famous mother on the subject of how to raise a twentieth-century daughter, and the Seattle news photographers were out in full force. They were kept at bay until after the actual

broadcast; then they were admitted into the studio. The photographer from one of the papers had been mysteriously delayed, though, and hadn't arrived yet.

"We'll wait," Mrs. Roosevelt said, and smiled. "I don't mind. He'll come along pretty soon."

When the missing photographer arrived and all the cameras were set up, one of them suggested that it would be a nice idea if Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Boettiger would pretend to be chatting informally. Mrs. Roosevelt is never one to waste time. Immediately, she began to tell her daughter how things were going with the family back in Washington. The two women might have been alone, for all the embarrassment either of them showed.

"Gee," said one of the photographers regretfully, "I'm sorry our cameras aren't wired for sound!"

Mrs. Roosevelt laughed. "I'm sure our family affairs wouldn't sound well if they were (*Continued on page 66*)



THE

First Lady

MAKES THEM BLUSH!

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IT'S a lot easier—and safer—to try changing a leopard's spots than it is to try changing a husband's habits. With a leopard you're at least sure of one thing. He may swallow you whole, but he's not going to give you a nice crop of chocolate-brown spots exactly like the ones he had years before you came on the scene. But a husband's habits are like the measles. They're catching. Take it from Dorothy Wesley Bernie. Dorothy knows.

Dorothy and Ben Bernie have been married for two years now, and Dorothy has to admit that she hasn't accomplished a single thing she set out to accomplish. She's a defeated woman, if you want to be harsh about it. But she's having a grand time.

In that rosy, sort of moonstruck period before the wedding, Dorothy used to sit back and look at Ben and think about all the changes she was going to make in his manner of living. Oh, she wouldn't nag, of course! Nothing like that. But gently, tactfully, quietly, she would lead him into a more normal life. It would be all for his own good, and later he'd realize this. Those appalling habits of his! They'd certainly bring him to an early grave, or a nervous breakdown, or—well, something pretty awful.

Dorothy Wesley herself was a swimming champion, and she knew all the rules for correct living. Early to bed, early to rise. A few hours of relaxation every day. Regular, balanced diet. She knew them all, and what's more, she practiced them! Every one.

On the other hand, Ben didn't even know them. He couldn't sit still for two minutes at a time. He smoked enough cigars to heat all Labrador. He couldn't get to

sleep at nights, or never bothered to try, but sometimes he'd be found taking a nap in the middle of dinner. He thought nothing of working all day and half the night and then playing bridge the rest of the night. He spent money by the fistful at the race track. His balanced diet consisted principally of hamburgers.

But of course the poor dear didn't know the harm he was doing himself. He needed a wise, understanding woman to help him learn how to live, and Dorothy was that woman. Like any bride, she was filled with beautiful, beautiful dreams. She had the future all mapped out, and it was going to be perfect—perfect with her idea of perfection, naturally, but Ben would like it too, once he saw the light. It wouldn't be difficult. All she needed was a little tact.

Chock-full and running over with tact, she began her reformation campaign with the little matter of a dog. She wanted a dog, and Ben wanted a dog. Very good. But it seemed that Ben's idea of a fine animal to have around the house was something the size of a young cow—a Great Dane or a police dog. A great hulking thing with an appetite for bedroom slippers and a way of knocking you flat when it wanted to prove how much it loved you.

Dorothy swung briskly into action. "But don't you see, Ben?" she pointed out with sweet reasonableness. "We're traveling around the country so much, living in hotels and apartments—it wouldn't be fair to the dog. He'd always be cramped and unhappy."

"Um—yes, I see what you mean," Ben agreed. "Maybe you're right. How about a wire-hair, then?"

HE WHO LAUGHS



By RUTH GERI

IT'S SAFER TO CHANGE A
LEOPARD'S SPOTS THAN IT
IS TO TRY AND CHANGE A
HUSBAND—BUT SOME BRIDES
THINK THEY KNOW BETTER



20th Century-Fox

Above, Ben gets in the last word while Dorothy Wesley Bernie sweetly listens. That's "Killer" on Mrs. Bernie's lap.

LASTA LAUGHS BESTIA

"Well, no," Dorothy said. "I'd planned on a Manchester terrier."

Ben hadn't any idea what a Manchester terrier looked like, but he went along with his bride to a pet shop to look at a litter of them.

"Why, I'd just as soon keep a pet rat around," he scoffed when Dorothy exhibited her idea of man's best friend. And in fact a Manchester terrier puppy is about the size and general attractiveness of a rat, to the masculine mind at least. "But go ahead and buy him, if you want," Ben said cheerfully. "He's your mutt."

You see how easy, Dorothy thought, it's going to be to get Ben to do as I tell him? Left to himself, he'd have had a dog that would have chewed up every shoe in the house, but he'll be just as happy with the one I picked out.

Ben did grow fond of the Manchester. He christened the

mincing little animal "Killer," and likes to carry him around in his pocket.

From dogs Dorothy progressed to horses. And ran straight into a brick wall. Gently but firmly, Ben refused to stay away from race tracks.

"Come along if you don't believe me," he'd urge. "Maybe then you'll understand what a lot of fun it is."

"Fun! To watch a lot of horses run around a track?"

However, she finally went along, taking her embroidery because she was dead certain she'd be bored. It was a mistake. She should have stayed at home, if she wanted to get that embroidery done and preserve her superior attitude toward horse-racing; because she was not bored. First she found Ben's enthusiasm creeping into her own veins, like some contagious disease. Later she found herself watching those horses and yelling for a (Continued on page 55)

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RAINBOW'S

By DOROTHY
ANN BLANK

The story so far: His birthplace was Kenosha, Wisconsin, his father was Italian, his mother German-Scotch, and he was their first son. Like most first sons, Don Ameche was anything but a model child, even if he did get good grades in school without half trying. Good grades didn't make his teachers forgive him for the pranks he was always up to. They sighed with relief when, aged eleven, Don was sent to a Catholic boarding school, St. Berchman's Academy, in Marion, Ohio. There, Don went on thinking up ways to get himself into trouble—pillow fights, undercover smoking, and leaving school bounds without permission. But the punishment in St. Berchman's was severe and certain, and he learned a respect for discipline he'd never known before. His harassed father and mother, back in Kenosha, began to hope that after all he'd be the President they were sure his brilliance could make him, and not the scapegrace they were afraid he'd be because of his mischievous spirit. Don left St. Berchman's when he was thirteen, and entered Columbia Academy in Dubuque, where he was to meet two people who have had a profound influence on his life. One was a priest. And the other was a girl.

Part Two

DON AMECHE was not among strangers when he entered Columbia Academy at Dubuque, Iowa, in 1922. For many of his



School pictures through courtesy of Columbia Academy

Don was captain of the 1925 Columbia Academy basketball team. In the last row is Father Sheehy who helped mold Don's destiny. Right, the promising young actor in his first starring role when a sophomore.



END

CONTINUE THE INSPIRING LIFE STORY OF DON
AMECHE THROUGH COLLEGE DAYS THAT BROUGHT
HIS FIRST GREAT HARDSHIPS AND HAPPINESS

former classmates from St. Berchman's were also prepping for college there. Since the schools were so close, he was almost back on his old stamping grounds.

He captured Columbia's junior basketball team, which was known as the "Teeny-Weenies"—all former St. Berchman boys. When they went to Marion to play the old school team, he slept again in the familiar dormitory. It was like going home.

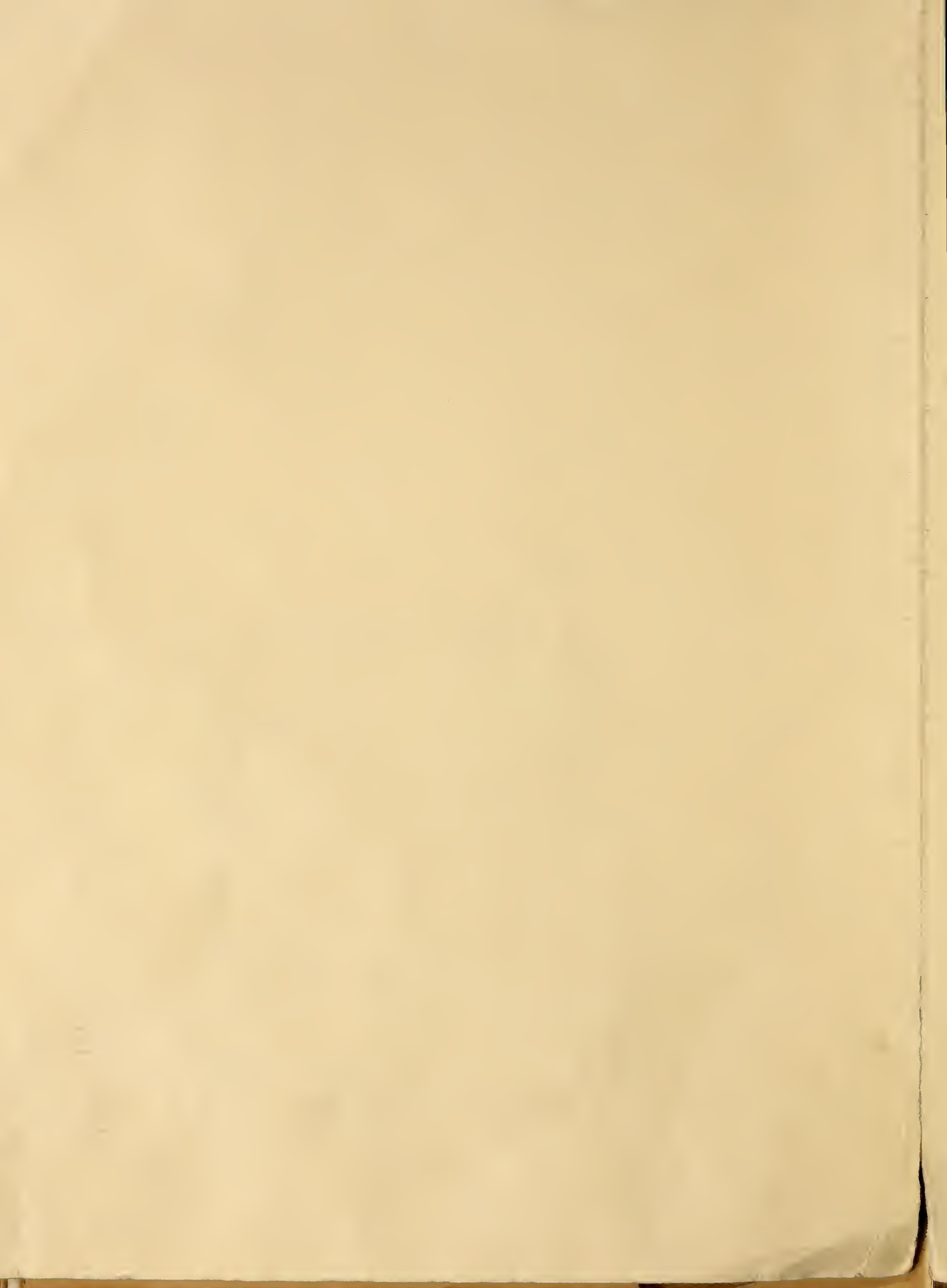
But now he was growing up; he sat at the head table and ate three Sunday desserts, remembering how he used to connive to get even *one extra* helping. He laughed with the sisters about the time he gave a reading called "The Going of the White Swan" at a school program. He talked about where the team would go to play next week-end—perhaps all the way to Davenport!

It was through basketball that Don met the man who was to influence his life greatly and be woven time after time into the threads of his destiny. Though even then he was *Father Sheehy* by title, this priest was not much more than a lad himself at the time. Recently ordained, Columbia was Sheehy's first post. He is now assistant to the Rector of the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C.

The boys on the Teeny-Weeny team were Father Sheehy's special charges. He coached their play, supervised their school work and acted as their spiritual adviser. A boy's man, they adored him, as (Continued on page 71)

They're Mr. and Mrs. Ameche now, but when Don first met "Honey" at Columbia Academy, he thought basketball was more important. Left, below, Don has the same boyish face today that he had fifteen years ago when this was taken.





RAINBOW'S END

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GIVE ME A



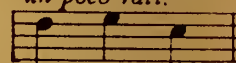
Rubinfoff's on the West Coast these days, making pictures, but you still hear him on Sunday nights over CBS.

**MUSIC BY
RICHARD A. WHITLING**

**WORDS BY
L E O R O B I N**

From the Paramount Picture,
"Monte Carlo"

Gmi. Eb Cmi.
un poco rall.



Give me a



ANOTHER FREE THEME SONG FOR RADIO MIRROR LISTENERS! THAT CHARMING WALTZ MELODY WHICH INTRODUCES RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN

REFRAIN ^{Bb7}
Tempo di Valse
p-mf

mo - ment please, A mo - ment please, One word, one

smile, one thrill. Let me en - fold your charms, With - in my

MOMENT PLEASE

Copyright MCMXXX by Famous Music Corporation, New York, N. Y.

Bbaug.5 Eb Ab7 Eb Abmi. Gmi. F#dim. Fmi. Eb7

arms, You should, you must, you will. I nev - er

mf

Eb7 Ebaug.5 Ab Abmi. add F

knew that one like you Could bring me to my knees,

Gmi Eb Cmi. Bb7 G7 Cmi. 1. F7 Fmi. Bb7

Lift me and let me rise to Par - a - dise, For just a mo - ment,

p *mf*

Eb Gmi. Eb Cmi. 2. F7 Bb7 with Eb Bb7 Fmi.7 Bb7 Eb Fmi.7 Eb

Please, give me Para - dise for just a mo - ment please.

mf

WHO *Swiped* THAT JOKE?



3. His scheme fails! Berle proves himself too much of an old hand at this game to be taken unawares, and the guilty Penner is caught.



1. The plot hatches as Joe Penner and Parkyakarkus plan to steal Milton Berle's funniest gag, a feat any comedian would be proud of.



2. Penner is elected to do the dirty work—that night at a broadcast he tries to get a good look at his unsuspecting victim's script.



4. Parkyakarkus, hearing that Penner has been trapped, tries to get away, but Berle hires detectives who catch him crossing the border.

5



5. Sunk in gloom, the two culprits blame each other for their failure, while ahead of them looms a court trial and stiff prison sentences.



7. Parkyakarkus reads of his friend's perfidy and realizes there is no honor among thieves. His girl, Harriet Hilliard, soothes his nerves.



6. Penner, cracking under the strain, decides to double cross his pal and get out of town, but his flowers fail to fool the station master.



8. The jury's verdict: "Not Guilty" because there's no corpus delicti. Berle didn't have a joke for them to steal in the first place.

**THE YEAR'S PHOTO-MYSTERY
WITH MILTON BERLE IN THE
TITLE ROLE. NOT A SINGLE
CLUE HAS BEEN LEFT OUT—
JUST TRY TO FIND ANY IF
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART**

Pose please



Above, Donna Damerel, the Marge of Myrt and Marge, is all set for that shutter to click.

Below, there's drayma in this pose taken by Rex Chandler about to direct his orchestra.



Above, looking at the birdie, is Vivian Della Chiesa, Or is it just an airplane?

Coo, Durrelle Alexander, for such a pose. And you can be so glamorous at times, too!

**WHOOPS MY DEAR! JUST
LOOK WHAT THE CAMERA
DID TO THESE EXPERTS IN
GLAMOR WHO THOUGHT
THEY WERE POSING FOR
PICTURES OF THE MONTH**



Above, is the mighty maestro, Dave Rubinoff, giving the mike everything he's got.



Above, poor Bing's just too tired out to give the lens that old personality umph.



Below, Helen Jepson proves it's a cinch to be just too, too dramatic in a pose.



Right, another gallery favorite, Joy Hodges, more than matches Durelle's coyness.

FACING

B y K E N A L D E N



You can listen to Hugo Mariani's music Tuesday and Friday nights on the NBC network.

Above, Kay Kyser and Virginia Sims, heard on the Willys Surprise Party MBS, Sundays.

IN Hollywood it is the director who does most of the behind-the-scenes work. Yet only two directors, Cecil B. DeMille and Frank Capra, merit billing above the title. The rest content themselves with plaudits among the profession.

On Broadway, the forgotten hero of the theater and night clubs is the dance master who cracks the whip over the heads of the precision dancers. Yet the audience applaud only the chorines, not caring who devised their routines.

Radio Row also has a group of men who are seldom talked about by listeners. Yet they can make or break your favorite band. They are the arrangers who concoct the styles which send a nation tripping the light fantastic to such rhythmic novelties as "rippling rhythm," "slide music," and "bell music."

These men are paid an average of fifty to a hundred dollars an arrangement. The majority are free-lance artists who prefer to work for a batch of bands. Temperamental in many cases, they like being their own bosses.

Crack arrangers like Ned Freeman and Harold Rubinstein work on this theory and write for Ted Fio Rito, George Hall, Rita Rio, and on the side, hold down jobs with recording companies. On the other hand, maestros like Andre Kostelanetz, Hal Kemp, and Abe Lyman sign these men exclusively and pay staggering wages. Joseph Nussbaum is Kostie's chief orchestrator. Ernie Watson, who also doubles as a band leader in his own right, holds down a similar job with Rubinoff. Elliot Jacoby writes Rudy Vallee's outstanding arrangements. Tom Bennett is the man beneath the lead sheet for (Continued on page 60)

THE MUSIC

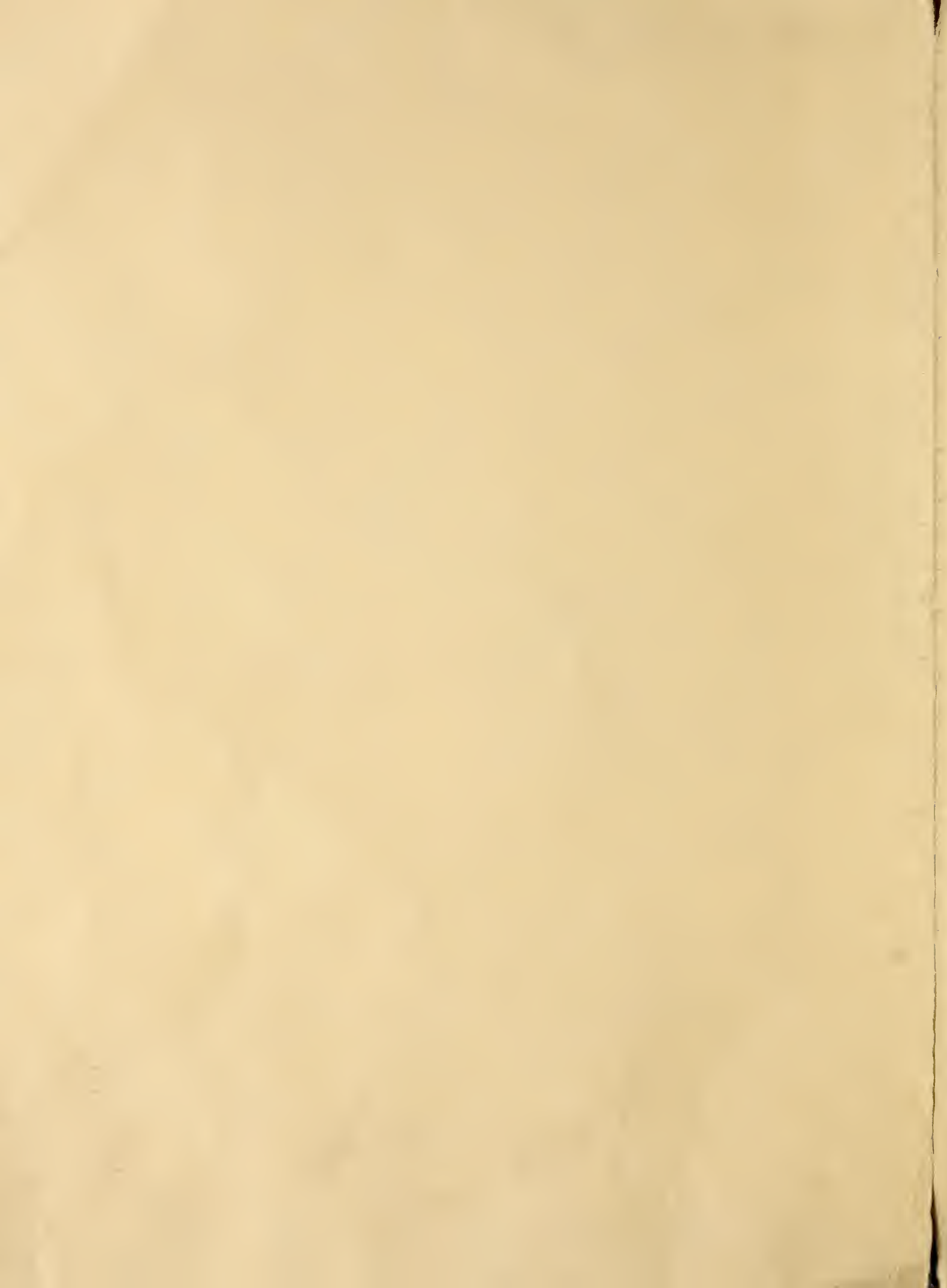
TO GUIDE THOSE
DANCING FEET,
YOU MUST KEEP
PACE WITH THE
EVER CHANGING
BANDLAND SCENE



Leith Stevens, above, in a typical pose while leading the Saturday Night Swing Club orchestra at seven o'clock on CBS.



Left, Carmen Lombardo has composed a successor to his hit song, "Boo Hoo" with the very tricky name "Toodle-Oo."



FACING THE MUSIC

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The Only Man Who Knows Tells—

Will Vallee



20th Century-Fox

Above, Charles Vallee, so like his son in many respects. Below, Niela Goodelle, and, right, Alice Faye. Did Rudy ever love them?



SOME day I'm sure Rudy will find the girl he needs, and marry again."

Charles A. Vallee lit a slender cigar and leaned back in his chair, puffing contentedly. Ruddy-faced, white-haired, short and chubby, he didn't look like his famous son—didn't even look like a forecast of Rudy thirty years from now. But "Like father, like son," wasn't said of physical resemblance alone, and Charles Vallee is in himself the key to an understanding of Rudy.

Rudy has built up around himself a wall of silence and behind it he hides with all his dreams,

Marry Again?

By

NORTON RUSSELL



Wide World



Left, Valeren Woodward, who gossipers whisper might be the second Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

Rudy, in a mood far from romantic, puts his orchestra through its paces during a rehearsal.

his hopes, his plans for the future. Last winter, for the first time, he refused to say anything for publication on any subject which concerned his personal life. Publicity, he decreed, must deal exclusively with Rudy Vallee the radio performer. Never again did he want to give an interviewer a story which dealt with Rudy Vallee the man.

Immediately, when I heard this, I wondered. Had Rudy lost the zest for life which was responsible for so much of his success? Had the tragedy of his marriage to Fay Webb, and the shock of her death, embittered him so that he was turning his back on everything except work? I saw how it could happen, and I saw too that the first impulse of a man

to whom such a thing had happened would be to say, "Let's have no more publicity—no more linking of my name with this girl or that one. Let me be just a singer, an orchestra leader, a voice on the air, and no more than that."

Rudy, I knew, wouldn't tell me. But his father, out of his intimate knowledge of his son, could and would. And did.

"I hope Rudy will marry again, and I believe he will." Charles Vallee said. "Rudy isn't the sort who lets anything embitter him permanently. He never has been like that. Even when he was a boy he'd flare up in a temper for a while, get it out of his system, and then be all right again. I remember once, when he was (Continued on page 61)

DON'T LET

Your Charm

INSURANCE LAPS

**ONCE IT WAS A TABOO SUBJECT
EVEN WITH MEN, BUT NOW IT'S
BEAUTY'S FIRST LAW AND HERE
ARE BENAY VENUTA'S RULES TO
KEEP YOU FROM BREAKING IT**

Harold Stein



MAYBE you haven't heard about charm insurance. We all know lots today about various forms of beauty insurance, though perhaps not by that name—the special soaps and creams and harmonizing make-ups that insure the beauty of your skin, hair and general appearance. But what price beauty without charm? The charm of clean, shining, fragrant femininity?

Benay Venuta, lovely blonde star of both stage and radio, is one real glamour girl who doesn't hesitate to talk friendly about this all-important subject. As she says, "Cleanliness is almost a religion with me all year 'round, but in summertime the rites of bathing, cleansing and freshening the skin become something close to an obsession.

"I'm glad to see that most modern girls have learned the necessity of changing their cosmetic shades, and even their styles of hairdress, to suit the changing seasons. Aside from the question of suntan, the brighter sunshine of summer days requires an entirely different type of make-up to be effective, and the carefree indulgence in summer sports calls for a simpler, easier to handle coiffure that will still look attractive when blown about by wind or exercise.

"At the same time," she emphasized, "I think it would be of still greater benefit to every girl if she made a mental memo of the fact that now—at the same time she is choosing new cosmetics for warm weather—is the time for her to double the number of baths and showers she takes, to stock up on such charm insurance items as eau de cologne, bath powder and deodorants and anti-perspirants for every occasion and purpose.

"These things needn't be expensive. Charm insurance doesn't cost much money and the little extra time required pays such big dividends! For instance, you can find the kind of deodorant best suited to your needs by experimenting with dime store sizes. Incidentally, these miniature jars and bottles are invaluable for keeping in your office desk, country club locker, or weekend cottage in case of emergency. Certainly you should have some convenient form of deodorant which you can carry in your purse for a long day away from home and bathtub.

"Perfect body cleanliness isn't enough, either, for at this time one absolutely must pay more attention to the condition of one's clothes. Personally, I'm

afraid I'm a bit extravagant in the matter of cleaning bills, but there are many other ways of achieving the same results. If one can't
(Continued on page 85)

Benay Venuta is singing star and mistress of ceremonies on MBS Variety Hour Show.

By JOYCE ANDERSON

SO YOU WANT A LOVELY COMPLEXION, TOO? WELL, YOU CALLED THE RIGHT NUMBER!



THE DIONNE QUINS give you their "Beauty Secret"

YOU SEE, WE HAVE VERY SENSITIVE SKIN



"If you think *your* complexion is a problem, you ought to hear about ours! For we've always had such sensitive skin. And if it hadn't been for Dr. Dafoe, goodness knows what troubles we might have had!"

WE MUST USE THE MOST SOOTHING SOAP



"When we were tiny babies, Dr. Dafoe bathed us only with Olive Oil. So when we were ready for soap and water baths you can imagine how carefully he chose the soap made from the most soothing ingredients."

DR. DAFOE SAID ONLY PALMOLIVE



"Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil. We're mighty glad he did, for we've never had any complexion trouble. In fact, everyone says we have unusually lovely soft, smooth skin!"

WHY DR. DAFOE CHOSE PALMOLIVE

Because the Quins were born prematurely their skin has always required very special care. Here is Dr. Dafoe's own statement: "For some time after their birth the Dionne Quintuplets were bathed with Olive Oil. When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we chose Palmolive Soap exclusively for bathing these famous babies."

Allen Roy Dafoe

SO DON'T YOU THINK PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO?



"Isn't our experience a beauty lesson for *you*? Doesn't it stand to reason, that if Palmolive is safest for *our* tender skin, it must be best for *yours*, too? Well anyway, our advice is, only *Palmolive*, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil."

Why Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, makes complexions soft, smooth, young again

Beauty experts advise the daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with Olive and Palm oils. That's why its lather is different—rich, soothing and penetrating. Palmolive softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive, natural color.

Why not use Palmolive regularly? Let its gentle, *different* lather help make your complexion lovelier, *younger-looking!*

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TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS



The Happy Moment

— when the show is over

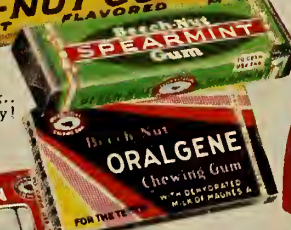


BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!



BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating... doubly delightful that way!
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.



ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."



SEE THE
BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.



RADIO MIRROR

ALMANAC

JUNE 25 TO JULY 22

A great innovation in radio publications:
 Eight pages of day-by-day program listings
 and news—vital information for the whole
 month. Read while you listen and find each
 day's highlights—guest stars, new shows,
 special broadcasts—all in your Almanac.

STATIONS AND WHERE TO TUNE THEM IN

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles
WABC 860	WCOA 1340	WGR 550	WJSV 1460	WMMN 890	WSBT 1360	KGVO 1260	KRNT 1290
WACO 1420	WDAE 1220	WGST 890	WKKB 1500	WNAX 570	WSFA 1410	KLRA 1390	KSCJ 1330
WADC 1320	WDJB 930	WHAS 820	WKBH 1380	WNEF 1500	WSJS 1510	KLZ 560	KSFO 560
WALA 1380	WDDB 580	WHIC 1430	WKBN 570	WNOX 1010	WSPD 1340	KMBC 950	KSL 1130
WBBM 770	WDNC 1370	WHIO 1260	WKBW 1480	WOC 1370	WTAQ 1330	KMOX 1090	KTRH 1290
WBIG 1440	WDOD 1280	WHK 1390	WKRC 550	WOKO 1430	WTOC 1260	KNOW 1500	KTSA 550
WBNS 1430	WDRG 1330	WHP 1430	WLAC 1470	WORC 1280	WWL 850	KNX 1050	KTUL 1400
WBRC 930	WEEI 590	WIBW 580	WLBY 620	WOWO 1160	WWVA 1160	KOH 1380	KVI 570
WBT 1080	WESG 850	WIBX 1200	WMAZ 1420	WPAR 1420	KFAB 770	KOIN 940	KVOR 1270
WCAO 600	WFBL 1360	WISN 1120	WMAZ 1180	WPG 1100	KFBB 1280	KOL 1270	KWKH 1100
WCAU 1170	WFBL 1230	WJAS 1290	WMBZ 1440	WPRO 630	KFH 1300	KOMA 1480	CFRB 690
WCCO 810	WGBI 880	WJNO 1200	WMBG 1210	WQAM 560	KFPY 890	KOY 1390	CKAC 730
WCHS 580	WGL 1370	WJR 750	WMBR 1370	WREC 600	KGKO 570	KRLD 1040	

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles
WBEI 900	WBAI 1330	WBR 1310	KOIL 1260	WFEA 1340	WPTF 680	KERN 1370	KHQ 590
WCAE 1220	WTAG 580	WENR 870	KSO 1430	WFB 1300	WRVA 1110	KEX 1180	KJR 970
WCSH 940	WTAM 1070	WFIL 560	KVOD 920	WFLA 620	WSAN 1440	KFBK 1490	KLO 1440
WDAF 610	WTIC 1040	WGAR 1450	KWK 1350	WGL 1370	WSB 740	KFI 640	KMJ 530
WDEL 1120	WWJ 920	WHAM 1150	Supplementary Stations	WIBA 1280	WSM 650	KFSD 600	KOA 830
WEAF 660	KSD 550	WICC 600	WAPI 1140	WIOD 1300	WSMB 1320	KFYR 550	KOMO 920
WFBR 1270	KSP 1460	WJZ 760	WAVE 940	WIS 560	WSOC 1210	KGA 1470	KPO 680
WGY 790	KY 1020	WLS 870	WBAF 800	WJAX 900	WSUN 620	KBX 1230	KPRC 920
WHO 1000	Blue Network	WMAL 630	WCF 630	WJDX 1270	WTAR 780	KBHF 1320	KSOU 1110
WIRE 1400	WABY 1370	WMT 600	WCOL 1210	WKY 900	WTMJ 620	KGHL 780	KTAR 620
WJAR 890	WBAL 1060	WREN 1220	WCSC 1360	WLW 700	WVMC 570	KGIR 1340	KTBS 1450
WMAQ 670	WBZ 990	WSYR 570	WDAY 940	WMC 780	KANS 1210	KGNC 1410	KTHS 1060
WNAC 1230	WBZA 990	WTCN 1250	WEEC 1290	WQAI 1190	KARK 890	KGO 790	KVOO 1140
WOW 590	WCKY 1490	WXYZ 1240	WFAA 800	WOOD 1270	KDYL 1902	KGU 750	KWG 1200
WRC 950	WEAN 780	KDKA 980		WORK 1320	KECA 1430	KGW 620	CFCF 600
							CRCT 1140

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles	Station Kilocycles
CKLW 1030	KFEL 920	KGMB 1320	KTOK 1370	WBBZ 1200	WFIL 560	WMT 600	WRR 1280
KADA 1200	KKFA 800	KGFF 1420	KWK 1350	WBY 1530	WHB 860	WNBH 1310	WRVA 1110
KASA 1210	KFOR 1210	KHJ 900	KVOE 1500	WCAE 1220	WICC 600	WNBX 1260	WSAJ 1330
KBIX 1500	KFRG 610	KOIL 1260	KVSO 1210	WEAN 780	WLBZ 620	WNLG 1500	WSAR 1450
KBRC 1360	KFXM 1210	KPMC 1550	KXO 1500	WGN 720	WLLH 1370	WOL 1310	WSM 650
KDB 1500	KGB 1330	KSO 1430	WAAB 1410	WGAR 1450	WLNH 1310	WOR 710	WSPR 1140
KDON 1210	KGDM 1100	KTAT 1240	WBAL 1060	WFAA 1340	WLW 700	WRDO 1370	WTH 1200

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Melody Hour
NBC-Red: Goldthwaite Orch.
- 8:30
NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
NBC-Red: Children's Concert
- 9:00
CBS: Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's
NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
NBC-Red: Orchestra
- 10:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
NBC-Red: Bible Highlights
- 10:30
CBS: Romany Trail
- 11:00
NBC: Press-radio News
- 11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Henrik Van Loon
NBC-Red: Bravest of the Brave
- 11:30
CBS: Major Bowes Family
- 11:45
NBC-Red: Henry Busse Orch.
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Hour Glass
- 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 Dreslin
- 1:30
CBS: Poetic Strings
NBC-Blue: Our Neighbors
NBC-Red: Dreams of Long Ago
- 2:00
CBS: St. Louis Serenade
MBS: The Lamplighter
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
NBC-Red: Choral Voices
- 2:30
CBS: Dramas of the Bible
NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt mysteries
- 3:00
CBS: Everybody's Music
NBC-Blue: Sunday Drivers
- 3:30
NBC-Blue: London Letter
- 4:00
CBS: Spelling Bee
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies
- 4:30
NBC-Blue: Fishface, Figgibottle
NBC-Red: The World is Yours
- 5:00
CBS: Sunday Afternoon Party
- 5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo
NBC-Blue: Roy Shield Orch.
- 6:00
CBS: Joe Penner
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
- 6:30
CBS: Rubinoff.
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today
- 7:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Blue: Helen Traubel
NBC-Red: Jane Froman, Don Ross
- 7:30
CBS: Harry Von Zell
NBC-Blue: Bakers Broadcast
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Fitch Jingles
- 8:00
NBC-Red: Don Amesche, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields.
- 8:30
CBS: Eddie Cantor
- 9:00
CBS: Universal Rhythm
NBC-Blue: Rippling Rhythm Revue
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
- 9:45
NBC-Blue: Choir Symphonette
- 10:00
CBS: Gillette Community Sing
NBC-Blue: California Concert
NBC-Red: Sunday Night Party
- 10:30
CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
- 11:00
CBS: Press Radio News
NBC-Blue: Judy and the Bunch
NBC-Red: Harvey Hays
- 11:30
Dance Music

SUNDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY By WENDELL HALL

Don't forget those setting-up exercises for the soul—prayer.

Sunday, June 27, 1937

JACK BENNY and his gang—Bob Ripley and Ozzie Nelson—Marion Talley—Phil Baker, Bottle and Beetle—Frank Parker—there's a steady parade of departing stars today. Even Joe Penner may make a last-minute decision to call it a season, so you'd better listen in just to be safe But two of the boys will be back almost before you know they're gone. Bob Ripley no sooner leaves his Sunday show than he begins digging up new impossibles for a Friday-night program soon to hit the air . . . Frank Parker bobs up next Wednesday replacing Lily Pons as the Chesterfield star. . . . Back on his old stamping-grounds of last summer, Paul White-man opens tonight at the Texas Exposi-

tion. You'll surely want to be there, via NBC, because Oom Paul was just about the Exposition's biggest attraction last year—and no reflection on his figure intended, either. . . . Your Almanac's still begging you not to forget the Columbia Workshop plays Sunday nights, too. Their director Irving Reis, is thirty-one, stocky, dark, good-tempered—but excitable. . . . Your Almanac wants to point out that it does its level best to be absolutely correct on all the dates it gives you—but radio changes its mind overnight sometimes and your Almanac isn't going to take responsibility for a sponsor's whims. If you find a lone case where we're wrong, blame earthquakes, hurricanes, or heart failure.



CBS' Columbia Workshop plays are all directed and same are written by Irving Reis.

Sunday, July 4, 1937



Jane Froman makes her radio comeback tonight as one of the substitutes for Benny.

UNLESS the firecrackers are making too much noise in your front yard, you've got a full listening day ahead of you—sports, music, speeches, comedy, new programs—everything you need to make you decide you were smart not to brave the holiday traffic in your car. . . . All the networks are having Independence Day programs, of course, and you can take your pick. . . . In the sports field, the novelty is an international motor race being held in Monthlery, France. You listen in on NBC. . . . Smilin' Ed McConnell gives his farewell program for the summer on NBC, Harry Von Zell makes his bow as star of Phil Baker's show, and Jane Froman and Don Ross also do the first of their summer bits

while Jack Benny vacations. . . . Ella Logan and Igor Gorin have hit their stride in Texaco Town, while Eddie Cantor's away, and you ought to listen to them too—if you can spare the time from W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy and Don Amesche on NBC. . . . Jane Froman, who is returning tonight after a too-long period of silence, was born in St. Louis on November 10, 1907. She thought she would be a newspaper woman, but whenever she sat down to write a story she found herself singing, so decided she'd better change careers. Her first radio job was on Cincinnati's WLW. Her favorite game is golf, but she doesn't dare watch her score—it gets up into three figures.

Sunday, July 11, 1937

HARRY VON ZELL should have something pretty special on his Gulf program on CBS at 7:30, E.D. S.T., tonight, just by way of celebration, because today's his birthday. Thirty-one years ago in Indianapolis, was when and where Mr. Von Z. began his career. He went to Los Angeles just after he graduated from high school. Before becoming an announcer he was a bank messenger and a payroll clerk, studying singing on the side. He's married, calls his wife Mickey, and has an eight-year-old son. . . . Fred Feibel, CBS' staff organist in New York, who opens the network every morning, was born on exactly the same day as Harry, but in Union City, N. J. . . . Hal Kemp, who is going to

be on the Friday-night Chesterfield show all summer, bows in tonight as maestro-in-chief at Manhattan Beach, N. Y. You can hear him on both CBS and MBS—at different times, of course. . . . And lest you forget, that Universal Rhythm show you used to hear on Saturdays is now on CBS at 9:00, in the same spot its sponsor used to use for a symphony program. The talent's the same—Richard Bonelli, Alec Templeton, that remarkable blind pianist, Carolyn Urbanek, and Rex Chandler's orchestra—plus a vocal chorus and guests. The show lasts a full hour now, instead of the half-hour it used to occupy in its Saturday position. . . . Keep tuned to the same station for the Community Sing.



Announcer Harry Von Zell gets a crack at stardom by taking the place of Phil Baker.

Sunday, July 18, 1937



Dan Rass, Jane Froman's husband, is her co-star on NBC's seven a'clock program.

THEY'RE bringing you music all the way across the ocean today, in two instalments. NBC offers half an hour of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with your old pal Eugene Ormandy, who conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra in the winter, directing. Then, at 4:00 E.D.S.T., NBC tunes in to Rome, and you hear an act of the opera, "L'Elisir d'Amour," by Donizetti. . . . The Ozzie Nelson Family is having nothing today but fun. It's Harriet Hilliard's birthday, and Ozzie has arrived in Hollywood just in time to be present. . . . Don Ross and Jane Froman are in their third week as the stars of the Jello show, at 7:00, E.D. S.T., NBC. Don, you know, is not only Jane's co-star, but her husband

too. His stage career began right after he left Ohio State University—he and a friend went on a barnstorming vaudeville tour. Stranded in Chicago, they bummed their way to New York, and managed to book their act into a string of theaters. On this tour they were heard and hired by the manager of a midwestern radio station. Later Don went to Cincinnati, where he and Jane met, much to the delight of both. . . . At 9:30, still on NBC, Frank Munn sings with Jean Dickenson, the young Denver soprano some of you have written in to complain had been forgotten by the networks. She hasn't, at all—the contrary, this is her big break. Her contract has just been renewed, so you'll be hearing her all summer.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 8:30
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Cheerio
- 9:00
CBS: Metropolitan Parade
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
- 9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell
NBC-Red: Adela St. Johns
- 9:55
NBC: Press Radio News
- 10:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
- 10:15
CBS: Hymns; Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
- 10:30
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
- 10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Red: Today's Children
- 11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
- 11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
- 12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
- 12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
- 12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
- 1:00
CBS: Make Believe
- 1:15
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
- 1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
- 2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens
- 2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
- 2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
- 3:00
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
- 3:30
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
- 3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
- 4:00
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
- 4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column
- 4:30
NBC-Red Follow the Moon
- 4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
- 5:00
CBS: Clyde Barrie
- 5:15
CBS: Eton boys
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan
NBC-Blue: Young Hickory
- 5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy
- 5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
- 6:30
NBC: Press Radio News
- 6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
- 6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
- 7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Tic Tac Revue
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
- 7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
- 7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Passing Parade
- 8:00
CBS: Alemitte Half Hour
NBC-Red: Burns and Allen
- 8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
- 9:00
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Red: McGee and Molly
- 9:30
NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
- 10:00
CBS: Wayne King
MBS: Elder Michaux
NBC-Red: Contented Program
- 10:30
CBS: Neck o' the Woods
NBC-Blue: Radio Forum
NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
- 11:00
Dance Music

MONDAY

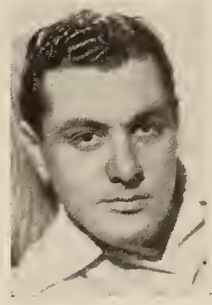
MOTTO OF THE DAY By TED COLLINS

Start the week by being blue and you'll end it in the red.

Monday, June 28, 1937

IF radio can't bring you outdoor sports it brings you indoor deliberations. That's what you get today, but don't blame your Almanac if you don't like it. NBC has its short-wave equipment all tuned up to receive and broadcast the proceedings of the International Chamber of Commerce convention being held today in Berlin, Germany. Your Almanac is laying no bets on whether or not Hitler makes a speech. . . . Another farewell today, when the Lux Theater rings down its curtain for the summer. What, afraid of hot weather? Remember, people still use soap. It will be back in September. . . . If the Berlin broadcast, earlier in the day, whetted your appetite for things German, you can

listen in on your own short-wave receiver to some news broadcasts at 9:15 and 11:30, E.D.S.T. Germany sends these broadcasts out, in English, directed at the North American continent. Tune in DJB, 19.74 meters, 15,200 Kc., or DJD, 25.49 meters, 11,770 Kc. . . . Two of your radio friends are celebrating their birthdays today—Ann Leaf, the pint-sized organist, who was born in Omaha in 1906, and announcer Kelvin Keech, who never uses his middle name of Kirkwood—you can see why. . . . At 8:00, New York time, listen to George and Gracie and enjoy the singing of Tony Martin, who has taken Dick Foran's place on the program—and in Gracie's fickle radio affections as well.



Tony Martin's one of fickle Gracie Allen's radio best beaux tonight of eight on NBC.

Monday, July 5, 1937

MAYBE you celebrated the Glorious Fourth yesterday, but you can still celebrate it today. If the kids in your block are anything like those in your Almanac's, you've been celebrating it for a week already anyhow. . . . There's a full sports calendar for you. All the networks will attend the annual all-star baseball game in Washington, D. C., in which the top men of the National League tangle with those of the American League. This game is traditionally played in honor of the President and unless affairs of state begin to pop unexpectedly, he'll be there, broad grin and all. . . . Or, if your taste runs to auto races, you can listen to the ones being held at the Roosevelt Runway on Long Island.

This new track cost a million dollars, and the promoter of this summer's meet, Steve Hannigan, promises it will see the finest drivers and cars in the country. . . . Prefer horses to automobiles? All right, Mutual has the doings at the Empire City track. . . . Tonight, Ted Lewis opens a season at the swanky Astor Hotel in New York, coming to you on Mutual. The high-hatted tragedian of song is making a comeback this year, and is doing right well at it, too. . . . Mustn't neglect Fibber McGee and Molly tonight on NBC at 9:00, E.D.S.T. Tonight's the first of their new fifty-two week contract—but Molly isn't sure. She's afraid it's just another of Fibber's pipe-dreams, made worse by the California climate.



Morion Jordan, who is Fibber's Molly, looks like this when she's not in radio costume.

Monday, July 12, 1937

KATHRYN CRAVENS starts a brand new contract with her sponsors today. It will keep her on the air at her usual time—2:00, E.D.S.T., Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays on CBS—through the summer. Kathryn will do a lot of commuting this summer between New York and St. Louis. Her husband's a St. Louis businessman and they're very much in love. But Kathryn wants to keep on working, maybe in the hope of making a million dollars. She once said if she had that much money she'd buy her husband a baseball team. . . . Speaking of family affairs, Dan Landt's infant son is exactly two months old today. Dan and his two brothers entertain you every morning, Monday

through Friday, at 9:45 on NBC—and you hear them under other names on this show and that besides. . . . Your Almanac recommends, for cheerleaders, Uncle Ezra, NBC, 7:15; the Passing Parade, same network, 7:45; either Horace Heidt, CBS, or Burns and Allen, NBC, at 8:00; Pick and Pat, CBS, 8:30; Fibber McGee and Molly, NBC, 9:00; and the Contented Program, NBC, 10:00. . . . If you can stay up that late, Francis Craig's orchestra, on NBC at 12:30, deserves more than half an ear. . . . Or, a little bit earlier, on the same network at midnight, lovers of fine choral singing will go for the Fisk Jubilee Choir in a large, hearty way. Somebody ought to put these on earlier.



Poised and alert is Kathryn Cravens, who tells how news looks to a woman reporter.

Monday, July 19, 1937

ANOTHER varied assortment of news, personalities, music, and drama is being "published" today by the Heinz Magazine of the Air, CBS at 11:00, E.D.S.T. Let your radio flip its pages for you. Did you know that the fellow who plays Roger Byron in the Heinz Magazine's serial, Trouble House, is one of the busiest radio actors in New York? His name is Ed Jerome, and maybe you heard him this spring when, as himself, he was on Phil Lord's We, the People program, telling how he'd lost his voice and spent years as a clown in Spain, unable to talk. His voice is one of the best on the air now, though. . . . Losing his voice hasn't been the only tragedy in Ed's life. Once he invested all his sav-

ings in Florida real estate, only to see them blown away by a hurricane. . . . When you hear Stalin speaking on the March of Time, that's Ed too. . . . Did you know Elder Michaux was back on the air? Ten o'clock, E.D.S.T., on the Mutual system tonight. You'll remember him better, perhaps, if your Almanac reminds you that his theme song is "Happy Am I!"—just about the catchiest theme song on the air. . . . The Voice of Firestone is still on the air, 8:30 on NBC. It was going off for the summer, but the sponsors, your Almanac hears, decided to stay on for fear they wouldn't be able to buy a good network time next fall. A blessing for listeners who like good music. . . . Mrs. Firestone wrote its theme song.



'Trouble House' Roger Byron is one of the radio ports played by drama star Ed Jerome.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 8:30
NBC-Red: Cheerio
- 9:00
CBS: Dear Columbia
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
- 9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell
NBC-Red: Adele St. Johns
- 10:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
- 10:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Dther Wife
- 10:30
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
- 10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Red: Today's Children
- 11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: The D'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
- 11:15
CBS: East and Dumke
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
- 11:45
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
- 12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
- 12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
- 12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
- 1:00
CBS: Jack Berch
- 1:15
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
- 1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
- 2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
- 2:30
NBC-Blue: Music Guild
- 2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
- 3:00
CBS: Afternoon Matinee
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
- 3:30
CBS: Concert Hall
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
- 3:45
NBC-Blue: Have You Heard
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
- 4:00
CBS: Sing and Swing
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
- 4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column
- 4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon
- 4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
- 5:15
NBC-Blue: Young Hickory
- 5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy
- 5:45
CBS: Dorothy Gordon
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
- 6:30
Press-Radio News
- 6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
- 6:45
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-Red: Vocal Varieties
- 7:30
CBS: Alexander Woolcott
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
NBC-Red: Hendrick W. Van Loon
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Passing Parade
- 8:00
CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall
NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives
NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
- 8:30
MBS: Listen to This
NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
NBC-Red: Wayne King
- 9:00
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie
NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson
- 9:30
CBS: Benny Goodman
MBS: True Detective Mystery
NBC-Blue: Sweetest Love Songs
NBC-Red: Johnny Green
- 10:30
CBS: Your Unseen Friend
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
- 10:45
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
- 11:00
Dance Music

TUESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY By AL JOLSON

When hunger comes in at the door, love finds out if it's love.

Tuesday, June 29, 1937

HE'S been on the fringes of stardom for a year now, and tonight he comes into his own—Benny Goodman, head man of the Camel show for the summer. Tonight's his first program (on CBS, starting at 9:30, E.D.S.T., as usual) since Jack Oakie left the show, and you'll want to listen. Benny promises, for the benefit of those who are still doubtful about the style of music which made him famous, not to swing it all the time. Benny's only a few days more than twenty-eight, but he's the King of Swing from coast to coast and is considered by authorities to be the best clarinetist in the country. He was born in Chicago, one of eleven children, and bought his first clarinet when he was six. His first big job

was with Ben Pollack's band. Two years ago he formed a musical outfit of his own. He doesn't claim to have originated swing music, but he did originate its name, as a definition for his own style of hot jazz. . . . Before you say hello to Benny you must say good-bye to Al Jolson, who stars on his last program tonight until September. . . . Say good-bye, too, to Xavier Cugat and his orchestra who close their season at the Waldorf Astoria. NBC brings you the last strains of their music until they reopen in a few days at the Cleveland Exposition. . . . And send a birthday wish in Nelson Eddy's direction! He's thirty-six today, too young for all his gray hair. His next movie will be "Girl of the Golden West."



Starting tonight, the Camel show's main attraction is the Swing King, Benny Goodman

Tuesday, July 6, 1937

DIG the gunpowder out of your hair and get back to work—not that radio can't still make your day a holiday if that ole devil work doesn't interfere with your enjoyment. . . . One of the good daytime programs, for instance, is Lorenzo Jones, Monday through Friday at 4:00, E.D.S.T., on NBC. Lorenzo himself is played by Karl Swenson, a blonde and handsome young man who was born in Brooklyn, New York. He attended Randolph-Macon Military Academy and Marietta College, and studied dramatics under famous actor-coaches. His first stage-fright attack came when he was four and had a piece to say at a Sunday-school entertainment. It hasn't bothered him since. Karl gave his first ra-

dio audition in 1929, and nothing happened for five years. Then he came to NBC to play in a series of dramas written by Peter Dixon. He's almost six feet tall, is married and has one son, and his hobbies are football, photography, and reading. . . . You can leave your set tuned in to the Lorenzo Jones station, and get, in quick succession, the Personal Column, Follow the Moon, and The Guiding Light. There's an hour's good entertainment for you. . . . At 7:45, just two months ago today, you received the most dramatic shock radio has ever given you—the announcement of the Hindenburg disaster. . . . Tonight, on NBC, be sure to listen to Bob Crosby's opening at the Ritz Carlton in Boston.

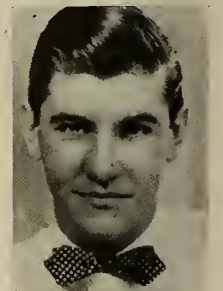


The title role in the NBC drama serial, Larenza Janes, is taken by Karl Swenson

Tuesday, July 13, 1937

BET you haven't listened yet to the air's newest new personality—Jimmy Blair, featured baritone soloist on the Packard hour with Johnny Green's orchestra and Trudy Wood, NBC at 9:30. Fred Allen's responsible for Jimmy's place on this program. He discovered the young man last winter on one of his new talent programs. Jimmy celebrated his twenty-first birthday just a few weeks ago. He was born in Boston, coming from a long line of New Englanders which goes back to John Hancock and Massachusetts' Governor Winslow. He began singing in church choirs when he was a small boy—Phil Lord was one person who heard him then and predicted a big future for him. In 1934 he sang with

a dance orchestra, working daytimes as an office boy in a roller bearing factory. Then he won a Boston amateur contest and was hired by NBC's Boston station. Last winter he came to New York, auditioned for Fred Allen, and won first prize on the Town Hall show. Right after he got the prize he told Allen that the lanky comedian had worked for his grandfather in the Boston public library years before. By then it was too late for Allen to take back the prize. . . . Speaking of Phil Lord, today's his birthday. . . . It's also the day for you to listen to Al Pearce and his completely nutty gang, at 9:00 tonight on the Columbia network. They've finished their cross-country journey and are in Hollywood tonight.



When you hear Jimmy Blair tonight, remember that Fred Allen gave him his chance.

Tuesday, July 20, 1937

TURN your radio on this morning in time to hear Malcolm Claire's program at 8:00, E.D.S.T., on NBC. He broadcasts songs and stories for kids, but your Almanac likes them too. Malcolm's real last name is Williamson, and he's a Southerner, from Alabama. He was married in 1928, made his radio debut in 1930, and is an expert impersonator, comedian, and animal imitator. . . . Tonight's another chance to hear Johnny Green's music, Jimmy Blair, and Trudy Wood—9:30 on NBC. Last Tuesday your Almanac told you about Jimmy, and today's Trudy's turn. You remember her from the same program last winter, when Fred Astaire was on it, but she didn't have as much to do then as she does

now. . . . Born in San Francisco, September 23, 1916, Trudy never intended to sing for her supper until after she graduated from Beverly Hills High School. She won a vocal contest, and with it a contract to sing in a night club. Then she toured with a dance band for nearly two years. An audition for a place in the Packard chorus got her the solo position instead—and it's her first radio job. . . . Trudy's so pretty several film companies have offered her contracts, but she prefers to wait until she's learned more about singing and acting. . . . Your night-cap: Your Unseen Friend, dramatic sketch, at 10:30 on some—though not all—of the stations on the Columbia network.



Another youngster, co-starring with Jimmy on the Packard show, is the West's Trudy Wood.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 8:30
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Cheerio
- 9:00
CBS: Music in the Air
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
- 9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell
NBC-Red: Adefa St. Johns
- 10:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
- 10:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Dther Wife
- 10:30
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
- 10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Red: Today's Children
- 11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The D'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
- 11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafee
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
- 12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
- 12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
- 12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
- 1:00
CBS: Make Believe
- 1:15
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
- 1:30
CBS: George Rector
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
- 1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
- 2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens
- 2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
- 2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
- 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 D'Neills
- 4:00
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
- 4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column
- 4:30
CBS: Russell Dorr
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon
- 4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
- 5:00
CBS: Elsie Thompson
- 5:15
NBC-Blue: Young Hickory
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan
- 5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy
- 5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
- 6:30
Press-Radio News
- 6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
- 6:45
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: Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
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: Dne Man's Family
- 8:30
CBS: Ken Murray
MBS: Tonic Time
NBC-Blue: Helen Menken
NBC-Red: Wayne King
- 9:00
CBS: Frank Parker
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
CBS: Babe Ruth
NBC-Blue: Minstrel Show
- 10:45
NBC-Red: Hendrik Van Loon
- 11:00
Dance Music
- 12:30
NBC-Red: Lights Dut

WEDNESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY By WALTER O'KEEFE

The surest way to cure your unhappiness is to cure someone else's.

Wednesday, June 30, 1937

DON'T make any plans to go out tonight. There's just one thing you have to do—and that's listen to Fred Allen on the radio. You may never hear him again, and you certainly won't hear him for a long time, because he hasn't any radio plans except to stay off the air. When will some sponsor persuade him to return? Not even Fred knows. . . . Fred's guest tonight is Walter O'Keefe, who is taking his place on Town Hall Tonight for the summer. . . . You won't hear the most interesting performance of any radio star today. Dr. Charles M. Courboin, the Mutual system's prize organist, is playing for the Roosevelt-du Pont wedding—but it will NOT be broadcast. . . . It's Leo Reis-

man's last night at the Waldorf-Astoria, and good ol' NBC lets you in on the fun. Leo's been alternating with Xavier Cugat there; soon he and his men will be on their way to play at the Paris Exposition. . . . Frank Parker makes his bow on the Chesterfield program at 9:00—E.D.S.T., of course—on CBS. Frank, whose real name is Ciccio, always wanted to sing, and when he was only a kid he joined a church choir, but his tough New York pals kidded him out of the idea with cries of "sissy"—which was a good thing, because his voice was changing then and he might have injured it. Later he studied singing here and in Milan, Italy, returned to America and sang in musical comedy.



Romantic tenor Frank Parker makes his bow tonight as Chesterfield's singing star.

Wednesday, July 7, 1937

IT'S Happy Birthday today to two of your favorites—Arlene Harris, the human chatterbox of Al Pearce's gang, and David Ross, Columbia's star word-pronouncer. . . . Tonight, Walter O'Keefe takes full charge of the funny-business on Town Hall Tonight in place of Fred Allen. Walter has been off the air, except for a few guest appearances, since he walked out of a master of ceremonies job on a big hour show last fall. That time, he didn't like what his sponsors wanted him to do. Walter was born in Hartford, Conn., went to England when he was twelve, returned to the United States when war broke out, attended St. Thomas Academy, where he thought he'd study for the priesthood,

changed his mind and enrolled in Notre Dame University, where he was a classmate of Charlie Butterworth, Ed East, and Ralph Dumke. He enlisted when America entered the war. Later he tried newspaper work, not very successfully, until he got a job in Texas Guinan's night club which started his climb to stardom. He's married to Roberta Robinson, a former actress, and is the proud pappy of Michael, aged two. . . . The Mutual system is mourning tonight—it's saying good-by to music director Nat Brusi-loff. . . . And the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York is saying good-by to Bunny Berrigan's swing orchestra. . . . For a quiet quarter-hour, Hendrik Van Loon on NBC at 10:45, E.D.S.T.

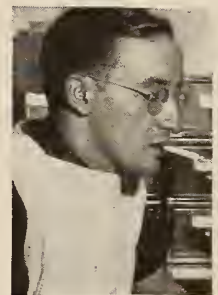


New presiding genius of the Town Hall is your old and comical pal, Walter O'Keefe.

Wednesday, July 14, 1937

FOUR half-hour programs of which you're more than average fond are on the air tonight—One Man's Family, 8:00, E.D.S.T., NBC; Ken Murray, 8:30, CBS; Hit Parade, 10:00, NBC; and Gang Busters, 10:00, CBS. Too bad the last two are on at the same time, but that's radio for you. . . . There's no conflict on your Almanac's recommendation for tonight, but you will have to stay up late to enjoy it. It's Lights Out, the creepy, shivery, thrilling half-hour sketch on NBC at 12:30—and if you don't obey orders and turn your lights out as you listen, your Almanac is through with you for good. On the other hand, if you do you may be so scared you'll be through with your Almanac. . . . Arch Oboler

is the lad who thinks up the plots and writes the Lights Out sketches, and he's neither a werewolf, a vampire, nor disappointed in love. His boyhood ambition was to be a naturalist, and he had a bedroom full of turtles, tortoises, and centipedes. He outgrew this desire when he was ten, and began to write. He's now twenty-eight and lives in Chicago. Though he'd been writing radio sketches for some time, the one which first brought him fame was "Rich Kid," in which Freddie Bartholomew starred on the Vallee Hour. Remember it? You must, if you heard it, because it was unforgettable. . . . Tonight's also your last chance to hear Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt on her series of weekly broadcasts.



This gentle-appearing young man, Arch Oboler, pens the scary Lights Out thrillers.

Wednesday, July 21, 1937

IT'S Elsie Hitz' birthday today, and she's celebrating by doing just what she does every other day from Monday to Friday—playing in Follow the Moon on NBC at 4:30. . . . It's Mary Eastman's birthday, too, but she's lucky—she doesn't have to work today. . . . Did you know that the title role in Young Hickory, NBC at 5:15, E.D. S.T., Monday through Thursday, is being played by a young man whose radio career shot up like a skyrocket? Macdonald Carey, twenty-four-year-old Iowan, came to Chicago from college last February. On April 8 he landed a minor role in Young Hickory—two days later he took an audition for the lead—a week after that he signed his contract—and on April 20

he made his debut in the role. If Young Hickory's script ever calls for a burst of song, he can handle it too, because he's a good bass baritone. He's six feet tall, unmarried, and writes plays on the side. . . . On CBS, tonight, there is a solid hour of good singing, starting at 9:00 with Frank Parker and the Chesterfield program and continuing at 9:30 with Jessica Dragonette and the Beauty Box theater. . . . Jessica's newest hobby is the same as that of a lot of people these days—taking color pictures. Her brother's ranch in the southwest would be a fine place to experiment on this, but from the looks of things Jessica gets no vacation this summer. Her sponsors plan to stay on the air.



Young Hickory's star, Macdonald Carey, got his big radio job in world's record time.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 8:30
NBC-Red: Cheerlo
- 9:00
CBS: As You Like It
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
- 9:30
NBC-Red: Adela St. Johns
- 10:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
- 10:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
- 10:30
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
- 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 Dumke
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
- 11:45
CBS: Merrymakers
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
- 12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
- 12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
- 12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
- 1:00
CBS: Jack Berch
- 1:15
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
- 1:30
CBS: George Rector
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
- 1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
- 2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
- 2:30
NBC-Blue: Women's Clubs
NBC-Red: It's a Woman's World
- 2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
- 3:00
CBS: Afternoon Matinee
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera
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: Lorenzo Jones
- 4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column
- 4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon
- 4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
- 5:15
NBC-Blue: Young Hickory
- 5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
- 5:45
CBS: Dorothy Gordon
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
- 6:30
Press-Radio News
- 6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
- 6:45
CBS: George Hall's Orch.
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-Red: Vocal Varieties
- 7:30
CBS: Alexander Woolcott
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
MBS: Pleasant Valley Frolics
- 8:00
NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
- 8:30
NBC-Blue: Boston Pops Concert
- 9:00
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Red: Show Boat
- 9:30
MBS: Melody Treasure Hunt
NBC-Blue: Midnight in Mayfair
- 10:00
CBS: Floyd Gibbons
NBC-Blue: Spooling Bee
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall
- 10:30
CBS: March of Time
- 11:05
CBS: Dance Music
NBC-Blue: NBC Night Club
NBC-Red: John B. Kennedy
- 11:15
Dance Music

THURSDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY By GUY LOMBARDO

Nothing runs faster than Time, but anyone can catch and kill it.

Thursday, July 1, 1937

THERE'S one awfully nice thing about summer and the departure of some of your favorite stars—you no longer have to wring your hands and wonder which one to tune in when two are on the air at the same time. Tonight, for instance, you can listen to Rudy Vallee with a clear conscience, and not be afraid you're missing something swell on Kate Smith's show—because Kate Smith's show is off the air. . . . There are sentimental doings scheduled for Show Boat tonight, and many a tear will be shed, for Lanny Ross is going ashore for the last time. Lanny's future plans are still vague, but one thing is sure—radio will play a big part in them. . . . Xavier Cugat, who has been traveling for the last couple

of days, opens tonight at the Cleveland Exposition, with an NBC wire. . . . While Guy Lombardo takes up business at the old Cugat stand, the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria—also on NBC. . . . While you listen to Guy, close your eyes and this is what you'll see in your imagination: a large, beautiful room, definitely tropical in its decorations. Overhead, electric stars twinkle brightly. The color of the room changes every five minutes, because the Roof's electricians are magicians. . . . And if your imagination is good enough, you can also imagine you're eating one of the Waldorf's excellent duck dinners. But don't imagine you're paying for it, or your daydream may change into a nightmare.



New Yorkers—and you too—dance tonight as Guy Lombardo plays at Waldorf-Astoria.

Thursday, July 8, 1937

THE high point of today's listening is the return to the air of Charlie Winninger as Cap'n Henry on Show Boat, at 9:00, E.D.S.T., on NBC. The program's coming from Hollywood tonight and every night in the future, and the sponsors hope it'll have all its old glamor. . . . And the reason Charlie Winninger decided to come back is told in a grand story on page 9 of this issue. . . . Show Boat won't keep you from hearing two programs that are just your dish if you think of radio as a medium of education. At 6:00, New York time, NBC has the University of California Chamber Music concert. . . . And at 10:00 the same network broadcasts a special America's Town Meeting program from the University of

Virginia. The subject is "Can America Remain Neutral?" and the speakers are Senator Nye of North Dakota and Clark M. Eichelberger, president of the League of Nations. . . . Donna Damerel, the Marge of Myrt and Marge, is celebrating her birthday. She became a mother herself, for the second time, only a few weeks ago. . . . In the morning (10:00 E.D.S.T., on CBS) there's that fine old dependable among serials, Betty and Bob. Did you know that the same woman plays both Mrs. Cary and Mrs. Hendrix on this show? She's Grace Lockwood, and she doesn't hesitate to admit she's sixty-two. A long—forty years—stage career brought her at last to radio. She's the mother of radio actor Bob Bailey.



Two roles in one program is the radio job of white-haired actress Grace Lockwood.

Thursday, July 15, 1937

REMEMBER Admiral Oliver Perry and his famous command, "Don't give up the ship"? You're listening to one of his descendants today at 12:30, E.D.S.T., on CBS, but she's a good actress, so you hate her. Janet Logan is the descendant, and she plays the part of Clara Blake, dark, dark, villainess in The Romance of Helen Trent. She doesn't look like a villainess, though, but more like Janet Gaynor. One of the smallest girls in radio, she's barely five feet tall. In her Chicago high school she was voted the most popular girl. Out of school, she worked on the stage and in movies, then came back to Chicago and entered radio. She is unmarried, and lives with her parents in Chicago's exclusive South Side.

Around the house she wears hair ribbons and collects old books. . . . If last night's experience with the supernatural and Lights Out made you want more of the same, there's the Witch's Tale, on MBS, at 10:00 o'clock. It just celebrated its sixth anniversary, making it the oldest serious program on the air. . . . Too bad it's on the air at the same time as Bing Crosby, because he's just as much of an institution, and just as hard to miss. In this kind of weather Bing's bound to be away vacationing, but his side-kick, Bob Burns, will be around, carrying on manfully to deserve his title of Keeper of the Music Hall While Bing is Away on Vacation—a title so big it ought to bow even Bob's broad shoulders.



You'd never guess that cute little Janet Logan is the menace in Helen Trent's Romance.

Thursday, July 22, 1937

THE start of the Wagnerian Opera Festival at Bayreuth, Germany, is your high spot musically today, NBC officiating at the short-wave controls. . . . And there's also another chamber music concert from the University of California on NBC at 6:00 P.M., E.D. S.T. . . . Another special musical event is yours only if you live on the West Coast. Ferde Grofe has flown out to California to conduct at the Hollywood Bowl, and will fly back tomorrow for his Friday-night program sponsored by a chain of banks. Ferde was never in an airplane before, and doesn't like 'em much. On this trip he flew over the Grand Canyon, about which he wrote his famous Grand Canyon Suite. . . . He'd never seen it before.

. . . There's that Spelling Bee on NBC at 10:00. Don't listen to it unless you are a good speller or have strong nerves—otherwise you'll get so mad at yourself for the mistakes you make that you won't be able to sleep. . . . Maybe you'd better just take a half-hour dose of the Spelling Bee, and then switch to CBS and the March of Time. You can get mad at the way the world is going, listening to it, but that's better than getting mad at yourself. . . . At 11:05, NBC gives you your choice of a nightclub or John B. Kennedy's news comments—and that ought to satisfy you in any mood. . . . Your Almanac's parting injunction: Reserve your copy of next month's RADIO MIRROR now—it will be out tomorrow morning.



Flying for the first time, Ferde Grofe hurries coast-to-coast for a single concert.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 8:30
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Cheerio
- 9:00
CBS: Metropolitan Parade
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
- 9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell
NBC-Red: Adela St. Johns
- 10:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
- 10:15
CBS: Hymns; Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
- 10:30
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
- 10:45
CBS: Music; News
NBC-Red: Today's Children
- 11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
- 11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafeo
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
- 12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
- 12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
- 12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
- 1:00
CBS: Make Believe
- 1:15
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
- 1:30
CBS: George Rector
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Special Edition
- 1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
- 2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens
- 2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
- 2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
- 3:00
CBS: Concert Hall
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
CBS: Melody Revue
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
- 4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column
- 4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon
- 4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
- 5:15
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan
- 5:30
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy
- 5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
- 6:15
CBS: Hobart Bosworth
- 6:30
Press-Radio News
- 6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
- 6:45
CBS: Buddy Clark
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
- 7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
- 7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
- 7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
- 8:00
CBS: Broadway Varieties
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
- 8:30
CBS: Hal Kemp's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
- 9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel
NBC-Blue: Robert Ripley
NBC-Red: Waltz Time
- 9:30
NBC-Red: True Story Court
- 10:00
CBS: Ferde Grofe's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Tommy Dorsey Orch.
NBC-Red: First Nighter
- 10:30
CBS: Babe Ruth
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Elza Schallert
- 11:05
CBS: Dance Music
NBC-Blue: Promenade Concert
NBC-Red: George R. Holmes
- 11:30
Dance Music

FRIDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY By ROBERT L. RIPLEY

The five senses are useless without the one we call Common.

Friday, June 25, 1937

SUMMER'S in full swing, and so are the sports events. Today you stay-at-home sports fans can be at the Amateur Athletic Union track championship meet in Milwaukee. . . . Glen Cunningham will be the boy for you to keep your ear on in the mile and two-mile runs; Gene Venzke, who gave him so much trouble last year, isn't in the running. And if your Almanac can put on its white beard and make predictions, Ben Johnson of Pasadena Junior College is going to burn up the cinders in the short events, while Glenn Varoff of Oregon, Olympic champion, will do something pretty fancy in the pole vaulting department. . . . The networks will be at the A.A.U. meet in full force. If you tune in CBS you'll

hear Mr. Husing telling you about it. . . . Turning from muscle to music, NBC has the Jacques Dalcroze Music and Dancing Festival from Geneva, all ready for you via short-wave. . . . Tonight's your last chance to hear tall stories, Munchausen style, because Jack Pearl's leaving on a vacation. . . . Another bower-outer is Kay Thompson, who is leaving the Hal Kemp show on CBS. . . . The King's Jesters, that very popular quartet, begin their summer series on NBC, late at night, from the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago. Later in the summer they're going on a tour. . . . And don't forget Frances Langford at Hollywood Hotel at 9:00, E.D. S.T. Frances is dark, twenty-four, and likes college boys.



Keep your ears open as Glen Cunningham's running is described from the A.A.U. meet.

Friday, July 2, 1937



Rosemary Decamp plays leading parts in the sketches George Rector offers on CBS.

RADIO can carry you across thousands of miles—and it can also carry you across hundreds of years. Today it does both. NBC is broadcasting the medieval Palio Race from Siena, Italy. It's one of this old city's oldest traditions, colorful, exciting, and quaint. You'll want to hear about it. . . . Nearer home, there's another chance to listen to George Rector on CBS at 1:30, New York time. The famous restaurant man can make your mouth water, and the dramatized stories he presents can make you laugh and cry which is even better. . . . Rosemary Decamp, who plays leading women's parts in them, is auburn-haired and hazel-eyed, five feet two inches tall, and weighs 105 pounds. She was

born in Prescott, Arizona, and traveled around the country when she was a child with her father, a mining engineer. In 1933 she made her debut on the stage, playing in stock, then came to New York and got into radio. She has twice been pronounced dead—once when she had influenza, and once when she was bitten by a rattlesnake. A Mexican nurse saved her from the snakebite by sucking out the poison. . . . Little Alice Faye comes back to the medium which gave her her first break tonight. She's the singing star of Hal Kemp's Chesterfield program, on CBS at 8:30—tonight and every Friday night for the rest of the summer. Hal and his band have moved to Hollywood for the hot-weather series.

Friday, July 9, 1937

BALANCED radio ration for the day: Serial drama, John's Other Wife, 10:15 A.M., NBC; news-variety, Heinz Magazine, 11:00 A.M., CBS; home-making variety, Farm and Home Hour, 1:30 P.M., NBC; music, CBS Concert Hall, 3:00 P.M., CBS; kids' serial, Don Winslow of the Navy, 5:30 P.M., NBC; sports, Paul Douglas' resume, 6:35 P.M., CBS; humorous serial, Ma and Pa, 7:15 P.M., CBS; musical variety, Cities Service Concert, 8:00 P.M., NBC; drama, True Story Court, 9:30 P.M., NBC; movie news, Jimmie Fidler, 10:30 P.M., NBC. All times are E.D.S.T. . . . Follow that program and your Almanac guarantees a good time, some things to think about, and sweet dreams. . . . You'll

hear one busy actor twice—Fred Barron, who plays the part of T. Marshall Wayne on John's Other Wife, also acts in the True Story program. If tonight's play has a doctor or a minister in it, that's Fred. He has performed the wedding and burial service, on the air, in every known English church denomination. . . . Fred's an Australian—born in Melbourne in 1889. He took a Merchant Marine Officer's course when he was twelve, but switched from sailing to acting at sixteen. In 1907 he made his American debut in San Francisco, and entered radio in 1932. He also writes a number of radio scripts, and his favorite sports are boating, riding, and pitching horseshoes. . . . His hair is gray and his eyes blue.



If you hear a minister or doctor on the True Story Court, it's probably Fred Barron.

Friday, July 16, 1937



Philadelphians know Bill Dyer as the man at the mike for all home baseball games.

PHILADELPHIANS and their near neighbors can't be bothered about anything else today—they're too busy listening to Bill Dyer on WCAU, broadcasting the game between St. Louis and the Phillies. But the rest of us can be all primed and ready for our daily radio fare. . . . For instance, at 11:30, E.D.S.T., on CBS, you listen to Big Sister, and here's the cast: Alice Frost plays Ruth Evans, Big Sister herself; Junior O'Day plays Ned Evans, the little crippled boy; Haila Stoddard plays Sue Evans; and Martin Gable plays Dr. John Wayne. . . . Junior O'Day, who is careful to let you know that his name is really Michael James Gregory O'Day and he likes to be called Mickey, is twelve years old.

He's been in radio four years. Round-faced and chubby, he has a secret fondness for sketching members of the cast on his script during rehearsals. . . . Alice Frost is a stately blonde, married to Robert C. Foulk, and a native of Minneapolis. She was on the stage until she gave it up for radio four years ago. . . . Haila Stoddard, also a blonde, is small and vivacious. She only weighed a pound when she was born, and her first name is in honor of the nurse who saved her life. . . . Martin Gable also plays the part of Neil Williams in Easy Aces. . . . Last-minute reminder: First Nighter, with Les Tremayne and Barbara Luddy, at 10:00 on NBC and the first of Ripley's new shows at 9:00 on NBC.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 8:30
NBC-Red: Cheerio
- 9:00
CBS: Roy Block
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
- 9:30
CBS: Mellow Moments
- 9:55
NBC: Press Radio News
- 10:00
CBS: Your Home and Mine
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rosa
NBC-Red: Charioteers
- 10:15
CBS: Richard Maxwell
NBC-Blue: Raising Your Parents
NBC-Red: The Vass Family
- 10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend
NBC-Red: Manhattans
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis
- 11:00
CBS: Cincinnati Conservatory
NBC-Blue: Madge Marley
NBC-Red: Dur American Schools
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Home Town
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Magic of Speech
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
- 11:45
NBC-Red: Dixie Debs
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Call to Youth
- 12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.
- 1:05
NBC-Blue: Our Barn
NBC-Red: Whitney Ensemble
- 1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Campus Capers
- 2:00
NBC-Blue: Madison Ensemble
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo
- 2:30
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
- 2:45
CBS: Tours in Tone
- 3:00
CBS: Down by Herman's
NBC-Red: Walter Logan
- 3:30
CBS: Song Stylists
NBC-Red: Week End Review
- 5:30
CBS: Vocals by Verrill
NBC-Blue: Bert Block Orch.
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Nickelodeon
NBC-Red: Top Hatters
- 6:30
Press-Radio News
- 6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
NBC-Blue: NBC Home Symphony
NBC-Red: Alma Kitchell
- 6:45
CBS: Ben Feld's Orch.
NBC-Red: Religion in the News
- 7:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
NBC-Red: El Chico Revue
- 7:30
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
- 7:45
NBC-Red: ABC of NBC
- 8:00
CBS: Professor Quiz
NBC-Red: NBC Jamboree
- 8:30
CBS: Johnny Presents
NBC-Blue: There Was A Woman
- 9:00
MBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
- 9:30
CBS: Your Pet Program
NBC-Red: Shell Show, Joe Cook
- 10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade
- 11:00
Dance Music

SATURDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY By JOHNNY GREEN

The way to learn thrift is to learn how to spend.

Saturday, June 26, 1937

YOUR air sports events today are still highlighted by the A.A.U. track meet in Milwaukee. It's the second and last day of the meet. . . . Tonight, radio says good-by to Grace Moore, and vice versa. La Moore's program, which started out last fall as Floyd Gibbons' program, goes off the air. Grace has a picture to make this summer, but says she'll be back on the air in the fall, broadcasting from New York. Sponsor? Answer comes there none. . . . Emerson Gill, one of Society's favorite handmasters, opens tonight at Tybee Beach, Savannah, Ga. Savannah people will have to dress up in evening clothes to enjoy him. All you have to do is roll up your shirt-sleeves and tune in the nearest NBC

station. You can even chew gum and put your feet on the table while you listen. Liberty Hall, we call it. . . . In the mood for more dancing first-nights? Then there's Johnny Johnson, who opens at the Surfside Beach Club in Virginia, with a Mutual network wire to help you listen in; and Dick Stable opening at Coney Island, also with a Mutual wire. . . . If you don't feel like dancing—and some people, you know, don't—there's the Shell Show at 9:30, E.D.S.T., that you ought to listen to. It may not last all summer. . . . Both Uncle Jim and Professor Quiz, complete with questions, are yours at 7:30 and 8:00, E.D.S.T., respectively. Think you know all the answers? Tune in and think again.



Emerson's Gill's opening tonight at swanky Tybee Beach, broadcasting over NBC.

Saturday, July 3, 1937



From symphony to jazz came Jan Savitt, who plays tonight on NBC from Atlantic City.

THE Sport of Kings is your sport too, if you are handy to a Mutual network station. Bryan Field, today, is broadcasting the Demoiselle Stakes and Empire City Handicap from the Empire City track in New York. The mike even picks up the thud of hoofs and the low moans of disappointed bettors. . . . And tonight's your first chance of the year to listen in on festivities at the famous Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City, over an NBC wire. A good many of the leading bands of the country will play there at one time or another this summer. The Million Dollar is the biggest ballroom of this famous summer spot, haunt of honeymooners, tired business men, and conventions. They all like

to dance. . . . Jan Savitt is the officiating maestro at this opening broadcast. Jan started his musical career at the ripe old age of four, and by the time he was out of grammar school he was admitted to the Curtis Institute of Music. While he was there, Leopold Stokowski invited him to join the Philadelphia Orchestra, but he decided to study in Europe instead. On his return he became Stokowski's first violinist. He went into the dance-band business three years ago, organizing his own orchestra, and made a big, immediate success. . . . But don't let Jan and the Million Dollar make you forget to listen to Johnny Presents and his thrill-of-the-week, with Russ Morgan's music, at 8:30, E.D.S.T.

Saturday, July 10, 1937

IF you're a Texan, probably the only thing you'll want to think about today is the opening of the Greater Texas and Pan-American Exposition in Dallas. That's what Rudy Vallee is thinking about too—he opens there tonight as one of the Exposition's main attractions, with the networks so strongly in attendance that you can't miss joining in the festivities. . . . NBC has set the period from 3:00 to 4:45, E.D.S.T., aside to broadcast descriptions of the Anglo-American track meet in Harvard Stadium, Cambridge, Mass. The best athletes of Harvard and Yale are tangling with the pick of Oxford and Cambridge Universities in England, and some records should be broken or at least cracked. Music will

be mixed with the sports—the winner of each event will be saluted with a few bars of a school song from the school he represents. Bill Stern's your NBC announcer. . . . And Mutual has another of its coast-to-coast horse racing broadcasts. . . . Tonight Johnny Hamp moves into the Million Dollar Pier, Atlantic City, for a week's stay. Johnny just closed a season at the Rainbow Grill. The luscious girl singer with him is Millicent Hope, who left school to be a photographer's model and became a singer instead. . . . If Johnny plays "Melancholy Baby" tonight, Jean Harlow's listening in. It's her pet song and he's her pet leader. Everytime she hears him she wires a request for it—or so press agents say.



Johnny Hamp is the next maestro to lead his band into a week of Atlantic City work.

Saturday, July 17, 1937



Clyde McCoy, on NBC, is prescribed for you dance-lovers to listen to late tonight.

IT'S some time since we've had any sports, but today there are plenty. Through radio, you can be in such widely separated spots as Wimbledon, England, and Chicago, on the same day. Over in Wimbledon, they're playing the first day of the International Zone Davis Cup tennis matches; and from Arlington Park, in Chicago, comes the Arlington Classic, one of the oldest horse racing events in the country. All the networks will cover this little number, with Clem McCarthy doing the honors for NBC. No wonder they're so interested—maybe your neighbor is one of the millions who have a few dollars up on the result of the race. Or maybe the bet is even closer home than that—your Almanac

isn't saying. . . . Should horse-racing pall, listen to a few programs that are broadcast only on Saturday: Your Host is Buffalo, 2:00, NBC; Golden Melodies, 2:30, NBC; Down by Herman's, CBS, 3:00; Nickelodeon-NBC, 6:05. These shows don't get all the attention they merit, and they're good. . . . Clyde McCoy, the "Sugar Blues" maestro, who starts a week's engagement at that Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City tonight, was born on a farm near Ashland, Kentucky. By the time he moved to Louisville he was ready to play the cornet in the high school band. . . . He'd learned on a cornet somebody'd given him for a Christmas present. Your Almanac wishes somebody would give it as profitable a gift.

THIS *Freshening Up*



DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN —IT INVIGORATES!

• The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

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

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."



Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using creams! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."



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

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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By MRS.
MARGARET
SIMPSON

Busy Irene Wicker,
with her daily pro-
gram, saves time by
eating light salads.



GELATIN'S YOUR MENU LIFESAVER

WHEN is a salad not a salad?
When it's jellied tomato and you can serve it as
a first course or a relish with meats as well as in
salad form.

In fact, gelatin, with its wide variety of uses—as soup,
salad, entree, dessert—is such a menu lifesaver that it's no
wonder it is becoming a standby in homes and restaurants
all over the country. It's also why you should pay particu-
lar attention to its hot weather uses, whether you are plan-
ning a family dinner, a party or a picnic.

If your family picks at dinner, sneak this jellied tomato
salad over on them. It is a leading item on the menus of
the Schrafft Restaurants in New York, and to those of you
who live or visit here, that is sufficient recommendation, I
know.

SCHRAFFT'S JELLIED TOMATO SALAD

3 cups canned tomatoes, stewed and strained
1 tsp. powdered sugar
1 tsp. salt
2 tbs. gelatin
½ cup cold water

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for ten minutes, then
add to the hot strained tomato together with the salt and
sugar. Strain into small individual molds which have been
rinsed in cold water and chill in refrigerator until firm.
Turn each mold out on a bed of crisp lettuce. Serve with
mayonnaise, French or Russian dressing. Garnish with as-
paragus tips, cold hard boiled egg slices, stuffed eggs, grated
carrot, green pepper rings or parsley.

For an appetizer, pile tomato (*Continued on page 81*)

TIPS FOR TASTIER MEALS FROM THE SINGING LADY

"This was the snapshot that brought us together"



"WHEN I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me . . . I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

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

● By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



"Be Mine" cries Bob Burns to Martha Raye in "Mountain Music."



Paramount Photo

What

DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

\$20.00 PRIZE

A SUMMER TONIC

SPRING is here and with it a grand tonic named Tizzie Lish. Tizzie happens to be on the Al Pearce program Watch the Fun Go By. And how the time flies when Tizzie rambles off his Famous Recipes, as only Tizzie can in that inimitable, elegant, smooth-flowing Niagara of his. Yes, Tizzie hits the hookworm, especially this time of year when our vitality is below par, our heads loggy,

**THIS IS YOUR PAGE!
YOUR LETTERS OF
OPINION WIN PRIZES
FIRST PRIZE \$20.00
SECOND PRIZE \$10.00
FIVE PRIZES of \$1.00
Address your letter to
the Editor, RADIO
MIRROR, 122 East 42nd
Street, New York, N. Y.,
and mail it not later
than July 27, 1937.**

and our feetsies, as Tizzie might say, are ready to go on a Sit-Down Strike. Tizzie starts our surplus avoirdupois wobbling, our mouths stretch from ear to ear, while our dining room furniture is in danger of being uprooted, and the eyes send a copious lake of tears down our cheeks, emptying into little rivulets of muscular jaw wrinkles as Tizzie continues to shake us up and shake us down to rid our tired systems of that nasty grouch we've been carrying around for some time. It takes Tizzie to put us on the spot of real laughter. Don't you (Continued on page 86)

He Who Laughs Lasta

Laughs Besta

(Continued from page 27)

certain one to come in first—simply because she couldn't help herself.

Well, you can have an understandable liking for horse-racing without making a fool of yourself over your food. You can bet on horses and still eat something besides hamburgers. Dorothy thought so, anyway.

Slyly, she'd set before Ben the choicest dishes she could think up; or she'd take him out to the finest restaurant in the town they happened to be in at the moment. Ben would munch the food absent-mindedly, or he'd explain that somehow he didn't feel very hungry and eat almost nothing. A few hours later a big bag of hamburgers would suddenly make its appearance beside him, summoned there by a telephone call.

"But I like hamburgers!" he'd expostulate. "They're the things I like best of all. Sometimes I can't eat anything else." As if to prove it, he told her about one time before his marriage, when he was playing an engagement in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. A sudden craving had come upon him for one of Dinty Moore's hamburgers. If he didn't get one, he knew he'd starve to death. So he actually sent a taxicab from Pottstown to New York to bring back half a dozen Dinty Moore specials to him.

DOROTHY realized that she'd been defeated in the hamburger campaign, but she resolved to retreat gracefully. At the next opportunity she wheedled Dinty Moore's chef out of his hamburger recipe, and now, wherever she is, she keeps a supply of it handy in case Ben gets the craving. Which he does, at unholy hours and in the most unexpected places. But at least she can supervise the hamburger situation. That's not much, but it's something.

Having accepted defeat over the hamburgers, she began to regulate Ben's life so he'd get some rest and relaxation. She bought a home in Florida—restful and soothing even to its name, which was "Harmony Acres." This Florida place was in reality the foundation of Dorothy's most devilish plan. Once Ben got down there and found out how much fun it was just to sit back and relax and invite his soul to peace, it would be a simple matter to persuade him to retire entirely. They'd live a life of simple dignity, there in this modern Eden. No noise, no nightlife, maybe a day at the races now and then, but nothing more upsetting.

Ben loves fine music, and Dorothy installed a good phonograph and a huge library of expensive records, thinking happily, as she did so, about the long hours they would spend together listening.

It was a very fine plan.

Ben talked a lot about spending a good long time in Florida, but somehow or other he usually had to be somewhere else—Hollywood, or New York, or on tour. And when he did go to Harmony Acres he brought along as many people as the house could hold. He had to have them, he explained, to play bridge and golf with. Besides, it was selfish to enjoy their lovely house all by themselves.

Whenever Ben was in the house, there was so much noise nobody could have heard Dorothy's records even if she had played them. But Ben liked the records. Indeed he did. He roused Dorothy out of a sound sleep one morning at five o'clock, so they could listen to them together!

"It was worse than a slap in the face"



A few weeks ago, my little Ann came running home crying as if her heart would break. She said her playmates had been making fun of her clothes.

When the poor kid turned around, I almost dropped. Somebody had pinned one of your ads about tattle-tale gray on the back of her dress.



It was worse than a slap in the face. Where did those youngsters get the idea? Had they heard their mothers criticizing my washes? I felt like tearing that ad to bits. But luckily, I read it instead and found how the best housekeepers get tattle-tale gray in their clothes if they use a soap that leaves dirt behind.



So right away quick I changed to Fels-Naptha Soap — and am I **GLAD!** How those gentle suds of richer **golden** soap and **lots of naphtha** hustle out every speck of dirt! My clothes lost that horrid tattle-tale gray in no time! So I made a big freezer-full of ice cream and gave those kids a "thank-you" party.

COPR., FELS & CO., 1937

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

Now So Easy—

with these **GERM-FREE Beauty Creams**
to have **Smooth, Supple Skin**

"LOOK! A blemish!
Tonight, of all times,
when I'm going out
with Tom!"

"EDITH, why not try
Woodbury's Germ-
free Cold Cream? It
keeps my skin won-
derfully smooth."



A FEW WEEKS AFTER:
"EDITH, you're one girl I
can always count on to
look lovely. Your skin's
so soft, I'm tempted to
kiss you here and now!"

**This Germ-free Cold Cream Helps
Guard from Blemish, Dryness
... now contains Vitamin D to Aid
Skin Breathing**

YOU'LL know that Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream is best for your complexion by the flattering results. You'll see your skin become smoother, freer from blemishes... more radiantly alive.

The special ingredient that keeps this cream germ-free, destroys germs on your skin... the cause of many blemishes.

And now Woodbury's Cold Cream contains Sunshine Vitamin D to stimulate the skin to breathe. Quick-breathing skin is young skin. While the cells take up oxygen at a rapid rate, the day when aging lines show up in your face is being postponed.

Use this lovely cold cream at night to soften your skin. During the day use Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream to hold make-up smoothly. Each cream \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.



MAIL 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., 7480 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

"RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE" with Radio's brightest stars, Sunday nights, NBC Blue Network

Sleep! Dorothy developed a hunted look in the first few months of their marriage, over that sleep problem. She began to wonder if Ben had found some magic spell to keep him alive, because he certainly had practically no sleep. Never once, to her knowledge, has he slept more than three hours at a time. Instead, he takes cat naps all day. He can sleep for a half hour standing on his feet in the midst of a rehearsal, with the band going full swing. But put him into a bed, turn the light out, and make everything nice and peaceful, and he complains he can't sleep.

Perhaps it was lack of sleep that finally broke Dorothy's spirit. After all, when a girl doesn't get her rest she's likely to let the world have its way with her.

Ben's idea of life is rushing somewhere to catch a train with three minutes to spare, writing his radio script in the taxi on the way to the station, rehearsing on the train, and hurrying and scurrying over the face of the earth. All right. Dorothy married him, and now that's her way of life too. It makes Ben's blood tingle to be always on the go—and it makes hers tingle, too.

"Women who expect to change men after they're married are fools," is the way Dorothy explains it. "All a woman can hope to do is to go a man one better. If I made a fuss about Ben's golf or bridge or racing or hamburgers or cigars it would only create discord and we'd both be unhappy. So I've learned to out-golf him, and out-bridge him.

I'VE decided it's a wife's job to adapt herself to her husband, not make him conform to her ideas. Ben's a sixteen-cylinder motor that runs at top speed all the time. The more he does, the better he does it. He does everything intensely, even relaxing. When he relaxes, he relaxes more in ten minutes than the average person could in as many hours."

That's how Dorothy is standing the pace, too, these days. From being an athlete who did everything regularly—eating, exercising, sleeping—she has become a girl who does nothing regularly, and still looks the picture of health. Things must be happening for her every minute of the day or night. If they're not, she'll make them happen. She has learned to drink frequent glasses of the brand of mineral water to which Ben is addicted, and which he insists, will cure anything from dandruff to a broken leg. She can—and always does—pack in ten minutes for a trip from Hollywood to New York via Spokane, Miami, and Chicago. In a word, she's learned her lesson.

No, that's wrong. She's still learning it, and sometimes she backslides. It was due to her urging that Ben disbanded his orchestra and cut out the one-night-stand and night-club work. She wanted him to do nothing but radio and movie work, because these are less of a strain. Still the old yen to get him to relax, you see.

Hardly had he disbanded the lads before he was at work getting a new orchestra together, and working harder at it than he would have worked if he'd kept them together in the first place. And he doesn't think he wants to become a full-fledged movie actor, either. Too monotonous. He'd rather take the new band on the road as soon as possible.

Like all Dorothy's other efforts to remodel the Old Maestro's life, this latest one has gone down to inglorious defeat. Of course, she should have known better. Scrub away at the leopard until your arms ache, and those spots will stay right where they are. My private opinion is that Dorothy is lucky that Ben hasn't drafted her to play the drums in the new orchestra!

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 21)

petty jealousies are running rampant among the players who evidently are too inexperienced in the ways of show business—and life—to overcome their wrecking influence. The fact that such jealousies are common in households throughout the land may account for a few of them playing their parts too close to the real thing.

* * *

OUT in San Fernando Valley, a few minutes drive from Hollywood through Cahuenga Pass, is a mushrooming village that is fast becoming a small Radio City of the west. Don Ameche was one of the first settlers; then came Lum and Abner. Now, Don Wilson, that six-delicious-flavored heavyweight, is colonizing in the vicinity.

* * *

OPEN letter to Martha Raye, Al Jolson, Milton Berle (and others whom the cap fits):—Dear Short-sighted Ones: I, for one, am utterly weary of your “mugging” for the benefit of studio audiences. Listening to your air programs I always feel that I am being cheated, because over the air come riotous sounds of people laughing. Yet I never hear anything funny. Of course, I know they’re screaming at your facial contortions. But I can’t see those things, and you’ve no idea how annoying it is to me not to be let in on the fun.

Quit that “mugging.” Remember, you have outside audiences of millions—your sponsors hope!—and you were hired to amuse those millions. Get over your stage training! Enter into the spirit of this new business called radio! You only have your voices—and it’s up to those voices to entertain several million people.

You can do it. You have the talent and showmanship. During those moments when you manage to forget the few people seated in your studio, you get your share of outside laughs.

Yours for more fun in the voice—and less fun in the studio.—J. M. F.

* * *

MARY LIVINGSTONE debated with herself a long time before accepting that picture offer from Paramount. It seems people were continually ribbing her about her shnozolla, explaining that unless she was photographed properly she might be mistaken for Fanny Brice (in profile). Quite a sensitive lady, Mary took it to heart. That’s why she may undergo a plastic operation any day now. It has been done by greater stars than La Livingstone. Incidentally, Television will send a lot more of them on the long parade to the face remodeling factory.

* * *

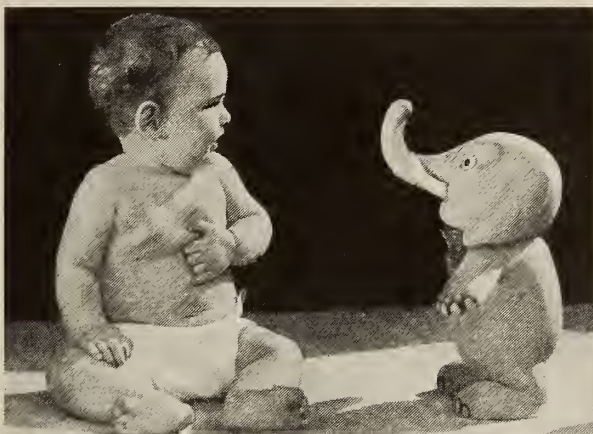
IT was really the high price tag on Hollywood players that scared “The First Nighter” all the way back to Chicago. When \$500 weekly was offered Tyrone Power, to step into the Don Ameche spot, laughter was so loud it sounded like an earthquake. Nowadays, no player of importance will listen to a figure under \$1,500 per week.

* * *

JACK BENNY’S broadcast is the hardest to crash in Hollywood. Several unidentified smoothies, burned at being continually turned back at the doors,



● **“Excuse me for getting personal—but haven’t you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say . . . It’s none of my business, of course—but what’s a nose like that for?”**



● **“You don’t tell me! . . . You fill it full of water on a hot day—yes, yes, go on . . . Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy! . . . Well, I must say you’ve got something there!”**



● **“Don’t try to sell me one though! Nope—I’ve got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson’s Baby Powder . . . no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!”**



● **“Take one feel of Johnson’s Baby Powder—you’ll see why it keeps my skin so healthy and smooth!” Healthy skin, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Johnson’s Baby Powder is made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orrisroot . . . Remember Johnson’s Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. And for tiny babies, try the new Johnson’s Baby Oil—stainless, not sticky, and cannot turn rancid.**

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY SHADE



Only about
3 out of 10 women ever find
their lucky shade of
face powder...
This is your chance!

Ten new—absolutely new—
shades of face powder! You
have never seen the like of
them before.

They're new in color.
They're new in color-magic.
They do things for women
never before known.

**You Will See a
New "You"**

One of these shades will
prove the right one for you!
It will prove your "lucky" shade. It
will show you a new "you"—a more
youthful "you"—a more vivid "you"

A
thrilling
surprise for
every
woman

a breath-taking surprise to you. It may, for
the first time, disclose your "lucky" shade
of face powder. Clip and mail coupon today.

—a more glamorous "you."

You don't have to take my
word for this. You can prove
it to yourself! Just mail the
coupon and you will receive
all ten of my new Lady Esther
Face Powder shades postpaid
and free.

Try All Ten!

Try, not one or two shades, but
all ten! The very one you think
least suited to you may prove

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(35)

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me all ten of your new shades.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

hit upon a device that one Sunday threw the whole studio into a turmoil. By simply printing some counterfeit tickets of their own, they got past the guards. The stunt would have worked many Sundays, too, had not the dopes passed out so many dozens to their friends. Some fun for the ushers, when they found two occupants for nearly every seat. But it was too late, because there was no way of telling who had palmed off the phonies. The genuine ducats are now printed with as much embellishment as federal currency.

* * *

EDDIE CANTOR'S plea for a boy has finally been answered. After one of his recent broadcasts, good wife, Ida, surprised Eddie by hanging a copy of Gainsborough's "Boy Blue" in his dressing room. Ida is resourceful. It might not be a bad idea to let her take a hand in gagging up the breadwinner's program. Sometimes I think it needs better gagging!

* * *

IDOL CHATTER: When Dave Rubinoff signs the hotel register he always appends—"and violin" . . . Gene Austin has christened his new Hollywood home after the song which made it possible, "My Blue Heaven." . . . Casual observation: How does Martha Raye keep from swallowing the mike, when she gets so close to it? . . . Tizzie Lish, "Cooking and Health Expert," was kidding when he tried out that high-pitched voice which is now his stock in trade . . . Frantic urge: To use an oil can on Andy Devine's throat . . . Judy Garland has promised that she'll never bite her nails again, and proudly displays a neat manicure. . . . Lud Gluskin is the most opulent stick waver of the air maestros, boasting a castle in Monte Carlo, residences in Paris, New York, and Hollywood. . . . A field day for the tax collectors: Bing Crosby's new radio contract, running until 1940, gives him \$4,000 a week the first year and graduating until it reaches \$7,500. . . . Barbara Luddy's most cherished possession is a battle-scarred boomerang, sent to her by an Australian parliament member. . . . N. B. C. studio soundmen simulated the neighing of Dick Foran's horse, Smokey, so perfectly that it lost the doubting cowboy three ten-gallon hat bets, at \$50 per. . . . Raymond Paige considers himself a yachtsman, since that new \$12,000 skiff of his won its first race. . . . A duck named "Goo-goo" made Joe Penner famous, but it was the bull frogs he speared as a boy in Hungary that brought him money to come to America. . . . Freeman Gosden (Amos of Amos 'n' Andy) found his new \$150,000 Beverly Hills estate overrun with wild rabbits the day he moved in. . . .

* * *

KEN MURRAY and Oswald (Tony Labriola) are through playing benefits. A few weeks ago they were asked to do a performance for the Governor of California, who was tossing a party for the state's legislators. Pressed for time, after their broadcast, they were rushed to the train under police escort. They hopped the train, but a speedy search failed to reveal the promoter of the affair whom they were told would have the tickets. A quick checking of funds raised only \$9 between them—not enough for the fare. They were tossed off at Santa Barbara and had to cool their heels for five hours in the depot before Murray's chauffeur could be reached to fetch them back to the city. Yes—they had boarded the wrong train.

* * *

VIA WIRE—Al Jolson sang one of his

own compositions, "Golden Gate," at dedication of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco . . . Gertrude Niesen back from her personal appearance tour ten pounds thinner than when she started. Earning cash while losing a waistline is better than Hollywood diet any day . . . When orchestra leader Andre Kostelanetz came to Hollywood to conduct the orchestra for the movie "Artists and Models" he brought twelve specially made batons, expecting to break at least half of them before finishing the picture . . . Jerry Cooper, maitre de Hollywood Hotel, getting movie tested . . . Olivia de Havilland taking all the radio offers in sight. Says radio has made her voice-conscious as never before . . . Experiments with television must be getting somewhere. All new contracts have television clauses . . . The Ritz Brothers are still saying no to radio offers, but more weakly . . . The Bing Crosby stables have won five races to date this year. Bing can't explain his sudden success . . . Bing's buddy, Bob Burns, married his secretary, Harriet Foster—in spite of what I told you last month . . . Kenny Baker, who plays dumb on Jack Benny's program, has his first big movie chance in "Mr. Dodds Takes The Air." He's doing so smartly that Warners are starring him . . . Grace Moore furious about rumor cropping up again that she is in danger of losing her voice—says it isn't so and radio broadcasts prove it . . . The Screen Actors Guild may bar any stars appearing on the air as "guest stars" gratis . . . Mary Livingstone is a movie actress now—on the same lot with Jack Benny, but not in the same picture . . . Charlie Correll, better known as Andy of Amos 'n' Andy, has been bumped by so many wild California drivers recently, he wishes he could stay up in his plane permanently . . . Fibber McGee and Molly are in Hollywood to stay, between movies and radio . . . Lila Lee getting a nice break with fifteen-minute drama recordings—150 of them . . . Vinton Haworth, once Jack Arnold on the Myrt and Marge program, is thinking of changing his screen name to Jack Arnold if there aren't too many legal tangles . . . Don Ameche doesn't expect to get a vacation for the next four years, between screen and radio tie-ups. The Ameches dine out every night in the week. A different place each night, so that Don can have a little of that sensation of "getting away."

Prelude to Allure...



**THIS
LOVELIER
WAY TO
AVOID
OFFENDING**



Virginia Verrill's making movies out in Hollywood for M-G-M, but you can still hear her on her own CBS program.

A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—"What a pity that every girl doesn't bathe with Cashmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing perfumed soap removes body odor so completely . . . keeps you so sweet and clean. And then Cashmere Bouquet leaves its flower-like perfume clinging to your skin. No wonder Cashmere Bouquet is called the lovelier way to avoid offending!"

SO BEFORE YOU GO STEPPING OUT, take this wise precaution! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet—the perfumed soap that keeps you *fragrantly dainty!* Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's lingering perfume still surrounds you. But remember that only a perfume as rare as Cashmere Bouquet's has this *lingering* quality. You won't find it in ordinary scented soaps.

**MARVELOUS FOR
YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO!**

This pure, creamy-white soap has such gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

NOW ONLY 10¢



**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 37)

Ozzie Nelson. Ken Sisson is Al Goodman's tune-titan. Fabian Andre handles the more important scores for Horace Heidt and Hal Kemp's Musical Man Friday is Harold Mooney.

It takes the average Tin Pan Alley arranger three hours to pen a workmanlike tune. Most arrangers like to write them in the early hours of the morning over a piano sticky with cigarette butts.

Bandsmen are constantly raiding each other's arranging staffs and good men are at a premium, with some top-notchers averaging over \$500 a week.

Strange as it may seem, few arrangers desire to be maestros.

"Why," they ask, "bother about all that responsibility?"

* * *

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

Nat Brusiloff is reported leaving his Mutual network sustaining chores for commercial work on other stations . . . Carmen Lombardo has written a successor to his hit tune, "Boo Hoo," entitled "Toodle-Oo" . . . Hollywood's first swing concert was held recently to aid the ailing pianist, Joe Sullivan. Sponsored by Bing Crosby, it kept going for five hours and featured besides the Bing, Jimmy Grier, Martha Raye, Georgie Stoll, Jimmy Dorsey, Dorothy Lamour, Victor Young, Earl Hines, and Ted Fio Rito. Our old friend Paul Tremaine is hitting the comeback trail with a barnstorming tour throughout New England . . . Mario Braggiotti is planning to sail for Italy where he has a bid to write music for one of Mussolini's motion pictures . . . Paul Whiteman broke the house record at Chicago's swank Hotel Drake and as a reward, returns to this hostelry November 5 . . . Keep your ears tuned to Bill McCune's orchestra, now delighting Brooklynites atop the Hotel Borsert Roof. Bill began his climb to fame last summer up at Murray's in Westchester. The band sounds a lot like Duchin's . . . Emil Coleman has six brothers, all in the music business. Three of them are in his own band. Another, Joseph, is director of the famous Perole String Quartet . . . Freddy Martin and Ted Weems return respectively to the Aragon and Trianon ballrooms September 1, after road tours extending to the West Coast . . . Kay Kyser is grooming his band for television work. On their new Mutual commercial, "Surprise Party," Kay insists that his vocalists register emotions facially even when on the air. The chirpers are giving their facial muscles plenty of exercise on account of this command.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

SHEP FIELDS: George Kraner, Shep Fields, Charles Prince, Melville Lewin, saxophones and clarinets; Lou Halny, trumpet and arranger; Charles Socci, guitar; Sebastian Mercurio, viola; Sidney Greenfield, drums; Salvatore Giae, piano; George Rodo, bass and clarinet; Max Miller, violin. Vocalists: Sidney Greenfield and Charles Socci. Theme song: "Rippling Rhythm."

BENNY GOODMAN: Benny Goodman, clarinet; Jess Stacey and Teddy Wilson, pianos; Gene Krupa, drums; Vido Musso, Hyman Schertzer, Arthur Rollini, George Koenig, saxophones; Allan Rouse, guitar; Harry Goodman, bass; Red Ballard, Murray McEachern, trombones; Gordon Griffin, Harry James, Harry Finkleman, trumpets; Lionel

Hampton, xylophone. Vocalist: Peg La Centra.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

Geraldine Clardy: Henry King's orchestra is currently heard over the Mutual network from Chicago's Hotel Palmer House. Ozzie Nelson's nose was broken in a football game while attending Rutgers. David Ozzie Nelson, Jr., weighed seven pounds when born. Gus Arnheim is now at the Hotel New Yorker. Phil Harris is scheduled to play an engagement this summer at the Dallas Fair.

Andy Douglass: The Casa Loma crew are currently in California engaged in ballroom work, but we have a hunch that before they leave the coast they'll be playing before a camera.

Margaret Shean: Benny Goodman is currently on tour. Bunny Berrigan replaced him at the Hotel Penn in New York. Benny is single, though currently carrying the torch for his new vocalist, Peg La Centra. Peg replaced Frances Hunt who left the band to marry maestro Lou Bring. Recently Helen Ward left the band for the same purpose. Her groom is a Wall Street broker.

Clare Carway: Morton Gould recently married. He will shortly become affiliated with Paul Whiteman as assistant conductor and arranger.

Lois Fleck: Bob Crosby and Griff Williams, file into the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago following Freddy Martin, while at the Trianon, Red Nichols, Bill Carlsen and Anson Weeks head the summer line-up. Harry Babbitt who sings the "titles" for Kay Kyser, is a native St. Louisan with a streak of Indian blood running through his veins.

Chester Poliks: Here are some of the theme songs you requested. Lud Gluskin, "On the Air"; Enric Madriguera, "Adios"; Louis Prima, "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans."

Carrie De Moy: That's a lengthy list you sent in and we could hardly print them all. But the best tip to you is to write those stars care of the three major networks. Fan mail departments immediately forward the letters to the personalities. Most of the stars you mentioned answer their own fan mail.

* * *

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

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

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy.....

.....

Theme Song Section.....

.....

Or

.....


Name

Address

.....

.....

"I WANT AN ANSWER YES OR NO?"




PEPSIN GUM

BEEMAN'S CHEWING GUM

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN

"It's yes, of course!
You know I go for this Beeman's flavor. I like the neat and nifty airtight package that keeps it so absolutely fresh-tasting. And of course everybody knows Beeman's is good for digestion."



Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

Will Vallee Marry Again?

(Continued from page 39)

helping me in my drug store, one of the clerks at the fountain put chocolate syrup in the lemon syrup container. Rudy found out about it, and got so mad he wanted me to fire the clerk. When I wouldn't, he walked out of the store and wouldn't come back all day; but when he did return, he and the clerk were just as good friends as if it had never happened.

RUDY'S always been one to get his own way, ever since he was a boy. He'd never admit that something couldn't be done, and so I don't believe that after one unfortunate experience with marriage he'd admit he was licked and be afraid to get married again—if he found the right girl."

But even Rudy's father admits that the right girl for Rudy is a rather special sort of person. He knows so well what kind of girl any future Mrs. Rudy Vallee must be that he can describe her exactly, as if she were somebody he had met.

"She has to be tolerant, most of all, because though Rudy loves a home, he can't stand being tied down. Why, when he comes up to visit me in Westbrook, at first he's like a different boy. You can see him relax and expand. Then, after a day or two, he begins to get restless and tensed up again. He can't stand the inactivity. He wants to be back at work. That's what I mean when I say his wife would have to be tolerant. She'd have to be willing to give him a home without tying him to it. Maybe there aren't many women like that—but I'm sure there are some. Rudy's mother would have been willing to do it.

"Rudy gets his quick temper from me,

and so I know just how much tact and forbearance his wife must have. She can't afford to fly off the handle herself, and she must know how to understand and sympathize when Rudy loses his temper."

Again and again, as we talked, the similarity between Rudy's character and his father's became apparent. Rudy is a marvelous showman; so is his father. Nothing delights the elder Vallee more than to be invited to a dinner at which Rudy is one of the guests of honor. He knows that the usual procedure is to ask him to say a few words, after Rudy has spoken. Whenever this happens, he runs away with the show. Rudy, from being the star, turns into a mere added attraction.

For Charles Vallee is just as happy and comfortable in the spotlight as his son. No mumbling of a few words for him—when he makes a speech, he makes a speech! He has an inexhaustible fund of funny stories, a store of apt quotations, and the wit to turn them all to account when needed. With a little more knowledge of music and microphone technique, I am sure he could step into Rudy's shoes on the Vallee hour any night and make a creditable showing.

He has loved the theater all his life, and even used to manage and act in a stock company at one time. There is no doubt that Rudy gets his love for the stage directly from his father.

It is significant, too, that at sixty-five Rudy Vallee's father is still as full of energy and the zest for living as a man half his age. Life is a lot of fun for him. Part of the year he lives quietly at his home in Westbrook, and part of it he spends in Florida, but wherever he is he

always holds himself in readiness to respond to a telegram from Rudy telling him to meet him in New York, Chicago, or Hollywood. When I talked to him, he was in New York for a few days on his way north from Florida, and his time was filled with appointments for dinners, luncheons, and the theater. He had no intention of sitting quietly in Rudy's apartment waiting for something to happen—instead, he went out and created his own excitement!

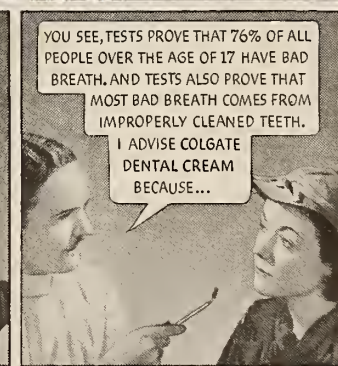
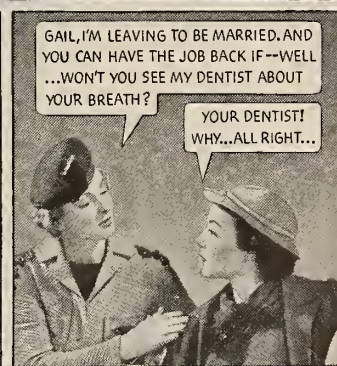
It isn't likely that Rudy, so like his father in every other respect, would differ from him in this. No matter what happens to him I am sure that always he will welcome life as eagerly as his father does. He may hide his real feelings from the world, but inside he will have the same youthful, joyous spirit.

THERE is one more reason for believing that Rudy will marry again. Though it is the last, it is an important one. In his father, Rudy has a constant reminder that there is such a thing as a perfect marriage. Mrs. Vallee died several years ago, but the memory of the beautiful relationship between her and her husband remains, and it cannot help but color Rudy's viewpoint. How could he possibly be embittered against marriage when he hears his father speak, as I did, of his mother? "She was the loveliest woman I ever knew." Simple words, but the tone in which they were spoken brought to life a whole world of happiness, a lifetime of love.

If Rudy has once heard his father say those words, he hasn't lost his faith in marriage.



STRANDED UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

ONE MONTH LATER -- THANKS TO COLGATE'S

YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE PERFECT SECRETARY, MISS DRAKE--IN EVERY WAY! I'M AFRAID YOU DESERVE A RAISE!

THANKS SO MUCH, MR. ALLEN!

NOW--NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

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

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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



*"You have an enemy
— a beautiful blonde
IT'S YOURSELF!"*

- "I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.
- "I see merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.
- "I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.
- "I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. *It's you, yourself, my dear!*"

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is *herself*. For it is her own failings which defeat her — of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything — beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back — a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. *The annoying odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.*

It is the harder to excuse because it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm —

that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too — you can use it on the most delicate skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and you're safe for all day long!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there's nothing quite so effective as Mum — and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Chance Jerry Cooper

Dared Take

(Continued from page 15)

experience. It's his habit to take everyone he meets at face value. If a man says he's Jerry's friend, Jerry needs no more than that statement to accept him as one. Joan is different. She can see beyond the surface into reality. Several times, in the last year, Jerry has met some new person, liked him, and enthusiastically brought him around to meet Joan. She has watched the new friend, listened to him, been polite and pleasant—and later has said decidedly, "He's a phony, Jerry."

In Joan's vocabulary there is no more damning description than that—"He's a phony." It means just one thing, *don't trust him*. Every time she has applied it to someone, she has been right. Once Jerry scoffed at her judgment, and his laughter cost him a large sum of money.

Even as Joan loyally refused to desert Jerry and go to Hollywood, he knew that the day would come when he would face a similar problem, and that he himself couldn't afford to decide as Joan had decided. He would have to go. Jerry's eyes are set unwaveringly upon the peak of success. Nothing must be allowed to turn him aside.

That is why, when the Hollywood Hotel offer came at last, Jerry accepted it, though it meant leaving Joan behind in New York. For how long? Jerry couldn't tell.

ONLY Jerry knows how many sleepless nights that dazzling offer cost him, before he discovered the way out.

"It wasn't that I was afraid of what would happen while I was gone," he told me when I talked to him a few days before he left for Hollywood. "Joan and I are too fond of each other, understand each other too well, for me to be afraid of losing her to someone else. I'll miss her like the devil, of course, and I'll be unhappy every minute we're apart, but I trust her absolutely not to forget me."

"No, it wasn't that. The worst thing was that I'd be leaving *her*, after she turned down two good opportunities which meant she'd have to leave me. On the surface, I knew it looked as if money and fame meant more to me than she did—as if I was willing to throw her overboard for them. And that's something she'd never do to me."

"But that's only on the surface. You see, the way things were before this Hollywood offer came along, we just weren't getting anywhere. We saw each other every day, but we couldn't get married. So I decided I had to take this chance. I know it's a risky thing to move three thousand miles from the girl you love, and if things go wrong, somehow, it may be all up with both of us. But if things go right, if I'm lucky, we can be married."

Then Jerry told me what, most of all, he wants to accomplish in Hollywood. To be an overwhelming success on his radio show? To get a fat movie contract? Neither of these things.

"It's funny," he said, "but neither of the companies which once offered Joan a chance in Hollywood will give her the same chance now. Maybe they haven't the money budgeted for new talent any longer. I don't know. The chance is gone now, anyway. What I want to do when I get out there is to create the chance all over again."

"I've had a lot of new pictures taken of Joan, here in New York, and I'm going to take them around to studios and agents,

tell them what a good dancer she is, and sell her to the movies. I'm going to turn myself into her personal agent, and bring her out to Hollywood on her own, just as she would have gone out if she had accepted one of those other offers. It's something I owe to her. It may take a month, or a year, but it's got to be done. And when she gets out there, we'll be married."

Jerry knows, well enough, the magnitude of the task he has set himself. A newcomer to Hollywood, with his own career to attend to, undertaking to persuade some studio to give an unknown girl a chance! His friends have told him it's impossible, that he will be wasting time he ought to be spending in making his own position secure, that Hollywood contracts must be made in New York, not Hollywood.

He admits that perhaps they're right but—it's something he has to do. Only by giving Joan the chance she gave up for his sake will he feel he has the right to ask her to be his wife. The debt must be paid before they can start life together.

Ironically, one of the obstacles that prevented their marriage a year ago has been removed in the meantime. Jerry's mother has withdrawn her objections. Six months ago Jerry's younger brother Jimmy was married, and now Mrs. Cooper, Jimmy, and Mrs. Jimmy are living together in New Orleans, very happily. That marriage of her younger son's did something to Mrs. Cooper. Perhaps Jerry best expresses what happened when he says Jimmy "sort of broke the ice" for him. Living with Jimmy and his wife, watching their happiness, Mrs. Cooper has come to realize once more what her personal tragedy had made her forget—that marriage can bring joy as well as sorrow. She must see that her sons have a right to work out their own destinies, to try for happiness in their own ways. At any rate, she is willing—more than willing—to see Joan and Jerry be married.

WHAT will Hollywood bring Jerry Cooper? He has two jobs to do out there and of the two, singing for Hollywood Hotel is the one that worries him the least. Singing into a microphone holds few terrors for Jerry, no matter what the surroundings; but re-arranging his life without Joan, without the friends he has made in New York—that's a different matter. Most important of all, he must create that chance for Joan.

If he could only have taken her along, could only have had her there with him while he tried to get her a movie contract, everything would have seemed easy. But Joan couldn't toss her responsibilities aside and gamble on a vague chance of work in Hollywood, and neither would she let Jerry shoulder those responsibilities. So Jerry went alone.

I hope it won't be for long. If ever an attempt to get a girl a job in Hollywood deserved to succeed, this one does. Only a man who is very much in love, and very much alive to a sense of what he owes that love, would be taking the chance that Jerry Cooper is taking.

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF RADIO MIRROR IF YOU WANT TO READ THE AMAZING TRUTH ABOUT W. C. FIELDS' SMASHING SUCCESS ON THE AIR



Don't let Summer-Drought get You!

Fields that were fresh and green in the springtime become parched and dry as summer sun burns up their life-giving moisture.

In this same way, the tender skin of your face, exposed to hot sun and drying wind, loses its fresh radiance and youthful attraction. Don't risk this tragedy! There's a way to guard this vital skin moisture.

Protect your allure this magic way—with Outdoor Girl Face Powder, which brings you the tried and true beauty aid—Olive Oil!



Olive Oil is a "Fountain of Youth" for your Skin . . .

Just as thirsty plants welcome drops of rain, your complexion craves the protecting touch of olive oil. Guard against destructive "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder—each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL

Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness, approved by beauty experts, at your nearest drug and department store, in the large size . . . 50c

For perfect make-up color harmony use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at 10c staves.

Alluring FRAGRANCE . . .



... SCENTED WITH
GENUINE IMPORTED
French PERFUME

In Paris, the woman of glamour turns instinctively to Djer-Kiss to increase her charm . . . To her cousins in America this precious French perfume is now available in Djer-Kiss Talc. To make yourself fascinating, use this exquisite Djer-Kiss Talc, every day.

In drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Paramount photo

Mary Carlisle wants to know what Bing Crosby's doing. It's all just a scene from the new picture, "Double or Nothing."

Jeanne, Detroit, Michigan—Jackie Heller is really little and that is why they call him Little Jackie Heller, but I imagine you'll be surprised to know that he has over eighty-five trophies that he won for athletic prowess. Jackie was born in Pittsburgh on May 1, 1908, the son of a cantor. As a boy he sang in the choir and sold papers in the streets. He won a medal for saving a girl from drowning—she was thirty-five pounds heavier than he was. He sang in Texas Guinan's night club and when Ben Bernie saw him he signed him up for two years. Jackie weighs 114 pounds and has dark brown hair.

Charlie Hays, Miami Beach, Fla.—You asked for a good deal, Charlie, but your wish is going to come true. Here are the birthdays of the Lombardos: Guy, June 19, 1902; Carmen, July 16, 1903; Lebert, February 11, 1905; Victor, April 10, 1911. All four were born in London, Ontario, Canada . . . they are all married with the exception of Lebert who is at this moment reported engaged and may even be married by the time you read this. The youngest brother, Victor, is the only one who has a child.

Jane Walbridge, Detroit, Mich.—During the past year, the famous Met-

Answers to Professor Quiz' Twenty Questions on Page 3

1. Edward G. Robinson, when he was guest star on Kate Smith's Bandwagon.
2. According to a CBS survey, 24,500-000 families. And sets are sold at the rate of 28 per minute.
3. Fred Allen.
4. Jerry Caaper—he was born in New Orleans, and grew popular on electrical transcriptions under the name of Jack Randolph.
5. The One Man's Family theme song is played on the argon, by Paul Carsan.
6. Dorothy Lamour — sponsor, Chose and Sanborn.
7. Edgar Bergen's is the voice you hear as Charlie McCarthy's.
8. Edna May.
9. Phil Baker.
10. Marlyn Stuart—the "Moma, that man's here agoin!" girl on Ken Murray's program.
11. Myrtle Vail, of Myrt and Marge, has her son George Damerel in the cast.
12. "Zambie."
13. Darathy Janis.
14. Grace Moore.
15. George Rectar—only the kitchen job was really on apprenticeship in the restaurant business.
16. Miriam Batista—she was heard not lang oga on Yaur Unseen Friend.
17. Malasses 'n' January.
18. Jim and Marion Jordan.
19. Auld Long Syne.
20. Good Will Court.

Thank Goodness

ropolitan star, Lucrezia Bori, appeared as guest artist on several programs. Mme. Bori was born in Valencia, Spain, on Christmas day, and is a direct descendant of the famous Borgias of history. She's five feet, seven inches tall.

Ruth Rosenthal, Phila., Pa.—Jerry Cooper is now the master of ceremonies of Hollywood Hotel and you can reach him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

Wilbur Vreeland, Murray, Iowa—Did you know that Molasses 'n' January were also known as Pick and Pat? Pick Malone was born in Ladonia, Texas . . . his first job was property man in a Durant, Oklahoma theater . . . is dark-haired and swarthy and very superstitious. Pat Padgett was born in Bogard, Georgia . . . is sandy-haired and fair. Both boys greet each other by the nickname of "Willie."

Margaret Kinder, London, Ontario, Canada—Ted Husing, one time actor, soldier, hitch-hiker, policeman and aviator and now an ace announcer, was born in Deming, New Mexico, in 1901. Ted is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes . . . is an out-of-doors man, plays tennis, golf and handball. He has been married twice. His second marriage occurred a little over a year ago.

M. C. Goodrich, Bloomfield, Conn.—After going off Hollywood Hotel, Jean Dickenson went on sustaining. She's now heard on the American Album of Familiar Music every Sunday at 9:30 p. m., over the NBC-Red network. Jean has been on that program since the end of April.

Marcheta MacDonald, Monroe, Michigan—Nelson Eddy's next picture with Jeanette MacDonald will be "The Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Eddy is 36 years old, having been born on June 29, 1901, in Providence, Rhode Island. By the time you read this, Jeanette will have been married to Gene Raymond, the date being June 16.

Just Another Radio Fan, Oklahoma City, Okla.—You say you are an ardent fan, and yet you missed the story on Milton Berle in the April issue of RADIO MIRROR called "Life Stacked The Cards." Since then we've run several pictures of Milton, and in this issue you'll find him in the picture spread called "Who Swiped That Joke?" Now do you feel we've neglected your favorite comedian?

J. E. W. F., Baltimore, Md.—For a picture of Deanna Durbin, I'd suggest that you write and ask her for one. Address Deanna in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Nelson Eddy fans, attention! Beatrice Lipsitz, 310 Whitney Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, wants to know if there is a Nelson Eddy fan club in her vicinity.

Jean Paul King fans, attention! Phyllis Burton, 19440 Afton Road, Palmer Woods, Detroit, Mich., wants to join a fan club.

Virginia Verrill fans, attention! If you want to know all about the Virginia Verrill fan club, get in touch with Louis Weiner, 1000 Faile Street, New York City.

Don Ameche fans, attention! Corrine Izzo, 15 Ambrose Street, Revere, Mass., is very anxious to join a Don Ameche fan club. Don't all answer at once!

A CORRECTION

In the June issue of RADIO MIRROR, it was stated that the sponsor of Buck Jones' program is General Mills. The sponsor of these broadcasts is General Foods.



**I MADE THAT
"ARMHOLE ODOR"
TEST
IN TIME**



If the slightest moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress . . . the warmth of your body will bring out a stale "armhole odor" and destroy your charm . . .

YOUR eyes meet his. And suddenly there's something electric in the air. You talk. Every word seems to draw you more irresistibly together. You're going to be so happy. And then the spell is broken! He *can't* forgive your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm.

So many girls make the terrible mistake of thinking that merely to deodorize is enough. They never stop to realize that single-action preparations are not made to *stop perspiration*. Only the double action of Liquid Odorono can keep your underarm both sweet and *dry*.

As long as you use single-action preparations, you will continue to perspire. Moisture will collect on your dress. And your dress will give you away time and time again.

Let Your Dress Tell You!

It's only human to think, "I am not like

that!" But, just to be absolutely certain, test your dress tonight. As you take it off, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may be horrified at that stale "armhole odor"! And you must face the fact that *that* is the way you smell to others!

Do you wonder that women everywhere, who make any pretensions to refinement and social standing, are so faithful about taking the little extra time and trouble to apply Liquid Odorono! So much depends on those few seconds of waiting for Liquid Odorono to dry . . . your peace of mind, the safekeeping of your charm.

Gentle, But Sure

Liquid Odorono merely diverts the perspiration from one small closed-in area to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. And it leaves no grease on your frocks.

With Odorono, dresses and coat linings can't stain. Cleaner's bills go down. In two strengths, Regular and Instant, at all toilet-goods counters. Double your popularity by sending today for sample vials and leaflet offered below.

SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8B7, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



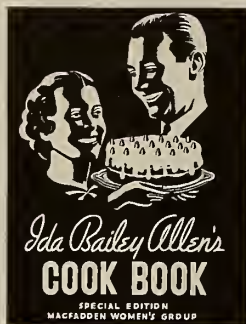
Ida Bailey Allen's FAMOUS COOK BOOK

Radio Mirror's Own
Special Edition . . .

IDA BAILEY ALLEN is known throughout America as one of the foremost authorities on cooking. Her Cook Book offers practical recipes for thrifty housewives . . . approximately 1500 recipes are given.

Contains 196 pages, stiff cover, readable type, designed for easy reference.

Covers all phases of cooking and baking:



Appetizers and Soups
Hot and Yeast Breads and Sandwiches
Cereal Dishes
Meats, Fish and Savory Sauces
Vegetables and Vegetable Dishes
Salads and Salad Dressings
Pies and Pastries

Cakes, Frostings and Cookies
Desserts—Hot, Cold and Frozen
Candies, Preserves and Pickles
Correct Serving
Meal Planning
Diet Hints
Baking Temperatures

**SEND ONLY 20c stamps or currency (wrap carefully) to:
MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.**

The First Lady Makes Them Blush!

(Continued from page 25)

recorded," she said. And the reporter blushed.

People are always blushing when they come in contact with the First Lady—and for a peculiar reason. It isn't that she embarrasses them. It's that they expect her to be stiff and somehow frightening, and she never is.

Anna Eleanor Roosevelt hasn't overawed a single person connected with her radio program—that is, not after she has once met them. The agency which handles the commercial account which is sponsoring her is greatly impressed, and so is NBC, whose stations carry the programs. Nobody is allowed near the studio during broadcasts. The names and whereabouts of the people connected with the show are revealed only with reluctance.

But the two people who work most closely with Mrs. Roosevelt unite in calling her a simple, unaffected, witty, natural person, a good trooper and a good sport. They are Rosaline Greene, whose voice you hear on the program as Virginia Barr, and Phil Mygatt, the agency production man. No one else in the radio world except technicians is ever behind the scenes at one of Mrs. Roosevelt's broadcasts, so carefully is she guarded from prying eyes. No one else can tell what an exciting experience it is to work with her.

ROSALINE flew to Washington to do her first broadcast with Mrs. Roosevelt. Naturally, she was nervous over this first performance, and it didn't make her feel any better when her plane was grounded, making her half an hour late to the Washington flying field. The men at the field laughed at her concern. "If anybody understands your lateness," they said, "Mrs. Roosevelt will."

Mrs. Roosevelt did. She laughed when Rosaline told her what the airmen had said. "I've been grounded myself so many times I've lost track," she said.

A Roosevelt broadcast is brisk, informal, and apt to be punctuated with laughter. When the First Lady was in Seattle with Mrs. Boettiger—whom she calls "Sis"—everybody in the studio joked and kidded throughout the rehearsals and even the broadcast. It didn't seem to make any difference that Mrs. Roosevelt was tired after her transcontinental flight.

While they were actually on the air, Phil Mygatt, the production man, walked up to Mrs. Boettiger and gave her the signal to speed up by twirling his finger. She twirled hers right back at him, then turned to her mother. Mrs. Roosevelt had seen it all out of the corner of her eye while she was talking. Now she smiled, silently formed the word "okay" on her lips, and twirled her finger at Phil too.

A little later on in the program Phil walked in front of the two women and put his index finger on his nose. Mrs. Boettiger had understood the previous signal, but this one was new to her. She didn't know it meant the program was finishing exactly on time. She began to laugh, and almost choked. Nudging her mother and still smothering her laughter, she pointed at Phil. Mrs. Roosevelt looked, and had all she could do to keep from bursting into laughter herself.

After the program she capped the joke with another by gravely explaining to Mrs. Boettiger that Phil had only been brushing a fly off his nose.

Nothing that happens ever bothers the First Lady at all. In fact, she has many times the poise and assurance that any-



Covers 23 subjects on the care and feeding of the baby

for YOUR BABY Official U. S. Government Book

'INFANT CARE' is the best book for mothers that the U. S. Government, with its limitless resources and the cooperation of America's greatest child specialists, can publish for you.

Easy to use as a daily instruction book; invaluable in emergencies. Nine-page index affords instant, easy reference to your problems. Illustrated with pictures, charts and diagrams.

SUBJECTS COVERED:

How to Register Birth	Disease Protection	Control of Breast Milk
How Baby Should Grow	Clothing Needed	Weaning
Baby at Twelve Months	Bathing Baby	Feeding of Solid Foods
Training of Baby	Care of Teeth, Nose, Eyes	Early Signs of Illness
Forming Life Habits	Breaking Bad Habits	Care of Sick Baby
Exercising Baby	Meals for Baby	Traveling With Baby
About Crying	Nursing Instructions	Selected Parents' Books
Sunbaths and Play		

ONLY TEN CENTS

Send your order for "Infant Care" at once to Reader Service Bureau, RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

body else on the program has. She never sees her scripts, once she has written them and sent them in to the agency, until just before she goes on the air, yet she never stumbles over them.

As a rule, she walks into the studio about ten minutes before the program is due to begin, says a few words to everyone present, sits down at the microphone, picks up her script, smiles, and says, "Shall we go to work?"

Sometimes she doesn't even bother to look the pages over before going on the air. A few weeks ago she came into the Washington studio with a party of six or seven friends. After the usual greetings she sat down at the microphone, but instead of picking up the script she took some proofs of the autobiography she is writing out of her briefcase and calmly began to correct them.

There was dead silence in the studio. Phil looked at Rosaline; Rosaline looked at Phil. Nobody dared say anything. Had Mrs. Roosevelt forgotten where she was? The men in the control fiddled with their controls.

THE hands of the clock glided around and around, while Mrs. Roosevelt worked on, apparently oblivious of them. Just thirty seconds before 7:15 she briskly folded up the proofs, slipped them back into the briefcase, and said, "Shall we go?" A few seconds later she was talking calmly away.

Radio veterans who always stand around the studio just before broadcasts, their eyes glued to the clock, gasp at this feat of the President's wife. She seems to have an instinctive sense of timing. Not only did she know when it was time to lay aside her proofs, but she is able to speed up or slow down her delivery so that she always finishes on the dot.

Now and then her voice becomes too high, but when Phil signals her she immediately lowers it, with no loss of composure.

But if Mrs. Roosevelt takes her radio job in her stride, you can't say the same for the President or the Department of State. Her script must always go back to the President and the officials of the State Department for a thorough reading, particularly when it contains some reference to either of them. Often it is changed. Mrs. Roosevelt, as far as anyone knows, never protests against changes, but they do amuse her. She has indicated to the people on the program that sometimes Washington is a little overfussy.

"There isn't anything I say over the air that could possibly harm anyone," she said one night, "but my Washington advisers must see my work. Men are so much more squeamish than women about this sort of thing!"

Even after they have seen and approved of her scripts, the President and officials of the State Department listen in to her broadcasts—probably because they know, as many a radio performer has found to his cost, that things which look innocent enough in the reading often take on an entirely new meaning when they're heard on the air.

Mrs. Roosevelt never dresses specially for her broadcasts. Rosaline, who should be a good judge, says her clothes are always in the latest style, simple, and effective. Invariably, she dresses in blue, to harmonize with her blue eyes.

She may wear street clothes or evening dress, depending upon what she has been doing before the broadcast or plans to do after it. At the second broadcast of the series she wore evening dress, but only because she was going on to a formal government function immediately afterwards. Once she hurried into the studio with her hatcoat hanging.

Once in a while she has a particularly attractive dress, and if one of the people in the studio comments favorably on it she is as pleased as any woman would be.

The radio agency never directs the subjects of the First Lady's broadcasts, and she can talk with perfect freedom about anything she pleases, as far as the radio people are concerned. The agency would not even make corrections or suggestions on her manner of presenting her material if she didn't ask them to, but she welcomes criticism from people who know more, she realizes, about radio technique than she does.

SHE is a more than conscientious reader of fan mail and likes a letter just as well where it congratulates her or condemns her. She has made a rule that the week's radio mail must be brought to her at a certain time each Tuesday, and she expects it to show up at that time. Once it didn't, and she sent a boy to get it.

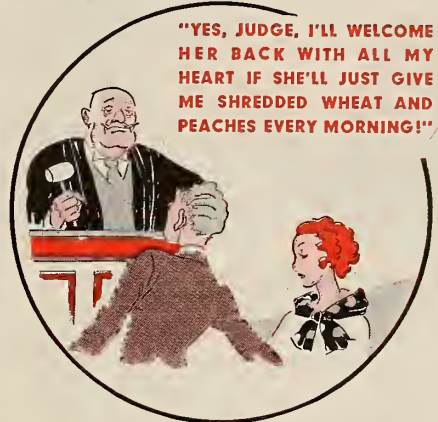
There are never any bodyguards at her heels. She refuses to be bothered with them, and laughs at the suggestion that she is in any danger. Unless she brings a few friends with her, she arrives at and leaves the studio quite alone.

Nobody ever knows what she is going to say or do next, which adds to the excitement and zest of being around her. She is a grandmother and the most important woman in the United States—yet to those in the studio she often seems like a young woman and a co-worker as earnest and humble as they are themselves. No wonder they have their own special way of referring to her which they use among themselves. Not "Mrs. Roosevelt" or "the President's Wife" or even "Mrs. F. D. R." No, their name for her is simply—

"That lovely Mrs. R."



It's the main show on millions of breakfast tables—crisp, delicious Shredded Wheat—swimming in wholesome milk—sprinkled with sugar. Try it!




The season's perfect match—Shredded Wheat and peaches—order this grand flavor combination from your grocer today!



Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat. You get all the vital food essentials that nature put into wheat—the essentials that help build energy and keep you active and alert.



The Seal of Perfect Baking  Bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties

More Than a Billion Shredded Wheat Biscuits Sold Every Year



Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa turn over their program to Walter O'Keefe

Cap'n Henry Tells "Why I Decided to Come Back"

(Continued from page 9)

gangplank. New stars have come and gone but never, since the night Cap'n Henry said goodbye, has the program's popularity been as high.

Now, Show Boat's greatest star is coming back. With him comes the old zest, the old flavor. It's a great event for Show Boat, for Charlie Winniger, and certainly for every one who tunes in this broadcast.

So I think I'll let Cap'n Henry take it from here, with no more kibitzing than necessary.

"The original Show Boat grew to a great program, the greatest on the air," he said, "for five important reasons—we shared the show with all the listeners; we kept it believable; we kept it romantic; we kept it on the river; and we kept the show together. When those things slowed down, so did the Show Boat. The only way to bring Show Boat back to where it ought to be is to bring those things back. And that's what we're going to do. If I didn't think we could, I'd never have gone back.

I'm not bragging when I say that I could have gone back on Show Boat two years ago. I could have gone back several times, in fact. I've always been friendly with the company, in spite of what you might have heard, and with the people who run the show. I've heard all sorts of things—that I didn't get along with Tiny Ruffner, that I didn't like Bill Bacher, that I was jealous of Lanny Ross, that I was this and that I was that. Rub-bish! Why, Tiny and I are good friends; I was out with him just the other night, and Bill Bacher did a lot—a whole lot for Show Boat. Anybody who knows me knows what I think of Lanny. I couldn't think more of a son of mine.

"The only time I ever flew off the handle in all the long years on Show Boat was one Christmas night." Cap'n Henry chuckled and shook his head, "I'll never forget it. I was to recite 'The Night Before Christmas.' We rehearsed it with a great musical background, bells and everything. I thought it was great, so did Bill Bacher, the producer, so did everybody, it seemed. Well, I went out to dinner and when I came back for the final dress they'd cut out three stanzas to save a few measly minutes. Well now, every kid knows 'The Night Before Christmas' backwards and I wasn't going to make a fool out of myself by leaving out half of it. I blew up. Bill just looked helpless and pointed to the control room. So I busted in and saw a fellow standing there. I lit into him. 'Who in Blazes did this?' I yelled, 'You?—why you blankety-blank black Michael, you keep your hands off this show, etc. etc.'

"Say, do you know who he turned out to be? The vice president of the company! Yes, sir—and the funny thing is—we've been pals ever since! It turned out he didn't have a thing to do with it. And here's the topper—I just had lunch with this same man today. He's the fellow who's arranging for me to come back.

"No," Cap'n Henry puffed a cigarette reflectively, "I didn't quit Show Boat because of personalities. I'll tell you frankly why I quit. It was money. I had a stage offer that I couldn't afford to refuse, and they didn't think I was important enough to the program to offer me more to stay. I won't say, though, that I didn't have definite opinions about the way the show should be presented. I



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still have them. And I've had them all along. That's why I've never gone back until now. I didn't think there was any use going back without a good chance for the old Show Boat to come back. I knew we'd have to make an interesting hour out of it. I wanted the atmosphere of the river back, I wanted the romance back, and the listening audience taken into our confidence again. I wanted the elements restored that built Show Boat into the great program it was. Until recently there was always something that stood in the way of that, but I've always felt that sooner or later things would turn out as they have. I've steered clear of a lot of radio programs just because I felt some day things would turn out my way.

LET me explain what I mean. When Show Boat started it clicked right away. It clicked even before it started. I remember that first audition. I was still on the stage. Three hours after I'd read the part the show was sold, million dollar contract and all that. I don't mean I sold it. The show sold itself. We changed the name of the characters but there was still a lot of the rich flavor of the Edna Ferber show in the script. I had played the show on Broadway for four years and everybody knew 'Captain Andy'; it wasn't hard to get them used to 'Captain Henry.' Lanny was wonderful then. The show started simply. We were just a sweet, interesting family going along the river, and we rang true. We were believable. And we were right.

"Yes, sir," Captain Henry lowered his voice cautiously as another "quiet!" floated across the set, "we had something then very rare and precious in show business. We had an illusion. Someone once asked Harry Houdini to what he attributed his success. He answered very simply 'I know

how to keep my secret.' When we tossed the Show Boat illusion overboard, we tossed success with it.

"Why, there used to be an old river captain in Muscatine, Iowa, who'd bawl me out every time I'd blow the whistle the wrong way. He'd raise the dickens when somebody mentioned 'docks'—they don't have docks on rivers, they have landings. There were thousands like him, too, who liked to picture us right on that river. More than once when we were supposed to be at a certain spot, big crowds would be there to meet us—actually—that's how real our show was.

"Then, too, we worked real life romance into the romance of that story. We had a believable romance between Lanny and Mary Lou. Remember how I used to say, 'Maria, look at that moon over the river—and—s-h—look at Lanny coming around that water barrel with Mary Lou—you know, I wouldn't be a bit surprised—' Remember? We'd work up jealousy. Once when Lanny was away, out here in Hollywood making a picture, we had Conrad Thibault pay attention to Mary Lou. You ought to have seen the letters! I remember one from a lady sore as an owl. 'If you let that Thibault play up to Mary Lou while Lanny's away,' she wrote, 'I'll never buy your coffee again!'

"Well, those were the things that made Show Boat—romance and the river and bringing the fans in on it. I knew it because I was in touch with those people; I was the one they wrote to. And I hadn't been in show business since I was seven years old for nothing. I've done everything from selling blood purifier and worm eradicator by gasoline flares to grand opera. And believe me a beautiful show functioning as perfectly as Show Boat did is one in a million.

"No," Cap'n Henry shook his white head vigorously to my question, "it wasn't my leaving that started things drifting. Show Boat got its first jolt when they let Annette Hanshaw, our blues singer, go. At least, I felt it; people wrote me about it. That started the perfect organization breaking up. You know, when you've got a wheel that rolls along smoothly and you knock out a spoke, you'll begin to hear some squeakin'—then you try to plug it, and from then on you're always plugging up the darned thing.

"Then turmoil started within; too many fingers in the pie; too many opposite ideas; too many arguments. They began to forget the people who really were Show Boat—the fans. They began to forget they were on the river. I guess it was necessary from a commercial standpoint to take the boat all around the country, whether a boat could get there or not, but it sure raised Ned with the illusion. For instance, we went to Biloxi, Mississippi, when a real trip out in the Gulf would have swamped any river show boat.

"They said the people wouldn't know that. And I said, 'Oh, won't they!' And I was right. But we went anyway, everywhere from Oshkosh to Topeka, whether a boat could get there or not. And the people didn't believe us any more."

CAP'N HENRY frowned faintly. "It's going to be tough," he said, "going back to take the wheel again without a Tiny Ruffner, a Lanny Ross, a Conrad Thibault or a Mary Lou. But we're going to take the public right in on board the boat again and let them in on building up the show again. I'm going to look over and sort of edit the script again, like I used to at the start. Now don't get the idea that it's all going to be *me*. But I do have a few ideas. For one thing, I'm planning a



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big reunion—everyone in the original Maxwell House Show Boat in a big get together. How does that sound? And another thing I'd like to do is take scenes from my pictures and put them on, right on the Show Boat. That is," he added, "if I ever get to do the things I want to in pictures."

Charlie Winninger has scored one of the biggest successes of any character actor to hit Hollywood in recent years. I asked him what he meant.

"I want to do some old down-to-earth, homespun plays on the screen," Charlie Winninger confessed. "Then I want to do them on the air. Things like 'The Poor Relation,' 'Pudd'n'head Wilson,' 'The Music Master,' 'The Vinegar Buyers.' I'm just a supporting player now. I could star in those—they'd be great entertainment, too.

"But look—movies will never take the place of radio with me," he said. "They aren't as much fun. They don't pack the thrill of putting on a big air show, knowing that that very minute you're having maybe twenty-five to fifty million people for an audience. That's a feeling you can't express. You've been asking me why I decided to go back on the Show Boat. Well, right now I'm thinkin' of a letter I got once from a woman down in Alabama. I've forgotten the exact words, but it went something like this:

"Dear Captain Henry—My son, Robert, ran away from home last week. I don't know where he is, but he always listens to your program. Please tell him to come home. Tell him he won't have to go to school any more if he doesn't want to. But tell him to come home."

"I read that letter over the air on Mother's Day. Robert came home. And I couldn't tell you who was the happiest, that mother, or Robert—or me!"

Cap'n Henry sighed. "Come right down to it," he declared, "it's missin' that character of mine and the people *he* met that's really pulling me back to Show Boat."

There was a rap on the door. "Cap'n Henry," said a voice.

Charlie Winninger started. "Sorry," he said, "making too much noise again?"

"No," said the voice, "but we're ready for you."

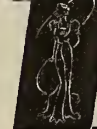
Cap'n Henry said goodbye and stepped toward the door. Halfway through he turned.

"You tell the folks," he said, and his voice was earnest, "I only hope they'll be as glad to get me back as I'll be to get back, and tell 'em," he shouted as he hustled across the set, "that Show Boat is going to be a real show, or my name isn't Cap'n Henry!"

**IN THE SEPTEMBER
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Another sparkling feature by Jimmie Fidler, Radio Mirror's Hollywood Reporter, who brings you the latest news with all the daring honesty that has made his NBC broadcasts famous

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Rainbow's End

(Continued from page 29)

did everyone else on the campus. Columbia is a co-educational school, so all Father Sheehy's young friends were not masculine. In fact, it was he who introduced Don to his girl. Of course Don had a girl! Not a sweetheart, though he called her "Honey" as did every one else. Her real name was Honore Prendergast, and Don hadn't the least idea that the first time he met her he had fallen in love for the first and last time in his life.

FOR he had many great and important things on his mind, beside which love, at the age of fifteen, looked pale and distant and uninteresting. He played on the second football team, under the coachship of the great Elmer Layden, of Notre Dame's famous Four Horsemen, now Director of Athletics back at Notre Dame and still Don's very good friend. Don was hurt just before the first big game or he could have made the varsity.

There was always basketball, his first love in sports—and his fine friendship with Father Sheehy. There was study, of course, which began to pall; he no longer got excellent marks. But he went in heavily for various activities, appearing in all class plays and competing in every oratorical contest.

He boned especially hard for one of these contests, choosing an essay on Mussolini, written by himself. "Learn it so you can say it backwards as well as forwards," his instructor told him, and Don did. However, his roommate was one of the contenders, with a piece on Coolidge, and he won, while Don had to be content with the second prize.

But those who expected him to be dis-

appointed were disappointed themselves. With his usual light-heartedness, he declared, "I'm glad Joe won, because this is his last year in school. I have two more years, and I'll win before I leave, too."

YOUNG Ameche had just passed from prep school into Columbia College when it was predicted that he would have a successful career on the stage—and by a priest. Archbishop Howard, then Columbia's young president, was especially fond of the theater. He often went to Chicago to see a fine play. After one of Don's school performances, he talked a long time to the boy.

"I see a marvelous future for you in the theater," he said earnestly. "But it will take years of work and study. Stick to it, my boy. Some day you'll remember this talk and know that I was right."

Don was embarrassed; but the glowing prophecy failed to make him self-conscious, because he had no intention of taking the priest's advice seriously. Later on, however, he was to be reminded of it many times. When things looked dark, it was encouraging to recall that at least one person had genuine faith in his ability.

But he was far from serious now. He liked Honey Prendergast mostly because she was a lot of fun. He often got the laugh from the gang when he "ditched" class early so he could walk home with her. For Honore lived off-campus. They took the long way, of course, Honey suffering in her first high-heeled slippers. They often went to movies together, but were too engrossed in the current serial thriller to think about being stage-struck.

Saturday afternoons were always big dating times because there was a tea dance, admission fifty cents per person. Since Don had little spending money, Honore often slipped him her admission fee when he called for her. Then they would drive off happily in her father's car. Nobody would have thought of calling boys who accepted such favors "gigolos." The word was unheard of then in Duquesne. And besides, all the girls understood and were glad to help out—if they liked the boys.

However, Don was not above doing a bit of chiseling. For instance, why use one of his own scarce nickels to phone Honore, when he could go down to the power-house and chat with the workmen a bit, then suddenly remember a call he had to make? He did a little wagering now and then, too; but the stakes were nothing like money. Sunday night deserts, like shortcake or angel food cake à la mode, often served as stakes for the amateur gamblers.

DON and Honore sometimes talked about the future, but never of a future together. She was much interested in medicine and nursing, having already begun the study of dietetics. Her dreams were of white hospital corridors and snowy starched caps—and later they came true.

It was much more of a youthful friendship than a love affair—a companionship thoroughly approved, occasionally sponsored and often championed by their mutual friend Father Sheehy.

Resident students were not supposed to leave the dormitory at night. But Father

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Sheehy, a great friend of the Prendergast family, sometimes took Don there to call in the evening. Sometimes the boys, to embarrass Don, would phone the Prendergast home and ask for him; whereat Father Sheehy would drive him back to school at once, to avoid any possible trouble.

During summer vacations in Kenosha, Don vaguely missed Honey's companionship. Still it was fun to be home again with his big, exciting family. And now he was expected to earn his own spending money, so he had various jobs to think about. His mother would fuss over him, scold him because he was so bad about writing letters, check over his wardrobe and wonder whether he had a girl. . . .

"Dozens of 'em!" Don would say airily, as he kissed his mother good-by and went back to school.

He retained his great facility in getting in and out of trouble. He had more than one run-in with the Master of Discipline, or Dean, a large gentleman nicknamed "Kootch" by the boys. Kootch spoke with a great voice, in a rich Bohemian accent. One of Don's most embarrassing moments happened in the big auditorium one day. He was putting on a big act, imitating that Bohemian accent to a T, when suddenly that great voice—the real one—bellowed:

"Ameche! You traitor! You young hypocrite! You have yet to learn that the doors of this institution open outwards as well as inwards! And one of these days you, my fine fellow, are going out with them!"

ON Sunday mornings they had "silent breakfast," the customary clamor and merriment absent as some student read aloud for the edification of all at the table. One morning Don was assigned to read. The subject was manners. He read with much expression from a very proper English volume on etiquette.

"A young gentleman was guest at a friend's home for luncheon. Suddenly, drawing a forkful of salad toward his mouth, he perceived something in it. Do you imagine he put the fork down, or showed in any way that he had noticed anything unusual? No indeed!"

Warming up to his subject, Don read on triumphantly.

"Instead, he—" but suddenly his voice ran down like an old phonograph. He turned slightly green as he finished the sentence weakly. "Instead, he folded the caterpillar neatly within a piece of lettuce and—swallowed it!"

With this, Don laid the book down shakily and fled from the table—the only time he ever failed to eat the hearty Sunday morning meal!

Although he was now a college "man," he still wasn't above a boyish prank or two. He enjoyed a pillow fight as much as ever. He instigated one historic wrecking party, which went through the dormitory rooms like a cyclone, leaving ruin in its wake. If there was penance, the fun was worth it.

Naturally he was often made the scapegoat when he was entirely innocent. There was the time the basketball team played Loyola University in Chicago. A real event, this. There were special cars to carry the team, coach and loyal Columbia rooters to the big city.

Though this was the Varsity, Father Sheehy accompanied the gay party, for the now big-shots had once been Teeny-Weenies. And this was to be the biggest game of their basketball careers.

Since the rooters were by no means all masculine, separate cars were provided for the boys and girls. But there were gay games, get-togethers and songfests all the

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Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

way to Chicago. Honore and Don were, as usual, an inseparable pair.

There's always someone trying to take the joy out of life; this trip was no exception. When the game was over, team and supporters back at school, defeated but happy, trouble popped. There were rumors about the fellows and girls spending so much time together on the train; rumors which inevitably reached Honore's father.

"That Ameche boy, for one, ought to be expelled—and your daughter knows plenty about that trip, too," the busybodies buzzed.

Naturally Mr. Prendergast questioned Honore, who said readily that the boys and girls had been together a great deal and why not? Besides, hadn't Father Sheehy been with them? A talk with the young priest set her dad's mind at rest, but Father Sheehy himself was annoyed at the gossip. He hastened to state that he would be most happy to describe the trip in detail to all who showed so lively an interest. The busybodies subsided and there was no more talk of expulsion.

When Don transferred to Marquette University, his good-by to Honore was casual and it was not a sad parting. She was also leaving school, to work at the Michael Roese Hospital in Chicago.

Don was now eighteen, six feet tall, strong—and like his father, his hands were calloused, because he spent that summer with a road gang, repairing city streets.

But his stay at Marquette was a short one. For his entire family, except his brother Louis, were injured in a serious automobile accident, and he was called home. His pretty mother, who had thrown herself in front of the windshield to protect the 3-year-old baby sister, Anna, was badly cut. It was a miracle that all came out of it alive. Don at that time had

a chance to prove the efficacy of prayer.

He remained at home until his father was well again; they had many serious talks. Now Don felt new responsibility, and it sobered him. He wished to leave school for good and learn a trade. But Mr. Ameche would not consent; he still wanted his son to be a lawyer.

So Don entered Georgetown University's law school. For a year he buckled down, burying himself in law tomes. But his heart could not warm to Blackstone, and when the year was ended he again announced he was through with school.

"Please, one more year," his father pleaded. "Go to Wisconsin. They have a fine law school—and lots of fun."

Both these statements were true; but the fun won out with Don. He took the law course, and also became a part of Madison's gay social whirl. This led naturally to participation in dramatics.

Don became a member of Wisconsin Players, under the direction of Bill Troutman, then dramatic coach. Troutman, a fine producer, liked Don and gave him every chance to prove himself. Later on, too, the coach helped the young actor by long distance. At any rate, Don soon became Wisconsin's matinee idol.

"It'll spoil him sure," people said, but it didn't. His smile was as genial off-stage as on; he wore the same size hat. He wasn't learning to win law cases, but he was winning friends and admirers—plenty of them feminine. Yet he was fancy-free, or so he thought. He didn't think about his old girl when he heard a love song. He had written her only once.

Oddly enough, it was another automobile accident that turned Don seriously into theatrical channels. An accident to the juvenile lead of a stock company playing the Garrick Theater in Madison.

The company manager called for help.

Somebody told him about young Ameche, who had been wowin' 'em in leading roles in "Liliom," "Cradle Song," "Outward Bound," etc. Told him in glowing terms.

"He can't be *that* good," said the cynical manager, "but I'll try him."

A phone call brought Don post-haste. He learned more than 20 pages in no time and after several curtain calls the manager realized that here was a leading juvenile who lived up to his advance publicity. He crossed his fingers and prepared a modest contract.

When Don saw the 20-week contract, "salary \$40 a week," he signed it before the manager could uncross his fingers. All right, if people kept insisting he was good at acting, he *would* be good! It looked pretty easy. Lots of fellows were years getting where he was now—and he hadn't even *tried*! It looked like a cinch.

So, glowingly, he entered on his first real stage engagement, doing bits and second leads in a string of plays—"Excess Baggage," "Coquette," "An American Tragedy," etc. He was making more money than he had ever made in his life.

But he was soon to realize that 20 weeks is not a very long time, that life moves on . . . and that it was to take all the stick-to-it-iveness he could summon up to keep on following his dream. For Lady Luck did not always ride in the rumble seat of Ameche's chariot to fame, as she did in the year 1929.

The road to the rainbow's end was not so easily come by as it seemed to Don in those first weeks of radio success. There were darker days ahead than any he had ever known—but also there were happiness and a love he'd forgotten. Read the inspiring climax of "Rainbow's End" in the September issue of RADIO MIRROR.

WASH HER FRESH UNDIES—A 5-DAY DRESS!



Foolish Joan! But when cousin Judy came to visit she learned—

WELL, JUDY, YOUR DRESS LOOKS CLEAN! WHY SHOULD YOU LUX IT?

I'D HATE TO RISK EVEN A HINT OF PERSPIRATION ODOR, JOAN. I ALWAYS LUX MY DRESSES AFTER A COUPLE OF WEARINGS

BUT YOU'VE NEVER NOTICED THAT IN ME, HAVE YOU?

WELL, I DID, JOAN—TODAY. LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, YOU KNOW AND HONESTLY IT KEEPS A DRESS LIKE NEW

LATER

GEE, JOAN, YOU'RE THE SWEETEST THING! JUST LIKE A FLOWER

JERRY'S RUSHING ME AT LAST—MAYBE JUDY'S LUX TIP DID IT

Dresses absorb perspiration odor . . . Avoid Offending

Dainty women shrink from offending others. They Lux their dresses *often*. Any dress safe in water is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor *completely*—prevents offending. Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing.

FOR DRESSES

Revealing Tyrone Power's

Darkest Days

(Continued from page 11)

greatest actors of his age.

It was easy, too, after that day, to understand Tyrone's adoration and love for such a man. To Tyrone, his father represented everything to be desired in life. And it was only natural that even before he was ten years old, Tyrone had decided on his career and started working toward that goal.

His mother had retired from the stage to devote her entire time to the rearing of her little family, but she did accept a position on the faculty of the Schuster Martin Dramatic School. Tyrone and I, our faces washed and our hair combed, were duly enrolled and started on our way toward learning the mysteries of acting.

From the first it was easy to see that Tyrone considered our little juvenile productions the most serious things in his life. Not that he was a fanatic about acting or the theater. He took part in all kinds of sports, got into his share of fights, played hookey on occasion, and generally conducted himself as most boys will. But regardless of other activities, the minute he stepped into that school he was all business. He seemed to feel that he was carrying the entire burden of his father's reputation on his small shoulders. One of us other students might miss a cue, make a poor entrance, or forget a line, and be forgiven. But for him it was the unpardonable sin. For his mother was there in the audience, and her critical "reviews" of his performances were duly forwarded to Tyrone, Sr., on Broadway. One word of approval from his father meant more to him than any boyhood treasure you could think of. And one word of disapproval was tragedy itself.

I GUESS I was really Tyrone's first fan. It was when I saw him in the first play we produced at school, a costume affair entitled "Francois' Luck." Tyrone played the part of a little French prince, swirling cape, feathered hat and all, who rescued the tiny princess from the clutches of the villain. He handled that part with such gallantry, even to placing his cape around the shoulders of his curly haired little leading lady, that I wanted to write my first fan letter right then and there.

Everyone commented on the way he handled his swirling cape on that crowded stage. Had they known it, that was an example of his thoroughness. For weeks he had practiced with that cape in the privacy of his room until he could handle it with ease and assurance.

His father was proud of him, too, even though he tried very hard to cover it up. I remember, when we were about sixteen, Tyrone, Sr., came to Cincinnati to play one of the characters he'd made famous on Broadway, that of Robert in "A Servant in the House." There were two juvenile parts in the story, and Tyrone and I were chosen to play them. Certainly it was an important day in my life, but to Tyrone the world literally closed up and centered on that stage. His father granted him no favors; in fact he tried to be even more exacting with Tyrone than with anyone else. But on the opening night I stood in the wings next to his father, waiting for my cue, while Tyrone played a minor scene with one of the other actors. There, in the comparative privacy of the wings, all pretense was gone. The elderly man's eyes beamed with pride, he silently gestured with every small speech, "lived" every move with his



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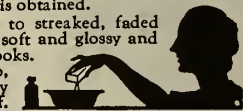


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EACH

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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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son out there before the footlights. It was the first time he'd ever seen him on a stage, and he was so proud he had to keep swallowing hard to hide his emotions.

A few minutes later Tyrone, finishing the scene, stepped off the stage and his father grabbed his hand firmly. They just stood there for several moments, looking into each other's eyes. No words were spoken, but none was needed. Then, with a little cough, his father placed a hand on Tyrone's shoulder.

"Now son," he said, "tomorrow night I want you to go a little further towards the table before you turn."

THAT was all. But I think in that moment I fully realized the strong bond which held this father and this son so closely together. Later when fate, with its unknown way of shaping our destinies, suddenly parted these two, I don't think anyone fully realized the extent of Tyrone's loss. It was as if his whole reason for existence had been snatched from him.

After Tyrone graduated from high school his father sent for him to join his company on tour.

The season that followed was a happy one for Tyrone, working side by side with his father, and was climaxed by an offer from Hollywood for Tyrone, Sr., to star in "The Miracle Man." But just before it was completed Tyrone Sr. succumbed to a fatal illness.

It was so sudden, so seemingly cruel, that Tyrone couldn't understand what had happened at first. One minute his future was assured, the way paved before him by his father; the next minute all this was gone, and with it the one man he had really been living for. What made it even harder, Tyrone was just eighteen, at that uncertain age between boyhood and

manhood. He was too old for juveniles, too young for leads. His father, although he had made great sums of money in his life, had been too generous to leave much after his death. He'd always been too quick to reach into his pocket, to peel off a ten or a twenty to help some fellow actor less fortunate than he. Thus the bottom suddenly seemed to drop from Tyrone's world.

Only one thing was left him, but that he treasures today more than any other possession; a curled bit of celluloid, the unfinished half of "The Miracle Man."

I had gone to Chicago and made some progress in radio when Tyrone telephoned me.

"What," I exclaimed in surprise, "are you doing in Chicago?"

He laughed. "Well, I started for New York, but I only got this far."

That was how Tyrone Power came to radio.

We had dinner together that night, and despite the fact that we were glad to see each other, despite his efforts to hide the truth from me, it wasn't long before I realized how discouraged he was. This was in the fall of 1934 and Tyrone was only twenty, but he was very much depressed because he hadn't seemed to accomplish as much as he thought he should have. By this time he'd fully realized he was on his own, that his father's name in the theater was not a means to pave the way for him, but a high goal, an exalted state of perfection which he, the son, would be expected to live up to. Not that Tyrone didn't believe in himself, but up to that time he hadn't had the opportunity to prove that belief. We talked for some time, and finally decided he should audition for radio.

With his training in voice, enunciation, and diction it was a simple matter for

him to get a contract. But a radio contract to an unknown is often no more than a one-way proposition in which the artists' bureau puts the artist's name on a "preferred list" and agrees to give him as much work as possible. Unless the artist is already established as a definite character on some sponsored program, the work is sometimes very scarce. It was thus with Tyrone. He took an inexpensive furnished room near the studio, went on a strict budget whereby every nickel was accounted for, and started in to spend a very cold and disappointing winter.

Tyrone has always been very expressive; when he is happy there is no one for blocks around who can't tell it in his face, and when he is despondent that is all too apparent as well. But during that winter, in which he missed many a meal, walked some fourteen blocks to and from the studio every day, and took it on the chin week after week, no one knew what he went through. He had few clothes, but these he wore like something out of *Esquire*. He carried out his bluff so well that everyone at the studio thought he was a wealthy young man with an outside income. This led to many situations which we laughed about later, when I was out in Hollywood last month visiting him and his mother. But it wasn't funny then.

GINNY," he said, "do you remember the time I came up to your apartment about ten o'clock one morning to rehearse a script, and you were frying some ham and eggs?"

I said I did.

"Well," he continued, "although you didn't know it at the time, I was very much surprised. It had been so long since I'd eaten anything but doughnuts and coffee for breakfast, I thought the

WHY DID HE CALL ME "A COLD WEATHER GIRL"?



I HEARD JACK SAY I WAS A "COLD WEATHER GIRL" AND NO GOOD ON SUMMER PARTIES

I'M SORRY HE HURT YOU, ALICE—BUT YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL IN HOT WEATHER



I AM VERY CAREFUL! I BATHE EVERY SINGLE DAY

BUT ARE YOU USING LIFEBOUY? WE ALL NEED ITS VERY SPECIAL PROTECTION IN HOT WEATHER



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LATER Alice enjoys lasting freshness

HOW DO YOU KEEP SO FRESH AND DAINY IN ALL THIS HEAT?

CROSS MY HEART—JUST REGULAR LIFEBOUY BATHS!



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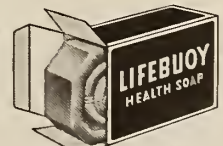
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LIFEBOUY freshens, clears, helps condition dull, tired skin... And it really flatters skin already lovely... For Lifebuoy is *mild!*—More than 20% milder by test than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

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ZIP DEPILATORY CREAM
Eliminates Every Trace of Hair



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STOPS Perspiration — Deodorizes



Both for 50¢

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These two companion preparations—to keep your skin satin smooth, free of every trace of hair, and to overcome the annoyance of perspiration—are now offered in a combination package, both for the price of one.

ZIP DEPILATORY CREAM

The largest selling depilatory in the world, disposes of your superfluous hair worries in an instant. You simply spread it over the hair to be removed, rinse with water, and then behold!—a marvelous alluring hair-free skin.

ZIP CREAM DEODORANT

Not only neutralizes unpleasant body odors, but also STOPS PERSPIRATION for one to three days. It's soothing and cooling. Be safe.

Also for Sanitary Napkins—you will find Zip Cream Deodorant ideal.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Actually destroys superfluous hair. Quick and effective. Excellent for face, arms and legs. Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon

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hens had stopped laying eggs!"

He did a lot of reading that winter, and his greatest extravagance was the three cents a day he paid out to the rental library for books. And after the morning he walked to the studio through a good old Chicago sub-zero spell, he got the reputation for being a fresh air fiend!

A group of us were standing in the lobby when he got off the elevator, looking like something just blown in from a polar expedition. Someone spoke up.

"Say, was that you I saw walking down La Salle Street a little while ago?"

Tyrone, throwing out his chest, tried to appear ruddy and rugged, even though he was half frozen.

"Oh," he replied, "it isn't bad out . . . and besides, I like to walk."

But as he stepped over past me to check his coat, he muttered, "Oh boy, Ginny, what I wouldn't give to be back in good old sunny California!"

I know that Tyrone had a few dollars in his pocket that morning, but he had put himself on a budget, a budget which didn't include carfare. So, he walked.

THAT winter in Chicago was the blackest, most discouraging time Tyrone Power ever spent. Not only was he poor, often cold and hungry, but he had an ever-present sense that he was not accomplishing the great things his father would have wished him to accomplish, and this was worse than all the other things combined. Always before him there was his father's memory. He seemed to feel that somewhere, in the Valhalla of all great actors, his father was looking down at him, believing in him, but sorrowing because he had not come into his heritage. He was under obligation to show the world that the name of Tyrone Power had not died—that he, Tyrone Power's son, would carry it on to even greater heights. And that was something he was not doing.

That was the real reason he finally left radio, to go to New York. It wasn't because he couldn't adapt himself to radio technique. During the short time he was on the air he learned all the little tricks there are to know about speaking into a microphone. Nor was it because no one in radio believed in his talent.

No, he left for one reason only. He was Tyrone Power's son, and he couldn't afford to sit and wait for his chance to come. He had to go out and make it, in his father's own field. He had to go to New York and camp on the doorstep of every agent on Broadway until he forced one of them to cast him in a play. He had worked years to perfect himself—not only his voice, but his poise, his physical appearance, his gestures, his expression. As long as he remained in radio he was using only part of his abilities.

It was the following year that Tyrone returned to Chicago, not as a hopeful radio actor now, but as Benvolio in Katharine Cornell's production of "Romeo and Juliet." Even those of us who were his staunchest admirers were surprised when we saw his performance. Was it possible that the diffident young man we had known in the broadcasting studios was this poised, sensitive young actor, giving a performance so polished that it brought him the praise of both theatergoers and critics? For the first time, we realized how right he had been to give up the long, slow fight for radio recognition.

It was his guiding star—his adoration for his father—that led him through those Chicago days, and past them, to his rightful domain, the stage. Now he has left even that behind, but I know his father would approve of his work in the movies. For through them he is really telling the world that the name of Power isn't dead.

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No Need Now to Let
Gray Hair
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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 only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

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FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 448, 544 So. Wells St., Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50¢ box of KUBAK Shampoo.

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**Acidity Makes
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Women, more than men, are the victims of excess Acid in the system, due to poor Kidney functions, which may undermine health and vitality.

dry and coarsen the skin or cause Bladder distress, Getting Up Nights, Burning and Itching, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Lumbago, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyes, or Rheumatic Pains. Help your Kidneys filter 3 pints of Acids and Wastes from your system each day for just one week with the Doctor's prescription Cystex. Guaranteed to fix you up and make

you feel and look years younger or money back. See results in 48 hours. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.



Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 4)

touch, and his most recent claim to announcing fame is the advertising chatter on the Vic and Sade programs for the NBC network's western half.

Harry is a graduate of the University of Nebraska and the last thing your Highlighter thought Harry Burke would be back in those days was a radio announcer, but there he is—and a good one, too.

* * *

A SINGING SHEPARD

When Ethel Shepard, torrid blues singer of New York's WHN, crashed the airwaves, it was no surprise to those who were familiar with the Shepard family tree. Ethel's father is Sam Shepard, whom no doubt you will remember as the popular vaudeville artist of another day, and her uncle, Irving Kaufman, is radio's well-known Lazy Dan.

Born in Syracuse, New York, Ethel spent most of her life in New Rochelle before starting her tour of Loew Theaters four years ago. It was from the Loew stage she stepped to radio, appearing in such network programs as the Pageant of Youth, Lady Next Door, and Fred Allen's hour of fun.

Then came stardom as featured soloist with Irving Aaronson's orchestra and her current broadcasts where she is the warbling queen on Jay C. Flippen's Broadway Melody Hour over WHN.

* * *

THE LOWDOWN ON HIGH

You early morning KSO tuner-inners who recognized the high-voiced tenor at 8:15 weekday mornings to be the same high voice that originally scaled the heights in the well-known team of High

and Low on the Iowa Network were right. It is none other than the romantic tenor, Dick Teela, who is soloing in that spot from Des Moines.

A native of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, Dick was formerly with Ray Miller's orchestra, making recordings and waving a baton of his own. In 1931 he joined NBC in Chicago and was featured on that network's Breakfast Club. That first year he hung up a rhythm record when he sang on more than two thousand network shows, appearing on the Climalene Carnival, Palmolive Singing Strings, and Carnation Contented Hour among others.

This early morning serenader is a busy man in the tall corn state, being traffic director and chief of the Iowa Broadcasting System music library in addition to his warbling chores. The time that's left over for recreation Dick divides between golfing and hunting.

He still looks back on the days of the popular High and Low team as his happiest and rates his first program under that name as his greatest thrill. That was shortly after Gwyneth Neil, a third of the Neil sisters trio which appeared on Phil Baker's Armour Hour and other network programs, not only became the "Low" of the team but also Mrs. Dick Teela.

* * *

CUPIDINGS

Chicago: "The Romance of Helen Trent" became realism when Virginia Clark, leading character in that WBBM program, recently became Mrs. J. O. Bengston. Mr. Bengston is a Chicago business man. Kathryn Campbell of WBBM's Bachelor's Children program

was the bride's attendant . . . It was June wedding bells for Geraldine Amsdell, daughter of actor Bill Amsdell of WBBM's Sunbrite Junior Nurse Corps program. The proud daddy flew to New York before the ceremony and made all arrangements for his wedding gift—a completely furnished apartment with a year's lease paid in full . . . Arch Farmer, WBBM newswriter, and Suzette Cauet, French instructor, recently honeymooned in New York after a Chicago splicing . . . More wedding bells when Henriette Brown, secretary to WBBM program director Bobby Brown, became Mrs. Clifford Whitver . . . Announcer Douglas Fleming of Chicago's WCFL wasn't certain it was his wedding day until he had been kept waiting at the church for ten minutes by his bride-to-be, Miss Marion Murray. But the eleventh minute found Marion there complete in a princess cut, floor-length wedding gown of white angel-skin crepe with a rough woven cotton lace jacket (How'm I doin', Emily?) and six bridesmaids to assist while the preacher tied the knot.

Des Moines, Iowa: The entire staff of WHO turned out *en masse* when Jack Shelley, assistant WHO news editor, and his bride, the former Miss Catherine Fletcher of Boone, Iowa, departed recently on their honeymoon from the Des Moines airport.

Everything was going per schedule with the air filled with sincere best wishes from all when suddenly a woman crashed through the crowd and throwing her arms about Jack's neck, screamed, "Jack! Jack! You can't leave me this way." As candid cameras clicked, stalwart defenders of the

HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT



SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW EASY WAY

NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS — gives thousands natural sex-appealing curves

ARE you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Then here's wonderful news! Thousands of the skinniest, most rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds of firm flesh, the women naturally alluring curves, with this new scientific formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds so quick

Doctors now know that countless people are thin and rundown because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. One of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale, world-renowned for its medicinal properties. Now by a new and costly process the vitamins from English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast.

But that is not all! This powerful vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients are then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Iron-

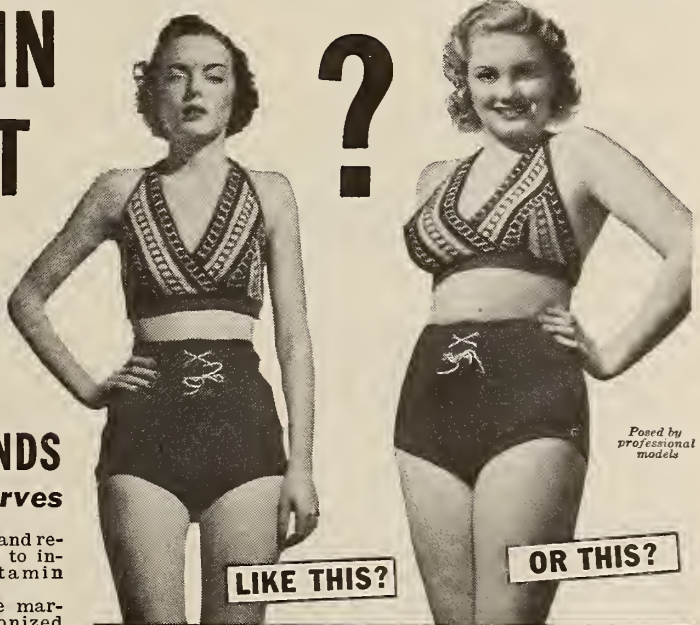
ized Yeast is tested and re-tested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

No wonder these marvelous little Ironized Yeast tablets, which cost you only a few cents a day, have helped thousands of people to gain just the natural good looks, body development, health and pep they longed for — in just a few weeks!

But you've got to be on your guard! So remarkable have been the results, and so popular have these wonderful little Ironized Yeast tablets become, that you'll probably find a dozen cheap "Iron and Yeast" substitutes in any drug store. Don't take substitutes.

Try it without risking a cent

Get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today, and if you, too, need their vital food elements, watch how quickly flat chest develops and skinny limbs round out to pleasing natural fullness. See natural beauty come to your skin. Note how indigestion, constipation and tired feeling from the same cause vanish. Soon you



Posed by professional models

feel like a new, different person. Your money will be instantly refunded if you're not delighted with the new pounds and new pep you gain with the very first package. So start today and watch the wonderful change. Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and no other. Watch out for cheap substitutes.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 228, Atlanta, Ga.



Men Thrill to the tempting softness of Tangee lips. They can't stand a "painted look". Tangee is one lipstick that *isn't paint*, the *only* lipstick with the famous Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to luscious blush-rose, inviting romance. Always use Tangee Rouge for radiant clear color in cheeks.

AT BEDTIME, TOO, apply Tangee Natural Lipstick. Its special cream base softens, soothes lips while you sleep. Tangee won't rub off on bed linen. Try Tangee, the 24-Hour way to loveliness. 39¢ and \$1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee's Miracle Make-Up Set.

THIS SUMMER use Tangee Creme Rouge. Waterproof! Tangee's natural blush-rose color never fades or streaks even when you're in swimming.



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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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newsman's honor rushed in and struggled to free the bridegroom from the girl's clutches, but the harder they pulled the tighter she clung to Jack's neck screaming and pleading. Finally removed by sheer force, the girl was dragged away screaming, "My Jack! My Jack!"

Shelley, white and limp from embarrassment and shock, and his bewildered bride finally boarded the plane as some staff member whispered to Harold Fair, WHO program director, "Those players of Donald Thompson's sure can act."

As the plane zoomed away it was revealed to outsiders that the girl who caused all the disturbance was Janice Sedgwick, selected for the role by WHO's dramatic director Donald Thompson.

Philadelphia, Pa.: June vows were taken by Production Director Edward Wallace of WIP and Gwen Ross of Garden Island, Nebraska, at New York's Little Church Around the Corner.

TIME SCOOTs ON

New York: As the old adage goes, there may be nothing new under the sun, but you can't say there's nothing new under the microphones. Anyway, you couldn't if you had been with Special Features Announcer Dave Driscoll and his Mutual Broadcasting mike when he described the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus from Madison Square Garden in New York, because there was an elephant under that microphone. Driscoll aired his review of the "greatest show on earth" from his studio atop the pachyderm as it lumbered along doing its part in the opening parade.

Charlotte, N. C.: There was a trailer under a WBT microphone when the Castleberry Food Products initial Castleberry Musical program went on the air for a series of 8:45 A. M. broadcasts.

The company was breakfast host to a number of WBT staff girls and while the girls made away with the piping hot food from the trailer kitchen, Announcer Clair Shadwell added to the hunger of his audience by holding the microphone close to the trailer table and airing the yum-yums coming therefrom.

Los Angeles: A program that hit our roaming ears as straying from the usual was the interior decorator Katherine Muselwhite's, when she announced her fifteen minute 9 P. M. broadcast for the day as "Dressing the Bed." But, as she explained, since the average human spends approximately one-third of his life in bed, it was something to consider.

And indeed it was, but up until then this Highlighter had simply thought his bed was either made or it wasn't, and what of it? If it wasn't, and generally it wasn't, he had to lie in it anyway. Thanks for the tips, Katherine.

Chicago: But it took WBBM to come through with the improbable if not the impossible, when that station's Nutty Club produced the one and only one-armed paper hanger without the hives, so help WBBM's Hal (tells all) Burnett.

It all started when a New York wall-paper convention entrepreneur, after a thorough search of Philadelphia, Cleveland, Boston, New York, and Chicago, located the heretofore mythical man in Kansas City, Missouri. Just another time when the "show me" state came through. Anyway, as soon as WBBM heard about the gentleman, they contacted him via phone and found him actually hanging paper in a second floor flat.

With a minimum of bickering, the paper hanger offered to accept the station's invitation to fly to the Windy City at WBBM's expense if they would also pay the paper hangers' union scale which is twelve bucks a day in K. C. WBBM agreed and the paper hanger flew.



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SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

Jeanette MacDonald's Advice to Nelson Eddy About Love

(Continued from page 13)

effort toward that elusive goal of perfection. All that tends to shut others out of your life.

"There seems to be little time for loneliness. Yet eventually the time comes when, without someone very important in your life, you discover how incomplete your life is. Your work seems done and there is nothing else to turn to. It's hard to visualize the distant future. Yet that is exactly what you have to do. So, frankly, I see no reason why marriage should not be the best possible thing for people like Nelson and me.

"Marriage should prevent one from thinking solely of one's self. I used to feel that the quickest route to accomplishment lay in barring from my life any interest that might deter me from my goal. Now I know that love and marriage are part of the way to that goal.

"Thinking of another person opens new channels of understanding. In becoming conscious of one other, you become conscious of all others. That makes you alive to humanity. It gives you an intimate kinship with the hopes and fears and aspirations of other human beings. And it fends off that danger of becoming absorbed solely in yourself.

"Naturally, Nelson's plans for his future are none of my business. Some day, if he awakens, as I have, he will marry and Mrs. Nelson Eddy will be a very lucky girl.

YOU know that old saying about a bride being the greatest matchmaker in the world. I don't know why I should turn out otherwise.

"When Nelson finds the right girl, he will have to go through the same mental struggle that I did in so important a decision, and he will have to make up his mind for himself. I escaped many a match-making friend before I found my own happiness without their help."

Those are Jeanette's revealing beliefs about marriage, and what she believes about it must apply not only to herself but to Nelson Eddy.

"Nelson," Jeanette warns, "must be prepared to change many of his habits and make many adjustments. The first requirement of marriage is an open mind and a willingness to accept many inevitable changes!

"There's something I've observed from watching my married friends. It seems like a good rule to me—that is, don't bring your career into the home. A perfect example of it is Fay Wray, who, from the moment she leaves the studio, completely becomes Mrs. John Monk Saunders in thought, attitude and deed.

"Why shouldn't the same rule apply to husbands? If they left their problems behind in the office, wouldn't they have more time to devote to their wives?"

"So, it seems so necessary to me to firmly shut out the workaday problems and concentrate on enjoying fully the companionship of marriage."

She feels that Nelson Eddy should have no qualms about his future, should he marry.

"He has a remarkable capacity for carrying many problems on his shoulders, without showing the weight of the load in the slightest.

"He can shut out the workaday world as completely as if he were walking out of a room and shutting the door.

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IN 3 MINUTES

Without Danger of Coarser or Stubbier New Growth

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Dennison's BABYPADS

"The happiest party I remember was one in which Nelson Eddy turned us all into carefree kids, bubbling over with laughter and fun."

Gene Raymond had planned a birthday surprise for Jeanette. He arranged for the men to come as mounted policemen and the girls as "Rose Marie." All were to be on hand at Jeanette's home at seven. Gene picked her up at the studio and arrived exactly at seven, thanks to his careful timing. Walking to the house, he began to sing in a loud voice, "Rose Marie, I love you." Jeanette thought he had lost his wits.

But that was his cue for the others to be ready to surprise her. Then began the most amusing evening the group had ever spent. Nelson and Shirley Ross burlesqued the movie "Rose Marie" until all were weak with laughter.

"It was fun. Of course you can't really describe the nonsense that makes laughter when a congenial group gets together, but what I want to point out is that Nelson has the sense of humor that makes a successful marriage. He has that capacity for thinking of others which is so essential. He has dignity, coupled with a boyish ability to abandon dignity.

"If I have any further viewpoint on the matter, it's to try to make the home a haven, a restful place where you forget career, worldly ambition, work, and where all your faculties are alert to the other's mood.

"That, I think, is the key to great happiness."

Jeanette's keen insight seems to me to be the surest guarantee that she will follow the course she has chosen toward happiness, and that she will be able to cope with problems which might not now be anticipated.

Does Nelson Eddy have the same capacity?

FIRST, as I have shown you, Jeanette and Nelson are alike in their devotion to a career.

Jeanette has made two concert tours of Europe; Eddy is on tour many months of each year. Both have made great sacrifices to attain success. I know that Jeanette, who came to Hollywood as a premiere dancer of Broadway only to learn it was her singing that the movies wanted, never has counted the cost in perfecting her voice. She would arise at six in the morning to take her singing lessons so that she could reach the set by nine. Try that for weeks at a stretch, and you'd appreciate the amount of determination in her make-up.

Neither will stand for any pretence or pomposity in anyone, and if they find it, out comes a pin to burst the bubble. Both must be themselves and are quite incapable of false dignity.

So Nelson must heed Jeanette's advice. It is inevitable that he will react as she did when the right person crossed her path.

"I don't feel that happy marriages just happen," Jeanette warns Nelson. "You've got to make them happen by conscious effort. And I see many happy couples—the Cedric Gibbons, the David Selznicks, the Lewis Milestones, the Pat O'Briens, Warner Baxters, Harold Loyds, Gary Coopers, the Richard Arlens—and dozens of others. All have achieved happiness as the result of consideration for each other, topped off by a grand sense of humor."

That is Jeanette's simple formula. When Nelson Eddy falls in love, it will be here in print to bolster him if he has any doubts that a marriage can't be combined with a career—if it's entered with the same sympathy and understanding that governs Jeanette's marriage to Gene Raymond.



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.

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Gelatin's Your Menu Life-

saver

(Continued from page 52)

gelatin in bouillon cups and serve with sliced lemon and a light dusting of paprika. To use as a relish with hot or cold meats, simply cut it into small squares and serve on lettuce leaves.

Another gelatin dish popular with Schrafft patrons in general, and with Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, in particular, is jellied chicken salad. Although called salad, it is nourishing enough to serve as an entree, and it is a most welcome variation of the cold-meat-and-salad formula for summer suppers.

JELLIED CHICKEN SALAD

- 2 tbls. gelatin
- 4 cups chicken stock
- 2½ cups cooked chicken breast cut into half-inch cubes
- ¼ cup cold water
- ¼ cup French dressing
- Salt and pepper

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for ten minutes. Bring chicken stock to a boil, add the gelatin and stir until dissolved, then strain through double cheese-cloth. Set container in pan of ice until the jelly starts to stiffen. Pour the French dressing over the cubed chicken and allow to stand for fifteen minutes. Stir the chicken into the gelatin, turn into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water and chill until set. Unmold on crisp lettuce and sprinkle lightly with French dressing. Garnish with sliced tomatoes, cold asparagus tips and watercress, and mayonnaise.

If your last picnic was a nightmare of squashed pie and limp salad dripping mayonnaise all over the sandwiches, be sure to include one or two gelatin dishes next time. A gelatin dessert or salad can be made the night before and transported to the picnic ground in the mold in which it is chilled, and there is an end to your problem. The basic recipe given below can be used with fruit for dessert or fruit salad, or for a salad using chopped vegetables or a combination of vegetables and diced cold meat.

BASIC GELATIN RECIPE

- 1 tbl. gelatin
 - 1 cup hot water
 - ¼ cup cold water
 - ⅓ cup sugar
 - ½ tsp. salt
 - ¼ cup mild vinegar or lemon juice
- Soak the gelatin in the cold water for ten minutes, then add hot water, sugar and salt and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add lemon juice or vinegar and mix well. When the gelatin begins to stiffen, fold in two cups of any desired fruits or vegetables, turn into mold and chill.

Jellied soups are gaining in popularity by leaps and bounds, and I feel certain that once you have tried Schrafft's iced orange soup it will become a repeater on your menu.

ICED ORANGE SOUP

- 2 tbls. gelatin
 - 4 tbls. cold water
 - 3 cups orange juice
 - ¾ cup sugar
 - 2 tbls. lemon juice
 - 1 cup orange diced mint sprigs
- Soak gelatin in the water, then combine with one cup of the orange juice, which has been heated in a double boiler, and the sugar. Cool, then add remaining fruit juices and transfer to mold. When it

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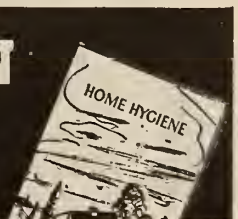
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begins to set, stir in the diced orange, then let stand in refrigerator until ready to serve. Serve in bouillon cups or sherbert glasses, garnished with mint sprigs.

There is room for only one more recipe, and what could be better than a new and easy way of making the ever popular Chocolate Mousse?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

- 1 tbl. gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water
- ½ cup boiling water
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 cup sugar
- 2½ cups cream (whipped)
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Soak the gelatin in the cold water, and melt the chocolate in the hot water. Combine the mixtures, and add the sugar and vanilla. Cool, and add whipped cream. Freeze in freezing compartment of mechanical refrigerator, or place in tightly covered mold packed in equal parts of rock salt and finely crushed ice. The latter method will require four hours' freezing time.

Write to me for other delicious summer recipes made of gelatin—orange jelly, grape-juice souffle, coffee parfait, cantaloupe frappe and jellied mushroom soup. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

The Reviewing Stand

(Continued from page 5)

the last three years, keeps up the good work. There is also some luscious harmony supplied by the Tune Twisters Trio, artfully worked in as background to some of Jean's and Barry's songs. Hugh Barrett directs the orchestra and John Gamblin is master of ceremonies.

* * *

Rippling Rhythm Revue isn't what it used to be. It comes along at the same time, Sunday night at nine o'clock, E.D.S.T. on the NBC Blue network, but it's a different show just the same. Frank Parker who will soon, I am sure much to his own relief, leave this show and go on for Chesterfield, was given the job of reading some comedy lines the night I listened in. I know I wasn't happy, and don't see how Parker could have been. Bob Hope, who has been funny on some programs, made the mistake of using a motheaten program device, that of building a story around a popular song. It wasn't even very good when somebody first thought it up. Shep Fields' rippling rhythms, though, have been improved. They have less ripple, less novelty, and more melody now.

* * *

Dr. Harry Hagen's Spelling Bee is the Columbia network's bow to the current spelling bee fad, broadcast Sunday afternoons at four o'clock, E.D.S.T. Dr. Harry, who pronounces the words, gets the credit for reviving the old-fashioned vowel-and-consonant marathon as a social event and means of entertainment. There isn't much to say about spelling bees, except that you like them or don't like them. Me, I'm a pushover for them. I find myself silently spelling the words, usually incorrectly, picking the winners in advance, and rooting for the side which seems most likely to win. Dr. Hagen intends to confine his spelling bees to children's teams for a while, but later he'll branch out and accept adults as contestants. Listen in some Sunday afternoon, even if you don't think you like spelling bees. You may find out different.

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What's New?

(Continued from page 8)

There's a story, too, behind the replacement for the summer of Jane Froman and her husband, Don Ross, on the Jack Benny show. The marriage of Jane and Don is one which has survived at least two great crises. They were married a few months after Don, then a high-priced star, had given Jane her first chance on WLW, out in Cincinnati. After their marriage they came to New York, and Jane's fame began to outstrip Don's. Many another man couldn't have stood having his wife become more rich and successful than he—but Don stuck to Jane, and she to him. Then they went to Los Angeles, and things didn't break very well for either of them. Jane did some movie work and made some guest appearances on the air, and Don became the hero of wild-west movies—"quickies," they call them out in Hollywood. Lean month followed on the heels of lean month, but it made no difference to these two. Neither success nor the appearance of failure could come between them. Their big break this summer is a well-deserved reward.

When Al Jolson and Warner Brothers decided to call the whole thing off, Ruby Keeler settled her Warner contract too, so she'd be free to join Al on a European jaunt during his summer radio holiday. Al will be back in September.

Now that Gertrude Niesen has returned to California after her personal-appearance tour in the East, Craig Reynolds is happy again. Craig's only "date" during Gertrude's absence was the night he took her mother to a movie preview. Devotion, too, blooms out in Hollywood.

Sandra, the little daughter of George Burns and Gracie Allen, looked around her nursery the other day and decided she had too many dolls. So she packed them up and gave them to the Assistance League—and now is the three-year-old patroness of a unique new doll lending library which loans dolls to tots on a turn-in-and-exchange basis.

Speaking of tots, one is expected soon in the James Wallington home. Jimmy has just bought a ranch in Santa Monica for his attractive wife and the expected heir.

The Columbia network could have had the most talked-about broadcast of the spring, if it hadn't been afraid to break a rule it made itself. Perhaps you heard the record which was made of a Chicago announcer's voice as he watched the Hindenburg come up to its mooring mast and then break suddenly into flames. It was undoubtedly the most dramatic recording ever put on wax. Its owners first offered it to CBS for rebroadcast, but because of a studio rule against using records for anything but mechanical sound effects, CBS said "No, No," and put its hands behind its back. Then NBC was offered its chance at the record and snapped it up quick, and to the dickens with rules.

Success story: Irwin Shaw is the young playwright who wrote "Bury the Dead," last year and saw it achieve sensational critical acclaim on the New York stage. It won him a Hollywood contract, plus another contract with CBS for a number of Columbia Workshop dramatic scripts. One of the clauses in Shaw's CBS agree-

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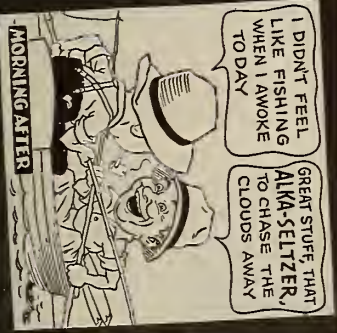
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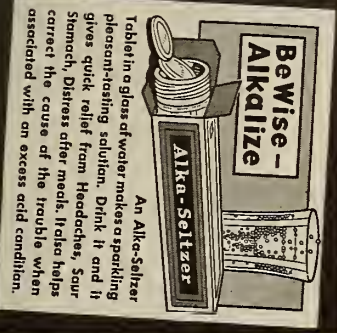
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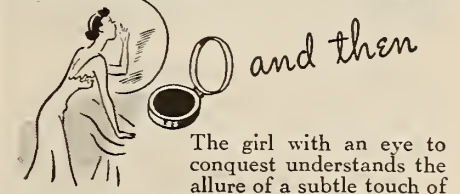
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Resinol
Ointment and Soap

ment is that all of his scripts must be broadcast on a coast-to-coast network, so he can listen to them out in Hollywood. In other words, Irwin is writing his own ticket these days, as well as very artistic and class-conscious plays. Not much like the old days. Two years ago, before "Bury the Dead," he used to turn out five scripts a week for the Gumps, and he didn't much care whether or not they were broadcast where he could listen to them, because he was too tired anyway.

Benny Goodman worried a long time over two offers from the West Coast for a summer engagement. One was from the snooty Coconut Grove, the other from the college kids' haven, the Palomar. Benny finally chose the Palomar because, as he said, "I can't let down those kids who made me."

There's a man out in Kansas whose whole life has been changed by Floyd Gibbons. He has been the owner and proprietor of a small retail business for many years. Just after the depression his health began to fail and he had to have an operation which wiped out his savings and left him nothing to live on in the bad times which followed. For several years he was able to provide his family only with a bare existence.

For a man as ambitious and self-respecting as he had always been it was torture to realize that he was getting deeper and deeper into debt, nearer and nearer to bankruptcy. He lost his confidence, became sullen and depressed.

Then, one night, he sent Floyd Gibbons the story of an adventure which had happened to him many years before. Floyd accepted the story for broadcasting, but more important than that, he invited our hero to New York to be on the program. The experience changed the retailer's whole outlook on life. He came back singing the praises of Floyd and telling how royally he had been treated.

Once more he felt that he was a personage. His neighbors spoke to him respectfully. Best of all, they came into his store and bought more goods. With the twenty-five dollars Floyd gave him he bought some presents for his family. He discovered that life was worth living after all. And, just to cap the climax, his story won the monthly prize of \$250 which Floyd awards.

Speaking of Mr. F. Gibbons, one of his true adventure heroes took the starch out of him the other day. Whenever possible, Floyd brings the people to whom his true adventures have happened, to New York. He always takes the visitors around and shows them the town — and a Gibbons-conducted tour of New York is something to remember. But one visitor was distinctly not impressed. Oh, yes, he admitted, New York was all very fine, but it really wasn't particularly up to date. "Why, back home," he pointed out, "we scrapped all the street cars long ago and put in buses instead."

Mrs. Charles Correll is filing suit for divorce in Chicago against her husband, whom millions of Americans know as Andy of Amos and Andy. They've been married ten years, and have no children. According to their close friends, neither has any plans for remarrying, and Mrs. Correll is charging incompatibility.

Bob Burns, it is nice to learn, has not forgotten those not-too-far distant days when he had to count his pennies. He tried to keep this quiet, but we heard

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from an inside source that when his stand-in, Ted Dante, became the father of a baby boy recently, Bob presented him with a check for one hundred dollars to cover expenses. The grateful parents have christened the baby "Robin."

* * *

Another unheralded gesture was that of Joe Penner, who paid all the hospital bills, amounting to several hundred dollars, when his stand-in, Freddie Welsh, a young ex-pug, was severely injured in an auto accident. Who says that Hollywood has no heart?

Don't Let Your Charm Insurance Lapse

(Continued from page 40)

afford such outside extravagances, a summer wardrobe can still be planned around clothes which are easily washed or cleaned at home. But don't be fooled by dark clothes for summer which apparently don't show wear so quickly as light linens and cottons! After a wearing or two, you're apt to find them a bit musty when you take them from the closet. And, of course, you'll wash your undies after every wearing and never wear a pair of stockings twice without a washing. That's the unforgivable sin.

Plain, down-to-earth talk, this, but if you could see Benay as I saw her that afternoon, you'd know how well charm insurance pays! Simply dressed in a tailored sports frock without frills or fur-bellows, she looked as spic-and-span, as feminine and dainty, as the proverbial sweet girl graduate.

"There's a deodorant for every purpose," Benay pointed out. "For example, in a recent Broadway show I wore a very fragile purple chiffon evening gown. As you know, stage lighting is very hot, even the lighter theatrical make-up in use now is rather heavy, and the constant motion in dancing and acting stimulates excessive perspiration. To protect this particular gown, I used copious quantities of a liquid anti-perspirant. On the other hand, before playing tennis, I always rub my feet with a cream corrective which makes one's shoes feel much more comfortable during strenuous exercise."

"Oh, and another thing I'd like to emphasize! That's dress shields for the protection of summer dresses. I think they're invaluable, and I have some type of shield in every single dress or blouse I wear during hot weather. These, of course, are detachable and washable. As a matter of fact, when you rang the bell I was attaching shields to three blouses I had just bought today, to be sure they'd be ready the moment I want to wear them. And by the way, I always buy shields put out by a reliable manufacturer, regardless of price."

Thanks to Benay and her courage in tackling one of those subjects that "even your best friend won't tell you about," we've been able to touch on some of the problems of feminine daintiness. In any event, when purchasing your summer beauty supplies, don't fail to get a complete equipment for charm insurance!

Would you like to know all about the products Benay uses and recommends? There's one bath preparation in particular of which she's very fond and which I'm sure you'd like to know about. There's more information about deodorants, depilatories and dress shields, too, in my August booklet on charm insurance. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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This New Silk-Sifted Face Powder is so "Fine" that even Caresses won't spoil its Lovely Effect... Give your skin the smooth allure that only Tangee Face Powder brings! Its super-sheer texture blends with your own skin tones for a fresh, natural finish—never coats skin or gives an "old" look like ordinary coarse powders. Tangee ends shine, and gives your face appealing charm. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 55¢ and \$1.10. Make this new loveliness yours! Tear out and send the coupon below for Tangee's Miracle Face Powder Test.

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SHAVING LEGS
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Micro-Photo shows wiry stubble penetrates silk stockings, causes runs.

Micro-Photo of stocking. X-Bazin leaves no wiry stubble to tear hose threads.

Runs! Runs! You seldom know how they start—but if you are a "leg shaver" runs can easily be caused by the sharp wiry hair stubbles rubbing against hose. Yet to be attractive, legs must be hairless—and they can be! Simply apply perfumed X-Bazin Cream right from the tube, spread it on lightly, then wash off—in 3 minutes skin is smooth—soft and hairless.

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GOOD FOR 2 MONTHS ONLY

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 54)

think, or don't you?

ELEANOR SMITH, Maplewood, Mo.

\$10.00 PRIZE

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MARY MARLIN?

"Same time, same station, same story"—but to me it is a complete flop! One of the most interesting programs on the air is in the wastebasket as far as I am concerned. I have listened to the Mary Marlin story for about two years. How can they do this to it? If a movie was half over, then a change made from Jean Harlow to Janet Gaynor in the leading role, there would be as many persons attending shows as there would be mice at a cats' convention. If actors of leading parts had to be changed, why didn't they get a new story? They may get enough new listeners interested, but as for an oldtimer, when I hear, "Same story, etc."—It is time to tune in a different program. Joan Blaine was the most important part of the Mary Marlin story. What has become of her?

Mrs. JOHN ROE, Willoughby, O.

\$1.00 PRIZE

ONE PREACHER'S OBSERVATIONS

How many radio performers are really natural? Ministers who read sermons? Crooners who croon from manuscript? Comedians even give themselves away sometimes by evidence of reading their lines. Even the advertising announcers are becoming very prosaic and formal and every listener knows he is being talked at, and not being talked to. It is a real relief when some professionals give us a real life drama. I have actually heard some conversations over the radio which seemed so real any blind stranger would be convinced, on entering the room, that these speakers were actually present.

REV. E. L. ECKERLEY, Redkey, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE

AM I A CRANK?

Perhaps I am just another "crank," but I have a grievance—and it is against one of my favorite programs, too.

It is the Vic and Sade skit—so popular because the stories are woven around everyday people and everyday situations. But the minute Rush speaks, the illusion of the "average family" is blasted for me. The writer pictures him as the student of an up-to-date high school or junior high with principal, teachers, arts, social activities, etc., and then puts the most fantastic English into the boy's conversation.

"I seen it"—"He done it"—"Them boys ain't never gave me nothin'"—"Mom ain't came home yet."

We are all accustomed to having the average mother pictured as an ignoramus from the backwoods, when, actually, the average mother of a fifteen-year-old is the exception if she didn't go four years to high school and, quite likely, to college. However, in my association with school life, I do not recall ever hearing such ridiculous English usage.

Perhaps we native Californians speak a different language out here, or, as I said at the beginning, perhaps I'm just another "crank."

R. DALLAS TOUSEY, Los Angeles, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

PHOOEY TO DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME!

Every year we go through the same agony of having the radio torn end to end

just because some nut thought his brain-child, Daylight Saving Time, a marvelous idea to humanity. Maybe so, but what about the states and cities that don't observe Daylight Saving Time? Our city does not and therefore the programs are an hour earlier. Therein lies the source of the rumpus and mix-up. Then, in the fall, we go through the same old thing. We just get settled nicely when we have to start all over trying to adjust ourselves.

Suppose you are keeping up with a most interesting skit on one network at 10:30 A. M.? On a local station you are listening to another program just as interesting as the first at 9:30 A. M. You wouldn't dream of missing either of them for the world. Now, look what happens. Along comes Daylight Saving Time. The network program moves back an hour to 9:30 A. M. But the skit on the local station fails to move. Hence, two good programs on at the same time. Phooey to Daylight Saving Time!

CAROL RICHARDSON, Houston, Texas

\$1.00 PRIZE

"DEY HOLLER AN' DEY SHOUT"

Has anybody here seen—I mean, heard—Tibbett? I haven't been to *Mandalay* or to *Danny Deever's* hanging in ages. Frankly, I'm running out of something to do. I've almost completely forgotten what the opera *Pagliacci* is all about. Couldn't I please hear the *prologue* just once more?

You guys that make perfume, gasoline and laxatives—have a heart and give Larry a job. Think of his wife and kids! How'd you like to be moping around twiddling your thumbs when your mouth and throat are full of *Shortnin' Bread*? I've even taken to shaving with the *Toreador* these days, and how are you going to feel when *Danny Boy* takes a chunk out of his adam's apple and ends up on *De Glory Road*?

There's an appreciative audience out here, and we're about ready to start stamping our feet and giving a few catcalls. We miss you Mr. Tibbett. Please come back.

CHARLES M. ESTES, Louisville, Ky.

\$1.00 PRIZE

LET US BE THE JUDGE

We all admire good sports and anyone who's willing to acknowledge another fellow's good points. But, lately, the epidemic of bouquet-throwing that's been going on among radio stars is really too much. On almost every program it seems somebody has a "swap" for another somebody, who will duly respond on his next program with an equally flowery compliment.

Now, we all have our favorite radio friends and know they're good. And we like to feel there's a friendly atmosphere like one big family at the broadcasting studio. However, we still prefer genuine entertainment and solid performance to this mutual orchid-pinning. Leave that to us fans.

Miss M. R. STEWARD, Germantown, Pa.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

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Care of Teeth, Nose, Eyes
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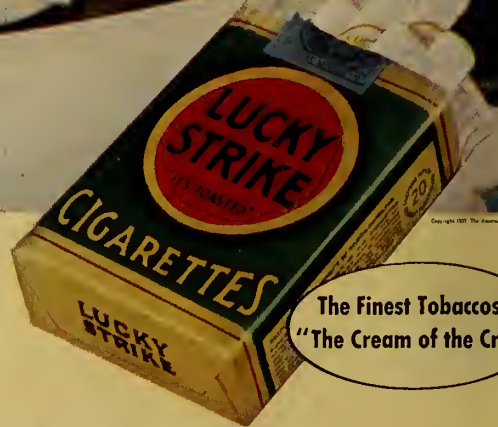
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