

Radio MIRROR

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

JUNE

ROUGH COPY

ROUGH COPY

Beginning -

CHARLIE MCCARTHY'S FATHER

The enthralling success
story of Edgar Bergen

MEN WITHOUT ROMANCE

Warden Lawes tells the
startling truth about a
censored side of prison life

Also

KATHLEEN NORRIS
ROBERT BENCHLEY
MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

CLAIRE TREVO



HAVE THE *Exquisite Sweetness* THAT MEN ADORE

..the "Undies" Test proves
how MAVIS guards
your daintiness



You lure... you thrill... when you are divinely dainty! For exquisite sweetness is the one thing a man can't resist. And here's how you can play safe...

Every morning, shower your whole body with Mavis Talcum. It forms a fragrant, soothing film of protection that guards your daintiness. For, this amazing talcum has a special protective quality — it prevents excess perspiration. And here's a startling test that proves it.

Tomorrow morning, cover your body with Mavis Talcum... then, make the "undies" test at night. When you undress, examine your undies carefully. You'll be amazed to find that they are practically as sweet and fresh as when you put them on in the morning. Think what this means to your peace of mind — the freshness of your undies proves that all day long you've been safe from giving offense.

And once you get the daily Mavis habit, you won't have to spend that tedious time washing out your undies every night. Instead — by using Mavis Talcum every morning — you can keep your undies immaculate for an extra day, at least!

In the evening, too, use protective Mavis Talcum... and be sure that you are exquisite always. Know that you have the bewitching, dainty fragrance that wins love... holds love... makes you utterly seductive and ravishing. Today buy Mavis Talcum — at all drug, toilet goods and 10¢ counters. Generous quantities in every size — 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and \$1. v. VIVAUDOU, INC



MAVIS TALCUM



Enchanting Mavis Perfume makes you glamorous. 10¢, 25¢. Silk-sifted Mavis Face Powder glorifies your skin. Clings for hours! 10¢, 50¢.

You can get the benefit of Mavis Talcum's special protective quality and yet—like Hollywood stars—choose Regular or Mildly Scented.

Well, I'm Elected ———
I've got "Pink Tooth Brush" now!

ROUGH COPY

**Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique
of Gum Massage—all can bring about**

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ANN: "Hello, Jane. Well, the laugh's on me—there's a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush. What do I do now?"

JANE: "See your dentist, pronto. Cheer up, my pet—

maybe it's nothing serious!"

ANN: "Good heavens, I hope not. What did Dr. Bowen tell you?"

JANE: "Mine was a plain case of gums that practically never work—I eat so many soft foods. Believe me, I've been using Ipana with massage ever since. It's made a world of difference in the looks of my teeth and smile!"

ANN: "You make good sense, darling. Guess there's just one thing to do—find out what Dr. Bowen tells me..."

Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" ruin your smile

WHEN you see "pink tooth brush" see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That's why so many dentists today advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum tissues, gums tend to become firmer, healthier.

Play safe! Change *today* to Ipana and massage. Help your dentist help you to sounder gums—brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

ERNEST V. HEYN
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COMING IN THE
JULY ISSUE
ON SALE MAY 25



We've fed them into our own private laughter-machine, and they've come out funnier than ever—the comedy scripts that made radio history! Be sure to get next month's RADIO MIRROR and read the famous Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud—FIRST TIME ANYWHERE IN PRINT

Added attractions

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ON THE COVER—Claire Trevor, 20th-Century Fox Player—By ROBERT REID

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Try the treatment that *works* LISTERINE FOR DANDRUFF

Keeps hair good-looking—scalp youthful and healthy

If your hair is dull and lifeless . . . If your scalp lacks tone and vigor, itches and burns . . . If dandruff bothers you temporarily or chronically . . .

Start right now with the delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatment—the only treatment, so far as we know, backed by clinical evidence *that dandruff can be cured.*

Tomorrow, your hair will look cleaner and feel healthier.

Your scalp will begin to tingle with new invigoration. Those ugly dandruff scales will begin to disappear as if by magic.

Nothing complicated about this proved treatment. Just douse Listerine on the scalp and accompany it with vigorous massage by the fingertips. Do this once or twice a day, and keep it up systematically. Remember, dandruff is a germ infection and requires persistent treatment.

The moment Listerine goes on the scalp it bathes each hair in an anti-



DON'T TAKE CHANCES
Don't treat dandruff with unproved remedies. Play safe. Use Listerine—the same antiseptic which was used in the reported laboratory tests.



WITH LISTERINE, DANDRUFF GONE IN 30 DAYS
In a New Jersey clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine twice a day, showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, symptoms of dandruff in a month.

septic bath. Next it reaches deep down into the hair follicles and kills *Pityrosporum ovale*, the queer, bottle-shaped germ which causes dandruff. Freed from this parasite, the follicle, the hair that penetrates it, and the scalp outside of it return to normal, gaining new vigor and health. At the same time, Listerine permits healing of any irritation which may be present.

Once you try Listerine Antiseptic

for dandruff, you will echo what thousands are saying: "The surest, most delightful remedy ever."

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

DO OTHERS OFFER PROOF?

Before you invest a single penny in any remedy claiming to relieve dandruff, ask yourself: Has it been subjected to authentic research by competent authorities? Are its claims backed by ample clinical and laboratory proof? So far as we know, only Listerine offers such proof. On its scientific record alone, it stands forth as the truly effective treatment for dandruff.

"I GET \$100 A WEEK FOR HAVING MY PICTURE TAKEN"



"In school I was considered pretty, so I sought work as a photographic model. I made the rounds of the studios, but everywhere I got the same answer, 'Nothing doing'.



"One day a photographer gave me a hint. 'The thing that is holding you back is your teeth. They aren't attractive enough for work before the camera.



"'See those girls,' he said, 'they use Listerine Tooth Paste. They say it gives teeth the brilliant lustre studio work requires. They call it their Beauty Bath for teeth.'

USE THIS SOAPLESS TOOTH PASTE THAT GLAMOUR GIRLS USE

Start today to give your teeth the "Beauty Bath" New York models use—Listerine Tooth Paste. It is sensationally different! Made *without soap!* Instead of slipping over the surface the way ordinary dentifrices often do, Listerine Tooth Paste really "takes hold." You can feel it. Such cleansing! Such brilliance! Such lustre! You must see for yourself how this special com-

bination of rare, delicate cleansers and polishers makes teeth sparkle. Get a tube of *economical* Listerine Tooth Paste from your druggist today!



"I started using Listerine Tooth Paste and later I landed the job. Now I make \$100 a week having my picture taken. I advise any woman who wants really brilliant teeth to use Listerine Tooth Paste."

What's New

FROM COAST TO COAST



Just before Jack Benny made a flying trip to New York he took a seat in Phil Harris' orchestra with Sam (Hello Stranger) Hearn.



Amos 'n' Andy celebrate their ten years in radio. With Edward G. Robinson, Frances Langford, their secretary and Jon Hall.



Above, the Gang Busters bust up a party given by their boss, Phil Lord, who trucks on down with Gwen Jones. Left, Kansas City is raving over these two stars of the Kiddie Revue.

If you don't believe Paul Whiteman is a real Texan, take a gander at him as he walks around New York's Times Square. He's still wearing that ten-gallon Texas sombrero, and won't hear of being parted from it.

* * *

Were you listening in when the announcer on a Sunday-afternoon program referred to "those kings of swing, Guy Lombardo and Tommy Dorsey"? Wonder how come he didn't mention that sultan of sweet music, Benny Goodman?

* * *

By DAN SENESEY

The studio-applause nonsense is carried to its ultimate absurdity at the final rehearsals of big programs. The broadcast is run through at this rehearsal, you know, for exact timing—and between numbers, one of the production stooges claps forlornly and alone for exactly twenty seconds, his eye on the clock. You can't imagine how silly that single clapping sounds in the darkened auditorium.

* * *

Phillips Lord, walking into his office one Wednesday morning, took a look around and decided that things needed livening up around there. So he issued

orders for three parties—one for the Gang Busters people that night, one for the We, the People cast the next night, and one for his press-agent the following Monday. The reason he gave a party for his press-agent was that said p.-a. had been with him six months and hadn't had a nervous breakdown.

* * *

Look carefully at Ken Christie's chorus on the Coca-Cola Song Shop program, and who will you find singing away in the middle of it? Carol Deis, sometimes a soloist on network sustaining programs.

* * *

Phil Harris, who claims he's as good a hunter as he is a musician, told Jack Benny that all he wanted for his birthday was a new gun—one that would bring down even bigger game than he'd been bagging this season. It may be coincidence, but the next day Jack was in the toy department of a Hollywood store, looking over water pistols.

* * *

Don't think the easy free-for-all that goes on in Bing Crosby's program is as easy as it sounds. Bing began his Kraft broadcasts as stiff and difficult a master of ceremonies as you wouldn't ever want to meet. Just couldn't make his lines sound as if he weren't reading them. So the rest of the people on the show played a trick on him. In the middle of an interview with a guest star, while the show was on the air, the guest asked Bing a question which wasn't in the script. Bing gulped, blushed, and finally drawled out an answer—in his natural tones, not in the stiff ones he always used when he read his lines from the script. The trick made him mad, but the producers went right on playing it, and Bing never knew when he'd have to ad lib. Finally he got used to it, and became the casual, charming Bing you hear now when you tune in of a Thursday night. He resented the trick so much, though, that it was kept a secret until Alton Cook, New York radio columnist, ferreted it out on a Hollywood trip.

* * *

William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, paid a surprise visit the other afternoon to a rehearsal of CBS' prize sustaining drama program, the Columbia Workshop. With him he had a high official from the British Broadcasting Corporation, visiting America to see how we do things here. At the door of the studio their way was barred by one of those brass-buttoned pages, hired by CBS only a few days before. "I'm—"

(Continued on page 88)

NICE... BUT LONELY *until she found the reason* — *Misfit Makeup*

"Take that walking paint box? Not me—I'll stay home first."

"It isn't you Dick doesn't like... it's your conspicuous makeup."

"My best party... thanks to you and that tip about makeup."



Show away your Misfit Makeup...

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

SUGGESTS

Merle Oberon



Star of
Alexander Korda's

"THE DIVORCE OF LADY X"

CHEATED OF ROMANCE... it's a high price to pay for misfit makeup... unrelated cosmetics that can't possibly look well together or on you. And needless... when you could look so naturally lovely in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. For here's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... face powder, rouge, and lipstick... eye makeup, too... in color-harmonized sets. And here's makeup that matches you... for it's keyed to your true personality color, the color of your eyes.

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's color plan for you! Stage and screen stars, beauty and fashion experts approve Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup.

Thousands of women who have tried it agree it's the way to *immediate* new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW. Start now to build your matched set. Buy a lipstick... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara... in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢) in standard full sizes. Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are { BLUE... wear DRESDEN type
GRAY... wear PATRICIAN type
BROWN... wear PARISIAN type
HAZEL... wear CONTINENTAL type

WRITE YOUR OWN happy ending! Find new friends, new fun. Wear this makeup that matches... makeup that matches you!

COPYRIGHT 1938, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP by *Richard Hudnut*

Try it! Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to your eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that matches... and matches you.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M,
693 Fifth Avenue, New York City MWG-6-38

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send my Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup... harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

My eyes are Name _____
 Blue Brown Address _____
 Gray Hazel City _____ State _____

Harmonizing LIPSTICK · POWDER · ROUGE 55¢ each

Opportunity KNOCKS AGAIN!

\$1,500

FOR YOUR TRUE STORY!

For the best true story submitted during the calendar month of May 1938 we will award the magnificent sum of \$1,500.

In addition your entry will be eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

This special one month contest closes at midnight Tuesday, May 31st, 1938.

It may well be that the very story necessary to carry off the big \$1,500 prize award is now reposing untold in your mind. If so, it would be a pity indeed not to take advantage of this splendid chance to turn it into a handsome sum of money. Simply look over your life, or those of your friends, select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow, sunshine, success, failure, tragedy, or happiness, write it simply and honestly, just as you would tell it to an interested friend.

Read the Revised Rules Carefully

The simple, easily understood rules appear elsewhere on this page. They are based upon our experience in conducting contests of this nature. If you study and follow them carefully your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

Remember it is the story that counts—not literary ability or professional skill. Already we have paid out upwards of a quarter of a million dollars in true story contests, the bulk of it to men and women who never before had written for publication.

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

Judging on this basis, the person submitting the best story in this contest will be awarded the big \$1,500 prize.

If you have not already received a free copy of our booklet which explains the simple technique which in former contests has proved to be most effective in writing true stories, we suggest that you mail the coupon and one will be sent to you promptly.

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

Procrastination is the thief of time. Remember, this contest closes Tuesday, May 31st, 1938.

Note particularly new instructions for mailing manuscripts as set forth in bold type in the rules.

REVISED CONTEST RULES

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

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. PUT TITLE AND NUMBER ON EACH PAGE.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest. **BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED IN SUBMITTAL CONTAINER FOR SUCH RETURN.** If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your submittal container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript. As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories. (See Notice.)

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

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

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

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

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

This contest ends, Tuesday, May 31, 1938.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to True Story Manuscript Contest, Dept 36C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The stories in this magazine are about REAL PEOPLE, except when otherwise stated, fictitious names which bear absolutely no relation to the real characters and places involved in the stories, are used. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

TRUE STORY, Dept. 36C RM
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name

Street

Town..... State.....
(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

PROFESSOR QUIZ'

TWENTY QUESTIONS

The Professor Quiz program is sponsored by Nash Motors every Saturday night over the CBS network. Play the game of radio knowledge with him on the air and on this page.

1. What is Uncle Happy's real name on the Tim and Irene show?
2. What radio comedian started out to be a juggler?
3. What sustaining singer who was off the air for some time was put on again because of an avalanche of requests from listeners?
4. In two years she rose to fame; she was born in Butte, Montana. Who is she?
5. Who are the parents of Ronnie and Sandra?
6. Name two brothers on the air whose voices sound alike?
7. What's Wendy Barrie's real name?
8. What two radio stars recently put their foot-prints in the forecourt cement of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood?
9. Why did Amos and Andy receive a silver plaque recently?
10. On what program does Joe Parsons sing?
11. What radio director wears whipcord riding breeches and leather boots in front of the microphone?
12. What does the C. in W. C. Fields' name stand for?
13. Can you name two singing stars whose home town is Lakeland, Florida?
14. What's Russ Morgan's theme song on his dance broadcasts?
15. What was Nadine Connor's (The Song Shop soloist) name when she sang on the old Shell Chateau shows?
16. Name four radio singing stars whose husbands are band leaders?
17. What comedian has been named as America's second best-dressed man?
18. What composer was recently signed to do a series for the Vallee Hour—as a performer?
19. What comedian recently became a father for the second time?
20. What famed singer announced his candidacy for public office via a radio program?

(You'll find the answers on page 69)

AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN could have told her!



Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest woman of her charm... Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene

ONE lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete *intimate* daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman whose love and companionship he seeks as his dream of feminine loveliness... fresh and exquisite at all times. But, without realizing it, there are times when even perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail to make you attractive—if you neglect the practice of feminine hygiene. Many experienced family doctors know that this neglect has wrecked the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most personal way. Be *sure* of complete exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol" method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an effective anti-

septic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene—

- 1—**Non-Caustic** . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
- 2—**Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
- 3—**Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.
- 4—**Economy** . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.
- 5—**Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
- 6—**Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 6-R. M., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Charlie McCarthy's

By MARIAN RHEA

YOUNG Edgar Bergren, on his way home from school, discovered something so wonderful that it frightened him a little.

"Hello, Fuzzy," he had called to a pal who was batting a tennis ball against a sloping cellar door.

"Lo, Skinny," the tennis enthusiast had answered to a third youngster across the street, who hadn't said a word! He had paid no attention to Edgar at all. And so Edgar had walked on home to the small white frame farm house on the outskirts of Decatur, Illinois, a little more slowly and thoughtfully than usual.

He realized, now, that his voice had sounded sort of funny. He'd meant it to, in a way—that is, he'd consciously talked from his stomach, just as a joke. But he certainly hadn't expected his voice to sound as if it had come from . . . well, from across the street.

He banged the screen door and clumped through the plain—but very neat—"front hall," "parlor," and "back hall" to the kitchen, permeated with the delectable fragrance of apple pie in the process of baking.

"Lo, Mom," he said. "C'n I have some bread 'n' sugar?"

Mrs. Bergren greeted him quietly and without caress. A small, strong, practical woman born and raised in the stern fastnesses of the Swedish fiord country, she had never learned endearments and sweet words. But the slice of bread she cut him from the home-baked loaf was thick and crusty; the butter on top yellow and sweet; the coating of sugar lavish. And the look she bestowed on her tow-headed offspring held all the affection any mother has for her son. She just didn't say anything about it, that was all.

Edgar sat there a while, eating his snack and pondering this strange business of talking from his stomach, while Mrs. Bergren busied herself with preparations for supper. That pie, now—it must be almost done. She bent and opened the heavy iron door of the oven; peered in.

"Hello," said the apple pie. How are *you*?"

Whereupon Nellie Bergren almost fainted. And young Edgar almost got spanked.

But—he didn't. Mrs. Bergren contented herself with a scolding, which was a good thing. Because if a spanking had resulted from that first conscious ventriloquial shenanigan of schoolboy Edgar Bergren's, he might never have tried "throwing his voice" again. And if he hadn't, millions of radio and movie fans would have faced today, a dark and desolate world. . . .

A world without Charlie McCarthy.



● Above, two young men with the world at their feet, Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen. Left, Bergen at sixteen, with two of Charlie's ancestors.

Edgar Bergen (he ultimately dropped the second "r" from Bergren for the benefit of theatrical billboards) came into being some ten or eleven years before his cocky little pal, Charlie—because that apple pie, tucked away in the oven, was really Charlie McCarthy in disguise. February 16, 1903, to be exact, was the date, and Chicago was the place, of Edgar Bergen's birth.

He says his earliest memories have to do with a year he spent in Sweden, at the age of four—how he used to pick wild strawberries in the country near Stockholm, sometimes making himself sick on them; how he always wore wooden shoes in the "Old Country"

Father

BEGINNING THE ENTHRALLING SUCCESS STORY OF EDGAR BERGEN



Samuel Goldwyn

● The adolescent Edgar Bergen, right, was an eager, inventive blond Scandinavian with a dimple in his cheek. He was already adept at ventriloquism.



and once fell down and broke one wide open.

Not that these memories seem particularly remarkable to him now; but after he returned and the family went to live in Decatur they became invaluable for awing his playmates. He used to bring up the fact that he'd been in Sweden whenever he could. "When we lived in Sweden," he'd say, and everybody would be properly impressed—until one day another kid stole his thunder.

"So you been in *Sweden*," he snorted. "Oh, yeh? Well, me—I been in *San Luis Obispo, California!*"

And that put a crimp in Edgar's style. *San Luis Obispo, California* certainly sounded a lot more im-

posing than a mere Sweden.

He wasn't a bragging sort of kid, though, for all the Sweden-San Luis Obispo incident. He was, on the contrary, shy, quiet, thoughtful. He played alone a good deal, his brother, Clarence, being just enough older not to want to be bothered with a kid "tagging along." But Edgar didn't mind. That round blond head of his was crammed so full of dreams and plans and projects—business as weighty and important as a League of Nations conference—that he never had time to be lonesome.

He was, for instance, wild about electricity and what it could be made to do, and he had a flair for it, too. He was always wiring the house with various extra lights and switches. He rigged up an electrical appliance for his mother's churn which worked, too, for the first five minutes. He set up all kinds of motors and dynamos in his "factory" in the woodshed, performing on them various remarkable, although for the most part useless, feats. He built half a dozen complicated railway systems. He even made himself an electric phonograph which played "The Holy City" in fearful and wonderful fashion.

From electricity, he turned to steam. It seemed bigger, somehow; more suited to his taste as time went along. Its power fas-

cinated him. He made all kinds of boilers, one of which blew up. His mother thought he shouldn't be allowed to play with steam any more after that, but his father said: "Let him be. If he doesn't do something, he'll bust like that boiler." And so he kept on making boilers, big ones and little ones . . . And dreaming about running a real steam engine, some time.

That dream came true. Every fall the threshers would visit the Bergren farm and others adjoining and every fall Edgar would get a job helping them. At first it was only carrying drinking water to them as they worked in the hot fields. Later he helped feed the thresher. And finally, one (Continued on page 80)

MEN WITHOUT

WARDEN LAWES TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT A CENSORED



By LOUIS UNDERWOOD

NO longer do prisons have the aura of mystery which surrounded them a hundred or even fifty years ago. Enlightened officials and boards of governors have gone a long way toward making them houses of rehabilitation first and places of punishment second. And public opinion has ceased to consider a convict as a man set entirely apart.

Nevertheless, there is one phase of prison life which is still shrouded in secrecy from the layman. And, paradoxically, it is this phase more than any other that breeds discontent within the high gray walls. From it spring the seeds of riot and brutality and of carefully planned and desperately executed escapes. It is the gravest emotional problem with which guards and wardens must deal. Yet information concerning it is almost never published, except in professional penological circles. The average man, if he thinks of this aspect of prison life at all, must be satisfied with whispered rumors—and totally false rumors, incidentally—concerning the measures which prison authori-

ties use in dealing with this supremely difficult problem.

All this, because of a mistaken delicacy which has, until now, prevented anyone from asking: What happens to men when they are forced to live for long years separated from the companionship of women? What happens to men when their emotional and sexual appetites are starved?

Obviously Sing Sing Prison's warden, Lewis E. Lawes, cannot discuss this vital problem on his "Behind Prison Bars" radio program. Yet it is a discussion which should be brought into the open. Has a way been found to prevent the emotional natures of prisoners who are forced into celibacy from being permanently warped and distorted? If not, shouldn't one be found, lest the men leave prison more fearful menaces to organized society than they were when they entered?

It is the public's right to know.

It is not a pretty subject. But it is so tremendously important that it cannot be ignored. Warden Lawes



ROMANCE

SIDE OF PRISON LIFE



himself appeared glad to discuss it. He too seemed to feel it was a matter about which the public was entitled to be informed.

"Lack of freedom and the inability to live a normal man's life combine to create the most difficult adjustment the men in Sing Sing have to make," he said frankly. "And this presents a problem in prison administration on which we're grateful for the help of our psychiatrists and psychologists."

WARDEN LAWES continued, telling of the measures that have been taken to help the men with this difficult adjustment. He could not tell me that these measures always were successful. He admitted they sometimes were not. But when he had finished I saw a picture of prison life very different from the one I would have based on the rumors which had reached me.

You've undoubtedly heard the same rumors yourself. For instance, that the inmates of Sing Sing and other prisons are helped to live a celibate life by a drug administered to them in their coffee. Or that some of the men are tacitly allowed license to commit acts of abnormality. Both of which are rumors Warden Lawes denies.

"Except for the first few weeks, when the men are numb from their nervousness and depression," the warden explains, "it is the first year and the last year that they find most trying. By the end of the first year a normal man has made a reasonable adjustment. But during the last year, with the end of the stretch in sight, a man begins to anticipate his return to freedom and a normal life, and that restlessness which has been held in abeyance returns.

"And," he went on, "the fact that newcomers must spend their first seven or eight months in the old cell block which was built in 1824—which isn't fit for human habitation and which has no plumbing in the cells—doesn't help any."

It is important to understand that prisoners are assigned to this old cell block at first—in spite of the first year being a difficult adjustment period—because this insures every man doing his share of time there. Only the very old, the rheumatic, and those whom the prison doctors rate physically unfit for some other reason are exempt. The men move into other cell blocks, as places are vacated, in their proper turn.

"It doesn't make any difference how many influential people a man knows," the warden says with a little smile, "he starts his term in the old cell block and he remains there until it is his turn to move on to better quarters. Which means there usually are about eight hundred men housed there."

Immediately a man enters Sing Sing the psychiatrists and psychologists talk with him.

"The men find these talks surprisingly reassuring," Warden Lawes says. "You'd be amazed

at the number of men who are helped to make their difficult adjustment when the doctors tell them the life they are living won't hurt them; when they assure them they'll probably live an additional ten years as a result of the simple life and regular hours they're keeping.

"The men who are intelligent and receptive enough to realize the truth of all our doctors tell them—how it will be possible for them to sublimate their physical energy in work and sports (Continued on page 76)

When Wordsworth said: "They dreamt not of a perishable home," he was not referring to present-day Americans. And yet he might well have been, for certainly no two people enter matrimony with the thought that their home might be perishable. But with the problem of unemployment and other economic difficulties, and with divorce ending approximately one in every seven marriages in the United States, the question of whether or not the American home can survive becomes a matter of



Can the families of America survive the threat of our modern moral code? Read this message from one of the country's best loved novelists

grave importance and worthy of discussion.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs asked Kathleen Norris, famous American writer, to discuss this significant question on a recent NBC broadcast. Mrs. Norris responded with a message which should serve as an inspiration to all cynics and doubters. RADIO MIRROR is happy to be able to publish this fine discussion of a vital subject (copyright 1938 by Kathleen Norris).

I'M not going to take too seriously this question as to whether or not the American home can survive. Of course it not only can but will survive! When there are no more typically American homes there won't be any more America. Her code, her standards, her essential being all are created there, where some woman finds her highest joy of self-expression, where some man returns tired and contented and confident at night, where children find guidance and security and the love that is so high that we can find no higher term for Divine love.

Sometimes it has been hard beset, this American home, but compared to all other homes the world over it does really represent the highest standard of care and comfort, the best-balanced background in all the world for growing girls and boys. Nowhere else is the rising generation taken quite so seriously, quite so carefully studied and analyzed, quite as thoroughly policed on the questions of tonsils and teeth, manners and morals, top-milk and spinach and starches and calories.

To study the lives of children in Europe is to feel a new respect for the American home. Babies boarded out (Continued on page 86)

by Kathleen Norris

AS BROADCAST OVER NBC

Divorce- AND YOUR HOME

Peace

DEPENDS ON WOMEN!

From the First Lady of the land—
a challenge that womanhood dares
not leave unanswered if the world
is to be saved from destruction

by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

AS BROADCAST OVER NBC

With war and the threat of war occupying the thoughts of the world, RADIO MIRROR feels that this address by Mrs. Roosevelt should reach every intelligent woman in the nation. First presented as part of a world-wide broadcast observing International Day, under the auspices of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women, it is a concise program which women must follow if they do not wish their homes and their families to be destroyed by armed conflict.

THE role of women in the modern state seems to me to be primarily concerned with peace—peace at home and peace abroad. Women must realize of course that their ability to push a thing in which they have an interest is limited by their activity in different lines.

I do not believe that men and women should be divided in their opportunities for education or in their rights as citizens before the law.

I do believe that we must face the world as it is and recognize the fact that the functions of men and women are different and always will be, and their points of view on certain subjects will be different, so their contributions to life and civilization must vary.

It is still necessary in our country and probably in many other countries to have protective legislation for the industrial woman worker who is not able fully to protect herself. This necessity will only pass when actual equality exists between the sexes and no one tries to exploit the weak.

We have made strides in this country through a



greater intelligent participation on the part of women in many fields of activity. In the professional and political fields women need little protection. They are growing strong enough to protect themselves, but the greater number of women work in industry and require protection under the law.

In the field of government, however, women do not begin to exercise the influence which would be possible if they realized their potential strength. This will, however, come in time.

In their interest in peace, (Continued on page 76)

The

Cat with



Xantippe exploded in a hissing, scratching fury.

FICTIONIZATION OF A RADIO BROADCAST By MILTON GEIGER

Meet a beautiful wife, a jealous husband who suspected the worst, the other man—and Xantippe, who knew when she had to use her claws

DECORATIONS BY
MARGERY STOCKING AND FRANK DOBIAS

Continuing its policy of fictionizing the best in radio drama, RADIO MIRROR this month presents a dramatic story which first made its appearance as a play on a recent Vallee Hour. If you were lucky enough to hear it on that occasion, you will enjoy reading it now in its new form; if you missed it, you will agree with the editors of RADIO MIRROR that it can stand firmly on its own merits as a thrilling piece of fiction.

XANTIPPE daintily passed a pink tongue over one silky paw, and then lay back on her cushion, pretending not to know that she made a beautiful picture. The light from the open fireplace struck dusky highlights from her jetblack coat, turned the yellow of her half-open eyes into a warm, voluptuous gold.

She fixed those eyes, unwaveringly, on her mistress.

Xantippe liked no one and nothing, trusted no one and nothing in the world except Marion Borden. As for that man, Hugo, who clumped possessively about the house, she hated him as much as he hated her; and not being a hypocrite, she never attempted to conceal her private resolution to claw his eyes out if she ever got the chance. And Hugo would be home soon.

Outside, the wind slapped the bare branches of the lilac bushes back and forth against the living room windows, and howled disconsolately beneath the eaves. Marion glanced unwillingly, fearfully, at the windows with each fresh gust. Xantippe's gaze never wavered.

Suddenly Marion listened more intently, as a car crunched to a stop on the driveway. A few minutes later the hall door slammed open and shut, and Hugo Borden entered, followed by a tall young man with a pale face.

Xantippe looked coolly at Borden's heavy figure and flushed cheeks; her ears twitched irritably at the harshness of his voice; then with calculated disdain she rose from her cushion and retired to a dark corner of the room, where her eyes shone like two unearthly jewels.

"Well, Marion," Hugo boomed, "I've brought you a guest. Allan Holmes—er—Allan, this is my wife."

"How do you do, Mr. Holmes," Marion Borden said softly. Unseen, hidden in the folds of her dress, one hand clenched convulsively, then hung quiet.

"I hope I'm not going to be too much trouble, Mrs. Borden," Holmes apologized, "barging in so unexpectedly."

"Nonsense!" Hugo said crisply. "I asked you, didn't I?"

And Marion added her assurances: "Of course not, Mr. . . . er . . . Mr. . . ."

"Holmes. *Holmes* is the name," Hugo Borden said,

the Golden Eyes

searching her face with his eyes.
"Remember?"

"Oh—yes. I'm afraid I'm so stupid at remembering names. Hugo called and told me to expect you, so I'm—so it's no trouble at all, really."

"Awfully good of me to call, wasn't it?" Hugo said loudly. "Not many husbands would have had that much consideration, would they—dear?" He broke into a bel-low of meaningless laughter. "Well—you two can get better acquainted while I put the car away. Make yourself at home, Allan!"

They did not move until they heard the whir of the starter on the car outside. Then she was in his arms.

Silently, Xantippe left her corner and returned to the cushion before the fire, to resume her unblinking stare.

"Allan—he suspects!" Marion sobbed, suddenly losing all her hard-won self control.

"Oh, I don't know," he tried to reassure her. "After all, it's not an uncommon thing for a man to bring a business associate home to dinner."

"But he's so beastly jealous—he's never done it before. And that hor-rible forced joviality! It's so unlike him."

"Well," Allan said soberly, "we've just got to play up. Behave as though we never saw each other before in our lives. Though heaven knows I'd like to stand up to him and tell him all about us . . . that we love each other and . . ."

"Don't!" She laid a quivering hand across his lips. "He'd be in-sane—he'd ruin your life, your career. He might—he might even kill you! Please, for my sake, wait."

He nodded and smiled down in-to her eyes. "I'll wait. Only, we mustn't make any slips tonight. You'll watch out for me a little, won't you? It'd be embarrassing, for instance, if the lights went out and I found the fuse-box in the dark without kicking over a few chairs and cracking my head a few times—now, wouldn't it?"

"Don't joke about it!" she said with a shudder. "He mustn't know you've ever been here before."

"Don't worry, he won't." He stepped back and glanced around the room. "See, it's all strange to me. What a beautiful room! And isn't that painting a Cezanne, there



above the fireplace?" Xantippe stirred uneasily, and his eyes lit upon her. "Xantippe! Of course! We can talk about her—there's nothing like an animal to make small talk. Like this: What a handsome cat! What's her name?"

"But," said Marion warningly, "would a total stranger know it's a—a *her*?"

His laughter broke the tension. "Right! Score one demerit for me. Er . . . I can't say, Mrs. Borden, that I'm a great admirer of cats. A cat . . . a cat lacks the feeling, the talent for companionship . . . the intelligence of a dog. . . ."

"I'm sure you're wrong, Mr. Holmes," she said quickly. "A dog is a man's animal—but a cat is a woman's animal. More than that—it is a woman. It . . . it understands women. . . ."

"But cats are so aloof and cold—and treacherous too!" He was talking with only half his mind, watching and listening for Hugo's return.

XANTIPPE rose, stretched, came toward him. Purring, she rubbed against his trouser leg.

"See!" Marion said triumphantly. "She is affectionate! She likes you!"

"Oh!" he murmured. "It's only because she happens to know me."

"She knows Hugo, too—and despises him!"

Allan laughed. "Indeed! Then I've misjudged Xantippe. But of course, she's a thoroughbred."

Heavy steps sounded on the porch. There was time only for him to touch her hand reassuringly, to flash a message of courage to her with his eyes. Then Hugo was in the room again. Xantippe turned her back and settled herself once more in her dark corner.

"A pretty domestic scene!" he said softly, standing just within the door and looking at them, as they sat one on each side of the fireplace.

"Your wife is a clever conversationalist, Hugo," Allan said easily. "It keeps me on my toes competing with her!"

"Oh yes. My wife's a very clever woman." Hugo's sharp, tiny eyes, ambushed between their piglike folds of flesh, twinkled maliciously.

"She's just bested me in a very spirited debate of sorts," Allan said lightly. "And I used to think I was something of a debater."

"Mr. Holmes is a graceful loser," Marion said.

Hugo came farther into the room, picked a cigarette from the box on the table, and lit it with a steady hand. "A good loser?" he said, with a note almost of wistfulness in his voice. "Some people are like that, I suppose. I'm . . . not." He raised his eyes from the match, suddenly. "I can be a beastly rotten sport, you know."

"You shouldn't run yourself down like that, Hugo," Allan said.

"Oh, but Hugo isn't running himself down—are you, Hugo? He's really rather proud of being a poor loser. I'm afraid you

just don't understand him, Mr. Holmes."

Hugo turned upon her suddenly. "Mister Holmes! I call him Allan—don't you?"

"Why—later, perhaps . . . if Mr. Holmes doesn't mind. . . ."

"I've been admiring your Cezanne," Allan said abruptly, turning toward the painting over the fireplace. "It's a beautiful thing."

"Eighteen thousand dollars—and I hate it!" Hugo snapped. "Marion picked it up somewhere. That explains a lot!"

"Hugh—please! You haven't been—"

A horrible glee lit his face as he answered, "No, my dear, I have *not* been drinking. I am cold sober. I remained so tonight—for a purpose."

"I don't know what you're talking about," his wife said, "but you might at least try to be civil while Mr. Holmes—"

"Mister Holmes!" he shouted.

With all the ease of manner he could summon Allan remarked. "Oh well—Allan—Mr. Holmes—what difference does it make? Just point to me and say, 'That guy, there.'" With an effort at surprise, he stopped short—then breathed softly, "My word! What a magnificent cat! What is it?"

Hugo, distracted for the moment, followed his gaze into Xantippe's corner. "Persian," he said shortly. "Vicious brute. Treacherous. I hate it!"

"He's very beautiful," Allan said.

Xantippe still sat in the corner, her black coat melting into the blackness about her, her eyes blazing softly.

"She is—if you're going to insist on the beast's beauty," Hugo said. "I think she's ugly—ugly as sin. And those eyes give me the shudders. Squats there hour after hour, staring at me, never batting her eyes. I hate her—and she doesn't burst with affection for me either."

"I'd like to see her," Allan said. "What do you call her?"

"Things unspeakable! But her name's Xantippe."

"Xantippe! Come on out and see me, won't you?"

He was going over to where the cat sat, slowly, his hand down as if to tempt her out of her retreat. "Come on—nice kitty!"

Marion's shriek rang out behind him. "Allan! Don't! Don't touch her, don't go near her!"

But at the same instant the shadows in the corner exploded into a spitting, snarling fury; something struck again and again with lightning speed at his outstretched hand. He jumped back, looking stupidly at the cruel lacings in his flesh, already beginning to seep with blood.

"She's clawed me to the bone!" he said in amazement.

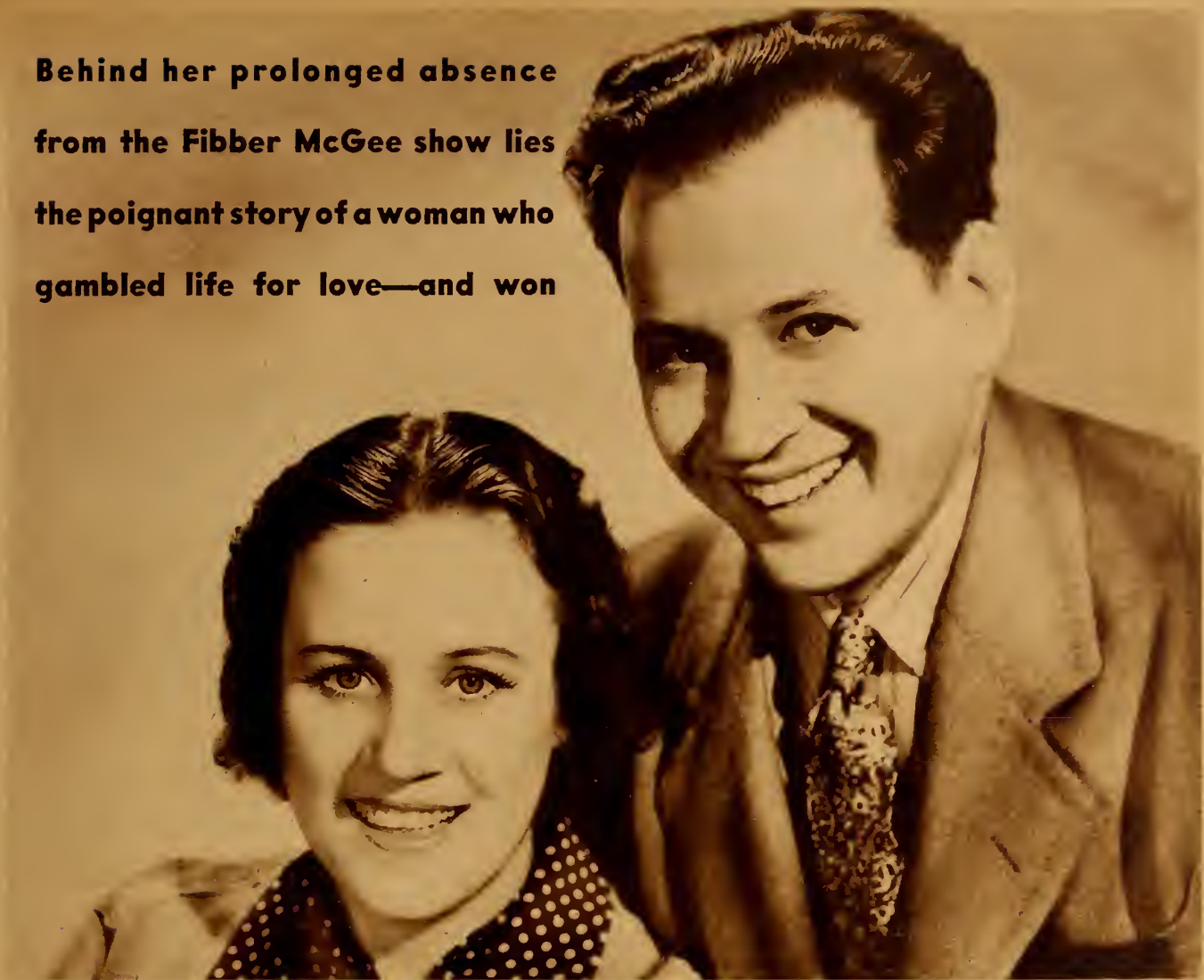
"Oh—I'm so sorry!" Marion exclaimed at his side. "How dreadful!"

Now the fiery pain was shooting through his hand, up his arm. "It's all (Continued on page 79)



"Cats understand women—cats really *are* women."

Behind her prolonged absence from the Fibber McGee show lies the poignant story of a woman who gambled life for love—and won



Paramount Photo

THE DRAMATIC TRUTH ABOUT

Molly's Illness

By LYNN BURR

"GOOD night, Molly." How many of you, listening to the Fibber McGee broadcast during Marion Jordan's illness, heard Jim Jordan end each of his programs with that touching tribute to the girl he loves? How many of you wondered at the story back of this, even dreamed of the drama and heartthrobs that went on behind the scenes while you sat innocently listening and laughing, to Fibber McGee?

True, the Federal Communications Commission tried to make Jim Jordan stop saying "Good night, Molly," because of rules in force regarding direct communication. True also, that by the time you read this story, Marion Jordan will probably be well again, and making you laugh once more each Tuesday evening. But these truths don't detract from my story, for this is a

story of love and sacrifice. Not the glamorous kind of a love you tramp off to the movies to see, not a sacrifice of the "grandstand, die for dear old Rutgers" variety. Our hero is no Gable, our heroine is no Crawford, rather they're just Marion and Jim, "just folks." You could step into any busy American kitchen on a Saturday afternoon, and there, elbow deep in pie dough, or preserves, or the evening meal, you could find a Marion Jordan. You could step out in the garage or back yard, and there, with a slight stomach, a few gray hairs, and a twinkle of boyish mischief still in his eye, you would find a Jim Jordan, tinkering with the family automobile, or digging in his garden, or arguing politics or baseball over the back fence.

Yes, they're your (Continued on page 61)

How Swing Music

BY ROBERT BENCHLEY

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES ADDAMS

Although his appearance on two Kate Smith programs in March didn't constitute Robert Benchley's debut on the air, they did impress listeners with the fact that here was a great bet for an air comedian who had been unforgivably neglected. There's no telling where or when the elusive Mr. Benchley will be lured back onto the air again, but in the meantime here is the classic discourse on the origin of swing music with which he convulsed listeners on his first Kate Smith guest appearance. Our thanks to Kate's sponsors, Swansdown Flour and Calumet Baking Powder, and to Mr. Benchley, for permission to print this insanely illogical masterpiece of humor.

WANT to give you a little talk on swing music, its origin, development and probable future, and then we might go into a short history of Italian art in the Seventeenth Century and possibly scramble some eggs.

I feel particularly fitted to speak on swing music, because I can't carry a tune, either. In the old days before swing I used to lie awake nights trying to remember this tune or that, and even when I had remembered it, I couldn't make it sound like anything when I tried to whistle it. But now that swing has come along, I can just whistle anything and call it anything I want. I don't even have to whistle. I can just roll my eyes.

Now, let us first take up the history of swing. Swing was invented by a man who went to play at a party and forgot to bring his music along. He had to do something to fill in the time and he couldn't juggle or do card tricks. So he swung it, until it was time for the next act to come on.

Now, this happened a great deal longer ago than is generally believed, and I think that we ought to pay some attention to the man who did it and recall some of the important phases of his life.

Johann Gottfried Immergluck Gesundheit was born in Japan in 1789. He was a backward child but very friendly, and was taken out of school at the age of five. This brings us up to 1794.

It was along about this period in Gesundheit's life that he took up the second mandolin. Anyone can play first mandolin, but it takes quite a lot of concentra-

tion to play second mandolin, especially if there is no one around to play first mandolin with you. His mother used to say to him: "Otto, why do you sit there playing second mandolin alone all the time? It sounds awful." But Otto was a plucky little chap and stuck to his guns.

The task that he had set for himself was made even more difficult by the fact that, instead of the usual mandolin pick made of celluloid, he used the thumb of an old mitten which he had cut off and held between the first and second fingers. This procedure really got him nowhere musically, but it kept him out of mischief.

We now come to the third period of Gesundheit's boyhood, when he came under the influence of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. This was a very important period in the life of the young composer, as it gave him his first feeling for dissonance and cured him of an inferiority complex which had, at one time, threatened to make him cross-eyed. He also, at this period, learned to tie a four-in-hand.

Students of Gesundheit have sometimes wondered at the strange nostalgic quality in his music which comes from having the A strings tuned so that they sound like B flat. This mood can be traced directly to the fact that he fell in love shortly after learning to tie a four-in-hand and became morose and gloomy, refusing to eat or to play any other note but B flat. This brought a certain sameness to his music and caused the police to interfere. He was arrested eleven times in one day, which only made him more bitter. In fact, there was a time when it looked as if he might never again write any music at all, owing to several people holding both his hands and sitting on his chest.

But he persevered and shortly afterward, through some fluke, entered on the most productive period of his career. Between October and 1845 he turned out such well-known compositions as "Hurricane in F-major, for Fire-tongs and Woodwinds," "Nocturne Junior, for two Bazoos," "Barcarolle the Hard Way," "A Day at the Dentist's" (arranged for the D string only) and a complete opera score entitled "My Impression of Parsifal." In this latter work, where Wagner used the strings, Gesundheit substituted the



Started - Worse Luck



With brilliant
lack of logic a
famous American hu-
morist traces the
growth of le jazz hot
from a bad cold to
complete confusion

The author listens with obvious relish—or something—to one of his best loved swing compositions, the Nocturne Junior, or Barcarolle the Hard Way.

tympani and vice versa. He also changed several of the melodies. During this period of productivity he managed to find time to plant and harvest several thousand radishes.

Through now with the formative stages of his career Gesundheit drifted into shoplifting and became quite a card. But he never quite forgot his first love—music—and occasionally took some tune that he had heard and liked and, by way of subtle compliment, signed his own name to it. This didn't really make much difference to the original composer, however, as, by the time Gesundheit had got through with arranging it, there was nothing left of the original music.

For example, he was greatly intrigued with "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," one of the hit songs



of that day. He arranged it for intoxicated trumpets, calling it: "My Impression of 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River'."

It has sometimes been called "The Birth of Swing." Now, at our next lecture, we will take up the development of swing music from this point and then go on to trace its future, God forbid. I thank you.

By
JOHN
D'ARCY

•
A study in twin-
dom (right), the
Stroud boys, the
Brewster girls.

•
Below, Clarence—
as usual—does the
tricks while Claude
simply looks on.



Fink



TWINS

HAVE MORE

ACCORDING to the best biologists, one birth out of every hundred turns out to be identical twins. So that makes 1,300,000 pairs of twins in the United States—or 2,600,000 people who are always being involved in mixups.

Radio and Hollywood have a pair of these identical twins—the Stroud twins of the Chase and Sanborn hour. And the Strouds—like the other 2,599,998 twins—have more

fun than ordinary people. In fact, the show business being the funny business it is, the Stroud boys probably have more fun than even the 2,599,998 other twins. From the cradle to the kilocycles, Clarence and Claude have been involved in many a dizzy, screwy, merry case of mistaken identity. For 28 years, life has been one continuous chuckle—all because, like Mike and Ike, they look alike.



**As dizzy a comedy of errors as you'll
read in a month of April Fool Days—
the madcap story of Stroud and Stroud**

FUN THAN ANYBODY

There's a classic story about the Strouds which is still told when showmen get together. It dates back to the days when the twins started their professional career in a circus. It concerns Clarence, Claude, an elephant—and a lovely blonde on a flying trapeze.

Clarence, so the story goes, was enamored of the blonde on the flying trapeze. Claude, too, loved the blonde, but the blonde had eyes

only for Clarence. Unable to win the blonde by being himself, Claude took the road of least resistance and began passing himself off as Clarence. He even went to the point of telling the blonde, "If that no-good Claude comes around and annoys you again by telling you he's me, let me know and I'll throw a giraffe through him."

The blonde, so goes the story, eventually began to suspect that she

at times might be squeezing the hand of the wrong Stroud. Even when her beloved Clarence was around, she accused him of being Claude. It was an unhappy situation, even for a girl accustomed to flying trapezes.

Her soul mate and father confessor in the circus was a grizzled old elephant trainer named Jim, to whom she carried most of her problems. She told Jim she was never happy with Clarence because she was constantly assailed by the fear that she might be with Claude. Jim, so goes the story, came through with a sure-fire solution.

A big elephant named Bisco, Jim told her, knew the twins apart. Claude never passed Bisco without feeding him peanuts. Clarence always ignored Bisco. When Claude walked up to the rope, Bisco hurled his trunk forward, but when Clarence approached, Bisco ignored him.

Thereafter, when disputes arose as to which Stroud was named Clarence, the blonde marched them off to Bisco, who always had the answer.

Both twins were grateful to Bisco in the end, for Claude, definitely out of the blonde's life, suddenly wondered why he had been overlooking the red-haired bare-back rider from Wyoming.

In the years that the Strouds trailed the big top around the map, Claude never missed an afternoon in the animal tent, feeding peanuts to Bisco. Clarence, the story goes, paid for the peanuts. And it was not until Bisco died some years afterward and left the Strouds on their own, that the girls in show business found themselves again up against the problem of the original blonde on the flying trapeze.

Today, whenever jaded Hollywoodites become too bored with life, they drop around to see the Strouds. With the twins, there are never any dull moments. Mistakes come as thick and fast as autograph seekers.

A few weeks ago, I called on the twins at the NBC studio. It was around lunch time on Sunday, a few hours before the Chase and Sanborn broadcast.

As I approached the studio, I recognized one of the Strouds departing down the driveway in a topless roadster. Suddenly a taxi driver hurled his cab away from the curb and followed in speedy pursuit. It was clearly *(Continued on page 82)*

By
JOHN
D'ARCY

•
A study in twin-
dom (right), the
Stroud boys, the
Brewster girls.
•

Below, Clarence—
as usual—does the
tricks while Claude
simply looks on.



TWINS

HAVE MORE

As dizzy a comedy of errors as you'll
read in a month of April Fool Days—
the madcap story of Stroud and Stroud

FUN THAN ANYBODY

ACCORDING to the best biologists, one birth out of every hundred turns out to be identical twins. So that makes 1,300,000 pairs of twins in the United States—or 2,600,000 people who are always being involved in mixups.

Radio and Hollywood have a pair of these identical twins—the Stroud twins of the Chase and Sanborn hour. And the Strouds—like the other 2,599,998 twins—have more

fun than ordinary people. In fact, the show business being the funny business it is, the Stroud boys probably have more fun than even the 2,599,998 other twins. From the cradle to the kilocycles, Clarence and Claude have been involved in many a dizzy, screwy, merry case of mistaken identity. For 28 years, life has been one continuous chuckle—all because, like Mike and Ike, they look alike.

There's a classic story about the Strouds which is still told when showmen get together. It dates back to the days when the twins started their professional career in a circus. It concerns Clarence, Claude, an elephant—and a lovely blonde on a flying trapeze.

Clarence, so the story goes, was enamored of the blonde on the flying trapeze. Claude, too, loved the blonde, but the blonde had eyes

only for Clarence. Unable to win the blonde by being himself, Claude took the road of least resistance and began passing himself off as Clarence. He even went to the point of telling the blonde, "If that no-good Claude comes around and annoys you again by telling you he's me, let me know and I'll throw a giraffe through him."

The blonde, so goes the story, eventually began to suspect that she

at times might be squeezing the hand of the wrong Stroud. Even when her beloved Clarence was around, she accused him of being Claude. It was an unhappy situation, even for a girl accustomed to flying trapezes.

Her soul mate and father confessor in the circus was a grizzled old elephant trainer named Jim, to whom she carried most of her problems. She told Jim she was never happy with Clarence because she was constantly assailed by the fear that she might be with Claude. Jim, so goes the story, came through with a sure-fire solution.

A big elephant named Bisco, Jim told her, knew the twins apart. Claude never passed Bisco without feeding him peanuts. Clarence always ignored Bisco. When Claude walked up to the rope, Bisco hurled his trunk forward, but when Clarence approached, Bisco ignored him.

Thereafter, when disputes arose as to which Stroud was named Clarence, the blonde marched them off to Bisco, who always had the answer.

Both twins were grateful to Bisco in the end, for Claude, definitely out of the blonde's life, suddenly wondered why he had been overlooking the red-haired bare-back rider from Wyoming.

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Al Pearce
Tizzy Lish



STEADILY climbing in the popularity surveys, the weekly program of Al Pearce and his gang has become one of radio's well-loved institutions. But, since you can listen to Al and his crew only on Tuesday nights at 9:00 on the Columbia network, RADIO MIRROR presents here a complete Watch the Fun Go By show for you to enjoy any night in the week—or any afternoon, too, for that matter. Just sit back in your easy chair and listen a minute . . . yes, here he comes. . . .

ELMER BLURT: 'Fraid you're all listenin' in, I hope I hope I hope I hope. . . .

KENNETH ROBERTS: Good evening friends. The Ford, Lincoln-Zephyr, and Lincoln dealers of America invite your whole family to watch the fun go by with Al Pearce. Tonight is matrimonial night. . . . Elmer Blurt, do you take this lawfully wedded housewife, to love, honor, and slicker her, if you can?

ELMER: Yep yep yep yep—sure sure sure sure sure!

KEN: Dr. Harris, do you take this woman, Arlene, as your lawfully wedded wife, to love, honor and obey?

ARLENE: He does! I've got it in writing!

KEN: Tizzie Lish and Carl Hoff, I now pronounce you man and wife!

TIZZIE: I know it's only in fun—but my, it's wonderful!

KEN: And now for matrimonial night we bring you Al "Cupid" Pearce, with his little bow and arrow. All right, Al, arch your bow!

AL: Thanks, Ken Roberts, and good evening, friends of merry marriage.

And, speaking of marriage, our first artist this evening married an amateur ventriloquist—you know, a man who throws his voice. Well, we've never heard a peep out of this ventriloquist yet, so I guess the day after the wedding he must have thrown his voice into the ash-can and left it there. Now I've let the cat out of the bag—and here she comes, purring as usual: our human chatterbox, Miss Arlene Harris!

ARLENE: Junior! Come in here and stop fooling around that car! You've got ten fingers—but suppose you lost three in the door of that car. Then what would you have? . . . No music lessons, huh? Aren't

STARRING AL PEARCE,

Watch the

you funny! . . . And that reminds me, you haven't practiced your piano lessons this week. Now you get busy and practice right now.

Mother is going to run in and see poor Mrs. Gibbs. She is very ill. I'll only be a few moments, and you leave the door open so I can hear you practicing. I won't be long. . . .

Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Gibbs! It's me, dear. How do you feel? . . . Why, I am so sorry I didn't get over before, but what with Easter and everything. . . . And my dear, I had no idea you were so bad. Why, when I heard Harry telling your husband this morning that he didn't think he could do any more for you, you could have knocked me over with a feather. . . .

How do you feel? . . . My, you do look badly. I naturally expected to see you looking bad, but not as bad as you do. . . . My! Haven't you got thin! My goodness, you could take a bath in a fountain pen. And here's me getting so fat if I had the mumps I probably wouldn't know it!

Jun-yer! Stop tooting that horn and practice your piano lesson! If you think I'm going to give you piano lessons every week for you to blow a bugle or something, you're silly. Now, get busy at the piano . . . Remember, I'm sitting right here by the window, and I can see you. . . . Put that trumpet away. And take your father's derby hat off it too.

Mrs. Gibbs, if I open this window, do you think that the draught will be too much on you? Though I can't see how it would make any difference. You have such a bad cold now I guess you couldn't be much worse. . . .

Put the loud pedal on, Junior, and let Mrs. Gibbs hear how nice you can play. . . . It won't annoy you, will it, dear? Harry told me if I came over to see you only to stay a minute—that you should be very quiet. Don't these doctors *slay* you!

My, I can't get over how different you look! Of course, not having your hair touched up makes you look different. Do you know, I didn't know until this very minute that you touched your hair up. Whoever was doing it certainly did a good job. . . . Well, I told Harry I would just run in a (Continued on page 69)

Station R-A-D-I-O M-I-R-R-O-R

broadcasting, on a frequency

of one dozen laughs per second.

Sure it's crazy—but it's fun!



Chatterbox Arlene Harris.



TIZZIE LISH, ARLENE HARRIS

Fun Go By

SOME *Blondes* PREFER WORK

By NORTON RUSSELL



Especially Claire Trevor, whose radio success put one over on Hollywood

20th Century-Fox

Tune in Claire Trevor, co-star of *Big Town*, Tuesday nights on CBS.

WHEN the stars of the *Big Town* radio program, Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor, visited New York for a few weeks, the Columbia network tossed a cocktail party for them at one of the swankier Central Park South hotels. Much to her own surprise, Claire managed to be present, guiltily conscious that in her own hotel suite, a few blocks away, four people were waiting for her to show up there.

It was just another case of getting her dates mixed—a major mishap that dogged her footsteps throughout her stay in Manhattan. Goodness knows, she tried hard enough. Everything she had to do, every appointment she had to keep, she carefully wrote down on a little slip of paper—a different slip for each appointment. She then, invariably, left her hotel in such a rush to get somewhere that she forgot to take the slips of paper with her. She'd find them, days later, mute reminders of the things she should have done, and hadn't.

For a young woman who had been born and brought up in New York, she succeeded in letting the place throw her completely.

By this time, you probably have a vision of a Claire

Trevor who is flighty, irresponsible, and none too easy to depend on. Strangely, in spite of her New York misadventures, nothing could be further from the truth. But even if it were true, I'd be inclined to pardon her for it. Because Claire is the heroine of a story—even if it is a success story—which might well drive anybody slightly wacky. It's the story of the one time radio has succeeded in getting the laugh on cinematic Hollywood.

For five years, no less, the moving-picture studios have had Claire, one hundred and twelve pounds of beauty, without ever suspecting that in her they also possessed one hundred and twelve pounds of superior acting talent. It wasn't that they never had a chance to find out, because in "Dead End" she gave them more than a hint of what she could do. But none, it is said, are so blind as those who will not see, and even after "Dead End" the movie people weren't seeing Claire enough to remove her from the second-grade pictures she'd been making month after month.

Then along came radio, quietly put Claire to work, and presto; quicker than you can say "A star is born," people all over the country were talking about her. And Hollywood, as excited as (Continued on page 64)

By SAMUEL
KAUFMAN

**Movies in color!
Face-to-face
conversations
over the air!
Sets you can
buy right now!**



Courtesy of General Electric Co. of England

WHAT YOU CAN'T IMAGINE ABOUT TELEVISION

Nothing can prevent this scene in an English home from being duplicated soon in America—a darkened room, a group of people seated comfortably, watching a televised vaudeville show.


Because from every corner of the country there is coming a rapidly increasing demand for more information about television, and because every reader has a right to know what is really happening behind the many closed doors, RADIO MIRROR brings you television's newest secrets, many of them so surprising you're going to rush out to your nearest amateur set builder with an order.

LIKE a tiny snowball pushed to the edge of a steep slope by small children and then left there to its own devices, television is hurtling down towards the valley of completion, increasing its size with every revolution, crushing bigger and bigger obstacles in its path, so powerful in its onward rush that those who would hold it back now are powerless to combat what they put in motion years ago.

The only way to make a forecast of the date when television will roll into the valley, full grown, a giant new industry to bring new prosperity to manufacturing, is to look into a crystal ball. Any crystal will do, including your grandmother's punch bowl. The important thing is not a prediction—which would really be a guess. What is important is a report on all the unmistakable and thrilling signs that nothing can keep television from becoming an actuality—soon!

That's where we come in, because in the twelve months that have sped past since this magazine published its last report on television, magical things have occurred in the laboratories and in the homes of unnamed amateurs. Black magic, if you will, but magic that means just one thing—television as a regular entertainment commodity, to purchase and enjoy as you'd buy a ticket to the (Continued on page 59)

REBEL'S ROAD



Heartache and failure were
only the prelude to today's
most dazzling success story

By ANNEMARIE EWING

PART TWO

MORNIN', sir."
"Mornin', son."
"Nice weather for now. Kind of Indian summer."

"Yeah. . ."

"Got an audition with Major Bowes?"

"Huh? Oh . . . no!"

No, he didn't have an audition with Major Bowes though hundreds of people who rode up in the elevators of the building at 1697 Broadway did. Or they might be going up to the Fred Waring office. Or to broadcast over station WMCA whose studios were on

the top floor. Or to one of those dancing schools.

But the young man to whom the elevator boy at 1697 Broadway was being so friendly was Benny Goodman and he was going to the first rehearsal of his new band on a late summer morning in 1934.

He didn't yet believe it was true. After all, you can't just go out and buy a band as if it were a bag of peanuts. You have to approach each man you want individually, tell him what you want to do, and find out if he'll come along. When Benny got off the elevator and stepped into his rehearsal room, he still wasn't sure the men he'd asked to come would be there.

But they were—Claude Thornhill, pianist, the man whose recent arrangement of "Loch Lomond" for his protege Maxine Sullivan is one of today's swing sensations. And Sammy Shapiro and Russ Case with their trumpets; Jack Lacy and Red Ballard with trombones; Benny Cantor, Hymie Schertzer and Arthur Rollini, saxophones; Sammy Weiss, drums, George Van Epps, guitar, and Hank Wayland, bass.

"Well," said Benny, uncertainly, "here we are. Let's go!"

He'd saved up enough to have some special musical arrangements made. Now he put the parts on the

TO GLORY

THE FIRST AUTHORIZED STORY OF

Benny Goodman's Amazing Life



boys' stands, adjusted his glasses and said, "Let's go!"

The number was a beauty—slow and rhythmic with a steady swing. But after they'd read it through once, Red Ballard put down his trombone, put on his coat and hat and started for the door.

"Hey! Where are you going?" Benny called after him.

"Well," said Red, suppressing a grin, "look at the title of that number you just had us play. Fine start for a new band!"

BENNY had always called it "that Gordon Jenkins number." Now he looked at the title. It was "Goodbye."

Another fledgling band leader might have been sore. Or thrown the number away as a bad omen. But that was never Benny's way. He doesn't often get sore. And it was far too swell a number to throw away.

Instead, he made up his mind right there that he'd turn a false start to good advantage. He'd make this number, that seemed to sign them off before they'd even begun, his theme. He stuck to his decision. Today "Goodbye" is the theme with which Benny Goodman always finishes a broadcast.

Then, by one of those freak chances you can't quite

believe, they got a job at a big club in New York's swank fifties—Billy Rose's Music Hall.

Right there, Benny Goodman came up against his first handicap. He knew his business, certainly. Everything about the music was perfectly clear to him. He knew how to get what he wanted from his men, how to pick arrangers, how to blend the ensemble into a perfect whole.

But he had completely overlooked the fact that when you lead a band you have to stand up in front and face hundreds of people every night.

And people like to talk to a band leader, joke with him, let him kid them along. To a boy as quiet and shy as Benny Goodman, this was torture.

The first few weeks at the Music Hall, he didn't even have the nerve to turn around and face the people. He played right to the band, with his back to the audience.

It wasn't that he didn't feel friendly towards all those people. He glowed inside with pleasure when they applauded something in the music that was really good. He loved them! But he didn't know how to show that he loved them. He was miserable, suffering agonies of self-consciousness. (Continued on page 66)



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BEHIND THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By JIMMIE FIDLER

While he waits for that new air show to begin, Dick Powell has time to relax at the polo games with Mrs. Dick—Joan Blondell—and movie camera.



Fink

In spite of the caustic remarks in this month's Fidler open letter, Walt Disney's program is set for another season on the air, with a summer vacation.



Fink

Fink

Hero and heroine of the Cecil B. DeMille story of the month—John Payne and Ann Shirley, of a recent Lux Theater broadcast.



Is Naomi Benny going to have a baby brother soon? Perhaps she will, if Fidler's hunch on Jack's Eastern trip this spring proves correct.



Paramount

KEN MURRAY, Hollywood Hotel emcee is playing the field. He successively dates Frances Langford, Ethel Merman, Shirley Ross and Andrea Leeds. In the latter case—where does Bergen come in?

* * *

There was much too much sponsor interference on Your Hollywood Parade to suit Dick Powell, and he was very unhappy during the last few weeks of the show.

Will he do more radio work? Yes. Probably by the time you read this, he will have signed for a big show—Coca-Cola if we are to believe current rumors.

A Broadway show, in addition to picture work? Yes, says Dick, if it's a drama—"something one can really think about." But a musical comedy in which he'll have to play another of "those juveniles" he does in pictures—definitely not. "I don't like 'em," Dick said, "and the New York critics would never stand for it. They're not any too keen on my doing 'em in pictures."

* * *

FLASH!

It's still supposed to be a secret, but the main reason for Jack Benny's trip to New York was to inquire about adopting a baby boy as a playmate for Naomi.

* * *

You should see the fans dive for Robert Taylor's script when the M-G-M-Maxwell House show winds up. Bob pencils his name on the paper, and that's enough for the autograph addicts.

* * *

Abner, of the Lum and Abner bucolic comic team, is expecting to be a father again soon. His wife is the former Elizabeth Bullion of Mena, Arkansas.

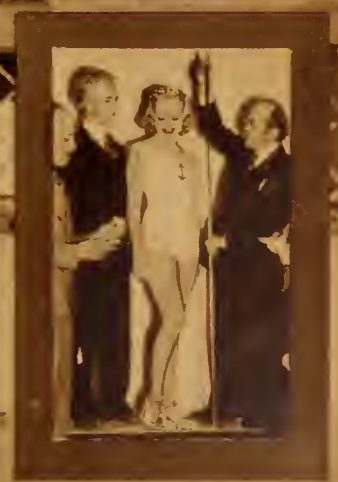
* * *

Bob Burns was (Continued on page 72)

If the news is hot, exciting and uncensored—here it is!

HOLLYWOOD
PICKS ITS
Perfect Figure
FROM RADIO

America's Ideal Girl, according to a jury of Hollywood art specialists, is Betty Grable, whose singing has made Saturday nights on CBS worth staying at home for this year. Inset: the judges taking the measurements which caused them to challenge Atlantic City to produce any Miss America who is nearer to perfection than this lovely Paramount star. Below, with husband Jackie Coogan.





Just as it happened, but with professional actors and actresses playing the parts, here is a famous radio romance. But suppose we let the hero tell about it:

"(6) . . . Then my job came between us. She said she could never be happy married to a vaudeville actor, and at last we broke the engagement off. But my father (7) talked to her and convinced her she was wrong and . . .



2

"(1 and 2) In Los Angeles on a vaudeville tour, I telephoned a girl I knew and asked her to go out. Her voice sounded strange, but I didn't suspect that . . .

Whose Love

Photos by Macfadden Studios



"(8) . . . we rushed to get a license before she changed her mind again. So we were married, even though (9) the ceremony was hardly over when Mary fainted, completely worn out. Now see page 64 for our picture."



3



"(3) . . . I was really talking to her kid sister, who met me when I arrived with peals of laughter at the clever trick she'd played on me. I turned and ran . . .



"(4) . . . and didn't see her again until I came back to Los Angeles about six years later. Now the one-time kid sister had grown into a beautiful girl, and I . . .



"(5) . . . was so smitten with her that when I left I persuaded her to visit some relatives in Chicago and meet my family. And in Chicago she promised to marry me . . .

Story is this?

Posed by our own actors, the gay romance of two famous stars—are you smart enough to guess who they are?



**RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR**



New Team

Radio's Harriet Hilliard and movie's Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Cocoanut Grove."

Occasion: the Hollywood premiere of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and the second broadcast of Shirley's life. With Shirley: MBS announcer George Fischer.

Hyman Pink

BROADCAST

Scoop!

THE MIKE CAPTURES
SHIRLEY TEMPLE

RADIO
PHOTO-
MIRROR



enny Baker, Jack Benny's timid
nor, loves Mary Livingstone.
(1) True False



These two musicians are Guy and
Carmen Lombardo, of London, Ont.
(2) True False



William S. Paley is the president of
National Broadcasting Company.
(3) True False

"TRUE OR FALSE" TEST YOUR RADIO I. Q.

Radio's latest brain-busting fad inspires
a picture game to put wrinkles into your
forehead—and lots of fun into your life

TRUE or False?" That's the title
of the radio program which sent
the editors of RADIO MIRROR scur-
rying to find the pictures and cap-
tions on this page. On the Mutual
System Monday nights at 10:00, New
York time, sponsored by Williams
Shaving Cream, Dr. Harry Hagen
makes a series of statements for
members of the studio audience to

answer in one of two ways—"True"
or "False." Here is the same game,
played with pictures selected by Dr.
Hagen. Read the captions, then see
how many of them you can spot cor-
rectly as being gospel truth or whop-
ping great lies. Then check with the
answers on page 68). If you get eight
correct, you're doing well. Finally,
listen in to the program next Monday.



Bob Burns built this new home
for his bachelor headquarters.
(6) True False

Chester Lauck (Lum of Lum and Abner) is an elderly Arkansas hill-billy.
(9) True False



When Eddie Cantor talks about Ida, he
refers to the mother of his five sons.
(10) True False





Manhattan Merry-Go-Round's Rachel Carlay is a real Parisian singing star. (4) True False



Bert Lytell, who plays the title role in Alias Jimmy Valentine on NBC, was once married to his moving picture co-star, Viola Dana. (5) True False



Wendy Barrie is the grand-daughter of the late Sir James M. Barrie. (7) True False



Phil Baker grew up in this tenement on New York's East Side. (8) True False

Al Jolson's Parkyakarkus is really a former Boston advertising man. (11) True False



Radio creates the sound of a storm at sea with BB shot in a big drum. (12) True False





RADIO'S NEWEST
SENSATION IS A

Brat

BABY SNOOKS PANICS LISTENERS!



Now, in addition to radio success, Baby Snooks has invaded movies and popular songs with the new M-G-M musical, "Everybody Sing," which has a lyric dedicated to her. A mother, Fannie has learned through her own dramatic life the value of laughter to cover heartbreak.

She's stubborn, she wheedles, she can't be trusted, and she prefers falsehoods to truths—She's Baby Snooks, everything you wouldn't want your child to be. But you find her the easiest thing on the air to laugh at because she's much too human to take seriously.

Fannie Brice first acted Baby Snooks on the radio some eighteen months ago and caused less than a ripple of excitement, but this winter in a single performance on Thursday night's Good News broadcast, she scored so sensationally she was signed to be a permanent star.

MOTHER
GOOSE

MOTHER
GOOSE



'WHY? BECAUSE—'

Photos through courtesy of M-G-M

**RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR**



On Edgar Bergen's recent birthday, pal Ken Murray planned a party so secretly Bergen suspected nothing until he came home to find himself being picketed. Jon Hall and Frances Langford are amused spectators.



Surprise



Everybody came! Above left, Ray Bolger, W. C. Fields; left, Don Ameche, Bergen and son, Shirley Ross, Bob Hope, Ken, Dorothy; below, Louella Parsons and W. C.





Left, Bergen sheepishly enters with Ken, to the hoots of the guests. Gag gifts were plentiful—the funniest, Dorothy Lamour's wooden cake (above); the cruellest, the wig (right) for Bergen's rapidly thinning locks.



Party

For radio's famous as well as the folks back home, the good old fashioned surprise party is still tops in fun!

And (obviously) everybody had fun! Especially Shirley Ross, who (below) rewards Ken for the party, as well as (right) W. C. for being himself—while Dottie gives Bergen another present.

Also invited was photographer Hyman Fink, who ate more than anybody.



THE MAN WITH 100 VOICES



Lucy Johnson's giggle looks like this.



Eucalyptus talks with his eyes closed.



Above, Pa Johnson; below, the lawyer.



RADIO'S had many a one-man show, but none more remarkable than Jimmy Scribner's *The Johnson Family*, broadcast three evenings a week over the Mutual System. Scribner writes, produces, and acts all the parts in this comedy serial, as well as providing most of the sound effects and playing the theme song on a hand-organ which was built especially for him. Not only does he change voices for the different characters of his serial, but—as the candid camera discovered—he changes faces for them, too. His record number of different characterizations was reached on a broadcast a few weeks ago, when he impersonated twenty-two different Johnson family characters. A fifteen-minute broadcast leaves him perspiring, harsh-voiced, and exhausted, and a studio audience isn't permitted to watch him at work. Below, he starts the show off with his theme song.



Below: Somebody's knocking at the door.



Photos by Walter Engel

RADIO MIRROR •

almanac

APRIL 22 TO MAY 24

**IN SEVEN FACT-FILLED PAGES—ONE FOR EACH
DAY OF THE WEEK—A COMPLETE GUIDE TO EVERY-
THING YOU WANT TO HEAR ON ALL THE NETWORKS
PLUS FASCINATING NEWS ABOUT THE PROGRAMS!**

All time given in the Almanac is Eastern Daylight Saving; for Eastern Standard, subtract one hour from printed time; for Central Standard, subtract two; for Mountain Standard, subtract three; for Pacific Coast Standard, subtract four.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: John Winters
 NBC-Red: William Meeder
 8:30
 NBC-Blue: Tono Pictures
 NBC-Red: Four Showmen
 8:45
 NBC-Red: Animal News Club
 9:00
 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
 NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
 NBC-Red: Alice Remsen, Goo. Griffin
 9:15
 NBC-Red: Tom Terriss
 9:30
 NBC-Red: Melody Moments
 9:55
 CBS: Press Radio News
 10:00
 CBS: Church of the Air
 NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
 NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
 10:30
 CBS: String Ensemble
 NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago
 NBC-Red: Madrigal Singers
 11:00
 CBS: Texas Rangers
 NBC: Press Radio News
 11:05
 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
 NBC-Red: Silver Flute
 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
 11:30
 CBS: Major Bowes Family
 NBC-Red: Anglor and Hunter
 11:45
 NBC-Blue: Bill Storns
 NBC-Red: Norsomen Quartet
 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: Southernares
 NBC-Red: Home Symphony
 12:30 P.M.
 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
 NBC-Blue: Music Hall Symphony
 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion
 1:00
 CBS: Church of the Air
 NBC-Red: Al and Lee Reisor
 1:30
 CBS: Foreign Program
 NBC-Red: Silver Strings
 2:00
 CBS: Boris Morros Quartet
 NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
 NBC-Red: Kiddoodlers
 2:15
 NBC-Red: Vincent Gomez
 2:30
 CBS: Joan Hersholt
 3:00
 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic (Ends May 1)
 NBC-Blue: Charlotte Lansing
 NBC-Red: Radio News Reel
 3:30
 NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
 4:00
 NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
 NBC-Red: Romance Melodies
 4:30
 NBC-Red: The World is Yours
 NBC-Blue: Jean Ellington
 5:00
 MBS: Singing Lady
 NBC-Blue: Last of the Lockwoods
 NBC-Red: Marion Talley
 5:30
 CBS: Guy Lombardo
 NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
 NBC-Red: Mickey Mouse
 5:45
 NBC-Blue: Howard Marshall
 6:00
 CBS: Joe Pennor
 MBS: George Jessel
 NBC-Blue: Musical Camora
 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
 6:30
 CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac
 NBC-Blue: Hayon MacGuarrie
 NBC-Red: A Tale of Today
 7:00
 CBS: Manhattan Mother
 NBC-Red: Jack Benny
 7:30
 CBS: Phil Baker
 NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson, Fog Murray
 NBC-Red: Interesting Neighbors.
 8:00
 CBS: St. Louis Blues
 NBC-Blue: Spy at Large
 NBC-Red: Don Amecho, Edgar Bergen, John Carter, Stroud Twins
 8:30
 CBS: Lyn Murray
 NBC-Blue: California Concert
 9:00
 CBS: Ford Symphony
 NBC-Blue: Tyrone Power
 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
 9:30
 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
 9:45
 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
 10:00
 CBS: Grand Central Station
 NBC-Blue: Paul Martin Orch.
 10:30
 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
 NBC-Blue: Cheerio
 NBC-Red: Norman Cloutier Orch.
 11:00
 NBC-Blue: Dance Music
 NBC-Red: Marlowe and Lyon
 11:30
 Dance Music

Motto of the Day



By
Major
Bowes

Why not make every day Mother's Day?

Highlights For Sunday, April 24

THIS is the day you'll get all confused about your radio programs unless you remember that at midnight last night Daylight Saving Time went into effect, and that all the shows now go on the air exactly one hour earlier than they did last Sunday. And right now might be a good spot to explain again that your Almanac prints all its times in Daylight Saving, too; so if your town operates on Eastern Standard, subtract one hour; on Central Standard subtract two; on Mountain Standard subtract three; on Pacific Coast Standard subtract four. Sure it's confusing, all this talk about time, but did you ever read anything written by J. B. Priestley on the same subject? That's when you get really mixed up.

... Today's guest stars are all masculine: Eugene List, pianist, and Harry Glantz, trumpeter, on the New York Philharmonic program on CBS at 3:00 (Daylight time). . . . Bruce Cabot of the movies on Feg Murray's and Ozzie Nelson's program, 7:30 over NBC-Blue. Mr. Cabot, who plays heroes and villains with equal ease, rejoices in the real name of Jacques Etienne du Bujac. . . . At 9:00, the guest of the Ford Symphony (and these hour programs are nearing the end of their season) is Baritone John Charles Thomas. . . . At 12:45 this afternoon, you who take your radio seriously will listen to Democracy in Transition, which consists today of a talk on "America's Underprivileged."



The movies' hero-villain Bruce Cabot is Feg Murray's guest on the Bakers Broadcast.

Highlights For Sunday, May 1

THERE ought to be some very impressive ceremonies going on during the Jack Benny Jell-O program tonight at 7:00 over NBC-Red. . . . On the other hand, you never can tell—perhaps Jack will just ignore entirely the fact that today's his sixth anniversary on the air. But whether he celebrates or not, his program's still bound to be funny and more than worth the listening. . . . Today's is the last concert for the season by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra—on CBS at 3:00. For its farewell, the orchestra has whipped up an all-Wagner program, with Marjorie Lawrence and Charles Kullman, Metropolitan Opera soprano and tenor, doing the vocals. . . . Violinist Efrem Zimbalist is Mr. Ford's

guest, at 9:00 on CBS, with Fritz Reiner conducting the orchestra. . . . And though you don't hear James Melton on the networks just now, beginning today you can hear him on the new series of electrically transcribed shows sponsored by Chevrolet. If your local station doesn't broadcast these recorded shows there's something very wrong, because they're heard over 365 stations from coast to coast, which is pretty complete coverage when you consider that the biggest of the network shows are only heard on about a hundred stations. . . . The subject of today's Democracy in Transition talk—on MBS at 12:45—is "Education in Democracy". . . . Birthday greetings to Kate Smith.



Efrem Zimbalist does some fancy violin-playing tonight on the Ford program.

Highlights For Sunday, May 8

YOUR Almanac can't promise that you'll hear Jean Hersholt this afternoon on CBS at 2:30, because Dr. Christian is due to call it a season and take a rest from the air for the summer. But it's worth your while tuning in because negotiations have been under way for quite a while to extend the series a few weeks past the scheduled closing date, so a broadcast or two can come from Callander, where Jean is going to make another picture with the Dionne Quints. This may be the day for one of those Callander broadcasts—you never can tell. And maybe the Quints will be on the air too. . . . At 3:00, Howard Barlow and the Columbia Symphony orchestra begin their summer job of subbing for the New

York Philharmonic. It's an hour of good music. . . . Henry Ford will listen in to his own program tonight with special pleasure, because his own pet musical organization is the guest of honor—the Greenfield Village Mixed Choir. To join him, all you have to do is tune in CBS at 9:00. John Barbirolli is directing the orchestra tonight for the first time. . . . The Wrigley people have one of New York's most popular local shows on the CBS network tonight and every Sunday at 6:30. It's Phil Cook's Almanac, which puts early-rising New Yorkers into a good mood every weekday at 7:00. . . . And don't forget, everybody, that this is Mother's Day—better do something about it.



John Barbirolli is back on the air, directing the Ford orchestra on CBS at 9.

Highlights For Sunday, May 15 and 22

MAY 15: This afternoon at 5:30 is your last chance until the Autumn winds begin to blow the leaves down to hear the Mickey Mouse Theater of the Air. Mickey, Minnie, Donald and all the rest are taking a vacation for themselves. . . . "A National Advisory Council" is the subject of today's MBS Democracy in Transition discussion at 12:45. . . . Not satisfied with the usual two guest stars, the Ford program at 9:00 on CBS has two tonight—Patricia Travers, violinist, and Julius Katchen, pianist, both of them very young indeed. . . . Barney Rapp's orchestra opens tonight at the New Penn Club in Pittsburg, and you'll hear him playing there over an NBC wire. . . . Barney is, in private life, the husband of Ruby

Wright, who sings with his band; and his brother is Barry Wood, who's no stranger to your radio set either. MAY 22: John Carter, the lad who is gaining applause for his work as singing star of the Chase and Sanborn show at 8:00 on NBC-Red (and it wasn't any cinch to follow Nelson Eddy in that position) is only twenty-six years old and this is his first big network job. When Nelson returns in August John will leave the show and return to New York, where he has a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company. He won the Metropolitan auditions a couple of months ago, you remember. . . . One of the Met's leading lady stars, Bruna Castagna, is on the air tonight—the Ford hour at 9:00.



Bruna Castagna sings tonight on CBS at 9, as the Ford Symphony's weekly guest star.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 8:15
 NBC-Blue: William Meeder
 NBC-Red: Doc Schneider's Texans
 9:00
 CBS: Dear Columbia
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:15
 NBC-Red: Frank Luther
 9:30
 CBS: The Road of Life
 9:40
 NBC: Press Radio News
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 CBS: Richard Maxwell
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Betty Moore
 12:00 Noon
 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 12:15
 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Hymns
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45
 CBS: Vaillant Lady
 2:00
 CBS: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Blue: U. S. Navy Band
 2:15
 CBS: The O'Neills
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 3:00
 NBC-Blue: Rochester Civic Orch.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 CBS: Kate Smith
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45
 CBS: Dance Time
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Dear Teacher
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
 5:15
 CBS: New Horizons
 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
 NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
 5:30
 CBS: Stepmother
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
 5:45
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:00
 CBS: Press Radio News
 6:30
 CBS: Boake Carter
 NBC-Blue: Waltz Serenade
 NBC-Red: Sports Column
 6:45
 CBS: Lum and Abner
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Just Entertainment
 NBC-Blue: Music is My Hobby
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
 7:30
 CBS: Eddie Cantor
 8:00
 CBS: You Said It
 NBC-Red: Burns and Allen
 8:30
 CBS: Pick and Pat
 NBC-Blue: These We Love
 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
 9:00
 CBS: Lux Theater
 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
 9:30
 NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
 10:00
 CBS: Wayne King
 NBC-Red: Contented Program
 10:30
 CBS: Brave New World
 MBS: The Lone Ranger
 NBC-Blue: Radio Forum
 NBC-Red: Public Hero No. 1

Motto of the Day



By
Eddie
Cantor

For all motorists: Children should be seen and not hurt

Highlights For Monday, April 25

ATTENTION all *Hilltop House* fans: your show changes its time today, and will be heard from now on at 10:30 in the morning, *E.D.S.T.*, instead of at 5:45 in the afternoon. For western listeners, it's adding a repeat broadcast, beginning today, at 4:30 in the afternoon—which is 12:30, *Pacific Coast Standard* time. The cast stays as is, with *Bess Johnson* starring. . . . Your *NBC-Red* stations are busy with the premiere of a brand new serial, starting today at 5:30. Called *Your Family and Mine*, it's sponsored by the Sealtest milk people, and will be on the air five days a week from now on. . . . *Phil Spitalny* and his thirty-two lovely young lady musicians are broadcasting tonight from the goal of

all lovely young ladies—Hollywood. In case you're a little behindhand on your time changes, this program is on *NBC-Red* at 9:00 now, instead of its old hour at 9:30. . . . *Ma Perkins* and *The Goldbergs* changed their times not so long ago—*Ma Perkins* is on now at 2:00, and *The Goldbergs* at 12:15, both on *CBS*. . . . Some headlines for tonight: *Eddie Cantor* and *Eddie Fairchild's* band on *CBS* at 7:30. . . . *Burns and Allen* on *NBC-Red* at 8:00. . . . the *Lux Theater*, with more Hollywood stars and a swell play on *CBS* at 9:00. . . . topped off with half an hour of soothing waltz music provided by *Wayne King* and *Lady Esther* at 10:00 on *CBS*, to get you into the mood for ending the day.



Bess Johnson's starring serial, *Hilltop House*, moves today to a new time schedule.

Highlights For Monday, May 2

HERE'S something to satisfy the folks who complain that radio is too frivolous. . . . An international conference carried on from 7:30 to 8:00 tonight, via short wave, between doctors on both sides of the Atlantic on the prevention of heart diseases in children. It's really important, too, because the doctors are fighting a disease whose toll among children is greater than that of infantile paralysis. Listen in at 7:30 on *NBC-Red* and you'll hear such famous scientists as *Lord Thomas Jeeves Harder*, personal physician to the King of England, *Dr. Homer F. Swift* of Rockefeller Institute, and others. . . . According to plans, *Pop-eye the Sailor* is due to return to the air today, on a *Monday, Wednes-*

day and Friday basis, at 6:15 on *CBS*. . . . Your letters made one of your favorites return to the air—today, *Wednesday and Friday* at 10:45 A. M. on *CBS*. *Richard Maxwell*, singer of beloved old hymns, left the air several months ago and immediately such a hue and cry arose that now he's back on. Few sponsored stars are as sincerely missed as Maxwell was during his absence. He's a radio old-timer—made his debut in 1923, and was first heard on *CBS* in 1928. Before that he'd been a chorus boy in Broadway shows, worked in real estate, in a steel mill, and as a shoe salesman. . . . Thirty-four years ago today. . . . *Harry Lillis Crosby* (Bing to you) was born in Tacoma, Washington.



Loyal listeners are the reason *Richard Maxwell's* back on the air today at 10:45.

Highlights For Monday, May 9

JEAN ROGERS, who plays the part of *Elaine Dascom* in tonight's *Those We Love* (yes, it's tonight at 8:30 on *NBC-Blue* instead of *Tuesday* nights now), is one of the younger of Hollywood starlets. Right now she's famous mostly because *Rho Pi Phi*, international fraternity, has chosen her for its official "sweetheart," but her bosses, *Universal Pictures*, say they're sure she's headed for even more enduring fame as an actress. She came to Hollywood from Belmont, Massachusetts, via the beauty-contest route. . . . That *Lou Holtz* program, called *You Said It*, on *CBS* at 8:00, ought to be settling into its stride by now, after as stormy a career as any radio program every suffered under—with writ-

ers for *Lou's* comedy being changed every week. Listen in, because if he's given half a chance, *Lou* can be very funny, and *Richard Himber's* music and *Kay Thompson's* singing always were good. . . . *Lou*, who comes from Major Bowes' home town of San Francisco, has been in vaudeville for about twenty years, and grew famous with his Jewish character, *Sam Lapidus*—whom he seldom uses, full force, on the air. . . . He's married, to a former artist's model, is a constant cigar smoker, like *Bernie* and *Benny*, and refuses to use a script at the microphone, thereby driving the man who has to time his programs almost batty. . . . He credits *Irving Caesar* with helping him to think up new dialect gags.



Elaine Dascom in the weekly serial, *Those We Love*, is played by starlet *Jean Rogers*.

Highlights For Monday, May 16 and 23

MAY 16: A good reason for many a listener to look forward to *Monday* night is the *Carnation Contented* program and its star, *Opal Craven*, the "Lullaby Lady", on *NBC-red* at 10:00. *Opal* is a real trouper, and has been one since she was seven years old, when she joined her family in a *Chautauqua Circuit* act which went all over the United States and into Europe as well. She played the clarinet, saxophone, trumpet and piano, equally well. By the time she was thirteen, *Opal* had branched out into singing, too, and was being billed as the "child *Melba*." She took up radio work three years ago. In private life she's married to *Roy P. Zimmermann*, a Chicago business man, and they have a husky

three-year-old son. She's blond, five and a half feet tall, and would rather eat strawberry shortcake than any other dessert—that is, if you care about that. The important thing is that she's the possessor of one of the sweetest voices on the air. . . .

MAY 23: The joys and sorrows of being a mother-in-law are investigated in the daily serial of that name, on *NBC-Blue* at 1:30, *Monday* through *Friday*. . . . If you've ever been or had a mother-in-law, you'll be interested. . . . You'll be interested, too, in *CBS'* educational program, *New Horizons*, at 5:15 this afternoon. It's science made easy to understand, presented by the American Museum of Natural History in New York.



Opal Craven is the "Lullaby Lady" on the *Carnation Contented* hour tonight at 10:00.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 9:00
 CBS: Music In the Air
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 9:30
 CBS: The Road of Life
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 NBC-Blue: Kitehen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
 NBC-Blue: Marc Marlin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Mic and Sade
 NBC-Red: Homemakers' Exchange
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
 12:00 Noon
 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 12:15 P. M.
 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Dur Gal Sunday
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Hymns
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45
 CBS: Valiant Lady
 2:00
 CBS: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Red: Fun in Music
 2:15
 CBS: The O'Neills
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 NBC-Blue: Music Guild
 NBC-Red: Federated Women's Clubs
 3:00
 NBC-Blue: U. S. Marine Band
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00
 CBS: Highways of Health
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Let's Pretend
 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
 5:15
 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
 NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
 5:30
 CBS: Stepmother
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
 5:45
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:00
 CBS: Press Radio News
 6:30
 CBS: Boake Carter
 NBC-Blue: Johnnie Johnston
 NBC-Red: Sports Column
 6:45
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Just Entertainment
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: Hollywood Screenscoops
 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
 7:30
 CBS: Helen Menken
 NBC-Blue: Dorothy Thompson
 8:00
 CBS: Edward G. Robinson
 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
 8:30
 CBS: Al Jolson
 NBC-Red: Wayne King
 9:00
 CBS: Al Pearce
 NBC-Blue: Horace Heidt
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson
 9:30
 CBS: Benny Goodman
 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly
 10:00
 CBS: Hal Kemp
 NBC-Blue: True Detective Stories
 NBC-Blue: NBC Jamboeze
 NBC-Red: Bob Ripley
 10:30
 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
 10:45
 NBC-Red: Dale Carnegie

Motto of the Day

Tuesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Martha
Raye

The man who says, "I'll do the best I can," seldom does.

Highlights For Tuesday, April 26

IF you're a Bob Ripley fan—and a good many well-informed people are—you'll have to rearrange your Tuesday-night listening habits, beginning tonight, to include him—at 10:00 on NBC-Red. No changes in the program—it's just moving to Tuesday, instead of Saturday, because Saturday isn't a very good night for prospective buyers of Huskies to stay home and listen. Or so the sponsors have decided. . . . Another show that's switched its time in the general shuffle that always goes on around this time of year, is *Fibber McGee*. You used to hear it on Monday nights, but now you hear it Tuesdays at 9:30 on NBC-Red. Here's hoping that Molly is well enough tonight to be back on the show—but it isn't likely

she will be, because her doctors want her to take a complete rest until autumn. . . . Incidentally, have you read the revealing story about her and Fibber on page 17 of this issue of RADIO MIRROR? . . . There's some exciting adventure stuff going on this afternoon in *Terry and the Pirates*, NBC-Red at 5:15. Adapted from the popular comic strip, this is one of the best-liked of children's serial programs—and not altogether by the children, either. A little bloodshed now and then is relished by the best of grown-up men. . . . Your Almanac's own choices for this evening: *Vocal Varieties* on NBC-Red at 7:15; *Dorothy Thompson* on the Blue at 7:30; *Edward G. Robinson* and *Claire Trevor* on CBS at 8:00.



Bob Ripley bobs up tonight, changing his program time to Tuesdays at 10:00.

Highlights For Tuesday, May 3



Fibber McGee—who's moved to Tuesday evening from his old Monday spot—NBC, 9:30.

AL JOLSON has a different sort of guest star on his *Rinsø* program tonight at 8:30 on CBS—Osa Johnson, widow of the famous explorer Martin Johnson. And all admirers of courage will want to listen in and hear Mrs. Johnson tell her story. . . . Lou Breeze, the maestro who originated the "Tic Toc" *Metronome Rhythm*, opens a new season tonight at the *Chez Paree* in Chicago, and NBC will be bringing you his music from there late at night. . . . Here's a story about *Claire Trevor*—you hear her tonight with *Edward G. Robinson* at 8:00 on CBS—that came in too late to go in the article about her on page 25. As the article tells you, Claire had a lot of trouble keeping her dates straight while she was in

New York—but she made up her mind that in spite of all the rushing around there was one person she certainly would see. This was an editor who had written to her, complimenting her on her "Dead End" performance. She called him up, made the appointment for a Friday afternoon, and sent herself about four memos reminding her to keep it. Came Friday afternoon, and Claire was ready—but the gentleman never showed up. Resigned to having somebody else forget dates, Claire forgot the whole matter—until Saturday afternoon, when the gentleman arrived just as Claire was getting ready to go out. . . . She's still wondering if she made a mistake after all, and the date was for Saturday.

Highlights For Tuesday, May 10

YOU can thank the approach of summer, which knocks so many good shows off the air, for the return of Hal Kemp and his band, with *Maxine Gray* and *Bob Allen* as featured soloists. For their sponsor makes Griffin's Allwite shoe cleaner, which doesn't advertise in the winter months, for obvious reasons. . . . Maxine Gray, Hal's luscious feminine song-star, isn't to be confused with the Maxine of *Phil Spitalny's* orchestra, who's a different person altogether. . . . Hal's Maxine has been with him for several years, as has his other vocalist, Bob Allen. . . . Bob, in fact, never has worked for any other bandleader except Hal, although it was *Ben Bernie* who gave him his first chance by advising him to go

from his home town, Cincinnati, to Chicago for a try-out. Bob bought a round-trip ticket, but in Chicago he met Hal, who engaged him at once. Bob still has the return half of his ticket, which he keeps for luck. . . . The Kemp program, which started a couple of weeks ago, is on CBS tonight at 10:00, and will be the favorite tuning-in-spot of everybody who likes smart, sophisticated dance rhythms. . . . The same goes for *Horace Heidt's* show on NBC-Blue at 9:00. At 10:30 tonight, on NBC-Red, *Jimmie Fidler* tells you how the boys and girls in Hollywood are faring these days. . . . and at 10:45, on the same network, *Dale Carnegie* tells you how you'll fare if you'll learn to Win Friends and Influence People.



Maxine Gray sings with Hal Kemp and his band tonight at ten o'clock on CBS.

Highlights For Tuesday, May 17 and 24



Will Osborne, who's playing tonight at Meadowbrook—hear his music over NBC.

MAY 17: The horse set will all be at their radio dials today from 4:45 to 5:15, tuning in the handiest CBS station to listen to the description of the *Swift Stakes* from Belmont Park. That old reliable racing expert, *Bryan Field*, is the man doing the describing. Station WOR, in New York, will also carry the broadcast. . . . People who aren't so crazy over horses, horses, horses, will be tuning in NBC-Red at 4:45 to listen to the serial drama, *Road of Life*, starring *Matt Crowley* and *Peppy Allenby*, and with a big cast of hand-picked radio actors. . . . Did you know that *Dr. Rowland*, one of the characters in this serial, is played by one-time movie actor *Niles Welch*, who is keeping himself pretty busy these

days around the studios? In the very early days of Hollywood movies—when they flickered and jumped around—he was the leading man for such stars as *Marguerite Clark*, *Grace Darmond*, *Mae Marsh*, *Mary Pickford*, *Pauline Frederick*. Now, besides playing *Dr. Rowland*, he appears in various other NBC dramatic offerings.

MAY 24: *Will Osborne*, *Vallee's* old feuding-partner, leaves the Meadowbrook Inn after tonight's spell of dance-music, so you'll probably want to tune in NBC late tonight for a last listen—last, that is, until he turns up somewhere else. . . . And at 9:00 tonight, there's no telling beforehand who will turn up on *Parks Johnson's* and *Wallie Butterworth's* NBC Vox Pop show.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
 8:00 A.M.
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 8:15
 NBC-Blue: William Meeder
 NBC-Red: Doc Schneider's Texans
 9:00
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:30
 CBS: The Road of Life
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 CBS: Richard Maxwell
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Hello Peggy
 12:00 Noon
 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 12:15 P. M.
 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Betty Crocker
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45
 CBS: Valiant Lady
 2:00
 CBS: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Red: Your Health
 2:15
 CBS: The O'Neills
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 NBC-Red: Brevity Matinee
 3:00
 NBC-Blue: Continental Varieties
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 CBS: Curtis Music Inst.
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30
 NBC-Blue: Nat'l P.T.A. Congress
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45
 CBS: Dance Time
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Dear Teacher
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
 5:15
 CBS: Drama of the Skies
 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
 NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
 5:30
 CBS: Stepmother
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
 5:45
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:00
 CBS: Press Radio News
 6:30
 CBS: Boake Carter
 NBC-Red: Sports Column
 6:45
 CBS: Lum and Abner
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Just Entertainment
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: American Viewpoints
 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
 7:30
 NBC-Blue: Rose Marie
 NBC-Red: Hendrik W. Van Loon
 8:00
 CBS: Cavalcade of America
 NBC-Red: One Man's Family
 8:30
 CBS: Ben Bernie
 NBC-Blue: Harriet Parsons
 NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
 9:00
 CBS: Grace Moore
 NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight
 9:30
 CBS: Word Game With F. P. A.
 NBC-Blue: Under Western Skies
 10:00
 CBS: Gang Busters
 NBC-Red: Kay Kyser's College
 10:30
 CBS: Edgar A. Guest
 NBC-Blue: The Lone Ranger
 NBC-Blue: NBC Minstrel Show

Motto of the Day

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Ben
Bernie

Don't envy men their fortunes; they often lead to misfortune.

Highlights For Wednesday, April 27

THE feminine members of Congress have their say today, on a coast-to-coast *Mutual System* broadcast from 12:30 to 1:00 P. M. It's a round-table discussion in which the Democratic women members talk about the issues before the assembled lawmakers, and those taking part are Senator *Hattie Caraway*, *Representatives Caroline O'Day*, *Virginia Jenckes*, *Mrs. Wood Honeyman*, and *Mary Norton*. . . . Western listeners will listen to *Gang Busters* at a different time from now on—the program is adding a re-broadcast for the Pacific Coast, which will come in at 8:00 o'clock to the western stations. . . . From 9:00 to 9:30 P. M., New York time, *NBC-Blue* has a novelty—the production of a play, "*Le-*

panto", written and produced by *Val Gielgud* of the *British Broadcasting Corporation*. "*Lepanto*" has already been produced with great success by the *BBC*, and when *NBC* heard that *Gielgud* was coming to the United States, it asked him to repeat the performance over here, using American actors and the full *NBC Symphony Orchestra* which you usually hear only Saturdays. . . . Listening to that perennial favorite of Wednesday nights, *One Man's Family*—tonight at 8:00 on *NBC-Red*—you'll hear young *Miss Winifred Wolfe* playing *Teddy Barbour*. Only fourteen, *Winifred* has played *Paul Barbour's* adopted daughter ever since the part was written into the story.



Winifred Wolfe, shy and quiet, plays *Teddy Barbour* in tonight's *One Man's Family*.

Highlights For Wednesday, May 4



Emil Coleman opens tonight at the *Hotel Pierre Roof* in New York, amid an atmosphere of many white ties, tails and orchids. Roll the rugs back, tune him in on *NBC*, and you can dance to his music in your shirt sleeves and nobody will care. . . . Emil Coleman is one of danceland's veterans, along with *Paul Whiteman*. But where *Paul* has turned to specializing in radio and concert work, *Emil* goes right on confining himself strictly to dance music and ball-rooms. Being *Society's* number-one maestro, he's also in great demand for private balls and coming-out parties. . . . Off the stand, he's quiet, dignified, and looks more like a successful business man than a bandleader—not

that bandleaders don't have to be business men too, these days. . . . *Emil* was born in *Odessa*, went to *England* as a boy and studied piano there, finally graduating to leading an orchestra. He married a Russian concert singer in *London*, and came to *America* to accompany her on a tour—but the tour was cancelled because *Mrs. Coleman* was about to become the mother of their only child, *Harry*. *Harry's* now twenty-one years old, a recent graduate of *Bucknell University*, and at present an arranger for his father's band. . . . One big reason for *Coleman's* fame with the high-society folk is that he never plays swing music, but specializes in soft, smooth rhythms that don't take much energy to dance to.

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Highlights For Wednesday, May 11

BIRTHDAY greetings today to a man who must be represented on the air 365 days in the year and 366 on *Leap Years*—*Irving Berlin*, *America's* genius of popular songs. Which reminds your *Almanac* that "*Alexander's Ragtime Band*", which is the movie based upon *Berlin's* life, ought to be about ready for release by this time. . . . One of the nation's familiar voices reaches your ears tonight at 7:00—and the chances are you don't even know the name of the man who owns it. The voice belongs to *Bill Hay*, the announcer for *Amos 'n' Andy*, who announced their first broadcast, way back in the days when they were known as *Sam and Henry*, and has been their announcer ever since,

except for brief intervals when they were separated from him by two-thirds of a continent. . . . His familiar "*Here they are*" was born of an accident on the first program—the boys had *Bill* laughing so hard before they took the air that he was short of breath and couldn't gasp anything else out. . . . *Bill* was born in *Dumfries, Scotland*, and came to *America* in 1909. His musical education led him to the job of sales manager of a piano company in *Hastings, Nebraska*, where he was working when *Station KFKX* came into being. The company gave the station a piano and a one-room studio, and told *Bill* to run it. . . . He's been in radio ever since, meeting *Amos 'n' Andy* at *WGN* in *Chicago*.



"Here they are!" is *Bill Hay's* introduction to the *Amos 'n' Andy* show tonight.

Highlights For Wednesday, May 18



Secretary of Labor *Frances Perkins* is the day's listening bet—on *MBS* at 1:30.

MADAME Secretary of Labor, *Frances Perkins*, takes the air today with a talk that ought to command plenty of listeners. The first woman cabinet member broadcasts on a coast-to-coast *Mutual* network, from 1:30 to 1:45 this afternoon. . . . Tip on how to be a radio band-leader: get yourself born on *May 18*. At least, that's the way it looks when you realize that today is the birthday of two very successful maestros, *Raymond Paige* of the *Hollywood Hotel* show and *Meredith Willson* of the *M-G-M-Maxwell House Good News* of 1938. *Raymond* was born in 1900 in *Wausau, Wisconsin*, and *Meredith* in *Mason City, Iowa*. . . . Birthday greetings are in order, too, to *Ted Malone*, whom you hear at

4:30 this afternoon on the *Mutual* network. . . . Don't neglect *Fred Allen* tonight at 9:00 on *NBC-Red*, because the time for *Mr. Allen's* annual vacation is drawing near. Likewise, the probabilities are that *Gang Busters* won't be on the air so very much longer. . . . So listen while you can. . . . Have you listened yet to the *Word Game*, with *Franklin P. Adams*, *New York* columnist, on *CBS* at 9:30? It's a new variation on the play-a-game type of radio program, and fun to listen to. . . . You *Edgar Guest* fans needn't be reminded that *Edgar* has switched networks and times, so that he's on *CBS* tonight at 10:30. . . . You'll like the *Drama of the Skies* program, on *CBS* at 5:15 this afternoon.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 8:15
 NBC-Blue: Dick Leiberf
 NBC-Red: Doc Schneider's Texans
 9:00
 CBS: As You Like It
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:30
 CBS: The Road of Life
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Margo
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 CBS: Romany Trail
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: Homemaker's Exchange
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
 12:00 Noon
 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 12:15 P. M.
 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
 NBC-Red: Three Romeos
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Hymns
 NBC-Red: Escorts and Betty
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45
 CBS: Valiant Lady
 2:00
 CBS: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Blue: Ranch Boys
 NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild
 2:15
 CBS: The O'Neills
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 3:00
 CBS: Ray Block's Varieties
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Blue: Eastman Music School
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 CBS: U. S. Army Band
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00
 CBS: Science Service
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Let's Pretend
 NBC-Blue: The Four of Us
 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
 5:15
 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
 5:30
 CBS: Stepmother
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
 5:45
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:00
 CBS: Press Radio News
 NBC-Red: George R. Holmes
 6:30
 CBS: Boake Carter
 NBC-Red: Sports Column
 6:45
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Just Entertainment
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: Hollywood Screenescops
 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
 7:30
 CBS: We, The People
 NBC-Red: Mario Gozzi
 8:00
 CBS: Kate Smith
 NBC-Blue: March of Time
 NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
 9:00
 CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
 NBC-Red: Good News of 1938
 9:30
 NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting
 10:00
 CBS: Essays in Music
 NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall
 10:30
 CBS: Americans at Work
 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Elza Schallert

Motto of the Day

Kindness, unlike money, draws interest when you spend it.

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Kate
Smith

Highlights For Thursday, April 28

THURSDAY night is just about the best listening night of the week, your Almanac contends, what with *Kate Smith*, the *March of Time*, and *Rudy Vallee* all on at 8:00; *Major Bowes* and *Good News of 1938* at 9:00; *America's Town Meeting* (though it will soon be taking its summer vacation) at 9:30; and *Bing Crosby* and *Bob Burns* at 10:00. . . . But, after the big-timers have had their say, there's one little fifteen-minute sustaining program that often gets neglected and doesn't gather as many listeners as it really rates. It's *Elza Schallert's Hollywood Review*, on *NBC-Blue* at 11:15, and for good motion-picture-land news and opinion, it's well worth tuning in. . . . Mrs. Schallert has been one of

Hollywood's first citizens since just after the World War. Born in Davenport, Iowa, she'd intended to be an opera singer, and left home when she was sixteen to study in Los Angeles and Seattle. But just as she was about to realize her operatic ambitions, fate stepped in and she lost her voice. It nearly broke her heart, but she determined that if she couldn't be on the stage she'd be near it anyway, so she got a job as press agent for a downtown theater in Los Angeles. Here she met her husband, Edwin Schallert, drama editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. From writing publicity she went on to magazine and newspaper stories, and now she has the record of having interviewed every big star in Hollywood.



Elza Schallert, who tells you about the new pictures tonight on *NBC-Blue* at 11:15.

Highlights For Thursday, May 5

BALANCED listening menu for the day: *Pretty Kitty Kelly*, on *CBS* at 10:00. . . . *Attorney-at-Law* on *NBC-Blue* at 10:30. . . . *Kitchen Cavalcade* on *NBC-Blue* at 10:45. . . . *The Farm and Home Hour* on *NBC-Blue* at 12:30. . . . *Valiant Lady*, with *Joan Blaine*, on *CBS* at 1:45. . . . *The NBC Music Guild* program on *NBC-Red* at 2:00. . . . *The School of the Air* on *CBS* at 2:30. . . . *Ray Block's Varieties* on *CBS* at 3:00. . . . *Club Matinee* on *NBC-Blue* at 4:00. . . . *Let's Pretend* on *CBS* at 5:00. . . . *Irene Wicker*, the *Singing Lady*, on *NBC-Blue* at 5:30. . . . *Boake Carter* on *CBS* at 6:30. . . . *Just Entertainment* on *CBS* at 7:00. . . . *Rudy Vallee* on *NBC-Red* at 8:00. . . . *Good News of 1938*

on *NBC-Red* at 9:00. . . . *Kraft Music Hall* on *NBC-Red* at 10:00. . . . Speaking of *Good News*, its announcer, *Ted Pearson*, deserves some comment, if only because it was a bad case of homesickness that brought him to radio. . . . He'd gone to Chicago from his home town of Arlington, Nebraska, to study music, but after sixteen months of the big city, the homesickness got to be too much for him, and he headed back to Arlington. On the train he met a radio executive who offered him a job as announcer in a small Gary, Indiana, station. *Ted* took the job, and found he didn't have any time for homesickness, because he had to announce twelve hours a day, dig up talent, and fill in when performers didn't show up.



Ted Pearson is the genial announcer on tonight's *Good News* of 1938 program.

Highlights For Thursday, May 12

ALTHOUGH you don't hear him any more on the air, *Phillips H. Lord* is the gent whose agile brain is responsible for two well-liked programs, *We, the People*, tonight at 7:30 on *CBS*, and *Gang Busters*, Wednesday nights on the same network at 10:00. . . . *Phil* only recently returned from a flying trip to London. . . . and all signs point to a new kind of radio show about to come out of the *Lord* offices. Whenever *Phil* gets restless and begins to wander around the country without telling anyone why he's going, he's turning over a new idea in his mind. It's just about time he was originating a new one, too, because it's considerably more than a year since he put *We, the People* on the air for the first

time. . . . Incidentally, this entertaining program is going off the air for the summer after tonight's broadcast. . . . *Phil*, who first won fame as *Seth Parker*, almost never impersonates that beloved character any more, or even goes near a microphone himself, he's so busy directing and producing. . . . *Mrs. Gertrude Berg*, whose serial, *The Goldbergs*, you hear at 12:15 today on *CBS*, recently received a letter from an official of the Department of Education, commending her program as being the best medium in the world for promoting friendship between Jews and Gentiles. . . . which suggests the idea to your Almanac that *The Goldbergs* ought to be sent by short-wave every day to Germany and Austria!



Phil Lord is the man behind the scenes in putting tonight's *We the People* on the air.

Highlights For Thursday, May 19

LARRY CLINTON, who composed that nutty best-selling song, "The Dipsy Doodle," moves his orchestra tonight into the *Glen Island Casino*, with you listening in via your favorite *Mutual System* station. This is *Larry's* first big-time engagement, although his orchestra, formed only a few months ago, has already become popular on recordings. . . . *Larry* has been writing music for quite a while—some of his numbers are "Satan Takes a Holiday," "Study in Brown" (his theme song), "Midnight in a Madhouse," and "Jungle Jitters"—but "The Dipsy Doodle" is still his biggest hit. Most of his numbers he writes at home, lounging around in his pajamas. He never writes a note after six o'clock at night, and

composes his tunes in a very short time, never more than a few hours—but takes weeks and weeks to think of titles for them. He loves symphonic music but detests opera. In the past he's been the arranger for *Isham Jones*, the *Casa Loma band*, and *both Dorsey bands*. He's married, blond and blue-eyed. . . . And that's the way the *Dipsy Doodle* works. . . . *The Romany Trail*, on *CBS* this morning at 10:45, is something for lovers of gypsy music to listen to. . . . Time was when gypsy rhythms were all over the air-waves, but nowadays we don't hear half enough of them. . . . Band music is more common, but a good band concert like that of the U. S. Army boys on *CBS* at 3:30 is still a welcome sound.



Larry Clinton and his band make their debut tonight at the *Glen Island Casino*.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
 8:00 A. M. NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 8:15 NBC-Blue: William Meeder
 NBC-Red: Doc Schneider's Texans
 9:30 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:30 CBS: The Road of Life
 9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Gemma
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45 CBS: Richard Maxwell
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: Oavid Harum
 11:15 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Hello Peggy
 12:00 Noon CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 12:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
 1:00 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15 CBS: Betty Crocker
 NBC-Red: Escorts and Betty
 1:30 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45 CBS: Valiant Lady
 2:00 CBS: Ma Perkins
 2:15 CBS: The O'Neills
 2:30 CBS: School of the Air
 3:00 NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00 CBS: Chicago Varieties
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45 CBS: Four Clubmen
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00 CBS: Music for Fun
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
 NBC-Red: Oick Tracy
 5:15 NBC-Blue: Oon Winslow
 5:30 CBS: Stepmother
 NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
 5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:30 CBS: Boake Carter
 NBC-Red: Sports Column
 6:45 CBS: Lum and Abner
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00 CBS: Just Entertainment
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
 NBC-Blue: Story Behind Headlines
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
 7:30 NBC-Red: Hendrik W. Van Loon
 7:45 NBC-Red: Bughouse Rhythm
 8:00 CBS: Ghost of Benjamin Sweet
 MBS: What's My Name?
 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
 8:30 CBS: Paul Whiteman's Orch.
 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Oays
 9:00 CBS: Hollywood Hotel
 NBC-Blue: Royal Crown Revue
 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
 9:30 NBC-Blue: NBC Spelling Bee
 NBC-Red: True Story Hour
 10:00 CBS: Song Shop
 NBC-Red: First Nighter
 10:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
 10:45 CBS: American Viewpoint
 NBC-Red: Dorothy Thompson

Motto
 of the
 Day

Friday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
 Richard
 Maxwell

One way to find love is not to look for it.

Highlights For Friday, April 22

NONE other than the *First Lady of the Land* makes the awards for outstanding achievements during the year by women journalists, as part of the festivities at the *Front Page Ball* tonight. It's being held at the Hotel Astor in New York, and Mrs. Roosevelt's words as she presents the awards are to come to you via *NBC* between 11:05 and 11:30 P.M. . . . Today is your last chance to hear two well-liked serials—*Girl Alone* on *NBC-Red* at noon, and *Jack Armstrong, All American Boy*, at 5:30 on *NBC-Red*. They're both leaving the air for the summer, and will probably be back with us in the Fall. . . . *Frank Parker* ought to be well settled now as singing star and master of ceremonies on

Hollywood Hotel, *CBS* at 9:00 tonight. This is his fourth program in *Jerry Cooper's* old spot, and all of *Frank's* fans hope now that the *Hotel* has finished changing masters of ceremonies. . . . The rumors continue that for the first time in its history, *Hollywood Hotel* will take a summer vacation, but your *Almanac* wouldn't put too much stock in them if it were you. . . . *CBS* has a novelty at 8:00 tonight, in case you haven't stumbled across it before now—*The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet*, a half-hour sustaining comedy-drama-fantasy which started out as one of the Columbia Workshop experimental plays, was so good that the *CBS* officials decided to make it a weekly show, and may eventually go commercial.



Mrs. Roosevelt is to be heard tonight presenting awards to outstanding journalists.

Highlights For Friday, April 29



Dave Driscoll tells you about the Penn Relays today, on a Mutual broadcast.

IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to hundred-yard dashes, and in Philadelphia today they're starting the Penn Relays—a two-day event which *NBC* and *MBS* are covering today and tomorrow. *Dave Driscoll*, Mutual's jack-of-all-trades when it comes to sports announcing, does the describing for his network. . . . Wonder if *Hollywood Hotel* will throw a birthday party tonight for *Frank Parker*, who was born thirty-two years ago today in New York City? . . . Another birthday celebrant this day is *Harry McNaughton, Phil Baker's* wacky lackey, *Bottle*. *Harry* was born in Surbiton, Surrey, England, and the date was April 29, 1896. . . . Tonight's your last chance to hear *Henry*

Busse playing at the Beverly Hills Country Club, Newport, Kentucky, before he closes up shop there and starts out on a tour of one-nighters where they don't have network wires. *NBC* is the officiating system tonight. . . . *The True Story Hour*, on *NBC-Red* at 9:30, is finishing its weekly dramas now, instead of leaving you to wonder how the whole thing came out, which is going to make a lot of listeners much happier than they were in the old days. . . . May your *Almanac* point out a mistake *CBS* is making, when it schedules a serious program called *The American Viewpoint* at 10:45, the same hour occupied by *Dorothy Thompson* on *NBC-Red*? The average listener will want to hear neither or both.

Highlights For Friday, May 6

HAVE you listened yet to *Kate Smith* in her new role of commentator? Believe it or not, the Songbird of the South is having her say on the air. Her program, which at first was heard on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30 in the afternoon, may have moved to an evening spot by now. *Kate's* doing her commentating because she wants to and as a *CBS* sustaining feature, and she doesn't sing a note. "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" isn't her theme song on the commentating program, either—in fact, it hasn't any theme song, just an introduction by *Ted Collins*, *Kate's* manager and discoverer. . . . All this may seem like a sudden turn of affairs to you and your *Almanac*,

but *Kate* has been turning over the idea of a new program for a long time, and a commentating show was always the one her thoughts finally led her to. . . . When you listen to *The Road of Life* serial today—it's on two networks, *CBS* at 9:30 in the morning and *NBC-Red* at 4:45 in the afternoon—pay particular attention to the girl who plays *Mary Holt*. She's *Dale Burch*, a very young Texan who comes to radio after studying drama under the famous *Madame Maria Ouspenskaya*. She's played small parts in different air serials for the last two or three years, and one of these days is going to graduate into leading roles. . . . Listen in this afternoon at 5:00 to *CBS' Music for Fun* program.



Dale Burch plays the role of *Mary Holt* on *The Road of Life*, an *NBC* and *CBS* feature.

Highlights For Friday, May 13 and 20



Frank Parker sings tonight and every Friday on the CBS Hollywood Hotel show.

MAY 13: The boys who get up the special events broadcasts over at *CBS* have put their heads together and decided to go a little bit crazy today. The result is a special broadcast from 3:30 to 4:00 in the afternoon. New York time, depicting all the horrible things that can happen to you on Friday, the thirteenth. And since a sustaining broadcast can be pretty amusing, your *Almanac* advises you to listen in. . . . Earlier in the day, from 1:30 to 1:45, *Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde* is scheduled to talk over *MBS* on the subject of *The Reorganization of Government*. *Mrs. Rohde*, you'll remember, is the former U. S. Minister to Norway, a brilliant woman and a good speaker.

MAY 20: Just eleven years ago today, young *Charles Augustus Lindbergh* took off from Roosevelt Field, New York, on the world's most famous airplane flight, and if some of today's radio commentators don't re-create that dramatic event for you in words, they're slipping up. . . . Did you know that *Frank Parker* who's on the *Hollywood Hotel* show now—*CBS* at 9:00—used the months he was off the air recently to turn himself into an operatic star? Just before he left the east for Hollywood, he appeared in a performance of Verdi's "*La Traviata*" in Washington, D. C.—and did right well with the arias, too. . . . And he started his career as a chorus boy in the "*Greenwich Village Follies*."

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Malcolm Clair
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Doc Schneider's Texans
- 9:00
CBS: Eton Boys
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: The Wise Man
- 9:15
CBS: Richard Maxwell
NBC-Red: Sunshine Express
- 9:30
CBS: Fiddlers Fancy
MBS: Journal of Living
- 9:45
NBC-Red: Landt Trio
- 10:00
CBS: Lew White
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Amanda Snow
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: Viennese Ensemble
NBC-Red: Charioteers
- 10:30
CBS: Jewel Cowboys
NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
NBC-Red: Music Internationale
- 11:00
CBS: Symphony Concert
NBC-Red: Florence Hale Forum
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Ford Rush, Silent Slim
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Dur Barn
NBC-Red: String Ensemble
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Call to Youth
NBC-Red: Abram Chasins
- 12:30
CBS: George Hall Drch.
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
- 1:00
NBC-Red: Ernie Holst
- 1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: McIntyre's Orch.
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo
- 2:00
CBS: Madison Ensemble
NBC-Blue: Jean Ellington
NBC-Red: Music for Everyone
- 2:30
CBS: Motor City Melodies
NBC-Red: Campus, Capers
- 3:00
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
- 3:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Kelsey
NBC-Red: Bill Krenz Drch.
- 4:00
CBS: Charles Paul
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Stamp Collectors
- 4:45
CBS: Rhythm Rendezvous
- 5:00
CBS: Story of Industry
NBC-Red: Great Plays
- 6:00
CBS: Press Radio News
NBC-Red: El Chico Revue
- 6:05
CBS: Chorus Quest
NBC-Blue: Weber's Orch.
- 6:15
NBC-Blue: The Master Builder
- 6:30
NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News
NBC-Red: Sports Column
- 6:45
NBC-Red: Religion in The News
- 7:00
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten
- 7:30
CBS: Saturday Swing Session
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question
Be
NBC-Red: Alistair Cooke
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Jean Sablon
- 8:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Red: Robert Ripley
- 8:30
CBS: Johnny Presents
- 9:00
CBS: Professor Quiz
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
NBC-Red: Al Roth Drch.
- 9:30
CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
NBC-Red: American Portraits
- 10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade
NBC-Red: NBC Symphony
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: The Family Party
- 10:45
CBS: Capitol Opinion
- 11:00
CBS: Dance Music

Motto
of the
Day

Saturday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Henry
Burr

The man with peace in his heart is never lonely.

Highlights For Saturday, April 23

TONIGHT'S the night New Yorkers, and those in some other cities too, lose an hour out of their lives, because *Daylight Saving Time* goes into effect. They'll gain the hour back, though, the end of September when Standard Time returns, so they shouldn't feel too badly about it. . . . The change in time has its effect on some programs—for instance, tonight's is the last of *Bob Ripley's* current *Believe it or Not* series. Beginning next Tuesday, the show will be heard on Tuesday at 10:00, instead of tonight's 8:00. . . . The historians are pretty sure that April 23 was *William Shakespeare's* birthday, so today CBS is putting on a special broadcast between 5:30 and 6:00, in honor of the Bard of Avon.

The only difficulty is that there's been a change in the way dates are reckoned since Shakespeare's day, so that his April 23 is our May 3. But after all, the important thing is that Shakespeare was born. . . . A modern dramatist will get his reward for good work tonight, when the New York Drama Critics' Circle announces its choice for the best play of the theatrical season that is just ending. The awards are to be made at a dinner in the *Hotel Algonquin*, and an NBC microphone will be present. . . . On the *Lucky Strike Hit Parade*, CBS at 10:00, Mark Warnow takes up the director's baton, succeeding *Carl Hoff*; and the *Hit Parade* guest star tonight is soprano *Lotte Lehmann*.



Lotte Lehmann, famous operatic soprano, is guest star on tonight's *Hit Parade*.

Highlights For Saturday, April 30



Ted Husing describes the Penn Relay races today at 3:30 over the Columbia network.

DON'T say your *Almanac* told you, but there ought to be a grand free-for-all between the different networks today down in Philadelphia. Seems that the *Penn Relay* races there are in their final day, and CBS has arranged with the race officials to have the exclusive rights to broadcast the events. But—NBC and MBS have both announced that they're going to broadcast descriptions of what's going on at the track anyway, whether CBS likes it or not. The *Penn Relays* seem to get the networks cross at each other every year—there was a good, man-sized squabble over who had the right to broadcast them in 1937, and it looks as if it might happen again today. At any rate, CBS promises to be on

the air, with its *Mr. Husing*, from 3:30 to 4:00 and from 5:00 to 5:15, and tell you all you want to know about the races. . . . There are still more sports events scheduled for the day—the annual *Drake Relays* from Des Moines, Iowa, on CBS, and the *Jamaica Handicap* (a horse race, this time) from the *Jamaica Track* in Long Island, also over CBS from 4:45 to 5:15. *Bryan Field* will do the announcing. All in all, it's a busy day for the Columbia network boys, because tonight they promise the delayed opening of their new studios in Hollywood. This opening was originally scheduled for April 9, but it had to be postponed because the building wasn't quite finished then.

Highlights For Saturday, May 7

SATURDAY means sports and plenty of them. Today the networks have two horse-races and one boat race for you to get excited about. . . . First, the boat race. It's the *Blackwell Cup* race on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia, and *Dave Driscoll* is to tell you about it on MBS. . . . The first horse race comes along at 4:45, on CBS and also, in New York, over WOR—it's the *Excelsior Handicap* at the Long Island Jamaica Track. . . . Then, at 6:00 CBS has exclusive broadcasting rights to the sixty-fourth running of the famous *Kentucky Derby*, the turf event of the year, and many's the radio set that will be turned in to find out the winner. . . . *The Johnny Presents* program, on CBS at 8:30, has a pair of young

ladies you ought to meet, so your *Almanac* will tell you about one of them today, the other next Saturday. . . . *Genevieve Rowe*, who sings the classical and operatic numbers for the program, is three times a prize-winning soprano. Back in 1929 she won the National Atwater Kent contest; three years later she won the MacDowell Club contest; and in 1933 she took first place in a competition for young artists conducted by the National Federation of Music Clubs. In addition, she has had a recital in New York's Town Hall. . . . She's married—her husband was once her accompanist, is now a college professor, and he doesn't smoke cigars, because she hates men who smoke cigars.



Genevieve Rowe, featured singer on *Johnny Presents*, an CBS tonight at 8:30.

Highlights For Saturday, May 14 and 21



Beverly, swing-singer, is responsible for the hot rhythms on *Johnny Presents*.

MAY 14: While *Genevieve Rowe* (see last Saturday) sings the classical numbers on the *Johnny Presents* program, *Beverly* takes care of the blues-and-swing department. *Beverly* (her last name is *Freeland*, but she doesn't use it on the air) started her career by playing the organ in the First Presbyterian Church in her home town of Bristow, Oklahoma. She and her sister *Judy* and their friend *Helen Jackson* formed a trio that sang over a Tulsa station for three months—then the girls came to New York on a vacation, auditioned for jobs with *Russ Morgan's* orchestra on the *Johnny Presents* show—and none of them has been back to Oklahoma since. Besides singing solos, *Beverly* is part of the

Swing Fourteen, with *Russ'* band. . . . NBC-Red is broadcasting the yearly *Preakness* horse race at Pimlico, this afternoon from 5:15 to 6:00. . . . And tonight at 10:00, *Sir Adrian Boult*, director of the *BBC Symphony Orchestra* of London, leads the *NBC Symphony* in its regular concert. MAY 21: One of the season's biggest track meets is on the air today—the annual *Princeton Hexagonal Meet*. *Ted Husing* takes the air to tell you about it over CBS from 3:30 to 4:00, with a further quarter-hour devoted to summaries of the events at 5:15. . . . At 10:00, listen to *Sir Adrian Boult's* second concert leading the *NBC Symphony*. . . . And some birthday wishes to *Lucille Manners* and *Horace Heidt*.

Nourishes as well as Cleanses



"KEEPS MY SKIN FINER . . . Pond's new Cold Cream keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

JOAN BELMONT, Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey



"IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE such a grand nourishing cream and cleansing cream in one. Pond's new Cold Cream does so much more for my skin."

MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III



"SMOOTHS OUT TIRED LINES . . . Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream gives my skin a livelier, more glowing look—smooths out tired lines."

THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE



"SKIN YOUNGER . . . The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' has made my skin smoother and younger, the colour fresher—within just a few weeks."

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME

Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

THE first announcement of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream brought almost immediate response. Hundreds of women tried the new cream.

And steadily your demand has increased for this new cream that brings to women such important new aid to skin beauty.

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet!

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams! In animal tests, skin that had been rough, dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Use this new cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Soon you, too, will be agreeing that the use of the new "skin-vitamin" cream does bring to your skin something active and essential to its health—gives it a livelier, more glowing look!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1933, Pond's Extract Company

By KEN ALDEN

It's fun learning from Kay Kyser's Kollege—when Virginia Sims, far right, is teacher.

Right, Gene Krupa, who won fame as Benny Goodman's drummer, now has a band of his own.

Below, Linda Lee, exotic soloist with B. A. Rolfe's orchestra on Ripley's show.



FACING

THE MUSIC

GENE KRUPA, swingdom's number one drummer has quit Benny Goodman's band to form one of his own. The news rocked radio row. Dave Tough, of Bunny Berigan's brass brigade replaced Krupa. Whispers staggered across the grapevine system that Benny had wearied of Krupa's act-stealing gestures behind the drums. But Gene and Benny both denied the feud. Krupa, optimistically points to the success of other drummer leaders: Abe Lyman, George Olsen, and Phil Harris . . . Music Corporation of America, Goodman's managers, will also handle the destinies of the dynamic drummer . . . Hudson and DeLange may split their successful swing combination, with Hudson devoting all his time to writing high-priced arrangements for other bands. . . . The Henry Kings will shortly add a new instrument in their home. It will be a bassinet. . . . Ramona, Paul Whiteman's erstwhile piano-playing vocalist is a big hit in London and she and the dean of modern music are still

as far apart as Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser. . . . In a desperate effort to put blues-singing Helene Daniels across, her managers and the Mutual network are securing a dramatic teacher, fencing instructor, and beauty expert to improve the Daniels finesse. . . . Her voice needs no polishing. . . . Before achieving success as a smooth, Erin-tinted conductor, Will McCune of CBS, used to struggle behind a saxophone in the Catskill mountain summer resorts under the tag of Liebowitz. . . . Maxine Sullivan, sepien swingster will not skyrocket to the big time for another six months. Her arranger-manager, Claude Thornhill has decided Maxine needs additional grooming.

* * *

Jan Garber, who replaced Ray Noble on the Burns and Allen network, is a sensation west of the Mississippi, and something of a nonentity east of it. Because his band's style is so similar to (Continued on page 53)

"...and I thought this would be the happiest day of my life!"

It's too bad—but every year so many brides are tearfully disappointed when they see all their brand-new silverware together for the first time.

For all too often it's a collection of pieces that *never will* go together—a veritable *hash* of silverware. It's too bad—and quite unnecessary.

You can go now—early in your engagement days—to your nearest silverware dealer and start the silver service of your dreams by getting a set of the glamorous new *Talisman* pattern. Then you can let gift-giving friends know which dealer your silver is coming from—and he will gladly guide them to the pattern you've chosen.

Now is the time, too, to begin paying for your silver on terms, if you like. Tend to this important part of home-building *today*—by seeing Wm. Rogers & Son beautiful new *Talisman* pattern...and by discovering how easy it is to own such beauty.



Choose between these two beauty contest winners! More than 1200 typical young women in 16 leading American cities were recently asked to select the two most beautiful from a number of exquisite silverware designs. The vote elected Wm. Rogers & Son popular *Gardenia* (left) and newly-introduced *Talisman* (right) as the two loveliest patterns.



Talisman
52-Pc. Service for 8
in
Free "Bridal Chest"
ONLY
\$29.50
Time Payments
Helpfully Arranged

Get the most silver out of your dollar! Never before, for instance, could you get knives of such high quality except in the most expensive silverplate. Also you get this magnificent *free* ivory-and-gold "Bridal Chest," actual value \$5.00. And there's a more modest "starting" set, of 26 pieces, for only \$16.75. Both sets carry the full replacement guarantee of the world's largest makers of fine silverware. *INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.*

WM. ROGERS & SON
Reinforced Silverplate

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

AND HE'S SIGNED FOR
THREE MORE YEARS

THE greatest achievement of the radio year is the generous gift of the NBC to its millions of grateful listeners, when the Great Toscanini was brought out of retirement and given the microphone, to thrill his admirers far and wide. The spark of genius, the fire of divine inspiration, the true greatness of a master mind are felt as surely through the medium of radio as by personal attendance at concert or opera.

Every lover of fine music loves Arturo Toscanini and his art. Yet many millions have never had the opportunity to hear this wonderful conductor until, through the miracle of radio, his masterful interpretations are available to young and old in this country and abroad right in their own homes.

The NBC deserves the acknowledgement, appreciation and gratitude of a huge audience greatly benefited by their contribution to musical education and high class entertainment.

(Miss) EDITH KOERNER,
Patchogue, New York

SECOND PRIZE

ALLEN vs "THE BEE"

I would like to extend a hearty handshake to Town Hall's mighty provoker of mirth and merriment, Fred Allen, whose sly, subtle wit and dry humor, together with his inimitable style of delivery and natural ability, help to at least offset some of his more or less drab and lustreless rivals' feeble attempts at comedy. Not mentioning any names, of course, it might be well versed to say that his foremost and most pretentious rival is not entirely unfamiliar to his vast radio audience (Are those two mugs back again?) as the spritely fellow who not only took the sting out of the "Bee", but carefully and most cautiously laid the "fugitive from a honey pull" away in the department of unfin-



Meet John Carter, the young tenor who took Nelson Eddy's place on the Chase & Sanborn show and then won the Metropolitan Auditions.

ished business lest he have the none too gentle queens down on him en masse.

In my humble opinion, Mr. Allen and his comparatively little known cohorts serve to make a more enjoyable, well-balanced program than all of the top Hollywood programs whose rosters are simply studded each week with so called big name stars who merely act as "stooges" for the, sometimes, futile jests of the headliners. After all, where would J "Bee" if it weren't for Kenny Baker, Phil Harris, Andy Devine, etc.?

S. A. REID, San Francisco, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE

WHEN JIMMIE "FIDDLES"

Our grand country boasts freedom of the press, and we, the public, demand freedom of speech for our radio reporters. We are interested

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!
YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN
PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00
SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00
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
May 31, 1938.

in all the news of the stars, personal and otherwise.

We aren't such "dopes" as to believe the stars—even our favorites—are tin gods and bitterly resent having them presented to us in that light; we have outgrown the Santa Claus phase of life.

So we say let the reviewers continue to review and the critics to "crit." In particular such a sensible fellow as Jimmie Fidler. Jimmie gives us the low-down on both plays and stars. We believe he does much toward keeping the feet of many temperamental stars safe on good old Mother Earth.

Jimmie never voices a destructive criticism, and has straightened out many a kink. When a star takes the bit between his teeth and decides to canter wilfully

off on the wrong track Jimmie is always on the job to check him. Without mincing words, Jimmie does just that, and—long may he "Fiddle."

MARTHA T. MALONEY,
Eagle Creek, Oregon

FOURTH PRIZE

I MET GRANDPA SNAZZY

After hearing the last Krafts' Music Hall program, I day-dreamed that I went on a vacation with Bob Burns.

We went to Crater Lake, and as we stood there looking down at it, Bob pulled a roll of script from his pocket.

Glancing hurriedly through it, he picked out a sheet, and, wrapping it about a stone, threw it into the lake.

Almost immediately he exclaimed, "Oh, my gosh, I threw in the wrong one". So I took off my clothes and dived in after it.

Down—down I went, and at the bottom of the lake, nearly a hundred feet below the surface, I came upon an old man who was diligently working between two big boulders.

The old gentleman's back was toward me and I couldn't tell who he was or (Continued on page 75)

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 50)

Guy Lombardo's he is seldom booked near the Atlantic Seaboard.

His first commercial program in many a moon, will reacquaint listeners in the east with a swell, sweet band.

In order to accept the sponsored shows, Jan had to buy back his lucrative Aragon Ballroom contract.

* * *

Kay Kyser is wearing cap-and-gown these nights on his NBC "Musical Klass" broadcast as a pedagogue of pulse-tickling rhythms, but his earlier ambition was to wear this scholastic apparel pursuing the intricacies of Blackstone.

But James Kern Kyser, counsellor gave way to Kay Kyser, conductor because it is not in the North Carolinian's benign nature to refuse anybody.

The big prom dance at the University of North Carolina, Kay's alma mater, had hired a big-name band to play for it. They never showed up. Listening to the appeals of his classmates, Kay and his six-piece orchestra filled the breach. Kay hasn't looked at a lawbook since.

The bespectacled, unmarried creator of "singing song titles" never lets anything bother him. He insists he is not interested in the built-up feud between him and Sammy Kaye.

"What's the difference whether I get the credit. I'm working and I'm happy," he drawled nonchalantly.

Kyser has never lost his appeal to the collegiate crowd. Recently in Milwaukee he played before 8,147 shag students. He holds all sorts of box office records for one night stands in the college belt.

Sentimental to a fault, his theme song, "Thinking of You," written by Walter Donaldson in 1926, was the first number his band ever played. Four Bars of the tune are played before each vocal chorus. Listen to it.

A relentless practical joker, even his best friend, Hal Kemp, was made a victim. Kemp was playing a theater date in Pittsburgh. Hal almost swallowed his Adam's Apple at the first show, when he saw the spectators in the first row reading newspapers and eating peanuts. The disinterested audience were members of Kyser's band.

Lazy on the air, Kay is a pretty busy young man off it. He's quite fussy about reading and answering his fan mail; spends three hours a day conferring with arranger George Dunning, and is a firm believer in plenty of rehearsals.

"Leading a band is a business and should be conducted as such."

* * *

The hit tunes from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Heigh-Ho" and "Whistle While You Work," which are rapidly climbing to top positions on sheet music counters, were written by Frank Churchill and Larry Morey. Both tunesmiths are on the permanent Walt Disney payroll and are quite unexcited about the sensation of the cartoon compositions.

"All in a day's work," comments Churchill, who also penned "Three Little Pigs."

Although "Whistle" is leading



Two Little Play Suits Climbed the Hill...

Two little play suits climbed the hill—

One on Jack, and one on Jill.

Look at Jill's—so bright and gay!

But Jack's is full of tattle-tale gray.

For Jill's mom knows what Jack's does not—

That lazy soap just hasn't got

The pep to wash clothes really clean.

And that's why Jack's things look so mean.

If Jack's mom were as wise as Jill's,

She'd quickly cure her washday ills.

She'd get the *golden* bar today

That chases pesky tattle-tale gray.

Fels-Naptha Soap is what she'd buy—

So full of naptha, dirt *must* fly!

Then white as Jill's, Jack's clothes would be,

And as for mom, she'd shout with glee.

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

(NEW! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!)



Wherever you go
BEECH-NUT GUM
 gives extra pleasure
 and refreshment



WHENEVER YOU PLAY

... gum helps keep you "on your game"... it helps steady your nerves... keeps mouth and throat moist.

BEECHIES are the candy-coated individual pieces of gum .. in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint... select the kind you like best.

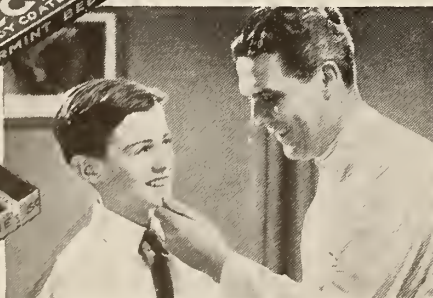


Always worth stopping for.



ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.



"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier"... helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.

"Heigh-Ho" in popularity, two to one, Churchill favors the dwarf's marching number. Thinks it will outlive the other melodies.

* * *

Benny Goodman's chronic trouble with girl vocalists seems to have finally been solved with the acquisition of blonde Martha Tilton. The 22-year-old Texan attracted the licorice stick genius when she was a member of the chorus on Jack Oakie's CBS program.

Martha hails from Corpus Christi, started singing when she was 18. Her first band assignment was with Hal Grayson.

Though she loves spaghetti and eats it almost daily, she weighs only 90 pounds. Perhaps the reason why she has managed to become as permanent a fixture with the band as its swing quartette, is in her fervent statement: "I can swing with Benny twenty-four hours a day."

* * *

THE LETTER I DIDN'T MAIL

To Bandleaders Too Numerous to Mention.

Dear Maestros:

The wholesale pirating going on among our better orchestras makes Jean LaFitte look like a piker.

Some of you have stolen only the style of an established band. Others copied their theme songs. Next thing you know you'll be taking their dear sponsors away.

I'm just one of the numerous music fans who likes to think our favorites have a code of ethics. Every business, at one time or other, has had to put up with imitators. But let's leave mimicry to Sheila Barrett. She does it so much better and gives her fellow artists a credit line.

My suggestion is that you take a day off away from the bandstand and burn your own midnight oil. It's getting so that the boys who imitate Guy Lombardo, Hal Kemp, and Kay Kyser are doing it better than Guy Lombardo, Hal Kemp, and Kay Kyser.

The commercials on the air always tell us to insist on the original product. That's just what I'm doing.

Stealing a leaf from my next column neighbor, I DO MEAN YOU.

Hopefully,

KEN ALDEN

* * *

This is the time of year when the nation's dancers do the assorted Big Apples, Posin's and Peekin's in soft foulard print dresses and cartwheel hats, and their escorts don ice cream pants. Bands blare out through radios in sleek roadsters and Model-T's, along romantic moonlit roads.

A typical oasis for these dance-hungry couples is Roadside Rest on Long Island. Here the dancing is out-of-doors, the youngsters munch hamburgers and between bits whisper "I love you." Over 1,000 couples can trip the light fantastic at the same time.

Like the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago, Roadside Rest is getting a reputation as a cradle for name bands. Its MBS wire has also helped Bert Block and Hudson-DeLange rise to national prominence.

Other summer cradles of sweet and swing are Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles (Benny Goodman), Point Pleasant, N. J., Pavilion (Sammy

Kaye) and Hotel Bossert in Brooklyn (Freddy Martin.)

* * *

George Gussenhoven is a FACING THE MUSIC fan and he lives in Holland. According to the Dutchman the Netherlands is swing crazy, from the Prince Consort down to the lowliest miller in his wooden shoes.

Although most of the cafes there shut down at 1 A. M., the owls retreat to their apartments and listen to American radios and recordings. "The Big Apple" has just started to catch on over there.

"When the band plays the music the people seem to be crazy," writes George, "and everyone is crying and jumping like idiots."

There are two popular European bands: Hans Mossel's orchestra and The Ramblers. The latter outfit plays regularly for visiting American performers.

Favorite American bands are Duke Ellington, Louis Prima, Don Redman, Cab Calloway. Favorite singers: Brothers Bing and Bob Crosby.

Benny Goodman was not mentioned.

* * *

YOU'LL FIND—

Carl Hoff will conduct the Hit Parade CBS shows again with a band increased to fifty-four pieces . . . Morton Downey back on records with a Decca label. . . Enric Madriguera, long absent from airplanes is now in the swank La Conga with an MBS wire . . . Herbie Kaye has replaced Eddy Duchin at the Los Angeles Coconut Grove. His wife Dorothy Lamour sometimes guest stars with him . . . Jack Denny playing in and around Kentucky. . . Larry Clinton, composer of "Dipsy Doodle," opens in the Glen Island Casino around May. . . Tommy Dorsey goes into the Hotel Pennsylvania for the summer. . . Jimmy Dorsey, a noted clarinetist, is being billed as a noted saxophonist, so as not to compete with Benny Goodman. . . Bob Crosby replaced Kay Kyser in Chicago's Blackhawk, so Kyser could come to New York for his NBC commercial . . . Orrin Tucker, replaces Guy Lombardo in the Roosevelt Grill in New York. Guy heads for the open road, which is lined with gold. . . Bert Block probably succeeds Sammy Kaye in the Cleveland Statler, and the swing and sway sultan hopes to get his first New York engagements this summer.

* * *

OFF THE RECORD

SOME LIKE IT SWEET

A Gypsy Told Me; Romance In The Dark—(Victor—25800-B) Larry Clinton's Orchestra. The Gypsy number is from "Happy Landing" and is Sonja Henie's contribution to your "Hit Parade." Believe it or not Gertrude Niesen wrote the other tune. Larry Clinton plays them both neatly.

Always And Always; It's Wonderful—(Brunswick—22322-B) Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey. Introduced as the theme of the M-G-M air show and Joan Crawford's torch to Spencer Tracy in "Mannequin," this melody has a haunting quality the way Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey play and sing it.

Boy In Harlem; How Can You Forget—(Victor—25799-A) Tommy Dor-



AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

SO BEGINS the story of many a happy married life. He goes out into the world to earn their living. She does the equally important job of keeping house. It's the world's oldest partnership—and the best.

The wise bride knows how important it is to be able to turn out appetizing and nourishing meals on her limited budget. What shall she do to make that cold meat left over from Sunday dinner into an appetizing dish for Monday night? Often she makes a combination dish with delicious savory Franco-American Spaghetti. Of course it goes big with husband—and her food money stretches just that much further. Franco-American with

salad and dessert makes a wonderful quick meal when you want to cut cooking time.

Later, bride will learn that when Junior and Sallie come home ravenous from school, Franco-American Spaghetti with milk and fruit makes an ideal children's meal—and they never tire of it. It's nourishing, savory—and on the table in a jiffy.

Yes, indeed! Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. It usually costs only ten cents for a big 15½-ounce can—that's less than 3¢ a portion. Get some Franco-American Spaghetti today at your grocer's. Watch your husband's eyes sparkle after the first delicious mouthful!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON, PLEASE

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, DEPT. 46
Camden, New Jersey
Please send free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



They give you *FRESH* Faces



They Keep Stars Fresh!

Who keeps your favorite movie star looking so FRESH? Why, it's those geniuses of make-up! They give you FRESH FACES on the screen, as Old Gold gives you FRESHNESS in cigarettes.

Old Gold gives you *FRESH* CIGARETTES

HOURS waiting "on the lot". Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star . . . to retain her charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant she steps before the camera.

Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel far to reach you; and along the way they're beset by dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette . . . to retain its charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant you put a match to it.

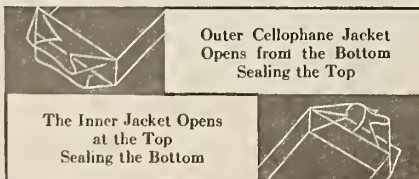
Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star . . . Double-Mellow Old Gold.

We put an *extra* jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every Old Gold package. Thus, double-wrapped and double-sealed, Old Gold's mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from staleness. Every Old Gold reaches you exactly as we make it . . . and that's as fine as a cigarette can be made.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh



Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

sey's Orchestra. The latest Rodgers and Hart tunes are ably interpreted by vocalist Edythe Wright. The slow number is flavored with intricate lyrics. The Dorsey trombone is evident.

Just Let Me Look At You; You Couldn't Be Cuter—(Brunswick—8076)—Ray Noble and Tony Martin Jerome Kern's latest melodies fit Alice Faye's spouse like the well-known gloves. Noble's work is distinguished but he is responsible for manhandling the "cuter" number with too much swing.

Hometown; Little Red Book—(Victor—25798-A) Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians. The first number is an English importation that's easy to dance to. But—every Lombardo arrangement is easy to dance to.

SOME LIKE IT SWING

Don't Be That Way; One O'Clock Jump — (Victor — 25792-A) Benny Goodman. The best swing record since they started to call it swing. Run, don't walk to your record-dealer. A collector's item thanks to Massah Krupa.

Definition of Swing; Off Again, On Again—(Brunswick—M-8071) Hudson-De Lange. A lesson in swing styling, without blare, blasts or blasphemies. Surefire.

Bob White; Basin Street Blues—(Decca—1483-B) Connie Boswell and Bing Crosby. Quick Watson, the needle—I want to play this again and again. Bing and Connie form a duet swingers stay awake and dream about.

Weekend of a Private Secretary; Please Be Kind (Brunswick—8088)—Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey. Mr. and Mrs. Swing get lowdown nostalgic for an excursion to Cuba and moanfully wail about it in "rockin' chair rhythm." Mildred is more routine in "Please Be Kind."

Rock and Roll; What Harlem Means To Me (Decca—1690-B)—Ambrose's Orchestra. Spirited swing on both sides with tricky vocal choruses.

It's Wonderful; "I Was Doing All Right"—(Decca—63225) Ella Fitzgerald and Savoy Eight. Chick Webb's bronzed girl friend subtly swings out a new hit tune by Stuff Smith. The late George Gershwin tune is unfortunately grade B Gershwin but nevertheless superior to the average Tin Pan Alley creation.

Old Apple Tree; Better Change Your Tunes—(Decca—1679-A) Casa Loma. Plenty of umph under that old apple tree especially when vocalist Pee-Wee Hunt gets "hot" in the "shade."

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

My favorite orchestra is

Name

Address

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

WE'RE warning you, they're getting harder! Here's another list of tough-to-spell words supplied by Paul Wing, master of the NBC Spelling Bee.

Only one spelling is the right one. Mark the ones you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 84.

If you are a Spelling Bee fan you'll enjoy listening in on Mr. Wing's broadcasts, Friday evenings at 9:30 E.D.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network.

1. Ramshakel — ramshackel — ramshackle (adj). Loose jointed; rickety; tumbled down.

2. Fineal — finial — finial (noun). A knot or bunch of foliage, or other ornament, that forms the upper extremity of a pinnacle.

3. Cantabile — cantabile — cantabila (adj.). In music: suitable for singing, as opposed to recitative or parlando.

4. Meuzzin — mezzin — muezin (noun). A Mohammedan crier of the Hour of Prayer.

5. Argillacious — argilaceous — argillaceous (adj.). Of the nature of clay; or of containing clay.

6. Bastinaedo — bastinado — bastinado (noun). 1. A blow with a stick or cudgel; 2. A form of punishment, esp. among Turks, Chinese, etc.

7. Withe — with — wythe (noun). A flexible, slender twig or branch, especially one used as a band or a rope.

8. Avocadoes — avacados — avocados (noun). Alligator pears; the pulpy green or purple edible fruit of certain tropical American trees; or the trees themselves.

9. Caromed — carromed — carromed (verb). Struck; rebounded; glanced off.

10. Missegenation — miscegenation — miscegenation (noun). An interbreeding of races; intermarriage.

11. Plebescite — plebesite — plebiscite (noun). A vote or decree of the people on some measure submitted to them.

12. Pusillanimous — pusillanimous — pusillanimous (adj). Destitute of manly strength and firmness of mind; of weak or mean spirit; cowardly.

13. Pallfreys — pollfreys — palfreys (noun). Driving or riding horses; as distinguished from war horses.

14. Littoral — litoral — littoral (adj.). Of, or pertaining to a shore.

15. Brasier — brazier — brazer (noun). A pan for holding burning coals.

16. Khedeeve — khedeeve — khedive (noun). The title granted in 1867 by the Sultan of Turkey to the viceroy or governor of Egypt. It was abolished by the British in 1914.

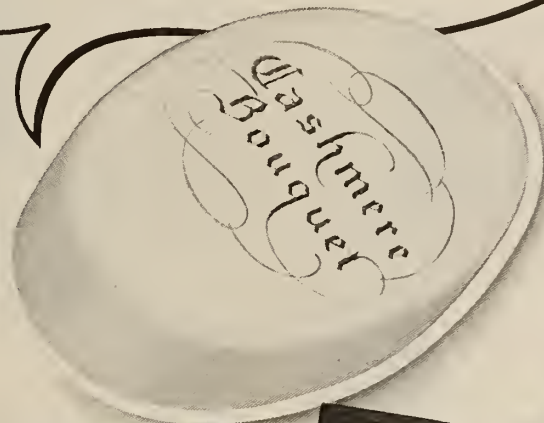
17. Anise — annise — anise (noun). A plant of the celery family, cultivated for its aromatic seeds.

18. Coquettery — coquetry — coquetry (noun). The conduct or art of a coquette; effort or action intended to attract admiration, or affection without responsive feelings; trifling in love.

19. Scruff — scruf — skruff (noun). The nape of the neck; the loose skin of the back of the neck or the back.

20. Chippmunk — chipmonk — chipmunk (noun). Any of the numerous small striped American rodents often called ground squirrels and striped squirrels.

I'M TEACHING GIRLS
A LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID OFFENDING!



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!



ONLY 10¢ at drug, department, and ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

SMILE, AZTEC PRINCESS!

This Aztec princess had a beautiful smile — her teeth were kept well-exercised, polished and healthy by tough, chewy foods. Modern soft foods give our teeth too little healthful exercise.



HELPS KEEP
TEETH WHITE



DENTYNE—MODERN AID TO SOUND WHITE TEETH

Dentyne's specially firm consistency gives your teeth and gums the exercise they need. It stimulates healthful circulation of the blood in gums and mouth tissues. It also helps keep your mouth clean and refreshed — your teeth sound and sparkling.

ITS FLAVOR IS DISTINCTIVE!

Because of its spicy, unusual flavor, Dentyne is a popular favorite. Notice the smartly flat shape of the package (it is an exclusive Dentyne feature) — and so conveniently carried in pocket or purse.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

FOR honorable mention this month we would like to tell you something about Tim and Irene, those veteran vaudevillians who have just launched their new show, co-starring George Olsen and his orchestra. If you tune in on The Royal Crown Review Friday nights at 9:00 o'clock on the NBC-blue network, you will hear their goings on. They are accompanied by Uncle Happy, played by Teddy Bergman. Tim and Irene are really Mr. and Mrs. Tim Ryan. They teamed up in Tulsa, Oklahoma, while Tim was a press agent and Irene was touring in a stock company.



Tune in Tim & Irene on Fridays

Mrs. Agnes B. McDowell, Akron, Ohio — While we never ran an article on A Tale Of Today, I am happy to give you below a short biography of this program. It is heard every Sunday over the NBC-Red network at 6:30 P. M. E.S.T. (5:30 P. M. C.S.T.) The program is broadcast from the Chicago Studios of NBC. Gordon Saint Clair, who is the author, was born in Veedersburg, Indiana. The father and stepmother of the Houston clan are portrayed by Carlton Brickert and Ethel Owen. (Isabel Randolph originally played the part of the stepmother.) Brickert (Robert Houston) was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, and Raymond Johnson (Dave Allen) husband of Betty Caine is a native of Kenosha, Wisconsin. Mercedes McCambridge (Flora Little) comes from just south of Chicago, Joliet, Illinois, where she was born on St. Patrick's day. Ed Prentiss (Michael Denby) is the Michigan member, from Jackson, Willard Farnum (Dick Martin) calls Mankato, Minnesota, home, and Laurette Fillbrandt (Dot Houston) was cradled in Zanesville, Ohio.

M. F. M., St. Louis, Mo. — Franklyn MacCormack, poetic reader of the CBS Poetic Melodies was born March 8, 1906, in Waterloo, Iowa. Attended University of Iowa, spent six years as leading man on the legitimate stage. Made his radio debut in 1928. His hobbies are candid camera shots and antique pistols. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall; weighs 175 pounds; has dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. Mr. MacCormack is married to "Vi" Johnstone, actress.

Imogene Lutz, Warren, Ohio — Sorry, but we have no pictures of the Don Winslow cast available. Would suggest that you address your request to the National Broadcasting Company, 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago, Ill.

C. Grace Trevorton, Barrie, Ontario — We're happy to announce that Jan Garber will be going to town on the Burns and Allen program. He is replacing Ray Noble, who left for a tour in England. . . . Also, Rose Marie is now a full fledged radio star, having her own show on the NBC network at 7:30 on Wednesdays.

Mr. La Vern Cain, Hillsboro, Oregon — First, let me thank you for your

nice letter. It always makes us very happy to hear from our readers. And now for the information you requested. Jane Rhodes, young rhythm singer skyrocketed to popularity on the recent Hollywood Mardi Gras broadcast over the NBC-Red network. Although Jane is only seventeen years old, she is already a Hollywood veteran. She began singing over the air about ten years ago when a child of seven. . . . Tony Martin was born in Oakland, Calif., on Christmas day. His screen and radio career is due to a college dean's disapproval of swing music, who caught him playing popular tunes on the school chapel organ. Tony is six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds.

FAN CLUB SECTION

If you are interested in the Joan Blaine Fan Club, drop a line to Miss Florence Welsh, 6317 South Hamilton Avenue, Chicago.

We just received a plea from Dottie Lou Pinnick, Box 534, East Gary, Indiana, asking for additional members in their newly formed Gene Autry Friendship Club. Why not get in touch with her?

Brother Jim Ameche is getting as popular as Don. He now has a fan club and Merton Sloan is in charge. Please address him at 905 Forest Ave., Evanston, Illinois.

We would like to know whether there is a Clyde McCoy Fan Club. What do you say, readers—is there?

Did you know that there is a Frances Langford Melody Club? Well, there is, and Robert Wilkins of 2510 North 12th Street, Kansas City, Kansas, is president. "How's about joining up?" says Robert.

We were just wondering why we hadn't heard from an Eddie Cantor fan in regard to a club, when we received an announcement from James Styles to the effect that the official Eddie Cantor Club is not quite a year old. If you are interested in becoming a member, please address your letter to James Styles, Post Office Box 62, Calvert, Texas.

What You Can't Imagine About Television

(Continued from page 25)

movies or a ball game!

For instance—
A year ago, experts were working day and night to remove the greenish tint from the experimental television picture. In twelve short months, they've not only freed television of its unnatural and unpleasant green hue, perfecting black-and-white pictures like those we see in the movies, but now—in England—they are ready for color. Color television, the ultimate in realism, will eventually bring you an Army-Navy football game in all its brilliant natural tints.

NOT only color, but natural three-dimensional pictures as well are a probability. Only a few weeks ago a prominent television inventor took out a patent on a device which he says will give televised pictures the illusion of depth, as well as width and height—something not even the moving pictures have been able to do successfully.

The cathode ray tube which is the heart of any television receiver has been perfected to such an extent that two types of image may be seen. A startlingly sharp image may be received on a screen which measures seven by ten inches, or a slightly less clearly defined picture can be projected upon a screen measuring four by five feet. No longer must the watcher strain his eyes to watch the small image: the larger one is clearly visible and satisfactorily sharp.

Nor will it be necessary for you to

remain in your own home if you want a television show. Equipment is being made right now that will put television into theaters, for televised movies.

Ever since television experiments first got under way, the theory of "horizon limitation" has been causing trouble. The idea was that television waves couldn't follow the curve of the earth, and therefore that a televised image couldn't be received more than forty-five or fifty miles from where it originated. That theory has now been shattered to bits. Engineers now don't know exactly how far they can broadcast their pictures, but they do know that it's farther than the horizon.

It's obvious, by now, that rural districts won't be neglected by television. A method is being perfected for taking care of them. It makes use of television wire relays whereby communities can "pipe in" programs over cables, through an arrangement with telephone companies who would collect small subscription fees from the set owners. The same idea is being used now, in Europe, for straight radio programs. The only change necessary is the use of a different type of cable.

ONE of the often-quoted reasons for delay in the perfection of television has been the vast amount of experimenting necessary to prepare the right kind of programs. Today, that experimenting is being sped forward

at a great rate. Both great broadcasting chains have taken it up, and the competition between them is extremely healthy. Neither chain can afford to take its time in developing an entertaining formula for a visual program, because the one that succeeds first will certainly have an immense advantage over its competitor.

As it is, NBC is promising public television demonstrations for the New York World's Fair in 1939. Maybe you haven't realized it, but that's only a year away!

FOR a long time disagreement over patents and standards held up the growth of television. There will still be disputes over patent rights in the future, no doubt, but many of the most important questions have been settled by private agreements. We who are interested only in buying and using a television set don't realize how vitally a dry legal question like the ownership of a disputed patent right can and does affect our hopes for a new kind of entertainment.

The agreement upon a transmitting standard means a great deal, too. It would be foolish to ask the public to buy television sets as long as these transmitting standards were subject to change, because the sets would then become obsolete. But now, here in America, the industry is solidly agreed on a picture standard of 441 lines per second. England uses only 343 lines. As you no doubt know, the greater the number of lines per second, the

GO 'WAY! YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO TELL MAMA ON ME, AUNT CAROL! 'CAUSE IT'S TRUE! ANO I BETCHA MR. NEO THINKS SO, TOO!

NEO HAS BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE THE REASON?

WELL, I APOLOGIZE FOR DOTTY, CAROL—BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. ANO THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M GONNA TELL MAMA ON YOU, AUNT CAROL!

ATTA GIRL, OOTTY! ANO TELL HER THAT AUNT CAROL'S JUST PROMISEO TO BE MRS. NED, WILL YOU?

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

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

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Good Housekeeping

Paul Lukas

lends
a helping hand



PAUL LUKAS
Favorite actor of
stage and screen.



"AFTER A MATINÉE of my latest Broadway show, a friend brought his sister to my dressing room to see me . . .



"SHE WANTED TO BE an actress—was understudying the star in another play. She had talent, but . . ."



"GIRLS MUST LOOK their best to win success. Although pretty, her lips were rough and dry. When she asked my advice about her career . . .



"I TOLD HER that I thought she would benefit by using a special lipstick praised by many stage and screen beauties. Later she phoned me . . ."



HELLO, MR. LUKAS! LAST NIGHT I MADE A BIG HIT IN THE STAR'S ROLE! AND I GIVE CREDIT FOR MY PERFORMANCE TO THE KISSPROOF LIPSTICK YOU TOLD ME ABOUT. ITS BEAUTY-CREAM BASE KEEPS MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. GAVE ME CONFIDENCE BY MAKING ME **LOOK MY BEST!**

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades of drug and dept. stores **50c**
Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry).
Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades.
Generous trial sizes of all 10¢ stores.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE



SCENARIO BY PAUL LUKAS

finer the picture that is transmitted.

The laboratory experimenters have also found a way to bring television into the open. At first, all visual broadcasts had to be conducted in a studio under a battery of super-powerful lights. But now outdoor television, under the normal light of the sun, is perfectly possible. Think what this means—that ball games, parades, celebrations of all kinds can now be brought to you in your own home!

On days when the sky is so overcast that outdoor television is impractical, modern moving picture film can be used, and so great is the speed with which film can be developed nowadays, the films can be rushed to a television set and broadcast only a few minutes after the event.

ALL these steps forward have brought television closer to your purse and living-room. But there remains to be told the most startling advance of all—one that means you too can experience the thrills of pioneering.

One of the old television myths was that it would take a year to fill an order for a receiving set. Yet today, many an amateur experimenter has in his possession a combination transmitter and receiver that costs less than two hundred dollars. The device is designed by the National Union Radio Corporation and is called a television oscilloscope. Primarily, it's meant for the transmission and reception of still pictures, but all it needs to become a full-fledged action television set is the substitution of a cathode ray tube for the monoscope tube with which it is equipped when it leaves the factory.

With this ingenious kit, amateurs can not only receive pictures, but they can send them as well. They can, in fact, talk to each other over the air. They don't need any special license, other than the ordinary amateur station permit which is available through the Federal Communications Commission.

Or, if you like, for around a hundred dollars you can buy a television kit which consists of the parts for a set; which you can assemble in your own home. Contrary to all the mystic secrecy which has surrounded television, amateurs have been able to build their own sets in the past year or so—which indicates that this whole television business isn't as difficult as it has been made out to be.

All this amateur activity is the best sign of all for the future of television. Remember back in the 1920's, when your next-door neighbor built himself a radio set out of a few dry-cells and some copper wire? What did you do then? You went and either built or bought yourself a better one. And that is exactly what will happen with television. The amateur sets will create a stronger demand for factory-made machines, and whenever the American people have asked, loudly and sincerely, for a new gadget, they've found a manufacturer who'd give them what they wanted.

And when that happens—then, we'll have television!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT TELEVISION? In future issues of RADIO MIRROR there will be a Television Question and Answer Department. Address your queries to the Television Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

The Dramatic Truth About

Molly's Illness

(Continued from page 17)

neighbors and mine, this famous radio team of Fibber McGee and Molly. And yet their love, stripped of its tinsel and glamour, as unpretentious and comforting as an old shoe, is too fine and too deep to ever find its way into books of fiction. It is, in truth, the very soul and backbone of this country, the simple, honest love of home and family that beats in the average American's breast.

I've known Marion and Jim for a long time, and I've written quite a few stories about them. But always the one story I've wanted to write has eluded me, until now. I've always wanted to put in black and white just what a boundless, infinite thing I believe their love for each other to be. But Marion and Jim are basically too much like you and me to be "good copy," too much like the average couple who live next door with their two children, whom you know so well. They don't wear their love on their sleeves, they don't race through mountains of flame to get to each other; they simplify matters by staying on the same side of the flame in the first place. Neither of them ever had to make a momentous decision in some hefty three cornered love triangle, because there just has never been any triangle.

AS simple as all that, has been the love of Marion and Jim Jordan. No excitement, no trimmings, no emotional hocus-pocus. Yet, a few weeks ago their love for each other was put to a test which few loves have been forced to meet, and came out victorious. For many weeks you laughed at a funny little man named Fibber McGee while he struggled to carry on alone, little knowing that you, as a listener, were playing a vital part in one of the most dramatic love stories ever lived. For Jim Jordan had to make you laugh, to save the life of the girl he loved.

It was exactly twenty years ago that Marion, then the darling of Peoria, Illinois, slid down a ladder from her bedroom window and eloped in the night with an unknown actor named Jordan. When folks found out about it, they shook their heads sadly, and predicted that this Jordan feller wasn't much good, and if Marion didn't come back home she might not be eating regular.

Well, folks were partly right. Sometimes they didn't eat regularly. At that time, Jim was anything but a success. Things never came easily for Jim. He, like most of us, had to learn his art the hard way, by trial and error. But Marion stuck, and that's what kept him going. She stuck through split weeks, five-a-day, cheap hotels, disappointments and hardships at every turn.

From the very first the act became a "two-act," and throughout the years it never changed. During the long years in vaudeville, crowned finally with success, it was always Marion and Jim. They were as inseparable as Mutt and Jeff, as Amos 'n' Andy. You didn't think of one without thinking of the other. They were a team.

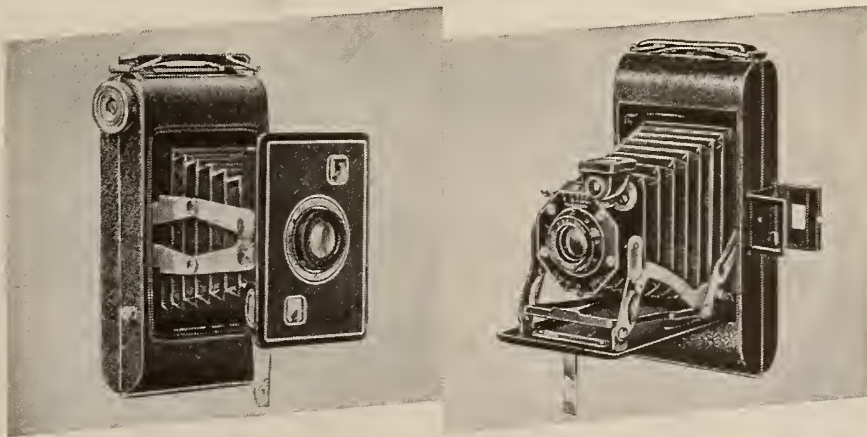
With the death toll of vaudeville,



Your skill steps up with a modern KODAK

PICTURE makers are going out with better cameras this year. Quicker on the trigger. More brilliant action. Dependable to the last degree. Smart to carry. You'll get a lot of satisfaction out of owning one of these Kodaks—and you'll bring back better pictures. Your skill steps up the minute your hands get the "feel" of the new improvements and refinements. Use a camera that's really modern. Bigger values than ever. Your dealer has Kodaks as low as \$5; Brownies from \$1... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Only EASTMAN makes the KODAK



JIFFY KODAK SIX-20, Series II, gives you box-camera simplicity plus the style of the latest folding model. Touch one button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Twindar lens, up-to-the-minute refinements. Pictures, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price, \$9... Jiffy Kodak Six-16, Series II—\$9 $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures—\$10.

KODAK JUNIOR SIX-20, Series II (f.6.3)—opens at the touch of a button—closes at the touch of a one-finger release. Fast Kodak Anastigmat f.6.3 lens lets you make snapshots regardless of most weather conditions. Pictures, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price, \$14. Kodak Junior Six-16, Series II (f.6.3), \$14 $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$15.75.

DANDRUFF?



4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution — 2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 607 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Next time be sure to USE ZONITE FOR

- ✓ DANDRUFF
- ✓ BAD BREATH
- ✓ SORE THROAT
- ✓ CUTS & WOUNDS
- ✓ FEMINE CLEANSING
- ✓ ATHLETE'S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER
Get this measuring glass at no extra charge with 14 ounce Zonite. Read package folder for details.

ZONITE Is 9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

Marion and Jim turned to radio, and once again they found they had to start in at the bottom of the ladder. For years they played this and that, sustaining programs, benefits, once in a while a guest appearance. Once again, through failures and hardships, they stuck together.

Once Jim was offered a job as a single, and the offer really surprised him. Work without Marion? Why, that was silly. They might just as well put a piano player on the air without a piano. Why, he couldn't work without Marion.

PERHAPS she remembered this in the years that followed. Soon after that, success, that great impostor, struck them with a vengeance. Fibber McGee and Molly went on a coast to coast hook-up, "Tain't funny, McGee," became the favorite wisecrack of the American people, fan mail poured in from all over the country, Hollywood beckoned with fabulous contracts.

Success, the relentless master, had caught Marion and Jim in its maddening stride.

At first, however, their success was unstable. It was too new to insure permanence, so it had to be built every day through personal appearances and careful publicity. Week after week, Marion and Jim, finishing their broadcast, would dash madly for a plane or a train to fill some engagement. Then, back in Chicago at the end of the week to whip the radio show into shape for the next broadcast. And if they had a spare moment in this hectic schedule, there were always reporters waiting for interviews, or a million and one of the other little details that are the price of success.

Marion didn't say anything to Jim

when this endless race week after week first began to tell on her. Instead she went quietly to a doctor for a complete physical examination. It relieved her to learn there was nothing physically wrong with her, and even though she continued to feel tired and nervous, she merely gritted her teeth and decided it was her imagination. She's pretty stubborn that way in real life, or didn't you guess?

But it wasn't her imagination, it was her nervous system which was being taxed to the breaking point, which the physician had overlooked. Nevertheless, she stepped back into the ceaseless round of interviews, broadcasts, rehearsals, stage appearances; going on, day after day, when only her love and loyalty to Jim was the reason and the motivation.

She seemed to feel more tired than ever the day the final contracts were signed with Paramount for their first picture, "This Way Please." She must have visualized all that it would mean; Hollywood, long hours under burning studio lights, parties, conferences; must have wished for a fleeting second that Jim could go out there alone. But no, they wanted Fibber McGee and Molly. "... and Molly." Yes, even though Jim was the funny one, they didn't seem to want him without her. This meant a great deal to Jim, and she couldn't let him down.

It wouldn't be fair to say that Hollywood was the sole cause of Marion's breakdown, it was simply the climax. It brought her condition to the point where she could no longer fool Jim. Returning home once more, the picture finished, he finally spoke his piece.

"Marion, you need a rest."
"Don't be silly."

HOW I STAND ON CHASTITY

This is the letter the Editor selected as the best answer to the challenging article "Is It Flaming Youth Again?" which appeared in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR, and which was based on an interview with Cecil B. DeMille.

NO girl of personality and charm has ever liked what she saw in her mirror the morning after an erotic adventure. Youth is thoughtless in its greediness to taste everything, but it's not wicked. Selfishness belongs to older people.

"Let youth go to war, let youth do without the jobs, let youth put off getting married, let youth eat out its heart." As a gesture of rebellion we had "Flaming youth."

But today's youth know what it's all about and are actively championing their own interests. To them chastity is largely a matter of economics. They respond to purity because they will benefit in good health and in a rapturous marriage.

The movies have made girls glamour conscious. So a smart girl doesn't discuss sex with a man any more than she would discuss any other mystery of physical allure. And because of economic independence and because men out-number women, our smart girl doesn't have "to pay" for her dates with insincere woo-flinging. On the other hand, the smart boy spends his time and energy developing his capabilities, thus preserving his capacity of love for the one girl. No intelligent youth of today (boy or girl) WANTS to be cheated from the complete satisfaction which mates find only in that unique togetherness called marriage.

PAULINE FORD,
Burlingame, Calif.

"I'm not silly," Jim answered, "not now. We never should have made that picture. But what's done is done. When we get back home I'm cutting out everything, interviews, theater dates, parties, everything except the broadcast."

Of course, Marion protested, but Jim put his foot down, and the decision was made. However, Jim was right; it was made too late. I think the day when Marion fainted last October marked their first realization of the genuine seriousness of her health. A doctor was called in, only this time, a specialist. He was quick to realize she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He told her that she must quit everything, take a long rest.

ONCE again Marion must have thought of all she and Jim had been through together, wondered what would happen to the broadcast if she went off to a sanitarium and left Jim alone, must have remembered Jim's statement that he couldn't work without her. She set her chin at a defiant angle and said she would continue to do the broadcast each week.

Jim argued, the doctor argued, the sponsors argued, but to no avail. It wasn't egotism that made her stick it out, it was the same love and loyalty that has held them together for twenty years.

Finally, four weeks later, she became so overcome with dizzy spells and nausea that she was afraid to go on the air for fear she might faint in the middle of the show. It was then that she agreed to go to the sanitarium.

Riding back to Chicago with the doctor, Jim suddenly realized what Marion had been fighting to prevent all those months; now it was no longer Fibber McGee and Molly, it was just Fibber McGee. Jim was too smart a showman not to realize how vital Molly was to his humor. He knew that the greater percentage of the time the audience laughed, not at his remarks, but at Molly's reactions, whether they realized it or not. She was to him what George Burns is to Gracie Allen. Gracie would be very unfunny if it weren't for George's reactions. So, Jim knew, was true of his Fibber McGee. And now, for many months to come, he would be alone.

It was the doctor, sitting beside him, who spoke.

"Jim," he said, "you understand that your wife is in a very critical condition. And if she is to get well, she must be free from all worry."

"Worry?" Jim repeated.
 "Yes. She hasn't said anything directly to me, but I know she is worried about the broadcast. It's up to you to erase this worry from her mind. When you go on the air you must be funnier than you've ever been. For she'll be listening in, and that is the only way you can put her mind at ease."

WAS it Mary Baker Eddy who said "There never was, and never will be, anything which true love cannot overcome?" The statement must have truth in it. During the days that followed, Jim worked relentlessly with his writer and cast. They wrote in bits of business, then tore

them up and wrote better ones. One would think up a gag, and then someone would think up a better one. The days and nights seemed to fly by, somehow it seemed such a great task. It wasn't just a radio show, it was the means of bringing Marion back to health.

All too quickly broadcast night came, and Jim found himself standing once more in front of that microphone. Only this time, Marion wasn't at his side, she was listening in from a hospital room in Wisconsin, worried, anxious. In his hand Jim clutched the script, through his mind ran a thousand thoughts; would they laugh at the first gag, would they laugh, would they laugh?

THE orchestra played the introduction, Harlow Wilcox finished the commercial, introduced him, stepped back. He was on the air!

Do you remember that first show Fibber McGee did alone? I do. It was one of the funniest broadcasts I ever heard. Every gag clicked, every piece of business, every line. The audience laughed, the listeners laughed. And up in a sanitarium in Wisconsin a furrowed brow relaxed, and Marion Jordan laughed too. As the program neared completion she leaned back on the pillows and closed her eyes. The nurse at her side smiled with pleasure that this stubborn Irish girl had finally relaxed. As the nurse turned down the light, that funny man on the radio spoke once more. Only this time his voice was soft and quiet, and he spoke but three words.
 "Good night, Molly."



I WAS SO **PROUD** OF YOU TONIGHT, DARLING!

HOW WISE! THE WIFE WHO GUARDS AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR COMPLEXION, LATELY? IT'S SO MUCH LOVELIER, SO SOFT AND SMOOTH! I REMEMBER, A FEW WEEKS AGO, HOW UPSET YOU WERE BECAUSE YOUR SKIN WAS SO DRY...

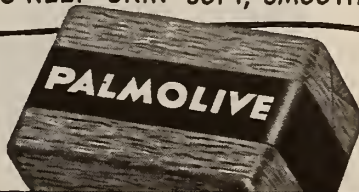
NOT ONLY DRY, BUT LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING! I REALLY WAS GETTING "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! THEN HELEN SAID MAYBE I WAS USING THE WRONG SOAP. SHE SUGGESTED CHANGING TO PALMOLIVE, AND...

PALMOLIVE? HOW COULD IT MAKE SUCH AN IMPROVEMENT?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

MY HUSBAND'S RIGHT! IT PAYS TO USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

WELL, MY ADVICE IS, STICK TO PALMOLIVE!



Some Blondes Prefer Work

(Continued from page 24)

TRY
THIS SURE WAY
TO PROTECT

Your Glamor



WHEN YOUR
UNDERARM IS
DRY, YOUR DRESS
NEVER SMELLS...

TONIGHT MAKE THE

"Armhole Odor Test"

REMEMBER that wonderful man you met? The way he danced—divinely? And the telephone number he asked for but never used!

If you have ever been so horribly disappointed—make this simple test tonight. When you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole. Its stale "armhole odor" will make it clear to you why women of taste and refinement insist on a deodorant that checks perspiration and keeps the underarm dry, as well as sweet.

If you always keep your underarm dry, there can be no stale perspiration to collect on your dress and become more offensive each time you wear it!

Liquid Odorono safeguards both you and your dress by keeping your underarm always dry. You can't be guilty of unpleasant "armhole odor."

Start today to use Liquid Odorono . . . greaseless and odorless. In two strengths—Regular and Instant.



if she'd been a recent import from the popular-priced stock company in Vilna, Poland, was laying big plans for her.

It really is funny, Claire's story. Moreover, it makes you feel good, because it proves that success isn't always a sudden miracle, but occasionally the result of honest work.

In her 'teens, practically every girl must dream of being an actress, without ever thinking for a minute that she'll really be one. Claire was like that. In the ordinary course of things, she'd have gone to college—Smith was the one she was slated for—graduated from it, and then settled down to a comfortable married life. But when it came time for Claire to enter Smith, it appeared that one very important course had been left out of her high school education. Without it, Smith wasn't prepared to receive her as a student. Rather than go back to high school and make up the deficiency (she'd never liked that particular course anyway), Claire forgot about Smith and went instead to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. It was all as haphazard as that. No burning ambition to express herself, no yen for footlights and applause, no conviction that she was Bernhardt, Duse and Garbo tied up in one package. Just an inability to get into Smith College.

It's a shame that everything, for a while, came so criminally easy for her. She went to the Academy for a few months and then stepped, without noticeable delay, first into a season of stock and next into the leading lady's role in a Broadway comedy, "Whistling in the Dark." And of course "Whistling in the Dark" was a huge success.

She also fell in love, or thought she did.

She was that season's "discovery" along Broadway. Every season has at least one. It wasn't surprising, then, that when the play went on tour and eventually got to Hollywood she was

screen-tested and a contract was offered to her. But Claire was already finding out a few things, and the most important of them was that, in spite of being a Broadway discovery, she didn't really know the first thing about acting. Her part in "Whistling in the Dark" wasn't a very hard one, calling for not much more than the blonde loveliness which she possesses in abundance, and with only it and her few weeks in stock as a background, she was actually afraid to take a chance with the movies.

And besides, the climate of Hollywood made her sleepy. (It gets you that way, you know, if you aren't used to it.)

AND besides, again, she was in love and he was in New York.

But when she returned to New York, she found everything changed. Her father's prosperous business had been caught by the depression. She herself was no longer the new discovery, the promising young actress, but somebody who'd been out of town for several months on a tour. A couple of new discoveries had cropped up in the meantime, and nobody—just nobody—was interested in Claire. And worst of all, when she met the man she'd thought she loved, and kissed him, she knew that something had gone terribly wrong here too. Because she didn't love him any longer, and he didn't love her.

There followed six months of real struggle—the first real struggle Claire had ever experienced in her life. First there was the weary round of agents' and casting directors' offices; then there was a tour which fizzled out into nothingness in the middle west; and finally there was a part which didn't fit her in a show which definitely didn't fit Broadway standards.

At the height of her desperation, a belated offer from Hollywood came. Claire had even forgotten taking the screen test which led to it. There was no time now to worry over whether



It's their love story—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benny.

or not she was a good enough actress. There was time only to wire an acceptance and catch the first train.

Hollywood then began the education of Claire Trevor. Not, however, in the way you might expect. It didn't make her into a star overnight; it didn't publicize her or get her engaged to her leading man. It just absorbed her into the vast factory of a studio lot.

Claire didn't work in the big, important star pictures. Her first was a Western, and from it she progressed to crook melodramas, society triangle plays, and anything the studio happened to have on hand. Did another actress turn up her nose at a part, Claire played it—providing she was told to by the boss. If it became necessary to start a new picture while she was still busy on the old, Claire squeezed them both into her schedule somehow. Hers not to question why, hers but to do—and, frequently, to die, when the part called for it.

She played in many a picture that she'd much rather forget about now, and in few that she likes to remember. She was what is known in Hollywood as a member of the studio stock company.

But it was all training that few stars are lucky enough to have; and its value was proved when at last Claire got her film break, as Francey in "Dead End." It came in the fifth year of her Hollywood residence, and it was little more than a bit part, but in it she summed up all she had learned about the job of acting—and it made her a candidate for an Academy award.

The "Dead End" part was her first big break; the Big Town radio pro-

gram every Tuesday night was her second. Starting quite unobtrusively, Big Town has grown with the months into a Tuesday-night "must" for lovers of exciting dramatic fare, and Claire's personal popularity has grown with the program's. Often enough, the cinema moguls pay little attention to radio, but every now and then its real importance brings them up short with a shock of realization. That's what happened in Claire's case. Since she was successfully co-starred on the air with Eddie Robinson, what could be more logical than to co-star her with him in his next picture? The idea seemed like a natural, and it was—so much so that Claire and Eddie are working together in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" right now. And I think a prediction is in order—"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" will be a turning point in her career.

But even more important than teaching her to act, those five years in Hollywood have taught Claire how to live. In the old days, she herself admits, she was rudderless—out for a good time and pretty much under the impression that a good time consisted of parties, noise and general hullabaloo. Today she is just the opposite.

HOLLYWOOD is just a nice place to live—the nicest I've ever found," she told me. "Once you get over feeling sleepy, the climate is perfect. You have a sense of leisure there that I've never found anywhere else. And there isn't any night life—I know there is supposed to be, but there really isn't—so you learn, in spite of yourself, how to enjoy yourself without it . . . Oh, I get a streak now and then when I start going out

at night, simply because I know it's expected of me and because I owe it to my job as a movie actress to be seen at the Troc or Victor Hugo's.

PERHAPS I'd have gone ahead fast—er if I'd paid more attention to my career—fought for better parts, taken care to get more publicity, got my name linked with a rich playboy or a romantic leading man. All those things have been done, and done successfully. A publicity man told me, for instance, when I came to New York to see if I couldn't whip up a romance for myself with a big name. But I don't know how to do those things, and I don't want to do them. I want to get married, some day, and have some children; but when I do I want to get married my own way, without making a publicity story out of it. If that's necessary for success, then I guess I don't care whether I'm a success or not. I'd rather do my work the best way I can, and live my life the best way I can, and if I can't do both, the work will suffer first."

Perhaps it was one of those desperate publicity men who linked her name in vague rumor a few months ago with that of a Boston socialite. Or, again, perhaps her friendship with Clark Andrews, the producer of the Big Town show, is nothing more than that—friendship—in spite of the persistent hints that it's romance. Claire won't say, and I can't say I blame her. Because, in her case, through the good offices of radio and her own hard work, she doesn't need publicity to prove she's a star.

On the other hand, maybe Hollywood knew what it was up to, all along!

For each Gay Moment—the PERFECT Perfume



GARDENIA — true essence of the lovely flower . . . breathing the vital warmth of a glorious southern sun.

No. 3 PERFUME — Oriental enchantment . . . throbbing, intoxicating as the spell of tropic moonlight.

Give every moment of your days and nights the subtle allure of the tropics. By day, you wear glorious Gardenia; by night, the sophisticated Oriental No. 3. Get both these glamorous perfumes at leading drug and department stores 25¢

Smart tuckaway size for 10c in all ten-cent stores



PARK & TILFORD

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FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

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Rebel's Road to Glory

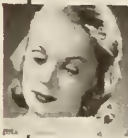
(Continued from page 27)



COLLEGE GIRLS LEAD THE WAY in discovering TAMPAX

It is natural that enlightened college women should lead in adopting Tampax, the new *internal absorbent* for monthly sanitary protection. It means safety, comfort, assurance. Learn about this medically-endorsed, revolutionary product—and tell your friends!

● CURIOSITY IS AROUSED



"I've heard about this Tampax . . . It's so compact that a month's supply will go in your purse. Wonder how it works—"

● THE TRUTH DAWNS



"Well, it's rather startling at first! . . . Perfected by a doctor. For use *internally!* . . . You're not aware of its presence."

● IT'S THE CIVILIZED WAY

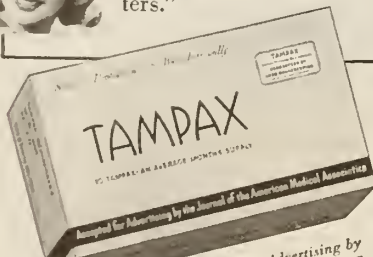


"Why wasn't this invented years ago? Patented applicator. No belts, no pins, no pads, no odor . . . You ride, dance, swim."

● ANY WOMAN CAN USE IT



". . . and feel at ease in any costume . . . 35¢ a month's supply . . . drug stores and notion counters."



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Please send me introductory size package of Tampax.
Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

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Address _____
City _____ State _____

One night, his younger brother Irving, now a trumpet player on his own, stopped by to see him. He found Benny in his dressing room, his head in his hands, his whole body tense.

Alarmed, he asked what was the matter.

"Listen, Irv," Benny looked up long enough to say. "I'm giving this band business up. I'm no good as a leader. I might as well quit!"

This was news to Irving, who thought the band was doing all right. But he finally got Benny to admit what the trouble was—he just couldn't face those people again!

Irving talked to him for a long time, with the sympathetic understanding that had always existed among the Goodmans. Didn't Benny believe in his band enough to get over a little self-consciousness for it? To face a roomful of people for it? Besides, what would he do if he quit? Go back to the radio and dance jobs that had made him so unhappy before? Was that any better?

FINALLY, he got Benny to promise one thing. He would go back out there—now—and the first thing he would do when he got on the stand would be to turn right around and smile at the crowd.

It took a lot of courage, but Benny did it. And it did help.

Watching him today at a broadcast or on the band stand or stage, it seems impossible to believe that he ever suffered so from self-consciousness. Now he's poised and gracious and perfectly at ease, even though he still doesn't talk very much. But it took him a long time to achieve that ease of manner.

But then, looking at him today, it also seems impossible to realize that a long, difficult, and often heart-breaking struggle took place before he arrived at his phenomenal success. Benny Goodman had to fight his way through misunderstanding, neglect, opposition, and bitterness before he reached the top. That night in the dressing room of Billy Rose's Music Hall was not the only zero hour when he didn't know whether he could go on or not.

But the very night their engagement closed at the Music Hall, they had another break. They were auditioned for a big radio program and they made it!

It was the three hour long "Let's Dance" program and it was twenty-six weeks of heaven. It meant that Benny could add to his band some fine men he'd had his eye on, but didn't feel he could afford. One of them was a young kid out in Chicago who had jet black hair and eyes and a genius for rhythm. His name was Gene Krupa, the drummer who until the last few weeks was bringing Goodman audiences to their feet. And Harry Goodman joined his brother at this time.

But being able to build up the band and get ahead financially was only one of the things about the "Let's Dance" program that made Benny Goodman so happy. The other was that now he was well enough established that he could bring his whole family on from Chicago. It was one of the happiest days of his life when

he was able to put the key in the door of a house on Long Island, and lead his mother inside.

But when the program closed, after twenty-six weeks, Benny Goodman was right back where he started. He was, in fact, farther back. Because now it wasn't enough to worry because he wasn't making any money. There were thirteen other men not making any money—because they played in his band.

Day after day he'd try to make contacts, try to interest people in his music. The biggest booking agency in New York acted as if they had never heard of him—and wouldn't care if they had.

Where were all the friends he thought he'd been making with his music?

Well, one of them was right in the offices of that booking agency whose doors were being closed daily in his face. He was Willard Alexander and he'd admired Benny Goodman's music ever since he was a student at the University of Pennsylvania, leading a band of his own.

It was the chance sight of his name scrawled on a memo pad that marked the next forward step in Benny Goodman's life. Willard Alexander happened to see it one morning on the desk of one of his co-workers.

"Say," he shouted, "is this Benny Goodman, the swell clarinet player?"

Well, it was a Benny Goodman who played the clarinet.

Alexander lost no time calling Benny on the phone. He'd always wanted to meet him and never got around to it. He and Benny had lunch together—and Alexander was not disappointed. He discovered a shy young man whose whole interest was in good hot music, who was a little suspicious of people who claimed an interest in swing without understanding a thing about it.

IT took Alexander a while to convince Benny of his sincerity. But when he did, there sprang up an inevitable and very strong friendship. A friendship that possessed that enviable bond of strength—the ability to argue each other blue in the face and still remain friends, to disagree violently on points important to both of them—and still remain friends.

One of the first things they disagreed on was where Benny was going from there. Alexander wanted him to get out into the country. After all, a small and specialized following in New York City meant very little. He must get to all America.

Benny couldn't see why he should play one night stands in the coal mine circuit, for instance. In the first place, it was a very expensive proposition. Remember that by now Benny had a strong, hand-picked, and well-trained group of musicians. He was responsible for them and he had to see that they were satisfied and also well-paid. If he played one-nighters, he would never be able to get enough money to do this. He'd have to make up expenses out of his own pocket.

In the end, Alexander won. The band played Pottstown, Johnson City, and other little Pennsylvania towns. Benny had to borrow money to get them back to New York.

And even then it looked as if Alexander had been dead wrong.

The first night at the Roosevelt Hotel, where they had been booked, the boys were in fine spirits. They rode out with gusto on "China Boy." But to their amazement, many guests quite openly put their fingers to their ears. The pay-off came when, at the sudden end of a long, loud last chorus, the shouted tag of a sentence from a table near the band sounded through the room.

"... such noise in my life!"

BENNY was heart-broken. He wanted to tell these people that it wasn't just noise, that if they listened they would discover its power and beauty. But everything was wrong. These people just wouldn't listen.

"Never mind," Alexander said. "Remember those records you've been making? Well, out on the Coast they've been buying them like hot cakes. And now a place in Los Angeles called the Palomar is willing to take a chance on you. I think it's your big chance!"

Immediately they had another violent argument.

Why should Benny drag thirteen men all the way to California? It wouldn't do any good anyhow. They didn't like him in New York and why should they like him in Los Angeles? Why should they like him anywhere?

He was still unconvinced when they finally left for Denver to play at an amusement park before going on to the Coast.

This was something new to Benny. He'd never been this far West before and everything seemed strange. The vast mountains awed him and the

people seemed like strangers.

He didn't understand what these youngsters who surged past the band stand were calling out to him. And he didn't like to see them having such obvious difficulty dancing to his music.

Finally, some of the mystery cleared up.

"Play the 'Beautiful Ohio Waltz', will you?" someone called.

Benny had never played the "Beautiful Ohio Waltz" in his life. He was confused and could only smile and look vague.

Pretty soon another request came along for something that Benny thought sounded Spanish. Or it might have been Mexican.

It was a nightmare to Benny. They'd play one of their most beloved arrangements—say, Fletcher Henderson's "Sometimes I'm Happy." And the dancers would stop a minute, look puzzled, try to dance, and then shrug and walk off the floor.

Back in his hotel room, Benny threw himself on the bed. Wasn't anybody even going to try to listen to him—ever? Would they always treat him as if his music were a locomotive going by on the next track?

WHEN the telephone rang and he recognized Willard Alexander's voice, his own broke.

"Willard, I'm through," he said, his voice so hoarse with misery he could hardly get it above a whisper. "It's no use. We're all washed up here. I guess nobody really wants our kind of music."

"Listen, Benny," Alexander came back and his concern sounded over two thousand miles of telephone

wire. "You're not washed up at all. You're new out there and you're confused. But you will be washed up unless you pull yourself together. Band leaders are not born, Benny, and they're not made. They listen to music and to people and they learn. Now why not..."

They talked for forty minutes.

When he had hung up at last, Benny sat quietly in his room and thought things over.

IT wasn't enough just to do as he wanted—play the music for only his own satisfaction. Unless he brought his music before as many people as possible and tried to make them understand it, he just was not doing the thing he set out to do. In a way, he was letting the music down.

He would have to learn to be not only a band leader, but a diplomat, a psychologist, an explorer of other people's tastes, master of ceremonies, courteous host to the dancers who were really his guests, and someone they liked and respected and looked up to.

Benny Goodman went to work that night with a new look in his eyes. And he played a waltz. He guessed a band as good as his could play a waltz if they had to. But every once in a while they also slipped in a hot one—and pretty soon fewer and fewer people shrugged and more and more worked over toward the bandstand to listen.

He felt better by the time they hit Los Angeles, even though here was another new town, new people. Would they like him?

They started out nice and easy. No killer stuff. No long loud choruses.

"Dainty Girls Win Out"



DAINTINESS IS A CHARM THAT ALWAYS WINS. NO SMART GIRL NEGLECTS IT



stars
DOROTHY LAMOUR
PARAMOUNT STAR

A LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO INSURE DAINTESS



ACTIVE LATHER MAKES YOU SURE
—LEAVES SKIN REALLY SWEET
—DELICATELY FRAGRANT!



HOLLYWOOD'S beauty bath makes you sure of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant.

9 OUT OF 10 HOLLYWOOD SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

FEMININE
HYGIENE

made easy

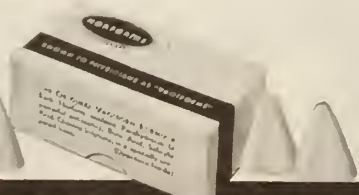


THINK OF IT! Effective feminine hygiene without apparatus—without embarrassing antiseptic odors—without danger of an “over-dose” or “burn.”

Millions of women now use Norforms—convenient little suppositories, powerfully antiseptic, yet soothing. Norforms melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective film over delicate, internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydracin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of *Unguentine*. *Parahydracin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—*actually soothing*.

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



NORFORMS

© U. S. P. C. 1936 Known to Physicians as “Vagiforms”

No super-pounding drums.

The response was mild. They tried another. Many of the kids who had started to crowd up to the band stand began to look puzzled.

So did Benny Goodman. What did they want anyhow?

And then all those things he’d been learning about leading a band, being a diplomat and an explorer and a psychologist came back to him. Why, these were the very kids who had been listening to his records. That’s what they wanted!

And he gave it to them—with all the abandon that had gone into recordings like “I Know that You Know,” “Chinatown,” “Avalon.”

FROM that point forward, Benny Goodman’s troubles were over. These kids knew their Goodman and they knew how they wanted him—plenty hot! They even knew the riffs before the boys played them on tunes they’d recorded. Scattered applause would break out even before Benny got to one of his best solos.

Rumors of all this ruckus at the Palomar began to seep back East. And New York wanted him back. All was forgiven.

But first, he went to Chicago again, to play at the Urban Room at the Congress Hotel. He went in there under a handicap. Before he came, the Urban room was a little out of the Chicago dance swim.

Benny Goodman changed all that. He had them streaming in there every night. And more than six hundred of them trying to crowd in one Sunday afternoon for a Goodman rhythm concert, the first of its kind.

In the Fall of 1936, Benny Goodman and his Swing Band moved into the Madhattan Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania. By now he had organized his famous Trio with Teddy Wilson at the piano; Gene on drums and himself on clarinet. Back from the West Coast he brought another new musician—a man who played many instruments, but whose swing music on a vibraphone was so wonderful that the Trio became a Quartet with Lionel Hampton’s vibraphone a strong fourth.

Pretty soon stories began to get around. Outside the Madhattan Room, in the hotel corridor, there were nightly gatherings. Youngsters who couldn’t afford the supper tariff would stand just beyond the ropes and listen in quiet rapture to Benny’s

music. Nobody bothered them and they stood there from nine till two in the morning. Saturday nights, the college crowd took the place over and you could hardly get a picture post card between the jammed couples on the floor.

The Madhattan Room became one of the town’s most popular citadels of swing. And Benny Goodman was the man who had built it—laying the foundation with care, rearing the walls with stone after stone, and sometimes having to tear them down and rebuild, and never feeling that the work was quite done.

Not even when he was called out to Hollywood to make “Hollywood Hotel.” Not even when crowds at New York’s Paramount Theater waited in the chill dawn of Broadway from 4:30 in the morning to make sure they would get in for his very first stage show there. Or when they shouted themselves hoarse and broke uncontrollably into dance steps in the aisles and even up on the stage of the theater.

His Carnegie Hall concert was perhaps his greatest satisfaction because it marked this achievement—now swing took its place in the nation’s number one concert hall, where symphony orchestras played and opera stars sang.

What he will do next he doesn’t know. His family, safe and happy and very, very proud of him in their comfortable pent house right next to New York’s Central Park, hope that he will rest a while and take better care of himself.

HE’S lost so much weight we worry about him,” says his sister Ethel. And his mother nods her head of beautiful wavy hair, cut short, and now turning gray, in helpless concern.

His brother Irving says Benny is still not satisfied. He never will be. To him, swing music is a living, vibrant thing, that will develop with the years until it holds a major place in American music. Benny is proud and happy to have been able to pioneer so successfully for it.

“He deserves everything he’s got,” Irving says. “He’s worked hard for it and it’s all solid achievement. He never had any favors from people and he never relied on a fascinating personality to get ahead. We Goodmans think Benny’s great!”

Millions of other Americans do, too.
THE END

"TRUE OR FALSE" :- :- :- ANSWERS

- 1. FALSE.** Kenny Baker is married, and doesn't love anybody but his wife.
- 2. TRUE.** This is a picture of Guy and Carmen when they played at a Landan Mothers' Club meeting.
- 3. FALSE.** William S. Paley is president of the Columbia Broadcasting System.
- 4. TRUE.** Before she came to America, Rachel Carlay sang with the Opera Comique in Paris.
- 5. FALSE.** Bert Lytell was never married to Viola Dana.
- 6. FALSE.** Bob Burns built the house for himself and his bride to live in when he married recently.
- 7. FALSE.** She was born Margaret Wendy Jenkins.
- 8. TRUE.** Phil lived on New York's Stanton Street.
- 9. FALSE.** Chester Lauck is from Arkansas, but he's neither elderly nor a hill-billy.
- 10. FALSE.** Ida is the mother of five daughters and no sons at all.
- 11. TRUE.** Harry Einstein was successful in the advertising business before he ever became Parkyakarkus.
- 12. TRUE.** The BB shot is swished around inside the drum.

Watch the Fun Go By

(Continued from page 23)

minute and cheer you up. I said to him this morning, Why on earth, I said, don't you tell the poor soul how bad she really is? Doctors make me sick. Believe me, if I were going to die I would certainly want to know about it if I could . . . After all, we all have things we would like to feel got into the right hands, and a man never knows what to do with your belongings. . . . Probably give them to some other woman right away. And you have such pretty things, too. . . .

DON'T forget when you got your mink coat last year, you kiddingly promised me if anything ever happened to you while I was around I could have it. But I suppose you didn't really mean it. . . . And your lovely new lamp. . . . Dear me, I shudder when I think of things. It's just like when I had my operation. . . . Didn't you know I had an operation? Oh, my dear, I thought everybody knew I had an operation. I had a terrific operation. I was on the table for three hours and twenty-seven minutes. . . . Believe it or not, I have been a nervous wreck ever since. Of course, Harry thinks I'm goofy. But you know the day I was operated on the doctor lost his glasses, and I'll never feel right until he finds them. . . .

Are you getting tired? I noticed you closed your eyes. . . . Is there anything you would like? I know you're not eating much but I have just made a banana cake and I would love to bring you over a piece of it. You love it, and after all, I say, if you have to die at least die happy. . . .

By the way, dear, don't think I'm snoopy, but tell me—have you kept up your insurance? . . . You have. . . . Oh, I'm so glad, you will never

PORE-POCKED NOSE!



Watch the Pores on Your Nose! Largest Pores on Your Body—A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods

Gorgeous figure—lovely face—but the whole effect ruined by Pore-Pocked Nose! All because she carelessly permitted those large nose pores to fill up with dirt and waste matter and become coarse and unsightly!

You must keep these pores C-L-E-A-N! Not merely surface clean. You need that deep *under-layer cleansing* that penetrates the mouths of your pores and lifts out hidden dirt that may have accumulated for months. It is this dirt that causes trouble. It becomes embedded and grimy—may breed tiny skin infections or result in blackheads, bumps and coarse, rough skin!

Lady Esther Face Cream *penetrates* this under-layer dirt. It breaks up the embedded packs in the mouths of your pores and makes them easily removable. Just look at your cloth when you wipe Lady Esther Cream away. You'll be astounded at the amount of dirt that was hidden away! In just a short time your skin is glowingly clean and smooth—alive with vibrant freshness and beauty.

Make this Free Test

Let me prove, at my expense, that Lady Esther Cream will cleanse and soften your skin better than any method you have ever used. Just mail the coupon below and I'll send you a generous sample of Lady Esther Face Cream, *free and postpaid*. I'll also send all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Mail the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE
(43)

Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

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

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

Answers to PROFESSOR QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS On Page 7

1. Teddy Bergman.
2. Fred Allen.
3. Richard Maxwell.
4. Mortho Raye.
5. Burns and Allen.
6. The Ameches—Don and Jim.
7. Margaret Jenkins.
8. Alice Foye and Tony Martin.
9. To celebrate their tenth year in radio, the CBS and NBC networks presented them with this plaque.
10. National Barn Dance.
11. Cecil B. DeMille.
12. Cloudius.
13. Frances Langford and Alice Corbett.
14. "Daes Your Heart Beat Far Me?"
15. Peggy Gardiner.
16. Ethel Shutta, her husband is George Olsen; Dorothy Lamour, her husband is Herbie Koy; Horriet Hilliard, her husband is Ozzie Nelson; Mildred Bailey, her husband is Red Norvo.
17. Jack Benny.
18. Irving Caesar, whose "Songs of Safety" are now a regular feature on this program.
19. Bab Burns—his daughter was born March 25.
20. Jahn McCormack, who as a guest on the Vollee program told the world he was a candidate for President of the Irish Free State.

Charming Young Star
Now Featured in Columbia Pictures



Jean Parker
Her Lovely Clothes
at Columbia Studios are
Mothproofed with LARVEX

YOUR clothes are just as important to you. So, spray with Larvex as movie stars do and forget your moth worries.

Moths starve to death on Larvex-sprayed fabrics. That's why a thorough spraying with Larvex is the safeguard advised by scientists and used in famous movie studios.

Larvex is odorless, stainless and one spraying mothproofs for a whole year. The new Larvex continuous sprayer makes it easier to apply. An extra-easy way is to use your vacuum cleaner sprayer.

Larvex is economical, too. One suit of clothes costs less than 17c to mothproof when Larvex is bought by the gallon.



Look for this seal
MOTH PROOFED WITH LARVEX
IT APPEARS ON CLOTHES, BLANKETS, FURNITURE AND RUGS WHICH HAVE BEEN MOTHPROOFED WITH

LARVEX

BRIGHT TEETH MEAN A LOT TO ME! THAT'S WHY I MASSAGE MY GUMS WITH FORHAN'S. IT HAS A SPECIAL INGREDIENT FOR THE GUMS



She knows that it is vital to cooperate with her dentist at home!

Massage gums and clean teeth twice daily with Forhan's. It makes teeth brilliant, helps keep gums firm and healthy. For a trial tube, send 10¢ to Forhan's, Dept. 616, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH - AIDS GUMS

know just what that will mean to your poor husband. If anything should really happen. Men are so helpless in an emergency. . . .

Oh well, here I've been talking and I don't know whether or not Junior has been practicing. He's going to grow up to be a failure, just as sure as I'm sitting here for the last time. . . . I do hope I've cheered you a bit. . . . I believe I have—your eyes are brighter and your face is flushed. . . . Harry will probably tell you it's fever, but I think I have really cheered you up. . . . And in case I don't get over again before—I mean, well, just in case—I hope I have, anyway. . . . Goodby, dear, goodby, goodby, goodby. . . .

(And Arlene fades away from the microphone, which immediately has a nervous breakdown and has to be taken away to the repair-shop.)

AL: I always say a doctor's wife can help him so much with his patients.

KEN: Well, Al, how about slipping into your Elmer Blurt uniform for a few minutes, and show us what influence you have on the married woman's pocketbook? All right, Elmer, bang away.

(Here comes that timid little Blurt knock.)

ELMER: 'Fraid they's nobody t'home, a-hope-a-hope-a-hope-a-hope.

LADY: (Opening the door and yelling at him.) Thank heavens you've come! Oh, my goodness! I'm so worried about him!

ELMER: Yeah, but lady—
LADY: Come in quick. He's lying right over there, doctor!

ELMER: Yeah, but—
(In the background, we hear a man groaning in great pain.)

ELMER: Oh gosh—he's sure goin' to it, ain't he? Ha-hah-ha-hah-er. . . .

LADY: Please see if you can't help him, Doctor.

ELMER: What happened to him? Oh, he's got a big bump on top of his head.

LADY: Yes—er—you see, I was holding a ketchup bottle over his head. . . .

ELMER: And he sort of fell up against it.

LADY: Yes—but please do something about it.

ELMER: I—I guess you couldn't drive the bump back in, could you—huh—maybe?

LADY: Oh, dear, you don't talk like a doctor at all.

ELMER: Well, fact is, I'm just a—

LADY: Here, I know more than you. Take this dollar bill and run down to the drug store and get an ice-pack. I know that'll help.

ELMER: Yeah, I'll be right back. . . . (He is, too, in two shakes of a microphone.)

ELMER: Here y'are, lady, I ran all the way! Haven't got an ice pick, have you?

LADY: What in the world for?

ELMER: I thought—uh—maybe after we froze the bump—uh—we could sorta chip it off with the ice pick!

LADY: There, darling, does it feel better now? . . . (The man stops groaning.)

ELMER: Maybe I shouldn't be buttin' in, lady, but who started the argument?

LADY: He was a deceiver! He pretended to believe me when all the time he knew I was lying!

ELMER: But—gee—I'm a deceiver too, lady—I guess. I been tryin' to

Study the Ads and Make \$2.00

Leaf through the advertisements in this issue, pick the one that you like or dislike most. Then write us a letter telling us why in about fifty words. Fancy composition not important. Macfadden Women's Group* will pay \$2.00 for each contribution accepted. Address letters to:

Advertising Clinic
Macfadden Women's Group
122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.

*The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines; True Romances, True Experiences, Love & Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

HAIR KILLED FOREVER

KILLED PERMANENTLY
From face or body without harm to skin, by following easy directions. Our electrolysis device is used by physicians and is guaranteed to kill hair forever or money refunded. Your electric current not used. Only \$1.95 complete. Prepaid or C.O.D. plus postage.
CANFIELD ELECTROLYSIS CO., 39A, 2675 Broadway, N. Y. City

BLONDES

More Fascinating With
FAIR SKIN

HAVE IT IN ONE WEEK! Blondes . . . brunettes . . . don't let dull, blemished, freckled skin ruin charm! Gentle Golden Peacock Bleach Creme . . . removes dull film holding surface freckles, pimples and blackheads almost overnight! Gives you clear, flawless, younger looking, alluring skin. At all toilet goods counters.

NEW ROUGE GIVES STUNNING EFFECT!

Changes color to match your skin—like magic!

BE SMART . . . by being natural! Use Rouge that glamorously flatters your own individual complexion. White Rouge does just that because it tints the oils of your skin to the shade most becoming to you. No other rouge like it. One application lasts a day. Marvelously waterproof, too! Leading drug and dept. stores 50c. Trial size 10c at most 10c stores.

WHITE ROUGE

If unobtainable, send 15c (5c added for postage and packing) direct to Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept. 32-F, Chicago. Sent only in U. S. A.

tell you—I ain't a doctor at all!

LADY: What! Then why are you carrying that little satchel?

ELMER: I'm a salesman!

LADY: Well, you're certainly a dumb one.

ELMER: Yeah, I sure am—ha-hah-ha-hah. . . And—oh gosh! Gee Willakers! I just thought of somethin' else—I'm dumber'n' you think!

LADY: I don't see how you could be. What are you selling?

ELMER: That's just it. I'm supposed to be sellin' ice-packs myself!

(That's the end of Elmer for this broadcast. . . But here comes Al again, all ready to announce the next number.)

AL: This is matrimonial night, so at first we thought we couldn't have Tizzy Lish on the program because she'd never been married. But we found out this wasn't true. It all happened years ago—but the man she led to the altar jumped out of the window the next morning and escaped. So Tizzie has always felt that he didn't really count. Look out, now, folksies, for your great cooking and health expert, Miss Tizzie Lish!

(And here she comes, while the orchestra plays "Ain't She Sweet!")

TIZZIE: Hello, folksies and lishners—yes, this is your little ball of fluff, alright, and I don't know when I've ever felt as fluffy as I do tonight. My, I'm like a little ball of grease—I mean fleece—floating in the sky. I want to carry on and dance! I've got love in my heart this very night—yes, I have. As I said to my fiance, Carl Hoff, I said, "Don't I remind you of a little ball of fleece? So he said, "No, you remind me more of a foul ball on the loose."

WELL, as I say, it takes all kinds of cows to make a dairy.

Just to show you how I affect the men folks, though—the other night I went to a hockey game and one of the players kept flirting with me. If I do say so myself, though, I was beautiful. I had on a little skiing hattie—well, it isn't exactly a skiing hat, but it looks like it's on the skids—and I had on a hockey ensemble that I picked up in a hock shop and I had my telephone number embroidered across the front. I got so excited once I leaned out of the box and almost lost my teeth—I mean, my balance. Finally one of the players skated up and I gave him a look from over the bags under my eyes, and he said, "I'll bet you're a hockey player." So I said, "No, I'm not—why do you ask?" So he said, "Well, you look like you've been on ice for years."

And I'd like to say that I've just been raising the dickens all week. And yesterday I called my girl friend Fawn—she goes to high school and we're both the same age, of course—and I said, "Fawn, dear, let's go over on Fifth Avenue and do a little shop-lift—shopping." So she said, "All right, Tiz-babe." So I met her and as we walked down Fifth Avenue, I wish you could have seen us. We were just taking people's breath away—I had on my digitalis perfume and they were just gasping.

Of course, Fawn is quite a large girl—in fact, at school we used to call her Ferry Boat, because she had such a hard time getting into a slip. So we went in to buy a pair of shoes, and I said to the shoe clerk, "I wear size three—but fours feel so good I think I'll take fives." So we looked at forty or fifty pairs and finally the



Are you Shelf-Conscious?

HAVE YOU some shabby shelves hid behind closed doors?

For goodness sake, trim them up and show them off, for this is the day of decorating . . . and beautiful Royledge shelving costs only 5¢ for 9 feet!

Royledge protects the ledge and decorates the edge, both. Lay it flat, fold over the strong, double, colorful edge to be admired for months. No tacking, no laundering, no fraying or dust-catching. Hangs straight, never curls up.

Royledge designs are brilliant and varied, to match your other equipment. Any 5-and-10¢ neighborhood or department store will show you Royledge . . . 5¢ for the 9-ft. package (10¢ sizes, too). Try some now . . . and see how proud you are of your thrifty decorating ability! Roylace, 99 Gold Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When you need Doylies . . . buy ROYLIES . . . decorator-designed; radio-advertised! 5¢ and 10¢ packages!

9 FT. 5¢

Royledge

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SHELVING

"FEEL THE EDGE"

CASH FOR READERS' TIME

Leaf through the pages of this issue of Radio Mirror, pick out the advertisement which you like, or dislike, most. Then write us a letter in your own words, telling why. We will pay \$2.00 for each letter accepted. See details on Page 81.

Easy to Beautify Skin with

MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM

Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily
 THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory
 For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

DO WHAT MILLIONS OF SMART WOMEN ARE DOING

Call for SOLO Curlers

If it's hair beauty you're after, try Solo Curlers. They're lighter, stronger, easier-to-use. Beauty experts recommend them. Buy a few today.

MARIAN MARSH
 A Schulberg-Paramount Pictures Player

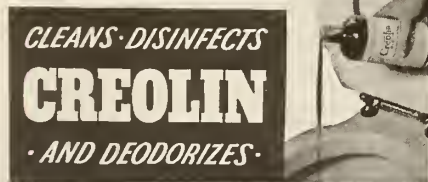
RED TOP 5¢ EACH

SOLD AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE



Frankly, does *your* bathroom pass the guest test? Why not make sure by cleaning "The Creolin Way." Pour Creolin into toilets and drains. Put it in the water when you clean floors, walls, basins and tub. Creolin does three important things: cleans, kills germs, banishes odors. Ten times as effective as carbolic acid, yet safe to use as directed. At all drug stores—and there's nothing "just as good."

FREE Illustrated "Home Hygiene" booklet, giving complete information on household and personal uses of Creolin. Address Merck & Co. Inc., Dept. 56, Rahway, N. J.



TRAIN FOR Electricity In 12 Weeks in Shops of Coyne —Learn by doing—many earn while learning. Free employment service after graduation. You don't need advanced education. **SEND FOR BIG NEW FREE BOOK,** and my "PAY TUITION AFTER GRADUATION" PLAN. H. C. Lewis, Pres., COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 500 South Paulina Street, Dept. A8-64, Chicago, Ill.



ANY COLOR LIGHT BROWN to BLACK
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your own home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. \$1.35, for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE. State original hair color
Brookline Chemical Co., Dept. MC-68
79 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

clerk said, "Are you shopping or taking inventory?" My, I was angry—so we walked out.

And when we got outdoors, I was so surprised—I found I had some new shoes on. I was so mad I guess I forgot to take them off. Don't you think so? Or don't you?

So Fawn said, "Let's go to a cafe and get something to eat and dance with some of the boys." So we started down the street and two men followed us—but finally they gave us the slip, so we gave up.

WE went into a cafe and I said to the head waiter, "Have you a nice place you can put us where two young girls would feel at home?" And then I had a bad-nasty, because he said, "Yes, I have, but we're keeping the mops there now."

Now, so many folks are writing in to say, "After eating your recipes, there is something wrong with my face—every time I look at food my face turns red and gets hot." So tonight we're going to have a recipe that will make you turn pale and in the morning your face will be cold. It's called beet mush. Now you have all read of slush—well, this is different because with it you don't get your feet wet. Are you ready? . . .

Alrighty! First, open one-half of a can of beets—got it? Now get an egg beater and beat the beets to bits. Now get a pan and hold it over the gas until it's red hot. Now put your tongue on it—I'll wait for you. . . . Sticks, doesn't it? Now put your tongue out the window to cool—uh-uh, mustn't point it at the landlord. Now add some pickled beets—then get a hammer and beat everything you see to pieces. When guests arrive, put some in a bag, and after they're seated, go around and hit each one in the face with the bag. When they look at you, just say, "Beet mush"—like that.

And now I'll leave you, as the clerk said when I told her I was in a hurry—"You won't be here long, Tizzie!"

(And with a flourish of her feather boa, Tizzie is gone, while Al steps up to close the broadcast.)

AL: Good night folks, and—'Fraid you'll all be listening in next Tuesday night—a hope-a-hope-a-hope-a-hope.

Coming next month: Radio's most famous comedy broadcasts of all time! The side-splitting feud between Fred Allen and Jack Benny, all rolled up into one grand Radio-Broadcast. Don't miss it unless you hate to laugh.

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 28)

made an Oklahoma colonel a few days ago. Says he's working his way East to Kentucky.

* * *

SUCCESS STORY

Bernard Klassen, young tenor who recently got his first break on Jeanette MacDonald's Open House, was a one-time disconsolate bookkeeper who hankered for radio, sang obscurely in San Francisco for three years, joined the Open House chorus, and when Wilbur Evans left for a concert tour—got his chance and made good. Keep an eye on him.

* * *

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

C. B. DeMille, directing Anne Shirley and John Payne in a Lux dramatic sequence, was concentrating so hard on the script that when a clap of thunder rocked the theater, the director said, "Cut out the noise—and let's try this scene again." (Okay, I find it hard to believe, too.)

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO—

Those guiding the destinies of the Mickey Mouse program:

Gents: This show gave promise of being a true radio program. At present, Mr. Disney is very unhappy about the way the show was handled, and I don't blame him. Matter of fact, no one at the studio is foolish enough to mention "radio" to Mr. D. under penalty of a flock of glares. And it isn't radio's fault.

You lads have taken fantastic characters, fantastic locales and gowed 'em up with old-style radio technique. Studio audiences do not belong with this program, for one thing. Let Donald Duck and his unintelligible gabble stay more in the background,

and let the listener feel that he is hearing what goes on in that lovely fantasy world created by Disney—a world where we silly mortals can never set foot except in our dreams. Then the show will become more like the animated cartoons which inspired it—and darn good radio.

I'll take my chances on Disney's ideas for radio, though he admits he knows nothing about it. Would you boys, therefore, move over a little and give his showmanship a chance?

Yours for better radio programs, unhampered by stop-watch holders. JMF.

* * *

Besides playing hob with residents and residences, the Southern California storm of still tender memory upset a good many radio programs and personalities.

Bing Crosby played chauffeur to the stranded ones along Riverside Drive, Bob Burns dolefully watched thousands of dollars worth of bulbs wash out of his garden, Claire Trevor grabbed some fur topped Russian boots for protection on her way to the Big Town rehearsal but water slushed over the top of them, Feg Murray's kids got a kick out of the highwater—they snitched an Eskimo kyack off'n daddy's study wall and played Indian with it in the gutter, Bob Taylor had a horse saddled so he could do a Paul Revere to the Good News rehearsal.

But the best of these "I-must-not-let-the-storm-upset-my-routine" yarns can be told on Fannie Brice. She was training from San Francisco when the raindrops really got big and the choo-choo dropped dead at Santa Susana. It was Wednesday, rehearsal day for Good News, and Fannie simply had to be on hand. So she walked through the train and promoted a ride to Hollywood in a private car. The trip that followed was a toughie.

The car was barely able to negotiate twenty-five miles in seven hours and Fannie says "It was kinda scary but I liked it." Once home she hopped into a hot tub to refresh herself, the nervous tension let go and boom! she dropped into bed unable to get to rehearsal—and after all that effort.

* * *

While I was watching the Good News rehearsal a week later, I asked Fannie Brice where Baby Snooks came from. "She's a sort of White Topsy," Fannie told me. "I'd always wanted to play Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin and Snooks is an outgrowth of that desire. About twenty years ago, I was clowning at a party, put on what later became the Snooks act, and it got laughs. That's the way most characters are born, I think. You just do 'em and they get over."

She yawned. "The company?" I queried, sticking my chin out. "Don't be silly," she told me. "I had two hamburgers for dinner—with onions—and that always makes me drowsy. Wish I could knock five pounds off the tummy. I'm 130 now and those five pounds slow me down." "Plans for the future?" sez I. "Never," says she. "I've had too many disappointments to make any more plans. I'm afraid of seeing my illusions shattered. Let's live today—that's me."

* * *

The Jack Haley show was climbing in popularity when it went off the air. Sponsors' product was seasonal, that's the reason for the demise. Haley got \$6000 weekly, paid the show,

cleared about \$2000 for himself. . . . Martha Raye spent several days dodging a court deposition, went to the Cedars of Lebanon to see Dr. Wiggins for her heart and not for an operation as was reported. These two are closer than twelve o'clock and noon. . . . That yarn about the prop whale at a picture studio washing down the river to startle the locals was the figment of a press agent's mind. . . . Thelma Boardman, wife of playwright True, and Minnie Mouse on the Disney airer, got a long-distance call. Her husband, on a world-tour, got news of the flood in Batavia, Java, grabbed a trans-Pacific phone to see how the wife and child were faring.

* * *

Bob Burns saw the waters lapping around the front porch of his Bel-Air home, phoned for some pumps to drain the basement of his house in which his wife was ill. Three hours later, his doorbell rang. Barefooted, Burns, stripped to the waist, dashed for the door. Instead of the pumps, his studio had sent a press agent and a photographer. P. S. The pumps arrived two hours later.

* * *

Announcer Bill Goodwin took unto himself a bride, Philippa Hilber, 20th-Century-Fox player. It's his second venture; Paula Winslow, a very capable West Coast radiactress, is the ex.

* * *

POSTCARD TO JOSE ITURBI

Dear Jose: Just the other day, you went into rhapsodies over the music

of George Gershwin, saying you consider him "one of our greatest modern composers." Maybe you can do it, but how do you reconcile this with your remark of some moons ago that American music was cheap and worthless? Yours for clearing up such details. JMF.

* * *

Many a radio personality who thinks himself indispensable should remember the remark of the wise man who, pointing to the graveyard, said, "Those tombstones rest on people the world simply couldn't get along without."

* * *

Lately the popularity survey ratings have been unusually high. One reason for the rise has been advanced, more men are out of work and when the head of the house stays home during the day, the radio plays often and on those shows the women often fail to tune in. When industrial pay-rolls pick up, the ratings will drop and movie theater grosses will increase.

* * *

The Lum and Abner console-gal is Sybil Chism, wife of N B C praiser Hal Bock. She moved to the comedy team's program from the One Man's Family stint, now done by Wesley Tourtelotte.

* * *

RECORDS?

Did you buy any of those records made not long ago by Bing Crosby, Connie Boswell, Victor Young, Eddie Cantor and some 30-odd musicians?

HER APPLICATION BELONGS DOWN THERE!

Then Ruth learned why..



SUSIE, I KNOW I WON'T GET THAT JOB. WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

JUST ONE THING, RUTHIE... LISTEN FOR A SEC—

THEN SUSIE TOLD RUTH THAT PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS WAS KILLING HER CHANCES. RUTH BEGAN USING LUX AND . . .

DAINTINESS ALWAYS WINS — NOW...

OH, I LOVE THE JOB AND YOU'RE ALL SO NICE TO ME

EVERY ONE LIKES YOU — THINKS YOU'RE DOING FINE!



Avoid Offending

Girls who "get ahead" in business are always dainty. They Lux undies after each wearing. Lux removes perspiration odor—guards colors.

Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux! Buy the economical big box.

—for underthings





WILL YOU HAVE CURLS in the morning? Yes, if they are set with Nestle Super-set! This wave lotion keeps your hair beautifully curled and perfectly in place for days.



ALL SET TO GO PLACES, with your hair always well-groomed. You can depend on Superset, the long-lasting, quick-drying wave-set that is never sticky or flaky.

Superset is the superior wave-set lotion that smart women prefer. It moulds the hair in smooth waves and curls, dries in record time; leaves the hair soft and clean. There is no greasy or flaky deposit. Superset waves last longer, too -- your hair is always at its best.

Choose either kind of Superset -- the regular (green) or the new No. 2 (transparent and extra fast-drying). Get the large bottle with the comb-dip neck at all 10-cent stores. . . . I O C Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



Simple As Making Tea
this new way to hot starch without boiling!

Just see and feel the difference in your ironing when you change from the bother and uncertainty of lump starch to Quick Elastic. It's that pulverized complete starching mixture thousands are changing to. A wonderful invention. Your iron fairly glides!



SEND THIS A surprise awaits you. Send a postcard for our COSMETIC OFFER!

THANK YOU—Send Today!
THE HUBINGER CO., No. 516, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
"That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

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

The time and talent of these artists were offered so the discs could be sold to swell the President's Paralysis Fund. F. D. R. got one record, another was sold for \$500, and the public was offered the rest.

* * *

FAYE GETS ILL

Alice Faye failed to show up at Hollywood Hotel two hours before airtime. Actress was too ill to appear and had to be taken home. She'd been on a lambchop diet for a week. Tony Martin went on the air as scheduled, Frances Langford quickly learned Alice's ditties, Lurene Tuttle read her lines in the guest-spot, and the show went on—minus Alice.

* * *

RADIO SCORES AGAIN

C. B. DeMille heard Virginia Mc Mullin read a few lines of the Lux commercial plug, liked her "different" face, learned she'd had a silent test at M-G-M years ago, had been on the stage. DeMille made an appointment

which he plugged "Luscious Green Jello" in a shamrock mold—and then suggested that cooks toss in a cupful of oranges . . . Patricia Norman, who sings so sweetly with Eddy Duchin's boys, hopped over to Yuma and became Mrs. Jack Meekin. He's a producer for NBC in San Francisco . . . Bob Burns is causing some buzzing tongues in Hollywood because of the way he handled the toastmaster job at the Motion Picture Academy Banquet. Seems that one of the studio heads receiving an "Oscar" could have made his speech briefer and with more modesty, so Bob twitted him about it several times, with result that most of the 1800 people present had a few hearty laughs . . . The show replacing Jack Benny during the summer months has Delmar Edmundson at the helm. He'll be accused of imitating Alexander Woollcott, but truth is he was on the air with his style before the owl ever hopped onto the kilocycles . . . A glance at Edward Arnold airing for "The Boss" on Lux Radio Theater convinces me he's been on a most rigorous diet. This is the play that caused Arnold to leave the stage and take a crack at pictures . . . Al Jolson lost \$10,000 on Seabiscuit at Santa Anita, which may or may not explain why his last few



It's our picture-spread of Charlie McCarthy's wardrobe that's so funny—left to right, standing, Stroud twin, Herbie Kay, Stroud twin; sitting, Randolph Scott, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour (Mrs. Kay), and Edgar Bergen.

to talk with the lassie further—which may, through radio, launch another screen career.

* * *

Gracie Allen scolded son Ronnie for plucking petals from garden blooms. "I'll run away," threatened the lad tearfully. "Where to?" mother Gracie wanted to know. Ronnie enlightened her. "To the dog-house," he said.

* * *

Billie Burke told me she wished folks wouldn't take her scatter-brained roles so seriously. Couple weeks ago she did a radio stint in which she portrayed the limp-witted female who made her debut at a bookie establishment, much to that gentleman's dismay. In all good faith, a few days later, she tried to place a bet at Santa Anita, and the teller laughed in her face.

* * *

VIA WIRE—Most amusing commercial of the month: Don Wilson's closing plug the Sunday before St. Patrick's Day, on

programs haven't been up to par . . . Ray Noble's departure from the Burns and Allen show is more than nostalgia (homesickness to you—and me, too, until I looked it up): something about income taxes in two countries at the same time . . . Dick Powell's more of a landowner than ever now. While he lost a program (Hollywood Parade), refused to appear on another (Hollywood Hotel) he bought three acres in Brentwood for about \$25,000. Wild rumors were floating around town that he'd return to Hollywood Hotel, but when the stories were circulated Dick hadn't been approached and had already said he wanted none of his former program . . . Billy Cook and Betty Hughes are the two kids you hear doing those jingles as part of the Campbell's soup commercials—and to think that stuff gets applause from the audience. Just goes to show what can get hand-hammering in radio these days . . . Kid show, "The Phantom Pilot" (airing on Mutual), is reported by KHJ manager to have enrolled 145,000 "Club" members in less than three weeks. Have we another Lone Ranger on our hands?

What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 52)

what he was doing. So I worked my way around until I could see his face, and—Yes, sir, it was Grandpa Snazzy.

I tried to get him to go with me but he wouldn't be persuaded; said he would fry those eggs if it took till doomsday. So I left him there.

Well—maybe it wasn't just the right thing to do, but he is such a persistent old codger, in his egg frying, that I let him have his own way.

R. S. OGILVIE, Portland, Oregon

FIFTH PRIZE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH O'KEEFE?

Why doesn't somebody do something about Walter O'Keefe? The poor guy shifts from sponsor to sponsor and never seems to last on any program. I don't think there is a comedian on the air who has worked for as many different sponsors. The funny part of it is that the man is a real comedian—one of the best.

I wish somebody would shed some light on this puzzle for me. I really am in earnest when I ask—"Why can't Walter O'Keefe hold a job?"

MAXINE BAXTER, Norwood, Ohio

SIXTH PRIZE

"STRANGE THREAT", INDEED!

Nelson Eddy's beautiful tenor voice might cease to function; Dorothy Lamour might strike a snag and be unable to sing; Don Ameche might lose the charm and sparkle in his voice; but, let us not put the suggestion into the minds of readers of RADIO MIRROR.

Of course Edgar Bergen might not always be able to make Charlie sound fascinating and comical, he might even get to the place where he could not control Charlie's voice at all, but, he hasn't. So let's be glad for Edgar and Charlie and think of the many happy hours we all yet have to enjoy them and keep away from such thoughts as expressed in RADIO MIRROR's "Strange Threat to Charlie's life" (March issue).

KENNETH FORDYCE, Raton, New Mex.

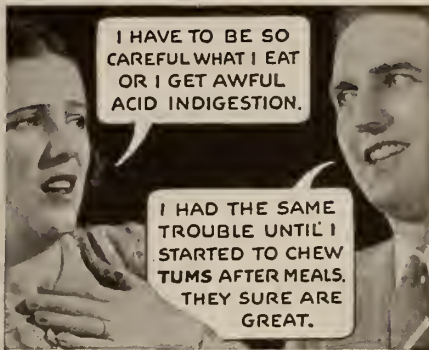
SEVENTH PRIZE

A PLEA FROM OUT OF THE WEST

Yours is my favorite radio magazine because you run articles about a few radio personalities who are not movie stars. Just why, the Hollywood dominance of radio? One would think there were no interesting people in the world outside of Hollywood. We can scarcely contact a program that isn't about Hollywood or that doesn't emanate from there. If we stop to check over the radio artists who are rated best, we find they are those who came from the theater or concert hall; not from the movies.

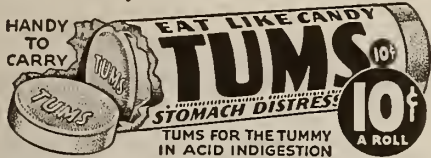
Above everything, Americans love the reality of normal people. And by no stretch of the imagination can Hollywood be pictured as a place of real people. We Westerners are hungry for more New York flavor in our radio diet. And we resent the fact that when an Easterner thinks of the Pacific Coast he mentally sees only Hollywood artificiality.

E. P. FORD, San Francisco, Calif.



WELCOME RELIEF QUICK FROM ACID INDIGESTION

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. *Guaranteed to contain no soda.* Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.



STUDY THE ADS AND MAKE \$2.00

See details on Page 81 of this magazine.



• At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

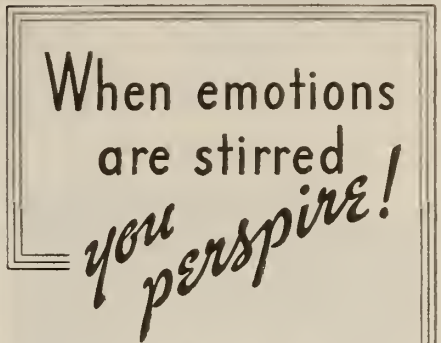
Caused by Tired Kidneys

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

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, 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 the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Work and play, and summer weather aren't the only things that make you perspire. When you cry or get angry or excited, especially in those intimate moments that mean so much, perspiration becomes more active.

Beauty, charm, personality—all the feminine attributes that win a man's affection—can be completely marred by under-arm odor.

Careful women use DEW—the modern deodorant. Stops perspiration and keeps the under-arm dry regardless of what you do. Be as gay and active as you please without thought of perspiration odor. Be confident of your daintiness.

Use DEW to guard frocks from ugly perspiration stains.

DEW is mild in action, kind to the skin. Enjoy the assurance that DEW gives. Get a bottle today.

INSTANT
dew
DEODORANT
Stops Perspiration



REMOVE GREASE SPOTS

Annette's Cleanser removes grease, gravy and stain spots from most delicate fabrics. Cleans white hats. At drug & department stores, or send 10c for generous trial size to

ANNETTE'S NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

NEW! STARCH IN CUBES

Just count cubes for perfect starching

EXACT MEASURE



Cuts my ironing time 1/3

QUICKER, EASIER



STALEY'S STARCH IN CUBES

A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill.

ASK YOUR GROCER

what every woman should know

The makers of Kotex* Sanitary Napkins have perfected a new tablet called

KURB*

to help women through trying days

● Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb.

Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for trying days. The formula is plainly printed on the box, so you may readily check it with your own doctor. . . . We urge you to try Kurb Tablets—see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug counters.

If you act at once, we'll send you a sample supply FREE! Simply send your name and address, on a postcard, to Kurb, Room 1443, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office



12 IN PURSE SIZE CONTAINER... ONLY

25c

Sponsored by makers of Kotex* Sanitary Napkins

LUCKY NAME PLATE FOR CANARY CAGE **FREE**



Handsome Good Luck Charm, in colors. Lettered with your Canary's name. Fastens easily on side of cage. Simply mail box top from French's Bird Seed or French's Bird Gravel and Canary's name to:

R. T. French Co., 2284 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

Bathing Isn't Enough! After Every Bath

use **Hush** and be Sure

Hush Stops Perspiration Odor—for Hours Longer

10c 25c 50c At all Stores

Also in Liquid and in Powder



Peace Depends on Women!

(Continued from page 13)

many women do not realize that peace has its roots at home and the spirit which may eventually bring about international peace must exist in the nations themselves before it can exist internationally. This being the case, we must work in our own country for greater social justice and better understanding by women of the problems of labor and capital, and of the role that government should play in these problems. If we can bring about a rule of reason and justice at home, we may hope to bring about a rule of reason and justice between nations. We live in an age which seems more insecure and more chaotic than ever before and for that reason it seems to me important that women's influence, which is primarily shown in the conserving of human life, should come to the fore.

I am a citizen of a great Democracy and believe that that form of government has the greatest opportunities for developing individual citizenship. We who live in a Democracy will have to prove that this is so by our individual contributions to the citizenship of our own country and our willingness to cooperate with the citizens of other nations.

In closing I hope that women throughout the world will learn to face facts in their own country and abroad, and to live in a real world and not in a wishful one; to throw their influence on the side of reason, tolerance and patience and a better understanding between human beings.

Men Without Romance

(Continued from page 11)

and how Nature herself will cooperate finally by lessening their libido—have an easier time.

"Unfortunately," Warden Lawes went on "it's the men who resent the psychiatrists and psychologists and derisively call them 'Bug Doctors' who need them most. For invariably they're the men who are incapable of using their brains to control their emotional craving."

Work and reading that will take the men's minds off themselves are encouraged. So are athletics. It is, as a matter of fact, through athletics that men in prison dissipate much of the energy which otherwise would contribute to their restlessness.

All of which makes it plain that prison athletics are very important. Those who still think of prison as a place of punishment rather than a place of rehabilitation and who, therefore, have criticized the emphasis given sports, do well to consider this. For prison sports do not serve only as a pleasure. They are an economical measure and a health measure which protect the interests of the citizens and tax-payers. For they unquestionably play a large part in helping prisoners adjust to their unnatural existence. And by doing this they keep the men healthy and make it possible for them to work efficiently and they also help them sublimate their natural energy so they don't become addicted to abnormal practices which would make them a greater

Study the Ads and Make \$2.00

Leaf through the advertisements in this issue, pick the one that you like or dislike most. Then write us a letter telling us why in about fifty words. Fancy composition not important. Macfadden Women's Group* will pay \$2.00 for each contribution accepted. Address letters to:

Advertising Clinic
Macfadden Women's Group
122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.

*The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines; True Romances, True Experiences, Love & Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

Rheumatism Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.

BABY COMING?



See your doctor regularly. Ask him about breast-shaped Hygeia Nipples and wide mouth Hygeia Bottles. New valve inside nipple helps prevent collapse. Tab keeps nipple germ-free. Smooth, rounded inner surface and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

SAFEST
BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

ROMANCE WRECKED BY UGLY PIMPLES?

Here is how to help keep skin-irritating poisons from your blood

Don't let repulsive-looking hickies rob you of charm . . . ruin your chances for friendship and affection . . . spoil your good times. Find out what the trouble may be, and take steps to correct it.

During the years of adolescence, from 13 to 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes upset your system.

At the same time intestinal waste poisons are often deposited in the blood stream, and may irritate the sensitive skin of your face and shoulders. Pimples break out.

Fortunately, there is a way to help keep these skin-irritating poisons out of your blood. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 cakes a day. The millions of tiny, living plants in each cake of this fresh food help to remove the wastes the natural way and clear the skin of pimples. Thousands of young people get results in 30 days or less. Act now. Get Fleischmann's Yeast and eat it faithfully. See how your skin clears up.

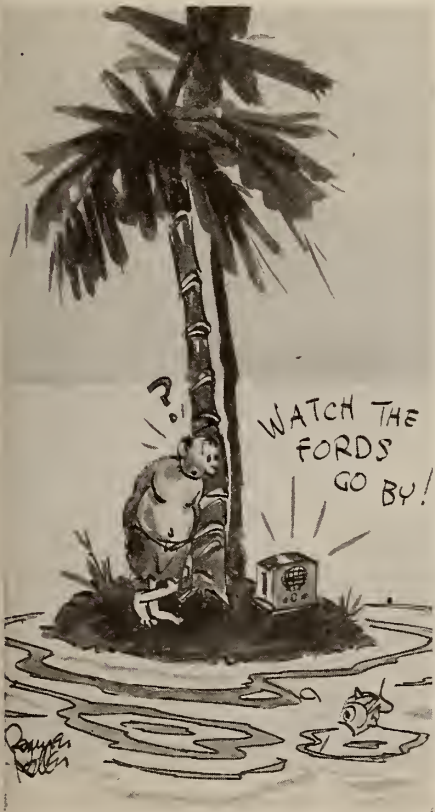
public responsibility when they had served their term and were set free.

Warden Lawes does not pretend that Sing Sing is entirely without abnormality. He does insist, however, that the percentage of abnormality there is not nearly as great as it is believed to be and not much if any greater than it is in many world centers.

"The provocation for abnormality is greater when men are segregated from women, naturally," he admits. "But at Sing Sing the opportunity is lacking. For wherever the men go, whatever they do, they are under surveillance. There is no privacy in a prison, not even in the lavatories. It would be stupid to say that men never are able to slip off unobserved but this can't be done easily enough to be done very often. And at night every man is locked in his own cell, and guards patrol the blocks.

"It is, however, possible that men—in moments of extremity—resort to adolescent habits."

WARDEN LAWES spoke of those who, in the prison vernacular, are known as wolves. These men constitute a definite menace to prison morals and they are not looked upon with any indulgence. They observe a fit, young man when he arrives. But they wait for a little while, until they judge he has grown restless enough to be tempted, before they slip him a note inviting him to be their boy. "Those who have spent their youth in reform schools need special watching," Warden Lawes says. "They're likely to be willing and more than willing to satisfy their desires by any means at all. Familiar with various abnormal practises they have less disapproval or revulsion for them than other young men have. "Immediately a new man arrives," he continued, "we know almost everything there is to know about him. His record which arrives with him



Busy day ahead!

**BUSY WOMEN
APPRECIATE A SANITARY
NAPKIN THAT CAN BE WORN
ON EITHER SIDE — SAFELY**

When you buy Kotex* you can be sure that:

- ★ Kotex stays Wondersoft— for it's cushioned in cotton.
- ★ Kotex can't chafe, can't fail, can't show.
- ★ Kotex can be worn on either side—no risk of using a pad with a non-absorbent side.
- ★ You get full value for your money... the most efficient, comfortable sanitary service that 18 years of experience can produce.
- ★ Only Kotex offers three types --Regular, Junior and Super-- for different women on different days.
- Use Quest* with Kotex... the new *positive* deodorant powder developed especially for sanitary napkins—soothing, completely effective. Only 35c for large 2-ounce size.

YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR — WHEN YOU BUY

KOTEX*
SANITARY NAPKINS

(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office)



Stops
PERSPIRATION
 FOR ONE TO THREE DAYS

ZIP CREAM DEODORANT
 Destroys body odors. Easy to apply; harmless to clothing; and ideal on sanitary napkins. Just a little under the arm and ZIP!—you're free of perspiration odor.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
 THE BEST TO BE HAD
 10c • 25c • 50c

STOPS PERSPIRATION

ZIP
 Cream Deodorant
 A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION

For unwanted hair—
 ZIP Depilatory Cream

HAIR ON FACE
 ARMS, LEGS and BODY
REALLY GONE!

ZIP
 IT'S OFF BEFORE IT'S OUT
 E P I L A T O R

Simple, Quick. Leaves no trace of hair. With each package of ZIP Epilator, you get a dollar bottle of BOUQUET JORDEAU—a refreshing fragrance. A \$2.00 value for only \$1.00. Good stores or send \$1.00 to Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain fast and dries up the pestiest corns, callus and warts. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, and the substance from which aspirin is made. Absolutely safe. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if it fails to remove corn.

NOXACORN

GRAY HAIR
 takes on new color
 (FREE Test Shows Way)

No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing... Hair stays soft, lustrous—takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it **FREE**—We send Test Package. Apply to single locks snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.



MARY T. GOLDMAN
 3342 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State.....
 Color of your hair?.....

gives us a good idea of his personal history. If a man's record or if his actions under observation indicate there is anything strange about him he is segregated with those who have similar tendencies; he's kept away from the normal men."

And this, according to the belief of prison authorities in New York State, is the best that can be done with this problem of prison life. Other states and other countries have other ideas. In Mexico, for instance, they go further to overcome this problem than many Americans would think it wise to go.

There are prisons in Mexico, and in other places also, where men are permitted to live with their wives in the prison during week-ends. And in some of our southern states the prisoners in road camps can have girls from the town visit them.

Obviously this last practise offers many complications. Not least among these is the serious health question involved. And certainly should town girls be permitted to visit a prison like Sing Sing the repercussions would be loud and many. First of all New York State in which Sing Sing is located, has no red-light districts supervised by the Board of Health. But quite aside from this—which is enough in itself—it would be an utterly impractical plan because of the stand, justifiable enough from the individual points of view, which the church, the taxpayers, and the wives of the prisoners would take.

Warden Lawes does not believe it advisable to allow prisoners to have their wives with them during week-ends either, in spite of the fact that he is recognized as one of the most advanced and liberal thinking wardens in the world.

"Not all the men in a prison are married," he says "and it's not always the married men who are the most deserving of consideration either. So I see no possible way in which anything of the kind could be fairly arranged. And the first requirement of such an arrangement would be that it be fair, utterly fair."

THE movies which are shown at Sing Sing—once a week in the summer and twice a week in the winter

—are not censored as rigidly as might be expected. Extremely rigid censorship has been found to be unnecessary. Gangster pictures which glorify crime never are shown. They're not as popular with the men as sentimental stories, in any event. And love stories rarely are cut or barred. For it has been observed that love scenes do not have an aphrodisiac affect upon the men but influence them to be gentler and to have better spirits. A woman's influence is good in a man's life even when it's vicarious, apparently.

"Our main taboo in regard to movie love scenes," explains Warden Lawes "concerns the actions of the men themselves. They are not allowed to make illustrative sounds or whistle."

It also might seem, considering this vital question of prison life, that the men would find it more difficult to adjust to their lonely existence after visits from their wives and sweethearts. But here again the natural assumption proves wrong.

"Visits with their loved ones help the men's morale tremendously," the warden says. "Among other things these visits make the men eager to conduct themselves so they'll have a perfect record to recommend them when they come up for parole."

"Unless a man has abused the privileges of the visiting room he doesn't have to talk to his family and friends through a wire mesh."

"And I must say," Warden Lawes went on, "that I've been touched and gratified by the loyalty most wives show. They come regularly and pretend, often enough, that they're getting along better than they are; even when their husbands are in for long terms. Occasionally, of course, especially when a man is a lifer, a wife's visits begin to grow less frequent after the first year or two."

"It's when wives and sweethearts don't come to see the men that there's trouble, and the men grow restless," he explained. "For it's then they begin to wonder what goes on outside, and jealousy enters the picture."

"Sometimes men actually hear stories about their wives. Some member of a man's family who never thought the girl he married was good enough for him comes with the gos-



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He does the man no favor, of course. There's not much he can do about it for the time being, that's certain. Besides, upset as a result of what he's heard, he's likely not to behave as well or work as efficiently as he should.

"After hearing gossip about his wife one man actually made his escape. And not long ago another man tried to get away for the same reason. But we caught him hiding in the shadow on the wall."

WARDEN LAWES shook his head. "No, it isn't seeing wives and sweethearts that upsets the men, as you might think. It's when the women they love don't come to see them that we have trouble."

In everything he said Warden Lewis E. Lawes spoke with the quiet conviction of a man who has given long consideration to what he has to say. Not for a moment did he claim that the methods they use at Sing Sing in coping with the most difficult problem of prison life—the unnaturally abstinent existence the men must lead—had solved the problem or that they were ideal. But he plainly thought they were preferable to the methods which rumor falsely insists are employed there and also with those methods which some countries and certain of our southern states employ.

Do you agree—now that you are in possession of the facts regarding this phase of prison life at last?

The Cat With the Golden Eyes

(Continued from page 16)

right," he muttered through his teeth. "Say, I am sorry, old fellow!" He looked up to see real concern in Hugo's eyes—all the suspicion, all the hatred, completely vanished. "I should have told you. She hates strangers, claws 'em all—terribly unfriendly to people she hasn't seen before." "Unfriendly is the word!" said Allan, trying to smile. "Could I have another clean handkerchief, or—" "Handkerchief nothing!" Hugo exclaimed. He was bustling toward the door, all good will and unfeigned friendliness. "That wound has to be thoroughly disinfected and dressed. Come along, I'll fix you up."

BUT Allan did not at once follow him from the room. "I'm sorry," Marion said to him in a hushed voice. "It's nothing—I told you cats were treacherous." "But Allan—" She was looking straight into his eyes, speaking with a deadly significance. "Suppose—suppose she hadn't clawed you!" "Good lord!" he said, understanding coming to him all at once. "Of course! I never thought—" "Coming, Allan?" called Hugo. When they had gone, Xantippe stepped lightly to her cushion once more, settled herself on it with dignified calm. Then she yawned, and blinked at her mistress. On her knees beside the cushion, Marion gazed deep into those golden eyes.

"Yes," she whispered, "we women understand each other—don't we, Xantippe?"

From the depths of Xantippe's throat came a full, assenting purr.

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Charlie McCarthy's Father

(Continued from page 9)

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red-letter day, they let him run the engine. He will never forget that, never.

He did it well, too . . . Sat up there in the cab pulling levers and pressing valves and what-have-you like a seasoned engineer. He wouldn't even leave when noon time rolled around and the men knocked off for one of those lavish dinners always served to threshers. Instead, he stayed with the engine, blowing the whistle promptly at one o'clock when it was time for the others to come back to work.

He also went in for chemistry in a big way. He rigged up a laboratory in his room and for a time spent all his pocket money on acids and alkalis and test tubes and such. Of course, he again had an explosion or two, and there was also that dire day when an important but malodorous experiment with sulphuric acid literally drove the family out of the house. His mother was pretty upset about that, too, but his father only repeated: "Let the boy be. He's a good boy."

HE was a good man, too, was John Bergren. . . . A sound, honest, God-fearing Swede; huge, blond, slow-spoken. And gentle. Edgar remembers his gentleness best of all. In young manhood, after his immigration from Sweden, he had been an architectural draftsman in Chicago, but his health broke and, needing an out-of-door life, he moved his family to Decatur and took over a small farm just outside the village. Never can Edgar remember him speaking a harsh word to his mother, although he was completely boss of the household in the usual fashion of the Old World husband whose word is Law.

It was a good, wholesome, happy life the Bergrens built for their two sons. The kind of life you might expect a couple like themselves to build, with plenty of work and discipline about it, but plenty of play-time, too. . . . Although Edgar wouldn't have called his activities play. Somehow, I can see him in his factory or his laboratory busy as an Edison, serious as an Einstein—a sturdy, blue-eyed youngster, slightly pigeon-toed; a dimple in his left cheek; his fine, straight hair usually awry or, if his mother had recently been at him about it, slicked away from an indifferent part so that he looked more like a young Ole Olson than ever.

In the wintertime he wore sweater and corduroys with long woolen underwear underneath; mackinaw, stocking cap, mittens and fleece-lined overshoes. Almost always one leg of his knickers had slipped down to his ankle and almost always at least a couple of buckles on his overshoes were unfastened. Long pants were an event in those days and like any boy, he yearned for his first. He got them when he was twelve only to immediately demolish them when, out tobogganing, the toboggan left him behind to maneuver the hill by himself—seated upright.

In summer he wore overalls, sneakers and, if his mother insisted—which she usually did—a shirt. Every Saturday night, winter and summer, he had a good hot bath in a wash tub in the kitchen before they had the bathroom put in the house. And every

Sunday morning he dressed up in his best and went with Clarence to Sunday school at the Presbyterian church in town.

His father and mother were strict about Sunday school. Edgar had to study his lesson before hand and learn the Golden Text. He also learned the Twenty-third Psalm and the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes and numerous hymns.

Sunday afternoons, John usually read to the family from the Bible and then the boys had to be quiet while the elder Bergrens took a nap. Edgar didn't like this so well and although he wasn't supposed to thus break the Sabbath, he used to sneak out to the woodshed and putter around there, safe from detection unless something blew up.

Yes, it was a good life. . . . Even though there were occasional minor catastrophes to puncture its amenity. Such as the classic bad time in every boy's life—when he smoked a big cigar and got both sick and spanked.

His absolutely blackest moment, though, had to do with a certain swimming excursion to a very inviting but forbidden pond on a nearby farm, when he was ten. Although the pond was, as I say, forbidden for swimming purposes, Edgar and his friends had been using it more or less at will because the farm house immediately adjacent was vacant and there was nobody to chase them away.

However, on this particular warm summer day, things were different. The boys had gotten their clothes off and were nicely ensconced in the clear, cool water, sans bathing suits, when to their horror human life appeared on the farm house veranda not thirty feet away—a pair of honeymooners who had rented the place for the summer.

It wouldn't have been so bad if it had been just men, or even old folks," Edgar explained to me, remembering. "But for a bride to catch us—that seemed particularly awful at the time."

Well . . . Of course the boys ran, Edgar with them. But where the others had the presence of mind to snatch up their clothes as they went, Edgar left his behind and thus found himself a few seconds later in a not too protective clump of bushes with nothing to wear but his birthday suit.

Tentatively, he propositioned the others. "How's for gettin' my clothes, somebody? Eh, Fuzzy? You just go back an' snitch 'em, will yuh?"

But Fuzzy and the rest had different ideas. They weren't "goin' back there and maybe get arrested or somethin' for nobody. No, sir!"

"Get your own clothes," they told him, hardily. And that is what Edgar had to do, since he couldn't very well go home without them. But he says if he lives to be ninety, he will never forget the horror of that hundred-yard dash he made from the protecting bushes to the edge of the pond where his clothes lay, and back again, while the bride and groom laughed at him from the veranda. He is certain he made a sprinting record.

It was not long after this that he fell in love, and became the beau of a sprightly little girl by the name of Lynwood Bope. He remembers he

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liked her particularly because her auburn hair and her rather strange name made her different from the Marys and Elizabeths in his gang. These, of course, were incidents in his private life. His professional life, beginning on that memorable day when the apple pie waxed articulate, progressed by leaps and bounds as he approached his 'teens. He sent away for a pamphlet called "The Wizard's Manual" (price 25 cents) advertised as "containing all you want to know about ventriloquism and magic."

It really taught him a lot, too, although his flair for ventriloquism was really, he thinks now, a natural talent.

OF course, he wouldn't have been human if he hadn't tried this out in a big way, at school. Once he had it down pat, he nearly drove his teachers crazy with the various "voices" with which he endowed not only his discomfited classmates at improper moments, but books, pictures, wastebaskets and other school room paraphernalia. He was slightly handicapped in all this, however. Being the only one in the school who could do it, he was easily caught.

Edgar's ventriloquial ventures weren't all impromptu and *verboten*, though. A talent like his rapidly made him a very big frog in the small Decatur puddle, and he was much in demand for church, school, Boy Scout and a variety of similar local entertainments. . . . Especially after he got his dummy.

This idea was put into his head when his father and mother took him to Chicago for a little trip and, visiting a vaudeville show, he witnessed his first performance by a professional ventriloquist.

Whereupon he got himself a job ushering in a small theater at home; saved his money and bought an inexpensive dummy of his own, complete with movable head and jaw. And thus came into tangible being the first Charlie McCarthy—although this dummy wasn't literally Charlie but instead a gentleman of color variously named Sambo, Rastus or Snowball.

By the time Edgar was fourteen and about to graduate from the eighth grade, he was a leading entertainer in Decatur and the life of any party. He was happy and contented, too, and his future looked pretty bright. His father had wanted him to become a minister but in view of his natural bent for mechanics his mother persuaded John to consent to a scientific education and it was decided that Edgar should go to a good technical school in Chicago and then to college to study electrical engineering.

As for Edgar himself, while he enjoyed being an important figure in Decatur's amateur theatrical circles, he never once considered the theater as a possible career.

And then suddenly something happened which was to change all those fine conventional plans. John Bergren was taken ill. His voice was only a husky whisper, his eyes were bright with fever.

"Pneumonia," the physician said. Four days later John Bergren was dead.

Next month, continue the enthralling story of Edgar Bergen's life—through early Chautauqua days—his first love affairs, both imaginary and real—the birth of today's Charlie McCarthy—and Edgar's entrance into vaudeville.

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Twins Have More Fun Than Anybody

(Continued from page 21)

evident that the cab driver was trailing the Stroud, who apparently was unaware that he was being followed. Upstairs, I found the other of the Strouds, who turned out to be Claude, and told him of the incident.

"Oh, I know what's happened," he chortled, "I came here in that cab, had a bill of \$1.65 and told the driver to wait. Clarence came in the car. The cab driver saw Clarence driving away and thought it was me trying to run away from the bill."

Downstairs, we found the cab driver asking a page boy if he knew the name of a moderately tall man about thirty years old, with black hair parted on the right side, bare-headed, wearing a blue suit.

Claude paid the driver and dismissed him without going to the trouble of explaining that he was one of two men who look alike.

The start of the merry mix-ups goes back to the cradle on a ranch in Kaufman, Texas, where the twins were born. Mrs. Stroud, surprised that the doctor had left two babies instead of the anticipated one, found the task of caring for them greater than she had expected. Her sister came to help out, and eventually became a devoted aunt to the children. At first, however, the aunt somehow became possessed with the idea that it was Clarence who did all the crying and Claude all the cooing.

"Claude," she would say, "is a very sweet and unspoiled baby. Clarence is stubborn and very badly spoiled."

Mrs. Stroud knew differently—that there was no noticeable difference in the habits and characteristics of the twins. Nevertheless, the aunt tied a blue ribbon on Clarence, a red ribbon on Claude, and saw that the baby with the red ribbon got the best of everything. She wheeled the red-ribboned baby in its regular afternoon outings and sternly left the other at home.

ONE morning Auntie walked in and discovered Mrs. Stroud switching the ribbons on the babies.

"Are you trying to fool me?" she said. "Are you trying to get me to take Clarence out this afternoon by changing those ribbons? Well, it wouldn't have worked anyway. I would have discovered it. Don't think I don't know those babies apart."

"Do you?" asked Mrs. Stroud. "Then you probably know that I've been changing these ribbons every morning for three weeks."

The aunt laughed and was forced to admit the lack of foundation for her preference for Claude. Ever afterward, she was devoted to both children.

The twins have no way of knowing whether they still carry the original names bestowed upon them. Their parents often confused them and never knew which was Claude and which was Clarence until the boys were old enough to decide who was who for themselves. One learned that his name was Claude and began answering to the name. But the parents never knew, and do not know to this day, if the twin who now answers to the name of Claude is the baby they christened Claude in the cradle.

Mr. Stroud in those days was not a man who avoided administering a

moderate amount of punishment to the twins when they misbehaved. There was the time when he assigned Claude to a chore on the ranch. The assignment slipped Claude's mind (as he now chooses to express it). About this time, the twins were getting old enough to take advantage of the fact that they looked alike. Father Stroud, discovering that the chore had been neglected, found Claude in the cottonfield. "Why didn't you do what I told you to?" he admonished. Claude replied, confidently, "You told Claude to do that. Not me. It's Claude you want."

"Don't try that trick on me," said the father. "You are Claude."

"I'll go out and find Claude if you want me to," Claude said. "Are you going to whip him?"

Unfortunately, just then Father Stroud's glance swept across the field and picked out the other twin strolling along a roadway.

"There's Claude now," said Claude.

IN a jiffy, Father Stroud had both the boys together, both insisting he was Clarence. Neither was punished.

There was one winter in their boyhood days when Clarence was ill and fell behind with his school work while Claude earned a promotion. Clarence had to go to summer school. Ill one day, he skipped school. The school teacher saw Claude at a swimming hole and thought he was Clarence. "See me tomorrow about playing hookey today," said the teacher. Claude did not mention the incident to Clarence, who walked unawares into the trap the next day.

The twins first displayed their talents for public edification at Terrell, Texas, in their barefoot days. It was a gala day in the oil well city with many contests, in which boys for miles around climbed greased poles, chased greased pigs, and engaged in various events. Clarence won the declamation contest with a Mark Anthony oration and also captured first prize in the potato race. Claude who didn't win anything, cried and couldn't go home with the distressing news that he had won no medals. "Tell you what I'll do," Clarence volunteered, "you tell the boys around Kaufman you won the potato race." Claude beamed and East Texas still remembers him as the 1917 potato race champion.

Two years later, they joined the circus and fell in love with the blonde on the flying trapeze. They were tight wire specialists. After the circus came a tour of vaudeville.

In vaudeville, Clarence forgot about the blonde and was trying to persuade a young dancer that his heart shouldn't be kicked around. She wouldn't forgive Clarence for standing her up at dinner. A few days later, Clarence had another date with her. An urgent matter came up which prevented him from keeping the date.

If he stood her up again, she'd never forgive him. He sent Claude along. "And," Clarence said, "remember, you're me—not you. Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

When Clarence next saw Claude, he wouldn't discuss how he had fared with the dancer. Clarence saw the girl backstage that afternoon. She

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BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

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Ordinary medicines can't help because they don't fight the Germs. Fortunately all druggists now have the Doctor's formula **Cystex** (pronounced Siss-tex) that starts fighting Kidney Germs in 3 hours, checks pain, and stimulates and tones the Kidneys so that most users feel younger, stronger and far better in a day or so. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Cystex today. The guarantee protects you. Copyright 1937 by The Knox Co.

gave him a note just as he was going on. Clarence kept the note in his pocket throughout the performance. Out before the footlights, he speculated on the contents of the note. Apparently, he thought, Claude had killed his chances with the dancer. What had Claude done the night before that he wouldn't even talk about?

He hurried onstage at the completion of his act, skipped the curtain call, and ripped open the note. It read: "Clarence dear: Now I know I love you. I knew it as soon as I got in my room after you had gone last night. Yes, I fell in love with you last night. Definitely."

The romance ran for months. The girl never knew that it was Claude who prompted her decision that she loved Clarence. And not until the vaudeville show split and the dancer went another way did Claude know about the note.

There has been only one time when the Strouds regretted they were twins. It happened a few years ago at a small beach resort on the shores of Lake Michigan.

ON this occasion, Claude, who is more fond of swimming than Clarence, was out in the lake alone. He wandered out further than usual, and was about to turn back to shore when he was suddenly seized with a violent attack of the cramps.

In the cold waters of Lake Michigan, the cramps didn't give Claude much time to do more than to let out one yell before he started to go under. But fortunately for Claude and this story, the yell was heard by a passer-by on the beach, who promptly went to Claude's rescue.

Fifteen minutes later, Claude woke up to find the passer-by kneeling on his back and administering artificial respiration. By the end of another half-hour, most of the water had been pumped out, and Claude was sitting up as good as new again.

Naturally Claude was grateful to his rescuer, and insisted on inviting him to the hotel that night for a dinner and other appropriate thanks. So after agreeing to come over for the meal, the stranger left, and Claude walked back to the hotel to change into his clothing.

Shortly before dinner-time, Claude came downstairs to wait for his rescuer. In the lobby, he encountered Clarence, whom he had not seen since before his unfortunate incident.

"Hello," said Clarence, before Claude could open his mouth. "Say, I've just had a funny experience. Some fellow I never saw before just came up to me and started telling me how nice I was to invite him to dinner. Some new kind of a panhandler, I guess. He seemed a little bit sore when I told him he was barking up the wrong tree."

"Ye gods," said Claude. "I'll bet that was my rescuer!" They never did find him, and to this day they look at each other guiltily when the incident is mentioned. Somewhere today the stranger is probably still going around thinking that Claude is a heel.

Several times, the twins have parted. During one of these splits, Clarence performed in the east for a year and a half while Claude played vaudeville and night club engagements in Hollywood and vicinity. When they were re-united in Hollywood, Clarence, whose acquaintance in the cinema city was very limited,

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Take a Twin Sisters Cleansing Pad from its slim compact and enjoy the grandest "minute facial" you ever had! Best of all, you can have one anytime, any place... especially after shopping, or sports; at the office or dance! Each pad is saturated with a special lotion non-drying to the skin. Leaves face cleansed, refreshed, soft and toned for new make-up. 15 Pads 10c. Refills of 60 Pads, 25c.

Twin Sisters CLEANSING PADS



* BEAUTIFUL FINGER NAILS



So easy... so simple... to remove nail polish! Just dab ten nails with one Twin Sisters Remove-O-Pad and off comes enamel, slick and quick! Lubricates nail and cuticle to prevent peeling or cracking. Daintily perfumed; non-drying. Convenient—nothing to spill or waste. Try them once and you'll never go back to the old way. 15 Pads 10c.

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Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions with proper care. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 58F, Providence, R. I.

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ONE SICK HEADACHE AFTER ANOTHER

BUT THAT IS ALL OVER NOW



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Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation. Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for a week. If not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright. Nature's Remedy REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE THE WAY COMPANY NR-TABLETS-NR

LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

*The greatest make-up
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THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor powder is light-proof. If you use it, your face will not shine. Trial box sent postpaid for a dime!

• At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have to worry over shine.

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought expensive boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run much risk with Luxor, because your first box will cost you only ten cents!

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how it subdues those highlights of cheek-bones and chin, and nose.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago MAC-6-38
Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

- Flesh Rachel Rose Rachel
 Rachel No. 2 Brunette

Name

St. & No.

P. O. State

(This offer not good in Canada)

found himself very well known. Everywhere he went, strangers greeted him. "How are you? Glad to see you again."

Shortly after Clarence's arrival in Hollywood that year, he borrowed Claude's automobile one day and a policeman nabbed him for improper parking. He didn't know about a driver's license and at first told the policeman he couldn't find it. At the police station, he telephoned Claude. "The driver's license is in the pocket of the car. I'll be right down there," said Claude.

"Okeh," said Clarence. "When you get here, you're Clarence and I'm Claude, because the driver's license is in your name."

A policeman overheard the conversation. But when Claude walked in, the police couldn't remember which was which—who had been cited for improper parking and who hadn't. The judge advised the police that they were in danger of false arrest if they placed a charge against the wrong Stroud. Both were told to forget about the matter.

THE twins now find themselves referred to by waiters and barbers in Hollywood as super-men.

Claude dropped in at a barber shop for a shave one morning. Thirty minutes after he had left, freshly-shaven, who should walk in for a shave but Clarence! The barber stared at him in amazement. "What a beard you can grow in 30 minutes," he exclaimed.

During the first week they were on the Nelson Eddy-Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen radio program, they dined separately at a nearby restaurant. Claude went in first and ordered a steak, potatoes, coffee and dessert. After he left, Clarence came in, ordered roast duck, vegetables, coffee and dessert. Until the waiter saw the twins together a few days later, he had been telling other waiters about the young man who ate a steak, came back in a few minutes and ate roast duck.

A list of the errors and mix-ups of the twins would be endless. Often embarrassing, the mistakes are more often amusing. And the net result for the twins has been a lot of fun—more fun than most people have.

And probably that is why the twins are so averse to revealing which is which—why they seldom explain themselves to puzzled bystanders—and why they call each other merely "Stroud."

Who wouldn't want to keep a monopoly on so much fun? Who wouldn't want to have a twin who looked so much like him that only an elephant could tell them apart?

Answers to Spelling Bee

1. Ramshackle. 2. Ffinal. 3. Cantabile.
4. Muezzin. 5. Argillaceous. 6. Bastinado.
7. Withe. 8. Avocados. 9. Caromed. 10. Miscegenation. 11. Plebiscite. 12. Pusillanimous. 13. Palfreys. 14. Littoral. 15. Brazier. 16. Khedive. 17. Anise. 18. Coquetry. 19. Scruff. 20. Chipmunk.

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NO!... WINX IS DIFFERENT!

FINER TEXTURE ...LOOKS MORE NATURAL..KEEPS YOUR LASHES SOFT AND SILKY!

For more beautiful eyes, be sure to get WINX — mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. Look for the GREEN PACKAGES.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.
At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

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See details on Page 81 of this magazine.

TEETH Hard TO BRYTEN?

THRILLING NEW BEAUTY and sparkle for your teeth. Iodent No. 2 is specially compounded for teeth hard-to-bryten. Removes stubborn stains—even smake stains. Minty in flavor—pure—smooth. Made by a Dentist to clean teeth safely. Also made in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try Iodent today!

IODENT
No. 1 TOOTH PASTE No. 2
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN also POWDER FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

PUTTING THE FINAL TOUCH ON BEAUTY

BY
JOYCE
ANDERSON



The Hour of Charm's Evelyn and Maxine know the charm of perfume.

PERFUME is the very essence of glamour—never old, always new. It goes hand in hand with beauty and loveliness and adds that essential touch of luxury to the well-groomed woman. To all of us come moments when we wish especially to be remembered. And although a man may forget your name or your face, he will never forget your perfume.

Perfume is, of course, seasonal. The heavy Oriental scents which are such excellent complements to velvets and furs are not particularly appropriate with crisp cottons or *mousseline de soie*. By the same token, a sharp and tangy floral odor would be amiss in the winter because the air itself is too keen and the scent would be too quickly dissipated. And so it is that during the spring and summer we turn with fresh enthusiasm to the floral fragrance . . . the lavish loveliness of lilac, the fragile appeal of lily-of-the-valley, the spiciness of carnation, the luscious sweetness of *jasmin*. There is an almost unlimited selection in floral fragrances and their choice is entirely up to the individual.

Here are two brunettes from the famous Phil Spitalny All-Girl orchestra. Maxine of the golden voice, and the lovely Evelyn, with her violin. In outward appearance, there is not a great deal of difference in type; both are tall and dark, with brown eyes. Yet, through careful make-up and impeccable perfume taste, each is outstandingly individual.

Maxine's is the dark beauty with warm olive skin and almost classic features. She is definitely the exotic type and looks her best in rich jewel

tones. For her summer perfumes, she chooses a blend of gardenia and carnation—two of the heaviest of summer odors. A clever selection, this, for the combination is definitely suited to her personality—and at the same time retains the summer freshness. Maxine is a one-perfume (for the season) girl, believing that consistency is the key-note to charm.

Evelyn is the other attractive brunette whose simplicity of clothes and coiffure gives her the appearance of a college girl playing at being a musician. Her make-up is simple, and her brows (untouched by tweezers) lend character to her heart-shaped face. Evelyn wears puffed sleeves and wide skirts very becomingly and runs the gamut of the lightest of the floral odors. Hyacinth, lily-of-the-valley and lilac are her three favorites and they are suited to her.

Perfume selection is apt to be

**Applying perfume to win
your man is an art in
which the well-dressed
woman should be expert**

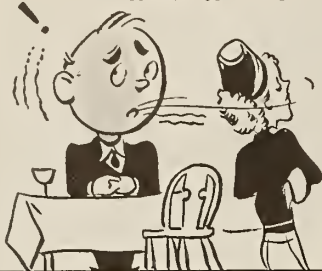
RADIO MIRROR
HOME AND BEAUTY

rather difficult because there are so many kinds and we are given so many rules for choosing it—according to type, the season, moods, fashion and what-not. Hence, a certain amount of confusion exists. Perfumers, however, suggest that the best way to choose a perfume is to let the perfume choose you—in other words, it's a matter of application. Here is a simple yet reliable way to determine which perfume is best suited to you. Before going to bed at night, spray a different scent on each wrist. The one which survives and is more pleasing in the morning is to be preferred.

TOO much perfume dissipates its charm but when used with discernment, its loveliness is redoubled. The secret of using perfume effectively is not one heavy application in one place but many light ones, scattered. That's why an atomizer is the best way to apply perfume and if you remember to hold the atomizer some distance away from you, then your perfume envelopes you in a misty spray rather than a drenching stream.

Eaux de cologne and toilet waters are popular in the summertime. Eau de cologne is fresh, light and cooling. Use it when you have a headache, put it on your wrists, enjoy it as a rub-down after a cooling shower and its fragrance will linger enchantingly. Toilet water is diluted perfume and we can use it generously. It's particularly nice to use in the hot weather when you want a lighter scent. Let's use our favorite fragrance on our costume flower accents, on a boutonniere, on the flowers on our hats, and with the gay summer dresses.

One whiff...
then a tiff!



"GARGLE....
takes a Jiff!"



PEPSODENT
ends their rift!



In Germ-killing power....

1 BOTTLE
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
EQUALS 3 BOTTLES
OF ORDINARY KINDS

Even when diluted with 2
parts water, still kills
germs in seconds...
Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR
MONEY GO 3
TIMES AS FAR!



PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
keeps your
MOUTH and BREATH
SWEETER
HOURS LONGER

Divorce—and Your Home

(Continued from page 12)

with peasants until they are two or three years old, tiny children placed in bleak great schools to board only a few years later, all boys forced so that they will show good records when the inevitable military training commences—these are not American customs—and they supply some of the reasons why I call our children the luckiest in the world!

Not but what it has had its difficulties, the American home. They began with Indian onslaughts, with the raids of Butler's and Braddock's men, 165 years ago. Having survived pioneer and revolutionary disasters, our homes struggled on only to face the westward moving wagons that tore many a loving home-maker up from her roots in the mid-century. Desperately the women clung to something—anything that might mean home again in the new country beyond the Rockies. My grandmother's diary in 1850 gives us a hint of it. "Nell is bringing Grandfather's desk and I have the high-boy," she records, when the wagons gathered at St. Joseph for the start. "They won't be much, but they'll start home again in California."

BUT while the eastern homes were scattered and disrupted by the civil war, these western ones faced Indians, floods, earthquake. And with the ending of the century the more subtle foe of home life began to gain power; with the prevalence of divorce we have to meet the most dangerous enemy home life ever can know.

The old occupations that we used to feel were essential to home making have disappeared forever, too. Women no longer card and spin, pluck chickens and salt hams, chop fifty ingredients for mince pies, boil soap, scrape ashes, set bread, put up pickles and fruit. When I was a little girl bakery bread used to be a rare treat.

But believe me, home itself, the all-important influence and support that every young life should have for a background, doesn't depend on any of these material things. These are but the guinea's stamp. The real gold is that magic atmosphere that makes one child's life a paradise in three poor rooms; that atmosphere whose lack starves many a little heir or heiress to millions.

It is love, here as everywhere, that fulfills the law. If there is love enough, if children are made to feel themselves needed and important and above all beloved, nothing else matters. Life becomes an adventure, a picnic, despite the secret anxieties of their elders. Even if divorce must come, its bitterness is spared them while Mother and Dad love them.

We hear of the divorces, the failures. And we ask ourselves if the American home really is threatened. We don't hear of the thousands—the millions—of happy homes that will have a real Christmas this year. Homes with fathers and mothers in them, with safety and counsel and confidence and love in them, homes in which girls and boys are studying their homework even while they listen to me talking now, and turning bewildered smiles upon each other as they ask, "What does she mean, can the American home survive?"

It certainly is disappointing to wake up with a headache or an upset stomach, and find there are no Alka-Seltzer Tablets in the house.

This often means having to start the day feeling miserable, when, had Alka-Seltzer Tablets been available, you could just drop one in a glass of water and quickly have a sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer that would relieve your trouble promptly.

Alka-Seltzer gives relief in TWO ways—its analgesic properties promptly relieve the pain and because it is one of the best alkalizers known, it also corrects the excess acid condition so often associated with common ailments. Sold by all druggists in 30c and 60c packages.

BE WISE-ALKALIZE WITH
Alka-Seltzer

STUDY THE ADS AND MAKE \$2.00

See details on Page 81
of this magazine.

Included FREE
of extra charge

Your choice of Men's or Lady's Wrist Watch **FREE** with every King ordered during this **SALE** and paid for on our easy monthly plan. Lady's or Man's King, with simulated diamond that you'd think cost at least \$200. Nothing extra for the watch. It's included **FREE**.

Ladies 1939 dainty model, Men's "Shockproof" military wrist watch—gold plate front—with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold; jeweled; **Guaranteed** by \$1,000,000 FACTORY. Send only 3 cent stamp with your ring size (strip of paper wound round finger will do). Make two monthly \$2 payments. **WE FRUST YOU**—your package comes **AT ONCE** by Return mail.

WATCH **FREE** OF EXTRA CHARGE

● **GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO.**
Dept. C-386, Newton, Mass.

● **Rush offer by RETURN MAIL**—all postage paid to my door. 3 cents enclosed.

Ladies' Model
 Men's Model

● NAME _____
● ADDRESS _____

BUILDING BABY'S HEALTH



By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

THERE have been so many jokes about children who didn't like spinach that I'm almost afraid to bring up the subject here. I wouldn't, except for the fact that the jokes are indicative of a serious situation which exists all too frequently in homes where there are children. I mean the reluctance, to put it mildly, of children to eat the things that are good for them, and the disagreeable scenes that grow out of this attitude.

Perhaps you have witnessed such a scene, and know that once Junior has decided he doesn't like vegetables—well, he refuses to eat them. Whether his mother adopts the no-dessert-until-you've-finished-your-spinach method, threatens to curtail play time or reaches for the hair brush to achieve results, the entire episode is pretty unpleasant for everyone.

Well, one-year-old "Peter the Great," gazing at you from the top of this page, will never precipitate such a scene. The reason? "Peter," like Pop-Eye, likes spinach—and all other vegetables that are good for growing boys and girls. "Peter's" mother, you see, is one of that great legion of modern young mothers who are bringing up their little ones the new way, on canned strained fruits and vegetables prepared especially for babies and found in leading stores everywhere.

The convenience of canned foods for babies is self evident. Their use saves time in marketing and cooking and does away with the necessity for preparing baby's meals separately, and of gearing the family menu to foods suitable for him.

Aside from convenience, however, there is another advantage in using canned, strained foods; an advantage which is of paramount importance to mothers. This is the assurance that

in using these products she is giving her baby fruits and vegetables at their best, on which he will thrive as young "Peter the Great" has thrived all his little life.

This assurance is based on the care and scientific exactitude with which these products are grown, harvested and canned. In the first place, soil tests are made to select a soil sufficiently fertile to produce foods of high vitamin content. During the growing period, each crop is tested periodically to check on development.

The delicious flavor, which of course is the thing that makes children go for these canned strained foods, is also a matter of scientific planning. The makers of canned strained foods check carefully each crop and it is harvested the moment it has reached the exact degree of ripeness that insures maximum flavor.

At the cannery everything is carried out under the most hygienic and modern methods. After careful washing the vegetables are cooked under pressure, and the water is evaporated off rather than poured off, two processes which prevent loss of valuable minerals. To safeguard further the mineral content, vegetables are sieved when only partially cooked and the cooking is completed after the sieved product has been sealed in cans. The final cooking is done in a shaker device, which means that all the food in every can is heated evenly; no portion can be either over or under done.

Considering all the care and attention lavished on these canned strained foods one might assume that their cost would be out of the reach of the average budget, but that is not

the case. On the contrary, every mother everywhere can purchase health and happiness for her baby, leisure and peace of mind for herself, at only a few cents per can.

"Peter the Great" enjoys every morsel of the food that is building him into a healthy strong little boy, and his mother has lots of free time to spend with him.

IRON BUILDS TOO

FOR downright versatility, nothing can take the place of raisins, according to Amanda Snow, popular NBC songstress. They contain in a great quantity the minerals so necessary to health and they add a new and distinctive flavor to other foods which enables Mrs. Busy Housewife to vary her menus. Two of Amanda's favorite recipes are deviled raisins and molasses, raisin and pecan pie.

DEVILED RAISINS

Steam large, seeded raisins for 12 minutes. Drain and cook in a small quantity of olive oil for 3 minutes (until plump). Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot, sprinkled with paprika, as a meat relish.

MOLASSES, PECAN AND RAISIN PIE

¼ cup butter
 ½ cup sugar
 ¾ cup New Orleans type molasses
 1 lemon (juice)
 3 eggs (unbeaten)
 ½ cup pecans, (sliced)
 ½ cup raisins, (chopped)
 Cream butter and sugar together. Add molasses, egg and lemon juice and beat with rotary egg beater. Add pecans and raisins and pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes; decrease heat to moderate and bake 30 minutes more.



Raisins are a necessary food says Amanda Snow, NBC singing star.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 5)



"YOUR LIPS ARE MADE TO BE KISSED"

Men will Hunger...

for your kisses when you use the lipstick that gives alluring natural color to your lips. Tangee contains no paint—never coats the lips with ugly red grease. Instead, it brings out your own individual color—whether you are blonde, brunette or red head.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange...on your lips it changes like magic to a blush-rose. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee magic color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft—smooth. Try Tangee. 39¢ and \$1.10. For a natural matched appearance use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and TANGEE CHARM TEST

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William A. Paley." Mr. Paley explained, "and I'd like to look over the rehearsal." "I'm sorry, sir," the page said, the name of Paley meaning no more to him than Joe Doakes, "nobody is allowed in the studio during dress rehearsal."

Columbia's boss finally had to ask, meekly, for William Robson, the Workshop director, and wait outside until Robson came to let him in.

* * *

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla.—In these days of stream-lined radio, as slick and professional as a Hollywood movie, it's fun to hear about a station like WMFJ, in Daytona Beach. It's just like the old days at WMFJ, homey, informal—and fun.

Take the "Studio Players" who each week present the True Detective Mystery program, consisting of dramatized stories from True Detective Magazine. Everybody in the cast is something else besides an actor. For instance, Ray Clancy, who directs the plays, is also WMFJ's chief announcer. He left politics for a more precarious career (at least, he says it's more precarious) in radio. Clark Overton, who does the True Detective hour's most villainous villains, is really the chief operator of the station. His name around the studio is "Honeybunch."

Hugh Skinner (call him "Butch") is not only one of True Detective's prize character actors, but also general handyman around WMFJ when it comes to filling in a spare quartet-hour or so on the air. Between times, he plays his saxophone at a local dance hall. Elizabeth Sparkman, the leading lady, isn't really a radio performer at all, but the cashier in the city tax collector's office, acting before the microphone just for the love of it. Ed Sims, WMFJ's commercial manager, is the program's dialect expert, doing masterful work in changing his Alabama drawl into Jewish, Swedish, German or any other dialect required.

Gertrude Bell Kipp is another actress-in-her-spare-time, working regularly for the city's recreation department; and Webster Ellenwood is the station's program director.

Doesn't it all make you sigh, a little, for the days when radio was fun, not Big Business? Because, between all these enthusiastic spare-timers, they manage to put on a program that many a resident of Daytona Beach tunes in, in preference to some of the big network shows.

* * *

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—Radio is always co-operating with its sponsors and the public, but when it co-operates with the stork, that is news.

A few months ago Sue, of KWTO's very popular Odie and Sue Thompson team, announced that a young Thompson was expected and that, all things considered, she was just going to be much too busy to continue her air work. Disaster! The KWTO officials hated to think of breaking up the team, which is not only one of the station's biggest attractions, with a fan list in four states, but is responsible for three programs every day—at 7:15 and 8:00 A. M. and at 4:45 P. M.

Then somebody had an idea that wasn't more than a hair's breadth short of genius. Why not set up the microphone in Sue's living room,

where she could conveniently take time out from her household duties three times a day?

And that's what was done—an arrangement which enabled "The Boss," (young Thompson's unofficial name) to arrive in this world with the minimum of fuss. Sue's listeners didn't miss her voice on the air until almost the very last minute before her attention was otherwise engaged.

Odie and Sue were married three years ago. Odie, who is a real cowboy, "just sort of drifted" into radio work. Singing on WNAX at Yankton, S. D., he persuaded the girl at the studio piano to be his partner not only vocally but in every other way. And now that the excitement of The Boss' arrival has subsided, Sue is back in the studio at her husband's side.

* * *

KANSAS CITY—Five years on the air and still going strong—that's the record of WHB's Kansas City Kiddies' Revue, which has played to a total visual audience of more than 25,000 people and to a radio audience of—well, there's no telling how many.

Every child from five to fourteen years old in the Kansas City district is invited to attend the weekly auditions for this popular program. Director Charles Lee Adams hears them sing, dance, or play musical instruments, and selects a group each Wednesday for the following Saturday's show. Except for the orchestra members, who stay on the program permanently until they pass the age limit of fourteen, the cast of the Revue changes every week.

It's not an amateur show, by any means. You've got to be good to be on it. And the young entertainers are good. Parents and music teachers report that since the Revue started they never have any trouble getting their charges to practice those scales or tap routines.

Modern, popular music is used almost exclusively on the program, because, oddly enough, it's the kind the parents prefer. Between broadcasts, Director Adams takes troupes of the youngsters to play week-end engagements on the stages of auditoriums and theaters in points not farther than 125 miles from Kansas City. Several of the children have built up sizeable bank accounts from their share of the profits of these road tours. The radio show itself is sponsored by a local music store, which agrees that a children's program is just about ideal for selling music.

Adams, though he's a native of Kansas, is an experienced theatrical producer, having directed stage shows in New York for several years.

* * *

When Kate Smith went on the air for her present sponsors, last fall, she actually got up early in the morning, baked a cake, and gave it away to a lucky member of the studio audience at the first broadcast. The gag was such a success they wanted Kate to do it every week—but as baking a cake on a broadcast day means getting up about six o'clock, Kate declined, with thanks. Somebody else bakes the cakes now—Kate just brings them on the stage and gives them away to the lucky seat-holders.



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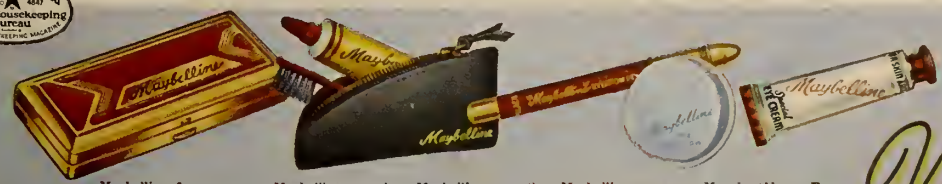
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