

THE REASON NELSON EDDY FEARS MARRIAGE

# Radio MIRROR

DECEMBER

**10¢**  
A MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION



HELEN HAYES — See page 34

NBC TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE  
RADIO'S CRUEL PART IN SPAIN'S CIVIL WAR  
Why Warden Lawes Raised His Daughter In Prison

**ANNOUNCING**

*Sylvia*

**OF HOLLYWOOD'S**

**NEW BOOK**



**"PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER BABY!"**

**MADAME SYLVIA**, author of the best seller, "No More Alibis!" has just written another stimulating and inspiring book. This book, "Pull Yourself Together, Baby!" is destined to become the most talked about book of the year.

**READ THIS INTRODUCTION.** *Darlings:* This book is about personality. That magic touch which makes an ugly person charming—a pretty woman fascinating—a beautiful girl simply irresistible.

Personality is a combination of brains, character, charm, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet, it keeps husbands in love with you. You can develop it. You were born with brains, use them. Exert the character. Work for what you want. You must have will power, courage and determination. In this book I am going to show you how to go about it, give you hints and help you get around the biggest obstacles that are now in your way. Read it all. Let it sink in. Then read it again. Take whatever you need into your own life.

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

Don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are, if you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your social pulling power. Don't shrivel up into a knot of self-consciousness when you meet new people. I'm going to tell you some things which will give you poise and assurance. *Mme. Sylvia.*

**ONLY 1.00.** The price of this book is only 1.00. Get your copy at once and be among the first to read this amazing book. At all book dealers or send \$1.00 to address below.

*If you haven't read "No More Alibis!" by Madame Sylvia, write, wire or phone for a copy of this national best-seller. In this book you will find all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce your weight—or gain it. How to mold your body into beautiful proportions—how to acquire a firm, lovely face—how to keep your skin clear and attractive. The price of this book is but \$1.00. Send for your copy NOW.*

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**TAKE A CHANCE!**

**ONE DOLLAR**

**AT ALL BOOKSELLERS OR DIRECT FROM PUBLISHERS**

**Macfadden Book Company, Inc.**  
Dept. RM-12 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"Ridiculous"



SAYS  
MODERN  
MATRON

A MODERN MATRON  
AND A DENTIST  
BATTLE OVER A CARROT

"Intelligent"

SAYS  
YOUR  
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

"RIDICULOUS," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" *That's the social side of the State.* But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about

tender, rundown gums—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

**"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious**

When you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well

as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and switch today!



IPANA plus massage  
is the dentist's ablest  
assistant in the home care  
of your teeth and gums.

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On Sale November 25



Uncle Ezra, beloved guiding spirit of the National Barn Dance, isn't all he seems. He's really leading a double life—and next month Pat Barrett, who created this famous character and is the man who plays him on the air, will give you the whole heart-warming story.

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—PORTRAIT OF HELEN HAYES

BY TCHETCHET

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# REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

● BY LENOX RILEY LOHR, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO.—GUEST EDITOR

TEN years ago this month the National Broadcasting Company was born. Its inaugural program was carried to the comparatively few radio-equipped homes over a network of nineteen stations. Today, our two networks serve three-fourths of the nation's homes through the facilities of one hundred stations.

I see two major objectives for the company in the years ahead. The first is the continual improvement of programs. In the final analysis, our real product is that which comes out of the loudspeaker. Our future success will be measured by the ability to give to the American public the programs that it wants. There will continue to be a search for better program ideas and better talent.

The second objective is the improvement of our technical facilities. Higher fidelity of reception and greater coverage are necessary components of listener enjoyment and a more universal use of radio. Engineering advances to provide increased circulation are undoubtedly before us, with the possibilities of television not far behind. Still other developments of our parent company, the Radio Corporation of America, are being tested in the laboratory.

Radio is a young art, with its future largely before it. The National Broadcasting Company faces its second decade with confidence and it is with assurance of still greater enjoyment and benefit that the readers of RADIO MIRROR and all other radio listeners may look forward to another ten years of broadcasting. For, whatever the future may hold in store, maintaining its integrity with its listeners must always be radio's first and greatest concern.

Two of radio's most important men return from Europe: Merlin H. Aylesworth, now RKO's chairman, and Deems Taylor, CBS' new musical adviser.

*Wide World*



# THE NEWS IN PICTURES

*Hyman Fink*



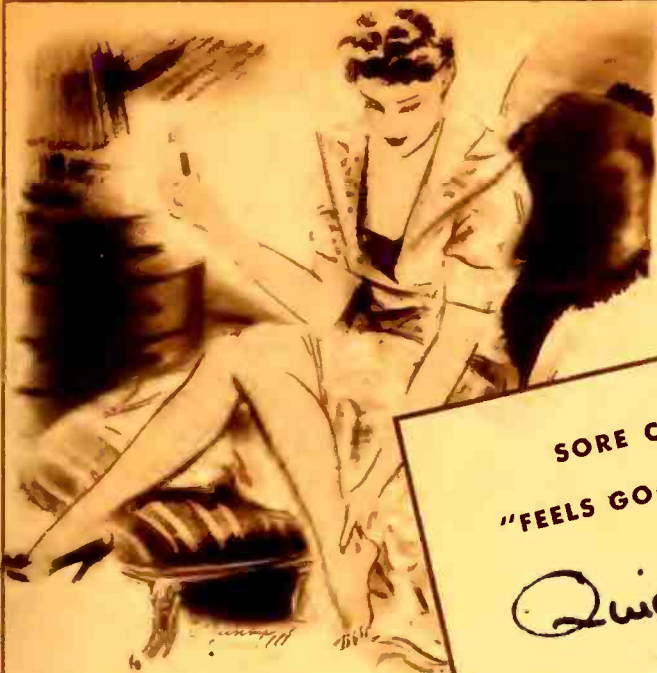
Nino Martini is back on Chesterfield once more, every Wednesday evening, on CBS.



*Wide World*

Left, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell grin as they tell the world that they are happily married. Below, Fran-  
cia White, after guest-starring on opening broadcasts of Fred Astaire's show, becomes Nelson Eddy's co-star.





**LEGS CHAP TOO**—Smooth away roughness with quicker-acting Hinds. Its special *creamy* lubricants soak chapped skin soft again. To prevent further chapping, apply Hinds before putting on stockings. It softens and soothes those hard, dry "skin cracks" that sting and burn.

WASHING WINDOWS chaps hands so, they positively hurt. But Hinds quicker-acting softeners soon soak your roughened skin with comfort. Its creamy texture shows that Hinds works better. . . . It isn't watery!



SORE CHAPPED SKIN  
 "FEELS GOOD" SOONER WITH  
*Quicker-Acting*  
 Lotion



(left) MEN LOVE to look at—and hold—hands kept smooth and white with Hinds. Skin looks different—so much softer! That's because Hinds goes *into* roughness—doesn't just float on top. Every creamy drop does its part in soothing water-puffed hands—in relieving chapping.



RED SANDPAPER HANDS...how they sting and burn, feel calloused on the palms, rough on the backs.... That's what hard work outdoors does to tender skin! Put softness back again with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Quicker-acting—not watery—every rich, creamy drop does good. Hands recover a soft feminine look right away with Hinds. It really works!



**FREE** *The first One-Piece* DISPENSER IN THE STORES NOW!

The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser! Free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle! Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Every drop works better! Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream all during the day. It puts back the softness that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

NEW RADIO TREAT—"Between the Bookends" brought to you by Hinds at 12:15 pm E. S. T. over WABC-CBS

Copyright, 1936, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

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

# WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW



By JAY  
PETERS

THE end of the guest-star idea is foreseen by the wisecracks of Radio Row. Like most things in radio, such as the amateurs and the community sings, the novelty is being killed by too much repetition. At the moment no less than fourteen outstanding programs are specializing in guest stars and listeners are wearying of them. The same guest stars appear on the different bills, going from one to another, and there has developed a group of professional guests. "What are you doing now?" one radio artist asks another. "Oh, just guesting," is the nonchalant reply and that tells the story. The original purpose of the guests—to produce a personality new to listeners and thus add novelty to the program—has become lost in the shuffle. A notable exception is the Fleischmann Variety Hour, the promoters of which rarely present an established radio personality but seek talent new to dialists. Kate Smith's new Bandwagon program is operating upon the same lines.

THE wish may be father of the thought but the rumor persists on Radio Row that Merlin H. Aylesworth will soon return as President of the National Broadcasting Company. The incumbent, Major Lenox Lohr, the electrical engineer who made such a success of the Chicago Century of Progress, "they say," will be given an important position in NBC's parent organization, the Radio Corporation of America. Major Lohr assumed command of NBC about a year ago, immediately inaugurating a policy of retrenchment. His reputed purpose was to cut down operating expenses a \$1,000,000 a year.

Ralph Dumke and Ed East return as the Quality Twins on a CBS sponsored show.

WHILE the claims of the motion picture exhibitors that the air appearances of film stars are reducing box-office receipts throughout the country receives the serious attention of the Hays organization, sponsors go serenely on their way signing up for broadcasts all the flicker talent deemed desirable. However, the threat of some of the

theater owners to boycott the films of stars regularly appearing on the kilocycles is having its effect. For instance, when this was written Dick Powell was in a huddle with his advisers to determine the advisability of his withdrawing from the Hollywood Hotel program. Bing Crosby, in the same boat with Powell so far as regular weekly broadcasts are concerned, and certain other stars who share in the gross receipts of their pictures, are reported apprehensive over the attitude of the exhibitors and are considering this angle of the situation very seriously.

## PRESS-TIME FLASHES

Major Edward Bowes, highest paid radio personality, is reported investing some of his rapidly accumulating surplus coin in a Long Island realty development . . . A new song writing team flashes into being before the jaundiced eyes of Tin Pan Alley. It is composed of none other than Ginger Rogers and Richard Himber. The later's work as a composer is well known but the film-maiden as a lyric-writer is in a brand new role.

Norman (How DO You Do) Brokenshire is tired—he says—of his role as the playboy of the studios and is trying another comeback, this time on Hearst's New York station, WINS. . . . One of the big motor companies using guest stars on its programs starts paying off such talent with gasoline go-carts instead of gold. The arrangement is satisfactory to the artists but some are apprehensive lest the idea spread

Morton Downey and his family have returned after a summer spent abroad.

Wide World





**VACATIONS ENDED,  
THE STARS RETURN  
FILLED WITH PLANS  
FOR A BUSY SEASON**

to other sponsors. Who, for instance, wants to be paid off in soap?

Kate Smith, finding the cost of living mounting, increases her personal allowance from \$70 weekly to \$100. Kate is by no means parsimonious, nor is she a spendthrift; which explains why she has amassed \$1,000,000 in five years . . . Paul Whiteman is signally honored by being named the only guest conductor this season with the Philadelphia Orchestra. He will lead in two concerts of modern music November 27 and 28.

The Voice of Experience buys the country home formerly owned by the Myers of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company for the sum of \$35,000 . . . Mr. Myers spent \$250,000 rock-gardening and landscaping the estate, so you can imagine how elaborate it is—and what a bargain the Voice got.

Doris Wester, one of the few amateurs ever to get any place in radio,

Phil Baker was another radio star to cross the Atlantic this summer. Here he is with his wife and baby Margot.

*Wide World*



**"My skin was never lovelier  
Thanks to Camay"**



SAYS THIS CHARMING ALABAMA BRIDE



BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

*I know the perfect skin care that Camay gives me. My skin was never lovelier— thanks to Camay.*

Sincerely,  
(Signed) Hilda Wade  
(Mrs. Frank E. Wade)

August 5, 1936

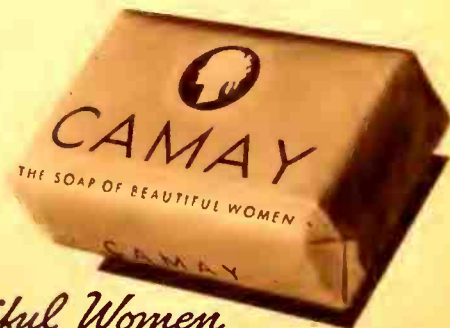
**H**ILDA WADE is even lovelier than her picture. This gracious bride has a perfect complexion—smooth, clear, fresh. "A tribute to Camay's excellent care," she says.

Your skin, too, should have Camay's perfect care. For Camay has a mild, gentle way of bringing out the true loveliness of your complexion. Camay's creamy, rich lather soothes the skin. Camay's tiny bubbles work energetically—cleansing

right down to every pore. In no time at all, your skin will have a loveliness all the world can admire.

The magic of Camay? Its mildness. Camay is *definitely, provably milder* than other leading beauty soaps. Try Camay today. Order half a dozen cakes. Its price is very low.

*Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.*



**CAMAY**

*The Soap of Beautiful Women*

# MORE NEWS...



Wide World



Ethel Barrymore, top of page with Ben Bernie, is to star for NBC. Lum and Abner, above, as they signed a new contract. Left, Allie Lowe Miles, whose Husbands and Wives show changed time and sponsors recently

changes her name to Doris Walton upon reporting for work on the Warner lot in Hollywood. Doris, launched by Major Bowes, made her professional debut at Jack Rockefeller's swanky resort, the Rainbow Room, skyhigh in Radio City.

\* \* \*

It won't be long now before the coast-to-coast network of the Mutual Broadcasting System becomes a fact, the country-wide expansion going into effect not later than December 29. Recently annexed were two midwestern regional networks, the Central States Broadcasting System and the Iowa Broadcasting System. These companies will provide links in the chain in Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Omaha and Lincoln. On the West Coast the Mutual's ally is the Don Lee network.

WOR, Mutual's New York outlet, is busy signing talent for the new coast-to-coast programs. Benay Venuta is among the artists engaged. She will be the star and mistress of ceremonies of a Sunday matinee period. Welcome Lewis, Joey Nash, Danny Lee and the Mullin Sisters are other entertainers secured, and The Grummits, serial of family life, one of the many features already arranged.

\* \* \*

The hundred odd stations serviced by the National Broadcasting Company are linked together by 21,635 miles of special telephone wires. The Columbia Broadcasting System uses almost as many more miles of cables for the transmission of its programs throughout the country. Problem: if the national networks between them require over 40,000 miles of wires to project their broadcasts, how can radio be properly referred to as "wireless?"

Advertising agencies specializing in radio programs are still trying to figure out why four big stage and screen stars failed to make the grade on the air last season. The four so listed are Mary Pickford, Fannie Brice, Jimmy Durante and Frank Fay. In the cases of the first three, bad vehicles are generally assigned as the reason; in the case of Frank Fay, the failure is ascribed to too much Fay. The Elf of the Ether was a hit in his few minutes on Fleischmann Varieties but flopped when expanded into a one-man half-hour show.

\* \* \*

## IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

It won't be long now before the leap year of 1936 will be just a memory. And unless Cupid cuts some fancy capers pretty quick it will end with radio's most desirable bachelors still bachelors, there being practically no casualties in the list during the year. The gals, it would seem, have been sadly neglecting their opportunities or perhaps the sex-resistance of the eligibles has been strangely strengthened.

Whatever the reason such admirable prospects as Frank Parker, Nelson Eddy, Bob Crosby, Robert Simmons, Nino Martini, Robert L. Ripley, Dave Rubinoff, Andre Kostelanetz, Harry (Parkyakarkus) Einstein, Richard Humber and Abe Lyman are still unyoked. Heaven knows the gossips have connected each of these celibates with maids more or less on the matrimonial make but that doesn't alter the fact they were still spouseless when this was written.

(Personal note to reader: Of course, if Andre Kostelanetz makes the plunge with Lily Pons before this reaches you or Nino Martini does ditto with Elissa Landi or there are any other defections just skip their names and remember your Cholly Knickerbocker isn't infallible in affairs of the heart.—J. P.)

The revelations of Mary Astor's diary had many repercussions in radio. Some sponsors anxiously sought information as to whether songbirds on their programs kept records of their daily thoughts and doings. And one large advertising agency, employing considerable talent in renewing contracts, inserted what is laughingly described as a "morality clause." It is designed to cancel instantaneously all obligation on the part of the employer if the artist becomes

involved in any public scandal.

Add to births: A boy to the Ford Bonds, christened Reynolds Ford Bond. They also have a daughter, Alice Marylyn Bond . . . To Vet Boswell, in private life Mrs. John Paul Jones, wife of a South American oil man, a daughter . . . Add to marriages: Vivian Fridell, star of Backstage Wife, to Gerrit James de Gelleke, Jr., of Milwaukee . . . Add to Reno divorces: Queena Mario, opera star, from Wilfred Pelletier, the maestro.

The Benny Goodmans are reported adrift . . . Johnny Green and Ginger Rogers are romancing . . . Ditto Sheila Brent and Frank Cody, NBC sports announcer . . . Dorothy Russell, not the daughter of the famous Lillian but Horace Heidt's vocalist, is altar-bound . . . Ella Logan's "niece," a 4-year old miss who sang on Paul Whiteman's children's program under the name Annabelle Short, is really her daughter.

\* \* \*

**S**ONGBIRD Virginia Rea and her musician-husband, Edgar Sittig, built a handsome home for themselves in the wilds of the Pocono Mountains. The house is of stone, found on their own premises. But for the bath room, completed at a cost of \$5000, they imported black marble and installed gold-plated plumbing fixtures, making it the smallest room in the building, and the most expensive. And Mr. Sittig when he married the gorgeous Virginia said "I do" to the preacher man in a ready-made suit which cost him \$19!

\* \* \*

#### THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

While NBC celebrates its tenth birthday, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the Happiness Boys, back in the picture again as songleaders on the Gillette Community Sing program, are observing their fifteenth anniversary as broadcasters. They were the first team to go on the air and the first radio artists to be paid for their work. Of course it wasn't much (in those days the boys collected \$50 a week) but it was something and a grand distinction.

Lowell Thomas's life is a continuous round of luncheons and banquets—and gosh, how he dreads 'em! It is all because Sonoco's News Voice of the Air is such a splendid after-dinner speaker and his sponsor requires his presence at such affairs for their advertising and good-will values. A lover of the wide, open spaces, Mr. Thomas loathes cities and crowds. But forced by circumstances to remain in congested centers, he seeks solace in his library stocked with over five thousand volumes of adventure stories and gets a lot of satisfaction writing books about personalities who do things in the world—but not in the cities.

It is hard to believe now, but twenty years ago in (Continued on page 79)

# Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



**Y**OUR doctor is a guardian of health. He knows that many things that seem unimportant to you may be vital to your well-being.

For instance, doctors expect a laxative to measure up to certain definite standards before giving it their approval. If your doctor would write down his requirements for a laxative, these are the points he would consider important:

#### WHAT DOCTORS LOOK FOR IN A LAXATIVE

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

#### EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

Ex-Lax meets the doctor's demands. Meets them so completely that many doctors use Ex-Lax for themselves and for their own families.

For over 30 years mothers have been giving Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today, Ex-Lax numbers its users in the millions. They have made

When Nature forgets—remember

# EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

it the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

#### ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCING YOU

Try Ex-Lax. Prove to yourself how fine a laxative it is. Ex-Lax is *not* disturbing or upsetting. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax is thoroughly effective. Ex-Lax is particularly kind to the delicate systems of children. They need this type of laxative as much as you do—or even more.

#### THE TASTE IS DELIGHTFUL

Try Ex-Lax for a pleasant change from nasty, bitter medicines. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children like it, of course, and take it without resistance. . . . All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

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

-----TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!-----  
 (Paste this on a penny postcard)  
 Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-126  
 Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.  
 Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City.....Age.....  
 (If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

# COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

TUNE IN YOUR LOCAL STARS

MORNING, NOON, OR NIGHT—

BUT READ ABOUT THEM HERE



**H**OLLYWOOD: Credit broadcasting with another humane act. Recently the son of Mrs. Mary Dole, of the Hawaiian importing family, was stricken seriously ill in his San Francisco home. Somewhere in the far north off the coast of Alaska, his mother was cruising, unaware of her son's condition. Wireless messages were unanswered. In desperation, the Coast Guard appealed to KNX, whose broadcasts are regularly heard in the upper reaches of this continent. The bulletin was received, the vessel swung about, and it was a very grateful mother who thanked KNX some days later.

\* \* \*

**San Francisco:** These One Man's Family actors and actresses are certainly good American homebodies in real life as well as on the air. When Kathleen Wilson (Claudia) returned to the cast, she learned that her serial husband, Nicky, had gotten married while she was away. The bride is Helen Clifford, a trained nurse, and as a wedding gift from the cast, received an Italian lace tablecloth. Of course Kathleen was not jealous of her radio spouse's new partnership. She herself is a wife and mother. You recall that last month's Coast-to-Coast column told you of the birth of her new son.

\* \* \*

**Chicago:** Here's another wedding. Jim Ameche, leading man of the Affiliated Broadcasting Company's Little Theat-Aire dramas, is marrying Betty Harris, a Chicagoan, in Rochester, N. Y. The wedding is being held in the church in which the bride's mother and grandmother took their vows. Jim, you

may know, is the younger brother of Don Ameche, handsome gallant of the airwaves who for so long has played leading parts in the First Nighter series.

**Chicago:** Owen Newell, ABC assistant program director, decided that he got about a good bit in the course of a day's work of dashing from studio to studio. The other day he appeared at broadcasting headquarters with a pedometer. Clocked a total of eight and three-quarter miles by the end of the day. Wonder what he'd think if he read the recent newspaper report that housewives are estimated to walk each year a distance equal to that between Boston and San Francisco—over 3,000 miles.

\* \* \*

**Cincinnati:** If you are a WLW follower, and it's pretty hard not to be one in a good part of this country, you are probably listening to the lilting rhythms of Babs and her Brothers. And doubtless you are wondering if it is the same trio which made such a hit as a part of the Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians troupe. Well it isn't—not entirely. The two boys, Charles and Little Ryan, are the same boys. They are real brothers. There never was a sister Babs. She was married to Charlie while

This is Mary Alkus, known to listeners as Helen Webster—a California star.

the team was with Waring. Then the couple had that disagreement about which you may have read in *RADIO MIRROR*, and they parted, leaving the two Ryans without a girl singer. But the original Babs, now living in New York in temporary retirement, graciously gave permission for them to select another girl. So now the Babs you hear is Lillian Perron, known to intimates as "Buddy."

**Chicago:** One little-bitty business about "Knock, Knock" and a promise not to mention it again. A correspondent at the WBBM studios reports that the constant hammering going on during the studio reconstruction has jarred these knock-knocks out of artists and announcers:

John Harrington—*Patsy* dog and you get ze bite.

Eddie House—*Ida* rather take you out than my wife.

Elizabeth Reller—*Lucille-s* keep the shoemakers busy.

Billy Mills—*Frances* teeming with gigolos.

Pat Flanagan—*Agnes* I need a drink.

Franklyn MacCormack — *Antipathy* waiter please, I'm broke.

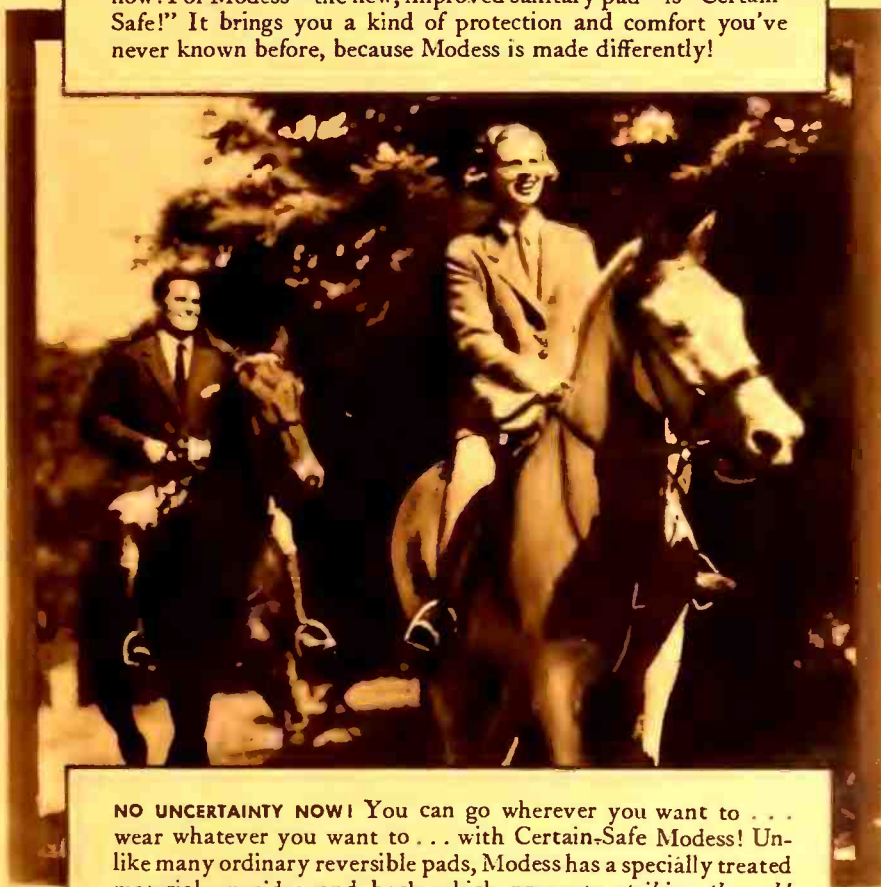
Or maybe you've heard them. We're sorry for you either way.

**Hollywood:** KNX listeners have heard Lal Chand Mehra for several years, but never as an announcer. In M-G-M's new picture, "Libeled Lady," however, he is heard announcing over a Singapore station—both in English and in Hindustani. (Continued on page 82)

Through the keyhole with the Old Eavesdropper, Clinton Twiss, who does announcing for the *Woman's Magazine of the Air on the Coast*.



**SO AFRAID!... BUT WHY?** Those doubts and fears that have spoiled many happy moments for women in the past can be avoided now! For Modess—the new, improved sanitary pad—is "Certain-Safe!" It brings you a kind of protection and comfort you've never known before, because Modess is made differently!



**NO UNCERTAINTY NOW!** You can go wherever you want to . . . wear whatever you want to . . . with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back which prevents *striking through!* Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection is yours.



End "accident panic"—ask for *Certain-Safe*

**Modess!**

*The Improved Sanitary Pad*

● Try *N-O-V-O*—the safe, easy-to-use, *douche powder*. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty *Blue and Silver Box*—at your drug or department store.

# GIVE BEAUTY FOR CHRISTMAS



By JOYCE ANDERSON

**B**EAUTY which your hands can hold, beauty which you can share with the world—what greater Christmas present can there be than this? There's a great tradition behind it, too, for we read of the first Christmas celebration of all: "*When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh.*" The most precious of material things then, as now, were fine metals, elusive fragrances, and soothing balms.

The spirit of Christmas itself is something very noble and tender, a feeling so strong that it must find an outlet in the exchange of lovely remembrances, no matter how small the amount we can afford to spend on them. Today, as at no other time in history, the finest in designs, the best of materials, the most exquisite workmanship are available to those of modest income as well as to the wealthy.

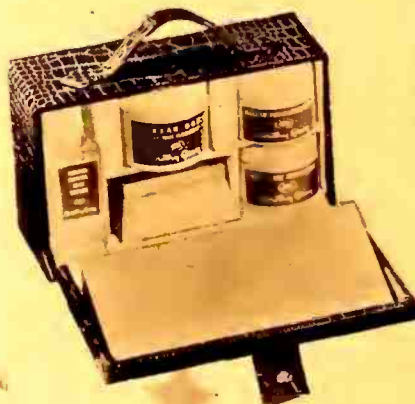
Gifts of precious or semi-precious jewelry are not within the reach of most of us (in many cases it wouldn't be in the best of taste, anyway, would it?). However, there are crystal bottles cut with flashing facets like a diamond, opaque flasks carved like cameos, compacts and fitted cases that can compete with the craftsmanship of the most famous jewelers. A few of these many lovely possibilities for gift-giving are shown on these pages. Not one of them costs

more than ten dollars, and some of them not half that.

I'll wager that if the feminine sex were put to a vote on the question, we would find perfumes, compacts, matched sets, fitted cases and evening accessories at the very top of their Christmas preferences. And don't tell me that men don't appreciate shaving ensembles, fine lotions and soaps (in mannish designs and wholesome scents, of course).

At the top of the page, left, is one of the newest perfumes and most attractive packages to greet the holiday season. It's a new and very subtle Oriental scent; the carved bottle of generous size perches on a teakwood stand and boasts a lacquer cover like the lovely cinnabar boxes from the Far East.

Next to the perfume is a fitted evening case, unbelievably trim and small to contain a full-sized "pin dot" compact (single or double, as you choose) and lipstick, in five of the most entrancing enamel finishes you ever saw. I think





you'll be particularly fascinated by the nasturtium shade, which blends so well with the Persian brocade of the case itself. There's a satin pocket the full size of the case behind the fittings, with plenty of room for handkerchief, key and small change, and the side flaps and mirror cover fasten securely over it all. The case is also available in white and gold brocade, black and silver brocade, or all gold kid, and the price is very reasonable, though the products themselves are of international repute.

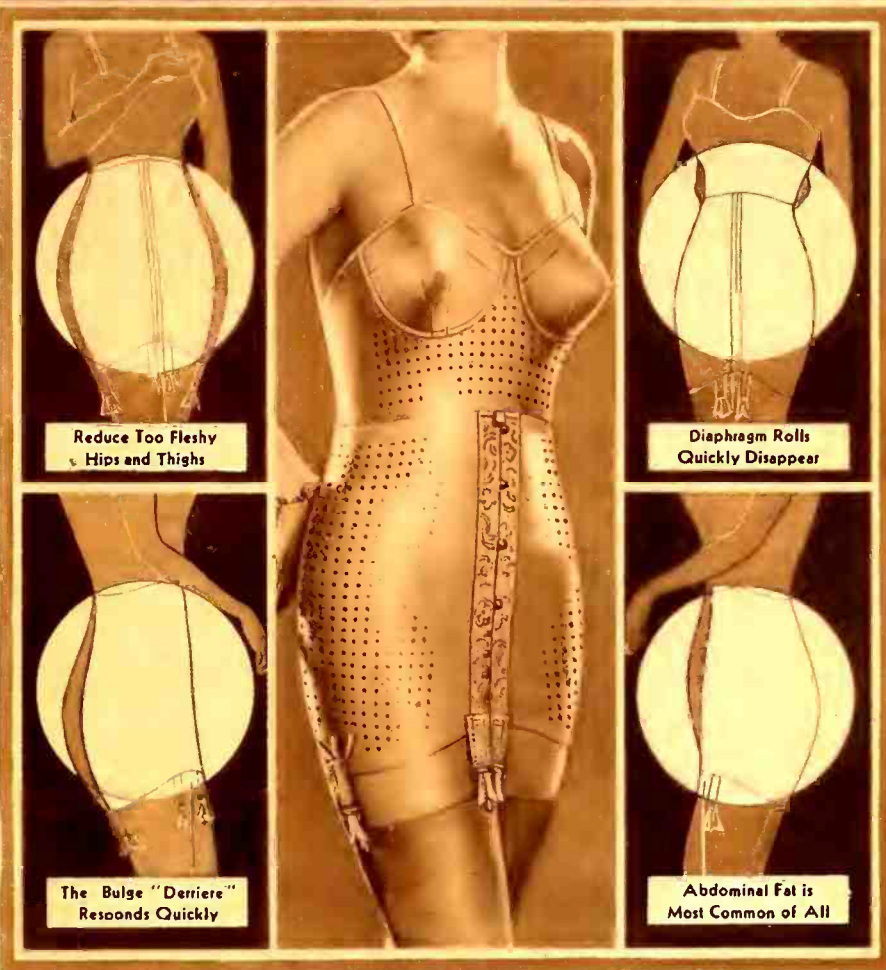
The third picture under our title shows another type of fitted evening bag which the French makers call a "bourslette." This is an envelope design, satin-lined, in gold and white or silver and black brocade, with a brilliant clasp. The fittings include a streamline double compact, streamline lipstick (one of the most amusing and practical of all lipstick cases), flacon of perfume, comb and mirror; they may be had in various color harmonies of black, red, copper and platinum finishes. Compacts and lipsticks from these two evening cases can also be purchased separately to make a nice present.

At the (Continued on page 89)



# QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!



Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs

Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear

The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly

Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If YOU Do Not **REDUCE** Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE . . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the sure, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in 10 days, we know that we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

**YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!**

Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

**NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!**

No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

**MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION DOES IT!**

Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

**SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!**

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense . . . Mail the coupon NOW!



**PERFOLASTIC, Inc.**

Dept 2812, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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

**10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

# Another Dizzy Spell!



● I had one of those dizzy spells that made me feel sick all over. Felt bilious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I didn't think it could be as good as my friends all said it was but I decided to try it. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn't *think* of using any other laxative.



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

● When you feel "all clogged up" chew a dainty tablet of FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes—or longer if you wish. It's this 3 minutes of chewing, medical science has proved, that helps make FEEN-A-MINT different, so thoroughly dependable, such a blessing to constipation sufferers. You'll like the cool mint flavor of FEEN-A-MINT. It's convenient and so economical too!



● Next day—happy, full of vim and pep! Bowels regular. FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed relief. It's so gentle. There's no griping, nausea, nor disturbance of sleep. Non-habit-forming. Don't tolerate constipation another day. Use FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing gum laxative. More than 16 million people do.

Family-sized boxes only  
15c & 25c



Slightly higher in Canada

# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

**T**HEY'RE gradually returning to the fold, one by one—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Eddie Cantor with talented Bobby Breen and Parkyakarkus; Fred Allen and Portland; then there's Helen Hayes in the serial *Bambi* which is fictionized for RADIO MIRROR readers in this issue; and brilliant guest stars on other big shows. Tell the world what you think of the new fall shows—whether vacations have improved the stars' talents, or lessened them. Get to work and give RADIO MIRROR your opinions. The prizes are as always, \$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best and \$1.00 each for the next five selected. Address your criticism to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, not later than November 25.

## \$20.00 PRIZE

### SUNDAY MORNING'S IDEAL PROGRAM

I am grateful to RADIO MIRROR for the recent article on NBC's *White Rabbit Line* program. I look upon it as one of the very few ideal programs.

You know, there is something strikingly appropriate about the happy sound of children's voices in the morning of the Lord's Day. Perhaps it is because He loved them so. Many a Sunday morning have I sat by the radio listening to the youthful talent and thinking how perfectly it harmonized with the usual Sabbath scene—the ringing of the church bells, the people passing by on their way to worship—and the glorious sunshine. And how incomplete the picture would be without them! The children may consider themselves fortunate, who are privileged to come within the radiation of Mr. Cross' wholesome philosophy of life. I have often expressed the wish that there were more public school teachers of his mold.

BERNARD A. ROTH,  
Athol, Mass.



Elizabeth Reller plays Betty in the *Gold Medal Hour's* serial, *Betty and Bob*, on CBS every week-day at 10:00.

## \$10.00 PRIZE

### A TRIBUTE TO EDISON

I want to thank Edison for inventing the radio that brought Ted Malone to the ears of man.

Pretty dramatic, you say? But then it is dramatic when a person's life is unaccountably changed through just the hearing of his oddly beautiful voice. He is a man among men, and I shan't believe you if you say that in real life he is a hypocrite and a "no-good," for that voice was given to him by Someone who cared inevitably for the fate of mankind and who believed in the sweetness of daily living and human emotions.

Dreams and music and the philosophies of Ted Malone. Of such things is the beauty of my life composed.

JEANNE McELROY,  
Waxahachie, Texas.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

### WHY THE EXCESSIVE POLITENESS?

An irritating custom is the excessive



politeness exhibited between associates on radio programs. Two or more broadcasters, covering some sporting event or public spectacle and frequently exchanging use of the microphone, thank each other constantly. The same thing occurs when two or three persons are cooperating on a studio program. "Thank you's" are sprinkled all through the supposed entertainment.

Workers in other trades and professions are not so silly. The rivet catcher does not thank his fellow ironworker each time the latter tosses him a rivet on a high building. The plumber does not thank his assistant each time the latter hands him a tool. Routine in one's work does not call for such "putting on of the dog."

The whole procedure, as handled on the radio, is a time-waster, a disturber and an affectation. Courtesy and politeness are desirable, but they should not be foppishly displayed.

FRED B. MANN,  
Danville, Illinois.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

**A GRATEFUL MOTHER**

Our dictionary is no longer shelved since our twelve-year-old son has made radio his hobby. If an announcer uses a pronunciation different from the one he has been accustomed to, or uses himself, he immediately turns to the dic-

tionary for the proper solution. He has formed a habit that will live with him through the years, and he is able to converse with the best of them.

Radio has also helped him with his piano and voice lessons. He spends a great deal of time every day playing radio station; has his own theme song, announces, and sings. He has made all the boys around here radio-minded and they put on some very interesting "broadcasts."

He is always well informed on the events of the day. Listens to The March of Time and other programs of merit. It has been an all around teacher for him the past year and I consider the investment of buying him a radio of his own well repaid.

DOROTHY F. BARTLETT,  
St. Louis, Mo.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

**REGISTERING A COMPLAINT**

Ever since Clara Lu 'n' Em left their morning broadcasts a year ago there has been a deep loss of enjoyment to thousands of housewives.

While we could tune in on Clara, Lu 'n' Em every morning after the children had left for school and before the routine got under way, we usually had a chuckle for company while performing our daily tasks. Their program then had an ideal setting and appeal.

Their subsequent afternoon program came just when the children were returning from school and other interruptions were likely to occur, so that a daily listening in was impossible.

Now their weekly broadcasts are at night. Something is lacking. There is no sustained continuity—only a broken thread of clever chatter.

The old Clara, Lu 'n' Em were essentially a woman's program, and until they again became a woman's program, their old appeal is lost.

OLIVE A. CLINTON,  
West Allis, Wisc.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

**WHEN MUSIC SPEAKS!**

No longer do country dwellers regret that they can not go to the free open-air concerts. Radio has brought their music to them, to be enjoyed in the open air under their own vine and fig tree. As has been said, "Music is a universal language," and it does draw us into closer relation with one another. Again some one said that "Music is love seeking a word." And is that not true of good music? The very spirit of love seems brooding over us, resenting our jealous, suspicious dislike of our neighbors. For the moment we forget to harbor such thoughts, and become as we were intended to be, a great Christian (Continued on page 69)

# "My pet hate—powder that shows up chalky in strong light"



**WE** asked 1,067 girls—One of their pet hates in a powder, they voted, is *showing too much!*

And Pond's Powder led all others in "not giving that powdered look." Twice the number of votes of the second favorite. Three times the vote of the third!

"*Glare-proof*" colors—The reason is in Pond's colors. "Glare-proof," they catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest light. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it fresh looking for hours.

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

**Pond's never looks powdery—It clings**

—voted the 2 most important points in a powder



**FREE** 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

(This offer expires Feb. 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. M-132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Facing the Music

By  
**KEN ALDEN**

**ENROLL HERE FOR A LESSON  
IN ALL THE LATEST DOINGS  
OF DANCELAND'S MAESTROS**

Henry Busse, with his trumpet (below) is the star of a program sponsored by the J. W. Marrow Co., Wednesday afternoons at 4 on NBC.



Patricia Gilmore (above) is soloist for Eric Madriguera; left, Vincent Lopez, bandleader for Floyd Gibbons, trades places with his stenographer.

vania Hotel, that band citadel where Vincent Lopez first came to fame. Few thought a season or two ago that he had what it takes to make a maestro, claiming he was too good a musician, too sincere and no showman. The dopesters told him he would have to change himself all over and put on an act to succeed. Noted for saying just what he thinks, he frequently rubs the boys in the band the wrong way. At such times his brother Harry, who plays in the band, follows up and smooths things over. Benny will continue on

**O**UR money this year is on Benny Goodman as having the season's Number One band. After subjugating Chicago last year with the abandon and spontaneity of his swing music, Benny moved into New York this fall with headquarters at the Pennsyl-

the Camel hour, alternating with Nat Shilkret and providing swing and sweet music side by side, Benny's band being picked up at New York and Nat's at Hollywood.

\* \* \*

A swell new orchestral combination this season is Red Norvo's band. Red is the husband of Mildred Bailey, one of the few feminine authorities on swing music. Red's band features a soft, subtle brand of swing . . . Ozzie Nelson takes two and three malted milks and two chicken salad sandwiches before turning in every night. Harriet keeps razzing him that he will put on more weight but he says, "Not a chance. You don't realize how much energy I expend swinging a stick on the (Continued on page 85)

THEY STARRED AT SOCIETY FASHION SHOWS

# —these 3 new "Smoky" Nail Shades



AT Society's most exclusive Fashion Benefits this Fall, the new "Smoky" Cutex nail shades made a tremendous fashion hit.

The season's newest crop of debutante models doted on these subtler, softer nail shades. "They make ordinary one-tone polishes seem harsh by comparison," they said. "They're divinely flattering, as well as smart," and "go with many more costume colors." "Smoky" nail shades are definitely in!

**OLD ROSE** is utterly feminine — true soft rose, but in the new smart smoky key. Irresistible with evening pastels and just made for the new wine shades!

**ROBIN RED** is a new softer red that goes with anything and is wonderful with the new autumn browns and greens.

**CUTEX RUST** is a fascinating smoky pink, with a soft, brown undertone. It's equally flattering to still sun-tanned hands or the dark elegance of velvets and sable.

You're sure of brilliant lustre and long wear with *any* Cutex color. And the wonderful new formula positively refuses to fade — and never thickens — it's usable right down to the last drop!

Even if your income doesn't run to Paris frocks, these "Smoky" nail shades will make you glamorous! You can afford them all — a mere 35¢ a bottle, at your favorite shop.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Costumes by  
Germaine Monteil



Cutex Introductory Set containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢

★ **Mauve**

A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray, and all pale colors.

★ **Rust**

Pink with an undertone of brown — made-to-order to wear with autumn-leaf colors.

★ **Light Rust**

A paler Rust with a golden undertone. Very delicate and glamorous.

★ **Old Rose**

A pale, dusky rose. Intriguingly feminine. Especially lovely with pastels.

★ **Robin Red**

A new, softer red that everyone can wear. Goes with practically all costume colors!

Northam Warren Sales Co., Inc., Dept. 6B12  
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.  
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)  
I enclose 16¢ for the Cutex Introductory Set with 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve  Rust  Light Rust  Robin Red  Old Rose

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Mrs. Alexander Black, descendant of a California family prominent since the early Spanish settlements. This is her latest portrait, a study by Hurrell.

Mrs. Alexander Black  
of Los Angeles  
recalls with pleasure:

Lazy days at Del Monte...casual house parties at her husband's Shasta County ranch...the amusing new evening jackets...charity work...up-country hunting and fishing, dashing East on holidays...attending the film *premières*...gathering a gay crowd for a midnight snack from the chafing dish: perhaps sweetbreads in cream with chopped almonds...Melba Toast...cheese...coffee.

And always within reach...Camels. Camels are important in the success of this clever hostess. "For me and for most of my friends, Camels are a natural, necessary part of social life. Camels add a special zest to smoking," says Mrs. Black, "and they have a beneficial effect upon digestion. They give one a comforting 'lift' that is easy to enjoy but hard to describe."

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

- MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
- MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
- MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
- MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
- MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
- MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., Wilmington
- MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
- MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
- MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN, III, Baltimore
- MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
- MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
- MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York



The Trianon Room, Ambassador Hotel, New York, where you see Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York too! John Gayet, *maitre d'hôtel*, says: "The Ambassador's discriminating clientele prefer finer food and finer tobaccos. Camels are an outstanding favorite at our tables."

*Both a pleasure and an aid to digestion:*

**Smoking Camels!**

One of the happiest experiences of daily living is smoking Camels. Their grateful "lift" eases you out of a tired mood...their delicate flavor always intrigues the taste. Meals become more delightful with Camels between courses and after. They accent elusive flavors...and lend their subtle aid

to good digestion. For Camels stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, bringing about a favorable alkalizing effect.

Camel's costlier tobaccos do not get on your nerves or tire your taste. They set you right. Make it Camels from now on — for pleasure...and for digestion's sake!



**COSTLIER TOBACCOS:** CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

— for Digestion's sake... Smoke Camels

Wide World



# RADIO'S CRUEL PART *in* SPAIN'S CIVIL WAR

By JOHN EDWARDS

**A** SMALL, inner room—perhaps a closet—shut off from the rest of the house, airless. A loud-speaker, throttled down to a whisper, pouring its words into the straining ears of three or four men. The men, furtive, afraid to give all their attention to what the radio is bringing them lest they miss a warning knock from outside the door. . . .

Another scene. A crowded cafe, its patrons intent upon the voice which blares from another loudspeaker on a counter. "Our glorious armies are advancing upon their objective! Within another day they will take it. They will burn the city! They must be ruthless! They must drive out the menace with whips . . . hang . . . shoot . . . kill!"

That is radio in Spain under the revolution—a force unleashed by both sides in the struggle, a powerful weapon for both sides—and at the same time, a menace. Something to be used—something to be feared.

In the opinion of the Columbia Broadcasting Company's most experienced news commentator, a man who spent weeks on friendly terms with both factions in the Spanish

civil war, radio is daily adding fuel to fires of hatred in an unhappy country. It is being used to misrepresent facts, distort truth, inspire hysterical courage in the fighters and fear in non-combatants.

And by doing all this, it is doing its bit toward prolonging a fratricidal war which otherwise might lose momentum and be brought to an end. Every day, the blame for some of the lives lost in Spain may be laid to radio—or rather, to be quite fair, to the use being made of radio.

It is radio in a totally new role, one it is hard for us to conceive of as we listen to our amusing commercial broadcasts, our Kate Smiths and Bing Crosbys. The picture is not a pleasant one, but it is one we must see and study.

## THE FIRST MAN TO PUT AN ACTUAL BATTLE ON THE AIR RETURNS WITH

for some day some of its aspects may face us in this country.

A year ago, RADIO MIRROR published a series of articles under the title, "Will War Guns Silence Radio?" Those articles, although they were based upon interviews with military and government experts, were frankly speculative. They were intended to show what changes radio *might* bring to modern warfare, and what other changes war *might* bring to radio.

Questions raised by those articles can be answered now. Some of the results forecast in them *have happened*. Others have not. But for the first time, it is now possible to see the actual effects of radio upon the people of a country at war.

In Spain, under the bloodiest and fiercest civil war the world has seen in this century, radio is at work tearing a nation apart. In other parts of Europe—Germany and Russia particularly—that same radio is drawing nations together, unifying them, preparing them for war. It is equally effective—and dangerous—in either work.

I talked to H. V. Kaltenborn, Columbia's dean of news commentators, after he had returned from six weeks in Spain, and he told me many things which revealed radio's new importance in Europe's game of life and death. We were sitting, on the day of his return to the United States, in his quiet Brooklyn study, so peaceful, so remote from the scenes of horror and bloodshed I had heard him describe on the air from Spain, that it was hard to realize they had really occurred. Yet, between us, on the table, lay three bullets, scarred and disfigured. Two of them had buried themselves three feet deep in a haystack behind which Kaltenborn had taken shelter during the battle of Irun. The

other had struck a wall, a few feet above his head, and dropped to the ground beside him.

If you heard Kaltenborn's broadcasts during the battle of Irun, you know that he was the first man to put an actual war on the air. Microphone in hand, he was no more than a few hundred yards from the fighting between Spanish Rebels and Loyalists. Perhaps you listened to other trans-Atlantic broadcasts he made while he was in the war area. Yet there were things he didn't tell you on the air, things the significance of which was perhaps not fully apparent at the time.

One incident stands out as particularly important. In Pamplona, one of the northern Spanish towns, he passed a building which was surrounded by cordons of armed guards. It was about twice as heavily guarded as any other building in the city. It was the Pamplona radio station. Kaltenborn was accredited by both factions in the war; most official doors were open to him; Rebel and Loyalist commanders both trusted in his good faith as a reporter. But here was one place their trust stopped short. He was not allowed to enter or go near that radio station, or any radio station in Spain.

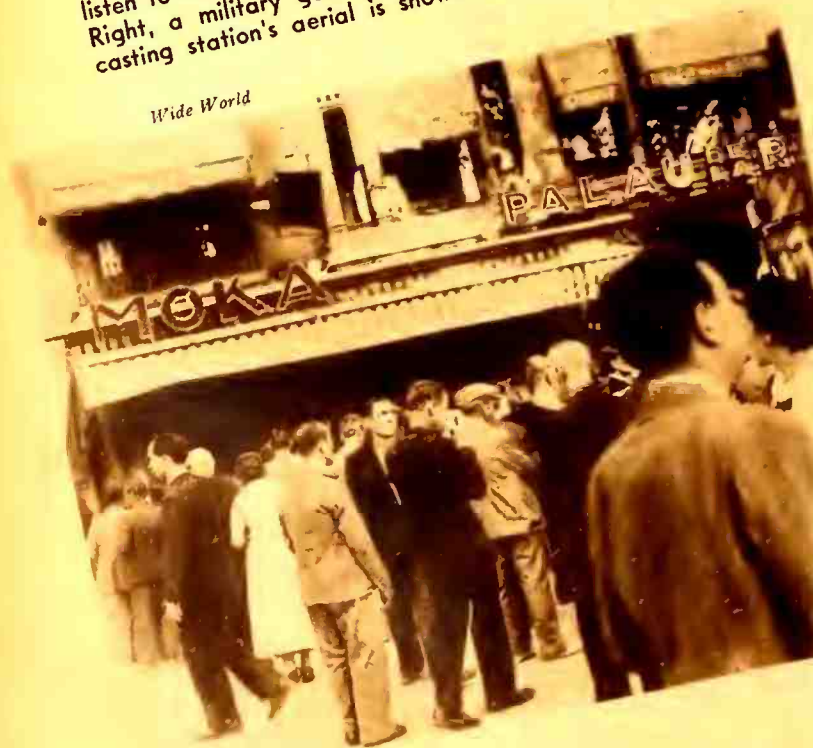
"The radio is worth too much to us," was the answer they always gave him. "And one bomb could destroy a station."

To understand why the continued operation of their broadcasting facilities means so much to both sides, you must remember that Spain today is a country torn internally by two opposing political and social ideals.

The war is between two classes, each of which believes in its own rightness with a belief that has passed beyond rea-

Below, the crowd gathers in front of a Madrid cafe to listen to news reports coming from a radio loudspeaker. Right, a military garrison held by Rebels. A broadcasting station's aerial is shown on top of the turret.

Wide World



## HIS EYE WITNESS REPORT OF HOW RADIO IS HELPING TO WASTE LIVES

son. Each class hates the other with a hatred born of past oppressions and injustices and fed by the emotional, hysterical nature of the Spanish people.

"The fighting men on both sides are careless of danger and death," Kaltenborn says. "It isn't courage that they show. All of them, Rebels and Loyalists, are whipped up into a white heat of fury at their 'enemies,' the opposing faction. There is simply no room in their minds, filled as they are with this hatred and bloodlust, for fear. That's why I say they don't show courage, because to be brave you must feel fear. They don't. They are calloused, indifferent . . . I felt this spirit of hysteria—for it is a form of hysteria—taking hold of me, too, after I had been in the battle lines once or twice. It was an amazing demonstration of the power of mob emotion, to feel myself losing my natural fear and inclination to run from danger, gaining the same fatalistic and fearless attitude the Spaniards have."

It is largely radio which is keeping alive this fierce hatred between the people of Spain, by feeding it with an unending stream of propaganda, oratory, and downright lies. It supplements the addresses of the generals to the men in the battlefields; and in the cities, it keeps the war and its bitterness always in the minds of the civilians, preparing them for the time when they must take up arms to replace those who have been killed.

The spoken word is something alive, impossible to confine. A printed news story must pass through several hands before it reaches its reader, and it can then be read, and more carefully re-read. A radio report comes straight from mouth to ear, and it can be heard only once. For some strange psychological reason, it is easier to shriek untruths

over the radio, and make them sound plausible, than it is to print those some untruths in a newspaper.

The Spanish revolution has been a field day for radio liars. Fantastic news reports, flatly contradicting each other, are the day-long fare of the Spanish listener. Cities are reported captured, or about (Continued on page 72)



This picture of the bombing of a Spanish city, below, shows a scene similar to that from which the CBS news commentator, H. V. Kaltenborn, at right, sent a broadcast description of the fall and destruction of Irun.

Wide World



**Y**OU'VE been told so many things that aren't true about Nelson Eddy—the endless romances, the countless girls that have stirred him—that it's a little hard to offer you his attitudes toward love and marriage and life and his work, as they really exist.

We talked about it yesterday on the huge set where, with Jeanette MacDonald and under the direction of Edmund Goulding, he is making "Maytime." When it's released, his fan mail will probably go up another million, though Heaven knows what he'll do with it; he already gets more than any other human being in the United States. I said,

"You're in love again, I see. So-and-So says so in his gossip column."

He didn't even bother to look annoyed. "I wonder just how much glamor I'd lose if someone wrote my actual views on the subject? If someone gave the public a little truth, for a change?"

"They'd like it," I told him.

So this is the truth. It's the story of a solemn, hard-working, hard-studying sincere boy who left school at fourteen to get a job and help support his mother and himself; of an older-than-his-years youth who had no time for any of the happy irresponsible nonsense of most young men. It's the story of great determination and of steady unremitting labor and of a beautiful understanding between a charming woman and her son. It's Nelson's real story.

I'm not implying that he has had none of the fleeting little infatuations, the mild short-lived romances that are a part of every normal man's existence. But he chooses to make them his personal business and that's a decision to be respected. He has never married and he has never been enough in love to want marriage. The chances are fifty-fifty that he never will.

"I don't know how I can explain it to you so it will make sense," he said, stretching back in his chair. "Attitudes are hard to put into words. But my profession—music and all it stands for and myself in relation to it—represents about ninety per cent of my life. I hate the word, but my *career* as a singer means almost everything to me. It always has.

"When you've got so tremendous, so overpowering a force filling you—your personality and your life—it takes a pretty big thing to match that force, to stand up against it.

"And, you see, I'm an idealist about marriage. I'll have to find a love that will at least be as great an influence within me as my ambition and my love of work, before I'll get married. And that's hard to find."

I said, "Haven't you ever thought that if you married someone for a smaller love, and it didn't



**For his Vicks program,  
turn to page fifty-two.**

Nelson's romantic baritone and handsomeness draw millions of letters. They're part of the reason he's never let himself fall head over heels in romance.

Clarence Sinclair Bull



work out, there's such a thing as divorce? Every other star in Hollywood has."

Nelson's face was suddenly murderous. "My feelings about the subject of divorce," he said tensely, "amounts to a sort of madness. During my entire life I've watched the misery and agony that's come from the separation of man and wife—I've watched it happen in my family, with my uncles and several cousins, and I've seen it among my friends." He paused a moment. "I know from private experience, because of my parents.

"When I finally find a love great enough to match the

thing in me that takes up so much of my energy and emotion, and decide to marry, then it will be for good. There won't be any divorce.

"That's the point, you see. That's why I've not married yet and why, it may be, I never will. Entirely aside from the fact that I want so much from love, there's always the thought, and there always has been in the past, that it mightn't work out. That it might end in divorce. Do you understand my fear, why I can't honestly feel I am cut out to be a married man?"

His father was a machinist-inventor and the work carried with it the necessity for travel, town-to-town treks that meant endless packing and nervous movement. Nelson, during the first few years of his life, knew no established home and thus had no chance to make friends or find playmates for himself. He had no sooner begun to adjust himself in a school than the word came that his father must move again; so eternally he was a newcomer, a strange little boy who had just come to town and whom the local kids must inspect and test before they could admit him to their circles. You can imagine his loneliness.

He learned, then, the knack of introspection and of self-sufficiency. There was no one to play with him, so he invented little games to play by himself. And during (Continued on page 75)

# The Reason NELSON EDDY Fears Marriage

By HOWARD SHARPE

**YOUNG, HANDSOME AND**

**WEALTHY, WHY HAS HE**

**REFUSED TO MAKE ANY**

**PLANS TO FIND LOVE?**





M.G.M.—Ted Allan

● Jackie Cooper, long a favorite Hollywood child star, has grown up and is radio's first juvenile master of ceremonies. Listen for his electrically recorded shows, *Lessons in Hollywood*, on your local station.



*Maurice Seymour*

● Patricia Dunlap, recently the beautiful leading lady in *Og, Son of Fire*, has won the coveted role of Janet Dexter in the dramatic serial, *Bachelor's Children*, heard every weekday morning at 9:45 over a CBS network.

For



Photos by Maurice Seymour

**LOUISE**—The oldest sister, above, in the quartette with Horace Heidt's Brigadiers on the Alemite Hour, was born in Payson, Utah, December 12, 1913. She's taught dancing and done work in radio, movies, and vaudeville. Clothes designing is her hobby, and she's not married.



**ALYCE**—The second King sister, below, was born in Payson, too, and educated in California. Later, she and the others all studied music with their father, a professional teacher. Alyce isn't even in love yet, but hopes some day to combine her career with a perfect marriage.



**DONNA**—With her sisters, the next-youngest King, above, has filled many an engagement in radio and vaudeville. Colorado is her native state; dancing and swimming her hobbies. Incidentally, the sisters' real name is Driggs—they took the King from their father's middle name.

**YVONNE**—The blonde and youngest King, below, is only sixteen. She's the only blonde in a family of eight children. (The others are Maxine, married; Marilyn, at home in California; and two brothers, Karleton and Billy.) She draws, writes a little, and is the baby of the orchestra.



The King Sisters

# Your Radio Scrapbook

**DIGEST POLL COMMENTATOR**—John B. Kennedy, below, who broadcasts the Literary Digest Presidential poll results twice a week on NBC, is a former magazine editor, and has interviewed everybody from the Pope to Al Capone. Born in Canada, he's been here since 1909.



**KATE'S MAESTRO**—Ever since Kate Smith went on the air, Jack Miller, left, has led her band. He tried various professions before turning to music—boxing, auto racing, plumbing, and wireless operating. He's a fine baritone as well as an instrumentalist, has blond hair and blue eyes.

**COMMUNITY SINGER**—Right, Homer Rodeheaver, who gained fame as musical director for the late Evangelist Billy Sunday, is conductor of the Palmolive mass singing show Wednesday night on CBS. He was with the evangelist from 1909 until 1931 and also assisted him in his work during the war.



**HOLLYWOOD HOTEL'S PAIGE**—Raymond Paige, above, Hollywood Hotel's musical director, was born in Wisconsin. All his life he intended to be a musician, and he formed his first orchestra in Sunday school. You often hear snatches of his original music on the show.

# From NBC's



From the infancy of broadcasting come these fascinating pictures, taken in the early 1920's in the old New Jersey WJZ studios. They show the growth of network radio which NBC is celebrating. All are from the scrapbook of Miss Bertha Brainard, Commercial Program Director of NBC. Above is Howard Garis who was "Uncle Wiggily," one of the first story-tellers

for children. Note the derrick-like microphone and the transmitter, like an old-fashioned cabinet phonograph. Left below, Mme. Johanna Gadski, who sang frequently. Above, authoress Fannie Hurst (wearing the dark dress) and a friend inspecting the new toy. Below, famed pianist-composer, Percy Grainger, did his broadcasting surrounded by flowers and potted palms.



# Anniversary Scrapbook



Celebrities didn't have to do anything but clown into a microphone when Eddie Cantor (above) and Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford (below) posed for these pictures. At the right, contrast the reception room of the old WJZ with the luxury and spaciousness of Radio City's.



# Why WARDEN LAWES RAISED HIS



Hal Phyfe

**W**OULD you have the courage to bring your daughter up inside prison walls? Would you entrust her to the care of men who had committed offenses against the state, and encourage deep friendships between her and such men?

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I am sure your answer would be the same: "No, certainly not!"

Yet Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing prison, at Ossining, New York, has done just that. His youngest daughter not only was born within prison walls, but she spent the first eleven years of her life in intimate daily contact with convicted men. Today, at the age of fifteen, she still counts many convicts among her best friends.

More, Warden Lawes, whose prison stories you hear every week on NBC, is convinced that his daughter's early contacts with the men in his charge constituted the finest possible training for her. And, after meeting her and talking to her, I am sure he is right.

Cherie Lawes is fifteen now. She has the poise both of a trained athlete and of a young woman who is used to meeting many people. You think, on first being introduced to her, that she is at least three years older than her actual age. She isn't really pretty, but her small face, lightly dusted with freckles, is charming in its enthusiasm and vitality. Her blue eyes sparkle and snap as she talks. She has her mother's auburn hair, falling against her cheeks in loose waves.

She was born when her father had been warden of Sing Sing for two years. The family at that time was living in the old Warden's Residence inside the prison, and Cherie was the first—and so far the only—child ever to be born and raised in Sing Sing.

There were several courses Warden and Mrs. Lawes could have followed. As Cherie grew older, they could have sent her away from the penitentiary, to live with relatives for a while, later to go to some private boarding school.

Or they could even have raised her there, in the Warden's Residence, and still sheltered her from the prison. It would have meant engaging a special servant from outside. It would have meant laying down strict boundary lines past which she must be forbidden to go. But it could have been done.

Warden Lawes chose to follow neither of these courses. He had been in the penal service, at various institutions, for seventeen years at the time of Cherie's birth, and the philosophy upon which he has built his advanced and liberal system of prison government was already formed. His two older daughters, Kathleen and Crystal, had come into a certain amount of contact with the inmates of the reformatory from which he had come to Sing Sing, and he believed that instead of harming them it had done them good.

He determined to do something that most parents would have fought bitterly to keep from doing. He would raise Cherie in the prison grounds. Her attendants and nurses would be the regular house servants, all of them trusties who had been assigned to the Warden as his personal employees. As Cherie grew older she would be given the run of the penitentiary.

Until she was six, Cherie never wore girl's dresses. Perhaps the Warden and Mrs. Lawes had hoped their third child would be a boy; at any rate, boys' clothes were much more practical than girls' for such an active young person as Cherie proved to be.

When she was two, she used to sit atop a heap of clothes in a basket in the prison laundry, solemnly chewing on a strip of bacon and watching the two colored men who ran the ironing machine feed linen into its slow-moving rollers and pull it out again. Another colored man, whom she never knew by any other name (*Continued on page 73*)



# DAUGHTER in Prison

BORN IN SING SING, SHE HAS  
KNOWN NO OTHER HOME. READ  
WHY HER FATHER HAD COURAGE  
ENOUGH TO TAKE THIS COURSE

By DAN WHEELER



Above, Cherie, now fifteen, is ample proof of the wisdom of her father's way of bringing her up. It was a gamble, but it worked. Right, she was chosen as a child to be mascot of Sing Sing's baseball team.



For the Warden Lawes broadcasts, on NBC network, see page 52.

# JERRY COOPER'S

**D**OES Mother know best?

That is the perplexing question which Jerry Cooper, the CBS Krueger's Musical Toast baritone, must answer as he stands today at the cross-roads of his life torn between conflicting loyalties. On one hand stands his mother, sweet, soft-spoken—a woman with all the gracious tradition of the south in her slow mellow voice. On the other, the one great love of his life, Joan Mitchell, exotic model and dancer, whose dazzling beauty represents all the glamor of Broadway.

Perhaps if Jerry Cooper were an ordinary young man, or his mother an ordinary woman, or Joan just a simple, pretty girl, Jerry's problem would be a lot simpler. Young men today are not often tied to their mother's apron strings—not if they have granite characters like Jerry's. Nor does a young man often stop to give heed to his mother's advice in this day of emancipated youth. But Jerry's relationship with his mother has deeper roots and ties than the normal love between son and mother, ties of sympathy and un-

**AT THIS CRUCIAL MOMENT  
IN HIS LIFE MUST HE BE  
RESPONSIBLE FOR BREAK-  
ING SOMEONE'S HEART?**

derstanding that go back many years—years of trouble and heartache and responsibility.

Jerry was only twelve when he came home one day, his face flushed and eager with play and excitement, to find his mother sitting in dry-eyed frozen calm, her busy hands folded listlessly in her lap, her merry blue eyes blank with despair.

Jerry's younger brother and sister rushed in, clamorous and indifferent in their childish self-absorption, demanding attention and food. Perhaps they were perplexed at the indifference of a mother who always anticipated their wants and met them with laughter. Perhaps on the other hand they didn't notice that it was Jerry who soberly sliced bread and butter and sprinkled it with sugar and sent them packing out to play.

However, there is no doubt that Jerry knew that something was terribly wrong. Quietly he walked about the house, performing odd chores, washing up the lunch dishes which had been left unwashed in his mother's usually immaculate kitchen, silent but watching and waiting—waiting for that awful silence to break.

At last it came. Mrs. Cooper noticed her little son hovering anxiously about. "Your father's gone," she said tonelessly.

Jerry looked at her in perplexity. "Gone!" People who died were gone. But his father obviously wasn't dead. Slowly the realization of what had happened dawned in his young mind. He remembered and pieced together fragments of impressions—of harsh words exchanged while he lay wondering in the dark. Dimly in some boyish way he understood the anguish of his mother and in that moment he became a man.

He flung his arms about his mother. "Don't worry, mom!" he sobbed, "I'll take care of you forever!"

That was no idle, childish promise. Jerry quit school and went to work, continuing his education at night. His mother, who was a trained nurse, also went back to work. Side by side they worked and planned for the younger children, shared each other's hardships, trials and joys. For they did find happiness at last. Time had healed the painful memory of that unhappy day. Jerry was proud of his tall, beautiful, gallant mother and she adored her lovable, loyal son who looked so like her with his soft, wavy brown hair, his Irish blue eyes, his winsome smile.

Evenings, after they had returned from their respective jobs, they would compare notes of the day, budget their meager incomes and decide whether the children could have a new suit or dress. Always Jerry and his mother went without things so that the younger ones might have everything.

And then when the kids were safely asleep, Jerry would sing

Jerry's mother is afraid her son is making a decision which will bring him unhappiness.



# MOTHER LOVE DRAMA



Photos by courtesy of Murray Korman

the songs his mother loved so well, while she sat at the old yellowed piano keys and played for him. Jerry finally graduated from the menial jobs he had worked at to a solid position with a railroad company. The increased income enabled them to move into a better quarter of New Orleans. Life was a good deal easier now. His mother accepted fewer cases that demanded her absence from home for long intervals. The future looked brighter.

Jerry indeed had become a man. He took the responsibility of a provider and an adviser to his whole family.

And then one day, quite by accident, Roger Wolfe Kahn, playing in a New Orleans dance hall, heard Jerry sing. He was impressed with Jerry's natural voice and advised him to consider seriously a singing career. From that day on, Jerry had a new interest in life. He had discovered that someone besides his mother thought he could sing—really sing well enough to be, for example, on the radio! So he sang! Everywhere and anywhere the opportunity presented itself, with visiting orchestras and on the local radio

Jerry, whom you also hear as Jack Randolph, is sure that beautiful Joan Mitchell is the love of his life. Should he listen to the plea of an older, sadder person, and wait for a while?

*Jerry Cooper sings on NBC's Kreuger's Musical Toast program. Turn to page 52 for the time.*

**BY DOROTHY DANER**

stations in New Orleans. Opportunities in New Orleans were of necessity limited. In order to get any place with a singing career one had to be in New York. Jerry looked longingly towards that mecca of opportunity, not daring to voice his desires for fear he would hurt his mother.

But Mother Cooper knew her son. And just as he had understood her problem one

day long ago, so now she understood his. Bravely she faced the truth. She must not stand between Jerry and his happiness.

One day she said quite casually, "Jerry, I think you ought to go to New York. You can't get very far here."

Jerry's blue eyes glowed with gratitude.

In two weeks he left New Orleans to try his fortune in New York. The story of the hardships he endured and sacrifices he made before finally Emil Coleman gave him his chance in a show he was casting for the Palais Royal, has been told too often to repeat. The day Jerry signed his first contract with the Columbia (*Continued on page 87*)

# BAMBI

GIVING YOU THE NEW HELEN HAYES AIR  
SERIAL IN FICTION FORM—TAKEN FROM  
THE NOVEL BY MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

**P**REPOSTEROUS!" fumed Professor James Parkhurst, stalking down the tree-shaded New England street on his way to his nine o'clock class at Banbury's School for Boys. For the professor's customary academic calm—he lived a life made almost secure from interference by the cool certainties of trigonometry and calculus—had just been shattered by a breakfast-table conversation with his daughter Bambi.

Bambi. She had started out as Francesca Witherspoon Parkhurst; that had somehow become Bambina; and Bambina had been shortened to Bambi before she was out of rompers. And now here she was, before he'd even realized she was grown up, talking nonsense about marriage—and money—and supporting some man.

It had started out innocently enough, that morning. Bambi, looking amazingly pretty—even to a parental and professorial eye—over a bunch of sun-drenched marigolds, had said something about wishing she knew how to earn a living. When he pointed out that she didn't have to, she said that sometime, maybe, she might—for instance, she might have a husband who couldn't support her.

"I'm twenty-four, going on twenty-five," she said calmly. "Practically an old maid. Anyway, it's high time I found myself a husband."

"Look here, Bambi," said the professor, growing suspicious. "That's the second time the word husband has come into this discussion. Have you someone in mind?"

"I have. I've had him in mind for years. I decided on him when I was sixteen and he first came here to teach."

"Well, bless my soul, one of my teachers, eh?" the professor said, still innocent of the utterly absurd idea his only child was about to produce. "And now I suppose he's proposed."

"No," Bambi admitted, "he doesn't even know I exist half the time. In fact, he's nearly as absent-minded as you are."

As absent-minded— The horrible truth began to dawn on Professor Parkhurst. There was only one man that description could fit. "Bambi," he said, "you don't mean—it isn't—"

"It is," Bambi said firmly. "Jarvis Trent."

And all his logical arguments—that Jarvis Trent was only a tutor, not a full-fledged teacher; that he often started to write one of those fool plays of his, and forgot

For Professor Parkhurst there was only one comfort in this haphazard marriage—Bambi's radiantly happy face.

For Helen Hayes' San-ka program see p. 52.

## IF YOU HAVE MISSED ANY OF

that he had any other work at all to do; that he'd never make enough money to support himself, let alone a wife—none of these had shaken Bambi's calm assertion that he was the man she meant to marry.

"Of all the young men who've cluttered up my front porch," the professor sputtered, "I do believe you've chosen the most ineligible."

"Geniuses are always ineligible, Professor. They need someone to take care of them—as you do." At which, as if to prove her point, Bambi hustled her father out of the house on his way to the class he had completely forgotten.

"Preposterous!" mumbled the professor once more as he turned at the gate to the school. But he was less vehement than he'd been at first. After all, even Bambi was going to find it difficult to marry a man who often didn't realize she was alive.

If he could have seen what was going on at home, the professor's mind wouldn't have had that crumb of comfort.

Ardelia, the Parkhursts' cook, acknowledged no superiors





## THE BROADCASTS OF THIS EMOTIONAL SERIAL, READ THEM HERE

when it came to turning out a supernaturally delicious strawberry shortcake, but her memory was, if possible, a little worse than the professor's.

Bambi wasn't surprised, therefore, when a few minutes after the professor had left Ardelia came into the room worrying about something he had warned her the night before not to let him forget. What it was, she couldn't remember.

"All ah kin remember is—he says to me, 'Ardelia, don' you go lettin' me forget, on account of it's mos' important' . . ." she broke off, her black face worried and downcast.

"Serves him right for not telling me," Bambi said. A sound at the door made her turn around. "Why, what in the world—!"

"Dat's him!" Ardelia said excitedly. "Dat's what de professor said for me to remine him 'bout!"

It was Jarvis Trent—clothes rumpled, leaves in his hair, mild brown eyes blinking drowsily. (Continued on page 91)

### FICTIONIZED BY

**NORTON RUSSELL**

FROM EDITH MEISER'S RADIO ADAPTATION OF THE NOVEL

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bambi . . . . .	Helen Hayes
Jarvis Trent . . . . .	James Meighan
Professor Parkhurst . . . . .	Wilmer Walter
Ardelia . . . . .	Laura Bowman

Ethel Shepard



Ginger Snap



These starlets are on the Pageant of Youth program. Turn to page fifty-two.

By WELDON MELICK

# BROADCASTING'S FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH



**W**HERE is radio talent coming from in the future? That problem is putting circles under the eyes of network executives. And unless it is answered satisfactorily in the next few years, it will put circles under their bank balances as well. The best talent now on the air was recruited from vaudeville. But all the cream has been skimmed from that source, and vaudeville is so

much a thing of the past it's developing no new names.

There was hope for a time that the amateur hours would disgorge Jolsons and Brices by the dozen. But the winners were offered no contracts, except to tour with Unit No. 7, earning enough to get bed and board, after which they returned to their old jobs, if others hadn't already grabbed them in the meantime. Round and round they went, and no one gained.

This season has seen feverish raids on picture talent, but exhibitors are already complaining that people don't go to

**WHAT IS RADIO DOING TO CREATE NEW STARS FOR THE**

Dotty Matthews



Pinky Mitchell



Billy Pape



theatres when they can have movie stars in their parlors—so that source is likely to be curtailed.

In its ravenous talent hunt, radio has overlooked only one fertile field and that is—radio. What is more logical than for radio to develop stars in its own workshop? Yet apparently no one has had the foresight and patience to attempt such a program—except Alice Clements, wife of a Philadelphia advertising man. If she succeeds, she will be the Lincoln of radio, in pointing the way for the industry to free itself from slavish dependence on other branches of show business.

Mrs. Clements has a notion that radio comedians, singers and dramatic artists can and should be trained from the cradle for their particular niche in the entertainment world. And if you've marvelled at the self-assurance and mike-sense of the 'teen-aged youngsters on the American Pageant of Youth, you'll have to agree that the Clements experiment has been successful so far. These adolescent performers have had up to eight years' actual broadcasting experience under Mrs. Clements' tutelage, and some of them are almost ready to step into their own programs as full-fledged stars.

The Pageant of Youth youngsters are graduates *cum laude* of the Horn and Hardart Children's Hours, which in turn date back to an infant-parking lot in a Philadelphia store, where mothers checked their children while they shopped. Among the toys provided in the nursery was a tin mike, and the two- and three-year old tikes went for it like their mothers went for the bargain counter. They boop-boop-a-dooped all over the place. They regusted. They were so cute playing at being radio celebrities that the store switched the phoney microphone for a real one and actually broadcast the performances. Alice Clements happened to tune in and persuaded her husband to listen to the next broadcast. He brought it to the attention of his clients, the

Automat people, and the kiddies were soon moved to a larger station under the sponsorship of Horn and Hardart. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Clements inaugurated another Children's Hour in New York City for the same sponsors.

Oodles of child wonders discovered through these two programs have gone on to other dramatic fields (the Nicolas Brothers, pickaninny dancers of "The Big Broadcast of 1936" and Ziegfeld Follies, Jeanne Dante of stage and movies, Eileen Barton whom you've heard on Cantor's program). But many of the clever youngsters outgrew the Children's Hours without being snapped up as potential movie or stage stars.

Then Alice Clements realized it was time to organize the upper grades of her radio training school. She wrote some scripts for an "Opportunity Matinee" and her husband convinced another of his clients that the chance to get talent a previous sponsor had spent seven years developing was an Opportunity he couldn't pass up. To give other gifted youths a chance, the auditions were open to anyone within the age limits of sixteen to twenty. But nine of the thirteen regular performers chosen by the listeners to make up the present Pageant of Youth are former Horn and Hardart kiddies, which speaks well for Alice Clements' training and faith in them.

She has given special attention to the training of comedians, since the supply of radio humor is so limited and the demand so great. She encourages mimicry in her protégés. She experiments with various teams until she hits on a combination of talents that supplement each other smoothly and click with the audience. She writes their comedy bits and coaches comedy songs.

Mrs. Clements believes in letting the kids learn comedy technique by imitation when they are on the Children's Hour. Then by the time they are (Continued on page 77)

**FUTURE? HERE'S A UNIQUE PROGRAM WHICH ANSWERS THAT QUESTION**

# THE LIFE STORY OF BOB BURNS, ARKANSAS TRAVELER

BY DOROTHY ANN BLANK

Bob's friends are now the great of Hollywood—people he used to see from a distance when he was only an extra. Here he is with Martha Raye and George Burns. See page 53 for time of his Kraft Music Hall program.

## CONCLUSION

ONE day Bob Burns met a casting director who was testing for a blackface team for Fox Films. (Moran and Mack had just made the successful picture "Two Black Crows"). Bob quickly summoned Claude West and they did their act for the camera. Bob was chosen, but his little partner did not make the grade. The competition was stiff; over 100 blackface teams had been tested. Bob was to play comedy, and John Swor, who was the partner of Charlie Mack when it was "Swor and Mack," played straight. The team was to be called "Black and Blue."

A miracle at last! Bob was on his way to golden Hollywood with his wife, his boy and his dog. In his pocket rested a fat five year contract, at \$300 a week. There wasn't that much money in the world!

"We could live for a year on that much money, if we had to," he said. There followed periods when it looked as though they might have to. But Bob didn't know that, then. He was on his way to the Promised Land. . . .

In Hollywood, he was told to speak negro dialect morning, noon and midnight, to keep in practice. He did. Three months later he got a call, went to the costumer's and was put into a uniform of the Northwest Mounted. He had just one line to speak. At his cue, he slewfooted out and drawled lazily, "Hya, what's dat you'all been a-tellin' about muh?"

That finished him on *that* picture. He waited some more, got occasional bit parts. He played miles of golf, then began uneasily to realize that contracts carried options. Just before Fox released him, he went over to Universal to ask about a picture they were to make, called "Heaven on

Earth." He had heard it was a river picture. . . .

Sure enough, the setting was a shanty-boat town. This was Robin Burns' own stuff! He talked himself into a job as dialect coach and technical director, wrote several musical numbers for the film, and a theme song which was never used. It was here that he met Lew Ayres, who starred in the picture. They have been close friends ever since.

But when "Heaven on Earth" was finished, Bob quickly found himself in the ranks of those waiting to get somewhere in the film industry. It had been a brief spurt of success, quickly forgotten. (Continued on page 56)



**IN THE CONCLUDING INSTALMENT THIS SOLDIER OF FORTUNE FINDS HIS RAINBOW'S END BUT HIS HAPPINESS IS MIXED WITH TRAGEDY**





Photographed exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Best Lawson

One of her favorite broadcasts is Broadway Varieties, with Oscar Shaw and Carmela Ponselle. Mrs. Harriett has the same front row seat for every CBS program.

ever heard of her three years ago.

But she is an important person in this superstitious sentimental radio world. Important enough to have fifty full-fledged radio stars play directly to her. Important enough to have a CBS board meeting called in her honor. Important enough to be the mascot of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Her clothes are dated but neat. She walks to the studios every night alone. It was Ted Husing who tried to offer her his car anytime, to go anywhere. But she politely refused.

"I don't need anything from anybody," she said proudly. Ted wasn't hurt by this remark. He seemed to understand.

Every night as the rest of the audience files out, little Mrs. Peggy Harriett remains to chat with her friends—Leo Reisman, Carmela Ponselle, Benny Fields, Freddy Rich, Lucy Monroe, Joan Marsh, Oscar Shaw, Kay Thompson, Bernice Claire, Elizabeth Lennox, Lanny Ross, Tiny Ruffner, Victor Arden, David Ross, Everett Marshall, Al Goodman, Stoopnagle and Budd, Louise Massey, Helen Jepson, to list a few.

"How was I tonight, dear?" asks Joan Marsh.

"Fine, girl, fine," reports the usually candid Mrs. Harriett, who never was a critic or a star. "But you better go home and brush up on your high notes."

"It's raining, Mrs. Harriett; can I drive you home?" interrupts David Ross.

"No, David, I think I'll subway tonight. Besides, I can afford a cab if I want one."

The stars crowd around her, eager to be near their "mascot and good luck charm."

Shortly afterward, the house lights dim and the cleaning women take possession of the stage. The mikes are now cold and dead. The theater has a vacant look. Mrs. Harriett sighs heavily and limps slowly out into the street. Radio has saved another day in her long life.

She wasn't always like that—a pampered darling in the hearts of your favorites and mine. Don't envy her. Despite all the kindness the radio stars shower upon her, you wouldn't trade places with 76-year-old Peggy Harriett.

Six years ago she was lying helplessly alone in the ward room of a great hospital—given up to die. An icy street, a wandering mind, and tear-blurred eyes were responsible for the accident. Her pelvis was broken. In the dreary room, desolate except for other helpless humans, only her brain worked.

Behind her were the fading years of her life—years of laughs, tears, wealth and worry. (Continued on page 60)

# RADIO IS HER LIFE

**PEGGY HARRIETT**

**WANTED TO DIE—**

**BUT NOT AFTER**

**THE STARS GAVE**

**HER THEIR LOVE**

By **LESTER GOTTLIEB**

**E**VERY night in the year, a small white-haired old lady pushes her way through the crowds attending one or another of the various broadcasts in Radio City and at the three CBS radio playhouses. The door man bows, the usher smiles, and the manager heaves a sigh of relief. A snap of his fingers and the old lady is escorted to her seat—row A, off the center aisle.

Once this mysterious guest is safely ensconced in her privileged chair, the broadcast can unofficially begin. Even behind the microphones, the stars feel better once they know she is present. The "minute-to-go" nervousness disappears. The maestro wipes his brow. The tension fades. A laugh echoes from backstage. There will be a good show tonight.

The small lady—she can't weigh more than ninety pounds—is not the sponsor. She's not even remotely related to the sponsor's forty-second cousin. She's not an important friend of anybody's. I don't think anyone along radio row



It's Lowell Thomas' five hundred acre estate, built very near at hand to the Berkshire hills in Pawling, New York. The fine Colonial house is partially hidden by the very dense foliage. Here NBC's ace commentator lives with his wife and Lowell, Jr.

# LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM

**A**LTHOUGH the very name of Lowell Thomas conjures up visions of strange, remote places with delicious-sounding but unpronounceable names, his traveling these days is almost wholly confined to commuting between his lovely country home in Pawling, New York and the radio and Fox Movietone Studios. As a matter of

fact radio has been a stern taskmaster confining Mr. Thomas' wanderings to the United States. However, after seeing the Thomas estate, it is not difficult to understand why he fervidly insists his bondage is most pleasant.

Set in 500 acres of unbelievably lovely country near the Berkshire Hills, the Thomas colonial house rises in classical

*Photographed especially for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World*



This is just a corner of the immense studio where Lowell Thomas writes. On the large globe, the very first round-the-world fliers traced their route. That odd-looking contraption is an African war-drum which Mr. Thomas picked up during his travels.



The Thomases' living room is luxuriously furnished. The beautiful Bokhara carpet of rich red with white motifs, harmonizes with the room's color-scheme. The windows are simply treated, with gold gauze curtains, red-trimmed

# THE STARS

By RUTH GERI

dignity surrounded by landscaped lawns and lush foliage. With a twinkle in his blue eyes, Mr. Thomas confesses that he thinks the Berkshires the third most beautiful spot in the world; he gives precedence only to the Vale of Kashmir and a spot high in the Himalayas overlooking Tibet. That from a hardened world traveler is (Continued on page 58)



On the other hand, in the dining room, the carpet is of a solid color, deep Burgundy red, while the flowered chintz drapes lend color to this almost austere room, containing four types of furniture. Note the assorted elephants on the fireplace.



# RADIO'S TOUCHDOWN

## EXPERTS



**TED HUSING**

Ted Husing, above, is happiest in the fall because then he brings you all the thrills of his beloved game, football. Besides announcing major games for CBS, Ted forecasts results on his thrice-a-week Atlantic show.



**QUIN RYAN**

Quin Ryan, below, is Mutual's mainstay in football matters out in the midwest. He's a radio veteran in Chicago, where he is manager of station WGN as well as announcer for frequent sport broadcasts.

NBC's Hal Totten, below, has charge of many of its pigskin broadcasts for the Big Ten in and near Chicago. In summer he's busy announcing baseball.

**DAVE DRISCOLL**



Mutual's Eastern football announcer is Dave Driscoll, above. He's been with MBS since February of this year.

Below, Frank Cody, who is the youngest of the NBC Eastern experts. In 1932, he was a star of Wisconsin's grid eleven.

**HAL TOTTEN**



**FRANK CODY**



**BILL SLATER**

Left, Bill Slater, whom you heard overseas this summer, describing the Olympic Games, is one of NBC's busiest men when the grandstands fill up. Bill has been on the network's sports roster two years.

HE IS A. L. ALEXANDER WHO

By MARLY TALMADGE

BEGAN GOODWILL COURT TO

HELP THE NEEDY. READ HIS

INSPIRATIONAL LIFE STORY



# Humanity FINDS A DEFENDER

**W**HEN men feel their hearts break at the tragedy of life, they try to silence the inner voice of truth by asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Haven't you yourself, sick with pity, turned away from some glaring example of social injustice, wanting to help, yet admitting your inability to, even feeling relieved when your back was turned?

There are many ways of escape from our social consciences—movies, novels, friends. But sometimes there are men who cannot escape as we do—who feel all the suffering, the misery around them, and are driven to find some way of helping.

Such a man is A. L. Alexander, the originator of Goodwill Court, the man you hear introducing each case to the judges on the broadcasts which last month became a coast-to-coast network series under the sponsorship of Chase and Sanborn. Goodwill Court is his childhood dream come true—the result of an inner need which has driven him all his life.

Alexander's mother was a Boston school teacher. In her there was this same driving, irresistible urge to help, implanted perhaps by the sights she saw in the slum district

where she taught. Often she took her son with her to her classes, pointed out the helplessness of the ignorant and underprivileged children. "A few dollars," she would explain, "make the difference between happiness and misery."

Watching these children grow up, Alexander saw the way the cards had been stacked against them before the game began. Serious and studious, he had little gaiety in his nature.

Even then, immature as he was, he realized how often lives could have been saved, misery changed into hap-

pininess, by the money necessary for medical or legal advice. Some day, he promised his mother, holding her hand, some day he would bring this help to those who needed it. Today, years later, that boyhood promise has actually changed the courses of many lives!

He didn't find his goal easily. He didn't, in fact, even know what it was at first. For years he groped, as a police reporter, then withdrawn from the world in a theological school, still later in New York's organized charitable institutions.

He was sixteen when he got a job as a cub reporter on the police beat. The experience might have turned his idealism into cynicism. Again and again he saw legal protection denied to the very people who needed it most, because of their ignorance of the law, which judges always said was no defense. Instead of weakening his idealism, this only increased the flame of his desire to help and it gave him a bulwark of practical knowledge.

He heard the stories of helpless women who had to endure mistreatment because they could not afford divorces. He knew intimately one young couple whose lives were ruined because of rigid divorce laws. (Continued on page 70)

August 14th, 1936

Miss Talmadge  
Radio Mirror  
122 East 42nd St.  
New York City

My dear Miss Talmadge:

I could not quite call this day complete without taking a moment to express the appreciation which is mine for the truly inspiring manner in which you handled my story. Rather than just taking a group of facts and jamming them into a run-of-the-mill compilation, you took the time and trouble to write something which is in every way a credit to me and to the broadcast as well as to yourself.

You must believe that I am completely sincere when I tell you that of the three dozen or more interviews I have given to all manner of publications during the past few months, yours was by far the keenest grasp, the most sympathetic manner of handling, the most completely intelligent. All this despite the frequent distractions and interruptions to which I subjected you because of the pressure of station business.

Please accept my sincere thanks.

Cordially,

*A. L. Alexander*  
A. L. ALEXANDER

ECL



Above, Alexander and the letter he wrote to the author of this story. He has spent all his life trying to find some way of preventing suffering.

For the Goodwill Court, sponsored by Chase & Sanborn, see page 52.





HE IS A. L. ALEXANDER WHO  
 BEGAN GOODWILL COURT TO  
 HELP THE NEEDY. READ HIS  
 INSPIRATIONAL LIFE STORY

By MARLY TALMADGE



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Cordially,

A. L. Alexander  
 A. L. ALEXANDER

EDM



Above, Alexander and the letter he wrote to the author of this story. He has spent all his life trying to find some way of preventing suffering.

For the Goodwill Court, sponsored by Chase & Sanborn, see page 52.

It was midnight when they came laughing, skipping crazily across the campus, and burst into the crowded living room of the Chi Phi house.

"Barney! Bill! Dave! Listen, everybody—"

Reed Kennedy, blond and square-shouldered and handsome in his tuxedo, shouted excitedly for the attention of his partying fraternity brothers and their girls. Lois Smith hugged her long gold evening cape about her shoulders, flung back the cloud of dark hair that grew deep in a point on her pretty forehead and stood silhouetted, smiling and flushed, in the black frame of the doorway.

"Brothers—and ladies," he announced gaily, "look! *Gaze!*" He made a sweeping gesture in Lois' direction, then paused.

"You're invited," he finally said quietly, "to a wedding."

There was dead silence—then the loud explosion of congratulations and back-slapping and good wishes. The silence had been only the quick moment it took every Chi Phi in the room to overcome sharp sensations of surprise and envy; this thing, it occurred to them all in that moment, was so exactly *like* Reed Kennedy.

For, for just about the millionth time in his life, he had got what he wanted—even another fellow's girl.

It had always been that way with Reed. Everything a man could desire had come to him. He had a romantic baritone voice that made him as popular with the girls as his football prowess did with the boys. He had a lavish al-

# IN HIS HOUR OF NEED

Photographed exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World



lowance and a car, and impeccable social connections. He had come to Cornell from expensive prep schools and one of Pittsburgh's first families; and now he was leaving with a degree, a secure future and a wealthy and beautiful fiancée.

Of course Reed would be married right away. He could afford it. The rest of the grads who were engaged that June might have to wait for their weddings until they'd found steady jobs in the post-war employment slump but Kennedy would have society-page nuptials and a honeymoon abroad and his dad would build him a swank home

## By MARY WATKINS REEVES

and set him up in business. Everything, the boys at the Chi Phi house predicted, would break his

way—as it always had in the past.

And their prophecy came true.

**L**AST winter, in a tiny little farmhouse near Mt. Kisco, New York, a man sat at a battered typewriter laboriously turning out dozens of letters. No longer could he push a button that beckoned a fleet of secretaries into a sumptuous office; his unaccustomed fingers picked and pounded and erased the sheets that all began the same way: "Dear Sir: I would greatly appreciate the favor of an audition. I am a baritone. . . ."

On the days when he wasn't writing letters he was walking the six miles from his house to the railroad station, commuting into New York City to tramp the windy streets looking for work. And the pretty girl he married, who could no longer ring for a staff of servants, was staying at home doing the washing and cooking and cleaning and sewing for Tommy, Bunny, Skippy, Bobby and her husband.

In a bookcase in the farmhouse these lines were freshly marked in a copy of "Tristram:"

*There are no modern houses  
So providently barred that  
change*

*May not come in . . .*

Lois had found them one night and read them aloud. "We never thought of that back home, did we, Reed?" she had said, and then, seeing the defeat in his eyes, had added quickly, "But see, darling, there's as much promise in those lines as there is truth."

That was her doctrine. *Promise*. And the next time you hear Reed Kennedy's rich baritone on the Magazine of the Air or Pittsburgh Symphony programs it will be the richer because you know the story behind it. The story of a woman's love and the courage it gave to a man who had never really needed courage before.

It was oddly prophetic that these two should have met at a wedding. It was a church wedding and it was very grand and lavish. (Continued on page 65)

## REED KENNEDY, NEW CBS STAR, WAS REARED IN LUXURY—THEN SUDDENLY HE WAS PENNILESS, WITHOUT FUTURE, UNTIL HIS WIFE—



For Reed's broadcasts, the *Helms Magazine of the Air*, see page 52

Reed and Mrs. Kennedy (opposite page) with their four children. Life means more to Reed now as a singer than it did two years ago when he was sole head of a business that earned millions.

# YESTERDAY'S STARS— WHERE ARE THEY?

By MARY JACOBS

*Editor's Note: During the next few weeks you will hear many special programs on both the Red and Blue chains of the National Broadcasting Company celebrating NBC's tenth anniversary as a network. These broadcasts, dedicated to the many stars of yesteryear who were once your favorite performers, make this fascinating series of articles doubly significant.*

**S**O you've forgotten all about the stars of yesteryear. Harriet Lee. Ben Alley. Helen Nugent. Mildred Hunt. The Gold Dust Twins. What do those names mean to you today?

Or to make the list more recent, Jack Pearl, Charles Carlisle, Jeanie Lang. Remember these big-time radio stars? What has become of them?

What made them lose importance in radio? Where are they now? Are they coming back?

Tall, statuesque, blonde Harriet Lee was Radio Queen of 1931. For three years prior to that date she was tops at CBS. Today she's a song plugger at Famous Music Co. for \$40 a week. And she was delighted to appear on the Return Engagement program at WOR, where old-time stars are given a one-shot on the air.

Why did Harriet lose out in radio? The answer in her case is mismanagement. That's the consensus of opinion along Radio Row, anyway. Instead of getting a professional manager, she took a member of her family who was not familiar with radio's inside rules.

Harriet, a numerologist, felt her downfall was due in part to her name, which she considered unlucky. Accordingly, she changed it to Katha Lee. But misfortune kept right after her.

Today she's Harriet again. Since she left CBS, I've heard her singing in night clubs. And once I heard her in a 52nd St. night club, the great Harriet who never sang without magnificent orchestra accompaniment on the air! She was as lovely as ever: her blonde hair fell in loose waves about her flushed face, and her voice was as clear and sweet as it had been in her heyday.

But I doubt if any of the patrons, busy with their liquor, knew of her former glory.

Associated in memory with Harriet Lee are Helen Nugent and Ben Alley. They were whirling on the radio merry-go-round at the same time.

Remember back in 1929 when Alley and Helen Nugent were billed as the "Five O'clock Sweethearts?" Recall how

beautifully his romantic tenor and her sweet soprano blended in their Grace Notes program?

So popular was Ben Alley that the radio moguls overreached themselves. They put him on too many programs. Every time you tuned in you heard Ben Alley singing. He was on for a corset concern. For a department store. For a cigar concern. He had his own group of sustainings.

And people tired of hearing him.

Today, he's an entertainer at a Baltimore night club.

As for Helen Nugent, no one seems to know exactly what she's doing. When last heard from she was at WLW in Cincinnati, and engaged to be married.

If anyone deserves happiness, it's Helen.

In her heyday at CBS, Helen and Paul Green, one of CBS' engineers, were devoted to each other and everyone thought they'd middle-aisle it.

Then the broadcasting company hired Adele Vasa, the opera star, for a series. She met Paul Green. They fell in love, and married. Helen Nugent was so broken up by this twist of Fate that she left CBS and New York.

As for Adele Vasa, she gave up her career when she married.

**B**ESIDES Adele Vasa there's been one other big time radio star who has given up fame for marriage—Virginia Gardiner, the dramatic star, who married Roy Durstine, of the huge advertising concern, Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne. They met through one of her radio programs which he handled.

Unhappy home life has broken up several careers, just when they seemed to shine the brightest.

Perhaps you no longer remember Mildred Hunt, the crooner, but she was very important six years ago. Soloist for Paul Whiteman, with Roxy—there's hardly a big radio name hers wasn't associated with.

Until she and her husband were divorced. She took the collapse of her home very much to heart and went to Europe, where she appeared for awhile.

When she returned to the United States, she tried to make a comeback on the air, but she failed. Then she took to song writing and recently three of her songs were accepted for the movies.

And then there were Gene and Glenn, Gene Carroll and Glenn Rowell, whose Jake and Lena comedy skits were so successful in the midwest. Gene Carroll was a clever mimic, and in addition to playing Jake (Continued on page 62)

# WHY DID THEY STOP BROADCASTING? WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?



Above, Major J. Andrew White, a radio pioneer. He's rumored trying to promote a new chain of stations. Above, right, you remember Gene and Glenn. They lost fame because of difficulties in their marriages. Right, Goldy and Dusty, once national favorites, now have a sustaining program. Right below, Ben Alley and Helen Nugent; below, Harriet Lee—where are they?



# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

**T**HE Oracle wants you to know that: Frances Langford is so shy, she hasn't enough courage to combat autograph hunters and admirers, and flees from the Hollywood Hotel broadcast as fast as her feet will carry her. Paul Whiteman's favorite dish is chili con carne, served good and hot.

Fred Astaire's lesser known accomplishment is composing. He's working on a couple of new tunes now and you'll be hearing them on his Packard broadcasts.

Helen Hayes, dramatic star of Bambi, wears a slave bracelet instead of a wedding band, and her husband's pet name for her is "Mousie."

Jessica Dragonette never uses a sheet of music at her broadcasts. She has memorized more than five hundred songs and approximately seventy-five operettas in her ten years of broadcasting.

Now here's what you want to know:

**Mrs. Henry W., Wickliffe, Ohio**—The Story of Mary Marlin returned to the NBC-Red network early in September. For the time, I suggest that you turn to the RADIO MIRROR Rapid Program Directory, on Page 52, in the Monday column.

**Weldon J., Neelyville, Mo.**—Connie Boswell is not broadcasting at the present moment. Of course, you must have heard of her recent marriage. A letter will be forwarded to her if you address it in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York:

**Mrs. P. C. F., Lafayette, La.**—Thanks for your suggestions. Just keep scanning RADIO MIRROR's pages each month. I'm sure you'll find what you are looking for.

**Mrs. C. S. W., Watertown, New York**—Warden Lawes' sponsors are the Sloan's Liniment people. The Ziegfeld Follies was sponsored by the makers of Palmolive soap.

**Muriel Wilson fans**—Who do you think invaded the sanctum of The Oracle one day last week? None other than your good friend and founder of the Muriel Wilson fan clubs, Mrs. Crissie Conor of Buffalo, accompanied

by Anna Walsh of Brooklyn, New York. The Oracle, perfectly hidden from view by a huge crystal ball, heard all about the Muriel Wilson Fan Club convention which was held during the week of September 14, in New York City, to pay tribute to their favorite radio songstress. Mrs. Conors' visit was a touch-

Arthur Fields and Fred Hall are NBC's busy comics. Tune in their Streamliner's show every morning at nine.



ing and inspiring one to say the least.

**Elizabeth P. S., Providence, R. I.**—The story on A. L. Alexander in this issue, on page 00, will tell you all you want to know about this benevolent person, and then some. As for Jean Paul King, he is now on the announcer's staff of Columbia's station WBBM, Chicago. Jean was born in North Bend, Nebraska. He received his education at high school there, at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and at the University of Washington; entered the radio field as a singer in Seattle, Washington, in 1924, after singing in motion picture theaters since he was fourteen years old. He is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. Has brown eyes and brown hair.

**Mrs. A. G. M., South Boston, Mass.**—The first part of the above answer will take care of your first question, Mrs. M. Alan Bunce, of the New York stage, plays the part of the doctor in David Harum.

**Mrs. Betty McC., Phila., Pa.**—I'm sorry that I could not find out anything for you on Mr. Lawrence Goulds. He wasn't on the networks. I suggest that you write to your local stations in Philadelphia. They may be able to help you. (Continued on page 80)

# RICHARD HIMBER'S HOLIDAY FEAST

**R**ADIO stars certainly are the most forehanded people in the world. Here it is only the last of October and Dick Himer has already ordered his Christmas dinner.

There's a good reason, though, for Dick's early planning. He's giving a "family" dinner party—the family consisting of the members of his band with their wives and sweethearts, some fifty people in all—and a party of such size and importance requires plenty of thought.

The celebration is to be at Reuben's Restaurant, for more than thirty years the favorite eating place of stage stars, and adopted by screen and radio personalities ever since there have been any. At the top of the page you'll see Dick and Arnold Reuben in consultation about the menu, decorations, favors and all the other details of successful entertaining. That's no prop turkey on the table either—but a duplicate of that which will be served on Christmas day.

I thought you would be interested in the menu to use as a guide for your own Christmas dinner, so here it is, together with recipes for some of the more unusual dishes.

## CHRISTMAS DINNER

Celery                      Olives

Choice of:

Fruit Cocktail  
Shrimp Cocktail  
Crab Meat Cocktail  
Herring Canape  
Chicken Liver Canape

Choice of:

Turtle Soup              Chicken Giblet Soup

Choice of:

Roast Young Maryland Turkey with chestnut dressing, cranberry jelly, candied sweet potatoes, Waldorf salad.

Roast Watertown Gosling with raisin dressing, apple sauce, Rissolée potatoes, lettuce with Chiffonade dressing.

Choice of:

Mashed turnips, buttered onions, carrots and peas, red cabbage, Brussels sprouts, string beans, broccoli, asparagus, creamed spinach.

Choice of:

Plum pudding mince, pumpkin and lemon meringue pie, cheese cake, ice cream, fresh fruit compote.

Coffee                      Tea                      Milk

Salted Nuts



**THE POPULAR ORCHESTRA LEADER HAS  
A CHRISTMAS MENU FOR YOU THAT CAN  
GIVE EVEN THE TURKEY A NEW FLAVOR**

**BY MRS.**

**MARGARET SIMPSON**

*For the Studebaker Champions show, see page 52.*

Your own menu, of course, will be less elaborate, but having made your selections from among the items listed here, you will be surprised how easily the chosen dishes may be prepared. First, it will be simpler to decide which items, such as crabmeat, shrimp, herring, turtle soup, mince meat and plum pudding can be found in cans at your local grocery store, requiring only a minimum of preparation before serving. Next, plan to prepare certain dishes a day ahead of time, and this list would include Chiffonade dressing, chicken livers for canapes, giblet soup, pies (and the pie crust should be made a day ahead of the pies themselves) cranberry jelly and apple sauce, and fruit compote. Also the onions may be boiled the day before (select small white ones, peel them and boil in salted water) then place in a casserole, cover with butter and bake in the oven during the last hour the Christmas bird is roasting.

As to the recipes themselves, you probably have your favorite combination of fruits for fruit cocktail, and your favorite sauce for crabmeat or shrimp cocktail, but this year try adding a few green grapes and some pomegranate to the fruit mixture; their green and scarlet will dress up any fruit combination you select.

Now for the chicken liver canapes and the giblet soup.

*(Continued on page 83)*

# RADIO MIRROR RAPID

## SUNDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.  
 CBS: Church of the Air.  
 NBC-Blue: Southernaires.  
 NBC-Red: Sabbath Reveries.
- 10:30  
 CBS: Alexander Semmler.
- 11:00  
 NBC: Press-radio News.
- 11:05  
 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto.  
 NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano.
- 11:30  
 CBS: Major Bowes Family.  
 NBC-Red: Musical Comedy Revue.
- 12:00 Noon  
 NBC-Blue: Pageant of Youth.
- 12:30 P.M.  
 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle.  
 NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall.  
 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion.
- 1:00  
 CBS: Church of the Air.
- 1:30  
 CBS: Transatlantic Broadcast.  
 NBC-Blue: Sunday Forum.  
 NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.
- 2:00  
 CBS: Pittsburgh Symphony.  
 NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA.  
 NBC-Red: Beneath the Surface.
- 2:30  
 NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt mysteries.
- 3:00  
 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic (Nov. 8)  
 NBC-Blue: Julia Hoyt.
- 3:30  
 NBC-Blue: Helen Traubel.  
 NBC-Red: Grand Hotel.
- 4:00  
 NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers.  
 NBC-Red: The Widow's Sons.
- 4:30  
 NBC-Blue: Fishface and Figg's bottle.  
 NBC-Red: Musical Camera.
- 5:00  
 CBS: Your Unseen Friend.  
 NBC-Blue: We, the People.  
 NBC-Red: Marion Talley.
- 5:30  
 CBS: Guy Lombardo.  
 NBC-Blue: Stoopnagle and Budd.  
 NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell.  
 Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00  
 CBS: Joe Penner.  
 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour.
- 6:30  
 CBS: Rubinoff, Jan Peerce.  
 NBC-Red: A Tale of Today.
- 7:00  
 NBC-Blue: Pittsburgh String Symphony.  
 NBC-Red: Jack Benny.
- 7:30  
 CBS: Phil Baker.  
 NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson, Bob Ripley.  
 NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals.
- 7:45  
 NBC-Red: Sunset Dreams.
- 8:00  
 CBS: Nelson Eddy.  
 NBC-Blue: Symphonique Moderne.  
 NBC-Red: Good Will Court.
- 8:30  
 CBS: Eddie Cantor.  
 NBC-Blue: Romance of '76.
- 9:00  
 CBS: Ford Sunday Hour.  
 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell.  
 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
- 9:15  
 NBC-Blue: Paul Whiteman.
- 9:30  
 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music.
- 10:00  
 CBS: Gillette Community Sing.  
 NBC-Blue: Edwin C. Hill.  
 NBC-Red: General Motors Symphony.
- 10:30  
 NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago.

## MONDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.  
 CBS: Betty and Bob.  
 NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.  
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabage Patch.
- 10:15  
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.  
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.  
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30  
 CBS: John K. Watkins.  
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.  
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45  
 CBS: Hymns of All Churches.  
 NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.  
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00  
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.  
 NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15  
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.  
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30  
 CBS: Big Sister.  
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.  
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.
- 11:45  
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafeo.  
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.  
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon  
 CBS: The Gumps.  
 NBC-Blue: Honeyboy and Sassafras.  
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15  
 CBS: Ted Malone.  
 NBC-Blue: Jack, Loretta Clemens.  
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30  
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.  
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.  
 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold and Cadets.
- 12:45  
 CBS: Rich Man's Darling.  
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 2:15  
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:30  
 NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.  
 NBC-Red: Waltz Favorites.
- 3:00  
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15  
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30  
 CBS: Concert Hall.  
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45  
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00  
 CBS: Dept. of Education.  
 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
- 4:45  
 CBS: Chicago Variety Hour.  
 NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
- 5:00  
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over.
- 5:15  
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 5:30  
 CBS: Adventures of Jack Masters.  
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.  
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45  
 CBS: Wilderness Road.  
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.  
 Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00  
 NBC-Red: Education in the News.
- 6:15  
 CBS: Bobby Benson.
- 6:30  
 Press Radio News.
- 6:45  
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.  
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00  
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15  
 CBS: Popeye the Sailor.  
 NBC-Blue: Literary Digest Poll.  
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30  
 CBS: Goose Creek Parson.  
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.  
 NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill.
- 7:45  
 CBS: Boake Carter.  
 NBC-Red: Charles Sears.
- 8:00  
 CBS: Alemitte Half Hour.  
 NBC-Blue: Helen Hayes.  
 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly.
- 8:30  
 CBS: Pick and Pat.  
 NBC-Blue: Melodiana.  
 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone.
- 9:00  
 CBS: Lux Radio Theater.  
 NBC-Blue: Sinclair Minstrels.  
 NBC-Red: Warden Lawes.
- 9:30  
 NBC-Blue: Carefree Carnival.  
 NBC-Red: Studebaker Champions.
- 10:00  
 CBS: Wayne King.  
 NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam.  
 NBC-Red: Contented Program.
- 10:30  
 NBC-Blue: Krueger Musical Toast.

## TUESDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.  
 CBS: Betty and Bob.  
 NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.  
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabage Patch.
- 10:15  
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.  
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.  
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30  
 CBS: John K. Watkins.  
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.  
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45  
 CBS: Hymns of All Churches.  
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00  
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.  
 NBC-Blue: Nellie Revell.  
 NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15  
 CBS: East and Dumke.  
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.  
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30  
 CBS: Big Sister.  
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.  
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef.
- 11:45  
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafeo.  
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.  
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon  
 CBS: The Gumps.  
 NBC-Blue: Honeyboy and Sassafras.  
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15 P.M.  
 CBS: Ted Malone.  
 NBC-Blue: Women of '36.  
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30  
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.  
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.  
 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold and Cadets.
- 12:45  
 CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
- 1:30  
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 2:00  
 NBC-Red: Music Guild.
- 2:15  
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 3:00  
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15  
 NBC-Blue: Continental Varieties.  
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30  
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45  
 NBC-Blue: Have You Heard.  
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00  
 NBC-Red: Cheerio.
- 4:15  
 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
- 4:30  
 CBS: Pop Concert.  
 NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes.
- 4:45  
 NBC-Blue: Women's Clubs.
- 5:00  
 CBS: Jimmy Farrell.  
 NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.
- 5:15  
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 5:30  
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.  
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45  
 CBS: Wilderness Road.  
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.  
 Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00  
 NBC-Red: Flying Time.
- 6:15  
 CBS: News of Youth.  
 NBC-Blue: Animal Close-Ups.  
 NBC-Red: Mid-Week Hymn Sing.
- 6:30  
 Press-Radio News.
- 6:45  
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.  
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00  
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.  
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15  
 CBS: Ted Husing's Sportcast.  
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 7:30  
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45  
 CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00  
 CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall.  
 NBC-Blue: Log Cabin Bar-Z Ranch.  
 NBC-Red: Leo Reisman's Orchestra.
- 8:30  
 CBS: Ken Murray.  
 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest.  
 NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00  
 CBS: Fred Waring.  
 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie.  
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop.
- 9:30  
 CBS: Camel Caravan.  
 NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives.  
 NBC-Red: Fred Astaire.
- 10:30  
 NBC-Blue: Portraits of Harmony.
- 10:45  
 NBC-Red: Roy Campbell Royalists.

## WEDNESDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.  
 CBS: Betty and Bob.  
 NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.  
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabage Patch.
- 10:15  
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.  
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.  
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30  
 CBS: John K. Watkins.  
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.  
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45  
 CBS: Hymns of All Churches.  
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00  
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.  
 NBC-Blue: Trail Finder.  
 NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15  
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.  
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30  
 CBS: Big Sister.  
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.  
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.
- 11:45  
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafeo.  
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.  
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon  
 CBS: The Gumps.  
 NBC-Blue: Honeyboy and Sassafras.  
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15  
 CBS: Ted Malone.  
 NBC-Blue: Jack, Loretta Clemens.  
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30  
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.  
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 12:45  
 CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
- 1:30  
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 2:00  
 NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild.
- 2:15  
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:30  
 NBC-Blue: Jean Dickenson.
- 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  
 CBS: Gogo De Lys.  
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00  
 CBS: Curtis Institute.  
 NBC-Red: Henry Busse Orch.
- 4:30  
 NBC-Blue: Tune Twisters.
- 4:45  
 NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
- 5:00  
 CBS: Margaret McCrae.
- 5:15  
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 5:30  
 CBS: Adventures of Jack Masters.  
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.  
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45  
 CBS: Wilderness Road.  
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.  
 Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00  
 NBC-Red: Flying Time.
- 6:05  
 NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.
- 6:15  
 CBS: Bobby Benson.
- 6:30  
 Press-Radio News.
- 6:45  
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.  
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00  
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.  
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15  
 CBS: Popeye the Sailor.  
 NBC-Blue: Literary Digest Poll.  
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30  
 CBS: Goose Creek Parson.  
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.  
 NBC-Red: Frank Parker, Ann Leaf.
- 7:45  
 CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00  
 CBS: Cavalcade of America.  
 NBC-Blue: Revue de Paree.  
 NBC-Red: One Man's Family.
- 8:30  
 CBS: Burns and Allen.  
 NBC-Blue: Ethel Barrymore.  
 NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00  
 CBS: Nino Martini.  
 NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight.
- 9:30  
 CBS: Come On, Let's Sing.  
 NBC-Blue: Vivian Della Chiesa.
- 10:00  
 CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord.  
 NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade.

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON



# PROGRAM DIRECTORY

## THURSDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

10:00 A.M.  
 CBS: Betty and Bob.  
 NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.  
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

10:15  
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.  
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.  
 NBC-Red: John's Dther Wife.

10:30  
 CBS: John K. Watkins.  
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.  
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.

10:45  
 CBS: Hymns of All Churches.  
 NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.  
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.

11:00  
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.  
 NBC-Red: David Harum.

11:15  
 CBS: East and Dumke.  
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.  
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.

11:30  
 CBS: Big Sister.  
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.  
 NBC-Red: Ralph Kirbery.

11:45  
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.  
 NBC-Red: Allen Prescott.

12:00 Noon  
 CBS: The Gumps.  
 NBC-Blue: Honeyboy and Sassafras.  
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.

12:15 P.M.  
 CBS: Ted Malone.  
 NBC-Blue: Women of '36.  
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.

12:30  
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.  
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.  
 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold and Cadets.

12:45  
 CBS: Rich Man's Darling.

1:30  
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.

1:45  
 CBS: Doris Kerr.  
 NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.  
 NBC-Red: Happy Jack.

2:00  
 NBC-Blue: Words and Music.  
 NBC-Red: Braggiotti and Shefter.

2:15  
 CBS: School of the Air.

2:30  
 NBC-Blue: Women's Clubs.

2:45  
 NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.

3:00  
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.

3:15  
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.

3:30  
 CBS: Do You Remember.  
 NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera.  
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.

3:45  
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.

4:00  
 CBS: All Hands on Deck.  
 NBC-Red: Tea Time at Morrell's.

4:45  
 NBC-Red: Answer Me This.

5:00  
 NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.

5:15  
 CBS: Clyde Barrie.  
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.

5:30  
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.  
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.

5:45  
 CBS: Wilderness Road.  
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00  
 NBC-Red: Flying Time.

6:15  
 CBS: News of Youth.  
 NBC-Blue: Animal Close-Ups.

6:30  
 CBS: Eddie Dooley.  
 NBC: Press-Radio News.

6:45  
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.  
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.

7:00  
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.  
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.

7:15  
 CBS: Ted Husing's Sportcast.  
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.

7:30  
 CBS: Judy Starr.  
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.  
 NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill.

7:45  
 CBS: Boake Carter.  
 NBC-Blue: Music Is My Hobby.

8:00  
 CBS: Kate Smith.  
 NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee.

9:00  
 CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs.  
 NBC-Red: Show Boat.

10:00  
 CBS: Then and Now.  
 NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall.

10:30  
 CBS: March of Time.

## FRIDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

10:00 A.M.  
 CBS: Betty and Bob.  
 NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.  
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

10:15  
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.  
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.  
 NBC-Red: John's Dther Wife.

10:30  
 CBS: John K. Watkins.  
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.  
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.

10:45  
 CBS: Betty Crocker.  
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.

11:00  
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.  
 NBC-Red: David Harum.

11:15  
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.  
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.

11:30  
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.  
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.

11:45  
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe.  
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.  
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.

12:00 Noon  
 CBS: The Gumps.  
 NBC-Blue: Honeyboy and Sassafras.  
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.

12:15  
 CBS: Ted Malone.  
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.

12:30  
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.  
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.

12:45  
 CBS: Rich Man's Darling.

1:30  
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.

2:00  
 NBC-Blue and Red: Music Appreciation Hour.

2:15  
 CBS: School of the Air.

3:00  
 CBS: Concert Hall.  
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.

3:15  
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.

3:30  
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.

3:45  
 NBC-Red: The D'Neills.

4:00  
 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.

4:45  
 NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.

5:00  
 NBC-Blue: Airbreaks.

5:15  
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.

5:30  
 CBS: Adventures of Jack Masters.  
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.  
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.

5:45  
 CBS: Wilderness Road.  
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00  
 CBS: Buddy Clark.  
 NBC-Red: Flying Time.

6:05  
 NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.

6:15  
 CBS: Bobby Benson.  
 NBC-Blue: Midge Williams.

6:30  
 Press-Radio News.

6:45  
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.  
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.

7:00  
 NBC-Blue: Mary Small.  
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.

7:15  
 CBS: Popeye the Sailor.  
 NBC-Blue: Literary Digest Poll.  
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.

7:30  
 CBS: Goose Creek Parson.  
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.  
 NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill.

7:45  
 CBS: Boake Carter.

8:00  
 CBS: Broadway Varieties.  
 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich.  
 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert.

8:15  
 NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam.

8:30  
 CBS: Andre Kostelanetz Drch.  
 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days.

9:00  
 CBS: Hollywood Hotel.  
 NBC-Blue: Fred Waring.  
 NBC-Red: Waltz Time.

9:30  
 NBC-Blue: National Biscuit Co.  
 NBC-Red: True Story Court.

10:00  
 CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra.  
 NBC-Blue: Shep Fields' Orchestra.  
 NBC-Red: First Nighter.

10:30  
 NBC-Blue: Campbell's Royalists.  
 NBC-Red: Red Grange.

## SATURDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

10:00 A.M.  
 Press-Radio News.

10:05  
 CBS: Waltz Time.  
 NBC-Blue: Vaughn de Leath.  
 NBC-Red: Charitoers.

10:15  
 CBS: The Bluebirds.  
 NBC-Blue: Walter Blaufuss.  
 NBC-Red: The Vass Family.

10:30  
 CBS: Let's Pretend.  
 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins.  
 NBC-Red: Manhatters.

10:45  
 NBC-Blue: Originalities.

11:00  
 CBS: Dzak Melodies.  
 NBC-Blue: Herman and Banta.  
 NBC-Red: Dur American Schools.

11:15  
 NBC-Blue: Cadets Quartet.  
 NBC-Red: Breen and De Rose.

11:30  
 CBS: CBS Concert Hall.  
 NBC-Blue: Magic of Speech.  
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef.

11:45  
 NBC-Red: Home Town.

12:00 Noon  
 CBS: Larry Vincent.  
 NBC-Blue: Genia Fonariova.  
 NBC-Red: Abram Chasins.

12:30  
 CBS: George Hall Orch.  
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.  
 NBC-Red: Merry Madcaps.

1:05  
 NBC-Red: Rex Battle Orchestra.

1:30  
 CBS: Buffalo Presents.  
 NBC-Blue: Did Skipper and Gang.  
 NBC-Red: Concert Miniature.

2:00  
 NBC-Blue: Words and Music.

2:30  
 NBC-Blue: Whitney Ensemble.

2:45  
 CBS: Clyde Barrie.

3:00  
 CBS: Football Souvenirs.  
 NBC-Blue: Hollywood High Hatters.  
 NBC-Red: Varieties.

3:15  
 CBS: Football.  
 NBC-Blue: Gale Page.

3:30  
 NBC-Blue: Hessberger Orchestra.  
 NBC-Red: Week End Review.

4:30  
 NBC-Red: Hugo Mariani's Drch.

5:00  
 NBC-Red: Blue Room Echoes.

5:15  
 NBC-Blue: Timothy Makepeace.

5:30  
 NBC-Blue: Musical Adventures.  
 NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:05  
 NBC-Blue: Jesse Crawford.

6:15  
 CBS: News of Youth.

6:30  
 CBS: Eddie Dooley.  
 Press-Radio News.

6:45  
 NBC-Red: Art of Living.

7:00  
 CBS: Patti Chapin.  
 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel.  
 NBC-Red: Red Grange.

7:15  
 CBS: Ted Husing's Sportcast.  
 NBC-Red: Heinie and Grenadiers.

7:30  
 CBS: Carborundum Band.  
 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Box.

7:45  
 NBC-Red: Thornton Fisher.

8:00  
 CBS: Columbia Workshop.  
 NBC-Blue: El Chico.  
 NBC-Red: National Dairy Program.

8:30  
 CBS: Elgin Football Revue.  
 NBC-Blue: Meredith Willson.

9:00  
 CBS: Floyd Gibbons. Vincent Lopez.  
 NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance.  
 NBC-Red: Snow Village Sketches.

9:30  
 CBS: Pet Milk Program.  
 NBC-Blue: Twin Stars.  
 NBC-Red: Shell Chateau.

10:00  
 CBS: Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes.

10:30  
 NBC-Red: Irvin S. Cobb.

## HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE

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

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

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

Thus:

E. S. T. 10:00

C. S. T. M. S. T. P. S. T.  
 9:00 8:00 7:00

## Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network

WABC	WIBW	WVVA
WACO	WIBX	WGAB
WADC	WICC	KFBB
WALA	WISN	KFBK
WBBM	WJAS	KFHH
WBIG	WJRW	KFPY
WBNS	WJSV	KFRC
WBRC	WKBN	KGB
WBT	WKBW	KKOB
WCAO	WKRC	KGVO
WCAU	WLAC	KHJ
WCCO	WLBZ	KLRA
WGOA	WMA5	KLZ
WDAE	WMBD	KMBC
WDBJ	WMBG	KMOA
WDBO	WMBR	KNOW
WDNC	WMMN	KOH
WDDO	WNAX	KOIN
WDRC	WNBF	KOL
WEAN	WNQX	KOMA
WECB	WOC	KRLD
WESG	WOKO	KRNT
WFBL	WORC	KSCJ
WFBB	WOWO	KSL
WFEA	WPG	KTRH
WGL	WQAM	KTSA
WGT	WREC	KUL
WGSJ	WSBT	KVI
WHAS	WSFA	KVOR
WHEC	WSJS	KKWK
WHIO	WSPD	CFRB
WHK	WTCC	CKAC
WHP	WWL	

## Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Networks

RED NETWORK		
WBEN	WHO	WSAI
WCAE	WIRE	WTAG
WCBS	WJAR	WTAM
WDAF	WMAQ	WTRC
WEAF	WNAZ	WVJ
WFRB	WOW	KSD
WGY	WRC	KYW
BLUE NETWORK		
WABY	WGAR	WSYR
WBAL	WHAM	WKYZ
WBZ	WJZ	KLO
WBZA	WLS	KOIL
WBRB	WMAL	KSO
WENR	WMT	KWK
WFIL	WREN	

## SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

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

WAPI	WAA	KGHL
WAVE	WOOD	WOD
WBAP	WPTF	KGO
WCFL	WRVA	KGU
WCOL	WSB	KGW
WCSC	WSM	KHQ
WDAY	WSMB	KJR
WDBF	WSOC	KLD
WFAA	WSUM	KOA
WFBC	WTAR	KOMO
WFLA	WTMJ	KPO
WGBX	WVNC	KPRC
WIBA	KDYL	KSTP
WIOD	KECA	KTAR
WIS	KEX	KTHS
WJAX	KFI	KVVO
WJDX	KFSD	KFCF
WKY	KFYR	CRCT
WLW	KGA	
WMC		

For Mutual Broadcasting System Program Listings Turn to Page 81.

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

# James Hall's Regeneration

ONCE THE IDOL OF A MILLION HEARTS, HOLLY-

WOOD'S HANDSOMEST LEADING MAN HAD LOST

ALL HIS HOPE AND COURAGE UNTIL HE FOUND RADIO

**T**HE sun shines again on an ex-Hollywood hero. Radio has shown James Hall the way back. From a despair he thought he could never escape, it has led him into the bright light of new hopes and another chance for success as great as he once knew.

His new job is not a big one for the James Hall who scored such a hit with Jean Harlow in "Hell's Angels," but for the James Hall who a year ago was thankful to be broadcasting a fifteen-minute program over a local Chicago station, it means everything.

And Hollywood, which such a short time ago had turned its back on the man it once idolized, is waiting with contracts to see if he makes good.

Every Thursday morning, over fifteen stations of the Mutual Broadcasting network, Jimmy is the master of ceremonies on the lavish forty-five minute program, Morning Matinee, which presents each week another of the country's biggest orchestras. It is an important job and he is doing it well enough for the program directors to sign him for an indefinite period of time.

But more important than how long this job lasts is the knowledge deep within him that his faith in life and his future has been restored. He has regained all the courage and Irish willingness to battle it out that he lost when he saw friends, fortune, and home fade away like desert mirages back in the gloomy days of 1932.

For four years he was fighting the inevitable fate he instinctively knew was in store for him—in store for any handsome young leading man when age begins to rob him of his juvenile appeal. It was a blind fight, for he could find no other avenue of escape. When he tried personal



Remember Jimmy when he was featured as the lieutenant with Jean Harlow in "Hell's Angels?" He is broadcasting now every Thursday on Morning Matinee, over Mutual.

By **LOUIS  
UNDERWOOD**

appearances in small theaters throughout the country, he was successful only so long as film fans remembered the many pictures he had made. But memories are short. Soon he was out of work again.

It was while he was stranded in a Southwest state, that a local radio station manager approached him with an offer. First in Oklahoma City, then in Tulsa, and later, in Chicago, he broadcast movie fan club programs. Sustaining programs, they never paid enough for him to live on and he had to draw on his meager savings. More than once he was ready to call it quits.

Only his wife's unerring devotion and love pulled him through the many moments of black discouragement.

Until the bright, crisp morning in September, this year, when Jimmy found a telegram under his door offering him the chance to audition for Morning Matinee. He tried out that day and was accepted—for one broadcast. Somehow he made good, strengthened in the knowledge that his wife was listening in, praying for him.

Now he swings into the studio of WOR Thursday mornings with his shoulders squared and a smile on his lips, all the burning, aching memories of the past blotted out in his plans for the future. Each morning, before he

starts out, his wife gives him his day's allowance. The rest is being put safely away in the bank.

There's another reason, now, for Jimmy's regeneration. Just before this was written, he had another offer, an offer that brought tears to his eyes. Warner Brothers have asked him to work in their feature shorts out in their Long Island, New York, studios.

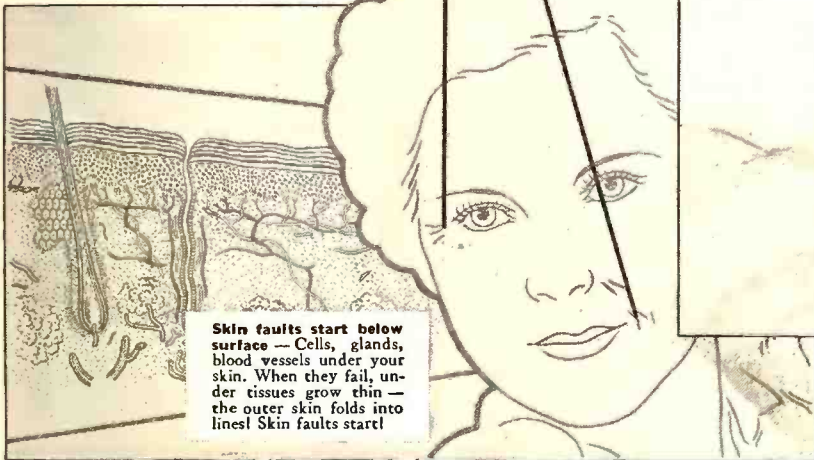
Radio has saved another life.

# LINES

SAY  
"over 30!"



Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

## A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

### Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once they fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly bal-

anced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And



Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

### Two things to remember

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

*Every morning*, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

### SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. M131, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

## The Life Story of Bob Burns, Arkansas Traveler

(Continued from page 38)

A year went by; still the movies ignored Bob Burns. He and his family were almost as poor now as they had ever been in carnival times. Friends advised him to turn to radio. But the door was not wide open for him there, either.

His first audition was at KNX, in Los Angeles. The joker is that Bob's idea for them was a 15-minute program called "Gawkin' Around," in which he played a guitar and talked about "most anything." They heard him do exactly what he does now for \$1000 a week, and said, "We'll let you know if anything turns up." Just recently, a file clerk at KNX sent Bob his first audition card, to keep among his souvenirs.

But still no job. Finally Bob got his chance at KFI—but sans salary. He was "Colonel Blaine" on one of the many semi-Show Boat broadcasts which appear from time to time. But "Colonel Blaine" never roused a sponsor. Another gratis job was on a program also familiar to West Coast listeners: the Sunday night Fun Factory.

Next he became a member of the Gilmore Circus, at the princely stipend of \$20 a week. After trying several characterizations he became well known as "Soda Pop," in blackface. In addition to broadcasting, he played benefits as Gilmore's good will ambassador. These he played *au naturel*, with much better results than in charcoal. He was getting \$60 a week finally from the Gilmore outfit. He also made records for Jimmy Murray's Varieties, in which he was "Bill Ozark"—again doing the same type of running comment he does today. He participated in the KHJ Hi-Jinks till it went off the air.

Once more—and this, mind you, less than a year and a half ago—Bob Burns was out of work. This time it was club engagements that saved his life. Kiwanis and Rotarians, Lions and Breakfast Clubbers liked his brand of humor and his bazooka. Still, a week when he made \$75 was a rarity.

One day he took time off to think. What was the matter with him, anyway? He got laughs; his material was original. Yet he couldn't click on anything worth while. What was the answer? . . . Flash! He wasn't a big name. If he could just get on an important program, once—Rudy Vallee's hour, for instance.

**T**HE next day, he started driving to New York. He took with him all the money the Burns family could lay their hands on—which wasn't much. He went with the sole purpose of getting on Rudy Vallee's broadcast. You think you know the rest. I thought I did, too.

When Bob got to New York, he kept putting off calling the advertising agency which handled Vallee's program. He sat in his hotel; he walked in the park. He kept devising excuses. He wasn't exactly scared, but he was next door to scared. One day he decided to phone a friend to ask him for lunch. Thumbing through his little black book, he dialed a number.

"J. Walter Thompson!" a feminine voice parroted. He had called the fateful number by mistake!

He couldn't hang up. No use wasting a nickel. He asked for the man in charge of the program. He had no speech prepared; simply told the man what he wanted, cited his radio experience on the West Coast.

"How long will you be in town?" the executive asked curiously.

"Till I get on the Rudy Vallee pro-

gram," Bob answered.

He got an audition—and a tough audition it was, with cold-eyed gentlemen sitting critically behind glass. Bob told a few yarns, even ribbed radio a little. "My folks down in Arkansas will shore be disappointed," he opined. "You see, I came to New York to get on one of these here amateur shows. But it's so darn' hard to get on one of them amateur programs unless you're known. So I thought . . ."

You know what happened. He knocked 'em for a row of microphones. He also got the job. Then he got stage fright, after he was scheduled to appear on the Vallee hour. He thought of 20,000,000 listeners, and his feet froze under him. Believe it or not, he got out a map—a map of the United States. He looked for New York, and found it was a small, black dot on the map. He looked for Radio City, for chromium-trimmed NBC—but they weren't to be found.

"So I figured," he chuckled, "that it couldn't make much difference to the world in general whether I made good or not, and I just got up and talked."

And when he did, Vallee and a good portion of his millions of listeners all over the world sat up and took notice. The next day Bob turned up at the agency again, laid something on the executive's desk.

"What's that?" he was asked.

"That's my script for next week's Vallee show," Bob answered.

When the agency took an option on his services, Bob Burns suddenly became a big name. Between broadcasts with Vallee and Paul Whiteman, personal appearances were sandwiched in at big theaters in important cities. Bob made as much as \$1000 a week. And he walked through it almost as in a dream. He still pinches himself often, to make sure he's not just dreaming, down on the Arkansas Levee.

Next came the wire summoning him West, to open the first Kraft show in Hollywood in January, with Bing Crosby. He couldn't have been more pleased, because he describes Bing in one word, said over and over: "Tops!"

He *thought* he couldn't be more pleased. But there was still another telegram to bring tears to his eyes, wonder to his heart: the one from Mayor Tom English of Van Buren, asking Bob to the great Homecoming to be held in his honor. Could he take the time to stop off on his way to California?

Of course he could—and did.

But nobody—at least of all Bob Burns—could have been prepared for the welcome he received last December 7, when he stepped off Arkansas' crack train. All of Van Buren's 5,122 inhabitants were at the depot to meet him, not to mention a number just as great from the surrounding country. Police escort on bicycles, fire department, half a dozen bands (including Frank MacClain's Silvertone Cornet Band and a 50-piece aggregation from Ft. Smith), Veterans of Foreign Wars, a float called "The Bazooka Factory," yokes of oxen with log wagons, carrying Bob's fictitious kinfolk in costume.

There was a special program at the high school, a reception at the home of his dear childhood friend, Caroline Scott, in his honor. A sign "Welcome Home, Bubber" in the window of the State Bank. Folks clustering to shake his hand.

He might have been terribly changed, that boy who went home. But not Bob Burns. Why should he be? He had simply made good in the same career he followed in his youth—making people

laugh. Fine clothes, sure. Doesn't any country boy get himself a fine suit of clothes as soon as he's able? If he had appeared in a ten gallon hat and high-top boots, Bob Burns would have been out of character. He didn't have to dress like a hillbilly, he was really from Arkansas.

**I**T was the same sense of balance, a balance few of us ever attain, that saved Bob Burns from losing his mind early this summer. Only a man who had found his philosophy could have withstood the shock Bob had to stand when his wife, Betty, died suddenly following an operation.

Fate seldom enjoys a more bitterly ironic jest than this—robbing Bob of the woman who had sacrificed the greater part of her life to his ultimate success just at the moment he was beginning to gather the fruits of her devotion. The same week that she died, Paramount made up a new contract for Bob by which he was to be paid over \$50,000 a picture.

The joy that was to have been theirs turned to ashes in his mouth. His only consolation, if indeed there was any consolation, was the knowledge that all this money would more than provide for the future of his son, Robert, who is going to Hollywood high school. A year ago, it looked as though he would have to stop his schooling and go to work. Now, he can graduate, and go on to college to study whatever interests him.

As Bob said, before he had lost Betty, "There's no telling what he'll turn out to be—any more than anybody could have known about me at the same age. He's just a regular boy, fourteen years old. As apt to be a trombone player as anything else—I wouldn't know."

It was two weeks after Betty's death before Bob could return to his job on the Kraft Music Hall as the star comedian. And when he did, he had to keep his hands in his pockets to hide their trembling as he stood at the microphone. But listening to him in your own home, you couldn't guess that personal tragedy had left him speechless and grief stricken.

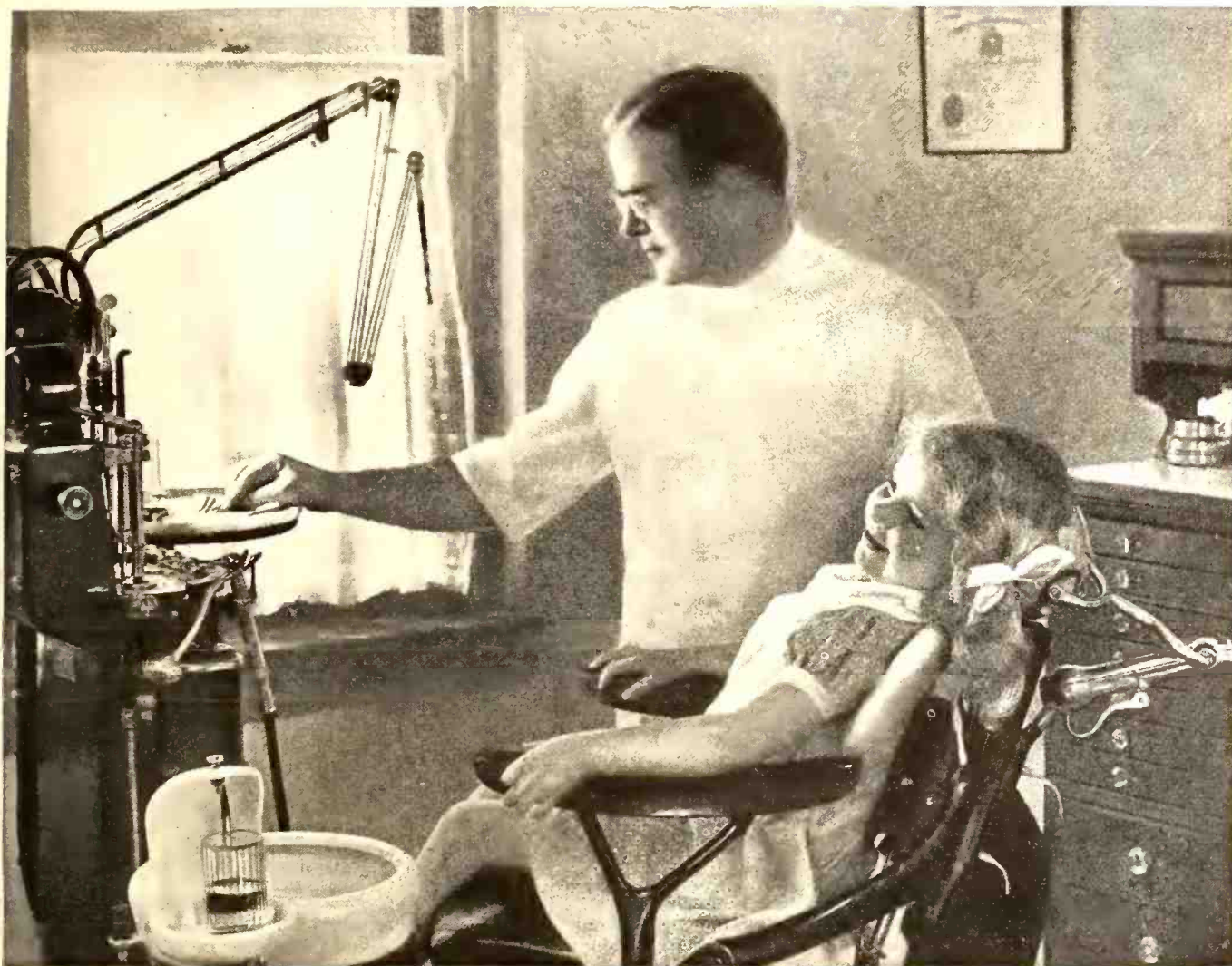
Since then he has turned more than ever to his hobby, studying microscopic life. He claims it has helped him greatly in working out and sticking to his own peculiar brand of philosophy. Certainly it works. How else surmount the loss of Betty?

"You take a quart jar of pond water," he told me, "and scoop out a little and look at it through a microscope. See how wonderfully everything is worked out, according to the plan of nature. It's almost like a small town. Then take out some more water and look again. You'll find another tribe of creatures, getting along all right too, in an entirely different way! It makes you see how unimportant all your petty worries are, how little they can matter in the scheme of things."

He believes that this is true of every phase of life, and that farther up the scale there are probably superior beings, to whom men and their activities appear as little insects.

"I've come to the conclusion," he says, "that the main difference between one-cell critters and human beings is in the number of cells."

If that's the brand of philosophy that helped Bob Burns, it's well worth thinking about. Pardon us while we write finish. We're going out now and price microscopes.



## Special...for a Little Lady

[ SPECIAL TREATMENT  
...SPECIAL CARE  
...EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE! ]

HERE WE SEE a little lady getting her regular dental examination...*special care* her mother seldom got when she was a girl.



One reason why children thrive better today than 20 years ago is because of *special care* like this. Their food...their clothes...even their playthings are *specialized* for them.

Your doctor will tell you that this new thinking applies to laxatives, too.

They say a child should get only a laxative made *especially* for children—a laxative that can't possibly harm the tiniest and most delicate infant system.

That's why so many physicians recommend Fletcher's Castoria. For here is a child's laxative pure and simple. *Never do*

*we recommend it for anyone else.* Fletcher's Castoria is exceedingly mild in action. Yet it is thorough. It works chiefly on the lower bowel—not in the stomach.

Quickly and completely it clears away the waste in a baby's system...without the painful griping and digestive upsets some harsh laxatives cause. Fletcher's Castoria contains no harsh, purging drugs, no narcotics—nothing that could upset a baby's delicate system. *A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription himself!*



You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria tastes good, too. Children take it willingly—without forcing. And doctors will tell you just how important that is. For often the act of forcing a child to

take a laxative he hates completely upsets his entire nervous system.

So, mother, reflect a bit before you next buy a laxative for your child. Always make sure of these two important things: (1) That it's made especially for children. (2) That your child will like its taste.

More than 5,000,000 mothers keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. Why not play safe and get the economical Family-Size Bottle today? The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
**CASTORIA**  
The laxative made *especially*  
for babies and growing children



MR. TRASK PROMISED ME THE JOB. NOW HE'S INTERVIEWING OTHER GIRLS! IF THAT ISN'T A DIRTY TRICK...



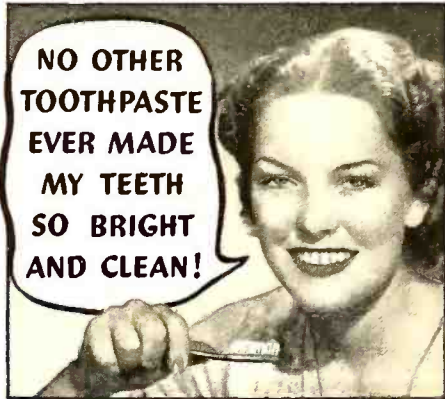
**THEN SHE FOUND HER NAME IN AN OFFICE MEMO**

OFFICE MEMORANDUM

TO : Office Manager

FROM: Mr. Trask

I have changed my mind about taking Miss Lane as my secretary. I still think she's capable, but I have noticed that her breath—well, frankly, Miss Lane should see her dentist.



**Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!**

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

*penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



**Learn Homemaking from the Stars**

(Continued from page 41)

praise indeed for America's own natural beauties.

Strangely enough, though three generations of Thomases migrated westward steadily until Lowell's own father finally settled in Colorado, Mr. Thomas reverted to type and chose the East for his permanent home. On his estate he maintains a fur farm, wide orchards and his stables. He still retains a fondness for western horses, relic of his hard-riding scout days.

The house itself is 220 years old and built from timber cut down on the estate itself. Originally, it was the site of an old mill, but gradually evolved into a country gentleman's home long before America declared its independence. The house is a revelation for those who think that America was solely populated by log-cabins prior to the 19th century. Little has been changed of the original building. There are 30 rooms, spacious and lofty with their high ceilings and rambling corridors. Of course the house is now completely modernized with electricity, modern bathrooms and kitchen, but basically it is the same house it was when knee-breeched squires sipped their sherry back in 1716.

Lowell Thomas and his charming wife have preserved the full flavor of their remarkable home by choosing early American antiques, many of them heirlooms of the Thomas family. Although curios brought from the far corners of the world remind one of the ten-year honeymoon the Thomases spent traveling around the world, the furnishings, like their owners, are definitely American in character.

**H**OWEVER, saving these curios, there is nothing in the Thomas house which is not within reach of the American family. Taste and understanding have made it the charming place it is. The living room grew up around the beautiful Bokhara carpet that the Thomases brought back from Arabia. Its rich red and white motifs decided the color scheme of the room. The walls and ceiling were left white to harmonize with the Adams fireplace, so popular during the Colonial period. Thin gold gauze curtains banded in red admit the gold of the sun. The sofa is modern, but it is of a design termed Lawson, which decorators agree harmonizes best with antique decoration. The incidental tables are Duncan Phyfe, pie-crust, tilt-top and drum, in the best traditional American manner.

The over-stuffed chairs are antique American design and upholstered in gaily-flowered chintz, against pale cream-yellow backgrounds. This brings to mind an important point in decoration for the conscientious homemaker to bear in mind. Nothing is so important to an attractive room as a careful balance between upholstery, window-treatment and carpet figures. Using an oriental rug is at once an inspiration and a pit-fall for the American housewife. Not only must other colors harmonize, but the size and arrangement of figured materials must be handled with great care otherwise the effect is likely to be garish—yes, even night-marish. Note in the pictures of the Thomas living room that the rug pattern is large and bold and the flowered chintz chair covers also have a large, widely distributed flower pattern. If the chairs had been covered with a small print, the rug would have completely dominated the room, whereas floors

must always remain backgrounds. If on the other hand, the carpet had been of a small, complicated design, the chairs would have appeared out of proportion to the room, and ungainly. Now an important rule to remember is that when you use highly figured carpets and upholstery, the walls and windows should be of light, simple colors. Flowered drapes at the windows would have been just too much of a good thing.

In the dining room, on the other hand, the carpet is of solid color, deep Burgundy red, and the flowered chintz drapes with their bold colors and patterns are not only proper but lend definite character to an austere room. Since the dining room is visible from the living room, the Thomases wisely have carried out the same basic color scheme. The walls are pale yellow with an unobtrusive little flower pattern. The chairs are upholstered in a creamy yellow leather. The dull gleam of reddish mahogany blends perfectly with the red and contrasts harmoniously with the yellow. Notice that four distinct types of furniture design are used in the same room. The table is Duncan Phyfe, the chairs at the head and foot of the table, Chippendale, and the remaining chairs and sideboard are Sheraton. The corner cupboard is Hepplewhite. If you can assemble really good examples of the cabinet-maker's art or even reproductions, do not hesitate to mix them in one room. The practice is not only permissible, but highly desirable. Nothing speaks more plainly of unimaginative home-planning, than conventional store-made parlor or dining room suites.

**I**NCIDENTALLY, when dining room and living room are adjoining it is wise to follow the Lowell Thomas practice of decorating the two rooms in similar colors. Remember then, that the two rooms ought to be considered together rather than as separate entities.

The two rooms of the large Thomas home which are most used and most lived in are the huge studio and the gym. The studio is 65 feet long and it is there that Mr. Thomas does most of his work. He confessed to me that his long years of travel have given him a mild case of claustrophobia. He is depressed by small, box-like rooms and can work best in a sense of space. A handsome photographic enlargement done in oils over the fireplace reminds Lowell of happy hours spent with one of the sheiks who made his stay in Arabia so thrilling and exciting. Spears from Africa, a war-drum covered with python skin, elephants from India, a globe of the world marked by the intrepid army sliers who first encircled the world by air whom Thomas accompanied when on their epoch making flight—the room is almost a museum of fascinating lore. It is the room most like Thomas. But that's how homes are—they are mirrors of their occupants. Try to make yours speak well for you.

*At any rate, even if friend husband has not been a world traveler and explorer he will appreciate a room, no matter how small, set aside in the house to call his very own—a room which will reflect his personal tastes and hobbies. For interesting and novel suggestions for men's dens write to Ruth Geri, c/o RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, listing your husband's favorite sport or hobby.*

Look for the Bobby Breen cover on the January issue



TO INTRODUCE OUR MARVELOUS NEW

# Cashmere Bouquet LOTION

Never have you used a lotion that keeps your hands and face so satin-smooth, alluring!



**Y**OU will prefer Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, first because it is so much more *soothing!* Its healing ingredients smooth your skin at once. Chapped, red-looking hands grow soft and whiter, as if by magic . . . even with one application of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

Then, you'll prefer it too, because it vanishes quickly and completely . . . never leaves the slightest feeling of stickiness! You can pull on your gloves without any difficulty, immediately after using Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

And last . . . but certainly not least . . . you'll adore the fragrance of this lovely

creamy lotion. It is lightly scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet perfume . . . the same costly, lingering perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So use Cashmere Bouquet Lotion regularly. Every time you wash your hands, and always before exposure to cold, wintry winds. Use it on your face, too . . . at night before you go to bed, and as a powder base during the day.

Why not put one of these attractive bottles of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion on your dressing table right away?



GET THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER AT YOUR DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE! Remember, for limited time only!

Radio Is Her Life

(Continued from page 39)

"There's nothing left, nothing," she moaned over and over again.

Doctors didn't pay too much attention to her case. It was, to be frank, a pitiful one. She could never walk again, they said. But she didn't die. Perhaps Fate knew that life still held something for her. A few days later a little radio was installed in the ward. Out of it came America, brimming over with life, optimism, and song. To Peggy Harriett it was more effective than all the artificial respirators, surgeon's knives and hypodermics in the world. It made her want to live.

"If it wasn't for that four-tube set that crackled and blared, I wouldn't be alive now," she says thoughtfully, today. "But radio to me was so cosmic, so alive that I wanted to know its people, and love them. I wanted to go on the air."

When the friendless woman left the hospital some months later, she had aged twenty years. Gone were her rosy cheeks and the soft brown of her hair. She was bent, haggard, and white. She needed a cane in her hand. But her eyes glistened and her spirit was fresh.

She had a little money—enough, she estimated, to live modestly in a small hotel, and to eat two not-so-square meals in the neighborhood cafeteria. She knew there weren't too many years left. She decided to see if there was work for her on the air. Radio had saved her life. Perhaps it could save her money, too.

The next day brought a heavy snow-storm. But somehow the old woman man-

aged to get to WPCB, a small New York station, now defunct. She bristled by the receptionist and ran smack into Louis Reid. Reid is remembered by veteran radio fans as a smooth announcer. Today he is an executive of a radio advertising agency.

"I want to go on the air," she said bluntly.

Reid smiled. There was something about her that pleased him.

"You do, do you? Well, what can you do?"

"I can talk about conditions in South America. I can talk about how radio saved my life."

"Well, write a little script about how radio saved your life," he said smiling. He had never met anyone quite like Mrs. Harriett.

"Never write scripts," she snapped, "Always ad lib."

REID laughed again and told her to come back the following week.

"I could tell that he fell for me," she recalls with a twinkle in her eye.

Believe it or not, she did go on the air, rambling on about life, and love and hope. What Mrs. Harriett didn't know was that in another studio was a stand-by pianist, ready to substitute immediately if the old lady faltered. But instead she kept on going and finished "on the nose," like a real trouper.

She kept writing to other stations for auditions but found this a more difficult job. Her letters were unanswered. An-

other crackpot, they thought. No big-time network executive "fell for her." So, watching her pennies, and sticking close to her beloved receiving set, Peggy Harriett drowned her pain and loneliness in the thrills of radio.

She began haunting the studios and rehearsals halls. Her fast talk broke down the most pompous of ticket-takers. She fooled six-foot-three ushers into believing she was an important personage. In her quiet, direct way she managed to see all the broadcasts possible. But it was Arthur LaTour, night manager of the CBS Radio Playhouse, who singled her out one night as she tried to see her "favorite boy," Ted Husing.

"Let her in, boys," he ordered. "I believe she's our good luck charm."

LaTour personally escorted the little woman down to the front row. She has never sat anywhere else in a broadcast studio since.

The stars got to know her and love her. The younger ones, like Joan Marsh, Lanny Ross, Sally Singer and Virginia Ver-rill began to tell her their troubles.

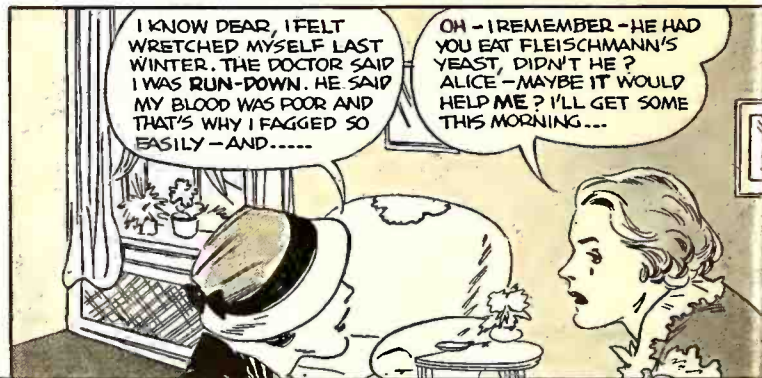
But it was Ted Husing who quipped right across the footlights with her. It was the last performance of Ted's CBS program last season. After the broadcast, which was sponsored by Lysol, Ted hushed the applause and started to make a long curtain speech.

Suddenly Mrs. Harriett hobbled out from her seat and said:

"Give the other fellow a chance to talk, Mr. Husing. I just want to say that all of

I D-DON'T SEE WHAT THIS SILLY WAY

SO TOUCHY SHE MADE HOME LIFE MISERABLE



VITAMINS A. B. G and D





us have enjoyed your work and wish you Godspeed on your journey to California. We'll all miss you and your pep."

The audience, surprised at first, applauded loudly.

Intimate as she is with these big money-makers, she still maintains a mysterious aloofness. Jack Arthur once saw her leave the studio and make tracks for an Automat. He sneaked up behind her and whispered:

"What do you say to a real meal as my guest tonight?"

Peggy Harriett turned slowly. She tried to hide her embarrassment. Then she said: "No, thanks, Jack; I never eat so late at night."

One star sent her a sizable check as a reward for the good luck her presence at broadcasts had brought. Mrs. Harriett returned the check by next mail.

"I'm afraid to accept their little gifts, much as I could use them, because I know that's the first way to dissolve a friendship," she explains. "And I need their friendship. It's all I have in the world."

Unlike rabid radio fans, Mrs. Harriett never writes a fan letter or seeks an autograph. Perhaps that's the secret of her success. It was Walter Woolf King who told her: "Remember, mother, if there's anything you ever want just ask your Walter."

**MILTON** Berle usually tries out his gags on Mrs. Harriett. "If she laughs I know its good material and original," he says.

Arnold Johnson, director of the National Amateur Night program, clears the control room on audition nights of even his own family, to find a place of honor for this first fan.

"Couldn't do without her," he insists.

This, by the way, is her favorite program. "It gives me a kick to help weed out the good ones from the bad. If it had only been like that when I was young," she says frequently.

But in the 1880's there were no radios, no opportunities for embryos. If there had been, perhaps, tiny Peggy Harriett would be one of our great veteran stars.

When she was a little girl in Louisville she used to sneak out the back door to see the showboats on the Ohio River, then return to her room to pose and act before a great mirror. Her stern Quaker father objected strenuously to these "painted play actors" and refused to see them.

When she was sixteen, Peggy was married to a man she didn't love. He took her to New York and here he went through every nickel Peggy's father gave them, with one unsuccessful enterprise after another. She left him seven years later and tried to find work in the music halls and beer gardens.

But the theater was heartless and impatient. She had two children to support so she turned to selling jewelry.

"If I had been unmarried I could have studied show business and taken chances. But my babies needed food and I dropped any ideas of trying to become an actress."

Peggy Harriett will never be an actress. But her dreams of footlights, applause, and achievements are reflected in her radio friends. She can remember all the fine things they have done for her.

She can remember proudly the night a rude gentleman knocked her cane off her arm and sent it hurtling down the aisle during a broadcast. Oscar Shaw saw the incident, jumped over the orchestra pit, returned the cane to his friend, and raced

back to the stage just in time for his next number.

She can remember pleasantly the night genial Morton Downey noticed her absence at one of his rehearsals.

A superstitious Irishman if there ever was one, Morton knew that since Mrs. Harriett had been attending his rehearsals and broadcasts, his contract had been renewed three times in a row.

**WHERE'S Grandma?** he asked his manager.

"Seems to be missing tonight, Mort."

"Well, find her and bring her here for the broadcast."

Mort's manager and chauffeur worked fast and furiously in the half hour before broadcast time. They finally reached Mrs. Harriett's unpretentious hotel to find her asleep in her tiny bedroom.

"My word," she apologized, "I must have overslept."

"Well hurry up. Mort wants you at the studio," yelled the chauffeur.

So she was whisked past traffic lights, escorted up the private elevator and practically carried down to the front row. Downey sighted her and whistled.

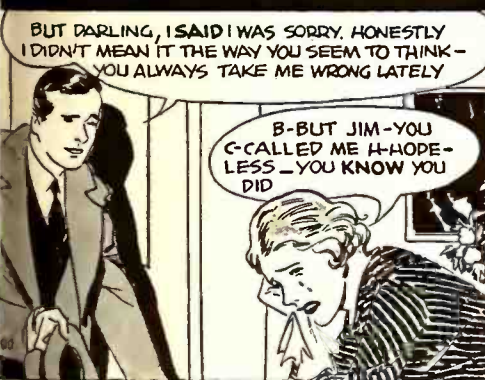
"Hey, Grandma," he shouted, "Are you that tired of my voice?"

She can recall the night Nino Martini sent her two tickets to his debut at the Metropolitan Opera with the simple card attached which read: "You are the top."

Radio makes this lonely old lady carry on. She's an important person behind the scenes of your favorite radio program.

Next time you tune in, picture in your mind a \$3,000-a-week radio star, singing for all he's worth, for fear the little old mascot in Row A will give him the devil if he misses a high note.

# M-MAKES ME G-CRY



## DON'T LET "UNDERFED" BLOOD KEEP YOU WORN OUT

SO MANY people feel tired out and depressed at this time of year.

Usually, your blood is "underfed" and does not carry enough food to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with

needed vitamins and other important food elements. Then, your blood can carry more and better nourishment to your tissues.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—a cake about 1/2 hour before each meal—plain, or in water.



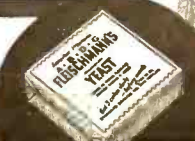
### IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

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

When you find that you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not being supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

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



## Yesterday's Stars—Where Are They?

(Continued from page 48)

and himself on the air, he also imitated the voice of Lena, who was supposed to be in love with Jake. Glenn played the piano and sang, and was straight man.

So popular were they in their home town, Cleveland, that during one Christmas week they raised \$55,000 at charity benefits.

Two years ago they came to New York for the Gillette Safety Razor Company. It took them a few months to win their way into the hearts of the more cosmopolitan fans. And just when they succeeded, the newspapers featured the story of their marital difficulties.

Mrs. Carroll claimed that her husband, after fourteen years of married life, left her for another woman. Both she and Mrs. Rowell said their mates, in private life, weren't the good-natured, jovial persons they were on the air. Both got their divorces.

Many radio fans lost faith in Gene and Glenn. Today they are appearing in vaudeville.

Public fancy is a difficult thing to fathom. If any radio star could puzzle out exactly what you and I like, he'd last forever. Some stars are clever enough to realize we want change in our radio entertainment, just as we do in everything else. Rudy Vallee is one of them. Had Rudy remained the crooner we admired six years ago he might be almost forgotten today. But he shifted the burden of entertainment from himself to his variety shows. Today, he's still on top.

Sometimes a star changes his characterization, but unsuccessfully. Two years ago Jack Pearl was among the most popular comedians in his role as Baron Munchausen, that tall-story spinner, to whom lies were as necessary as food. His "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" to his straight man, Cliff Hall, became a national byword.

Believing this role to be outmoded, last year Pearl tried another, that of Peter Pfeiffer, a lovable old proprietor, handyman and philosopher, who operated the Family Hotel in Main Street. That characterization didn't click so well.

So Jack withdrew from the air, and took a well deserved vacation. Now he's all set to star in a forthcoming Broadway production.

Sometimes, even powerful publicity can't force the public to keep liking radio entertainers. Do you remember The Three Keys, that trio of colored Skiddadle-de-deep harmonizers, Bob, Slim and Bon Bon, who hit the networks with such a splash four years ago? Within a few months NBC had spent \$10,000 publicizing them. But no sponsor wanted them. They went to Europe, where they were better appreciated.

**T**HE same fate befell the Mills Brothers, that human orchestra of four young colored brothers, who could imitate any instrument by manipulating their hands and vocal chords. For a while they were a fad on the air—as late as last winter. But the novelty wore off at last. So they went to Europe, where they have been scoring a grand hit.

Just a few years ago, Kathryn Parsons was very important as The Girl of Yesterday, singing sweet songs of days gone by.

With her as much as with any other stars, favorable publicity was a great help. Her husband is George Clark, managing editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*. But in spite of such publicity, the public tired of the old fashioned songs.

"Good night, Goldy. Good night,

Dusty." How familiar these phrases were ten years ago, when Harvey Hindermyer and Earle Tuckerman ruled the airwaves as Goldy and Dusty, respectively, those twin negro minstrels. They delighted us with their old plantation songs, their hymns and old jokes—which they themselves kidded.

At the beginning they appeared on one of the first sponsored programs, where they limited themselves entirely to songs. Continuity served only as a transition between melodies. For example:

"Where last you seen yoh mammy, Goldy?"

"Doncha know, boy, down by de Swanee Ribber." Then they'd sing "Swanee River."

How they lost out makes an interesting story. The president of the company that sponsored them never had much faith in radio. It was the vice-president in his capacity as general manager, who kept renewing their contracts.

After they had been on as the Gold Dust Twins for two and a half years, their contract came up for renewal while this vice-president was on vacation. The president didn't renew. And when the vice-president learned what had happened, there was a terrific battle. It ended in his resigning.

Today, the two men still feel they will get another big chance sometime. You can hear them on their own WJZ sustaining program, still singing the same type of songs.

**C**ERTAINLY a great number of us recall the Slumber Hour, that lovely program of peaceful, soothing bedtime melodies. It was under the direction of Ludwig Laurier. This gray and kindly conductor became one of the most beloved of radio figures. Over a thousand letters were sent every month praising his work.

After three years, NBC felt it was time to change the program. One night they put on an elocutionist. Protests poured in by the thousands. She was withdrawn. Then they substituted a male quartet. "Hands off the Slumber Hour," the public clamored again. The quartet was withdrawn.

In May, 1932, one of NBC's program chiefs withdrew the program entirely. An avalanche of protests: telegrams, letters, phone calls that tied up the switchboard, bombarded the studio. One radio editor told me that 20,000 letters poured in within a month. But for some unknown reason, the program was never reinstated.

As for Ludwig Laurier, I think the loss of this program broke his heart. You still see him hanging around the studios, a bent, broken old gray-headed man. At present, he is looking for a job.

In the good old pioneering days of radio, back in 1921, the name Major P. Andrew White was on everyone's lips. The Major was a famous sports announcer, master of ceremonies, and organizer. It was he who broadcast the first boxing match ever to go over the air. He was the daddy of the variety show. And he was one of the founders of the CBS chain, which he left about seven years ago.

It was while he was master of ceremonies on his old variety show, that Eddie Cantor began to kid with him. At the time Eddie had little faith in the fad, radio, and doubted whether people actually listened in. This was before the era of the networks.

Since his interest in CBS was bought out, the Major has tried several businesses. Financing a Broadway show that

flopped. The movie business. Advertising. He is now said to be promoting a new network.

Though it has been over four years since the old Palmolive Hour, featuring Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver, was the toast of the networks, many fans are still curious about what happened to this charming duet that thrilled us for over two hundred consecutive weeks with lovely ballads and semi classical songs.

For the entire life of the program, the identity of the stars was kept secret, for the sponsor believed that the mystery would create more interest. Olive Palmer was Virginia Rea, whom you hear today on Rubino's program. Paul Oliver was Frank Munn, whom you hear on the American Album of Familiar Music.

A change in policy of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company resulted in the withdrawing of the old Palmolive Hour.

**I**T doesn't pay to antagonize anyone in radio. That's what Charles Carlisle, the tenor, has learned. One of the Atwater Kent finalists, this soldier of fortune, who has been everything from circus stagehand to member of a South Seas treasure hunt, shot to radio fame.

Charles, about two years ago, antagonized members of the CBS program department by insisting upon singing only songs he wanted to sing. He wouldn't listen to any advice from them.

For awhile, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was at Loew's State Theater in New York City, in a vaudeville review, where the audience appreciated his singing so much he was held over for several weeks.

In case you radio fans ever doubt your power, let me tell you the story of Muriel Wilson, who was the singing Mary Lou on the Showboat for so many years.

When she was yanked off and replaced by other singers, her Buffalo fan club threatened to boycott her former sponsor's product unless she was brought back to the air. She was taken back at double her previous salary.

A year ago her role was cut out of the program. Again the fans complained. But this time the sponsor asserted his independence and brought back only the talking Mary Lou, Rosaline Greene.

Today Muriel is doing concert work. And the close association of herself with the character of Mary Lou, has proved a boomerang. Sponsors are afraid to hire her for they feel her name is synonymous with Mary Lou, and that you and I will still think of her former sponsor's product when we hear her sing.

Don't think that every star who has disappeared from the air has been forced out. Some retire because they want to.

There's Harry Brown, Hank on Simon's Showboat, five years ago. Remember when this was one of CBS' big shows? Harry quit radio to become a Christian Science minister. And then there's Charles B. Tramont, star announcer of half a dozen years ago. You rarely hear of him, though he occasionally announces a program. Charles has used radio as a stepping stone to his real love, medicine. Very shortly, he plans to hang out his shingle.

And then there's little Annette Hanshaw, the blues singer, last heard on the Camel Caravan. Annette, at the height of her popularity, left radio. Always delicate, the strain of several years singing on the air proved too much for her and she had to rest. While resting, she worked

(Continued on page 64)

# RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE



## 3 GREAT Contributions TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

**F**OR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling! Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want

grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the greatest treat that screendom has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take

its place among the ten finest pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton's world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star rôle... a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it's money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond



civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one.

"Lost Horizon" won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its "greatest movie season".



Bing swings into his biggest laugh show, with 5 new song bits, in "Pennies From Heaven"

to tell you, in a few well-chosen words—and pictures—about the three approaching attractions that I like best.

The first one you'll see will be the new Bing Crosby show—"Pennies From Heaven". Here's the funniest picture Bing's ever made. It's his first for Columbia—an engagingly human romance with five



Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of "Lost Horizon". Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset.

# What Every Woman Desires!

A BODY BEAUTIFUL with  
the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin—it will be delightfully smooth and soft—And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath... Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.



*Linit is also unequalled  
for all fine laundering.*



(Continued from page 62)

out a script show idea, in which a sponsor is interested. To date, she hasn't been able to get the person she wants to write it. But she certainly expects to be back on the air.

Annette cares about her radio work, her public. She always took great pains with her fan mail.

But tiny Jeanie Lang doesn't seem to care. Remember when Jeanie's piping childish voice, her girlish giggle, made her radio sweetheart number one? College boys proposed to her in droves, and showered her with flowers and gifts.

Afraid it would lessen her popularity if the public realized she was married, Jeanie insisted Arthur Lang, her husband, was her brother. And he said so too, to further her career. When the truth came out, I think it did Jeanie much more harm than if she had been straightforward from the start.

Her last spot on the air was with Buddy Rogers for Ward's Bread, a little over a year ago.

Then she toured in vaudeville, averaging \$1000 a week—more than she had made on the air.

I spoke to her husband. "Jeanie's just left to visit her folks in Phoenix, Arizona. She's a funny kid. You never can tell what she's going to do. She's had some radio offers, but she hasn't accepted any of them."

**A**ND then there's Norman Brokenshire. No story of old timers is complete without mentioning Brokenshire, who made history as an announcer. Practically every big program was one of his accounts. There was something so infectious and informal about his style, sponsors literally fought for him.

Too much hail-fellow-well-met living blotted out his radio career. Recently, dead broke, he applied to the WPA for a job.

All the newspapers carried the story, and the Nut Club, a Greenwich Village night spot, employed him as their master of ceremonies. Now he has a new job as an announcer at station WINS.

On top. Sliding, sliding... They reign for a brief hour, then disappear. When they're successful, their names and praises are on everyone's lips. Once off the air, some are forgotten immediately. Some we remember for a few fleeting moments.

That's radio fame.



Red Grange—with his dope on pigskin lineups, he's the football fan's meat. Hear him on NBC Fridays, Saturdays.

**In His Hour of Need**

(Continued from page 47)

Reed was the little fellow in a velvet Lord Fauntleroy suit who carried the ring on a white satin pillow, his blue eyes wide and grave and his cheeks scarlet with embarrassment. Lois, more contained, walked up the aisle beside him with her tiny trim nose a fraction in the air.

That was the way they met. And if they'd known then that they weren't to meet again for years it wouldn't have given either of them the slightest twinge of regret.

Reed's father was a wealthy coal operator in Pittsburgh. There were several boys in the family before Reed came along in 1903 and all of them grew up together in a very comfortable and cultural lap of luxury.

After his entrance at Pennsylvania Military College, Reed dropped everything else in favor of football. He made the varsity team at Cornell, got a fractured shoulder that prevented him from ever playing again, so he turned his interest toward music.

It was on a spring afternoon during Easter dances that he met Lois Smith again. Neither of them recognized the other. To Reed, Lois was just that gorgeous brunette from the Castle School who had come up for the prom on the bid of one of his fraternity brothers. Tall and willowy, black eyes as wide as black-eyed susans, a swell girl and a swell dancer. They talked together several times before something the gorgeous brunette said made Reed suddenly realize where he'd met her long before.

It was a pleasant shock, far too pleasant to be trivial about when the lady involved was practically knocking the Cornell men for kingpins with her loveliness. All the fellows had been trying to date her up—with no success—and that included Kennedy. So he thought of a plan that simply had to work.

**T**HE next morning a messenger delivered to Lois a long heavy sheaf of roses, five impressive dozens of them imported by special delivery overnight from New York. The card said, "Remember?"—and Lois did.

All the next year, which was his last at Cornell, he courted her in competition with one of his closest fraternity brothers.

At last graduation time rolled around. Lois drove up with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy. And one night she and Reed slipped away from the carnival of lights and music at the dance to a lonely spot far down the gravel path that so many lovers have walked so many Junes. A sliced gold moon swung in a white explosion of stars and the sky was deep blue and clear. Reed Kennedy had found the flawless time and place to ask the girl on his arm to be his wife.

For her answer she made a kiss of her mouth and laid it softly on his lips.

So they were married. After a honeymoon trip to the Riviera they settled down in the sumptuous home Mr. Kennedy had built for them in the suburbs of Pittsburgh and Reed went to work at his father's coal mines.

As the years went by lots of things happened. Tommy, Bunny, Skippy and Bobby were born, four little boys three years apart. Reed inherited the mining business and did well with it. He made a lot of money, provided his family with the country-club social life of the wealthy, set himself up in a highly profitable building supply business—his good fortune seemed to be limitless.

Then gradually, as time wore on, Reed

*Delicate Skins*

thrive and grow ever lovelier  
with the care of these

**GERM-FREE BEAUTY CREAMS**



**Germ-free element helps protect skin from Blemish...  
Vitamin D quickens skin's youthful breathing process**

**C**LEAR, lovely skin! That's the complexion Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream will bring you! It helps guard your skin, however sensitive, against the blemishes that germs can cause.

There's always the chance that germs may get under the skin through some crack or scratch and cause a blemish-infection. But Woodbury's Cold Cream, which stays permanently free of germ-

growth, helps to safeguard your complexion against this beauty hazard.

One ingredient of this famous cream is now irradiated with kindly rays which create Sunshine Vitamin D in the cream. This new element helps stimulate skin cells to breathe more quickly. And only when the skin breathes *rapidly*, takes up oxygen at a rapid rate, does it retain its youthful vigor. Vitamin D in Woodbury's does this for *your* skin!

For finishing, use Woodbury's Facial Cream. It blends powder and rouge with even smoothness. Each, 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.



**WOODBURY'S  
Germ-free Creams**

**SEND FOR 9-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!**  
Contains tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; Contains tubes of Woodbury's Facial Soap; 6 shades, guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10c to cover mailing Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10c to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7472 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

1. *Soma Rue*  
WONDERING WHAT TO GIVE AUNT MILLIE FOR CHRISTMAS WHEN DELIVERY MAN ENTERS, TRACKING UP RUG

2. STARTS TO GET VACUUM CLEANER, BUT OPENS PACKAGE FIRST. IT'S A BISSELL—"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, FROM JIM"

3. TRIES OUT BISSELL CASUALLY—AMAZED AS IT WHISKS UP DIRT LIKE MAGIC FROM BOTH HIGH AND LOW NAP RUGS

4. READS ABOUT BISSELL'S EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE ACTION HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL, AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTING SWEEPER TO ANY RUG NAP

5. GETS IDEA! EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE BISSELL FOR QUICK CLEAN-UPS AND SAVE VACUUM FOR GENERAL CLEANING, SO...

6. SOLVES GIFT PROBLEM! PHONES FRIEND:  
"I'm giving Aunt Millie a Bissell, Ann—she can use it for quick clean-ups and save her vacuum cleaner for periodic cleaning. It has the Hi-Lo brush control that automatically and fully adjusts brush to any rug nap. And cleans so easily!"  
**Models from \$3.95 to \$7.50**

**BISSELL**  
The really better sweeper  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

began to take an interest in his music again. Sundays he sang in the choir of the Third Presbyterian Church. Nights he studied with his vocal teacher or practiced at home.

Before long he became one of a male quartet singing on the Pittsburgh radio stations; he didn't get any salary for it, he did it because he enjoyed it more than he'd ever enjoyed any work before. Frequently he'd stay at his office from five in the morning until eight at night, then go to choir rehearsal or the radio station or his teacher's studio. To his business associates a hard-working musical evening represented a peculiar kind of relaxation after an exhausting day; often they joked with him about it.

But for the uncontrollable turn of events—and a woman's love and courage—Reed Kennedy might be today a Pittsburgh business man with singing for his hobby. Three years ago he sold his mines, invested every cent he owned and much that he'd borrowed in a factory that was to manufacture gasoline pumps. It had seemed a sound idea, this new business venture, and for a while it boomed beyond the company's greatest hopes; Reed's pumps were stationed outside every filling station. He made a fortune almost overnight, he had his home remodelled and his factory enlarged. Things were going wonderfully. Until the big oil companies found that the world had too many pumps, that many of them were not selling enough gas to pay for themselves. So they took them down and stored them away, enough pumps to last for the next ten years. And nobody in the world wanted to buy any gasoline-dispensing equipment at all.

**A**FTER he had sold his home, his cars, his stocks, his factory and patents—everything—Reed had not only lost all that he owned but he was badly in debt.

At thirty-one, with a wife and four sons to support, he was faced with a circumstance he had never tasted before. He had to start life over again with *absolutely nothing to start on.*

Standing on the brink of beginning a new career from scratch, Reed Kennedy suddenly realized he hated business with a deadly, sweltering hatred. He wanted, and he had always wanted, to be a singer.

But it was too late to begin now, to subject the welfare of his wife and children to the lean struggle and vicissitudes of a newly started musical career. It might be years before he could make a decent living with his voice. He was about to accept a travelling position with a manufacturing concern when Lois persuaded him otherwise.

"Listen, Reed," she pleaded with him, "we've always had everything and now it's gone and we've got to begin again. Let's begin this time in something you really love. It'll take longer and we'll all have to work and do without things but it'll be good for us, even the boys. I'm not afraid."

"I'll give myself a year," he finally agreed, "and if I haven't accomplished something by the end of that time I'll quit. I won't make it hard for you any longer than a year."

So they sold everything they could bear to part with, put a minimum of furniture on a van, and took the bus for New York. Reed had only a small amount of cash. He had tried to borrow money from several of his wealthy friends but they couldn't see security for their loans in the delicate prospect of a successful singing career. They refused, all of them. That was the reason the Kennedys took the tiny farmhouse at Mt. Kisco, planted a kitchen garden, and *rented* a cow.

At first they had an old Ford that car-

# Take Off Ugly FAT

**NO DRUGS·NO EXERCISES**

An amazing patented device and method called **ROLLETTE** developed in Rochester, Minnesota now makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and improve your figure. With it you can take off fat quickly without dangerous drugs or exercise. No strenuous dieting needed. You eat plentifully of tasty foods as outlined in method. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. It makes you feel vigorous!

**FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

We absolutely guarantee that if within five days the Rollette method does not convince you it will take off your ugly fat the trial will cost you nothing. Send name, address for free trial offer.

**ROLLETTE COMPANY**  
11 E. Huron St., Dept. 801, Chicago

**ALICE WHITE**  
Film Star

## 3 LIPSTICKS Free

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

**Flame-Glo**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**TRIPLE INDELIBLE**

**REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., DEPT. H9, 398 B'WAY, N.Y.C.**  
Send me 3 trial size Flame-Glo lipsticks; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10 STORES

# "The losing Hand in the game of Love is a Chapped one"

says  **Walter Winchell**  
(Your New York Correspondent)

ried the children to school and their daddy to the station. But the monthly garage bill became depressing evidence that Fords don't run by magic, so they sold it to buy coal. Lois, for the first time in her life, did all the housework for a family of six, heavy washing included. The two older boys, aged eleven and eight, were assigned to a routine of chores, to looking out for their four and one year old brothers.

For months Reed made the rounds of radio and show business and got nowhere: Manhattan, he found, was jammed with excellent, experienced baritones doing the same thing he was and meeting the same rebuffs. Finally, worst of all, he had to forego the expense of his vocal lessons.

Luckily, a singer named Julius Huehn heard about him and came to his rescue. Years before, when Huehn had been struggling for recognition himself, his friend Kennedy had generously given him financial assistance. In return he was instrumental in securing for Reed the very coveted job of soloist at St. Bartholomew's church. For the first time in ten months he began to earn some money.

It was a grim and hopeless year—a little more than a year—that he waited for his break. Lois was critically ill once for four weeks, two of the children were hospitalized for a while. His almost daily rides on overheated commuting trains, followed by a six-mile walk out of doors, managed to lock Reed's vocal chords with colds a good half of the time.

"I was the perfect counterpart," he told me, "of Calamity Jane!"

But no matter how discouraged he became—and seeing his family living as they were he wanted to give up and go to work so many times—there was always 'Lo' smoothing out things, refusing to let him quit—persuading him to keep trying two more weeks, six more weeks. So they stuck it out month after lean month together.

**A**ND finally the breaks did begin to come. His first job was to have been a solo on one of the last broadcasts Will Rogers performed before he was killed. That Will Rogers talked overtime and Reed's number was consequently omitted was not nearly the tragedy it might have been for another singer. At least, Reed figured, he had been inside a studio. Too, he entered radio's amateur Metropolitan Opera auditions of last season under the name of Dale Jones; he didn't win but he got as far as the semi-finals. And that distinction brought him several guest appearances with Ray Noble and with the Pittsburgh Symphony broadcasts.

Entrenched as Reed has become in radio now, the matter of living is at last a less pressing affair. He has established his family in a modest but comfortable Central Park apartment, the boys are in private school, Lois has a servant, and her husband is studying under the best dramatic and vocal teachers, with a Metropolitan Opera audition scheduled for the early spring.

Over the desk in Reed's den at home three lines from "Tristram" are printed in green ink on a white card and thumb-tacked to the wall "because it's well to remember a thing like that, especially when you're sitting on top of your world." Which goes to show how there isn't a starrish idea in the head of this popular new idol of the air. He answers his own fan mail, telephone and door, is frank enough to envy Lanny Ross and Lawrence Tibbett in glowing phrases, and he's an all-around thoroughly likeable person.

The real star of the family, he would insist if you asked him, is not himself at all but the lovely lady who helped him find his greatest happiness.



## Busy hands kept soft and white by Jergens...the lotion that penetrates faster, more thoroughly!

No wonder June and September are the "marriage months"! Romance thrives when hands are less subject to chapping.. stay soft to touch!

But right now your hands need very special care to keep them lovable! Jergens Lotion brings you the help that keeps hands *young!* It goes into the dry, parched skin cells more swiftly—penetrates more thoroughly—than any other lotion tested

Two special softening ingre-

# Jergens Lotion

All four sizes—\$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c—contain *more* lotion than similar sizes of other well-known lotions. You'll find the big dollar size most economical of all.



dients in Jergens make the roughest skin smooth in a few applications. Jergens overcomes the red rawness of hands that are too much in water. An important protection...for a check kept by hundreds of women proved that you wash your hands on an average of 8 times a day; have them in water at least 8 times more!

Keep Jergens always on hand, in bathroom, kitchen, office. Use it whenever you've been out in the cold, whenever you've had your hands in water. Jergens will give your hands the soft, white beauty that tempts "his" touch—and kisses!

**FREE!** GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the youth-guarding oils and moisture your hands need!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 624 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada—Perth, Ontario)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH



## HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by Jane Heath

● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private cache of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the results—and never know why wives look prettier.

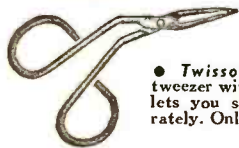
You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH (\$1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.



● **Lashtint Compact.** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, ensuring just the right consistency to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. \$1.



● **Kurlene.** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, \$1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and \$1 sizes.



● **Twissors.** The little miracle tweezers with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

# Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MG-12. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

**FRED ASTAIRE.** The star of this show, so far as I'm concerned, is the fellow who is writing Charles Butterworth's lines. Charlie has never been as funny as this on the screen, and that is saying *something!* Packard would do well to have said scribe also write the car plugs—they need to be funnier, but not louder. You wouldn't think such a dignified firm would go in for medicine-show ballyhoo, particularly with one of the smartest, most sophisticated shows on the air, but grit your teeth and sit through it—you'll be rewarded with a fast-stepping melange. Incidentally, I thought I didn't like tap dancing on the air, but I'll make this one exception—anyway, it will have to do until television comes along. Fred's songs don't seem as catchy as they do in pictures; somebody should look into that. Understand the guest stars get a car for a souvenir. If Fred and Charlie are likewise paid off in Packards, they'll soon have a garage bill that'll make them wish they were on a cigarette program.

NBC Tuesday, 9:30 P. M., 60 min.

**KATE SMITH** will be the first person ever to give Vallee serious competition. On the air at the same hour, she presents celebrated personalities, news names, and the best showmanship stunt of the season to date—public heroes. A hero of the week, nominated by the listeners and selected by a judging committee of five famous people, is awarded \$500. The act of bravery is dramatized. Besides, there is Jack Miller's Orchestra, Kate's liquid voice and her competent bossing of the program.

CBS Thurs., 8:00 P. M., 60 min.

**FAMOUS JURY TRIALS.** People who can't get enough courtroom drama will do nip-ups over this collection of legal thrillers, disinterred from judicial archives by Don Becker, producer and author, who does a neat job of renovating them. Such novel devices as a radio announcer's eye-witness description of Abe Lincoln preparing to defend a case lend a touch of reality or something. You almost expected him to ask Mr. Lincoln to "say a few words for the benefit of the radio audience." Recent cases are disguised a bit but not enough to fool you.

MBS Mon., 10:00 P. M., 45 min.



Major Bowes—there's more of him and less of the amateurs on his new show every Thursday night at nine on CBS.

**COMMUNITY SING.** The introduction of Milton Berle as the program's comedian brings to the mike machine-gun comedy. Of course it's well rehearsed, even when he's presumably clowning with the audience, but preparation is no fault and neither is his pace, if he can keep it up. Wendell Hall as a leader and Jones and Hare as misleaders don't dull things up any.

CBS Sun., 10:00 P. M., 45 min.

**MAGAZINE OF THE AIR.** Strange that no one tried this idea before—it makes a good excuse for a potpourri of entertainment and instruction for the housewife. You can't blame milady if she turns to the music page first, what with Leith Stevens' morning melodies and Reed Kennedy singing popular songs in the same rich baritone that tossed around the classics last season with the Pittsburgh Symphony. Trouble House is the magazine serial, a dramatic sketch with interesting characters. The other air columns of this radio periodical present "articles" with a feminine slant, by guest name authors. The magazine has an attractive make-up, with only one typographical error. An editor should edit and not editorialize. Delmar Edmundson does the latter as master of ceremonies, and destroys the magazine illusion.

CBS Mon., Wed., Fri. 11:00 A. M., 30 min.

**RED GRANGE.** If you enjoy the spectacle of the Gallopin' Ghost of 1923 making fumbles, listen to him read a radio script. But football fans won't mind his aerial stumbles as long as he spills the dope on college lineups and pigskin prospects, and keeps on interviewing coaches.

NBC Fri., 10:30 P. M., 15 min. Sat., 7:00 P. M., 15 min.

**MAJOR BOWES.** There have been so many imitations of his "all right" that the Major is beginning to sound like a burlesque of himself. There's more Major than amateurs this year, and more Chrysler than both put together.

CBS Thurs., 9:00 P. M., 60 min.



Kate Smith—the first person ever to give Rudy Vallee serious competition, with her opposing Thursday program.



## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 15)

brotherhood. For this moment we thank radio.

BELLE M. DRAKE,  
Newfoundland, New Jersey.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### ONE CRITIC REPLIES TO ANOTHER

One RADIO MIRROR critic disapproves of new characters being introduced in Today's Children. I have followed this interesting program for many months and I think it is one of the best on the air. The name, itself, explains the reason for new characters. Aren't the children of today constantly forming new friendships? I think the new characters are necessary to make this story so interesting.

When I am compelled to miss a broadcast, it is not difficult to "pick up the threads," as Mr. Rohan often relates any important event of the preceding day. Long may we greet Today's Children.

Mrs. E. L. WILCOX,  
Elmira, New York

#### HONORABLE MENTION

"In the name of good sportsmanship, stop complaining about advertising. If the sponsors can't advertise, why should they spend the money for radio time?"—Mrs. F. C. O'NEIL, San Francisco, Calif.

"Why must some advertiser spoil an otherwise good program by continual repetition, day after day, of the same advertising continuity? When a listener hears the same words so often, they lose their punch and instead of arousing interest in the product, they produce exactly the opposite effect."—NORAH COUCHMAN, Vancouver Island, Canada.

"Whatever changes may occur in programs from time to time, I hope we may be able to tune in the Community Sings at the usual time."—MARY E. RALSTON, Washington, Pa.

"We agree with Marie C. Basile of Long Island City that Show Boat is heading for disaster. Sopranos have come and gone from Show Boat, but Muriel Wilson is the only one who has been missed enough to have letters sent to the sponsor requesting her return."—MURIEL WILSON FANS, Brooklyn, New York.

"I beg to differ with Marie C. Basile's views about Show Boat. 'Tis very true that the cast suffered a great loss when Muriel Wilson and Conrad Thibault left the crew. However, I don't think anyone can accuse me of being unfair to Muriel Wilson when I say that I think Winifred Cecil stepped very gracefully into her place; nor do I think Conrad Thibault will think me unjust because I would like to see Ross Graham make good."—Miss M. L. VAN TOOR, Lansdale, Pa.

"Why can't we have Henry Burr on a program where we can enjoy him? On the Barn Dance he sings one skimpy little chorus and leaves us like a kid that's had one lick off an ice cream cone."—Mrs. THOS. WHALEN, Mahanoy City, Pa.

"Let's have the return of Myrt and Marge in the fall. Not only should they return to the airwaves, but also be given some time between 6:30 and 9:30 p. m."—LILLIANNE M. DOLPHIN, Sag Harbor, New York.

"The very nature of Edward Mac-Hugh's work seems to me to permit the use of but very little advertising, commercially speaking. If they must have a long spiel, then I say put on another program in addition to the Gospel Singer."—R. KUPRIAN, Brooklyn, New York.



## See if the Shade of Face Powder You Have Been Using is the Right One for You!

By *Lady Esther*

You think you can describe your complexion by calling it "fair," "dark," "pink and white" or "olive." You think you know just what shade of face powder goes with your particular skin.

But I want to give you the surprise of your life! I want to show you—at my expense—that you probably belong to the vast army of women who habitually use the *wrong* shade of face powder—a shade that never permits them to look their loveliest or their youngest!

The reason women make this mistake is that they choose face powder shades according to old-fashioned notions of "type." But you *aren't* a type. You're you—an individual! No two skins are alike. Even the same skin alters with the years, the seasons, the state of health. Doesn't this check with your own experience?

### There's Just ONE WAY to Tell!

The only way to find the most becoming, flattering shade of face powder for your skin *now*—is to try on all five basic shades. Any other way doesn't give your complexion the ghost of a chance to show which shade it demands. I don't expect you to buy 5 big boxes of powder for this test, when one box will be all you'll need afterward. Just send me your name and address, and by return mail I'll dispatch all 5 shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge.

When the five shades arrive, do this: First, look at them all and, just for fun, guess which shade you think is most flattering to you. Keep that shade in

mind. Then try on every one of the five shades. Give yourself plenty of time. Be sure to remove each shade completely before you try the next. But the important thing is to try *all* five, before you make up your mind which is most becoming. Then compare the one you select by *actual test*, with the one you *guessed* at—you'll get the surprise of your life to find your guess was undoubtedly wrong.

### Prepare for a Surprise!

Do you know what is quite apt to happen? A complete reversal of everything you thought you knew about yourself and your face powder shade. Why, thousands of women have told me that the shade they guessed in advance as the winner—didn't win at all! Often the winner has turned out to be the very shade they thought couldn't possibly suit them! This shade added life and vivacity not only to the skin but to their whole personality—and made them look years younger! Write today for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Then make the test I suggest and see for yourself how right or wrong you have been in your selection of face powder shade. Mail coupon now!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (28)

**FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Humanity Finds a Defender

(Continued from page 44)



**Avoid**

*lipstick  
parching*

**...and keep  
lips lovable**

Lips must be smooth and soft to tempt romance. Rough lips look old. Unattractive. So—avoid lipsticks that dry or parch!

Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parching with a NEW kind of lipstick. It gives your lips exciting, indelible color... but without any parching penalties.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick smooths and softens your lips, because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

**Make the "Over-night" Experiment!**

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.



It was a common story—too common—of two young people in love since childhood who married. An ideal couple, to all appearances. Then came economic reverses and the wife started to work while the husband tramped the streets looking for a job, every day growing more crushed and despondent. They began to nag at each other. Their marriage, that had seemed so perfect, revealed its essential weakness. It could not stand up under adversity. Life together became intolerable—but the law would not grant them a divorce unless adultery were proved. The rich could get divorces through collusion; the poor could not.

Alexander watched the gradual dissolution of the marriage, watched unhappiness come to two people who were very dear to him, felt his heart go out to them, held together by a law they did not have the money to break. "I could not understand why happiness should be a matter of dollars and cents," he told me. "Human beings should have an equal right to live under the law."

Perhaps, he thought, the solution lay in religion, and he entered a theological school. But not for long. Prayer and study could not satisfy him. They were no more than another method of escape to him—and he could not escape. His need was action, not philosophical repose.

He left the school and came to New York to find his vocation—some sort of pattern for his life which would satisfy his sense of justice. He wanted to mingle with others who felt as he did, gain their aid, actually *do* something.

In the city the contrast between happiness and degradation struck him with stunning force. At night, the gay theatrical district pumped out streams of well-dressed people—while in dark doorways, anemic, down-at-heel beggars held out their hands for small coins. Food was wasted in hotels and night clubs—while outside a withered old woman was digging into a refuse can, smiling wanly when she found a dirty crust of bread.

Scenes like this angered him; kept one question uppermost in his mind:

**WHAT** can I, as one individual, do to prevent such suffering?"

He turned to organized charity and social work, joining several philanthropic organizations—to be faced with further proof of the immensity of the problem. No sooner was one life helped than another was in need. One individual, even one organization, could only do so much.

One morning on his way to work he saw a man knocked down by a truck. An ambulance came along and whisked him away to a public hospital. Everything would be done there to save the man's life, Alexander knew. But what of the poor souls who were alone, afraid, ignorant and hungry, hidden away from the knowledge of a forgetful world? Suddenly, Alexander saw what he could do. He could—he must—publicize cases of injustice and suffering. *They must be brought to the attention of society!*

There it was, in a flash... his purpose and his work. He no longer thought of man's inhumanity to man. It was not inhumanity, so much as it was forgetfulness and lack of knowledge. He began to make plans and to search for a medium through which he could tell the world of its neglect.

"I was fascinated by radio," he told me. "Here was a powerful instrument being used only for entertainment purposes. Through it, I could get my message to a

great number of people. I could talk to them, in their homes."

Thus, eight years ago, Alexander visualized a new future for the networks. But at first he could find time only on a local station for what he wanted to do. On the Tom Noonan Chinatown Mission program, which originated in the slums, he gave three-minute introductions. Every Sunday for seven years he made it the pulpit for his ideas. Slowly, his talks gained a larger audience. People liked his philosophy and his courage. Letters poured in, revealing the tragedies of torn lives, asking advice.

"I believe that people are drawn together by identical interests, understandings, and tragedies," he says. "Floods, wars, and droughts all reduce human beings to a common level, bring them to a community spirit. I only ask people not to wait for tragedy to strike—to help each other first!"

**L**ECTURES on the air, however, no matter how important or significant, were soon forgotten. He realized at last that he must bring actual cases to the microphone, to bring home realities to the listeners. WMCA had conceived an idea for a program which was exactly suited to his needs. He put the first broadcast on the air April 5, 1935, making of it a legal and social clearing house to help unfortunates who were unable to help themselves.

At first he had difficulty getting a legal adviser. He did not want a columnist, a psychologist, nor a propagandist, but someone who could give specific, practical advice—tell the helpless what rights they had and did not have. While still an announcer on a local station, he secured the support of public spirited magistrates who agreed to quote the law in human terms, stripped of technicalities. Too, many of the people were afraid to go before the mike and tell the things they had told him. For these reasons, the program was slow to start. Once on the air, however, it grew in popularity by leaps and bounds!

The court itself is dramatic and full of human interest. It is starkest reality. Here you do not get a play, a bit of fiction, but actual people fighting real problems that you and your friends might be called upon to face. These people are not actors. They speak from the heart with sincerity that actors cannot imitate!

Before the broadcast, Alexander interviews the people he has picked from some 1500 letters. In a few minutes he must determine an applicant's character, study his case, and decide whether or not he should go on the air. He must weed out the hysterical and the grudge bearers.

Forty high strung, jittery people then file into the silent room and the air is tense with expectation. No one knows what will happen next and some look as though they expected to go through the third degree. You sit in your parlor and hear the broadcast but you cannot see the frightened faces staring fixedly at Alexander, the rigid bodies, perched on the edges of chairs. You cannot feel the breath-taking emotion that fills these trembling people as they bow their heads and bare their hearts in heart-rending confessions.

A small nervous woman, case 16432, steps cautiously up to the mike. She coughs. She starts to speak, but her voice is broken and the words trail off into a scarcely audible whisper. Alexander puts his arm about her reassuringly. She gulps, tries again.

"He stole every cent I had. He threat-

ens to kill me if I tell. I can't give him any more money and I can't stand any more of his beatings. I can't stand it!" she moans.

Next a bashful, tormented youth comes forward. He twirls his fingers as he stutters. "They made me marry her. I was tricked. She is a bad character and gets me fired from every job I get. Isn't there some way I can get a divorce?"

"Not unless you have the money to hire detectives," says the judge. The youth flies into a rage. He shouts at the judge, rails bitterly at society. Alexander intercedes and gets him off the air as quickly as possible.

A thin young girl in dark glasses tells her unusual story in quick staccato sentences. "He faked a marriage ceremony. My family kicked me out. Now I have a police record. What can I do with my child?" Tears run down her cheeks as she begs for its adoption.

In spite of his experience with all types of human nature, Alexander believes the universe is essentially friendly. He is convinced of this because of the letters he receives. Many insist that justice be done and an unfortunate story brings many offers of help. Welfare societies cooperate and often the complainant gets an apology or redress after broadcasting a story.

Thus Alexander has seen his boyhood dream come true. He combined his religious and court experience and brought the radio audience a new conception of life as he knows it. When one has heard real cases with all their implications, one has seen beneath the surface, past the story books and into reality.

Though Goodwill Court originated in a small boy's mind and started on a small scale on sustaining programs, it is now hailed by radio critics and welfare societies as the most important development in radio for the past sixteen years.

In a comparatively few years, Alexander has brought his ideas and experiences to the attention of many national figures. Governor Lehman of New York, the Attorney General of the United States, Homer S. Cummings, as well as other Governors and other law enforcement officers, have written to express their thanks and appreciation of its progress.

It is so vast and important an undertaking that it is difficult to believe it started with a boyhood dream. While still a young man, Alexander has seen down into the hearts of individuals and is on his way to further fulfilment of his purpose—to help lessen crime and suffering by bringing them dramatically to the ears of the world.

## Who Are Radio's Racketeers?

How do they operate? What is being done to stop them?

Read the gripping expose of Radio's Racketeers—in the

**JANUARY  
RADIO MIRROR**

*Get Mother a New Kalamazoo for Xmas*

**JUST WHAT I WANTED!**

**NEW FREE CATALOG**

## FACTORY PRICES

**"Merry Christmas to Mother from the Whole Family!"**

Mail coupon now for the bigger, more colorful Kalamazoo FREE Catalog. Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes. Get FACTORY PRICES for New Coal and Wood Heaters, Oil Ranges, New Porcelain Enamel Coal and Wood Ranges, New Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, New Gas Stoves, Furnaces. New color combinations, new features such as Copper Reservoirs, Non-Scorch Lids, Enameled Ovens.

**Cash or Easy Terms—18c a Day—Year to Pay**  
More bargains than in 20 big stores—Cash or easy terms—Terms as little as 18c a day for stoves—Year to pay.

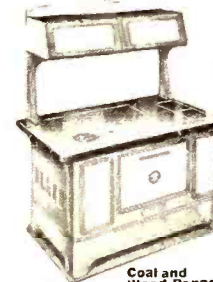
**30 Days Trial—Satisfaction Guaranteed**  
30 Days Trial in your home to prove Kalamazoo Quality—24-hour shipments—Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

**Over 1,000,000 Satisfied Users**

Kalamazoo has been in business more than 1/3 of a century. Over 1,000,000 satisfied Kalamazoo customers. Don't select a new stove anywhere until you see the new Kalamazoo charts that tell you how to judge stove quality. FREE with Catalog. Mail coupon now.

**KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers**  
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

**Warehouses:** Utica, N. Y.; Youngstown, Ohio; Reading, Pa.; Springfield, Mass.



## FREE Catalog

**KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.**  
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.  
Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE CATALOG. Check articles in which you are interested.  
**Coal and Wood Ranges**  **Coal and Wood Heaters**  **Combination Coal, Wood & Gas Ranges**  **Furnaces**   
**Oil Ranges**  **Gas Ranges**

Name .....  
*Print name plainly*

Address .....

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

**"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"**  
Trade Mark Registered

Radio's Cruel Part in Spain's Civil War

(Continued from page 21)

• When Doctors swab  
**SORE THROAT..**

surface germs are destroyed,  
soreness relieved, healing  
quicken



• When you Gargle with  
**PEPSODENT  
ANTISEPTIC...**

you continue your doctor's  
treatment by destroying sur-  
face germs, relieving the cold.



**USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC  
FOR COLDS—TO RELIEVE  
THROAT SORENESS**

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you 2/3 of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

**SAVES 2/3  
OF YOUR DOLLAR**

*..Goes 3 times  
as far!*



to be captured, while the armies marching against them are many miles away. One American who lived in Granada during part of the revolution heard a radio report from Seville one night that the Alhambra had been destroyed—when all the time it slumbered peacefully in the moonlight, not a hundred feet away from where the American and his family were sitting!

Not that Spanish radio is alone in its crimes against truth. Spanish newspapers—those that have survived sudden changes in government—are guilty of distorting the news too, although not to as great an extent as the radio. In fact, through the radio it has sometimes been possible to check the truth of newspaper reports. For instance, suppose that a Rebel-controlled paper claims the city of X has surrendered to the Rebel forces. By tuning in the X station on the radio, and listening to its announcer shouting loyalist propaganda, listeners know X is still in the hands of the Government.

Each side in the war is well aware that radio's reports of what is happening cannot be depended on. The civilian population, although it clusters about the radios installed in cafes and listens avidly, must depend upon private information, or upon instinct, to learn the truth.

Nor is dissemination of false news reports the worst. Stations controlled by the rival political factions all have their own orators who go on the air with fanatical exhortations to kill, kill, kill. The government, through Union Radio Madrid, EAJ 2, and Union Radio Barcelona, EAJ 1, puts President Manuel Azana, the Prime Minister, Socialist leaders, and Communist deputies on the air to plead for its cause.

Radio is even used to fight radio. The Government, in taking over the Madrid station, EAJ 2, changed its wave length to that of Radio Seville, a Rebel-controlled station, and then went on the air with an endless program of jazz and rhumbas—endless, that is, except for periodic interruptions of news and oratory. The purpose was to interfere with Radio Seville and produce a noisy jumble of music, humming, and crackling, at least so far as Madrid listeners were affected.

**T**HE radio mainstay of the Rebels and the most widely heard personality on the air, is General Queipo de Llano, commander of the Seville garrison. Fiery, eloquent, and ruthless, he is an expert at inspiring hatred. "The word *pity* must be eliminated from our vocabulary," is one of his favorite statements. In attacking the Loyalist cause he regularly uses vitriolic and abusive words and phrases whose English equivalents would get him thrown off the air immediately in this country. Nominally a military commander, his radio duties keep him so busy that he seldom has time to do any commanding. "But he accomplishes more for his cause on the air than he could ever accomplish leading an army," Kaltenborn remarked in telling me of de Llano.

Even possession of a radio can be dangerous to the citizen of a city held by one or the other opposing faction. Public

places, such as cafes, by keeping their sets tuned to a station controlled by the party in power, avoid trouble and even gain the approval of the officials, as well as good trade from the news-hungry public. But the private citizen, unless he has his set tucked away in some soundproof room, does not dare listen to an "enemy" station. Those who are caught doing so are shortly afterwards transferred to jails. Many people have dismantled their sets to escape complications—since after all it would not be difficult for the party in power to accuse Senor A—, whose loyalty was in question anyway, of listening to the wrong news reports.

"What effect can this fantastic situation have on the revolution, and the people?" I asked Kaltenborn. "Can radio really help either side to win?"

**K**ALTENBORN did not answer at once, and when he did, his voice was grave. "I no longer believe," he said, "that mechanical inventions are necessarily a benefit to mankind. After seeing the uses to which they can be put by men, it's a question in my mind whether the world would not be better off without them. Rebels and Loyalists both are exploiting every potentiality of the radio for spreading propaganda. But in the end, radio can't help either side to win. It can do no more than add to the confusion.

"No amount of radio propaganda can change a man's beliefs. He believes what he wants to believe. But the radio can change his allegiance. Speakers like de Llano, by threatening their enemies with horrible physical tortures, can play upon the fear of the non-combatant public in such a way as to gain converts to their cause. The average Spaniard, even before the Revolution, did not have a radio of his own. Without one, he must listen to the broadcasts that are heard in the streets. When he hears the description of the burning-alive of Government sympathizers, he is apt to give lip-service to the Rebel cause, even though in his heart he is still loyal to the Government—simply because he is afraid of what might happen to him if he didn't.

"By heaping hatred upon hatred, the radio may be prolonging the revolution. With their oratory, the professional rabble-rousers may be keeping the war spirit alive when it would begin to die out if left to itself. I don't know about that. But I do know this—that the war in Spain shows what a powerful and destructive force radio can be when it is used indiscriminately."

By the time this article is published, the Spanish civil war may have been ended, settled in one way or the other. Whatever the outcome, it will not change this fact: the world has had a glimpse of radio at war. And it is a glimpse that is worth pondering.

*Next month—another exciting story of a broadcaster in war-torn Spain. Watch for the thrilling account of how Floyd Gibbons, the world's best known reporter, has met hair raising adventures in trying to get front-line news.*

Radio has a new and exciting personality. Ethel Barrymore, long the Empress of the Footlights, is on the air. Watch for her amazing story, a saga of the famous Barrymores, in the January issue of RADIO MIRROR.

## Why Warden Lawes Raised His Daughter in Prison

(Continued from page 30)

but Old Black Joe, was her nurse and personal bodyguard. He was a lifer, and he has been dead for several years. In all her life, Cherie has never had a woman nurse, nor one who was not a prisoner.

One of her earliest memories is about Old Black Joe. Somehow or other, he and another of the house servants quarreled and engaged in a rough-and-tumble fist fight. Warden Lawes punished them by putting them both into the "cooler," or solitary confinement. Cherie can still remember her rage and disappointment at being deprived of her beloved nurse. In all her four-year-old dignity, she marched to the Warden's office and demanded that her father release Joe from the cooler immediately. He didn't do it, but he did the next best thing—explained to Cherie why he couldn't, and sent her away satisfied that he knew best.

Never once, throughout her childhood, did Warden Lawes give any of the convicts who came into daily contact with his daughter a hint that he considered the care of her a greater trust than—for instance—the cleaning of the rooms in the house. To see that all went well with Cherie was simply part of their job. He never cautioned any of them particularly as to what should or should not be done, but left details to their intelligence and good will. He believed that it was most important not to give the impression among the men that any fear as to Cherie's welfare had so much as crossed his mind.

I asked him whether anything had ever happened, during Cherie's childhood, to make him regret, even momentarily, the

decision he had made. I was prompted, I suppose, by the thought of how simple it would have been for unscrupulous prisoners, desperate to escape, to use this trusting child as a means of doing so.

"No, never," he said. "If anything had, I should probably have sent her away to school. But on the contrary, as time passed I grew more certain that Cherie was benefiting."

By the time she was six, and ready to start attending a private day-school in Ossining, Cherie was running through prison gates as she pleased. They were all open to her. Between meals she liked to drop into the commissary and talk to the men there. In the afternoons she'd attend the prison baseball team's practice, and the members of the team showed her how to pitch a ball and steal a base. They made her their mascot, and the military drill corps made her its honorary colonel.

**I**n a prison as large as Sing Sing, she couldn't know everyone, but she knew an astounding number of the men by their first names or nicknames. To her, as they are to Warden Lawes, they were all "the boys." I don't believe the word "convict" has ever passed her lips.

On afternoons when some particular friend of hers was scheduled to leave (another word not in her vocabulary is the verb, "to release"), there might be a farewell party for him at the Residence, with Cherie on hand to say good-by. That, incidentally, is a custom Cherie continues even today, although she is much busier now with her school work and doesn't have as much spare time as she used to.

Four years ago the old Residence inside the prison, which had stood for more than a hundred years, was torn down, and the Lawes family moved into a new home, just behind and a little to the south of the cell-blocks. Arrived at high school age, Cherie began attending a private school in Scarborough, a few miles from Ossining. Today she is in her second year there, but she still finds time to go into the prison almost every day, to toss a baseball now and then with the team, to play the piano once in a while in the prison orchestra.

One of her particular friends is Alabama Pitts of baseball fame, who used to raise silver foxes when he was in prison. When Alabama returns to Sing Sing this fall, to play on the ball team, he will be a guest in the Warden's house, for he is one of Lawes' best friends, too.

Many more of the friendships she formed with the men who served their terms and left have endured. Every Christmas, and on her birthday, she receives scores of cards from these men, from every part of the country. Many write to her regularly, just to tell her how they are getting along. Some even return to Sing Sing, drawn there by some odd desire to revisit the scenes which may have marked turning-points in their lives, and they never fail to call on her, just as they call on the Warden himself.

Young as she is, she has developed her own philosophy of the social problem represented by Sing Sing and other penal institutions. It is based on the Warden's own beliefs, naturally, yet as she gave it to me, sitting on the terrace of her home

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and looking out across the Hudson to the misty Palisades, it seemed to me to have a fresh humanity that only youth could give it.

"People are always taking it for granted that living here and knowing the boys was either terribly interesting or terribly depressing," she said. "But I never thought of it that way. It was just natural for me to be there and talk to the boys. I mean—Daddy thinks of them all as his family, and I'm part of his family too. Every family has its nice people, and its people who aren't so nice. They're all just people, interested in the same things other people are. But they've got to have a chance!"

Her blue eyes flared momentarily in irritation. "Daddy's criticized because he lets them play baseball and listen to the radio and read books and see movies. But they work, too—and if they're going to have a chance to learn how to lead normal, balanced lives, they've got to have their entertainment as well as their work. Other people have their radios and books and movies . . . and I think good movies have an awful lot to do with influencing people's characters," she added firmly.

I think that perhaps one sentence in that philosophy of Cherie's represents the greatest benefit her strange childhood bestowed on her. "They're all just people, interested in the same things other people are." It hits at the root of the grave mental error most law-abiding citizens make when they think of what must be called, for lack of a better phrase, "the criminal class."

WHEN they think of a prison," Warden Lawes said to me, "the majority of people do one of two things—they sentimentalize the men, and feel too sorry for them; or they jump to the conclusion that every last one of them is a depraved character."

In other words, they forget that convicts are also people, with the same instincts, desires, even thoughts, as themselves. Cherie, because she has grown up among them, will never make that mistake.

"I firmly believe that a childhood such as Cherie's has been is the best possible training for life," the Warden told me firmly. "She has learned tolerance and a broader understanding, for one thing. She has learned to accept the less pleasant things in life without being shocked. And she has, for a girl of her age, a wonderfully fine ability to judge character. When she tells me, 'Daddy, I don't think I like that fellow very much,' I've found that her judgment is practically always sound."

"She has absorbed some of the prisoner's code of ethics, of course—and it's not such a bad code, either. For instance, she hates a squealer. Talking to so many of the boys, she has often learned about things in the prison of which I knew nothing—but she's never told me. She has never even started to tell me. If she had, I'd have stopped her, and told her never to do it again."

As the warden talked, I sensed underneath the matter-of-fact words, a deep pride in what his unorthodox system of child training has accomplished for his own daughter. In a way, it has been another justification of the beliefs according to which he has done his job for the past seventeen years; one more answer to critics who charge that he runs his prison with too loose a rein. Those critics are far less numerous now than they were a dozen years ago, but some of them still exist.

"If you want to make a dangerous man your friend," he said once, "ask him to do you a favor." By entrusting Cherie to the care of "the boys," he was asking them to do him a favor. And Cherie today is proof that his trust was not misplaced.

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## The Reason Nelson Eddy Fears Marriage

(Continued from page 23)

those years a friendship, a deep understanding, grew between him and his mother. She understood his aloneness, realized how inevitable it was, and set herself the task of making up, in part, for the things he was missing.

She has done that all his life. And today, in the lovely Beverly Hills house he took last year, she is making for him the first real home he has ever had. She presides at his table, receives his guests, supervises the corps of secretaries who work all day opening and answering his fan mail.

When he was fourteen the thing happened that changed his life completely. He had finished grammar school and was considering what high school to enter when his parents decided—simply and without any great to-do—to separate. The family had reached Philadelphia in the endless circle of Mr. Eddy's professional wanderings, and Nelson and his mother decided to live there.

Naturally there was no more thought of school. Mrs. Eddy went to work in a university and Nelson got a job in his uncle's iron works. Then began the years of struggle, of worry, of persistent, dogged work during the day and study during the evenings; there was no time—and certainly no money—for the usual adolescent running around, for dancing and parties and girls.

He was a newspaper reporter for a while and then found that he had a voice; David Bispham, a famous baritone and teacher, heard him one day and offered to give him lessons.

It was while he was singing for the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company that he discovered radio and radio discovered him. In those first days of crystal sets and earphones and experimentation there was little advantage to him in pouring his rich powerful voice into an unperfected microphone. He knew there were probably only about fifty people listening to him and that the reception must be distorted. And station WCAU, Philadelphia, offered him no money for the work.

Nevertheless night after night he would go to the tiny studio and pour his heart into the arias and folk-songs that made up his program.

He grew up with radio.

From WCAU he went to WFI and eventually to every station in Philadelphia. The Newton Coal Hour, released every other week, offered him a top spot, finally, with a contract that called for \$25 an appearance. It wasn't much but he accepted, and stayed with the job for two years.

His listeners liked him and wrote in to say so. Sponsors of other programs liked him, almost as much as they liked the reports on his fan mail, and besieged him with offers. Contracts called for bigger salaries, less work, more publicity.

Until finally he was signed on the Firestone Hour. "From then on it's been merely a question of finding time for broadcasts between concert tours and motion pictures," he told me. "The other things followed radio. I spent a year in Europe studying under a teacher named Vilonat, and toured America afterward. A scout from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer liked my voice while I was doing a concert in Los Angeles, and the studio signed me. It meant I needn't think about money any longer, that I could have a home to live in after so many years."

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"And it meant time," I interrupted. "Time for fun that you'd never had, for parties and love and even marriage, if you wanted it."

He laughed. "I've given two parties since I took that house in Beverly Hills. Listen to my schedule for a year, and you'll understand how much time I have for running around." His voice clipped, unemotional, matter of fact, he recited dates and contracts and hours that comprise, collectively, the pursuits of his waking hours.

Pictures take up half of his time (a little more, now that he is preparing to sign a new contract) and concert tours the rest, with radio broadcasts sandwiched into the general madhouse of appointments and obligations. When he's in Hollywood he rises at six o'clock, has breakfast at six-thirty, and gets to the studio a little after seven; an hour with make-up and wardrobe departments, a half-hour for interviews and official business, and he works on the set until the lunch call. If he's lucky he finds time, between more interviews and more official business, to eat something—and then he goes back to the sound stage again. If it's a broadcast night, he stops work at three, dashes home without changing, rehearses for an hour with his accompanist, speeds to the NBC studios, and sings for the hour that is released in the East.

He gets an hour for dinner before the western broadcast is due, and after that he goes home, studies script for the next day, and falls into bed—fairly exhausted and perfectly aware that the next day will be a repetition of this one.

ON the concert tours his time is even less his own. When he's not rehearsing with orchestra conductors and actually singing, he's receiving committees and accepting keys to cities, giving interviews, speaking before women's clubs, attending dinners given by people who could hurt him professionally if he refused; and during the day he must answer, in his own hand, from fifty to sixty letters.

"It's going to be even worse on the tour this fall," he told me, "because—for the first time, as I understand it—the radio is going to follow me around the country wherever I go, broadcasting between appearances. Which means an entire troupe will have to come along; the program manager, the soprano, an announcer, the conductor, and of course my own personal representative, who'll travel ahead and arrange the bookings and see about facilities. We'll go up North and then to the middle-West and Chicago, and through the East to New York."

He hesitated, and smiled. "What was it you said—time for fun, and love and marriage?"

"Well, it can't go on like that forever, anyway," I protested.

"You're right. I don't intend it shall. I'm not going to stay in pictures the rest of my life, or clutter all my days with a program like the one I've just given you. But—you understand. I've got to get together enough money so that I can afford to do as I like. When I've done that I'll quit and go to Europe—sing the music of the masters in the places where they were written and eventually I'll come back to America and interpret American music to the American people. I can live as I like then, do as I like.

"Then I'll have time to think about the things you talk about."

I made no comment. The choice, the philosophy, the convictions are his, bound by his private idealism and founded on a life that has left him no other conclusion.

If marriage comes, if some love beats down his fears he will be the happiest man in Hollywood.

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Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the beginning of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 Miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



## Broadcasting's Fountain of Youth

(Continued from page 37)

ready for the Pageant of Youth, they have mastered timing and can begin to develop an individual style of their own. None of her protégés is yet old enough to graduate from the Pageant, but Mrs. Clements hopes that by the time they are, her husband can find a client smart enough to pick up the talent that two other sponsors have trained in radio technique from babyhood. "When my youngsters graduate from that program, which I hope will be a big evening show, they will be the Jack Bennys and Gracie Allens of tomorrow," says the lady impresario.

Sixteen-year-old Ginger Snap, from Brooklyn, who was on the Children's Hour from the start, is an example of the training by imitation. Although she can take off Penner, Garbo, Brice, Wynn, Sophie Tucker, Ethel Shutta, Mae West and Schlepferman to a fare-you-well, and do about 25 other characterizations, she also has her own style of delivery for novelty songs, and so much do Mr. and Mrs. Clements think of her ability that they are putting her through dramatic school and giving her their name, since her father isn't living.

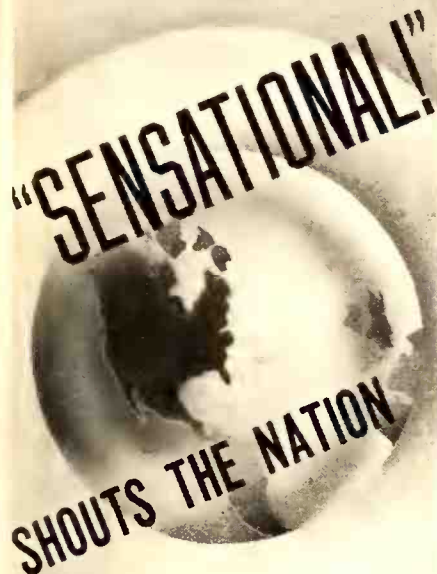
Sixteen-year-old Pinky Mitchell is another comedian you'll be hearing from in a few years, Mrs. Clements vows. He started in vaudeville when he was seven, and was master of ceremonies for 26 weeks on a WCAU program, impersonating the label on a beer bottle.

**E**THEL SHEPPARD, nineteen, doesn't owe all her success to radio, as she has been in vaudeville since she was three weeks old. She has more than one kind of talent, being such an accomplished singer and dancer that she had her own company of five on Loev's Circuit for three years. She got into radio without mentioning that she is the niece of Lazy Dan.

Mrs. Clements is certain that Broadway will someday acclaim Ezra Stone as if he had just sprung from nowhere overnight. A mild-mannered lad of eighteen, he started studying dramatics when he was ten years old to overcome a speech defect. A year ago, he graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He has been in radio six years, starting on the Philadelphia Children's Hour, has appeared on Broadway in "O Evening Star," "Room Service," "Ah, Wilderness," and "Three Men on a Horse." For two summers he has managed his own stock company at Lake George, New York.

Walter (Froggy) Froes works simultaneously on the Children's Hour and the Pageant of Youth. His age, eleven, disqualifies him from entertaining on the latter program, but he is allowed to appear in the commercials as Butch Brown, the neighborhood bully, an overgrown braggart who is always threatening and beating up the smaller children until they run in the house and eat some Tastyeast and then come out and practically slay him.

It sounds great on the air, but in the studio, it's Froggy who slays the audience. He's a strikingly handsome French mite who has to stand on a box to reach the microphone, and the "little" boy he beats up verbally is really about twice his size. Froggy's ordinary voice is a natural childish treble, but a diminutive replica of Poley McClintock's famous duplex larynx



From coast to coast moviegoers are acclaiming a new thrill in entertainment...the vivid real-life screen-plays adapted from True Story Magazine. Be sure to see...and enjoy...all the dramas of

# THE COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

WHEN THEY ARE SHOWN AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Now Playing Everywhere!  
"MAD MONEY"  
and others  
Don't Miss Them!

Produced by Ben K. Blake for Columbia Pictures Corp. and based on stories from

# TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

"Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction"

## HOW TO AVOID THAT "Made-up" LOOK

Be colorful...but not painted. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder and rouge intensifies your own natural coloring.

Today it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is *your* coloring. Exactly how the Tangee Color Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier...in your own way.

Tangee your lips... don't paint them. On your lips Tangee changes to the blush rose Nature has hidden there.

In the new Tangee Face Powder, the Color Change Principle ends that "powdery look". Reveals a new warm underglow.

Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee are radiant with a delicate ruddiness that is natural only to you. In Creme or Compact.

Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Powder is 55¢ and \$1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83¢. Lipstick is 39¢ and \$1.10.

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

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MA-126  
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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

Check Shade  Flesh  Rachel  Light Rachel

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please Print

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**STOP USING half-way TOOTH PASTES — USE FORHAN'S**

**DOES BOTH JOBS**

**CLEANS TEETH**

Simply cleaning your teeth may keep them white—for a while! But when neglected gums become soft and spongy all the half-way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Don't take that chance, start using Forhan's. It gives you double protection—whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

**SAVES GUMS**

Forhan's was created by an eminent dental surgeon to provide double protection; with it you clean teeth and massage gums just as dentists advise. It costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, but ends ordinary half-way care! Begin using Forhan's today.

Also in Canada.

**Forhan's**

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by R.J. Forhan D.D.S.

**AN ALLURING LASTING PERFUME**

Opens the door to romance

Your opportunity to enjoy a perfume of exquisite aroma and of exceptional lasting quality, equalling more expensive French importations. As a special introductory offer, we will send you a large cellophane wrapped bottle of this perfume in lovely gift box, for only \$1. It solves your Xmas Gift problems.

**GENE SPECIALTIES CO., Dept. A**  
440 Chestnut St. Springfield, Mass.

**NEW WICKLESS LAMP**

Turns Night Air into Bright Home Light

A wonderful scientific light development! Revolutionizes home lighting! Gives you 20 times light of old wick lamp at fraction of cost. Actually 300 candlepower of brilliant, soft, white light—yet burns 96% FREE AIR, only 4% cheap kerosene (coal oil)!

**LIGHTS WHOLE HOUSE FOR FEW PENNIES!**  
Your home all brightly lighted for hours for only a few cents! No chimneys to smoke, clean or break. No wicks to buy or trim!

**30-DAY TRIAL In Your Home!**  
Built in beautiful modern art lamp models. Get descriptive folder—have your choice sent on 30-day no-risk trial. Enjoy this wonderful, new light right in your home for a whole month. Send at once for details!

**AKRON LAMP & MFG. COMPANY**  
122 Lamp Bldg. AKRON, OHIO

**AGENTS!**  
Fast, steady money-maker. Be first to have it in your territory. Write today.

enables him to throw his vocal chords into low gear at will. He's been playing old men in school plays since he was five years old, and his booming bass voice was startling his elders out of a year's growth when he was three. It has started him on a career as a radio comedian, and opened other doors that would have stopped a professional gate-crasher. Once Columbia Pictures asked Mrs. Clements for some young singers to work in a movie short. She obliged. Someone at the studio phoned her later and said, "You know those singers you sent us? One of them can't sing." Mrs. Clements was sure there was some mistake. All four were very good singers.

"Did you say four? There are five here!" the man said, "Say, who is this Froggy Froes?" Mrs. Clements admitted that she hadn't sent him. "Too late now," the executive laughed, "He's already in the picture!"

Also on the Pageant of Youth you'll hear Billy Pape, a seventeen-year old hill billy born on Staten Island, who didn't know he could yodel or play a guitar until some people from Montana moved next door five years ago; Margaret MacLaren and Cy Boford, probably the youngest romantic team on the air, Dotty Matthews, who is Pinky Mitchell's foil; and that rarity of radio—a mixed quartet.

I learned about mike hogs from the children's director, Horace Feyhl. I knew about camera hogs, but had never heard of such a thing as hogging the microphone. The director hadn't either until engineers began getting violent headaches in the control room. The broadcasts were repeatedly running a minute and a half longer than rehearsal time and crowding the orchestra's last number off the air. They couldn't figure it out until someone in the control room accidentally opened up a live mike and heard, "They get away with it—why can't we?"

**T**HE individual numbers had been timed only in rehearsal, before. But the next Sunday, someone slyly clocked the acts on the air and discovered that every last one of the kids had been stretching his number at least fifteen seconds without any of the adults getting wise to their undercover rivalry and jealousies. Even the orchestra had unconsciously slowed down with them.

Some pretty fireworks broke loose, and numbers were slashed mercilessly until the kids learned to behave. Now when they see that "overtime" glint in Feyhl's eyes, they start cackling guiltily: "Cut-cut-cut a chorus!"

Children are easy to work with, Feyhl says. They strive hard to please, they get a kick out of being accepted in an adult world, winning approval from adult audiences. You hear them fretting over whether the grown-ups will "get" this or that bit of juvenile humor in their scripts. They can always be relied on to pick up their cues about 50 per cent better than adults. They don't blow up in their lines, and some of them are remarkable at ad libbing. Most of the Children's Hour stars are too young to read, and memorize all their lines and songs.

It's harder to train the mothers than the children on this type of program, say those who know. A kid may think he's good, but his mother shouts it from the rooftops. One mother who was trying to run the whole works had to be disciplined by having her exceptionally clever child temporarily given the air without a microphone. But that mother is as good as gold now (silence is golden). She has never needed another "spanking."

**Do You Want a WATCH or DIAMOND?**

Thousands have found it easy to own America's finest diamond rings, watches, silverware or jewelry by the Santa Fe Plan. Bulova, Hamilton, or Elgin watches—bright blue-white diamonds—silverware from world-famous companies, and the great Santa Fe Specials—offered to you at startling cash prices on confidential liberal credit terms.

**A FEW CENTS A DAY IS THE SANTA FE WAY**

That watch or diamond you've always wanted, longed for—you needn't wait any longer for it. The Santa Fe will trust you—let you wear the watch or diamond you want while you pay only a few cents a day.

**Turn Pin Money Into Diamonds**

**DON'T PAY EXTRA FOR CREDIT**

No honest person should pay extra to have someone trust him. The Santa Fe trusts you the way you want to be trusted—straight from the shoulder—without any extra charges, extra fees, or taxes. You pay only the low advertised cash price in small monthly payments. Send for 1937 Catalog Now!

**FREE to Adults—Send for this beautiful book today. Sent ABSOLUTELY FREE to adults. Send your name and address, and the beautiful catalog will come to you by return mail. Do it now while you think of it.**

**SANTA FE WATCH COMPANY**  
Dept. C-97, Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

**Make Money at Home**

Grow Mushrooms in your cellar or shed. Exclusive new process. Bigger, better, quicker crops. More money for you! Enormous new demand. Write for Free Book. American Mushroom Industries, Dept. 740 Toronto, Ont.

**RINGS AND PINS FOR YOUR CLUB!**

Ward more firmly the bond of fellowship in your club with a dignified emblem—a symbol of its purpose—a reminder of responsibility, that all members will be proud to wear. 300 beautiful modern designs. Write Today for Free 1937 Catalog!

**BASTIAN BROS. CO. 35**  
101 EASTERN BLDG. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

**Hand Out FREE CIGARETTES**

EARN UP TO \$95 WEEKLY introducing NEW WAY TO SMOKE. We furnish you Free Cigarettes. Ask any man to have a Free Smoke. Hand him LIGHTED Cigarette from beautiful pocket-size "Magic Case". Just touch button. Presto! Out comes LIGHTED Cigarette automatically. No matches or electricity. Get Magic Case for 15 days' trial at our risk. State favorite brand cigarettes.

**MAGIC CASE MFRS., Dept. W-464**  
4234 Cozens Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

**Brush Away GRAY HAIR**

**AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER**

Now, without any risk, you can get rid of those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Proven, by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Shades "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 9)

a Coney Island resort, known as the College Inn, these present-day celebrities functioned as follows: Eddie Cantor was one of the comics . . . Al Shayne was one of the singers . . . Jimmy Durante was the piano player . . . Ted Lewis was leader of the orchestra . . . Henry Busse was a cornetist . . . and Paul Whiteman was a waiter!

The term "Nemo programs," used to identify broadcasts that originate outside the studios, has a curious story. In the early days of radio, when announcers and engineers first went to nightclubs to project their music programs on the air, the proprietors of those resorts were very appreciative of the resultant publicity. So appreciative, indeed, that they lavished entertainment upon the mikemen, winning and dining them until all hours. The result was that the broadcasters used to report to their studios the next morning bleary-eyed with hangovers. Somebody dubbed them "Little Nemos" after the comic strip character and the expression has persisted to this day.

Babe Ruth, once terrorized by the mike, has developed into a broadcaster almost as nonchalant as Ted Husing himself. It was a revelation to see him in action on Kate Smith's new program. He did his stuff in his shirt sleeves, contentedly puffing a pipe between speeches. Not so long ago the Big Bambino was stricken dumb by the microphone and on one occasion a studio attachee had to read his lines when he became inarticulate through fear.

The radio stations of the country spent \$59,000,000 for talent last year. Advertising sponsors contributed \$50,000,000 of this huge amount and the stations the balance. These contrasting figures reveal the wide gulf separating commercial and sustaining artists. The moral is, if you want to reap a reward in radio, hitch your wagon to a sponsor. For sustaining artists are just that—they carry on for a mere sustenance, hoping and praying an advertiser will some day hear them on the air and sign them to a contract providing a real salary.

It may—and then again, it may not—be some consolation to listeners annoyed by audiences at broadcasts to know that they hear a comedian's gag before the studio spectators do. It is all because sound propelled by electrical impulses moves faster than sound travels in the air. Thus a dialist in Los Angeles hears what is said in a Radio City studio 3,000 miles away before the audience assembled there does. Reduced to figures, he hears just six one-hundredths of a second sooner, sound in the studio traveling at the rate of 1,000 feet per second while sound on the wires which carry the broadcast from station to station speeds at the rate of 75,000 miles per second.

\* \* \*

MUCH as they relish the attention, there are times when radio artists find autograph-hunters pests. On such occasions they resort to devices and disguises to evade their studio tormentors. A favorite stratagem is to have a page standing by to summon them to the telephone the minute the broadcast ends. Jack Benny some times hastily dons a disreputable slouch hat and loses himself in the crowd. Rudy Vallee favors colored glasses as do Walter O'Keefe and Virginia Verrill. Fred Waring grabs an autograph album and pencil or pen and makes believe he is a handwriting-seeker himself. Alexander Gray slaps on a chauffeur's cap and Rosa Ponselle covers her head and

TATTOO YOUR LIPS



The New TATTOO gives you the moist, shimmering, smooth, soft, eternally youthful lips of the glamorous South Seas maiden!

Stolen from the bewitching little South Seas maiden was the idea of permanent, pasteless, transparent lip color; lasting, loyal stain for lips instead of temporary, "pasty," fickle coating! Now this same enchantress has revealed her way of keeping lips soft, smooth, luscious and moistly shimmering too.

We offer it to you as the New TATTOO . . . an entirely new kind of "permanent" lipstick . . . the only lipstick that can imbue your lips with the irresistible witchery of transparent, pasteless, South Sea color . . . the only lipstick containing the magic ingredient that will make your lips sparkle like the moon-path o'er an iridescent tropical sea . . . at the same time making your lips youthfully smooth, wrinkle-free . . .

caressingly soft. TATTOO your lips . . . with the New TATTOO!

Send Coupon for Trial Lipstick

So that you can instantly see and feel the astonishing difference, send coupon and 10c for a generous size of the New TATTOO. Five exciting shades . . . the most stunning colors ever put into lipstick! Send for several to match different moods or costumes.



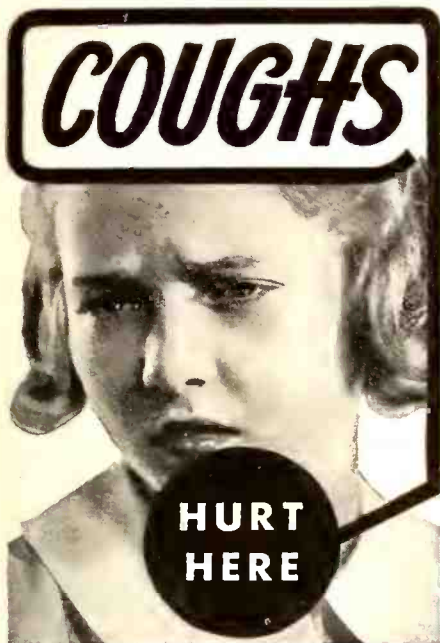
the New TATTOO

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. 59, Chicago.

Send me trial size New TATTOO, postpaid. 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

- Coral (Orangish)       Exotic (Fiery)
- Natural (Blood Color)       Pastel (Changeable)
- Hawaiian (Brilliant)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO THE COUGH ZONE

Your child's cough should be treated right where the cough is lodged . . . in the cough zone. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. It clings to the cough zone. There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the danger area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm . . . Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is safe. 35¢ and 60¢.

"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP NOW ON SALE IN CANADA

New Pocket Radio

Operates Without Tubes, Batteries or Electric Connections

Amazingly midget radio fits in pocket or purse. NEW MODEL weighs only 2 ozs. as shown in ACTUAL photo! Smaller than a cigarette package! Separates and receives all stations with beautiful clear tone. Range to 50 miles—MUCH GREATER under-100 miles. NOTHING TO WEAR OUT—only one sensitive rectifier and hi-efficiency design—ENTIRELY NEW! Not to be confused with cheap imitations. Tunes broadcast band and POLICE and AIRPLANE calls! NOT A TOY, but an unusual practical radio—a sensation everywhere—a delight to anyone everywhere. Comes in several beautiful colors (state yours) ABSOLUTELY COMPLETE ready to listen with midget phone and instructions to use in hotels, offices, autos, trains, camps, at home, in bed, on bicycles, on sea or wherever you may be. TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—no messy lookups. THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS—many report wonderful service in ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD! THESE ARE FACTS! Carry one with you always and be assured of many hours of entertainment AT NO COST! Can be used by ANYONE—even a child! Send only \$1.00—may postpone balance or send \$2.50 (M. O. Cash, Check) WE PAY POSTAGE, GUARANTEED. A most unusual value. Foreign orders 75c extra. Ideal Xmas gift.

TINYTONE RADIO CO. Dept. G-12 Kearney, Nebr.

SEND ONLY \$1.00



**\*Another strong mouth odor only ZONITE KILLS FOR GOOD!**

Now you can enjoy all the healthful, delicious onions you want without a bit of worry. Rinse the mouth and gargle thoroughly with a teaspoonful of Zonite in a half tumbler of water to kill onion breath and other strong mouth odors FOR GOOD!

Zonite doesn't just mask bad breath like ordinary mouth-washes. Zonite actually destroys scientifically (oxidizes) the odor-causing materials, whether from odorous oils or from putrefying food particles.

Zonite TASTES like the real antiseptic it is. But its taste and odor vanish in a few minutes, leaving the mouth delightfully refreshed. Harmless to tissues. Get a bottle today and prove these remarkable results yourself. At all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

The TASTE tells you Zonite gets real results  
\*The only well-known antiseptic actually destroying odor causes

ZONITE IS 5 TIMES MORE GERMICIDAL, BY TEST, THAN ANY OTHER NON-POISONOUS ANTISEPTIC!  
**Faster Healing for Cuts·Bruises·Burns**  
**NO PAIN·NO BURN·NO STAIN**  
ZONITE PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

**Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED**

**FREE** 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT



Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

**GEPPERT STUDIOS** Dept. 293 Des Moines, Iowa

shoulders with a shawl. Fred Allen's camouflage is the simplest and Al Jolson's the most complicated. Fred, famous for his "dead-pan" expression, merely affects a broad grin and nobody recognizes him; Jolson applies a false beard, hunches his shoulders and shuffles his way through the throng.

**POSTSCRIPTS**

Experimental television stations continue to make progress but the best authorities insist television in the parlor is still two or three years away... New York City is waging war on radios in bar-rooms. Realty interests are making the fight, claiming loudspeakers in saloons annoy the neighborhood.

Frank Munn can't read a note of music—but boy how he can sing!... Don Bestor wears glasses just for a gag. He doesn't need them any more than he does spats for his vision is perfect... Fred Allen has a word of encouragement for crooners. "Don't be discouraged because there's a similarity between your art and hog-calling," he says. "Remember they both bring home the bacon."

Barbara Luddy, chosen for the coveted post as Don Ameche's leading lady in *The First Nighter*, is the little miss you used to admire so in Fox comedies... Janice Gilbert, of *The O'Neills* cast, is the thirteen-year old daughter of Ed Wolf, producer of radio acts. There is another Ed Wolfe on the radio roster; he is in the NBC production department... Mr. Openshaw has been elected Vice President of the Halson Radio Manufacturing Corp. of New York.

Today in the United States alone there are about 23,000,000 "radio families" and they are increasing at the rate of over 1,500,000 a year. In 1895 there was only one family in the entire world interested in the wireless. It was the Marconi family of Bologna, Italy. Guglielmo Marconi, his brother, and the gardener for the estate, were the only three fans of that time.

**What Do You Want to Know?**

(Continued from page 50)

Helen K., New York, N. Y.—Annette Hanshaw is in retirement at present, but there's no telling, it may not be permanent. You might try and get a letter to her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

Gertrude Niesen fans, attention! Just to let you know that Mildred Kruger, 566 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, New York, recently celebrated her first year as president of the Gertrude Niesen fan club.

Miss Meriam C. W., Centerdale, R. I.—Cab Calloway is scheduled to appear at the new Cotton Club this fall, which has moved down from Harlem to Broadway and 48th Street.

John J. R., Minersville, Pa.—Write for a picture of Jeannine Macy to station WOR, 1440 Broadway, New York City. For Jerry Cooper, Judy Starr and Loretta Lee, address them in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Jan Harlow, Baltimore, Md.—Several years ago Frances Langford entertained at Southern College campus parties by singing song favorites in a clear high soprano. But during one semester an inflamed throat sent her to the hospital, where her ailing tonsils were removed. For several weeks she did not use her voice, but when she finally did, lo and behold! she was a *contralto*.



**CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, MORE PAINFUL unless removed Root\* and All**

● Thousands are praising this new, scientific Blue-Jay method that ends a corn forever. Blue-Jay, the tiny medicated plaster, stops the pain instantly—then in 3 short days the entire corn lifts out Root and All.

Blue-Jay is easy to use. Held snugly in place by Wet-Proof adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. 25¢ for a package of 6. Get Blue-Jay today.



\*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

**Learn Public Speaking** At home—in spare time. Many overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence and increase earning power, this easy way. Write for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words* and requirements. North American Institute, Dept. 1389 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

**PLAY A SAW!**  
Produce wonderful music in 5 days... quickly play popular and classical numbers. No notes to read, no dreary practice—success guaranteed. Since 1924 thousands of my students have amazed friends, starred in shows and broadcasting orchestras. Without obligation, write for 5 DAY TRIAL OFFER now.  
**MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL**  
106 W. Water St., Fort Atkinson, Wis.

**DON'T RISK BROKEN BONES IN BATHTUB FALLS!**

**FOOTSURE** Bath Tub Mat  
Use **FOOTSURE** in tub or under shower! Prevents slipping—falling. Safeguards whole family! Patented double-lock vacuum cups make it NON-SKID! Highest quality rubber—lasts for years. **UTILITY, STANDARD & DELUXE** models—\$1.00—\$1.50—\$2.50. Leading department and other stores, or write us. Refuse inferior imitations. Illustrated circular FREE.

Footsure Co., T-2, 1220 Maple Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

**15 YDS. DRESS REMNANTS**  
**Also BARGAIN EXTRA 5 YDS. GIVEN 97¢**  
Ginghams, Percales, Prints, Voiles, Chambrays, Shirtings, Crepes, etc. Neatest goods direct from us at a big saving. Latest assorted Colors. Newest patterns for dresses. Our finest quality.  
**SEND NO MONEY** Pay postman 97¢ plus a few cents delivery charge. 20 yard bundle \$1.29 postage paid, money with order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.  
**EASTERN TEXTILE COMPANY**  
Dept. X-40, Greenfield, Mass.

**GRAY HAIR!**

*The Best Remedy is Made at Home*

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

Radio Mirror Rapid Program Directory

(Continued from page 53)

Mutual's Best Bets  
(All times Eastern Standard)

SUNDAY

- Benay Venuta's Matinee, with Sid Gary, the Key Men, and Nat Brusilaff's Orchestra. (3:00 P. M.)
- Original National Amateur Night, with Benny Rubin and Arnald Jahnsan's Orchestra. (6:00 P.M.)
- The Art of Sang directed by Alfred Wallenstein. (8:00 P.M.)
- The Wander Shaw, with the Great McCoy (Orsan Welles), Scrappy Lambert, and Ken Christie's Orchestra. Old-fashioned melodramas and community sing. (9:00 P.M.)
- Harace Heidt's Orchestra. (10:30 P.M.)
- Freddy Martin's Orchestra. (11:15 P.M.)
- Louis Prima's Jam Band. (1:00 A.M.)

MONDAY

- The Lane Ranger. (7:30 P.M.)
- Jazz Nacturne, with Cannie Miles, Helene Daniels, and Nat Brusilaff's Orchestra. (8:30 P.M.)
- Gabriel Heatter, commentator. (9:00 P.M.)
- Symphonic Strings, under direction of Alfred Wallenstein. (9:30 P.M.)
- Famous Jury Trials. (10:00 P.M.)
- Crassley Fallies, (11:30 P.M.)
- Shep Fields' Orchestra. (12:00 Midnight.)

TUESDAY

- Music for Today, directed by Martan Gauld. (8:30 P.M.)
- Gabriel Heatter, commentator. (9:00 P.M.)
- True Detective Mysteries. (9:30 P.M.)
- Bernarr Macfadden. (10:00 P.M.)
- Shep Fields' Orchestra. (12:00 Midnight.)
- Clyde McCoy's Orchestra. (12:30 A.M.)

WEDNESDAY

- The Lane Ranger. (7:30 P.M.)
- The Music Box, with Nina Paisley, Ellis Frakes, A Capella Chair, and Virginia Marucci's Orchestra. (8:30 P.M.)
- Gabriel Heatter. (9:00 P.M.)
- The Grummits, with Senator Fard. (10:00 P.M.)
- Cab Callaway's Orchestra. (12:00 Midnight.)
- The Band of Tamaraw. (12:30 A.M.)
- Ted Fia Rita's Orchestra. (1:00 A.M.)

THURSDAY

- Pleasant Valley Fralics—Hill Billy music with a large cast of singers. Uncle Charlie Seel, and Jae Lugar's Orchestra. (7:45 P.M.)
- Melody Treasure Hunt for amateur campasers. (8:00 P.M.)
- Gabriel Heatter. (9:00 P.M.)
- Ozzie Nelsan's Orchestra. (9:15 P.M.)
- Lean Barzin conducting the Hamberger Symphony Orchestra. (9:30 P.M.)
- Guy Lambarda's Orchestra. (10:30 P.M.)
- Benny Goodman's Orchestra. (12:30 A.M.)

FRIDAY

- The Lone Ranger. (7:30 P.M.)
- Time Flies, with Cammander Frank Hawks, Allyn Jaslyn, Milton Rettenberg's Orchestra. (8:00 P.M.)
- The Shaw Window, with stars of the newspaper world. Welcome Lewis, and Nat Brusilaff's Orchestra. (8:30 P.M.)
- Cesare Sadera directs Grand Opera, with Stuart Gracey. (9:30 P.M.)
- Huga Mariani's Orchestra. (12:00 Midnight.)

SATURDAY

- Father Charles Coughlin. (8:00 P.M.)
- Sweet Music, with Barbara LaMarr, Embassy Trio, Laulse Wilcher, and organ. (8:30 P.M.)
- Cab Callaway's Orchestra. (12 Midnight.)
- Benny Goodman's Orchestra. (12:30 A.M.)

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Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 11)

Mehra, incidentally, is official interpreter of Punjabi and Hindustani for the Los Angeles Courts and the U. S. Immigration Office of that city.

\* \* \*

COMPASS MERRY-GO-ROUND

Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and New York: If you are, like this department, a follower of the Lone Ranger program of Western song and campfire talk, be assured that you will be able to hear it for another full year over WXYZ, WGN, WSPD or WOR . . . Cincinnati: Perhaps you don't realize it, but the Joe Dunlevy you hear three times a week on WLW's Top 'o the Morning and in songs and chatter on weekday afternoons over WSAI, was for years the vaudeville partner of Harry Frankel, better known as Singin' Sam . . . Chicago: Art Topp, WBBM sound man, asserts that he experimented for some time before discovering the proper way to produce the effect of a golf club swishing through the air and hitting a ball . . . Turns out the best was a golf club swishing through the air and hitting a ball.

\* \* \*

Chicago: Reports have it that Samuel Insull is losing control of the Affiliated Broadcasting Company chain . . . Other reports state that he is now completely out of the organization . . . Hollywood: In the chorus of Paul Taylor heard during the Reunion of States programs on KNX, is the daughter of one of the country's greatest operetta composers . . . She is Lucille Friml, child of Rudolph Friml.

\* \* \*

Chicago: Styles in apparel have changed since the gay nineties, when father and the boys used to gather at the fire house or the barber shop for a little bit of close harmony. But styles in songs haven't changed and Harold Rick and Ralph Snyder, whose picture graces the first page of this department, with Priscilla Holbrook in the "knock 'em dead" habiliments of father's "hey-hey" day, are proving it in a new program entitled "Songs That Will Never Grow Old." To Miss Holbrook's accompaniment on the piano, they're singing familiar old songs that will strike a responsive chord in every listener's heart. The program is said to be the first use of radio on a national scale for the promotion of electric cookery. It is a special recording for radio produced by the Edison General Electric Appliance Company, of Chicago.

\* \* \*

Hollywood: A seven and a half pound boy was presented to the Arthur McDonalds September 21. The father, Art McDonald, is sales manager for station KEHE, at Los Angeles.

Cigars and candy were freely passed out to all who visited the station by the happy father.

\* \* \*

Charlotte, N. C.: Reginald Allen, WBT announcer, is still limping and using a cane—the result of the infected foot that he acquired back in the summer from a golf blister on the heel . . . Martha Dulin, hostess and member of the program staff, has started work on the dramatic series she will handle during the fall and winter. She is a widely-known Little Theatre star.



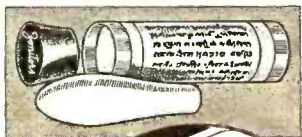
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**Richard Himber's Holiday Feast**

**Feast**

(Continued from page 51)

**CHICKEN LIVER CANAPES**

- 6 Chicken livers
- 1 medium onion
- 2 hard cooked eggs
- Creamed butter
- Lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste

Boil the chicken livers in salted water until tender. Mince the onions first, and in the same bowl with the onion mince the livers and the hard cooked egg. Add sufficient creamed butter to give the desired consistency for spreading, put in the seasonings and spread on crackers, canape wafers or small rounds of thin toast.

**CHICKEN GIBLET SOUP**

- 2 sets chicken giblets
- 4 tbl. butter
- 4 tbl. flour
- 1 qt. cold water
- 1 tbl. minced parsley
- 1 tbl. minced onion
- 1 tbl. minced celery
- 1 bay leaf

Brown the giblets in the butter, rub in the flour and add water gradually, stirring to avoid lumping. Add parsley, onion, celery and bay leaf and simmer until giblets are tender. Remove bay leaf and giblets; mince giblets and return to soup, adding warm water to replace that lost by evaporation, and salt and pepper to taste. Serve with a garnish of hard cooked egg slices.

Whether you serve turkey or goose, I am sure you will find the chestnut stuffing and the raisin stuffing equally delicious.

**CHESTNUT STUFFING**

- 1 lb. chestnuts
- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 2 tbl. butter
- 1 lemon (juice and grated rind)
- Salt and pepper to taste

Slit the chestnut shells, sprinkle chestnut with olive oil and place in hot oven for five minutes, when shells may be removed easily. Boil peeled chestnuts in salted water until tender, drain and mash, and combine with other ingredients.

**RAISIN STUFFING**

- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 3/4 tsp. sugar
- 3/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 egg
- Few drops lemon juice

Pour boiling water on raisins and let stand for five minutes. Drain, combine with rice and dry seasonings, add lemon juice to taste, then stir in the well beaten egg. Fill the goose only three-fourths full of dressing, since the raisins will swell.

Skipping from the entrees to the desserts—pausing just long enough to remind you that Chiffonade dressing is simply French dressing to which minced pimiento, minced parsley (a tablespoon of each to one cup of dressing) and a chopped hard-cooked egg have been added—we come to

**FRUIT COMPOTE**

- 6 plums
- 6 peaches
- 6 small pears
- 10 apricots
- Grapes
- Cherries

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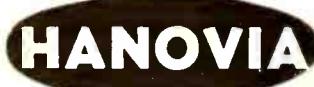


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There isn't room to give other recipes here, but if you want those for herring canape, rissolee potatoes and cheese cake, or for lemon or pumpkin pie, I will be glad to send them to you. There is also a vegetable leaflet which will give you ideas for new ways to prepare and serve the vegetables which are mentioned here. Just send a stamped self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 16)

stand. Try it just once." But Harriet never has. Ray Noble on the other hand, favors the relaxed school of conducting by using a minimum of motion. He leads with a pencil held in his left hand.

\* \* \*

CAN you play a kazoo, uke, harmonica or guitar and sing with a nasal twang? If so, you may fall into a fortune as a singing hill billy. Last year radio coffers disgorged no less than \$15,000,000 in salaries to seven thousand hill billy acts numbering twenty individuals each in an orgy of 220,000 hours of mountain music. Nor do you have to come from the mountains to qualify. The imitators, it seems, are more successful than the genuine articles, although there are plenty of the latter.

\* \* \*

JUST one of those things. It was Bob Crosby's last night at the Lexington Hotel in New York. As he came off the stand after leading a group of numbers, an important looking stranger accosted him, claimed he knew Bing well and otherwise acted the big shot. While Bob was still talking a bell hop gave him a message from the house detective which read, "Don't let on, but hold that man." Thinking he might have a kidnapper in tow, Bob invited his impromptu guest to a table and bought him a drink. He kept talking to his friend until time to go on for his next group. And while playing the first number, "I Can't Escape From You," he saw the fellow being led out handcuffed to a detective. Bob found out later that he had helped apprehend a notorious check forger wanted from coast to coast. Incidentally, Kay Weber, formerly with Jimmy Dorsey, is now with Bob Crosby.

\* \* \*

NEW babies with the Casa Loma crew during the last two months number four. The three boys will of course graduate to the band and the girl will become the vocalist. . . . Ray Noble is back from Europe with five new tunes. . . . Al Donahue writes his first song and calls it, "I Write a Song" . . . Leon Belasco, whose band was the first around New York to play tangos and rumbas, has now discarded these and goes in for swing. . . . Ben Bernie now owns a couple of race horses but none of them have come in first so far. . . . Vincent Lopez orders his life by astrology and numerology. His own lucky number is 9. Wayne King is also crazy about astrology. At least ninety per cent of the band leaders have their little superstitions. Clyde Lucas, for instance, would not think of playing a game of golf unless he used clubs made expressly for him by a Scotchman friend. . . . Eddy Duchin would make a swell model for a dentifrice ad. . . . Enoch Light's wife, Mary Janis, who used to sing with the band, is still ill at a sanitarium. . . . WOR has opened a coast to coast chain with a number of bands on tap. . . . Al Goodman has taken business offices on the twenty-sixth floor of a building on Madison Avenue. He claims that height is necessary for inspiration. . . . Mark Warnow has written several "Swing Fugues" . . . Raymond Paige is symphonizing a lot of children's tunes like "Over the Fence," "Elephant's March," etc., claiming that everybody knows and loves them.

\* \* \*

SHORT SHORT STORIES

EDITH DICK, vocalist on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade and Sweepstakes, used to be a dancer, but found it much more

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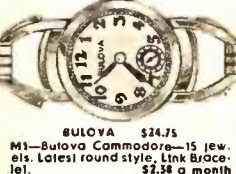
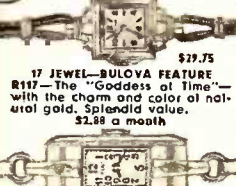
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# Which Word Describes Your Eyes?



**COLORLESS**—Pale, scraggly, scanty lashes—eyes seem small, expressionless. A definite need for proper eye make-up.



**CONSPICUOUS**—Ordinary mascara overloading the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs. Hard-looking and unattractive.



**CHARMING**—Dark, luxuriant lashes, yet perfectly natural in appearance — with Maybelline. Eye make-up in good taste.

## So Simple—this Beauty Secret

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature—or they should be! Are you making the most of their possibilities by framing them properly with long, dark, lustrous lashes? You can do this best by applying just a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste. No longer need you worry about having pale, unattractive lashes, nor fear that hard "made-up" look if you darken them—with Maybelline!

★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—these are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darkener supreme.

★ You will adore the other delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! See with what ease you can form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Try blending a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow—it deepens and accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c stores. Try them today—you'll be delighted!



Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid Form Mascara, in the brilliant red and gold metal vanity—75c.



Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, with brush in dainty zipper bag, 75c.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.



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# Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

fun to sing . . . Vincent Lopez will use a large thirty-passenger biplane for the many hops between dance engagements and New York broadcasts this winter. He's booked solid into various ballroom and hotel spots for the fall and winter . . . Al Kavelin slipped away quietly not long ago and married the Chicago prize-winning beauty, Virginia Gilcrest . . . Muzzy Marcellino, singing guitarist with Ted Fio-Rito's orchestra on the Frigidaire Frolic, has a collection of nearly fifty pipes, but keeps only fifteen of them in active service, smoking them in rotation . . . Dick Messner's band, heard over the Mutual network from the Park Central Hotel in New York, has resumed the series of broadcasts dedicated to leading Eastern universities which was such a success when he tried the idea last winter.

\* \* \*

### MOSTLY ABOUT NAMES

**WITHOUT** any references at all to Shakespeare or roses, here are a few of the names by which your favorites were christened: Benay Venuta—Benevenuta Crooke; Jacques Renard—Jacob Stavinsky; Edith Dick—Edith Haran; Ted Weems—William Theodore Wymes; Jimmy Farrell—James Phatager; Glen Gray—Glen Knoblauch; Dolly Dawn—Teresa Anna Maria Stabile . . . And Igor Gorin is really Igor Gorin, but in all his moving pictures appearances you'll see him billed as Charles Goring. It's all legal, too, with a court order.

\* \* \*

### THEME SONG SECTION

**FOR** Walter Case—Tut-tut! Mean to say you don't know that Guy Lombardo's theme song is "Auld Lang Syne," which he's used for y'ars and y'ars? At that, a lot of people do confuse it with "Comin' Through the Rye," which is somewhat similar.

For Felicia Patrick—Ted Weems' theme is "Out of the Night," written by another Maestro, Harry Sosnik. Ted's on tour right now, and his further plans, after touring, are indefinite.

For S. M. Renn—Rudy Vallee's orchestra consists of two pianos, four violins, four saxophones, two trumpets, two trombones, one guitar, one bass viol, one tuba, and drums.

For Bill Ingwersen—The theme song for the Band of Tomorrow, which Leighton Noble directs on Mutual, is a musical phrase from the "On the Trail" movement of Ferde Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite."

\* \* \*

### FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

**THE** bands are busy getting settled in new winter spots. Here's where they will be playing:

- Bernie, Ben—Arcadia Ballroom, Philadelphia.
- Casa Loma—Congress Hotel, Chicago.
- Coleman, Emil—St. Regis Hotel, N. Y.
- Denny, Jack—Savoy Plaza Hotel, N. Y.
- Dorsey, Jimmy—Sebastian Restaurant, Los Angeles.
- Duchin, Eddy—Plaza Hotel, N. Y.
- Fio-Rito, Ted—Morrison Hotel, Chicago.
- Garber, Jan—Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles.
- Goodman, Benny—Pennsylvania Hotel, New York.
- Hall, George—Hotel Taft, N. Y.
- Harris, Phil—Palomar, Los Angeles.
- King, Henry—Del Mar, Los Angeles.
- Little, Jack—Palmer House, Chicago.
- Lombardo, Guy—Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y.
- Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
- Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.

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**Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way**  
**G**RAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

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Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money. **FREE** Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 4412, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

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 Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drum. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness. **THE WAY COMPANY** Detroit, Michigan 719 Hofmann Bldg.

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 To introduce our Beautiful Blue-White Rainbow Flash Stones, we will send a 1 Kt. Imported Simulated Diamond, Mounted in Lovely RING as Illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense. Address: **National Jewelry Co., Dept. 5-E Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c)**

**FREE** Mention your Birth Date, and we will include FREE a White "Luck" Elephant—Imported from the Orient.

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## Jerry Cooper's Mother Love

### Drama

(Continued from page 33)

Broadcasting System sealed his fate. He was on his way at last to success. Back home in the secrecy of her bedroom, his mother wept bitterly when he signed that contract.

"I couldn't help it," she confessed, half-ashamed of her confession when I saw her in Jerry's dressing-room backstage of the Paramount Theater in New York. It was between shows and Jerry stood, leaning against the dressing table. "I knew that I had lost my boy—to New York. I knew he would never come back home now. Of course, I was glad because it made him happy, but still I couldn't help feeling lost. Jerry had meant so much to me."

In the meantime something happened to Jerry. He fell in love. Now to fall in love is in itself a perfectly natural phenomenon for a young, handsome man. But to fall in love with a face on a billboard is quite another story. And yet that's just what happened to Jerry. Girls had never played the part in his youth that they do in the average boy's. He'd been too busy, had too many responsibilities. Walking along Broadway he saw a picture of a girl on a theatrical billboard. She was tall, black-haired, blue-eyed—everything that was lovely and desirable in Jerry's eyes. For weeks he thought of nothing but the girl on the billboard. One day, almost magically, she came to life. He saw her for a fleeting moment step out of the doors of the hotel where he lived. Before he could recover from his wide-eyed astonishment, she was gone.

Jerry wondered for a long time whether he had really seen her at all, or whether he had been dreaming. And then at last he met her. He was playing an engagement at the Hollywood restaurant in New York. Almost as if by Divine providence she was engaged to dance there.



**PAIN YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP TO YOURSELF!**

**ARE YOU** a victim of Piles? Then you know what suffering is. Piles will do more to make you miserable and pull you down physically and mentally than almost any other ailment.

Real relief for the pain of Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo does more than "kid" Piles. It actually placates them. It gives almost instant relief from the pain and itching.

Pazo is unusually effective because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves pain and soreness. Second, it is *lubricating*, which softens hard parts and makes passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

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Pazo comes in tubes fitted with special Pile Pipe, which makes it possible to apply high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell both Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a free trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

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Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.

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C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as \$25 to \$35 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing-homes. This easy-to-understand course, successful for 37 years and endorsed by physicians—enables men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. McE. took her first case before completing the 7th lesson and earned \$400 in three months!

High school not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Easy tuition payments. **Decide now to send for "SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES IN NURSING,"** which shows you how you can win success as a nurse!

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**ALICE WHITE MOVIEACTRESS WEARING WILKNIT HOSIERY**

YOUR OWN SILK HOSE FREE OR EXTRA

There she was in flesh and blood—only a thousand times more breathtakingly beautiful than he had ever dreamed she would really be.

They fell in love. It was as simple as that. Jerry wrote home and told his mother. He wanted to be married.

For the first time in their lives Jerry and his mother find themselves on opposite sides of an emotional conflict that holds tragic possibilities.

"It isn't that I don't want to see my boy married and settled in his own home," she told me, her blue eyes dark with worry. I would be a very unnatural mother if I didn't want that. Today he thinks his happiness lies with Joan. If I could only be sure he would always think so I would give him my blessing without hesitation. But you know marriage is so deadly serious—lots more so than Jerry realizes." Her eyes clouded again with remembered pain. "It can bring you so much happiness or so much unhappiness. My own life has taught me that. It isn't enough to be attracted by beauty and charm."

"What's the matter with Joan?" Jerry broke in heatedly as he daubed make-up on his handsome face. "Isn't she good enough for me?"

**MRS. COOPER'S** eyes wrinkled with the Irish humor which can bubble up even through trouble and heartache. "Of course, no one could be good enough for you, Jerry. Seriously," she said turning again to me, "Joan is a lovely girl. Too lovely, in fact," she sighed. "It isn't Joan personally. It's the wide difference between Jerry's background and hers. Joan has been born and bred in New York. She is beautiful. She is used to luxury, the best things of life. She could never be happy staying home, keeping house, stepping out of the limelight and adulation of everybody to have children. And one never knows what life is going to bring you later on. What troubles the future holds in store. Supposing Jerry shouldn't always make a great deal of money?"

"But I shall," Jerry broke in. "I've just started. I'm going places and I'm not going to stop until I get to the very top and then I mean to stay there," he added grimly.

"I sincerely hope so," Mrs. Cooper replied fervently. "But one never knows," turning to me, "I want Jerry to choose a wife who will be content to stay at home, who will find her happiness in caring for him and his children. I think that essentially Jerry belongs to the south. He isn't a Broadway boy even if he works there. Just now all I ask is that Jerry wait a while. I always believed that if you trusted in Providence, somehow things always come out all right."

And Jerry answered slowly, measuring his words, "I love Joan. Joan loves me. We want to marry. I don't want to wait until I'm older. I want a home and children now."

And yet, it is hard for Jerry to disregard his mother's urging. They always have been so close, their devotion so unselfish. Now, for the first time, Jerry's own happiness and that of his mother seem to lie in opposite directions.

Jerry is at one of life's most important cross-roads. Which way must he turn? Must someone's heart be broken—or is there some happy solution? Must Jerry's mother, who for so many years lavished upon him a mother's love, suffer a broken heart when she sees his love turn toward another? Must it be Joan? Or must the sufferer be Jerry himself?

There is an old saying that Love will find a way. For Jerry's sake and his mother's and Joan's, let us hope that it will.

# WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rin' to Go

**T**HE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1936. C. M. CO.

## CURLS

The straightest hair can be made naturally curly with **CURL-O-WAVE**. Booklet and sample: send **FREE** 10c to cover mailing. Waves hair like magic. **Plat Package** including French wave net, send 25c. Beauty shop 1 gallon package send \$1. **CURL-O-WAVE CO., Room 623, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago**

## KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The **Mahler Method** positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps **TODAY** for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." **D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 58P, Providence, R. I.**

## LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR

**NO NOTE READING—NO SCALE PLAYING** COURSE COMPLETE

If you can whistle, sing, or hum a tune—you have **TALENT**. Let a popular Radio Pianist train your hands to play Piano by Ear. **TEN LESSON METHOD** sent postpaid for \$1.00, or pay U. S. Postman \$1.00 plus postage. Nothing more to buy. Satisfaction assured—or your money refunded. Piano Accordion bass charts included Free. Order now! **MAJOR KORD** Dept. M-16 Del Rio, Texas

## Skin Itch Kills Romance

Many shattered romances may be traced directly to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate itchy pimples, eczema, angry red blotches or other irritations resulting from external causes when you can get quick relief from soothing **Peterson's Ointment**. 35c at all druggists. Money refunded if one application does not delight you. Wonderful, too, for tired itchy feet and cracks between toes. Write for **FREE SAMPLE** to Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. JF-5, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Hollywood Hints on How to be Beautiful

**T**HE radiant glamorous beauty of the screen stars can now be yours. For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, **No More Albis**. Send for your copy of this book today. \$1.00 postpaid.

**Macfadden Book Co., Inc.**  
 Dept. 12, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Give Beauty for Christmas

(Continued from page 13)

bottom of our opening page, left, is the zipper club kit of perhaps the most famous of all lines of manicure preparations. Made of genuine leather, in a choice of black, brown or royal blue, this presentation looks at least twice the purchase price. The same is true of the even less expensive (but still genuine leather) traveling kit without zipper fastenings presented by the same company. The set illustrated contains nail polish, cuticle remover, polish remover, cuticle oil, a cunning composition finger-rest and cotton-feeder to speed your manicure, nail-white pencil, emery boards, orange stick and file.

Next to this set is another excellent example of a fine leather case for a minimum of money. The sturdy frame, bound in alligator finish leather, black or brown, holds generous jars of some of the finest creams on the market, a full size box of face powder and a bottle of skin tonic. The kit can be had in special combinations for either oily (and normal) or dry skin. It's handsome enough to carry as a piece of fine luggage and small enough to be tucked without difficulty into the corner of a suitcase. Its really fascinating feature, though, is the handsome mirror in the lid, which can be raised or lowered easel-fashion.

THE truly elegant set in the lower right hand corner of that page is one of those which I've compared with the finest art of the expensive jewelers. Here, in one dignified satin-lined case, are grouped a full-sized cigarette case, double compact and lipstick in matching red, black or white enamel with contrasting edgings and medallions. An interesting point is that the compact and lipstick can be purchased in a separate ensemble, for the non-smoker, or the cigarette case in a gift box, for the girl who already has many compacts—and very reasonably, too. In fact, the variations are endless, for you can even get the compact in a presentation case by itself.

At the top of the single column is an ensemble made up by one of the most successful and popular of the make-up studios. Containing regular sizes of their standard face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, eyebrow pencil and eyeshadow, in harmonies for all complexions, the set actually costs less than five dollars! And there are smaller gift ensembles (powder, rouge and lipstick) at half the price.

And, finally, that all-important problem—what to give the men-folks. The set illustrated at the bottom of the column contains full sizes of after-shave cologne, wooden shaving bowl and neutral-tinted talcum powder, all products which have enjoyed the favor of men everywhere for years, and all packaged in the conservative but attractive style which masculine taste prefers. Best of all, it's well within the price range which any girl can afford.

This is only a quick cross-section of the cosmetic field of holiday specialties. There are, of course, many variations which can be played upon this theme. You could easily give gifts of beauty to every member of your family, every friend, and never duplicate an article or an idea. Perhaps mother has a secret desire for a permanent wave and everyone knows she'll never spend the money on herself. Perhaps married sister, with the clamor of little children constantly around her, would appreciate a series of relaxing massages at a reputable beauty shop. Salon facials, home facials, beauty treatments and, naturally, the many fascinating bath

(Continued on page 91)

**HOLLYWOOD**

**RAPID DRY CURLER**

BETTY BURGESS  
Imperial Pictures

*For many curls or just a few!*

There are many flattering ways to arrange your hair with Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. Will you have tight little curls that fit close to your head... or soft loose ones to form a halo? Will you have many curls... or just a few? Whatever style of curl you select can be yours easily, quickly, right at home... with the "Curler used by the Stars."

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Let me send you this fine all-wool tailored suit FREE OF COST. Just follow my easy plan and show the suit to your friends. Make up to \$12 in a day easily. No experience—no canvassing necessary.

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Write today for FREE details. ACTUAL SAMPLES and "sure-fire" money getting plans. Send no money. H. J. Collin, Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. M-349, 500 S. Throop St., Chicago, Ill.

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NO teacher—no monotonous exercises or confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—averages only a few cents—a day. No "grind" or hard work. Every step is clear as crystal—simple as A-B-C throughout. You'll be surprised at your own rapid progress. From the start you are learning real tunes by note. Quickly learn to play "jazz" or classical selections—right at home in your spare time.

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Don't be a wallflower. Send for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful home study method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Mention your favorite instruments. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. Write NOW.

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**"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD relieved Cough in 1 DAY**



Your throat and your bronchial tubes are lined with tiny moisture glands. When you catch cold, these glands clog—throat dries—when you catch cold, then coughing starts!

To stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture, use PERTUSSIN. A spoonful or two increases the flow of your throat's moisture. Germ-laden phlegm loosens, is easily expelled. Soon—relief! Safe even for babies. Tastes good. Get a bottle now!

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5-2

**PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS 10¢**

Amazing Offer! Mail us 3 negatives (films) with this ad and 25c (coins); receive postpaid 3 beautiful 5 x 7 inch enlargements; 6 for 45c; 15 for \$1, all postpaid, 1 for 10c, plus postage. Canada add 10%. Negatives returned. Dept. M 12, Unique Art Service 18 E. 58th St., N. Y. C.

**What Do You Do with Your Little Finger?**

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

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

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

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

**"FROSTILLA"**  
433 Gray Street, Elmira, N. Y.

Here is the box front—send me my copy of Margery Wilson's book on hands.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# \$25,000.00

## MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

### 25 GRAND PRIZES OF \$1,000 EACH

HERE is real opportunity. You are cordially invited to take part in what we believe is the most spectacularly attractive true story contest that has ever been conducted. Macfadden Publications, Inc. will pay \$1,000 each for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Monday, November 30th, 1936, i.e. \$25,000 for twenty-five stories.

By dividing this great appropriation into twenty-five grand prizes of \$1,000 each we hold out to every person taking part an unprecedented opportunity to get a really magnificent sum in cash for a simple account of a dramatic, tragic or soul-stirring episode that he or she has lived or observed.

The chances are you know a true story of quality and calibre to put you in line for one of these prizes. If you know such a story it would be a pity indeed not to set it down and send it in. If you win, you win \$1,000. And to win \$1,000 you do not have to submit the best story, nor the tenth best, nor the twentieth. If yours should be the twenty-fifth best it would still be worth \$1,000 to you.

The rules on this page are complete and if you observe them carefully your story will be eligible to win one of the magnificent cash prizes. In your own best interests, however, we recommend that you immediately sign the coupon and send it in for a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which, in former contests, has proved to be most effective in writing true stories.

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

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

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

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of \$1,000.

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

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

**MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.**

*The following letter from Mr. Aron M. Mathieu, business manager of Writer's Digest, was extremely pleasing to receive and we hope will encourage you to take part in this contest.*

Macfadden Publications, Inc.—An editorial discussion of contests appears in the April issue of *Writer's Digest*. The following sentence appears in this discussion: "All Macfadden contests are always fair and square." I know that it must be pleasant for your staff who worked so hard on this contest to know that the literary trade believes in you and has complete faith in the fairness of your work.—Signed, Aron M. Mathieu, *WRITER'S DIGEST*.

### HERE ARE THE RULES READ THEM CAREFULLY

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

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on **FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL**, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story.

Number the pages.

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

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

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

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

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

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

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

Names of prize winners will be published, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

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

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

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

This contest ends at midnight, Monday, November 30, 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 27C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York N. Y.

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 27C  
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. RM  
Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories".  
Name.....  
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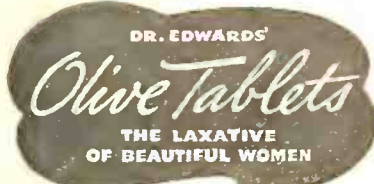
"When nature's lax I take Olive Tablets"

Most people would rarely have to resort to harsh purges if they kept tabs on Nature.

Usually a mild laxative like Olive Tablets is all one needs to assist Nature on the second day.

Once the exclusive prescription of a practicing physician, Olive Tablets are now an established proprietary, welcomed by millions because they are so easy to take and so mild.

It is simple to keep tabs on yourself. Always have Olive Tablets on your bathroom shelf as a reminder on the second day. Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.



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Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home," and requirements. NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, 3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 1389 Chicago

**Old Leg Trouble**  
May Heal While Working  
Viscose Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries; or no cost for TRIAL. Describe trouble and get FREE BOOK. Dr. R. G. Clason Viscose Co., 140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**Free! BRAND-NEW SHORT-CUT CANDY & COOKY RECIPES!**



Fudges, penuchi, pull taffies, caramels—made in new failure-proof ways! • New candies—easy to do. • Fondant made without cooking! • And what cookies! • Many so easy a small girl can make them!

Write to THE BORDEN CO., Dept. MW G-126, 350 Madison Ave., New York, for FREE recipe book, just off the press.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from page 89)

preparations—why, there's no limit to the beauty you can give for Christmas!

Don't choose your Christmas gifts this year without consulting my December leaflet. The items illustrated here are only a small part of this condensed shopping guide. There are scores of suggestions to fit every purse (ranging from one to fifteen dollars) and you'll find these recommendations invaluable in selecting presents for the hard-to-please, the girl who has everything, the girl who has almost nothing—they'll help stimulate the imagination and avoid duplication. You will long for some of these beautiful things yourself, so why not turn a carefully-checked copy of this leaflet over to your family or your best beau, as a gentle hint? It's entirely free of charge, but please send a LARGE, stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query, to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

**Bambi**

(Continued from page 35)

"I've been sleeping in your garden," he said. "Been there all night, I guess. At least, I—"

"Yes'm," Ardelia corroborated him, withdrawing in good order toward the kitchen. "Dat's what de professor said, to be sure an' remine him dey was a young gen'leman waiting in de garden. Roun' about ten o'clock las' night, it was."

"But why?" Bambi asked. "And why did you sleep there?"

"It was all my landlady's fault," Jarvis explained angrily. "We had a fight. She wanted the rent."

"Well, why didn't you give it to her? I mailed you your salary check last week."

"I know—but I lost it—or put it somewhere or—anyway, it's gone, and I didn't have time to look for it because I was right in the middle of the second-act climax—Oh, Bambi—" Jarvis' eyes lit up; he'd forgotten all about the perfidious landlady—"Bambi, it's good. It's different! It's got something the modern theater needs—something alive!"

"I'm sure of it, darling," Bambi said. "But what happened?"

Once more Jarvis remembered his grievances. "The old harpy locked me out of my room, away from my notes—my pencils and paper even—and I couldn't work. So I came here, but your father was in conference with that new teacher, and no one seemed to know where you'd gone."

I must say, Bambi, you have a bad habit of being somewhere else when it's important that you ought to be where you ought to be. . . . So I waited in the garden, and I walked and walked, and ideas for the climax of my play kept coming—but then my feet began to hurt, so I sat down and—well, I guess I fell asleep."

Jarvis wasn't looking at Bambi. He should have been, for then he would have seen her give the small, decided nod which was the signal that Bambi had made up that determined, practical mind of hers.

"Can I work in your father's study?" he asked. "She won't let me back into my room until I've paid the rent, and if I don't get that second act down on paper right away, it's going to leave me. I haven't time to wait. This is vital!"

"Jarvis," said Bambi, "would you mind looking at me?"

"Uh—what?"

"Look at me. . . . Do you like my looks, Jarvis?"

"Of course I do. You're pretty. But . . ."

What will you be doing—ONE YEAR FROM TODAY?

THREE hundred and sixty-five days from now—what?

Will you still be struggling along in the same old job at the same old salary—worried about the future—never able to make both ends meet?

One year from today will you still be putting off your start toward success—thrilled with ambition one moment and then cold the next—delaying, waiting, fiddling away the precious hours that will never come again?

Don't do it, man—don't do it. There is no greater tragedy in the world than that of a man who stays in the rut all his life, when with just a little effort he could advance.

Choose the work you like best in the list below, mark an X beside it, and, without cost or obligation, at least get the full story of what the I. C. S. can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 2292-C, Scranton, Penna. Without cost, please send me full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

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  - Management of Inventions
  - Mechanical Engineer
  - Mechanical Draftsman
  - Patternmaker
  - Machinist
  - Foundry Practice
  - Reading Shop Blueprints
  - Heat Treatment of Metals
  - Sheet Metal Worker
  - Welding, Electric and Gas
  - Civil Engineer
  - Toolmaker
  - Highway Engineer
  - Surveying and Mapping
  - Sanitary Engineer
  - Steam Engineer
  - Marine Engineer
  - Bridge Engineer
  - Bridge Foreman
  - Building Foreman
  - Diesel Engines
  - Aviation Engines
  - Automobile Work
  - Plumbink
  - Steam Fitting
  - Heating
  - Ventilation
  - Air Conditioning
  - Refrigeration
  - Pharmacy
  - R. R. Locomotives
  - R. R. Section Foreman
  - R. R. Signalmen
  - Air Brakes
  - Coal Mining
  - Chemistry
  - Fruit Growing
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  - Cartooning
  - Business Correspondence
  - Lettering Show Cards
  - Stenography and Typing
  - Civil Service
  - Mail Carrier
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  - Grade School Subjects
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  - College Preparatory
  - First Year College Subjects
  - Illustrating
  - Cartooning
- DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES**
- Professional Dressmaking
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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

**DISCOVERED**  
IT'S to treat both the irritated throat and inflamed bronchial tubes at the same time! With double-acting FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR, one ingredient-group coats the raw throat, quickly relieves tickling, hacking and coughing . . . while the other actually enters blood, acts on affected bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up cough, speeds recovery. To check your cough before it gets worse, before others catch it, for speedy relief and speeded-up recovery, insist upon . . .

a Way to RELIEVE COUGHS Quickly

**FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR COMPOUND**

**Kidneys must clean acids from your blood**



**DR. W. R. GEORGE**  
Former Health Commissioner of Indianapolis

# Your System is Poisoned

**And May Cause Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, and a Run-Down Condition When Kidneys Function Poorly**

Your health, vitality and energy are extremely dependent upon the proper functioning of your kidneys. This is easy to understand when you learn that each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 4½ million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, night and day. Nature provides this method of removing acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood.

## Causes Many Ills

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, recently stated: "Most people do not realize this, but the kidneys probably are the most remarkable organs in the entire human anatomy. Their work is just as important and just as vital to good health as the work of the heart. As Health Commissioner of the City of Indianapolis for many years and as medical director for a large insurance company, I have had opportunity to observe that a surprisingly high percentage of people are devitalized, rundown, nervous, tired, and worn-out because of poorly functioning kidneys."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately 3 pints of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly, but surely, your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, rundown and worn out.

Many other troublesome and painful symptoms may be caused by poorly functioning kidneys, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Rheumatic Pains, Swollen Joints, Circles Under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching, Smarting, and Acidity.

## Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Druggists and doctors in over thirty-five countries throughout the world think that the proper way to help kidney functions is with the modern, up-to-date Doctor's prescription. Cystex, because it is scientifically prepared in strict accordance with the United States and British Pharmacopoeia to act directly on the

kidneys as a diuretic. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous surgeon and scientist of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional kidney and bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

And Dr. T. A. Ellis, of Toronto, Canada, has stated: "Cystex' influence in aiding the treatment of sluggish kidney and bladder functions can not be over-estimated." And Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, of San Francisco, said: "I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex," while Dr. N. G. Giannini, widely known Italian physician, stated: "I have found men and women of middle age particularly grateful for the benefits received from such medication. A feeling of many years lifted off one's age often follows the fine effects of Cystex."

## GUARANTEED 8-DAY TEST

If you suffer from any of the conditions mentioned in this article or feel rundown, worn out, and old before your time, poorly functioning kidneys may be the real cause of your trouble. And because Cystex has given successful results in thousands of cases throughout the world after other things had failed, you should put this doctor's prescription to the test immediately, with the understanding that it must prove satisfactory in every way within 8 days, or you merely return the empty package and the full purchase price is refunded.

Because Cystex is specially and scientifically prepared to act directly on the kidneys as a diuretic, it is quick and positive in action. Within 48 hours most people report a remarkable improvement and complete satisfaction in 8 days. Cystex costs only three cents a dose at druggists. Put it to the test today. Under the guarantee you must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. You can't afford to take chances with cheap, inferior or irritating drugs or any medicine that is not good enough to be guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) today.

"How about my disposition? Have you ever noticed that?"

Jarvis admitted that she had a wonderful disposition, and, upon further questioning, that she was healthy and considerate.

"Then," asked Bambi, "would you mind marrying me?"

Jarvis blinked, turned pink, and eyed the door as if contemplating immediate flight. "Bambi, are you crazy?" he demanded.

"Not a bit. I'm in deadly earnest. I want you to marry me. Will you?"

"But—but why?"

"Well," Bambi said with the air of one settling down to discuss a question sensibly, "for one thing because you need me, or anyway somebody like me. You need somebody to darn your socks, and keep landladies from heckling you—but most of all, somebody to give you a normal point of view. You're a clever writer, a genius, maybe. But you write for yourself, not for audiences. You don't even know what the common people think about, or how they talk. I do. You need me, to help you go places!"

Jarvis was looking at her now, at her shining eyes, her gay face. He said slowly, "I see. It's terribly sweet of you to want to do this for me—but just where do you come in? After all—well, I just don't love you, Bambi."

**YOU** aren't in love with anyone else, are you?" Bambi asked, brought up sharply in mid-flight.

"Lord, no!"

"Maybe, after you've got a lot of those big ideas out of your system, you might—" Bambi paused, and carefully picked a dry leaf from the marigolds—"you might get just a little bit fond of me."

"Well, I don't know," Jarvis said. "I don't want to be rude, but—"

"It would just be what you dramatists call a marriage of convenience."

He nodded and said, "I can see where it would be a convenience for me, but not what you'd get out of it."

"Don't you? I don't want to stay here all my life. You'll be rich and famous some day, and we'll go to New York and meet lots of great people! . . . Jarvis, help me get out of here! Just at first, we could stay with father. I'll have the old nursery fixed over into a study-bedroom for you, where you could work and be undisturbed."

A gleam, as if at the sight of a promised land, lit Jarvis' eye. "Undisturbed . . ." he murmured. "I could finish my play."

"Say yes, Jarvis!"

"It's mad—"

"We'll be married today!" said Bambi, seizing on the first sign of weakening. "You run along into the study now and get some work done on your second act, and I'll attend to everything and call you when the minister comes." She was pushing him toward the door, and with his mind already on that second act, Jarvis went.

Professor Parkhurst returned home, that noon, to find a scene of bustling activity instead of the peaceful lunch he had expected. Bambi, in a fresh linen dress, and looking extraordinarily happy, was calling orders to Ardelia, Jarvis Trent was occupying the professor's own study, and there was no sign of a lunch anywhere.

"What is that man doing in my study?" he demanded sternly.

"I'm sorry, darling," Bambi called, "I'll send him upstairs right after the ceremony. Jarvis just said he'd marry me, but he's awfully busy, and we have to have the wedding right away, so I've sent for the minister. There he is now!"

"Bambi!" he called, but she was already

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at the door, ushering in a confused and puzzled Reverend Dr. Peebles.

The next half-hour was the most distressful Professor Parkhurst had ever spent. His distracted gaze, traveling about the room, picked up a series of little pictures: Dr. Peebles' doubtful look when Bambi told him who the groom was to be; Jarvis, looking as if his mind was less than half on what Dr. Peebles was saying; Ardelia, beaming in the background; and Bambi. In the sight of Bambi, radiant at Jarvis' side, there was some comfort. There couldn't, the professor decided, be anything wrong about a marriage at which the bride looked so happy.

Afterwards, with Jarvis back in the study and still deep in the toils of his second act—he could hardly be said to have emerged from them—the professor took Bambi on his lap.

"I don't know what to say. I do want you to be happy, but I don't know about this."

"Neither do I," Bambi admitted. "Perhaps it won't work. But I know I wouldn't ever be happy away from him."

The professor glanced at her furtively. All the sparkle, all the gaiety were gone now. Bambi looked like a little girl who wasn't sure she hadn't done something wrong.

"Do you love him so very much?" he asked.

"Oh, I do! Something happens to me when I see him coming down the street. Just to have him touch my hand . . . I can't explain it. Haven't you felt that way about someone?"

"Yes," the professor said. "Your mother. That's why I didn't stop the wedding. . . . But it's such a gamble. I hope it works out."

"It's got to!" Bambi said tensely. "It's just got to!"

**A** WEEK passed, with Jarvis locked up tightly in his room, working on the play. Once he'd told Bambi that when he had a work fit he was like a demon, forgetful of everything around him and, she found, he'd told the truth. He didn't even recognize her when she took his food to him, sharpened his pencils, did everything she could to make him comfortable.

At the end of the week he turned up for lunch, looking and acting like a human being once more—except that he'd forgotten he was a married man. Bambi had to tell him everything that had happened, run over once more her glib little list of reasons for marrying him.

"None of those is the real, fundamental reason," he observed and though Bambi admitted he was right, she wouldn't tell him what it was. Love . . .

"I have everything all worked out," she said, instead. "You need someone to take the worry of making a living off your shoulders, so you can write. I can make my own living, so the professor won't have to support me, and he can support you instead. It's just an exchange of dependents, for him."

Jarvis laughed. "You might have difficulty convincing the professor that's a sound idea."

"I've already convinced him. That is—he couldn't think of any argument against it. He tried to crawl out by saying it was just a favor to me, but I told him that was nonsense, it was a golden opportunity to discover a new great dramatist."

"It looks to me," Jarvis said with awe in his voice, "as if you get practically everything you set your mind on, Bambi."

"Well—eventually." But Bambi added under her breath, "Including you—I hope."

Ardelia's shrill tones came from the

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hall. "Lawdy—mercy! It's done happened. I knowed it would when I broke that looking glass!" She burst into the room waving a yellow envelope in a shaking black hand.

Bambi took the envelope. "Why, it's a telegram. For you, Jarvis." Bambi tore it open and read aloud: "Regarding poems submitted may be able to use them with certain changes. Suggest we discuss matter next time you visit New York. Richard Strong."

"Richard Strong? Who's Richard Strong? And what poems is he talking about? I never submitted any."

"No, darling, but I did," said Bambi. "And even you ought to know who Richard Strong is—the editor of *Howard's Weekly*."

"*Howard's Weekly*? That old sheet?" "Just the same, it has more subscribers than any other magazine—and if he takes your poems he'll pay you a lot of money for them."

"My poems?" "Certainly. I found them in your desk. They were very good poems. So I sent them to Mr. Strong. And now he wants to print them."

Jarvis blew up. "Those—those were just exercises. I never meant to submit them anywhere. They're too trivial. And—and I'm too busy to go running off to New York to discuss any fourth-rate twiddle-twaddle I dashed off in an odd moment." "Of course you are," Bambi soothed him. "That's what you've got me for. I'll go to see Strong, and I'll sell him."

**B**AMBI was in Richard Strong's office next morning at eleven o'clock—an hour which was, apparently, too early. "Mr. Strong never gets down before noon," the office boy told her.

"I have a telegram, asking me to see him," Bambi said.

The boy smiled and shook his head in a superior way. "Old R. G. tosses off telegrams in his sleep."

He was a nice office boy, Bambi decided, even if he did try to be hard-boiled.

Standing at the railing which bisected the office, she asked, "Is that large arm-chair in there rented for the day, St. Peter?"

He grinned and swung the gate open. "You win, sister. Only my name ain't Peter. It's Agrippa."

"So you think I'm licked with old R. G. before I even come to bat," she said.

"Sure. . . . Say, where'd you pick up that baseball talk?"

"I used to play it, and not just girls' baseball, either! Why, are you a fan?"

Agrippa's washed-out blue eyes lit up with enthusiasm. "Am I? Say, I breathe baseball!"

The rest of the conquest of Agrippa was simple, and when Richard Strong came charging through the reception room like an infuriated boar and entered his private office the infatuated lad let her go in without bothering to announce her.

"Good morning, Mr. Strong," Bambi said sweetly.

He looked up at her. "Where the devil did you come from?" he demanded.

"Your outer office. I came to talk about those poems. The ones about a trip through the slums. You know—you sent Jarvis Trent a telegram about them."

The Strong eyebrows lowered over suspicious eyes.

"Hmph. They had possibilities. Good command of language. Free rugged sweep and rhythm. But bad subject matter."

Strong shot his comments at her like bullets from a machine gun. "Too raw for our readers. Too unhappy. Not for our magazine. Our readers are good, conservative middle-aged citizens."

Bambi took a deep breath. "But don't

you see, that's just the trouble."

"What? Young lady—" Strong reared back in his chair like a sorely vexed sea lion. "I don't suppose you know our circulation has been growing by thousands!"

"Maybe so, but just the same the magazine's dying. You said yourself your readers were middle-aged and conservative. Well, some time they're going to be old—and old people die—and then what's going to happen to *Howard's Weekly*?"

"Whoa! Hold on!" Strong waved a hand at her. "I didn't say I wouldn't take your husband's poems if he'd tone them down a bit."

"Tone them down?" Bambi said. Nothing could stop her now. "Would you want a sunset toned down because it was too vivid—or thunder because it was too loud?"

Of course you wouldn't. Nature doesn't pull it's punches. That's what makes life exciting and exhilarating—and real! People don't want to be coddled; they want to be jolted into feeling things, like—" She paused for breath, heard a fire siren shrieking in the street below. "Like that siren. That's what I mean! Try to tone that down, mister!"

The siren sounded as if it were right in the room. Strong looked out of the window.

"Oh," sighed Bambi, at his elbow, "I love fires! Let's go!" she said.

"Fine," he agreed. "Come on!"

Like master, like man, thought Bambi a few hours later. Richard Strong was just like Agrippa, trying desperately hard to be hard-boiled, but underneath it all, a dear. From the fire they had gone to Coney Island, from there to a night club, and from there back to Banbury in Strong's big yellow sport roadster. At Coney Island Bambi secured a check for one hundred dollars in payment for Jarvis' poems as they stood, without changes. In the night club she received a second check, also for a hundred dollars, as advance payment for three more.

And at home, after Strong had deposited her at her gate, she found a Jarvis who had been pacing the floor nervously because he didn't know what had happened to her.

"We're going to New York," she caroled, dancing around Jarvis and flapping the two checks in his face. "It'll only take you a few days to sell the play—and then, darling, you'll be famous!"

**J**ARVIS had never been in New York, and Bambi gloried in her knowledge of the city when they arrived.

Jarvis, carrying a bag, and completely confused by the noise all about him, nevertheless stubbornly refused to take a taxi, and they walked to Fifth Avenue.

"Shut your eyes," Bambi ordered as they neared the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street. "I'll lead you."

Obediently Jarvis closed his eyes, and stumbled along, clutching her hand tightly.

"One—two—three!" she counted. "Open them! . . . Isn't it wonderful?"

"It—it is sort of exhilarating," he admitted.

"New York's the most exciting city in the whole wide world!" Bambi was looking up the street in delight at the long string of green traffic lights. Suddenly they turned to red. "Come on, we can cross now." She stepped off the curb. A taxi whizzed past, narrowly missing her, but she called back, "Come on, darling, it's all right."

There was no answer. She turned. "Jarvis! Where are you?" Jarvis was gone! She had lost him!

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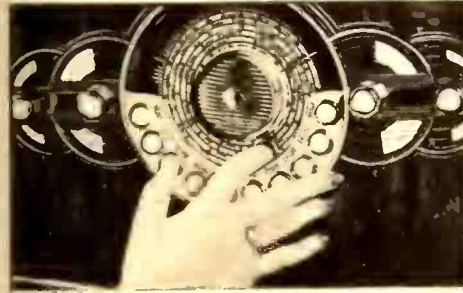
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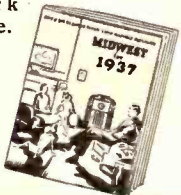
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