Read - HOLLYWOOD UNCENSORED by JIMMIE FIDLER

Radio MIRROR

JULY

8 NEW PAGES OF DAY-BY-DAY PROGRAM LISTINGS AND NEWS

SHIRLEY ROSS

Scoops! Why is Fred Allen through with Radio? Why is Lanny Ross quitting Show Boat?
GENEVIEVE: “Why, Lucy, you’re not leaving—the party’s just begun.”

LUCY: “You’d leave, too—I came with one of those ‘it’ boys... the wrong kind of it...”

*Nothing spoils an evening, breaks up a pleasant association, or loses a friend so quickly as a case of halitosis (bad breath). Nothing conquers this condition so quickly as LISTERINE, the quick deodorant.

SHOOT YOUR MAN

at Sunrise

BY JANE JONES

I DON’T care whether he looks like a Greek god, makes love like an Italian, or writes out a six-figure check for his income tax,—I say, shoot him at sunrise—or even earlier—if his breath is objectionable.

Too long have men gotten away with the idea that women should be grateful for their mere presence, without any consideration of what kind of presence it is.

In my opinion, a man whose breath isn’t what it should be, is nothing short of a Grade A bore and nuisance... and should be so informed as adroitly as possible.

How to do it is a problem. After all, the subject is delicate. If hints do not work... if the power of suggestion flops miserably... you can, as a final resort, send him a Listerine ad—of course withholding your name.

Perhaps because of the heinousness of his offense, anonymity is justified. If after all this he still doesn’t take the hint, dust off your revolver.

I know any number of women who feel as strongly about bad breath as I do and who, by a campaign of clever suggestions, have transformed walking nuisances into really agreeable suitors. A bow to Listerine for its aid in this matter.

BAD BREATH

WORST FAULT OF MOST MEN

There’s no doubt about it, men have halitosis (bad breath) far oftener than women. That is only natural. Men smoke more, drink more, go at a faster pace, and are less fastidious than women. Many large concerns, recognizing that bad breath is as much a handicap in business as it is in social life, insist that their employees use Listerine Antiseptic—especially before making important business calls.

Listerine Antiseptic instantly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and on the teeth (the major cause of breath odors), then overcomes the odors themselves. After you have used it, your mouth feels cleaner, fresher, more wholesome; and your breath is therefore sweeter and purer.

Keep a bottle of Listerine at home and office and use it before social and business engagements as a precaution against offending others needlessly.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

checks halitosis
EVEN a magazine has its dreams. Two of those dreams have come true for Radio Mirror. They have come true with two new features beginning in this issue, features created for just one purpose—to double your listening pleasure.

On page 11 of this issue is the Radio Mirror Almanac, eight new pages that place at your finger tips an actual day-to-day record of program listings. Read about what you are listening to, while you listen. Each day in every month will have its own facts, its own small feature story, and last minute news. It couldn't be done in a monthly magazine? Pages 11 to 18 are the answer.

Hollywood, most complex, most dramatic city in the world, has drawn radio into its fascinating grasp. Few understand Hollywood, fewer still have the knowledge, the capability to report its daily occurrences. Radio Mirror could think of just one man for the job of bringing its readers a clear picture, free of distortion, of what goes on backstage of radio in Hollywood. Radio Mirror got that man.

On page 22 you will find "Behind the Hollywood Front" by Jimmie Fidler, an uncensored column written with the same biting and searching honesty that distinguishes his broadcasts every week on NBC, written with the same fearlessness that has won him the respect of Hollywood's biggest stars, and with the same sparkling style of his daily newspaper columns and weekly news-reel features.

Follow "Behind the Hollywood Front" each month as it appears in Radio Mirror if you would know radio in Hollywood.

So we herald two innovations for doubling your listening pleasure—dreams into realities.
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COMING IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

On Sale June 25

A new career has been launched to threaten a new romance. Now that Jerry Cooper has left New York to star on Hollywood Hotel, what will become of the girl he left behind? Don't miss the dramatic story next month which tells how Jerry is meeting this all-important crisis in his life.

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COVER

SHIRLEY ROSS—PAINTED BY TCHETCHET

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.
"What has happened to us, Dear? Why are we Drifting Apart?"

I f unhappy couples would consult doctors, instead of divorce-lawyers, many a wife would be surprised to learn why her husband’s love had cooled. Often it is due simply to ignorance about the proper precautions to insure intimate personal cleanliness.

A wholesome method of feminine hygiene is important not only for your own sense of personal cleanliness and comfort. It is often still more important for the sensibilities of your husband. For no man’s love can long survive neglect of this obligation that marriage brings to every woman. Many doctors recommend "Lysol" disinfectant as a cleanly aid in feminine cleanliness, as a means of assuring freshness and daintiness.

How could he answer frankly? How could he tell her that one serious neglect—a lack of proper attention to feminine cleanliness—had made her almost repulsive to him?

The fact that "Lysol" disinfectant is used by many doctors, nurses and hospitals—for many exacting antiseptic needs—is your assurance that "Lysol", in the correct solutions, does not hurt or harm normal tissue. There are many other valuable household uses for "Lysol".

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

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lysol & Fisk Products Corp., Dept. 7-R. M., Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

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

Name.__________________________
Address._________________________

Copyright 1927 by Lysol & Fisk Products Corp.

PROFESSOR QUIZ

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Ed. Note: It is new, it’s different, it’s exciting. Radio Mirror in this issue introduces radio’s newest game, Twenty Questions. written by Professor Quiz, the famous asker of fascinating problems. Tune in his regular weekly broadcasts, heard over the CBS network every Saturday night at 8:00 E.D.S.T., sponsored by Kelvinator Division, Nasb-Kelvinator Corp.)

1. What famous singer was ordered to lose twenty pounds—and did—before she could start work on her first moving picture?
2. What star is paying for the maintenance of four orphans?
3. The face of what movie star is ideal, experts say, for television?
4. In what play did Frank Parker make his stage debut?
5. What town were Fred and Tom Waring born in?
6. What is the name of Andre Kostelanets’ theme song on his Chesterfield broadcasts?
7. What is the real name of Phil Baker’s “Bottle”?
8. Where is Arthur (Street Singer) Tracy now, and what is he doing?
9. Who was the first woman ever to sing over the air?
10. What was Mrs. Lanny Ross’ maiden name?
11. How many children has Helen Hayes?
12. Which is the youngest member of Horace Heidt’s King Sisters quartet?
13. What well known radio commentator got his start on the air at the age of forty-odd by debating with Socialist Norman Thomas?
14. Who persuaded the editor to fire Floyd Gibbons from his first newspaper job?
15. What radio actor lost his voice and spent several years as a clown in a circus before he recovered it?
16. Why does a radio director put his index finger on the tip of his nose?
17. What historic radio broadcast was recorded by several companies as it came over the air because they knew there would later be a brisk sale of the records?
18. What recent Vallee Variety act caused raised eyebrows and threats of air censorship among some listeners?
19. What radio star’s career received a setback by an ill-fated world cruise?
20. What member of a famous male quartet recently married the youngest member of a former sister team? (You’ll find the answers on page 58)
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR INSIDE INFORMATION ON RADIO’S PASSING SHOW, YOUR SEARCH CAN END ON THESE FACT-FILLED PAGES

AFTER weeks of uncertainty, it's been decided that Nelson Eddy will join Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy the dummy, and Werner Janssen's orchestra on the Sunday night Chase and Sanborn show. The date is even set—August 8. And here's the amusing story behind the delay in the negotiations. Nelson liked the program, liked the salary, liked everything about it, except—he had a wistful desire to be the master of ceremonies as well as the singing star. But the sponsors had Don Ameche under contract, and wanted him to be the master of ceremonies. Deadlock, conferences, indecision. Finally Nelson philosophically gave in and agreed to join the program as soon as he has taken a short vacation after his concert tour. You never can tell about these singers. Sometimes they're yearning for a master of ceremonies job they can't have; sometimes they're eating their hearts out because they have one they can't get rid of.

A RADIO comedian's life is a tough one. Week in, week out, he has to be funny. That's not news, but Phil Baker's plan for rescuing the poor comedian is. Phil told me he'd like to arrange with a sponsor to hire two comedians instead of one, and broadcast their shows on alternate weeks. Thus each funnyman would have time to get his breath before buckling down to work on next week's script. The only catch is that the plan, if it were put into practice

Above is handsome Jerry Cooper, the newest Hollywood Hotel star to try and fill the shoes of Dick Powell. Left, Fibber McGee and Molly are in Hollywood now to star in the films.
Above, Fred Keating of the movies, who's heard every Sunday as the new master of ceremonies on the Rubinoff broadcasts, coming from Hollywood.

Right, just when everyone thought Nelson Eddy had lost out on the new Sunday night broadcast with Don Ameche, Nelson announced he had signed.

on all comedy shows, would require twice as many comedians as there are now—and as it is there aren't enough to go around! Phil even had the scheme lined up and almost in working order once. He and another comedian were to alternate on the Good Gulf programs. But fate intervened. The other comedian was Will Rogers.

WITH scarcely a ripple, Paramount on Parade slipped out of the radio swim the end of April, and a noble experiment went down to defeat. The idea had been for NBC to give Paramount Pictures a half-hour every Sunday; Paramount, using its contract stars, would then produce a radio show with all the glory that is Hollywood's. NBC would get a good sustaining show, and Paramount would get valuable publicity for its pictures.

A Sunday morning hour was picked, so there'd be no danger of folks staying away from Paramount movies to listen to Para- (Continued on page 80)
COAST-TO-

Above, Hal Styles directs the personnel for "Help Thy Neighbor" over KHJ.

Above, Jettabee Ann Hopkins, the one-woman show on KFA8, Lincoln, Nebraska, and one of radio's busiest people. Jettabee writes, directs and acts in popular Babs and Betty.

Gabriel Heatter, left, one of the four contributors to the special program for women only broadcast every Friday at 1:30 p.m. over WEAF. Read the show's story.

SPECIAL EDITION — As big a local program as you’ll ever find away from the networks is Borden’s Special Edition, broadcast every Friday at 1:30 P. M. Just one station carries it—the same station at which many of NBC’s biggest network shows originate, WEAF in New York. Another unique thing about the program is that it is strictly for women only. Men aren’t supposed to listen, not even casually. Special Edition is as near to a women’s newspaper as you can put on the air. It has four star editors—Gabriel Heatter, Fanny Fitzwater, women’s editor of the New York Herald Tribune; Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, famous child psychologist, and Janet Howell, noted Hollywood writer—and between them they give the ladies news, fashions, advice on home making and raising children, Hollywood
COAST HIGHLIGHTS

BY RUSS KING

gossip, beauty hints, and a resume of what's happening around town. It isn't often that a sponsor goes to all this expense for a local program, but on the other hand, a lot of people in and around Manhattan listen to it. And if the New York program keeps on being the success it has been so far, probably it will be extended to other cities where the sponsor sells his milk.

If your radio can, by hook or crook, tune in this show, your Highlights reporter advises a sample listening. You'll get the habit.

RALEIGH, N. C.: All radio stars have their own ways of gaining fans but it took the Three Tobacco Tags, daily noontime stars over WPTF, to discover a new fan-getting method when returning to Raleigh recently from one of their nightly show dates at a nearby town. Coming upon a burning farmhouse, George, Luke, and Reid stopped their car, and while one of the boys aroused the sleeping occupants and got them safely outside, the others found water and went to work on the flames. Result: No deaths; a home saved from ruin; and a grateful farmer's family pledged as life-long fans of the Tags.

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.: The Hollywood anti-Nazi league has taken time on KFWB Saturdays from 7:30 to 7:45 p. m., and Thursday's 9:30 to 9:45 p. m.

The fifteen minute period features "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad," well known to Americans as the comedy characters in two of Donald Ogden Stewart's books. Mr. Stewart donated "The Hackodds" to the league and is writing the present series which takes the family through Germany and Europe in general. The league hopes to place the program on a nation-wide hook-up.

WHEELING, W. VA., Nobody seems to know whether Shorty Hobbs, WWVA'S eccentric banjoist with Frankie (Continued on page 60)
Singin' Sam expresses his philosophy of life in action. Here is the NBC singer fly casting back home in Indiana.

$20.00 PRIZE

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS, SOMETIMES!

HIGHLIGHTS of the news! Repetition of the news would be a better suggestion. News commentators should have to listen to each other and maybe there would be a little variety.

If the 10:00 A.M. broadcast of news flashes are about someone landing somewhere, or a woman getting tipsy on the jury, you hear it at least five times during the day, and end up with Lowell Thomas telling it all over again at 6:45 P.M. for news—and by that time it's history.

True, I don't have to listen, you say, or I can turn the dial, but often when I am too busy to leave my work to change the station, or perhaps waiting for a program, there is no escape; the newscasters go merrily on in spite of everything.

Radio programs could be improved by having a little psychology injected into them. Take this for an illustration:

I am listening to a pipe organ and the rendition of a series of church songs. A masterly voice has inspired me, lifted me out of my hedged-in environment and, as it were, transported me to a higher plain of living and thinking. Just for a moment my existence is changed, I have lived in another realm where things are different—not real.

But suddenly the tones of the organ die away, the voice recedes, and as if by the lifting of a jesting eyebrow, or the trick of a sleight-of-hand, my cathedral surroundings vanish and I am snatched up into a jazz syncopation, blatant and bizarre. I can almost hear the bells jangling upon the clowns' costumes, see their grimaces, and smell the peanuts that are being tossed to the animals in the circus ring.

(Continued on page 56)
NO GATHERING of the smart younger set is completely lovely without the willowy, blue-eyed Nancy Harrar—one of the outstanding New York debutantes of this last season.

Whether she’s doing 18 holes of golf or playing Chopin for her friends, Nancy has the knack of making a charming color picture of herself.

Part of this glamour picture are her tapered musician’s hands that she makes still more interesting with the new Cutex “smoky” polish shades. “Even the deep shades are soft and smoky,” she says. “You can do a lot more with them as color accents than with ordinary glaring polishes.”

See just how she uses three of the Cutex “smoky” shades by cutting out the figures above. Now work out several clever Cutex color schemes for yourself! There are 19 smart shades to choose from—Old Rose, Burgundy, Rust, Light Rust, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Ruby, Robin Red, Cardinal, Natural, Colorless. Cutex is more lustrous, too—wears for days, won’t thicken up in the bottle, won’t fade!

Start right now to accent your personality with 3 or 4 glamorous shades. Only 35¢ a large bottle, at any shop!

- To give yourself a complete manicure, be sure to use the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover. It removes the dead cuticle, restores the natural oil, keeps cuticle lovely without harmful cutting.

Nancy Harrar wears the outstanding new Cutex Burgundy.

Nancy Harrar is the particular star of the evening in glistening white satin boldly splashed with primrose bouquets and belted with chartreuse—worn with nails in the startling new Cutex Burgundy.

Nancy finds Burgundy creates a big stir—it’s so new and unusual. She wears this sophisticated color with black, white, wine, carnelian and, above all, blue.

The smartly-dressed Nancy Harrar will certainly stand out from the crowd of capricious debutantes in a rose-colored sash and accented with a rose-colored sash and Cutex Old Rose nails.

“Old Rose is lovely for blonde types,” Nancy says, “and especially with pastels for both sports and evening.”

En route to London

For tea with the Captain of the Aquitania—Nancy Harrar chooses distinguished gray and white sheer jersey with lovely dusky nails in Cutex Rust.

Nancy says Rust is gorgeous with green, beige and copper, as well as gray. “And it’s absolutely the nail color when you’re suntanned!”

Nancy Harrar puts Old Rose on her new London, Montreal, Paris.

Manoir Richelieu

Canada

Nancy Harrar puts her tennis opponent very much off his game with her new above-the-knees outfit in 2 shades of blue accented with a rose-colored sash and Cutex Old Rose nails.

“Old Rose is lovely for blonde types,” Nancy says, “and especially with pastels for both sports and evening.”

Rainbow Room

Rockefeller Center

New York

Nancy Harrar is the particular star of the evening in glistening white satin boldly splashed with primrose bouquets and belted with chartreuse—worn with nails in the startling new Cutex Burgundy.

Nancy finds Burgundy creates a big stir—it’s so new and unusual. She wears this sophisticated color with black, white, wine, carnelian and, above all, blue.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-B-7
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2220, Montreal)

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

Name

Address

City

State
Swimming is the favorite sport of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.

aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

Young Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her début in New York. Travelled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed (right) at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

These distinguished women also prefer
Camel's mild, delicate taste:

MISS JOAN BELMONT, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDDELE, Philadelphia
MRS. POWELL CAROT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS W. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DIXEIX 3rd, Philadelphia
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago

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

Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

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

For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels
AN ENGROSSING NEW SERVICE for RADIO LISTENERS

Radio Mirror

ALMANAC

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

STATIONS AND WHERE TO TUNE THEM IN

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ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING
MOTTO OF THE DAY
By Andre Kostenetz
He knows not the love of fine music is only half alive.

MAY 30, 1937

ITS Memorial Day, and the second day of a long weekend. However, don’t let your enjoyment of the holiday make you forget its purpose. Officially, the day is observed this morning in Washington, D.C. in front of Lincoln’s Arlington Cemetery—and the ceremonies will be broadcast on all networks... You listeners have a full day in front of you, particularly if you’re sports fans. First there are the auto-mobile races from the Indianapolis speedway. Then, NBC and CBS both broadcast the second day of the Davis Cup tennis matches between the United States and Australia at Forest Hills, N. Y. Your announcers are Ted Husing for CBS and John R. Tatum, tennis expert, on NBC. There’ll be a real novelty at three o’clock, and all you stay-at-homes better listen in to get the imaginary thrill of an airplane joy ride over Yellowstone Park. NBC has an announcer and the park superintendent in a plane, flying around and telling you what they see and all of doing, too. If you’re interested in drama on the air, listen to the Columbia Workshop’s broadcast at seven o’clock. Tonight it’s an original verse play hand-picked by Geoffrey Belsfield and titled “Prince of 45’s”... Devotees of soprano voices hear Bud Sayso, guest star on the Ford program on CBS at nine. She’s a young Brazilian who made her Metropolitan Opera debut last summer. Your birthday reminder list is a far one today. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Benny Goodman, and Norris Goff (Abner of Lum & Abner) are all celebrating.

JUNE 6, 1937

This is the day for staying home and resting up from that long automobile trip out of town you took last Sunday. You ought to have recovered from the sunburn you got, by this time, though... It’s Sweden’s big day, and in Stockholm they’re having a Royal celebration. Be sure to listen in on the NBC... In the evening, there’s another of those Columbia Workshop plays. All summer long this program has continued, under the direction of Irving Reis, and you’d be surprised at some of the famous authors who are writing original plays for it. The Workshop is radio’s first attempt to create its own form of drama, and it deserves more than a little credit on the back... Later in the evening, Mischa Levitkis, famed concert pianist, has a record of twenty tours in the United States.

JUNE 13, 1937

Did you think America had the largest automobile racing track in the world? If you did, you’re wrong. It’s in Nürburgging, Germany, and today you can listen in on the International Auto Races being held there. NBC is broadcasting the doings... Tonight’s concert by the Ford Symphony is the last until September 15—the last time you can hear that haunting theme song, which, by the way, is the 18th Psalm, Prayer from the opera, Hansel and Gretel. Mr. Ford’s guest soloist tonight is Josephine Antoinette, coloratura soprano, who made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House when she was only twenty-one. She isn’t much older now—one year, to be exact. A Boulder, Colorado, girl, she’s never studied a note outside of the United States. Radio gave her her start in 1929 when she won third place in a national audition... For you Spelling Bee enthusiasts, CBS offers one with all the hardest words for you to try. It’s on at 4:00 today and every Sunday afternoon. That’s Eastern Daylight Saving Time, so figure out what time it is in your home town and listen in... But if spelling doesn’t excite you, you won’t listen in to the Magic Key of RCA at two o’clock on NBC-Blue? Chances are you missed its gain broadcast, welcoming back the Philadelphia Orchestra from its transcontinental tour, two weeks ago. Never can tell what fine stars the Magic Key will unlock, because it gets very little advance publicity.

JUNE 20, 1937

A hundred years ago today, England’s most beloved Queen ascended the throne, and today Great Britain is celebrating that hundred-year anniversary—only a little more than a month after Victoria’s great-grandson, George VI, in his turn took over the crown and scepter. You’ll hear the cere- mony’s first broadcast over NBC and short wave... Victoria was only eighteen when she stepped to the throne, and she ruled for more than sixty-three years, until she died on January 22, 1901. After the death of her husband, Prince Albert, in 1861, Victoria went into mourning for a long time, proving that not all royal marriages are necessarily loveless... if you’re lucky, you’ll see Queen Victoria recreated on stage this winter, when one of your favorite radio stars, Helen Hayes, comes to your city in the play “Victoria Regina.” Helen plans on touring with the play all winter, doing her radio work from whatever city she happens to be in... Tonight’s your last chance to laugh at Phil Baker, Bottle and Bottle until next fall, for tomorrow Phil will be on his way to Hollywood and a summer of picture-making. For the first time in his life he’ll try a straight acting role in the “Goldwyn Mystery.” Mr. Baker and the young Bakers are going with him... Phil has been in strict training for the past six months, taking off 30 pounds the movie bosses told him he’d have to lose before the picture could start.
MOTO OF THE DAY
By Phil Spitalny
Laughter is artless, but knowing when not to laugh is an art.

MAY 31, 1937

Still a holiday, for you and you and I, but not for the men and women at the microphone. Holiday or not, their job is to keep the air filled with mirth, news and melody. The Davis Cup matches at Forest Hills go into their concluding day, and you'll want to be at the finish as the United States and Australia fight out the question of which has the best tennis players. Ted Husing, who is covering the matches for CBS, thinks tennis is the best game in the world, but if he were announcing football today he'd hand the palm to it. For Ted thinks you're watching the best in the world. Ted spent a quiet winter, mostly in Florida, but now that the out-of-doors games are here again, he'll be a frequent visitor to your loud-speaker vicinity. It's no secret that CBS considers him just the right man for the sports announcing line. DonBestorpicked tonight for opening the Davis Cup at the Hotel Bel~ New Orleans, and tonight and in the future you will hear him broadcasting late from that hotel's exquisite spot. Farther north, Clyde McCoy is settling down tonight, at the Penobscot Hotel, Memphis, to give the citizenry a taste of his "Sugar Blues." For your birthday file—Fred Allen was born John Sullivan just forty-three years ago today in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Don Ameche is twenty-nine and Ben Bernie is forty-four. It's Bob Mc Coy's birthday too. He's the baritone in Horace Heidt's orchestra, on CBS tonight.

JUNE 7, 1937

Ted Husing's back after a quiet winter, describing the Davis Cup matches for CBS.

JUNE 14, 1937

Paul Douglas brings you important sports news for ten minutes six nights a week.

JUNE 21, 1937

There's tennis in the air again today, if you are in the mood for sporting thrills—the most aristocratic form of nonsporting cinematic, championship lawn tennis as played at Wimb ledon near London. The short wave again do duty to bring the details to NBC and your ears. For a lesson in tennis pronunciation, if for nothing else, better tune in in... Are you a Pepper Young's Family devotee? It's hard not to be these days, because the sponsors give you twice the usual opportunity to hear the program. It's the NBC-Red network at three in the afternoon and the NBC-Blue at 10:30 in the morning, five days a week, and if you don't think that's often enough you ought to ask the actors. You could even ask Butch, the baby, and you'd get an intelligent answer for Butch is none other than Madeleine Pierce, a dark-eyed and very beautiful young woman. Her job is something that would happen only in radio—specialist in baby noises. She can play an infant mood from the smallest sleepy baby to the loudest milk-hungry wail. For cries she muffles her mouth with a pillow. For gurgles and coos she uses no pillow. Madeleine was born in Philadelphia and learned her art byimitating her brothers and sisters. When she grew up she got married, but she still amused her friends by chockling and hooting. Now she three years ago she took an audition and a week later was as busy as the quintuplets' nurse.
JUNE 1, 1937

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

*By Eddie Cantor*

Everyone raises his hat to the success of a man who can rise above success.

**JUNE 8, 1937**

Romantic Eddy Duchs begins his summer engagement at a smart Chicago dance spot.

**JUNE 15, 1937**

Portland, Oregon, Halifax and Atlanta.

In New York she was featured in the same play that brought Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney to fame, "Maggie the Magnificent." Then she went to Chicago and into radio. You heard her in The Romance of Helen Trent, The First Nighter, Betty and Bob, and other dramatic shows. Then Maggie and Marge moved to New York this winter, and Frances moved moved too, because it's her summer engagement at the Enderby. And Frances Woodbury, who have gone to a tiny Pacific Island to watch the total eclipse of the sun on June 8, this broadcast will mean a lot to these temporary exiles, and NBC houses it will to you remember.

**JUNE 22, 1937**

Florinc Woodbury is the mysterious, menacing Cobina Fenwick of Myrt and Marge.

**JUNE 21, 1937**

Radio's second expert practitioner of baby sounds is Frances Reynolds. The first is Madeleine Pierce whose story we told you about in yesterday's section. Frances' most famous part is that of Marjorie's baby in the Myrt and Marge series which you will listen to at 2:45 this afternoon; but like Madeleine, she's always on call for this and many other programs that need an infant. Network shows have to use live imitators, since there are an iron clad rule against using any recorded sound effects. Nature shows and such humorous card games as trains, automobiles, egg beaters, and the like. There's some good reason for this. Frances has discovered, that there has been on the stage most of her life. She used to do children's acts in vaudeville and Chautauqua, and her experience in this field already is on the way to success.
**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

By Lanny Ross

It is better to lose a fortune than as a friend.

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**WEDNESDAY**

**May 26, 1937**

YOU'VE started your listening day and month off right by tuning in your Radio Mirror Almanac to see what you won't miss on the air. Get the Almanac habit ... and remember, the best time to look over the Almanac is right after breakfast to see if there aren't some early programs you just have to hear. ... Today's special occasions come late at night, but that's no sign you'll always have to wait that long. ... It's Gray's opening night at the Palomar in Los Angeles. That's the big dance hall out there which, like Chicago's Argonaut, is winning such a reputation by hiring America's ace dance bands. Gray and his Casa Loma boys are there for an extended summer engagement and you can join in the fun by tuning them in on the Mutual network while listening to Gray personally leading the band himself. You'll recall that always before he went to the saxophone. If you're lucky, you'll love Gray and his Eskimos—and who didn't?—you'll want to be on the present when they make their bow to the motor-makers. Gray has an NBC wire to your home. ... For that experimental mood, why don't you tune in France on your short-wave equipment? At 5:10 E. D. T., this afternoon, turn your dial to 25.24m-11,885 Kc. Or, if you prefer, to the German station DJJ, 19.74m-12,200 Kc.

Out in Los Angeles, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma orchestra open the Palomar.

**June 2, 1937**

REMEMBER the girl who used to speak Mary Lou's lines on the old Show Boat? Those were the days, weren't they? Well, Mary Lou is no more, but the girl who created her is still very busy. You hear her tonight, in fact, but unless your ears are sharp to recognize voices you won't know who she is. Her real name is Rosaline Greene, but she does the announcing for Mrs. Roosevelt under the same name at NBC. She flies from New York to Washington and back for her Wednesday date at the White House. On Monday nights she's busy too, announcing for Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm program. By this time each June Rosaline is spending every free weekend in the Grand South West, off Long Island, where her family live and where she has a yacht to cruise around on. As usual, you hear it on the job, and you needn't miss any of the excitement. You know, the Derby Day in England, and the big Epsom Downs are swarming with people. As usual, your radio is on the job, and you needn't miss any of the excitement. You know, the Epsom Derby is the special property of all the common, ordinary people in England—the horse that have their steeplechase classic at Aintree. Which doesn't mean that there aren't plenty of high-hats in the crowd at Epsom today. Just try to keep an Englishman away from the races! You can listen in on NBC Dick Gasparre's orchestra opens tonight at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco, broadcasting on the Mutual network. ... And Henry King starts his summer season at the very swell Westchester-Biltmore Country Club in Rye, New York, also on a Mutual wire. While you are waiting for them to come on the air, tune in about a balanced radio rite for Wednesday night, his, The Easy Aces. Thanks to new trouble of Jane's deciding at seven; at 7:15 the First Lady of the Land gives you some low-down on the problems of a President's wife—all on NBC. At 7:45 you switch to CBS and Boake Carter's opinions, which are always provocative even if you can't understand what he's saying. At nine you must listen to Fred Allen, because there won't be many more opportunities. If there's a boy's voice on his show, it's Walter Tetley, Fred's favorite child actor—and Walter ought to be good tonight, because it's his birthday.

The first Mary Lou, Virginia Barr, Rosaline Greene—they are the same girl.

**June 9, 1937**

**June 16, 23, 1937**

TONIGHT, for just about twenty seconds, you'll hear the possessors of radio's quietest voices, Marilyn Stuart, on the Ken Murray show. Marilyn has a long-term personal agreement, in writing, with Ken to do one thing, cry "Mama, that man's here again!" at the beginning of each program. When that, she retires, her duty done—and it does seem a shame that Marilyn didn't have more things to do on the program. Better listen to Lily Pons tonight. Marilyn and she are calling her back at Hollywood and next week is her last broadcast. In July, her place will be taken by Anna Roosevelt, Parker. But Marilyn and Kostelanetz and his orchestra will remain. June 23: It's Fred Allen's next-to-last broadcast for a very long time, so be sure to listen. He won't be back on the air in the fall—and maybe he won't be back, ever. So some sponsor succeeds in getting through to him for his mind. Why? There isn't space to tell you here, but read the story on page 19. And, for something to remember him by, here's one of his most recent script jokes, taken straight out of the script for a Town Hall Tonight broadcast: "Fred Allen! You say Miss Barrie has received her dual degree? Actor: Yes, Eileen is returning to the stage! Allen: Which name will she use. Barrie or Eileen? Actor: Barrie. Barrie is all there. There isn't any more." ... Today's Mary Livingstone's birthday.
THURSDAY

All times are Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.

CBS: Betty and Bob
NRB: Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NRB: Red: Mrs. West

10:15

CBS: Modern Gilderville
NRB: Blue: M. Perkins
NRB: Red: True Life Wife

10:20

CBS: Betty Creeker: Hymns
NRB: Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NRB: Red: East Plain Bill

10:45

News
NRB: Red: Today's Children

11:00

CBS: Mary Lee Tapp: TV
NRB: Blue: David Ham

11:15

CBS: Earl Williams
NRB: Blue: Personal Column
NRB: Red: Peppermint Wife

11:30

CBS: Big Sister
NRB: Blue: Vic and Sade

11:45

CBS: Merrymakers
NRB: Blue: Edward MacHugh
NRB: Red: Allen Prescott

12:00 Noon

CBS: The Gumption
NRB: Red: Girl Alone

12:30 P.M.

CBS: Edwin C. Hilt
NRB: Blue: Mary Martin

12:30

CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45

CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00

CBS: Jack Borch

1:15

CBS: Pretty, Kitty Kelly
NRB: Blue: Rex Williams' Wife

1:30

CBS: George Reeder
NRB: Blue: Farm and Home Hour

1:45

CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories

2:00

CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:15

CBS: Women's Clubs
NRB: Blue: Alice Roosevelt
NRB: Red: Woman's World

2:30

CBS: Myrt and Marge
NRB: Red: Personal Column

3:00

CBS: Pretty Kitty
NRB: Blue: Marty of the Movies
NRB: Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15

CBS: Na Perkins

3:30

CBS: Vic and Sade

3:45

CBS: The O'Neill's

4:00

CBS: NBC Light Opera Co.
NRB: Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15

CBS: Red: Follow the Moon

4:30

CBS: Red: The Guiding Light

4:45

CBS: Blue: Mary Martin

NRB: Blue: Stepping Lady
NRB: Red: Jack Armstrong

5:00

CBS: Dorothy Gordon
NRB: Blue: Brim and De Rose
NRB: Red: Lillian and Anne

Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.

5:00

Press-Radio News

5:15

Sports Resume

5:45

CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NRB: Blue: Lowell Thomas

6:00

CBS: Esther Melodies
NRB: Blue: Kay Kyser
NRB: Red: Amos 'n Andy

6:15

Ma and Pa

NRB: Blue: All Star Cyle Show
NRB: Red: Vocal Varieties

7:00

CBS: Alexander Woollcott
NRB: Blue: Lummis and Abner

7:15

CBS: Bessie Carter
NRB: Blue: Pleasant Valley Frilaces

8:00

CBS: Kate Smith
NRB: Red: Rudy Vallee

8:15

CBS: Blue: Boston Pops Concert

NRB: Red: Major Bowes Amateurs

NRB: Red: Show Boat

8:30

NRB: Blue: Melody Treasure Hunt
NRB: Red: Serenading Belt

8:45

CBS: Floyd Gibbons
NRB: Blue: Kraft Music Hall

9:00

NRB: Red: March of Time

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By Kate Smith

After the verb To Love, the most beautiful verb is To Help.

May 27, 1937

Lend an ear today to baseball. All over the country there are sponsored baseball broadcasts, today and every day, coming over your big local stations. For instance, if you live in Philadelphia or one of its many suburbs, Bill Dyer is telling you today, over WCAU, about the game between Cleveland and the Philadelphia Athletics—unless it rains. Your Almanac is looking for fair weather with a chance for just a few showers. Time was when baseball teams wouldn't let their games be broadcast, but today only the New York and Brooklyn teams are still holding out... Should you be bored with or by baseball, you certainly aren't by that favorite daytime programs, The O'Neill's. Today, at 11:00 (E.D.T.), (of course) on the NBC-Blue network or at 3:45 on the Red network, you can tune in this broadcast and do, you'll want to know about Danny O'Neill, that impertious Irish youngster. Jimmy Tannery plays this role. His age? He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on July 20, 1908. Both his father and mother were theater folk, so Jimmy's elementary education came in the form of a two-night tour of state capitals. At the age of eight, he made his stage debut as a fifty-year-old midget! There's been no holding him ever since and his radio debut came in the fall of 1930. So dancing tonight to the music of Emile Coleman who opens at Ben Marion's Riviera, one of New York's glamour spots.

Emil Coleman and his orchestra open the summer season tonight and you can tune in.

June 3, 1937

Real sports fans don't get tired of baseball as a steady radio diet, but if you're looking for a diversion today and the next two days are going to be radio's golfing days. Tune in to hear the network's description of what goes on at the Oakland Hills Country Club, Birmingham, Michigan. It's the annual National Open Golf Tournament and radio's giving you a do-it-yourself account of what the putter and niblick experts are up to—and still save you the trouble of following the players around from hole to hole. Tony Manero won the Open last year and he'll be in the running again today. The National Open is just about the biggest event of the golfing world, for it pits amateurs and professionals together and all the pros fight to prevent the ignominous defeat of their hands at the hands of an amateur. Bobby Jones was one who did the trick... Tonight Bing Crosby—bless our souls he's a good master of ceremonies—kids another first concert, with an assist by Bob Burns. Some listeners complain that Bing is too free with the informal style, but you'll enjoy so many entertainers like Greta Stuerckergold and Rose Bampton. Your Almanac says that's here. Bing is the first to make somber sounds human. Senator Fishback was boys twenty-nine years ago today in Amarillo, Texas, and his parents christened him Elmore once! Ramon Ramos opened tonight at New York's ultra swank Ambassador Hotel.

June 10, 1937

You hear Marion Barony today. She's Mary Young, the mother who combines all the best qualities of every mother that ever lived, in Pepper Young's Family. Marion was born in San Francisco, went to college at the University of California, and then went on the stage where she played with Gerarda Arla, Margaret Anglin, and other great stars. A few years ago, after she had gone into radio, she was offered the part of George M. Cohan's wife in that smash stage success, "Ah, Wilderness!" but she turned it down because she liked radio better. Marion is married and her favorite food is anything at all that has cheese in it. Her hobby is gardening.

June 24. Tonight there will be a big occasion in the Ozie Nelson Hollywood home. David Ozie, Jr., is just eight months old and mama will celebrate, though you can still hear on his way. Harriet Hilliard (ma尿, of course, to junior) is working in BKO's "New Faces" with Milton Berle, Parkyakarkus and Joe Penner and that's something to look forward to seeing... Tonight, on CBS, you hear Kate Smith for the last time until next year when she comes back to the same time, with the same show, but without a sponsor... Fred Waring and Phil Harris, headliners for the opening birthday presents this early birthday day and glamorous night! Guy Lombardo opens at the Waldorf roof. You must come via CBS.

June 14, 1937
MOTTO OF THE DAY
By Arthur Godfrey
Fools talk much and say little; wise men talk little and say much.

FRIDAY

MAY 28, 1937

HERB'S a gala day whether you like dance music or symphony. The dance bands are settling down into their summer spots and tonight there's a bumper crop of them. Nye Mayhew, who has a new band nobody knows much about, is opening at the Glen Island Casino. Hal Kemp is playing his plays this week. The Hudson DeLange orchestra, which will go down in history as the outfit which started the vogue of "Organ Grinder's Swing," will keep the crowds at Playland Beach, Rye, N.Y. happy tonight and every night from now on. Your radio will have to tune in on the nearest N.B.C. station to keep step ... And for CBS tuning-timers, there's an all-night show this night—Shep Fields, the Rippling Rhythm man himself, at the Surfside Beach Club, Atlantic City, N.J., and then on to the Island. To wind the list up, Happy Felton goes into the William Penn Hotel, in Potsburgh, Pa. You can listen to him on Mutual. Jerry Cooper has hit his stride as the new master of Hollywood Hotel, and if you haven't got around to listening to him yet, tonight's your chance. Leave the radio tuned to the same station, and you go right from Hollywood Hotel to the Philadelphia Orchestra's first broadcast on its old series since returning from its coast-to-coast tour. Birthday greetings to Charlie Wintemper.

JUNE 4, 1937

WELCOME tonight to a new star. Lester Tremayne makes his bow in radio's toughest job—successor to Don Ameche on the First Nighter programs. Barbara Luddy continues as the leading lady instead of the usual male maids. . . . Lester's one of those actors who was practically born in a theatrical. His mother was Dolly Tremayne, a movie star in England before the war, and Lester was born in 1913, a little more than a year before London became a target for Enterprise Zeppelins. One of his earliest recollections is of the time he buddled in a darkened room, waiting for a bomb to drop on the house. It was almost the end of the war when Mrs. Tremayne took Lester and his younger brother to the United States, where Lester grew up and went to school. He first went on the stage, but has been on radio since 1932, starting as an announcer in a Chicago station. Notating, he thinks, is a lot easier than anything in the world, and his idea of a vacation is to take a trip through the six thousand miles in two weeks. He isn't married ... Tonight may be your last chance to hear Jack Denny's orchestra from the Drake Hotel in Chicago, over N.B.C. and N.B.S. Jack followed Paul Whiteman into that opulent tavern, on a four-week contract, and tonight is the last night of the contract period ... Don't forget your 9:30 do with the True Story tonight over N.B.C. These true life dramas become more interesting every week.

JUNE 11, 1937

SCHOOL in your town will soon be out for the summer, if it isn't already, and you'll be faced with the job of keeping the children busy all day. Here's a tip for Fridays particularly, but for every week-end day too. Irene Wicker, the Wicker Lady, comes along at 3:15, E. D. T., Friday afternoons, 3:30 other afternoons, and on Fridays she strengthens her program to a full half-hour, with one of her famous music-stories. These are the plays she has listed for producing in the next months, though not necessarily in this order: "Jack and the Beanstalk," written by the Singing Lady with music arr. by Milton Rennergburg; "The Cobbler and the Fairy"; "The Story of Sigurd," an original play by the Singing Lady; and an adaptation of Wagner's opera, "Lohengrin." Guaranteed to keep any youngster quiet, or is yours different? Tonight, Jimmie Fidler brings you the fourth in his new Friday night series—same time, same network as his Tuesday newscasts. You simply can't keep up with what's happening in Hollywood unless you listen to James Marion Fidler—nor can you keep up on Hollywood's doings unless you read the master's own column in this magazine ... Your convenient baseball bulletin: Washington vs. Chicago on WJSV, Washington; Boston vs. Detroit on WJW, Detroit; Chicago vs. Philadelphia on WCAU, Philadelphia, except for rain.

JUNE 18, 1937

THE poorest program on the air—that's what the critics called it after its first broadcast, anyway—is the one you tuned in tonight. Louis Armstrong, Eddie Green and an all-colored cast cavor for your pleasure on the Blue network at time of the show. It's their next-to-last time on this hour, because after this they move back and engage and trumpet into the show which now stars Ozzie Nelson and Bob B Ripley. This is definitely a promotion for the boys from Harlem. You may not like swing music or a lot of trash in your radio shows, but you have to admit the Messers. Armstrong, Green, and the rest get more fun out of performing at a mike than any twenty white stars you can name. "O! Satchmo"—that's Harlem's name for Louis Armstrong—just loves to play the trumpet ... Leave your set tuned in to the same station you hear Satchmo on, and you get Deems Taylor and Robert Armstrong's orchestra. Nobody would ever expect a music critic and composer to turn radio star, but that's what Mr. T. has done. His comments on the Philharmonic Symphony broadcasts last winter were just as entertaining as some of the music. Now he bobs on a commercial program, demonstrating what a lot of fun can be had with music, and asting as if he'd been born under a microphone. It's very original, after the Armstrong show—but Deems will fight if you say it's more bigband.
SATURDAY

W HAT'S the program for the weekend? Have you had the car oiled and filled up for that jaunt into the country? Switch on the dashboard radio and here we go... First, there's the opening day at the Davis Cup tennis meet at historic Forest Hills, to be broadcast on all networks. But don't get too interested as you drive. It's heavy traffic today and that guy ahead has some fancy driving up his sleeve - the betes are freshening up with new bands tonight. Charlie Barinberger replaces Guy Lombardo at New York's Roosevelt. Hear his music on the Mutual System. These stations also give you Bert Block from the Starlet Hotel in St. Louis... From the world's largest ballroom, Chicago's Aragon, come the strains tonight of Michael Sommertine, which Chicago's already know it - is Bob Crosby's theme song. It's opening night for Bing's kid brother... Before all this dance music starts, tune in to Grace Moore and Vincent Lopez from Hollywood... Louis traveled all the way there just for this program. He disbanded his orchestra earlier, but took only a few members with him and picking up the rest out West. La Moore will probably finish her radio season the last week in June... At 9:30, New York time, right after Miss Moore, switch to NBC's Red network station nearest you and hear Joe Cook interview another large batch of guests on the Shell Show.

JUNE 5, 1937

B'G doings afoot in Oslo, Norway - and Your Almanac means afoot, because there's a parade and public dancing. It's Norway's Oslo Day, which is much to the small boys in Oslo as the Fourth of July does to your son. There are carnivals, speeches and all sorts of popular festivities, and NCe is bringing them to you intact.

In our own country, baseball again rules undisputed by everybody except the weather man as king of the sports world. For Cleveland and its radio radius, Jack Graney is well into his fifth season of describing Cleveland Indian games into a WKBK microphone. Jack knows what he's talking about; he played left field with the Indians when they won their only pennant back in 1929... On many stations of NBC's Blue network (though not on all of them) there comes a half hour of real pleasure for all you question bee fans, for at 7:30, New York time, Uncle Jim brings you his version of this popular new radio fad. Uncle Jim is Jim McMullen, now a church elder at his home in Virginia Beach, and formerly a partner of Frank Crumit when he toured in vaudeville. With your head buzzing with questions, switch right over to CBS, where Professor Quiz holds forth. There's a mystery about the Professor. He won't allow his picture to be taken and he has a clause in his contract prohibiting any personal publicity. Your Almanac believes he is a big business executive.

JUNE 12, 1937

Y OUR baseball schedules for today: In the American league, Washington at Chicago, New York at St. Louis, Boston at Detroit, Philadelphia at Cleveland, in the National league, St. Louis at Boston, Pittsburgh at Brooklyn, Cincinnati at New York, Chicago at Philadelphia, in the International League, Syracuse at Rochester (and it's a double-header), Buffalo at Newark, Montreal at Baltimore, Toronto at Jersey City. All of them - need your Almanac add - weather permitting... Turn your radio on early today for Richard Maxwell and his Songs of Comfort and Cheer on CBS at 10:15 Eastern Daylight Saving time. He's a radio singer who likes tropical fish and always wanted to be an ichthyologist, but plenty of fans are glad he never achieved his ambition. Born in Mansfield, Ohio, he was the son of a singer and an artist. Before he found out what an ichthyologist is (and it's a scientist who's an expert on fishes) he wanted to become a social worker or a doctor. But from the time he sang at church socials at the age of a year and a half he was destined to be a singer. He attended several colleges, from many of which he was sent home for being class clown, but finally he ended up winning a Phi Beta Kappa key. He's a radio veteran, having made his debut in 1923 and his last at WBZ in 1928. Before that he was a chorus boy in musical comedy at the age of 21, and worked at selling real estate.

Gill Gibbons is the observer who helps Grouny comb all the plays right for you.

JUNE 19, 1937

F you're still enough of a kid at heart to wish you didn't have to work on your birthday you'll be glad today for Virginia Payne. You know her better as Oxydol's Ma Perkins. This is her birthday, and it is also one of the days in the week she doesn't have to work. Ma Perkins in real life is only 27 years old. Born in Cincinnati, Virginia is the daughter of John L. Payne, a physician, and when she was four she registered her disapproval of acting and actresses by walking on Maude Adams' performance of "Peter Pan." Two years later she began to study elocution, law and speech, and found that acting was more fun than she'd thought, and harder work be-

Newspaper man and announcer, Ty Tyson does baseball honors for WWJ in Detroit.

MOTTO OF THE DAY
By Burns and Allen
All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely stooges.

MAY 29, 1937

Bing's kid brother Bob Crosby is a big shot in the dance-bond world tonight.
ANOTHER FIRST! Radio Mirror Brings You the True, Exclusive Answers to the Most Important Questions of the Month

Why

FRED ALLEN'S Through with Radio LANNY ROSS is Quitting Show Boat SHOW BOAT is Going Hollywood

By NORTON RUSSELL

HERE'S revolution in the air, and open rebellion's the order of the day. Soon—though you listeners aren't supposed to see behind the curtain of publicity headlines that has been drawn across the war-torn scene—the second most popular comedian will be gone from the radio scene forever (he insists), a grand old favorite, one of the first of all big programs, will have bedecked itself with new frilleries, and a young tenor whose voice you've learned to love on his Thursday night program will be gone, to what he hopes are greener pastures.

No one knows what is really in a star's heart, but when you hear him talking to his best friend, you can pretty much get the general idea of what's going on inside him. That is why I can tell you that Fred Allen is through with radio, for reasons which, in spite of your disappointment at losing him, you can understand and sympathize with.

On the other hand, everyone on Radio Row has known for a long time about Show Boat's troubles—the lengthy conferences, the carloads of cigars consumed over the rewriting of scripts, and the hundreds of auditions. All had just one purpose—to keep Show Boat afloat! And now, Lanny Ross is really quitting—walking ashore for good—and Show Boat's going Hollywood! With a bang! New guest stars, new story, new actors, and one familiar, dearly loved face. Charlie Winninger, the one and only Cap'n Henry, is coming back.

That's revolution enough, rebellion aplenty, for any radio season. And it leaves questions that have to be answered, questions involving two of your favorite entertainers and one of your best loved programs.

Why, first of all, is Lanny quitting Show Boat? The answer to that question lies in just three words: to justify himself.

When Lanny got his first big chance, on that same Show Boat program years ago, he was an unknown youth. He was not a star, but only the tenor singer on the show, a member of the cast. As Show Boat grew more popular, Lanny's personal popularity kept step. Then came the day when he stepped into the starring role. It was Lanny Ross' Show Boat now.

As Show Boat changed, so did Lanny. He grew older, less carefree; and he took new responsibilities upon himself when he married. He began to want to become a serious singer, and he worked and studied to master difficult songs—German lieder and operatic arias which could find no place on the light-hearted Show Boat programs.

Once, during those years with Show Boat, Lanny appeared in a moving picture. Even his friends had to admit that his performance left much to be desired, and that experience left a mark on his character which has remained. He set to work studying acting as well as music and made a silent vow that some day he would return to Hollywood and wipe the slate clean of that early failure by turning in a smash acting performance.

Now all those years of work and study have combined with the gradual change in his (Continued on page 78)
FOR THE FIRST TIME
A GREAT STAR MAKES
FULL CONFESSION OF
HER WORST FAULT—
AND DEFIES ANYBODY,
EVEN FATE, TO FIND
THE WAY TO STOP IT

By
JACK SHER

Grace Moore today is the same
high-tempered girl who ran
away from her dull school life,
and got a job as singer in a
Greenwich Village cafe. She
still insists on her own way.

CALLING Grace Moore a little bit temperamental is
like calling the Atlantic Ocean a nice little body of
water. The Atlantic can be very friendly and accom-
modating when sun and wind and tide are right. It
can make you forgive it for the times it raises the
dickens—but if you don’t forgive it, the Atlantic doesn’t
care. Nor has it ever been known to stop raising the
dickens. In all of which Grace Moore resembles the At-
lantic Ocean.

There are temperamental stars, hard-to-handle stars,
short-tempered stars and downright aggravating stars—
more even than you would suspect. But there are almost
no stars who will sit down and admit they’re like that.

Grace Moore was smiling sweetly the day she admitted
it to me. She was sitting in her luxurious New York apart-
ment, in an exquisite flowing red gown. She looked very
gentle, very mild, very calm. The same kind of beautiful
calm that makes sailors run up storm warnings.

“I have always been hard to handle,” she said. “I’ve often
been accused of showing temper, and it’s true. I know that
When Hollywood buzzed with rumors that Grace was losing her voice she was really ill—but she defied her doctor's orders twice and emerged triumphantly, able to sing as well as ever!

I'm temperamental. But,” she shrugged, “what of it?”

What of it? What of the ships lost at sea? What of the many brave souls asleep in the deep? What of the Coast Guard? Any number of people could have told Grace what of it—her father, her old school chaperone, Claudette Colbert's husband, a couple of motion picture directors, three radio production men, and her own husband, to name a few.

Even me. Right about then, I could have told her what of it.

It had taken me just two weeks to get into what I began to call The Presence. She'd broken three appointments with me. I called up her apartment, and a voice which I knew good and well was Grace Moore's with artificial guttural overtones, answered, to tell me that Miss Moore was out. Later I called again, and asked to speak to her husband. The same voice said, "He's in Europe. Goodby"—and hung up.

So I went to one of her rehearsals—and was sorry because they wouldn't let me smoke closer than three floors away from the one on which Miss Moore (Continued on page 73)
BEHIND THE

RADIO MIRROR PROUDLY PRESENTS THE FIRST OF AN EXCLUSIVE NEW SERIES—A FRANK AND FEARLESS COLUMN

BY THE MAN WHO DARES TO TELL MOVIELAND'S SECRETS

Editor's Note: Seldom has any feature given this editor as much personal pleasure as this first of a series of articles by Jimmie Fidler, Radio Mirror's new Hollywood reporter. All the biting honesty and searching truth of his radio broadcasts can be found in this exclusive magazine feature. This is Hollywood and radio unadorned, brought to you by the man who never hesitates to tell the news you have a right to know.

Because of the freedom of expression granted to Jimmie Fidler, opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily those of the magazine and its editor.

THOSE on the grapevine network are wondering out loud if any friendliness remains between Charlie Butterworth and Fred Astaire. Fans of the two read between the airwaves a growing dissension. Both are masters of their craft and those in the know whisper that Astaire can pick up a cue or step on a laugh along with the best of them. If you are looking for an open feud you'll be disappointed, but you might listen and draw your own conclusion.

SLUMMING around Palm Springs I found George Burns and Gracie Allen sunning themselves and their two kiddies during the first vacation they have had for three years. "We're between sponsors," chirped George.

"Yeah," Gracie came back, "we got ten days to go from soup to nuts." George corrected her: "It wasn't soup, Gracie, it was tomato juice."

"Aw, what's the difference, you drink 'em both," came the typical Allenism.

SHIRLEY ROSS knows she's lucky. Some business matters in New York forced her to delay her trip west to work in the Ken Murray show. She canceled reservations on the transcontinental plane that crashed and killed all on board. She arrived in Hollywood a day late—but she arrived.

BOB BURNS has gone serious because a feminine scribbler who keeps tab on Hollywood and who is noted for making mistakes, rumored in her column that Bob might soon marry his secretary, Harriet Foster. Burns burned plenty at that, and he hotly denies there is romance in his busy world. Miss Foster was the closest friend of Mrs. Burns, who died last year, and she has been a pal of the family for years. When Bob goes where he should have a companion, he takes Miss Foster. It's too bad everyone isn't as honest as Bob is.

LITTLE Judy Garland has a watchdog on her stomach—well, maybe not exactly on, but never very far away. When she sang a fan song to Clark Gable over the air, Clark heard it in his hunting camp, so he sent Judy some venison steak, which her mother wouldn't let her eat. And the other day I saw Judy and her mother coming from rehearsals in the NBC studios. "May I have a nickel, mother, for an ice cream cone?" I heard Judy ask. The answer was "No." And Judy makes a thousand a week!

THESE amateur radio performers bob up in all sorts of unexpected places. Last week Haven MacQuarrie went into a Hollywood store, selected a pair of brogans and handed the clerk a check. The clerk eyed the signature, gulped a bit, and said: "Gee, Mr. MacQuarrie, I'm on your show next Sunday."

Jeanette MacDonald's appearance on Hollywood Hotel surprised even Gene Raymond.
How does Louella Parsons, the guest star arranger for Hollywood Hotel, get those movie great to appear without pay? It's supposed to be a secret, but Fidler knows the truth.

The author caught in one of his rare moments of relaxation. He is heard on Tuesday and Friday nights over NBC's red network.

Louella Parsons has broadened her domination of filmland to include radio, and woe be to those who dare to flout her authority. A few of the brave have tried it, but "Lolly" rarely comes out second.

Some time ago, La Parsons invited Jeanette MacDonald to appear on Hollywood Hotel—gratis, to be sure, for Louella draws a fat fee for influencing film stars to appear on her program without pay. But, the Metro singing star nearly sent "Lolly" for the smelling salts when she said she would be glad to appear for $5,000. Now this was lese majesty, no less, and from that time on the name of Jeanette MacDonald was conspicuously absent from the widely syndicated column of Dame Parsons.

Then the other day came word that Jeanette would be Louella’s guest on Hollywood Hotel. “What happened?” mused those who keep an ear to the ground for the latest dirt. It would set a dangerous (to Louella) precedent to pay a film star to appear on a Parsons program.

Those who know the worth of publicity can see $5,000 of value in the nice things La Parsons is saying about Jeanette now in her Hearstian screeds. It was a case of cash or trade and apparently Louella is paying Jeanette’s price—but not in cash.

* * *

Like to find people who don’t go high hat when they get up with the gods? Don Ameche is that kind of fellow. While Don’s been adding hosts of new friends by skyway and picture, he hasn’t forgotten those of the days when the Ameche stock was lower. He often entertains those “who knew him when.” Right now, his guest is Mark Tobin, who went to school with him in Wisconsin. Don makes lots of friends—and keeps them.

* * *

Since Jack Oakie added “president of Oakie College” to his list of accomplishments, students of various universities have been firing all sorts of questions at him. One from Yale asks: “Do wine, women and song rule the world too much?” Oakie says these questions are getting him down.

* * *

Many of Milton Berle’s fans may believe Jolly Gillette is actually the daughter of the sponsor, but they find it harder to believe she is only ten (Continued on page 82)
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Some time ago, La Parsons invited Jeanette MacDonald to appear on the Hollywood Hotel—gratis, to be sure, for Louella draws a fat fee for influencing film stars to appear on her program without pay. But, the Metro singing star nearly sent "Lolly" for the smelling salts when she said she would be glad to appear for $3,000. Now this was a huge sum, and Louella Pas was in the middle of the fight. Jeanette MacDonald was conspicuously absent from the widely syndicated column of Dame Parsons.

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LIKE to find people who don't go high hat when they get up with the gals. Don Ameche is that kind of fellow. While Don's been adding clout of newness to his family, he's been putting the finishing touches on the days when the Ameche stock was lower. He often entertains those "who knew him when." Right now, his guest is Mark Tobin, who went to school with him in Wisconsin. Don makes lots of friends—and keeps them.

SINCE Jack Oakie added "president of Oakie College" to his list of accomplishments, students of various universities have been firing all sorts of questions at him. One from the South: "Do wine, women and song rule the world too much?" Oakie says these questions are getting him down.

MANY of Milton Berle's fans may believe Jolly Gillette is actually the daughter of the sponsor, but they find it harder to believe she is only ten (Continued on page 32)
Don’s saintly expression in the picture above, at the age of seven, is one that always signaled trouble for his teachers.

Even at the age of eleven, Don was a star performer. He won the junior championship in basketball. When the picture above was taken (he’s the one in the middle), Don was attending Berchman’s Academy, in Marion, Ohio.

This story could happen only in America.

Picture an extremely decorative young man, with hordes of friends and feminine admirers. He is an alumnus of four college campuses. He dresses like Esquire and is somewhat of an epicure, dining in a different café each evening. Lucky in love—and everything else he touches.

If this were fiction, you’d be sure by now that it concerned a millionaire’s son; especially if you had looked at his photograph. For Don Ameche looks exactly as the scion of a wealthy family should look but seldom does. It is hard to believe he was born without a silver spoon in his mouth, a poor man’s son.
BEGINNING—THE INSPIRING LIFE

STORY OF DON AMECHE, WHO FOUND

THE PATH TO FABULOUS FORTUNE

But this happens to be a fact story, the true life story of the son of an Italian immigrant who worked years as a day laborer, finally supporting his large family as a saloon keeper in a small Mid-western town. Thereby hangs a tale—a tale, which, we repeat, could happen only in America. And one in which radio plays an important part.

Don Ameche's father, Dominick Felix Amici, was born and raised in a small village north of Rome, Italy. At the age of twenty, with practically no luggage or money, but with great expectations, he came to this country to seek his fortune.

He never found that fortune, except in terms of happiness. But his son was destined to be radio's first true matinee idol, and to find the pot of gold at the foot of the movie rainbow while still in his twenties.

The elder Amici worked in coal mines and iron works and stone quarries all over the East. His work finally took him to the coal fields at Springfield, Illinois.

With fame and fortune his, Don Ameche can relax in his beautiful California home and marvel at his success.

There it was he met and fell in love with a pretty fair-haired girl, a German-Scotch lass with a quaint name—Barbara Etta Hertel. Today Barbara Etta is “Mama” to their eight children, and looks not a great deal older than their oldest daughter. She can put before her husband as savory a bowl of spaghetti as though she had been born in his native Italy. It was one of the first things he taught her.

Soon after their marriage, they migrated to Kenosha, Wisconsin, where, thirty-odd years ago, Mr. Amici ran a small grocery store. Like most Italians, he planned for a large family, and he wanted to provide well for them.

A daughter named Betty was the first born. Two years later, Don arrived and was christened Dominick Felix, after his father. (Not until years later, when he began his career, did he change his first name to Don and adopt the phonetic spelling of Amici.) Passage of another two years brought another son, Louis; and it became (Continued on page 70)
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It is hard to believe he was born without a silver spoon in his mouth, a poor man's son.

When just a tiny baby, Dominick Amici was a trial to his father and a continual source of trouble for his teachers.

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Lovely Mary, fresh from movies, made her radio debut on Paramount on Parade over NBC.
Lovely Mary, fresh from movies, made her radio debut on Paramount on Parade over NBC.
Amid ornate surroundings, dancers hurry to check their wraps and be ready when the instruction starts at 8 o'clock sharp. These girls came alone, but will probably end the evening with escorts.

Above, this sign on the Aragon's marquee is an invitation to the shy, lonely or inexperienced dancer who has no partner. These pictures are all actual scenes taken at a recent class night.

Instruction over, dancing begins. Stephany stops blundering couples (above) and shows them how; while (right) a girl 400 member rescues a beginner.

Above, the amateur instructors who show the latest steps are known as the 400 club. They are turning in their free passes. Strict attendance and behavior are required of them.

Above, a 400-er basks in the glory cast by his membership badge, which lets him dance with anyone he likes.
After checking in, the men and women line up on opposite sides of the dance floor. The lines meet and form a Grand March; then move aside to wait for instruction.

Above, the Aragon even hires a first-class professional teacher, Walter Stephany, who, with the aid of 400 Club members, stands in the middle of the floor to demonstrate the new steps.

Broadcast

Radio is responsible for an amazing American institution—Chicago's Aragon Ballroom. Built ten years ago, it became famous at once for its dance music broadcasts and when Wayne King began a five-year engagement, listeners stormed the doors in such numbers that a sister dance palace, the Trianon, was opened for the overflow. Tuesday draws the biggest crowds, for Tuesday is Class Night, Chicago's most unique vogue. Tuesday patrons get ninety minutes of free dancing instruction from four hundred expert amateurs who are paid for demonstrating the latest steps by being admitted free. Romance blooms in this atmosphere of chance meetings, and last year class nights fostered twenty-five weddings.

Photos made especially for Radio Mirror by Wide World

Left, the broadcast begins, and dancers put into practice all they've learned. Above, a bride and groom who first met at Class Night in 1936.
Amid ornate surroundings, dancers hurry to check their wraps and be ready when the instruction starts at 8 o'clock sharp. These girls came alone, but will probably end the evening with escorts.

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When Rudy Vallee toured the South he saw in plain little Frances Langford of Lake-land, Florida, a possible star. Above is the chubby face of the small-town girl who sang on the Vallee Hour, February 12, 1931.

Frances had just arrived in New York when this picture was taken. Rudy saw what so few others ever do—a glittering future for an eighteen-year-old blues singer just out of high school. Another Vallee appearance, June 18, and then—

Left, Frances' transformation was complete by the time she was in "Broadway Melody of 1936." From ordinary looks and restrained cars, she went in for glamor and this type of custom-made, streamlined sports model.

SEE FRANCES LANGFORD'S AMAZING SUCCESS
Three years of radio stardom made Frances rich but it remained for Hollywood to bring out the beauty of her face. Her real transformation began in 1934 when she sped West to sing on Hollywood Hotel, sharing honors with Dick Powell.

Her success on the new program was sensational and immediate. Walter Wanger put her under contract and she got her first expensive car. Then Wanger sent her over to MGM for her first big musical picture.

Above, a house accompanied her second car, in the best Hollywood tradition. Built on a lovely estate, it's complete with badminton courts. Right, the finished product—fame and beauty hers in six incredibly brief years.

STORY COME TO LIFE IN THESE PICTURES
WAR is nothing but an admission of the fact that nations get to the point now and then where they cannot talk to one another except with guns.

If you are old enough, you can remember how it was in 1914, when that fatal shot was fired at Sarajevo and war exploded over Europe. We know now that no government wanted war. No people wanted war. Diplomatic notes flashed back and forth between the European ministries. Kings and statesmen telegraphed to one another. But all appeals, all pleas were vain. Reason was moribund. Passions were alive.

Not one government, not one king or statesman, knew how to speak words that carried conviction. What one government said, another treated as a lie, or a sly hypocrisy. Since there were no words that carried the accents of truth, the guns had to talk—and the guns talked destruction. Yet many students of history believe even that monstrous conflict could have been averted if the European telephone in those days had been the highly perfected instrument of communication it is today.

If it were even barely possible that a modern telephone system could have prevented war in those tense days of July, 1914, how much more possible is it that today's radio can become some day a truly great instrumentality for peace.

Do you wonder how a medium of communication can save the whole world from forces which would tear it to pieces? When you understand what causes wars, the real underlying reason behind them, it will be obvious that radio some day may be the blessed
It will be obvious, too, what an important part the women of the world will play in averting another world tragedy, because they are by nature disposed to peace, rather than war. They are the ones who suffer most through war.

Remember, too, that the people are more nearly in control of all the great governments of the world today than ever before. Even the so-called dictatorships exist only because the people allow them to exist. The king business has pretty well gone to pot. Kings and queens who once held power “by divine right” are practically gone from the face of the earth. They are entirely gone from the Western world.

The people of America, France, Germany, Russia, England, Italy, do not want to go to war. But their nations are disputing one against the other. Everywhere, the nations are like armed camps—distrustful, suspicious, nervous, frightened, ready at any moment to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war. Each nation is consumed with its own problems, and indifferent to the problems of other nations.

Long ago, a wise French philosopher said, "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner"—to understand all, is to forgive all. Another philosopher expressed the same idea when he said you cannot hate a man you really know. The late Elihu Root once told me that peace would come when the peoples of this earth really got to know.

(Continued on page 64)
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Mr. Hill broadcasts the news for Lucky Strike on Mondays through Fridays, on CBS, at 12:15 p.m.
Temperament—or simply fright?
They were one and the same for Jean Harlow, right. She wasn't able to get conviction into her lines, until the Lux director talked to her in movie language.

Glamorous Marlene Dietrich, below, has her "moods"—which all movie directors know and respect. When one of them popped up at a Lux rehearsal it didn't last two minutes, for a very good reason.

AT LAST—THE LOWDOWN
ON LUX THEATER'S SECRET BATTLES WITH THE STARS, TOLD BY THE MAN WHO ALWAYS WINS THEM

Only a few options ago, as time is reckoned in Hollywood, a radio producer was as self-effacing as a lady movie star's husband. If the darlings of the screen thought of him at all, they thought of him as a young man with a stop watch and an insatiable desire to interrupt their art for plugs of his sponsor's product. Furthermore, he usually committed the cardinal sin of earning less in a year than they earned in a month. Then along came Frank Woodruff, dynamic supervising director of the Lux Radio Theater.

A short, stocky young man with a leonine mass of black hair and a soft Carolina drawl, he cracks the whip over
Frank Woodruff, Lux Theater’s director, in circle, is a miracle-worker with headstrong stars. He even got Ginger Rogers, left, to turn in an outstanding performance in a play she didn’t like at all.

Appealing to her sense of humor is one way to lick a star’s temperament. Woodruff found that out when Claudette Colbert, below, threatened to hold up an entire rehearsal over a line she didn’t like.

Paranwu

RKO

ons’ den

filmdom’s pets—and makes them like it! He is blandly indifferent to big names and six figure incomes. He takes in his stride outbursts of temperament that would send seasoned picture directors scurrying for the smelling salts.

Marlene Dietrich’s “moods,” the importance of Paul Muni, Joan Crawford’s nervousness—all are a part of this young man’s daily work. For him, stars come and go. A new show each week. New names. New manifestations of temperament. He has a lot of headaches, but the show always goes on.

No stage or movie director ever had tougher handicaps to overcome in dealing with his stars than this young man. He only gets acquainted with them at the first rehearsal, which must usually be held at night, when the stars are worn, weary and nervous after a hard day on the movie lots. Combine this fact with the condescending attitude the stars take toward a youthful radio producer, and you have an obstacle it (Continued on page 76)
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ONE Wednesday evening last month a girl with violet-gray eyes and hair the color of a newly-minted penny stepped out of the wings of the Hollywood Music Box theater and up to a CBS microphone. A minute later she had poured a new personality voice out upon the air.

If you were tuned in on the new Campbell Soup program that night you heard Ken Murray introduce her as—"the one and only Shirley Ross!"

Ken wasn't kidding. Neither am I when I second the motion. Only Ken meant one thing and I mean another. He meant there was only one Shirley Ross whose husky, full, low-registered voice has a way of taking words and music and making them sound as if they'd never been sung before.

I mean Shirley Ross is the one and only actress in Hollywood who has fought her way to top success in two mighty tough leagues, movies and radio, through the biggest flock of jinxes that ever ganged up on a girl.

It was just a song she sang that night, but it was also a farewell, she hopes, to a run of hard luck and heartbreaks that has haunted her career from the day she first tried out before a camera lens show. I'd seen her sit down at the piano and painstakingly go over each bar of her number until every inflection, every breath, every note was round and perfect. Obviously she was taking no chances.

At lunch I learned why. Along with a whole lot of other things about this amazing girl whose even more amazing career has had more ups and downs than a jockey in the Grand National.

It all began not long after Shirley Ross came out of Hollywood High School, still calling herself by the name they'd given her back in Omaha, Nebraska—Bernice Gaunt. The Gaunts had moved from the Middle West because their young daughter wanted a career. Hollywood seemed like a good place to prepare for it.

It wasn't a movie career she wanted. She was to be a concert pianist. But even if Shirley and her parents had known then that it was a screen and radio career she'd eventually seek, I doubt if they would have changed their plans. They wouldn't have guessed in a million years what everyone in Hollywood knows to be a fact. That any Hollywood girl who tries to crash a picture career is behind the eight-ball six deep before she starts.

Why? Don't ask me. I can't

A GALLANT HEART AND THE HIGHEST COURAGE AT LAST

HAVE BROUGHT HER THE REWARDS SHE RICHLY DESERVES

YOU REALLY OUGHT TO MEET

until, well, only a few days before her debut on the air.

Just a few hours before the red light flashed the start of another Hollywood coast-to-coast program Shirley Ross sat with me at late lunch in the Bamboo Room of the Hollywood Brown Derby. I say late lunch because it was three o'clock and we were supposed to have lunched at noon. But you know how it is backstage on the opening day of a new air-show. Time doesn't mean anything. The show's the thing. Calls for "another dress . . . let's iron out that last medley . . . not enough sock . . . all right, let's do it again . . . " And before you know it such mundane matters as food and rest are forgotten.

I had seen Shirley sing into the box so many times that I wondered if any voice would be left for the evening's
While singing in a cabaret, Shirley was signed for movies, but it took radio to lick the jinxes that pursued her.

Paramount Photo

Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, then a big favorite of the movie crowd. It was only a matter of days until a big-shot saw her and she was signed, sealed and delivered to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Shirley was as surprised as anyone. You see, she still didn't have the slightest intention of taking a serious crack at the movies. She still wanted to be a concert pianist, and as for her voice—that to her was a big joke. She had a trick double voice—she still has—a natural high soprano, and a husky, low-register blues voice. But she couldn't and still can't slide from one into the other. The job with Gus Arnheim was a lark, that's all. Now she was signed up to sing—and she couldn't really sing; to act, and what did she know about acting? All she knew was how to play the piano.

Right then things might have stopped, and the screen trade papers might have printed an item like this: "Metro Drops Co-Ed Canary." Only the Hollywood jinx likes to build up for an awful let down. An M-G-M executive saw Shirley hanging around the lot doing a whole lot of nothing. He saw her going to all the studio schools of dramatic technique and voice culture and this and that, but not getting a chance to show what she could do. Not getting any seasoning or breaking in in the only thing that brings talent out or kills it—performance.

"Give me this girl," he suggested. "Let me take her East for a few months and I'll (Continued on page 53)
PERSONALITY

CHATTERBOX ARLENE—A new way to radio success was found by Arlene Harris, left, the rapid-fire comedienne on Al Pearce's CBS program Tuesday nights. Her husband's really a doctor, and after a hard day at the hospital he used to enjoy her impromptu comedy monologues. Then the depression came and Arlene decided to capitalize on her talent. She went to Los Angeles' Station KFWB, auditioned, and was put on a sustaining program. When Al Pearce heard her he put her under a long-term contract. She thinks up all her own gags and never listens to rival comedians for fear she might unconsciously be influenced.

CANTOR'S HELLO GIRL—Eddie's contest for a name for his chattering telephone operator is over and Helen Troy, who plays her role, is now called Saymore Saymoore. You may remember Helen as the girl who played Sally of the Cecil and Sally broadcasts. She was born in San Francisco December 22, and has been in vaudeville since she was three. She's been in movies too—her last picture was MGM's "Born to Dance." She's married and has two children, Troy, 14, and Jane, 10, and a cocker spaniel, Susie, who goes everywhere with her. In spite of her job on Eddie Cantor's Sunday night show, she's scared to death of telephone switchboards. Her favorite occupation is watching passersby.

PRETTY KITTY KELLY—You'd never believe it from her perfect Irish accent, but Arline Blackburn, left, who plays the role of Kitty, was born in New York City. Arline was a full-fledged actress before finishing her education. At the age of two-and-a-half, she appeared with Lionel Barrymore in "Copperhead." When she was fifteen she left the stage for a while and finished her schooling. In 1929, she made her radio debut on the True Story Hour. Arline's pet hobby is collecting toy dogs, and she says the most exciting moment in her life was when she was called to take Claudette Colbert's place in a radio play.
CLOSE-UPS

JUDGE HUGO STRAIGHT—He's the one who says "Who's excited?" on the Community Sing broadcasts, Sunday nights. His real name's Tommy Cecil Mack and his birth-place is in the Bronx, political hotbed of New York. That's why he feels at home in his character of Judge Straight. A song plugger for Leo Feist at the age of eleven, he took up splits and kicks behind the footlights. He even did a dance routine once with George Raft. Tommy has two dogs which he picked up in the street and trained to go in an act with him should he return to the stage. Eddie Cantor introduced him to radio in 1934. He's married to a Palo Alto girl.

CHILD STAR JUDY—You probably first paid heed to Judy Garland when you saw "Pigskin Parade." It's hard to believe she is actually only thirteen. Now, Judy is going strong on the air singing in Jack Oakie's CBS program Tuesday nights. She began her career almost as soon as she was born in Tennessee to Frank and Ethel Gumm, vaudeville people. Her early ambition was to be an attorney, but she lost it when her two older sisters formed a trio with her and worked at the Chicago World's Fair. Without employment, Judy went to MGM and demanded work. She got it, making her film debut in a short. She's Sophie Tucker's protégée and thinks chocolate cake is swell.

GRACIE'S COWBOY DICK—Right, the lusty young baritone on Burns and Allen's NBC program is Dick Foran. He's played cowboys in movie after movie, but really he has never been closer to a cowboy's life than his youthful days in Flemington, N. J., when he rode a Shetland pony. He attended Princeton University, but left school to go to New York and have a whirl at radio. It didn't turn out so well, and he set out for Hollywood, where he had three screen tests. Nothing happened so he went back to New Jersey—to find a contract at the Fox lot waiting for him. That was in 1934, and this is his first big radio job.
WHAT fate takes away with one hand, she sometimes returns with the other. Somehow, the ledger is balanced, the accounts kept straight, the eternal law of equality observed.

It has been that way with Bob Burns. From his greatest tragedy came his greatest happiness. In one soul-shattering day his whole life was changed. It was the day he lost his wife—and found his son.

Bob's friends knew, and sympathized, when his wife died, only a few months after Bob had begun to make enough money to insure her a good, comfortable home. But they would never have known, never been able to sympathize, if he had been unable to avert the second tragedy that threatened him that same day. For it was on that day Bob learned for the first time that he and his fourteen-year-old son were strangers. He had left his son entirely to the care and companionship of his wife, the boy’s mother; and now the mother was gone, there was no meeting ground for the boy and the man.

Bob has never told anyone but me the story of how he faced that realization and conquered it. If it hadn’t been for Bob’s early days in Hollywood, when no one except a few friends knew who Bob Burns was, I would never have heard it either. Bob was stranded in Hollywood, doing a very little radio work and even less picture work, and he used to come up to Lew Ayres’ house in the evenings to talk. He’d sit around by the hour—Lew, Ben Alexander, Bob, and I—talking about everything under the sun, just good friends. He was cheerful and pleasant then, just as he is now, even though he sometimes didn’t have the twenty-five dollars for the rent on his house when the first of the month came around. Not that he ever let us know that. He never spoke of his private affairs—in fact, it wasn’t until months after I’d met him that I knew he had a wife and child to provide for, as well as himself.

Bob isn’t one to wear his heart on his sleeve. He wasn’t then, and he isn’t now—now that comfort and financial security and fame have replaced the poverty and obscurity of those old days. But neither is he a man to forget a friendship, and when I told him I wanted to write this story for everyone to read, because I believed it was something everyone should read, he agreed to let me.

Less than a year ago, Bob’s wife died, as you know. The girl who had stuck with him through years of poverty, of knocking about from carnival to vaudeville to circus to movie lot to broadcasting studio back to carnival again—she died just after success had at last come into her husband’s grasp. With a life of ease and happiness ahead of her, in her sight, she died, still young.

It was a brief illness that took her. Bob, Jr., had said good night to her, that night she was taken ill, and gone to bed in his own room. He didn’t hear the sudden stir in the house, the arrival of the doctor, the whispers—and, at four o’clock in the morning, the abrupt hush. He was asleep. He still slept, through the cold hours before dawn, while his father sat in that other room, beside the quiet form on the bed, alone for the last time with the girl he had loved and married.

Little Bob woke early, to see his father standing beside his bed. “Come on, son,” he said. “Get dressed. Your mother— isn’t feeling so well, and we’re going out to get breakfast.”

It was a great event even in Bob’s young life. He hadn’t been out with his father, alone, more than half a dozen times since he could remember. The sun was shining, it was a beautiful day, and his father was going to take him to a real restaurant for breakfast! They went to the Roosevelt Hotel, to a room filled with sparkling silver and glass, smoothly clean linen, and bowing, respectful waiters. Bob ordered a huge breakfast, and didn’t even notice that his father had nothing but orange juice and coffee.

“Are we going back home now?” Bob asked after break- fast, but his father hesitated and then said: “No, let’s drive out to the beach. I’ve got to—let’s just spend the day having a good time by ourselves.”

Never before had anything like this happened to young Bob. His father had always been too occupied with his own business and his own friends to spend any time with him. He was happy, but one thing bothered him. At last he gave in to his conscience: “I guess I better get to school,” he said.

“Never mind, son,” said his father. “I’ll write the teacher a note for you tomorrow.”

(Continued on page 88)
Above, Phil in a scene from one of his most successful shows, "Artists and Models."

Above, an actual broadcast shot with Phil making faces at the rest of the cast and putting aside his script to ad lib an unrehearsed line.

Left, the girl in whom Phil has found his life's first real contentment. Peggy Cartwright Baker became a mother for the third time in March.
LIFE STORY OF A SHEEP

DIVORCE AND COSTLY PARTIES, A FRESH BEGINNING WITH A SECOND WIFE, THEN RADIO AND—HAPPINESS AS PHIL BAKER COMES TO THE END OF HIS RAINBOW TRAIL

By Dan Wheeler

Conclusion

Phil knew, when he married Vivian Vernon, that marriage and the theater don't mix. He'd even vowed, beforehand, that he'd never marry. But somehow when he fell in love he forgot his convictions and his vows in the optimistic belief that things would be different for him. Things weren't different for him. They were precisely what he'd been afraid of.

He and Vivian returned to the United States after a three-month stay in Europe to find that his parents had forgiven him for breaking his promise not to marry, and that there was a good part waiting for him in the Greenwich Village Follies, which was soon to set out on tour. There was no part in the show for Vivian, though—nothing but a place in the chorus.

It bothered them both, to have Phil starring while his wife was only one of the chorus girls, but they wanted to be together and they didn't feel they could afford, just then, to pay Vivian's traveling expenses, so she took the job. It worked out fairly well, while they were on tour, but when they returned to New York a year later Phil made the first big, irreparable mistake of his married life.

He was to star in the Music Box Revue—the gayest, wittiest, most glamorous musical show of the year—and once more they offered Vivian a place in the chorus. But this time Phil refused. It had been barely possible to have his wife in the chorus of his starring show on tour; on Broadway it was inconceivable. A star simply does not allow his wife to linger in the ranks while he takes the spotlight.

Vivian had wanted to take the job. With feminine directness, she saw no reason for Phil's attitude. She was a show girl, and not ashamed of it. They had their first quarrel, but Phil stood firm, and the Music Box Revue opened with Mrs. Phil Baker sitting in a good orchestra seat instead of dancing in the chorus.

The quarrel did not last, of course, but the resentment in Vivian's heart did, and it added to the boredom of a life in which she had nothing to do while her husband's days were filled with work and applause. She stood it for a few months. Then she joined the chorus of the Follies.

That was really the end of their marriage, although outwardly it continued for another two years. You can't say it was the fault of either one of them. They were both too young to realize what was happening until it was too late. Life went on, and then, one day, they woke up to the knowledge that their interests and their thoughts and their friends were not the same, that they had nothing in common except that they shared an apartment and sometimes saw each other at breakfast. And—what was worse than anything else—that they didn't care. There had been love between them, but somewhere, somehow, it had gone.

Their separation came three years after their marriage; their divorce two years later.

At first, after the separation, Phil went to live at his club. He was through, he declared, with both marriage and women. He was going to devote himself entirely to working hard and becoming the greatest star of the American musical stage, and nothing in the world was going to get in his way again. For six months he steadfastly rose early in the mornings, worked out at a gymnasium or rode in the Park, practiced his accordion and worked on new comedy acts, appeared at the theater, came straight back to the club for a brief drink with whatever other members happened to be around, and went to bed soon after midnight.

For the first month it was all right, and after that it got progressively more awful. He began to dread going up to that lonely room of his, and he grew to hate the sight of the men he saw night after night at the club. And his program didn't seem to be doing his career much good, either. His work was dead and without sparkle.

Finally he gave it up, and the pendulum swung to the other extreme. He took an apartment and became New York's party man. Every night, after the performance, his apartment was filled with people—some of them slight acquaintances, many not even that. Phil provided the liquor and sandwiches, and there was never any lack of guests to consume them. At least, now, he never had time to think that he was unhappy.

There was one girl who used to come in now and then, not so often as some. She was different from the rest—young, red-haired, with a calm, sweet face and eyes that seemed to look at the truth without fear. She'd been at his apartment several times before somebody told him her name was Ruby Stevens, and that she was a hoofer in a Broadway chorus.

One night she sat down beside Phil. "Why don't you tell us all to get out?" she asked. "You're not really having a good time."

"I'm not? Do I look so bored?"

She looked around the noisy, smoke-filled room. "No. But I'd hate to think you were enjoying yourself, with all this."

You couldn't pretend, with this girl. "I'm not," he admitted, "but it's better than sitting alone, doing nothing."

She nodded, as if she understood perfectly. It was the first time in years, it seemed to Phil, that anyone had spoken to him frankly and sincerely. They became friends—afectionate, unsentimental, not in (Continued on page 65)
THE WORLD LOOKED ON THEM AS FAILURES BUT THE BARN DANCE MADE THEM STARS BY PROVING ONE SIMPLE FACT

Below, Uncle Ezra has practiced what the Barn Dance preaches for more than twenty years. This program taught Henry Burr and Sally Foster, above, how to find success the only lasting way.

TEN years ago a dinky little radio station in Chicago went on the air for the first time. Their studios were nothing more than a garage, and appropriately enough, their very first broadcast was a barn dance.

Today that radio station, WLS in Chicago, is one of the most powerful outlets in the middle west, and the little old hayloft broadcast which they inaugurated has become the National Barn Dance, a favorite feature over the NBC Blue network every Saturday night from 9 to 10 p.m., EST.
Behind the steady growth and progress of the National Barn Dance is a story, not of one man, but of many; not of one or two entertainers, but the blending together of many personalities, making a radio show which is powerful enough to possess a character of its own, a subtle force which preaches in bold letters, "Be Yourself!" It has dictated to every person who takes part in the show's presentation, it has made such stars as Tony Wons, Ruth Etting, Sally Foster, and many more, and it has built the National Barn Dance from a local, one horse program, to a Saturday night dial setter from Maine to California.

Perhaps you doubt that a radio program can possess a personality, like a human being, but it's true. And in the case of the Barn Dance, it's a pretty good personality, too. It believes that the lasting things in life are the simple things, it believes the old songs are the best, but that a good modern tune, swung with lowdown rhythm, is good for the soul, too. It shuns anything superficial, striving for humanness and a closer relationship with the soil, the real foundation of the American people. But of all, it says, "Be Yourself!"

This last characteristic of the Barn Dance is the thing which has made it successful, which has changed the course of Henry Burr's life, of Sally Foster's, Lulu Belle's and Scotty's, of (Continued on page 84)
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"I'M NOT
Forgetting"

BY DON BESTOR

I'm not forget-ting the apple you gave me at school, The
smile that you gave me too, I'm not forget-ting the lec-ture for
break-ing the rule when I was to blame not you. We're both just a bit old-
er and times seem to have chonged. Look all o-round you and
EXCLUSIVE TO READERS OF RADIO MIRROR! WORDS AND MUSIC OF DON BESTOR'S LOVELY THEME SONG, WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN PUBLISHED BEFORE

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see as I do — Ev'ry thing's en - tire - ly dis - ar - ranged. I'm

not for - get - ting the day that I left you a - lone and now I am aw - fl'y

blue. I love you tru - ly I can't for - get it.

And I still re-gret it 'cause I'm not for - get - ting you.
THERE'S a new personality on the air these days—a versatile fellow who sings, leads an orchestra, and writes all the material for his own program. His name is Jack Berch, and he's the star of the CBS Fels-Naphtha program, heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at one o'clock.

Jack was born in 1908, in the very small town of Sigel, Illinois. His father ran the Sigel general store, and Jack must have inherited his knack for salesmanship as well as his mother's love of music, because he started out in life as a musician, switched to salesmanship, and now combines both professions.

While he was in college he washed dishes and played the drums in a dance band. There wasn't enough money in either occupation, so he took to selling tea and coffee from house to house in Youngstown, Ohio. He did pretty well, too, and got to know every back door and every housewife...
in town. This knowledge came in handy when he landed a job as announcer on the local radio station. When he announced a number he'd dedicate it to one of his tea-and-office customers, which made business just that much better.

Now that he's a network star, he still looks upon himself as a salesman first of all. Every word he writes for his program is designed to please the housewives he used to sell tea and coffee to back in Youngstown—and the thousands of other housewives like them who listen in to him today. He thinks, in fact, that his door-to-door selling was what taught him to be worth his sponsor's money.

ASK any veteran maestro and he will tell you that if you don't keep up a good front and get your name before the public, radio and its fickle public will soon forget you. That is why the majority of our tune titans hire press agents, use costly advertising in trade papers so that Radio Row won't forget them.

But the unusual story of Angelo Ferdinando, long a favorite ether conductor, contradicts all these traditions. Ferdinando not only dropped out of the radio picture, but changed his name and fired his band.

He was tired of temperamental musicians who were easily susceptible to flattering offers from rival orchestra leaders. He was fed up with the hypocritical hangers-on who said they were his friends. Oh, he wasn't through, not by a long shot. He'd come back, he vowed, but with a new outlook on life and a real band.

True to form, radio did forget Angelo Ferdinando, now known to a few intimates as Don Ferdi. He began wandering around the broadcast studios listening to bands. He visited a number of universities, talked to young undergraduate musicians, told the sincere ones of his new idea.

While the Duchins, Davises, and Dennys monopolized the spotlight Don Ferdi mapped out his Three-Year-Plan. Finally Ferdi announced the time was ripe to inaugurate his new band. He quietly consulted NBC officials. Then he recruited a fourteen-piece (Continued on page 68)
A ROMANCE, A THRILLING COME BACK, AND THE NEWEST NEWS—THEY'RE ALL PART THIS MONTH OF THE TRIP BACKSTAGE TO RADIO'S DANCELAND

THERE'S a new personality on the air these days—a versatile fellow who sings, leads an orchestra, and writes all the material for his own program. His name is Jack Berch, and he's the star of the CBS Fels-Naphtha program, heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at one o'clock.

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He's the ladies' Singing Salesman, Jack Berch, who sells his wares over CBS, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Read his romantic story.

While World

Edith Holder, above, is the new attractive blonde singer on the Mutual Broadcasting System, who's heard Monday and Thursday afternoons.

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Finally Ferdi announced the time was ripe to inaugurate his new band. He quietly consulted NBC officials. Then he recruited a fourteen-piece (Continued on page 49)
Joy Hodges, left, and Penny Gill, right, tell you how to get that Hollywood tan.

Are you afraid to go near a beach in summer? Then this was written for you.

Not long ago, no matter how hot the weather, ladies trailed about in veils and petticoats, protected by frilly parasols and huge hats from the sun. The belles of bygone days languished in shady nooks and sparkled only when evening came, their white shoulders fully exposed to nothing more glaring than glamorous candlelight. But freedom for women has brought about one unexpected result! Today, we know how much more attractive the glow of health and vitality can be. Beauty has truly found its place in the sun, part and parcel of the gaiety and camaraderie and surpassing loveliness of summertime.

But there's a technique for beauty in the sun. Nowhere in the world have they developed that technique so completely as in Hollywood, where (Continued on page 90)
"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today
HERE'S A NEW SUMMER DIET WITH WHICH YOU CAN LAUGH OFF THE WORST HEAT-WAVE AND KEEP DOWN YOUR WEIGHT AT A TIME WHEN IT NEEDS THE MOST CAREFUL WATCHING

BY MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

COOL OFF with COLD CEREALS

Pretty Betty Wragge, who plays the part of Peggy in the Pepper Young Family, poses in her new shirred, two-way stretch, cotton print suit.

HAVE you got spring fever? Don’t blame it all on the weather. Watch your diet and you can snap your fingers at a soaring temperature.

It's a simple diet trick that you need if you feel lazy and listless, for the chances are, though you’ve gone from winter woolies to summer silks, you haven’t thought of changing your eating to warm weather foods.

So change now to a summer diet and see the difference in the way you feel. And, just in case you want more convincing proof, I’ve discussed this subject with Betty Wragge, the beautiful and energetic young star of Pepper Young’s Family, the girl with the intriguing voice who takes the part of Peggy.

Now Peggy really has two jobs, the five-day a week broadcast and the job of understudy for the feminine lead in the successful Broadway play “Dead End.” It takes stamina to keep going, especially when New York lies stagnant under hot and humid air. (Continued on page 72)
You Really Ought to Meet

Shirley Ross

(Continued from page 37)

bring you back a star.”

Shirley was in New York when the first big chance came. On Broadway at the Capitol with George Jessel. For weeks she had been playing the smaller cities of the Middle West and East, “breaking in” and learning plenty about show business and what it takes besides looks and luck and a lingering wish to make good in the toughest racket in the world.

When she hit the Big Street she was pretty good.

Cole Porter saw her and came backstage. He was hunting for someone to do the Ethel Merman part in “Anything Goes” in London. He told Shirley he wasn’t hunting any more. He wanted her.

London! Europe! Big time in the biggest city of the world. Imagine how a bright ambitious kid not half way through college felt about a break like that. Imagine what it meant. Shirley wired the studio in Hollywood. They would say “yes,” of course. It was to their advantage. A London success would make her worth something to them.

A wire came back. It said, “No.” It said “No” because—and Shirley could hardly believe her eyes—because “Broadway Melody” was about to start and they’d need her for the big singing spot! Come back at once!

LONDON was forgotten. She had made good at home! She was a star in the biggest M-G-M musical of the year! The plane couldn’t fly fast enough.

But when she landed in Hollywood she met her—that man—the fellow with the ghostly grin, Mr. Hollywood Jinx in person.

While Shirley was on her way to the big break, it had vanished like a magician’s rabbit. The studio had decided to make “Melody” a dancing picture. They’d found a new star. Her name was Eleanor Powell.

So she was back, lost again in the wilderness that can swallow up a young hopeful like nothing else in the world, a big Hollywood studio with too many already established stars.

The next time was even worse. Because all of Hollywood was in on it.

Henry Duffy was staging “Anything Goes” at the El Capitan on Hollywood Boulevard. The El Capitan is the best Hollywood studio with no special musical pictures they were doing up for her.

But when she came back to town there was that Jinx man again with his big wide grin. Somehow the plans all turned like a stack of blocks. Once again she slipped back into an obscurity that lasted until option time came around. Then it was the old familiar story. Closed. Dropped. Finished—at twenty-one! You can’t crash Hollywood if it’s your own home town.

Any other girl but Shirley Ross would probably have done what most other local girls have done when the Hollywood haunted them. Left town, hunted a job somewhere else and then tried to come

Three guests were there…and so was a GHOST!

GUEST #1 Sue saw the ghost when she picked up the tea napkin. A dull, dingy shadow! “People will whisper, if Madge doesn’t get rid of this ghost,” thought Sue. But she said—nothing!

GUEST #2 Betty saw the ghost—lurking in the curtains. The same dingy shadow—“tattle-tale gray.” “Poor Madge!” thought Betty. “She’ll never get rid of this ghost if she doesn’t stop using lazy soap. Her clothes are only half-clean.”

GUEST #3 Then Laura saw the ghost dimming a lovely towel. And she spoke up! “Change to Fels-Naptha Soap the way I did, Madge. Its richer golden soap and lots of naptha get clothes so clean and snowy, there isn’t a chance for tattle-tale gray. So why let it linger in your house—when it’s so easy to chase it out?”

BANISH “TATTLE-TALE GRAY” WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
"Always worth
stopping for"

BEECH-NUT
GUM

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

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating—
doubly delightful that way! Pep-
peppermint, Spearmint, Peppin.

PEPPERMINT

PARLGENE
Chewing Gum

THE new firmer texture gum
that aids mouth health and
helps fight mouth sickness.
"Chew with a purpose."

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS

Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of perform-
ers, clowns, animals, music & everything!
Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

back. But when you talk to Shirley you
realize right now that you're talking to
a girl who's not the runaway type.
"I had spent a lot of time learning a
lot of things," said Shirley grimly. "I
was darn certain they were going to give
me a career non—no hot stuff." She
not only stayed in Hollywood, she
stayed at the same studio. Her guardian
angel, who had taken her East, Bernie
Hyman, went to bat. "You've got talent,"
he said, "and I'm going to prove it!"
Though her contract had expired, he
found a spot for her in "The Devil Is a
Sissy." It took munching a healthy por-
tion of humble pie to ask for another chance, but it would be worth it if she
could show 'em.
Shirley had no idea what the jinx was
cooking up for her.
She was two weeks along in production.
Film shot, still portraits made, wardrobe
fitted. Then it happened. Over at Para-
mount "The Big Broadcast of 1937" was
having star-trouble. The singing star, half
way through the picture, didn't work out.
Paramount, looking around desperately for
a substitute, remembered Shirley in
"Anything Goes." They got in touch with
her. Would she do it?
"No," said Shirley, "I won't. I can't.
I'm doing a picture.
"But," they argued, "this is your big
chance!"
Shirley didn't believe that. Last year's
"Big Broadcast" hadn't been so hot.
"Read the script, anyway," they pleaded.
"We're sending it over."

WELL, when she read the script, there
wasn't any question about it. She had
to do it. It was made for her. It was her
great chance. But—
No demon could have dangled a more
mocking morsel before her eyes. She
had to, but how could she? Signed for
a picture and doing it. Signed because
a friend who believed in her had person-
ally pleaded for another chance. How
could she throw him down, now? How
could she even dare mention walking out
on his picture? And yet—
Paramount had to know that night by
seven-thirty. Yes or no. Even if she
could, even if by some miracle they'd let
her walk out on a picture in production,
would it be the thing to do? Suppose
"The Big Broadcast" was a flop. MGM
would never let her on the lot again! Then
she'd really be through!
If the Hollywood jinx was chuckling
to watch Shirley Ross stew on that ma-
dening spot, the chuckle died in his throat.
She looked him in the eye and tightened
her lips and made up her mind to gamble
for another studio! She
went to her friend, Bernie Hyman. "This
is it, Bernie," said Shirley.
"How do you know?"
"It's got to be it," she told him. "Can
I do it?"
"If he thought she was crazy, he didn't
tell her so. And Shirley will always love
him for that. "I'll see what I can do," he
said.
It was late afternoon then. Not until
seven-twenty-five did he talk the studio
into the unheard of—releasing an actress
in the middle of a picture to do a part for
another studio!
Five minutes before the deadline
Shirley Ross dialed Paramount Studios.
For the next morning without any prepa-
ration, she went through ten pages of dia-
logue and a couple of songs. "I don't
know how," she told me, "but I've been
doing it for three weeks. Jack Benny kept telling
me funny stories and kidding me out of my
nerves, or I'd never have made it." You
know what happened! "The Big
Broadcast" was a smash hit. After three
long years, Shirley was on her way, without any local Indian sign hanging around. You know the rest, how she followed through with "Waikiki Wedding," certain to be one of the year's big popularity sensations. How Ken Murray grabbed her for his new Campbell program and a radio success that looks as big as anything Hollywood can offer.

But what you don't know, perhaps, is that just a week before she answered her cue on the Campbell program she was telling them she couldn't do the show! That jinx again, or at least his shadow, hovered around the start of her air career.

Shirley had already turned down a solo spot on Shell Chateau. Then she had fought for a radio clause in her contract, and finally she got it. But when the Campbell offer came, Adolph Zukor, that grand old man of films, called her into his office.

"You'll worry," he told her, "about this radio program and it will hurt you in pictures. Why photographs?"

"I won't worry," said Shirley, and she wasn't speaking to Zukor, but to that old familiar ghost looming over his shoulder, "I'll just work, like the devil"

That's bad news for any jinx. That and what they used to call sand. Shirley has plenty of that too. She showed that the first time she hit Broadway. At the Capitol she started to run off the stage after her first number, tangled her toes in the mike cord and fell flat on her face. The heavy mike crashed down on her head and she was out like Lottie's eye. When they brought her to, the audience was still clapping. Her knees were buckled under her like Leon Errol's and the house was just a tossing sea of blurred faces. But she did her encore and then collapsed.

AND, closer to home, I remember a time not too long ago when her personal world crashed about her head. When, only hours apart, her engagement to Hank Fonda broke up, and her best friend, Ross Alexander's wife, Aleta, committed suicide. "No one knew, then, or will probably ever know, just how both personal tragedies rocked her to the roots of her being. They never knew because the next day she started an important picture with the pain hidden deep inside where a trouper has to hide it.

At twenty-three Shirley Ross has the looks and energy of a kid and the keen career-wise brain of twice her years. Callamity will have a hard time hooking a ride from now on. She has faith in her judgment. She knows when to say "yes" and when to say "no." She knows how to rise above disappointments. She knows how to separate her personal life from her career. She knows how to take care of herself. She lives with her folks and goes to bed at night instead of to Hollywood's night clubs. She was just old enough when the talkie panic struck Hollywood to learn a lesson from the stars who tumbled from paradise to the poorhouse; she's driving a Ford, but she's got a nice annuity all paid up.

Maybe a jinx isn't such a bad guy to have around after all.

But as I said, Shirley doesn't hold much truck with jinxes. Hollywood or otherwise. She's entirely too practical by now. So look at it her way.

"Of course it's hard to get a break in Hollywood," she assured me before she ran back to rehearsal. "The smartest people in the world are in radio and movies. That's not your fault.

"But it is your fault," she added, "if you finally get your foot on the ladder and then let it slip off!"

Which, she inferred with a confident toss of her chin, she had absolutely no intention of doing.
Music in the air—romance in your eyes. Tell him with your eyes—for beautiful eyes may say what lips dare not. The charm of alluring eyes can be yours—instantly, easily, with just a few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara—to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant.

No longer need you deny yourself the use of make-up for your most important beauty feature—your eyes. You can avoid that hard, "made-up" look that ordinary mascaras give by using either the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the popular Maybelline Solid-form Mascara—both give the soft natural appearance of long, dark, curling lashes. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Loveliness demands—eyebrows softly, gracefully, expressively formed. For this, use the largest-selling, smoothest-marking Eyebrow Pencil in the world—by Maybelline. Complete loveliness demands—the final, exquisite touch of eyelids softly shaded with a subtle, harmonizing tint of Maybelline Eye Shadow—it means so much to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. The preference of more than 11,000,000 discriminating women the world over.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 8)

It doesn't happen that way in real life. The transition is too sudden. Why should it happen that way on a radio program if it is to be a vital, living thing?

Miss NYRTHA SEAL.
Lyon, Miss.

$1.00 PRIZE
SHOULD THEY BE PUT OFF THE AIR?
These community sings, spelling bees, and question-and-answer programs are the most inane nonsense to be wished on the public in a long time. Why do sponsors think they can get away with such stuff? It's silly, foolish, and utterly disgusting. Who cares if New York is farther west than Los Angeles? Who wants to hear a thousand yaps yelling at the tops of their voices, and be told by some guileful announcer that they were singing? Who cares if some brat in some jerkwater town can outspell all the other brats in the country? Such programs should be put off the air. Like all novelties, they will soon wear out their welcome, but what can the public do until then? Nothing but turn off their radios.

THOMAS NATHAN PAPPAS.
Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 PRIZE
IT'S AN EDUCATION!
I like spelling bee programs over the radio because they are educational and a necessity; we learn how to spell properly; we improve our vocabulary and correct our own mistakes. No matter what grade of spelling bees we hear over the radio, whether for young people or grown-ups, it's always interesting and educational. Give me, at any time, spelling bee broadcast programs. I love them because they are also instructive and entertaining.

RODOLFO TOVANY.
New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
INVENTORS, ATTENTION!
It would be grand if an instrument were invented which could convey to some sponsors the volume of groans which rises from listeners grouped along the air lanes when certain nuisances are committed upon these sponsors' programs. The nuisances in question are as follows:

1. Applause in studios. Sponsors should listen to Kraft Music Hall program, and note that there is no studio applause permitted. This is one factor that helps to account for the popularity of that program.

2. Maladroit, stupid, obvious, bromidic manner in which advertising is worked into a program. For the reverse, sponsors should note how cleverly advertising is inserted in the Jello program.

3. Announcers who say, after introducing a celebrity, "Come on, let's give him (or her) a great big hand!" Even an Emily Post would feel, in such a case, like kicking the bird right where there is the most tension when he stoops over in his dress clothes.

FRED B. MANN.
Danville, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
A BOUQUET FOR "LET'S PRETEND"
Why doesn't Let's Pretend get more attention and publicity? Although they are put on for the children, I never fail to enjoy these programs. The boys and girls playing the roles...
are, in my opinion, as good as some of the older actors, if not better. Their programs go along as smoothly as any of the big network shows. I have not talked to a person yet that has heard the program who doesn't fully enjoy it. So I repeat, why doesn't Let's Pretend get more credit for all its splendid child actors and clever plays?

Miss Florence Harris, Steubenville, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE
A DISAGREEMENT

In your April issue of the Radio Mirror, Mrs. E. T. Rowland wrote of her annoyance at many well known radio programs, wishing to know whether they were getting inefficient or old and lazy.

For example, I will take Mr. Cantor's program. When our dial is turned on his program we hear two children singing. It is a great pleasure to hear such angelic voices as those of Dianna Durbin and Bobby Breen. If this is thought to be inefficiency or laziness on the part of Mr. Cantor for letting such splendid talent on his program, I think the one complaining of such a program has no love for music or knowledge of it.

As for Mr. Cobb's, Mr. Hill's and Ann 'n Andy's programs, I think they are more educational and interesting in the manner in which they are now carried out.

Ann Brady, Exeter, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

"He who laughs last laughs best. Last summer I wrote to you commenting on the fact that Emery Deutsch's new Streamlined Rhythm was slightly terrific. I guess you didn't take me very seriously, because the letter never appeared in print. But recently that same Emery Deutsch was chosen from among thirty-five name bands for the swank Rainbow Grill in Radio City. And is he making a hit? Yes, indeed!"—MRS. LACEY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"It isn't his grand personality, or his thrilling voice that makes me admire Rudy Vallee, his contribution to radio, I am one of his many fans who enjoy his and his stars programs."—Florence Gandler, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"May I express my opinion about the one and only Phil Baker? The Phil Baker brand of humor which he has been dispensing over the ether waves and also the footlights of the theater, has won him many listeners. It is indeed a far cry from an East Side street urchin to reach the pinnacle of fame in the entertainment world. A brilliant wit, and clever jokester, and when Baker delivers a joke over the air, it clicks in spite of "Beetle's" remark "get off the air."—Wallace Hansen, Racine, Wis.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

C. M. Buck, Toledo, O.—You can now find Professor Quiz listed in the Saturday column of the new Radio Mirror program guide on page 18. The reason it wasn’t listed in the May issue was that the program was only on a sustaining basis then.

Mary Rogers, Akron, O.—I’d suggest that you write to Frank MacMurrray in care of Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, California, for his photograph.

E. A. Brown, Grays Mills, Wis.—James Hall was on the air for a short time but left to appear in a legitimate show, “Lady Chatterley’s Lover,” which I believe is now on tour. I couldn’t find very much information on James, except that he has one brother, is married and has no children. A letter addressed in care of the Theater Guild, New York City, New York, might reach him.

Mrs. D. C. Curtis, Louisville, Ky.—The Oracle humbly asks forgiveness for erroneously publishing that Don Ameche never played the part of Bob in Betty and Bob. Upon digging up the old files, the secret was discovered. The reason you can’t get Five Star Jones on the air any more is that it has been dropped.

Geo. W. Burns, Hardin, Mont.—You can get in touch with Bud Linn by writing to him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Jerry Cooper and Frank Parker fans, attention! In the February Radio Mirror, the Oracle stated that Annette Shreve was President of the Harmony Club. This was a mistake. Annette is really co-president. Alice Alligood is the original founder and president. We like to have some new members. So write to Alice in care of the East Carolina Teachers College, Greenville, North Carolina.

Helen Radezwick, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have just what the doctor ordered. You’ll find a short story on Jack Berch on page 48. Write to Don Kerr in care of station WMCA, 1079 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Edna Mulberry, Pawtucket, R. I.—Zeke Manners and his gang are real hill-billies. Zeke was born in Marshall, Arkansas, and they say that he was so musically inclined in youth that he made his first accordion out of several old harmonicas. Zeke’s present “Pappy” is played by Zeb Tourney and he comes from Joplin, Missouri. Ezra learned his third fiddle in Little Rock, Arkansas; Gabe Drake, nineteen-year-old singer comes from Claremont, Oklahoma; Guido Gipponi and Hank Culpepper are cousins. Didn’t you know that Jack Randolph was Jerry Cooper? However, Jerry has dropped that other name now.

Peewee Hunt and Kenny Sargent fans, attention! Theresa Daniels, 159 Caroline St., Derby, Conn. is interested in a Peewee Hunt fan club and Anna Vincent, 11 Hawkins St., Derby, Conn. is interested in a Kenny Sargent Club. How’s about it?

M. A. O. Leary, Winchester, Mass.—I really couldn’t answer all those questions at one time. I hope you’ll be satisfied with just two for a while. David Harum and Andy Gump are played by the same person—Wilmer Walton. If you bought the June issue of Radio Mirror, you must have seen pictures of some of these people. There were pictures of David; Zeke Swinney, played by Arthur Maitland; Susan, played by Peggy Allenby and David’s Aunt Polly, played by Eva Conrad. Bob White plays the part of Jonathan in the Story of Mary Martin.

A. Radio Fan, Buffalo, N. Y.—I’m sorry that I can’t give you any more definite information on Stuart Churchill. He’s in New York at present with several iron in the fire and as soon as a radio contract is signed, you may be sure Radio Mirror will print the news.

Miss Yetta Schwartzman, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Gertrude Berg is not on the air at present. She just finished writing the script for Bobby Breen’s next movie and will be in New York for about two weeks. During which time, one news sheet says, a radio contract will be signed.

Catherine Mulligan, Brooklyn, N. Y.—I’ve forwarded your inquiry to James Melton and I hope he will answer your question as soon as possible.

The Westerners fans, attention! Anyone interested in Louise Massey or the Westerners are invited to join the club. For information get in touch with Agnes Kramer. 1325 Ninth Avenue, Harvey, Ill.

XYZ, Boston, Mass.—Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians are scheduled to make a picture but their plans have not been definite. However, you will be hearing them from time to time in guest spots.

W. Mitchell, Dayton, O.—Deanna Durbin just finished making her second moving picture entitled, “One Hundred and Twenty Men, A Girl.” She’s really only fourteen years old. Did you read her own story in the June issue?

Answers to Professor Quiz’ Twenty Questions on Page 3

1. Marion Talley.
2. Kate Smith.
4. "Howdy Stranger!"
5. Tyrone, Pennsylvania.
8. He is in London, where he is a successful radio and vaudeville performer.
9. Vaughan De Leath—and she’s still singing, on NBC.
11. One—Mary MacArthur.
12. Yvonne—the only blonde sister.
14. His father—because he didn’t want his son to be a reporter.
16. That the program is finishing exactly on time. —The song is "This Is My Song.”
17. The obliteration speech of King Edward VIII.

HOT WEATHER HINT!
Serve Delicious, Nourishing Franco-American Spaghetti
Ready in a jiffy...costs less than 3¢ a portion

You can make your kitchen-work much easier this summer. Several times a week give your family delicious Franco-American Spaghetti. They’ll love it! It’s simply packed with nourishment—good for children and grown-ups, too, and it is the greatest little work-saver you ever saw. All you need to do is just heat it, and it’s ready to eat.

Sometimes serve Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish. It makes a complete meal with perhaps a fresh green salad, milk, and a fruit dessert. Other times, use Franco-American Spaghetti to make your left-over meats into savory, delicious meals.

Please do not confuse Franco-American Spaghetti with ordinary, ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American is entirely different. That marvelous cheddar cheese and tomato sauce, with its eleven delicious ingredients, makes Franco-American what it is—a tasty, delicious dish, with a flavor all its own.

Franco-American is a real help to the budget, too. A can usually costs ten cents, so Franco-American costs less than 3 cents a portion. Why not give yourself a break this summer, and give your family a treat, too?

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell’s Soups

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

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 47
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

NAME (print)______________________________

Address_______________________________

City__________________State_____________
RADIO MIRROR


Robert E. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.—in addition to broadcasting work, Edythe Wright is singing with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra at the Commodore Hotel in New York City.

Josephine Kropkowski, Jersey City, N. J.—Ginger Rogers can be reached at the RKO Radio Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Bing Crosby fans, attention!—You are cordially invited to become a charter member of the Bing Crosby National Fan Club, organized by its president, Bill Noonan, Jr., Lock Box No. 79, Brant Beach, N. J. The dues are very inexpensive and each member receives a membership card, a personally autographed photograph and biography of Bing plus participation in other club activities. A year's subscription to the Bing Crosby News is also included. Get in touch with Bill Noonan if you wish to join.

Lillian Hall, Seattle, Wash.—Eddy Duchin opened at the Palmer House in Chicago, Ill. June first and is scheduled to play for dancers there during the summer months.

Ned, Springfield, Mass.—The part of Dick Huddleston is played by Lum. There are no other players on the Lum and Abner show. The boys take all the parts.

Myr, and Marge fans, attention!—Mrs. Edith Derickson, 238 W. 88 Place, Los Angeles, Calif., wants to know if there is a Myr and Marge fan club. "Lazy Dan" who is Irving Kaufman, is singing over the Mutual Broadcasting System, Sunday mornings from 11:30 to 12:00. Tune him in on station KXJH. Address him in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.


Kay Kyser fans, attention!—In case you don't know about it, there's a Kay Kyser Fan Club of Pittsburgh, being conducted by Miss Mary Wilson, 807 Eighth Street, West Park, McKees Rocks, Pa. Get in touch with her if you wish to join.

Miss Mary Wilson, McKees Rocks, Pa.—For information on Ted Weems, write to him in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Miss Dorothy Chase, Glendale, Calif.—You certainly said some things about Radio Mirror so I'm going to be extra nice to you. Here's a brief biography of Jesse Crawford. He's called the "Poet of the Organ," born in Woodland, California, December 2, 1895... started to play the mouth organ at the age of three—his stocking, his thick, dark brown hair and his natty blue eyes always smiling. He's married and has a ten-year-old daughter.

S. B. Stack, Jamaica, L. I., New York—Russ Morgan was born in Scranton, Pa., on April 29, 1904, Russ always wanted to be an orchestra leader. His mother was a pianist who played with his father in vaudeville before he decided that the coal mines of Pennsylvania would present a more substantial sort of a living. Russ had a taste of the coal mines too before taking his first musical job as pianist in a Scranton movie house. He's six feet tall, has brown hair and hazel eyes. His hobby is saving old coins.

Vera Ayres, Oakland, Calif.—Here's what you've been waiting to know about Eddy Duchin. Eddy was born in Boston, the son of a druggist who thought his son would follow in his footsteps, but a chance engagement with Leo Reisman's orchestra ended that career and started him on his present one. He's married to Marjorie Oelrichs, of the society register.

Nelson Eddy Fans, attention!—For information about joining the Nelson Eddy Club, get in touch with Mr. R. B. Wilkins, 2100 N., 12th Street, Kansas City, Kansas. Details will be sent immediately.

Anna Marie Satek, Quakertown, Pa.—Nino Martini is not broadcasting now. He's in Hollywood. You can address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Seventh and Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

Bobby Breen and Donnnah Durbin fans, attention!—Pepe E. Appleby of 421 Osborne Avenue, Verdun, Quebec, Canada, wants to know if there are fan clubs for these two young stars.

Joseph Stanko, Simpson, Pa.—For a picture of Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, I'd suggest that you write him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. To get in touch with Jimmie Lunceford, address your letter in care of Mills Artists Inc., 797 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WOMAN HATER?

WHAT A MAN! BY THE WAY, $15, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON HIM? HE'S A WOMAN-HATER, OR—

HER BROTHER TAKES A HAND

SIS IS A SWELL GIRL... RUSS, ABOUT THINGS LIKE BAD BREATH, OF COURSE, SHE SAYS HER DENTIST TOLD HER—

WOMAN-HATER, NOTHING! GUY LIKES SOMETHING ELSE, BUT THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE HIS BREATH!

IS THAT A HINT FOR ME?

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

JUST HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOU AND SIS, GUY... GOOD LUCK!

THANKS! I OWE ALL MY GOOD LUCK TO YOU... AND TO COLGATE!

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his Sparkling Smile!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
No text content is present in this image.
the opportunity to win various amateur contests in Portland, Tacoma, San Francisco, and other western cities she seized opportunity whenever it knocked and won medals and prizes at all schools she attended.

Facing her first microphone three years ago, she continued her winning habit to the extent of landing the soloist job with Tom Brown's orchestra at San Francisco's famous Bal Tabarin restaurant. But even then, a full-fledged professional, the contest habit was so much a part of her life she couldn't resist taking a try at bigger and better things. Not accustomed to anything except winning, Beryl was chosen from a large group of applicants as featured singer on the recent Chevrolet program from KPO. But there her contesting ended when NBC signed her as a regular KPO staff member at the finish of the series.

Still a youngster in years and with her career of contests behind her, she lives in the country with her father, now retired. She drives to her studio or her voice lesson daily, and due to her serious study her voice with its sweet, low undertone is equally at home in both popular songs and the more difficult scales. Busy as she is, she still finds time for her favorite diversions, yachting, dancing, and listening to every radio singer she can find on the dial.

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**TUNING IN WITH CUPID**

Omaha, Neb.: Arthur Peterson, actor in WOW's Guiding Light program, recently married Miss Norma Ransom, a former classmate of his at the University of Minnesota.

Cincinnati, O.: Ruth devore, member of WLW's famed deVore sisters' trio, and Fred Thomas, WLW news writer, recently announced their wedding of February sixth. Ruth and Fred took their vows at the time when both were devoting long hours in the Ohio flood crisis, Fred handling bulletins and his bride-to-be singing on flood relief programs in addition to her regular broadcasts.

Another WLW recent wedding was that of Miss Frances Jensen of the accounting department and continuity writer Robert Maley. The bride is a native of Cincinnati.

Los Angeles, Calif.: When Sam Pierce, writer and producer of KJL's Calling All Cars program, announced to his friends that 'she was entirely too swell a program' to be allowed to roam about on an unsponsored basis,' he was referring to the former Miss Georgiana Parker, Riverside debutante. So "sponsor" Sam popped the question and those recent wedding bells heard at Laguna Beach were the result. The newlyweds are at present residing in two places—Hollywood and aboard the Pierce yacht which now belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Pierce.

Chicago, Ill.: Miss Wilma Kuehn, WBBS receptionist, and Walter Widy, Chicago manufacturers' representative, were recent marriage license users, too.

As ventured last month, Bob Casey, King's jesters string bass thumper over Chicago's WMAQ, and Marge Morin of the NBC Morin sisters' vocal trio, are now Mr. and Mrs. Bob Casey. That puts Cupid on record this month with two hits in the harmony ranks of sister trio. Maybe be the little fellow resents intrusion in the harmony business.

New York: Although wedding bells are still a thing of the future, Cupid says "so far, so good," and he credits Uncle Sam with an assist in the engagement of WHN's Elena Jimenez and Charles Redlick who is in California. The U.S. mails carried the question and answer.

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**For Extra Comfort on active Summer days**

**DEMAND KOTEX**

**KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE**

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

---

**KOTEX CAN'T FAIL**

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

---

**KOTEX CAN'T SHOW**

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

---

**3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE**

Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

---

**WONDERSOFT KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS**

made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
Don't See Him Again Until You've Made this "Armhole Odor" Test

No matter how sweet and fresh you are, if moisture has ever collected on the armhole of your dress, a stale "armhole odor" will be noticeable to others.

THAT MAN you just met will never explain why he doesn't ask you to dance the second time. He can't. Bewildered and hurt, how will you know that it is just your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm that is losing you a wonderful new friend?

If you have been deodorizing only, before you see him again, take the precaution, no matter how certain you are that you never offend, of giving yourself this "armhole odor" test.

When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be painfully surprised to find that your dress carries a stale "armhole odor."

Single-action preparations, that deodorize only, though quick and easy to use, cannot give you absolute protection because they are not made to stop perspiration. In spite of them, perspiration occurs and the moisture is absorbed by your dress. Your dress gives off a strong odor, and people believe it is you. Girls who want to avoid any humiliation insist upon the scientific double action of Liquid Odorono, and gladly invest the few extra necessary minutes to use it.

They know that Liquid Odorono not only keeps the underarm surface odorless, but completely dry. With all moisture banished, your dress can't develop an "armhole odor"; you can't offend. Fastidious women are safely using millions of bottles of Odorono every year.

Wardrobe Insurance

With Liquid Odorono you have absolute clothes protection, too. There will be no sudden need to replace a dress ruined by perspiration. And frequent dry cleanings to remove underarm grease or perspiration stains are eliminated.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to insure complete daintiness and freshness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoros and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

SEND $1 FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 337, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2329, Montreal)

I enclose $1, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________

TRAILING THE STORK

Cincinnati, O.: The little man who recently arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Don Foster has been named Donald Lee, and papa Foster, WLL sound effects technician, is telling the world about it.

Chicago, Ill.: It was candy and cigars recently at the WBBM studios, and a seven pound lad at the Emil Waellitis home. Emil is the engineer on the Poetic Melodies program.

Charlotte, N. C.: We neglected to salute little Alice Leslie, an early 1937 arrival at the Charles Crutchfield home. "Chock," WBT program director, and Mrs. Crutchfield, when interviewed, expressed great happiness with the new family member, but Alice Leslie wasn't certain. All she said was "Goo"—or maybe it was "Boo!"

OUR POETRY DEPARTMENT

Although a little bird had warned us Spring was here we were still skeptical until the postman arrived with the following poem. The title must have been lost in the mail, because it arrived titleless—but we fixed that, with apologies to the writer, of course.

SATISFIED

From hearth and home
I'll never stray,
With a set
That can get
KDKA-
Pittsburgh Peggy

Okay, Peggy, and attention: Pittsburgh's KDKA. In case the Highlighter, doesn't get around to pay you a personal call soon, how about shooting him some inside information on your many satisfying local programs and stars?

And all you Radio Mirror tuner-inners: What favorite local station program and stars would you like to see and read about in Coast-to-Coast Highlights? Let us know and we'll do our best to satisfy, too.

LOOKING BACK

We've been turning back the clock on radio folks again and there is hardly a month or a gun of the history of radio we uncover some past that we didn't know existed before.

Did you know Jack Meakin, KGO's Bughouse Rhythm conductor in San Francisco, has written sixty popular songs, twelve piano solos, ten ballads, twenty ballet suites, four concert works for orchestra, three complete Bohemian Club shows, thirty theme songs and is nearing his thousandth arrangement—and isn't thirty years old yet? Whew! Well, we didn't either.

And in New York, Marion Melton, WHN's high-powered blues and swing singer, was on a one-man tour. Bud Rainey, the same New York station's Dixie Deacon, has held the U. S. Army pistol record since 1924, and a football score—Bud scored 996 out of a possible 1000.

Charles Gerrard, the Sidney LaCrosse in One Man's Family on San Francisco's KFRC, practiced dentistry for several years before getting the radio bug. But having never applied for a California license he reluctantly turns down friendly prospective customers with aching teeth. Incidentally, going way back, we find Charles' first money making job was one we admit a secret liking for. He got paid for sleeping. When the home town banker learned he could reduce the bank's insurance rates by having some one in the bank at all hours, Charles moved in for the night shift.

KFI's attractive eighteen-year-old vocalist on the 1937 Radio Show in Holly-
wood is Christina Lind. But Christina used to be Jean. In full, Jean Peterson. She did it this way: name of the great Swedish queen, Christina, name of the Nordic country’s greatest singer, Lind. And there you are, or rather there is Christina Lind. . . Dick Quine, talented youngster who plays the title role in KFJ’s Tom Sawyer program, first ventured into business as the proprietor of a lemonade stand. But Dick, who was seven years old at the time, says he likes radio much better.

And to prove you don’t always have to go “way back when” to uncover forgotten things of the past, there are the six extra pounds WBT’s program director Charles Crutchfield used to carry around down in Charlotte, N. C. “Chock” lost ’em in the athletic rooms of the local Y. M. C. A.

FROM HERE TO THERE

Although we knew tuner-inners took great pride in distant programs they could pull in on their individual sets—the greater the distance, the greater the pride—we weren’t aware stations had the same pride from the sending end until we accidentally stumbled onto it through our own boast of a distant reception.

“If you think you had distance, take a look at these,” replied Cecil Carmichael, digging into his WBT press files in Charlotte, N. C., and coming up with a fat full of letters from all over the world. “WBT literally reaches around the world for its listeners,” he added, spreading the proof out on his desk. And after glancing through them we agreed our distant reception was only across the street in comparison.

One writer, an American soldier stationed in Honolulu, wrote of listening to WBT regularly with perfect reception. Adding it was interesting listening to the Hawaiian Calls program originating there in Honolulu and relayed back to his loudspeaker from WBT.

Another listener, a United States Army lieutenant-colonel stationed at an American consulate in France, told of getting a dance program from the Hotel New Yorker through WBT “as clear as from a local station.” His location was 4300 feet above sea level in the French Alps, five hundred miles southeast of Paris. “The radio,” he added, “in case anyone interested, is a five-tube Philco, model 37-604.”

Mr. Marquardt, technical director of Chicago’s WCFL, is another who has developed into an international correspondent. In one day he received letters from Honolulu and Prying Pan Farm, Chal ley mead Melksham Wells, England, reporting perfect reception of a WCFL program. While J. B. Clark, station Boswell for WPTF in Raleigh, N. C., informs us he has records of WPTF listeners in every county in North Carolina, every state in the union, and in Australia, Canada, and Great Britain.

Don’t let your face become a desert! . . . prevent destructive “skin-thirst” with OUTDOOR GIRL face powder—contains Olive Oil for your protection.

Sucked dry by relentless sun and wind! The parched Sahara sands show what happens when the vital moisture of nature is lost . . .

In this same way, nature’s beauty-giving moisture is stolen from your skin. As early as 16, your face starts to dry — the charm of youth begins to fade.

Guard your precious complexion from dreaded “Skin-thirst” with Outdoor Girl Face Powder. By a special patented process each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from “sponging-up” the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL

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

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

Generous purse sizes at 10c stores.
Radio—Instrument of Peace

(Continued from page 33)

each other well. It is an idea which ap-
plies in special force to the relationships
between nations. Probably there always
will be disputes between and among na-
tions.

Every nation involved in such disputes
will maintain passionately that it is right
and its opponent wrong. And the reason
one nation can see only its own side of an
argument is that it seldom hears the other
side. It gets the other side from stiff,
formal diplomatic communiques, couched
in terms which only trained diplomats can
understand, and frequently deliberately
untruthful or provocative. When these
communiques are published in the newspa-
pers, you and I, the ordinary citizens,
seldom take the trouble to read them.
They are dull documents, dullest than mud.

We simply don’t get the human side of
the other fellow’s argument. And so, not
understanding, we are usually willing to
go to war—simply because there has been
no common language for ourselves and the
people with whom we may have a mad on.

That is the picture as it would continue
to be without radio. With radio, there is
hope, at least, that it can be changed!

When a manufacturer has a message he
wants to give the world, he buys time on
a radio chain and uses it to state his case.
Why can’t nations do the same thing. It
might work. Or it might not. But it
would be a swell experiment.

SUPPOSE President Roosevelt bought
radio time on the networks of France,
and told the French people, in the same
intimate way he talks to us in his fireside
chats, how America feels about the war
debts; and then suppose Premier Blum or
some other great Frenchman spoke direct-
ly to America, putting France’s sincere be-
ief that it should not pay those debts be-
fore us. Would we feel more like love and
kisses or would we want to take a hearty
sock at Johnny Frenchman? The chances
are at least equal that direct, simple talks
exchanged by the leaders of the two coun-
tries would create better understanding.

In radio the world has a weapon for
peace potentially greater than any it has
ever known. A woman’s voice on a pho-

tone can girdle the globe in one-tenth of
a second, and everywhere it is heard it
is warm and alive, going directly to the
minds and hearts of its listeners. In this
tenth-of-a-second world, it seems rather
absurd for nations to speak to one another
with guns.

A start has been made in sending words
flying across national borders. The Pope
speaks to the members of his Church every-
where; they hear his voice and then a
translation of his words. Premier Mussol-
lini and Chancellor Hitler have been heard
in this country on the air and no one who
listened to King Edward’s abdication
speech can ever forget the feeling of kin-
ship it brought. May I am shooting at the millennium
Maybe the world—Europe especially—is
such a mess of old jealousies and hatreds
and frustrated ambitions so infinitely
mean and ornery that nothing much can
be done about it. Maybe statesmen will
ever corrupt the good angel of radio and
just to heighten cancer and intensify
their cat-and-dog squabbles. Even now
Russia accuses Germany of throwing hos-
tile propaganda across Russian borders by
air. The French shake their fists at Mus-
soo; Berlin and Mussolini for the same reason. Nevertheless.

The opportunity is here for radio to at-
tempt a service of vast benefit to human-
ity, the only agency that could accom-
plish it. More power to it!
The Stormy Life Story of a Black Sheep

(Continued from page 43)

the least romantic—and it was to Ruby that Phil went for the truth when he first learned what Broadway gossip was saying about him.

Broadway, is one vast backyard fence, and it gossips as much over the stars whose names are in electric lights as you or I do over the family across the street. It was saying about Phil that he was drinking too much, so much he couldn’t break the habit. And the reason, said Broadway, was that his wife had left him and he couldn’t take the rap.

Ruby told him this, and she showed him what he had to do. “Your show is closing in a week or two, isn’t it?” she asked. “Why don’t you get out of town, take a vaudeville tour or something, and stay away long enough so that when you come back you can settle down to a sensible way of living? Keep at it long enough, and this party life will get you.”

She was right, he knew, and he followed her advice. He booked himself into a long vaudeville tour, starting in San Francisco a few days after the Music Box Revue closed. In his bag, for the long train journey across the continent, he packed a bottle of brandy and one of rye. This was an idea of his own. He wanted to see if the gossips were right.

RUBY came down to the train to see him off, and stood on the platform waving as the train pulled out. He never saw Ruby Stevens, the little hoofer in Broadway shows, again. By the time he returned to New York she had become Barbara Stanwyck, a woman and a star.

All the way across the country those two bottles stayed in Phil’s suitcase, hardly but untouched. The gossips were dead wrong; and he arrived in San Francisco feeling better than he’d felt in years.

There were three days in which to prepare for his opening at the Orpheum. He spent them playing golf and whipping his act into shape with Sid Silvers, whom he had hired to sit in a box and heckle him.

At his opening performance he felt all the old sparkle and zest that had been missing for so long, return to him. The audience, a capacity one, was with him heart and soul. He had them rocking in their seats with laughter, and he forgot he was working. It was such fun to feel himself once more master of a theater full of friends that his eyes danced and he laughed with pleasure.

He finished a song and a time at that first performance. Afterwards he had to spend half an hour in convincing the manager of the theater he wasn’t drunk. The manager, while pleased at Phil’s success, was sure that nobody who had been having such an obviously high old time on the stage could possibly be sober, and before Phil managed to prove his innocence he had received a long lecture on the evils of strong liquor.

Phil stayed on tour for six months before returning to New York, and in that time he learned the wrong-headedness of both his former designs for living. He made up his mind to be neither a monk nor a rake.

Twenty-four hours after he landed back in New York he broke his word for the first time in his life. He is still ashamed of it. On the train, coming in from Boston, he had promised George White to appear in White’s new production of the Smedals. The next day the Shuberts offered him a long-term contract, and the thought of years of security was too much
for his promise. He signed with the Shuberts, and though he stayed with them for six years and was a hit after hit hit after hit, he’s never felt quite right about it all, and still wonders sometimes when the long-deferred punishment for breaking his promise will catch up to him.

In the years which followed, while his success on the stage was becoming a solid, assured thing, Phil fell in love more often but never enough to forget that he wasn’t going to get married again, ever. His fear of marriage was by this time almost an obsession. He was what they call a “confirmed” bachelor.

Yet, somehow, he didn’t get the pleasure he should have out of planning a course of conduct—sticking to it, didn’t get any pleasure out of it all, to tell the truth. There was a big gaping void in his life, and subconsciously he knew it.

ONe night he and a friend went to the musical show, “Americana.” Afterwards they were going to take a couple of the girls in it out to supper. The girls were acquaintances of Phil’s friend—English girls. Phil didn’t know them and didn’t particularly care to. But there was one little brown-haired ingenue who might as well have been on the stage alone, for all the attention Phil paid to the rest of the show.

“Who is she?” he asked, nudging his companion.

“Peggy Cartwright—one of the girls we’re taking out afterwards,” was the answer, made as calming as if it weren’t the most earth-shaking piece of news imaginable.

When they went backstage, after the performance, and Phil met Peggy Cartwright, a terrible thing happened. He, the man about the Broadway ballet, the square of fair ladies suddenly become tongue-tied in front of a shy little thing who’d arrived in New York from England only a few weeks before.

Where were the witty speeches, the compliments, the wise-cracks? Where was even some word that would make her look up and smile at him? He couldn’t think of anything—and desperately, in a panic, he blurted out the only words his paralyzing mind could form.

“You are such a good girl, Phil Baker, “are going to have a baby!”

She looked up, all right. She gave him a long cold look. She said, “You are absolutely mad. Please take me home.”

He took her home, apologizing all the way into an empty silence. When he left her he couldn’t think of a single word he could see her again, but he knew he had to, or the earth would stop turning. The next day he heard that “Americana,” after an unpromising start, was going to close. Just another Broadway flop. He rushed up to see the producer and made that puzzled gentleman an astonishing offer.

“Keep the show going,” he said, “and I’ll go into the cast. I don’t want a salary, but just give me a percentage of the box office receipts. Ten—five per cent. I don’t care. I’ll even pay for my own comedy script and my stooge.”

The product of those nights was crazy, but because Phil had been paid $5,000 only the week before for a seven-day vaudeville appearance, and he knew ten per cent of “Americana’s” take, the way things were going, wouldn’t be more than $320. But if Phil was crazy, he didn’t see any other way to be crazy too, so he accepted the offer.

“Americana” ran another seven weeks with the boost Phil’s presence in the cast gave it. Then it closed in a discouraged manner, but by that time Phil didn’t care.
demented actors and writers, and irregular hours. Because Phil's sponsor was the Armour Packing Company, somebody had the bright idea of sending him a live baby pig, and it frolicked through the rooms with the dogs and cats owned by the other members of the company.

But the program was a success. Harry McNaughton was Phil's Bottle, then as he is now; and Hank Ladd was his Beetle, the ever-present and impolite ghost. Phil has changed Beetles twice since then, incidentally, and you never realized it.

For two years Phil and Peggy lived in the midst of the Evanston bedlam. They even added a third member to the Baker family there, little Margot. But suddenly, while his contract with the Armour people still had several weeks to run, Phil knew he couldn't stand it a minute longer. He couldn't understand why he hadn't gone crazy long before, but he knew if he didn't get out of Chicago, and particularly Evanston, he would go crazy.

He went to the sponsor and told him he was leaving, going to Italy, and he didn't know when he'd be back. The sponsor might have argued, but he took one look at Phil, sighed, and agreed.

It would be fine to tell you that Phil and Peggy and the baby went to Italy and spent their time, lolling on sun-warmed sands, leaning out of palazzo windows while gondoliers sang sweet melodies. It would be fine, but it wouldn't be true. Phil's strongest recollection of that trip to Italy is of a scene that took place in the baggage car of a train between Paris and Rome.

Peggy was back in their compartment, worn out by a day of traveling and the more recent strain of trying to find some warm milk for Margot. Italian trains, it seemed, weren't equipped to heat milk for babies. But Phil, with the aid of the baggage master and a porter, was solving the milk problem. Down on the floor of the baggage car knelt the two train officials, heating a pan of milk over the weak flame of a little oil lamp and crooning to themselves in Italian. Above them, with Margot in his arms, stood Phil Baker, the great American comedian.

Suddenly the incongruity of the situation struck him—that he, once of the East Side, more recently of Broadway and the Bright Lights, should be standing over two Italian peasants while they heated milk for his baby, in the gloomy baggage car of a train. And he began to laugh.

I think that's as good a place as any to leave him, because right there, it seems to me, was a period put to the stormy part of this black sheep's life story. Surely no one can ever think of him as anything but a family man again.

The Bakers have their home in Florida now, and another in Mamaroneck, New York. It was in Florida that their third child, Michael Conway, was born on the fourteenth of March, this year. Their second is another boy, Stuart, who is three years old now.

PHIL still grumbles, now and then, when he has been working too hard, and hints at another characteristic Baker upheaval. But I don't think these grumblings will ever amount to more than vague threats. He'll go off the air soon, and set out for Hollywood to appear in the "Goldwyn Follies," and when he returns he'll be all ready for another season on the air—because if there is one thing true of Phil Baker, it's this: he can swear he's never tired of working until he's blue in the face, but he's never really happy any other time. For two years Phil and Peggy lived in the midst of the Evanston bedlam. They even added a third member to the Baker family there, little Margot. But suddenly, while his contract with the Armour people still had several weeks to run, Phil knew he couldn't stand it a minute longer. He couldn't understand why he hadn't gone crazy long before, but he knew if he didn't get out of Chicago, and particularly Evanston, he would go crazy.

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Program Dots and Dashes: Phil Baker's "Gulf Gazette." . . . Heard on CBS every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. . . . Though heard on only half the stations other Sunday-night comedians use, Accordianist Baker's programs are the nation's tenth most popular. . . . Radio experts give much of the credit to the Messrs. Black, Perrin & Phillips, the three musketeers of the gag . . . Hal Black, 21-year-old graduate of the University of Chicago is the No. 1 gag man. Two years ago he urged his parents to send him to Gotham before studying law. He had won honors at school as editor of the funnypaper Phoenix and author of the student musical shows produced by Chicago's Black Friers . . . Once in New York, however, Black looked up Baker, who was in need of comedy material . . . The Chicagoan submitted two sample scripts and was hired . . . He hasn't opened a law book since . . . In that time Black has typed out over 104 comedy scripts and sweats he never once resorted to a gag book . . . Black writes the first draft, sends it by messenger to partners Perrin & Phillips, who are really script constructionists. They in turn rewrite it, and submit it to Baker . . . Back it goes from Baker to Black for "tightening up." . . . Even at dress rehearsal young Black is busy at a typewriter near the studio stage, inserting the latestwhees that appeal to Baker . . . Though the Seven G's have only one song a week, which is timed for two minutes on the air, Ed Smolle rehearsesthem for 10 hours on the one tune. William, Baker's valet, has the oddest job in the world . . . He takes care of the boss' music box, polishing it daily, and removing the instruments to a safe corner of the studio after Baker has played his solo. You see, left-handed accordions are scarce, and Phil can't afford to damage the only one in the U. S.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 49)

MOMMY, HURRY
I WANT MY
FLORIDA
GRAPEFRUIT
JUICE, TOO...

-band from among the students of N. Y. U. and Columbia University. He took this group and worked and sweated with them, patiently, thoroughly. Before a man was hired they made this solemn vow to Ferdi:

"I promise to make music my livelihood as long as I live."

And grapefruit juice today.

The majority of the newcomers were physically handicapped. Some cannot use their bodies to the utmost advantage. It was music that gave them an out of a dreary life.

Today the band is heard in a night club near Bridgeport, Conn. They have an NBC wire. They are far from perfect, but they play as one man. At the present, the hours from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. are still devoted to practice sessions. Professor Ferdi instructs the boys as if they were in a classroom. The boys work together, live together and live and breathe music. Girls are out, for the time being.

NBC has given Ferdi three years to develop this strange band. If they have reached their goal within that time, network commercial programs will be offered to them.

"It must work out," Ferdi says confidently. "It will work out. These boys are sincere. They will not desert me."

Only time will tell the results of Don Ferdi's arduous task, a bored bandsman who, sick of bright lights and small talk, became a Svengali of Swing.

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

MARK WARNOW is spending his summer managing Hollywood and it won't be surprising to this reporter if, while there, he makes a connection that will keep him in the cinema capital permanently. Warnow is to be hired again with Hal Kemp's orchestra when the band goes into New York's Hotel Astor. The Louisiana-born lark has been ill and recently has come home to Shreveport to rest up. Maxine is a dead ringer for Kay Francis. Hal also rehired Gus Wunder's trombonist, his former trump player, that he can join his brother Nye Mayhew at Glen Island Casino. Larry Marsh, CBS orchestra leader on the Al Pearce program, is performing with a new idea in dance bands—an orchestra without drums. He is arranging for tempo and beat to be supplied by the left hand of the pianist, the bass violin, and the guitar. Johnny Green penned a new tune in the five-minute recess of the Fred Astaire program; it's called "Five Minutes Alone."

Carmen Lombardo worked for four weeks before he could play his own hit tune, "Boo Hoo." Other maestros cleared the network rights to play this number before the composing Canadian could get around to it.

WHERE THEY'RE PLAYING

EDDY DUCHIN will be in the Palmer House in Chicago shortly. Johnny Hamp can be found at the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City and Kay Kyser is lighting at present but is tickled pink because he just grabbed off a big Mutual network program for an auto spon- sor. Henry King is now at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco while Leon Belasco flies to New Orleans for a session at the Hotel Roosevelt. Dick Barrie and his orchestra, which this pillar reported as stranded, are back in business again, swinging out on a tour of Ohio one-night stands. His charming wife and vocalist, Anita Boyer, is with him. Art Kassel's band will entice Memphis dancers when he begins his engagement in their Hotel Claridge this summer. Jacques Fray returns to the swank St. Regis Hotel roof in New York. Atlantic City visitors and natives will have a string of ace bands this summer at the world-famous Steel Pier ballroom! Guy Lombardo, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey lead the sweet and swinging parade.

GOULD IN THEM HILLS

A THIN bespectacled lad named Morton Gould has been conducting a program called Music for Today on the Mutual network these last two years without too much nation-wide acclaim. The blue-shirted batonist, who has just passed his twenty-second birthday, is a triple threat man—he not only conducts, but scores all his own arrangements and composes modern American music. He shied away from publicity stunts and romance, preferring to sip milk in the control room before his broadcasts and devote all time to music.

Then a man came into his life—a very large, double-chinned man. His name was Paul Whiteman. For the last year Paul has been looking for some young genius to succeed him as director of his own organization when the King decides to abdi- cate. Whiteman wants his band to continue even though he lays aside the baton. The former Denver viola player heard of Gould, then got busy straightening out the minute details with Papp Gould, Morton's manager.

Today Morton Gould is in an enviable position as heir apparent to the throne of King of Jazz. He is preparing arrangements for Whiteman and is listed as assistant conductor.

HOW THEY CONDUCT

HAL KEMP holds his baton face down; he struts quietly to the rhythms of his own orchestra while Richard Hibler uses no baton; prefers a clenched fist. Isham Jones turns his back on the danc- ers and conducts with a bit of a symphony, majestically ignoring the customers. Mal Hallett gesticulates wildly, spends more energy in one dance set more than the average football player. Ruby Newman frequently pulls aside a dancing couple to ask their candid comment of the tune he is currently thumping out.

WATCH OUT FOR:

AUSTIN WILLIE, who is currently making music at the Hotel Commodore Perry in Toledo. Being an Irishman he's got rhythm and a good business head. Listen to his advice to these maestros: "When people are eating they don't want to be bothered with swing music. So for dinner hour we dish it up sweet. When they're sipping cocktails at the supper hour, then go to town."

The Dixie Debs, a trio of Southern girls who could sing and dance, are in the "Gone with the Wind" flicker, because you can cut their Georgian accents with a bread knife. They're currently heard with Arnold Johnson's New Yorkers.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

PAUL WHITEMAN: Violins: Mischa Russell, Harry Struebel, Mat Malnick, Bob Lawrence; saxophones: Al Golladoro.
Frankie Trumbauer, Jack Cordaro, Jack George Bamford, Murray Cohn; trumpets: Eddie Wade, Charlie Teagarden, Goldie; trombones: Bill Rank, Jack Teagarden, Hal Matthews; piano: Roy Bargy; banjo: Virent (Mike) Pingitore; drums: Larry Gomar; basses: Art Miller, Norman McPherson; vocals: The King's Men, who are Ken Darby, Rad Robinson, Jon Dodson, Bud Linn. Theme: "Rhapsody in Blue."


**CORRESPONDENCE**
Edward Reighard: Dave Rubinoff's theme song is "Give Me a Moment, Please." He reads and answers your fan mail when you write him care of Columbia Broadcasting System, 455 Madison Avenue, New York, or at his own offices in the Paramount Building, New York. A recent issue of Radio Mirror printed some "facts you should know about Rubinoff." If you ever vacation at Atlantic City, N. J., you'll probably see Rubinoff pacing the boardwalk. It's a hobby.

Len Fraser: That was certainly a healthy list of America's top-notch orchestras you sent me. But you can't stymie an Alden. Here goes: Write to Music Corporation of America, 75 Fifth Avenue, New York, for pictures of Larry Lee, Abe Lyman, Wayne King, Clyde Lucas, Henry King, Eddy Duchin, Guy Lombardo, Shep Fields; NBC for Nat Brandwein, Phil Harris, Johnny Green, Dick Stabile. Don Ferdi; CBS for Isiah Jones, George Hall, Bob Crosby, Claude Hopkins, Lenny Hayton, Fats Waller; Dave Alber, 1619 Broadway, New York for Don Bestor, Emil Coleman; Rockwell-O'Keefe, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York for Al Donahue, Ray Noble. Where! That's over. Shep Field's theme song is "Rippling Rhythm.

J. P. Rice: Larry is twenty-one years old, has been singing since he was fifteen and has recently started a commercial series on WOR for Engine 5. He started his radio career as an office boy at WDEL, Wilmington, and signed for his first singing job when he was sixteen by Phil Emerton, New York. He was a protege of Roxy. He is 5 feet 6 inches tall and is still single.

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

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

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MW-7
As one woman to another

A Frank, intimate chat

By Mary Pauline Callender

authority on feminine hygiene

Let me tell you about these personal hygiene accessories. You have my word for it that they warrant your complete confidence.

For Extra Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Wonderform belt, especially designed to wear with Kotex sanitary napkins. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasp prevents slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-confidence — you can bend every which-way without harness-like restraint! Choose from two types: Wonderform at 25 cents; the DeLux at 35 cents.

For Personal Daintiness

Don't pass up Quest deodorant powder — completely effective on sanitary napkins! Use it also for under-arms, feet and after your bath. It's a positive deodorant that assuages all body freshness — doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. And being unscented, it doesn't cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume. Buy Quest for only 35c — a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.

For Pain Relief

A doctor I know told me about Kurb Tablets — the new discovery to ease "periodic" pain and ordinary headaches. As proof of safety the formula is right on the package so your doctor may check it. Kurb Tablets are small, white, tasteless and non-habit-forming. See how quick relief is and you'll always want them handy. Only 25c for 12 Kurb Tablets in a smart purse-size container.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. Invincible sanitary protection of the tampon type — and the name is Fibs. A product of the famous Kotex laboratories — the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. But you'll want to try Fibs tampons when less protection is needed. They may be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25 cents.

an old family custom thereafter to celebrate christening every two years or so. Until eventually there were eight fine, healthy, strapping (and scrapping!) boys and girls, hungry and noisy and demanding.

Soon the father felt the need of getting into a more lucrative business, so he would be able to give his children many things he himself had missed — among them, excellent schooling. So he sold the grocery store and opened up a modest and orderly saloon. But he wanted much more than this sort of thing for his own boys. Nothing was ever too good for his kids, his household. He taught them with one hand but gave them gifts and pats on the head with the other.

Don's christening was celebrated with a real fiesta. As the first boy, the one to carry on his father's name, and he was a beautiful baby. Prodigious amounts of food and wine were consumed, lavish congratulations and gifts bestowed. This little Dominick would do great things. The prediction was more prophetic than his proud parents then had reason to suspect.

But Don was by no means a model child. Smart as a whip, to be sure, but destructive and mischievous. A trial to his father, who expected so much of him; a worry to his mother who adored him; and wept when he had to be punished.

None of her other children had Don's same nervous energy nor his ability to come in and out of trouble. He drove his young mother to the verge of nervous breakdown many times. She sent him to kindergarten when he was old enough to enroll, and replaced the furniture he ruined in his baby days.

In school, he got good marks without apparent effort. As the first boy, the one to carry on his father's name, and he was a beautiful baby. Prodigious amounts of food and wine were consumed, lavish congratulations and gifts bestowed. This little Dominick would do great things. The prediction was more prophetic than his proud parents then had reason to suspect.

The Amici boy will come to no good end," they said, shaking their heads; at the same time hiding grins at his ingenuity. For he was a strange blend of deviltry and angelic behavior. He was the bane of the town, worse than the culprits sitting in the jail, and his parents knew it.

One day Don was always known to be a less than perfect student but a good athlete; and in the classroom he was one, for his badness always seemed to slip off like a magic cloak the moment he came into contact with a girl. Even now, he would make a good teacher.

But as a youngster he was full of restlessness and curiosity, difficult in the baffling manner of him and boys. Given nickels for ice cream, he and his brother Louis would decide they would also like to go to the movies, so they would go downtown and back. Mr. Amici mother had sent them out for coffee but had given them no money. With the quarter he had in his pocket, they would run off gaily to the movies, eating ice cream cones bought and returned in front row seats.

But eventually his father discovered the truth. There was talk of whipping, they had lied to him.

"Ah, Felix, they're just babies," Mother would plead. So he merely sent the boys to bed without supper, ate his own spaghetti and returned the rest of the evening. One night, having done this, he came home unusually early to find the two culprits sitting at the table eating, their mother waiting on them. She was as bad as the children, he complained, she should punish all three of them! Instead, he relented and they all had coffee together.

Don won the junior championship in basketball, was always star performer on the track and field, was a good student; but good marks in deportment eluded him. He was forever instigating mass rebellion or perpetrating some giant hoax.

It was the custom then as now to put pupils through a sort of intelligence test, to the end that the father finally realized, it was not the teacher who was at fault. "Hey! Dominick!" he roared out suddenly, and Don's hearing returned with a start. This was unexpected. There was no other game; it was another part of his anatomy with which he had trouble the next few days. For he got the spanking he richly deserved.

Although devoted to his younger brothers and sisters, he talked "minding the baby" as much as any youngster does. One day, when there was a big marble game down the street, he called a younger sister's baby carriage down a plank into a deep hole where builders were excavating. His mother rushed to the screaming, but the baby was unhurt and much amused by the trick. Yes, Don was always lucky... He ran away once, then turned back at the edge of town, deciding he would rather risk returning late for supper than go out and brave the world alone.

One day came when he did leave home, for boarding school. He was eleven and Louis nine when it was decided that they should attend St. Benedict Academy, a Catholic school at Marion, Ohio.

In spite of her boys being such a trial to her, their mother was sad as she shook hands with them and forgot their names in new underwear, mended and laundered socks and shirts. Finally came an evening when she saw them shuffling thickly through the little house. Piles of clean clothes stood neatly
about on the table, ready to be packed by
loving hands.
But the mother, in getting the boys
off to school, could not neglect the rest
of her family. She and Don's sister, Betty,
were putting up tomatoes. Bushel
baskets of them stood about the room, to
be made into tomato paste, an important
ingredient of real Italian spaghetti.
Then Louis and Don stamped in. What
great spirits! Tomorrow they were going
away! They really should celebrate. Don
glanced at the tomatoes, then back at
Louis, who was quick to get the idea. A
tomato fight! Ripe, juicy tomatoes flew
through the air and landed in splashes on
walls, ceiling and carpet. Worst of all the
clean garments on the table looked as
though murder had been done. The red
destruction was complete when their
mother entered. Her heart-breaking work
of days—all undone!

THAT night the lights stayed on very
late in the Amici house. Don and
Louie were made to take up the carpet,
clean away the stains and hang it
outdoors, then put it back again. They had
to wash the walls and floors, too, before
they could retire. So they paid dearly
for their few frantic seconds of fun.
But their mother and sister bore the
brunt of the whole thing, because they
washed and ironed all those clothes again
and packed them in readiness for the train
trip the next morning. They should have
been glad the boys were leaving, those two
big nuisances! But when they left for the
depot, Mrs. Amici wept as any mother
does when her boy leaves home for the
first time.

At boarding school Don and his brother
cut a wide swathe. The other boys
hung around admiringly as they un-
packed. Being new, they had pairs and
pairs of new socks; the others had been
wearing socks so old and so many times
darred that finally it had become neces-
sary to sew in whole new feet. And Don
was the darling of a brand-new
basketball, which was given him for win-
ning the championship back home. A new
basketball at school—unheard of!

"Rich kids," the other boys sniffed, and
prepared to dislike the Amics intensely.

But after his first few days there, Don
was the darling of St. Berchman's. He
could think up more crazy things to do
than any other pair of boys, and he was
feared. But he was to learn that he
could not get away with everything short
of murder with the ease he could at home.
The nuns who were his teachers were very
strict, and he no longer had his mother to
alibi for him.

He soon learned to respect rules for the
first time in his life. Disobedience meant
sure punishment—and public pun-
ishment—if you were caught. Everyone
knew why you had to wash dishes, or sort
clothes. They had probably done the
same thing!

However, he continued to live up to his
reputation. There was the time he started
a pillow fight in the big dormitory. There
was a hundred and fifteen beds in the
dorm, made up painstakingly by the boys
themselves, with no wrinkles tolerated.
When the fight was over, the dormitory
was a mess and the beds turned upside
down. "Mehie," he was now nicknamed,
and his best pal were the ringleaders, and
for punishment they had to make every
one of those one hundred and fifteen beds
up before they crawled into bed exhausted.
No help from the sisters—and no wrinkles
allowed. There were no more pillow
fights.

But Don earned commendation as well
as punishment at boarding school. He
sang in the choir, played piano in the or-
chestra, and took part in religious plays.
He played the role of the Blessed Virgin
once in the Christmas pageant—since there
were no girls in school—and played it
nobly. It must have been a picturesque
performance, since he had a peach of a
black eye at the time!

Since the boys' ages ranged from six to
fifteen, smoking was strictly taboo. So
course they gave cigarettes a try; and
one day eight of them were caught smoking.
They were off the grounds, but the
rule still held. There was a conference,
and talk of expelling all eight boys. How-
ever, this would have proved embarrassing,
since Don was one of the chief offenders
and he just was on the eve of being pre-
sented with a special medal for eloquence
as well as an award for excellence in Latin.
Consequently, all eight of them got off with severe reprimands, and smoked no more—or at least were never caught again!

ST. BERCHMAN'S was, however, a
good influence on Mrs. Amici's boy
Dominick, and he made there several
close friends whom he still sees often. One
is Mark Tobin of Chicago, who also went
to Columbia with him. Another is Gabriel
Van der Dophe, a Belgian boy, now right-
hand man at Don's Hollywood home.
"Cabe" could hardly speak a word of
English when Don first took him under
his wing as a mere youngster. It is beau-
tiful to hear Don speak of the nuns who
were his teachers—particularly Sister
Cornelia, now Mother Cornelia at Mt.
Mercy in Cedar Rapids where two of
Don's sisters are enrolled now.

Mrs. Amici came often to visit her boys;

HOW ABOUT A DATE FOR FRIDAY?

WHAT! ALL DATED UP
FOR A MONTH?

Sally's in a whirl these days

... she's learned how to guard
against Cosmetic Skin

WISE girls everywhere guard
against Cosmetic Skin—tiny
blemishes, enlarged pores—with
Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather
removes from 'the pores every
hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale cos-
metics. To keep skin attractive, use
it before you put on fresh make-up
— ALWAYS before you go to bed.
9 out of 10 screen stars use it!
between visits she sent huge boxes of food which they shared with their roommates. Vacation trips spent at home had been canceled, and were always on hand to eat the spaghetti with anchovies and steaming bean soup served in Italian homes only on Christmas Eve, many of the Amici children never knew of the mother. The Amici children did not learn or speak much Italian, but they loved their father's sort of food and still remember today his tendency to eat alone.

Don was thirteen when he left St. Berchman's and had finished his freshman high school work. His father knew then that he wanted his son to be a lawyer; but Don himself had no plans except that he wanted some day, some way, to make a lot of money. The last thing he would have thought of was being an actor. Why should he? There had never been a performer in the family that he knew about.

The following fall he was to enter Coósidale College in Dubuque, where he met two people who influenced his life powerfully. One was a girl. The other was a priest—a priest who helped to guide the young man to the life of the stage, training and teach him the real meaning of friendship. A priest who sponsored a romance—his romance with a Hollywood, though in those days it seemed merely a carefree boy and girl affair.

Two people—and except for them radio would never have known Don Ameche. It must follow this dramatic true life story through Don's carefree school days, into the darkest part of his career, then out again, into happiness he never knew existed.

Cool Off With Cold Cereals
(Continued from page 92)

It's easy to understand why Betty told me that, "With two Pepper Young broadcasts a day and my 'Dead End' assignment I just can't take any chances on put feeling at all the time, or it will show in my work. Well, the best way I know to be sure of keeping fit is to eat foods that keep me that way. "I have to be at the studio every morning at nine thirty for a Pepper Young rehearsal, and I've learned never to turn up for rehearsal without first tucking a hearty breakfast under my belt—not a heavy breakfast, but one that will provide sufficient energy to see me through my work."

"I start with fruit or fruit juice, then have cereal and milk. In the winter I like a poached egg, but I find that during the warm months fruit, cereal and milk is the best breakfast for me." Betty is right, of course, about the importance of a good breakfast for starting off the day right, and about the importance of cereal in that breakfast. Cereals are valuable for a number of reasons. They are nourishing and easily digested, they satisfy your appetite without giving you that drowsy stuffed feeling, they provide the roughage you must have and their cost is so small that they will fit any budget. Best of all, they are delicious in flavor. The old favorites, of course, are the wheat biscuits, the crisp flakes of corn, wheat or bran, the puffed grains and the nutty varieties, but don't overlook the new cereals coming into the markets with their new combinations of flavors.

Don't get the mistaken idea that these crisp cereals are breakfast foods only. They are excellent as luncheon or supper dishes, or in combination with other foods for those meals. They are ideal if you want to cut down on starches.

Betty Wragge doesn't eat potatoes or other starchy foods, she told me, but she realizes that starch should not be eliminated entirely from her meals so she takes it in the form of cereals.

Cereals play an important role in two other desserts which Betty rates as tops—cereal puff pudding and cereal flake custard.

CEREAL PUDDING

Dosage:

2 cups sifted flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1% cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
3 tbsp. melted butter
1% cups cereal flakes
% cup broken walnut meats

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and sugar and mix all well. Combine egg, milk, sugar and butter and add to flour mixture, stirring just enough to dampen all flour. Add cereal flakes and nuts and blend. Bake in greased loaf pan 734x2% inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) one hour and ten minutes, or until done.

Miss Wragge also recommends blueberry flakes, griddle cakes, cereal flakes pecan muffins, lace cookies and quick bran muffins.
Who Can Tame Grace Moore?

(Continued from page 21)

was running over her numbers. Seemed that some of the nasty fumes might tickle the Moore nostrils and throat.

I'd just given up seeing Grace Moore at all, when her secretary called me and very politely said Miss Moore had consented to talk to me—but of course for only twenty minutes.

Well, I got to the door of her apartment, in a fit mood to kick that smooth surface of a mahogany-painted steel in. There was the duckiest sign over the bell. It read, "Knock, don't ring." What a temptation that was! I wanted to ring that bell loud enough to wake her husband in Europe out of a sound sleep. So I knocked. And I knocked. I knocked on that door for a full fifteen minutes before anyone bothered to answer it.

At last a bespectacled gentleman, whom I recognized as Grace Moore's radio production man, peered out and let me in. He walked on tiptoes as he led me into the drawing room. And I sneered to myself, Who was this Grace Moore anyway?

She was a gracious, lovely lady who sat and talked to me for two hours, giving me as utterly frank and fearless a confessional as I have ever heard. She told me things about herself I wouldn't have expected her worst friend to whisper. If she didn't precisely justify her own outbursts of temperament and stubbornness, at least she admitted them and blamed herself for them, which is more than most people, star or no star, would do.

EVERYONE knows, I suppose, about the time she ran away from the exclusive finishing school to which her father had sent her. It was the start of a great career, and as such, has been told time and again. But not everyone knows the sequel, which is a complete pay-off on the Moore character.

She told me how she ran away from Nashville and came to New York, where she got a job singing in the Black Cat, a Greenwich Village cafe. That was in the days when Greenwich Village was something and the Black Cat suited the high-spirited Miss Moore right down to the ground. It was filled with artists and writers, all penniless and all quite mad. She loved them, and lectured them tartly when they didn't applaud loud enough for her songs.

Then, one night, she saw one of the teachers from the Nashville school creep timidly in at the door. A spy! A spy come up from Nashville to check up on the runaway. The poor woman, it later developed, was simply in New York for a vacation and had dropped into the Black Cat to see how her one-time pupil was getting along.

Most girls would have ducked into the dressing room. But not Grace. She not only went on singing, she stepped off the orchestra platform, lifted a glass of red wine from the nearest table, and set her sails in the direction of the teacher. She was the gay, mad cafe singer—flirting, coquett ing, and singing that most darling of songs, "Kiss Me Again!"—and giving it all she had into the bargain. She drew up to the teacher's table without even a nod of recognition, whirled around and prophetically spilled her wine on the table.

It must have been a magnificent performance. It's a magnificent performance still, when Grace tells about it.

The poor teacher scuttled for the door...
and was seen no more. Grace's father was though. The teacher's report brought him to New York by train. Not that it did him any good. He spent a few hopeless years trying to talk his willful daughter out of her newly found career and ended up by discovering that many another has discovered since—that nobody stops Grace Moore from doing what she wants to do.

Her voice teachers found it out a few years later, when after she had been singing in musical comedy they told her her voice would never be suitable for opera. Grace laughed at them and made a bet with Otto Kohn that she'd make her debut in the Metropolitan in two years. After less than two years of study in Milan, when all her teachers advised furiously against it, Grace outfuried them, and opened at the Met just two weeks before her two years were up! She was a sensation.

Call it "stubborn ambition." You might as well. That's what Grace Moore calls it. Or maybe it's just stubbornness.

That is undoubtedly what you'd call it if you were a production man, on Grace's radio program. A Moore rehearsal is something unusual in radio, because it is not a rehearsal. Grace comes, whispers a few numbers to the musicians don't know how she will sound against the background of their music. Sound engineers don't know where they will have to cut down the volume of their transmitters because they don't know when Grace plans to unleash her glorious voice to its full strength.

She is not bossy. Nobody knows much of anything, except the serene, untroubled Miss Moore.

THE reason is that from her point of view, Grace Moore is right and everybody else is wrong and nobody has yet been found with courage to convince her otherwise.

I've heard Grace say seriously to me, "that if I give a good performance at rehearsals my broadcasts are bad. This is always true, so I have refused to give good performances for musicians and sound men."

If she could once be convinced that she's talking through her hair, I'm not saying that this case is hers—Grace would yield gracefully, and more than that, would punish herself for her obstinacy.

"When I am wrong," she admitted, "it makes me twice as angry at myself as at the people I sometimes take my anger out on. I always punish myself by going into a room alone and fighting my battle with my own temperament. And it isn't so sweet!"

"But," she added, "if somebody else is wrong, and fails to do his job, when he is really capable of doing it, I revolt. I want to do things right. I have a consuming desire to progress, and I expect others who work with me to feel the same way."

Her eyes flashed as she spoke. I've never met Grace Moore's husband, Valentin Parera, but I'd like to. Judging by the way Grace speaks of him, he must be a remarkable man.

Our fearless, revealing reporter, Jimmie Fidler, brings you some more uncensored, hidden facts about Hollywood. Don't miss the next in this sparkling series—in the August Radio Mirror.
from what she told me about him, and from what I already knew, he must be a wise man. Because there surely can't be any greater wisdom than a willingness not to give advice when it isn't wanted.

After rehearsals and after broadcasts, Grace and Valentin retire into a corner and hold long, voluble, low-voiced conversations in Spanish. Grace listens while Valentin talks, and everybody around the studio believes she takes his advice.

On the other hand, Grace told me herself that when she runs up against a problem she feels only she can grapple with sufficiently to submit to the operation. Afterwards, Grace and Valentin left for Palm Springs. Dr. Pressman gave her the voice orders that she must not attempt to use her voice for at least three weeks, not even to talk more than was absolutely necessary. He was very grave about it, and told her frankly that he didn't know what was going to happen if she followed his orders, but he didn't know what would happen if she disobeyed him: she'd have no voice left!

Five days at Palm Springs dragged by. Grace couldn't stand it any longer. She sent Valentin up to Los Angeles to sing. When she finished: "Well," she asked, "how do I sound?"

Anita scratched her head and admitted miserably: "That she don't sound lak you, and M. Moore."

Then they both began to cry.

Grace knew she had strained her voice, and put in a long-distance call for Dr. Pressman. There was quite a fuss when he arrived. In no uncertain manner he told Grace Moore that her behavior in ignoring his orders was opening the gate for complete loss of voice.

He left a very chastened and subdued prima donna behind him when he returned to Los Angeles, but in another week she'd got into the old Grace Moore stride again. She defied the fates once more! She went to a little piano teacher at the other end of town told her her name was Mrs. Parera, and asked her to play an accompaniment for her.

The piano teacher, who keeps up on her movies, recognized Grace Moore, and told all her friends about it. Just as she began to sing Grace caught sight of a face peering in from the hallway. She turned, and there was another at the window. She tried to continue, fighting against the sudden terrifying clutch at her throat. Only weakly, unrecognizable sounds emerged.

Grace Moore fainted.

She had at last learned her lesson—whether too late or not, she did not know. For three weeks, until she went back on the Vick's program, she did not sing a note. That was one time she really did have to whisper at rehearsal.

When she stepped to the microphone nobody knew what was going to happen—least of all Grace Moore! Purposely, she sang three of the most difficult arias in the soprano repertoire. Her voice never failed once. It was almost a miracle!

I BOW down before Grace Moore for telling me about that chapter in her life, with never an attempt to disguise the revealing sidelights it throws upon her character. It takes a real person to admit her temper, her stubbornness, her actual foolishness in disobeying orders even when it means courting disaster. You just can't do anything with a woman who can break all the rules and, by confessing it, make you like it.

That is, you can't do anything but admire her—and wish to goodness she'd get it in the neck, just once!

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INSIST ON NEW Shinola White

THE 3-WAY GUARANTEED CLEANER

(READ DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER)

1. GUARANTEED NOT TO RUB OFF
This famous guarantee made New Shinola the sensation of the white cleaner field! New Shinola is guaranteed not to rub off.

2. GUARANTEED TO REMOVE STAINS
Grass stains, oil and grease stains, dirt stains—that spell the nastiness of white shoes... New Shinola is guaranteed to remove them.

3. GUARANTEED TO WHITEN QUICKLY
See your white shoes restored to that smart, just-out-of-the-box smartness! New Shinola is guaranteed to whiten shoes quickly!

DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER
Simply apply New Shinola according to directions on the carton. New Shinola is guaranteed: (1) Not to rub off. (2) To remove stains. (3) To whiten quickly. It must delight you in every way. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 83 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.

BOTTLES OR TUBES
10c and 25c
Whenever white cleaners are sold

FOR GUARANTEED WHITE SHOE SMARTNESS... INSIST ON NEW SHINOLA
Daniel in the Lion's Den
(Continued from page 35)

Science now shows how shaving legs causes stocking runs

Runs! Runs! You seldom know how they start—but the new "leg shaver" runs can easily be caused by the sharp wiry hair stubbles rubbing against hose. Yet to be attractive, legs must be hairless—and they can be! Simply apply perfumed X-Basin Cream right from the tube, spread it on lightly, then wash off—in 3 minutes skin is smooth—soft and hairless.

Insist on X-Basin, the perfumed hair remover, and remember it's just as dainty and efficient for arms and underarms. All druggists—ten cent stores. Try it.

HAIRLESS LEGS ARE ATTRACTIVE LEGS

-A LAST!


NATURALLY when Jean Harlow bobbled up with the very same difficulty, Woodruff thought it would be like taking candy from a baby. Hadn't he coped successfully with a similar situation before? The whole trick worked—but another harrowing problem immediately presented itself.

"It's all flat now that I'm alone," Jean objected. "I can't seem to get anything out of it but words."

Hollywood's top problem solver was, for the moment, between the devil and the deep sea. But then he hit upon the idea of describing the scene minutely, down to the color of the imaginary drapes and chairs, and giving Miss Harlow her directions as if she was on a movie set instead of in a radio studio. Then she felt at home. Probably you recall her finished performance.

That temperament is just fear was proved again when Lily Pons did "Concert Piece." Woodruff poured into her ears so much persuasion that she even accepted the role. She had never before tried to speak English on the radio, and he was licked that time. Whatever credit is due, he passes it along willingly to Andre Kostelanetz. But it was Frank who had the idea of calling in the maestro.

At rehearsal, he had Andre's New York broadcast piped into the Music Box Theater control room, and called a hall hour recess while Lily listened to her favorite three thousand miles away. She felt better then, and went on with the rehearsal. Meanwhile, Andre boarded a plane for Hollywood. When he arrived, he told Lily to ask him to attend the dress rehearsal—and it was his presence and reassuring help that carried her through that night and on the succeeding night at the performance!

It is not generally known that at a rehearsal which occurred between the first and the dress rehearsal, Lily became hysterical and wanted to leave the program. Woodruff cleared the stage, took her to a dressing room, and spoke to her so that she could go on and gained her promise to remain by giving his own promise that Andre would direct the orchestra for her with numbers at the actual performance.

Not all cases of temperament arise from such excusable causes, however, as those of the Misses Crawford, Harlow, and

DAN SHORE

Radio Mirror

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I scented something peculiarly sinister to have caused such a monumental eruption. Inquiry revealed that there had been. It seems that Errol Flynn was playing opposite Miss de Havilland in the show, and Lily Damita, his wife, was present. Now everyone conversant with Hollywood's major domestic infelicities knows that second only to Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez, Lily Damita and Errol Flynn have—well, call them spots. They were having a spat during the rehearsal. So Woodruff erupted. His ire made the spat as innocuous as two kittens playing with a woolen string.

"An actor cannot give a good performance of battle with a wife at one and the same time," he stormed at the embattled Mr. Flynn. "Now you will please do one or the other—preferably the performance."

Woodruff was to be sorry a few weeks later that Robert Taylor, as well as Olivia de Havilland, had not been present at the Flynn-Damita outburst. The script of "Saturday's Children," in which they were appearing together, called for the portrayal of a married couple emerging from the honeymoon stage into the stern realities of married life. They were supposed to be irresistible, to snap at one another. But neither Bob nor Olivia knew just how to do it. Neither had had actual experience.

Woodruff dismissed the rest of the cast and kept the two stars "after school." Lying prone on the floor, they went over the script for hours. Finally Woodruff became irritable. He yelled at Taylor; snapped at Olivia. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"There you are!" he cried. "That's what we're after. Imitate me." 

"Bob was taking himself too seriously," he commented afterward. "Like many young actors anxious to prove they are not merely matinee idols, he had a tendency to overact. The lines which were supposed to sound indifferent and irritable sounded instead like someone about to commit murder. However, he is still one of the best radio bets in Hollywood. His voice is as romantic in timber as his appearance on the screen, and all he needs is a sense of humor."

Offhand, you'd think Woodruff himself must have been a great actor had he ever essayed a Thespian career. Yet he wasn't. To put it bluntly—the way he himself puts it—he was a flop. He even didn't make a go of touring vaudeville houses as assistant to a magician, nursing pet rabbits to be pulled out of hats and things like that.

But he did pursue relentlessly and unwaveringly a career in the theater. When he found he wasn't cut out for an actor, he decided perhaps he'd make a director.

That was because I never seemed able to mind my own business," he explains. So he went abroad and studied. Then he returned and studied some more at the Yale dramatic school. He studied every phase of the theater. Today he could be a stage electrician. He could make the wigs for a costume play. He could design the settings. He could take over the carpenter's job, or the property man's.

And he can direct radio shows. If you don't believe that, walk down Hollywood Boulevard. Stop the first male you see wearing a beret and a camel hair coat, or the first female you encounter wearing grease paint. Ask them. They'll tell you—for all Hollywood knows Frank Woodruff the star tamer.

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**Radio Mirror**

Say, Bob, don't you like stockings on a girl better than bare legs?

Sure, every man does! Wonder why girls don't always wear them?

Stockings flatter you—and they don't cost much this way...

Most everyone agrees—men especially—that even the most gorgeous legs look lovelier in sleek, sheer stockings. Why try to save money at the expense of your looks when it's so easy to save with Lux... Lux preserves the elasticity silk has when new.

Then stockings can give under strain instead of breaking into embarrassing runs so often. Many ordinary soaps contain harmful alkali that weakens elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali... makes stockings last longer, look lovelier, fit more sleekly.

Lux saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y
personality to take him away from Show Boat. Lanny's last Show Boat broadcast will occur within the next few weeks. Then he will be free to examine one—or all—of the other ambitions which have been his for so many months. Already he has started negotiating with a Hollywood film company, and the theory is that he will make a picture this summer.

Secret conferences were carried on early this spring between Lanny and representatives of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. No one knows what their results were, but their purpose was to star Lanny in a mammoth Broadway revue, with book by "The Great Waltz" and "White Horse Inn."

It's certain that Lanny will be back on the air in the fall, but it is also certain that whatever program secures him for its star will be widely different from Show Boat. It will have room in it for some of the more serious songs Lanny wants to sing as well as for the familiar or popular melodies he has sung so well on Show Boat. And there will be no attempt to cast him in the role of master of ceremonies. He's enjoyed his master of ceremonies job during the last few months, and you can't blame him. It isn't exactly fair for a man to introduce his own tenor solo.

The last reason for Lanny's desertion of Show Boat is inextricably tied up with the fate of the beloved old craft herself. For Show Boat's old Cap'n Henry is coming back on board! That's why Show Boat is going to Hollywood!

It's an open radio secret that for the past year Show Boat has had its seams caulked, its deck painted, its engines overhauled, its crew changed, endlessly and continuously—and that nothing has done any good. Never, since Cap'n Henry left, has Show Boat been the glamorous, exciting program it used to be when it was his star. The program directors did want to give her the changed leading ladies and then they changed plots; and finally they threw both leading ladies and plots overboard entirely, changing the program to a strong and superior one. But even with Lanny as master of ceremonies introducing famous guest stars.

No good. Lanny's romantic singing appeal was, perhaps, lost in a role which made him uncomfortable; and in becoming a variety program competing with all the other variety programs on the air, Show Boat had deliberately thrown away the quality which had made it unique and delightful.

There was only one thing to be done—go back to the old days and recapture the old sparkle and listener appeal. Bring back Cap'n Henry, do the important first step. Everything that will happen to Show Boat late this spring hinges on that one decision.

Charlie Winkler, who is in Hollywood, and wants to stay there, so when he rejoins the program it will originate in the movie capital. Not that the Show Boat directors were reluctant to change the broadcast point from New York to Hollywood. Of late years it has become a radio belief that

FREE! Another of your favorite theme songs in August

RADIO MIRROR

No Matter What Your Age

No Need Now to Let

Gray Hair

Cheat You

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

Only 3c a month. It screams: "You are getting old?" To end gray hair headaches off now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week. Kolor-Bak hair coloring. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair by a single color; and charm and abolishes gray hair color. 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 so no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test. Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money. FREE! Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of coupon to United Remedies, Dept. 451, 114 St. Steve Bl. Chicago—receive FREE and POSTPAID a 2-oz box of KUBIK Shampoo.

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME by note, Piano, Violin, Thilele, Free KUBAK's "How to Play" booklet, 30c. Makes a wonderful impression method. Before and after pictures. No expense of money, time, or any expense of effort. Your own music teacher. Write for your FREE BOOKLET today for Free booklet and free display. Tell what your favorite instrument is and write name and address plainly. U.S. School of Music, 261 Bennett Bldg., New York City.

FREE! Another of your favorite theme songs in August

RADIO MIRROR

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: The chief way your body clears out acids and poisonous wastes is by your blood through the million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters. It has a way of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. 1 If functional kidney or bladder disorders make you nervous, tired, irritable, irritable, nervous, the Kidney must be helped. Kidney Night's, Nervousness, Leuco, MacNeil, Greenfield's, Bright's, Emerald Eyes, Diana, Cymetm's, Sharp, Lister's, or anything, don't take chances. Drug store pharmacist should be consulted. For these troubles helps nature in 48 hours. Guaranteed to do no harm to you but to clean out acids from your body. Guaranteed to make you feel younger and money back on return of empty package. (Stop your struggle for guaranteed Cystex today.)

FREE! Another of your favorite theme songs in August
a move to Hollywood peps up a sagging program and gives it new life.

A few months ago it would have been impossible to persuade Charlie Winninger to rejoin Show Boat. It isn't generally known that when he quit the program three years ago he did so largely because of his differences of opinion with two men who were then prominent in its production and direction. One of these men left Show Boat shortly after Winninger did, the other last winter. Because I know Winninger's belief that his ideas differ from theirs so greatly that it would be impossible for him to work with them, I am sure he would never have returned while they were concerned with the program.

Do you see how the decision to bring back Cap'n Henry made it impossible for Lanny to stay on the show, even if he had wanted to? Since Cap'n Henry left, Lanny has become a star. He couldn't step down from stardom to the supporting role he used to hold.

Show Boat isn't the only program that must undergo a radical change. One of radio's finest jokers has announced that he will not return to his old program in the fall. He has told intimate friends that he hopes never to return to any program.

Fred Allen's decision to retire from radio comes just as he has set his foot upon the peak of his profession. It comes at the end of a steady climb in popularity of his program, Town Hall Tonight. His relations with his sponsors are perfectly friendly.

Why, then, is he leaving radio?

To anyone who knows Fred Allen at all, one reason comes at once to mind. Though it is not the only reason, it is an important one. For some years, Fred's health has not been good, and its condition can be traced, in a large degree, to upset nerves.

Radio is the last place in the world for a nervous man. Everyone who has ever had anything to do with the nerve-racking business of preparing a script every week, rehearsing it, cutting it, getting it past the studio censors, and seeing that it goes on the air in perfect, smooth-running form, knows this.

A weekly turn in a broadcasting studio, particularly a comedy turn, can change a mild case of jitters into an upset stomach, a galloping headache, shooting pains in the back, and chronic insomnia. This is not exaggeration, but sober fact. The microphone becomes an ever-present menace in a sensitive and conscientious star's mind, haunting him until he never has a moment's peace from worrying about his next program.

Until this year, Fred has always been able to take a long, restful vacation in the summer and return to the studios refreshed and ready to cope with the drain upon his strength the winter of broadcasting would bring with it.

But this summer he is under contract to act in a picture for 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood. There were two things he could do: return to his program in the fall, without his vacation, or ask his sponsors to do without him until the first of the year.

He chose to do neither. It didn't seem fair to Fred to ask his sponsors to hold his program open for him until he was ready to return, filling in with substitute talent in the meanwhile. From their point of view, he knew, it would be much better for them to build a complete new show. That is why he explained his position to them, and announced that he wasn't compounding the contract.

There are other reasons for his decision.

Few people know that one of Fred's ambitions is to write for the stage, and it's a fact that he would like to spend the next year doing nothing but study play-writing, and at the end of that time, try his hand at concocting a Broadway success.

The financial problem, fortunately presents no difficulties. It's ironical that radio, to which Fred has given all his energy for the last five years, has left him no time to spend the money he earned from it. He has actually had no time to travel, buy cars or homes, go to night clubs, or do anything of the things which eat up money.

The result is that he has enough saved to make retirement and a play-writing gamble possible, even without the money he will earn from his picture work this summer.

He would like to have time to make more movies. Even when he feels like it, there won't be many of them, because he doesn't intend to act in them except when he wants to, and when he likes a script.

So radio stands to lose a genius—for that is exactly what Fred Allen is, one of the great comic spirits of modern times. The air waves won't be as bright without him; but what radio loses the stage will gain, if he goes ahead with his play-writing plans. You don't have to ask what in my mind that Fred could write plays that would keep the world laughing for years. He has a big reputation to live up to, and he takes that very seriously.

Will Fred, when fall comes and he's feeling good again, be able to resist a new contract calling for a rise in salary? I could make money if I knew.

R ebellion, revolution, change—they're in the spring breeze. Yet behind each you can see the hands of the big business world when you understand it, there is a reason.

GOOD NEWS FOR THOUSANDS OF GIRLS

WHO HAVE NO SEX APPEAL

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK, WITH IRONIZED YEAST

BUT BEWARE OF THE MANY SUBSTITUTES FOR THIS TREMENDOUSLY SUCCESSFUL FORMULA.

BE SURE YOU GET GENUINE IRONIZED YEAST.

THERE'S no use shutting our eyes to the fact that sex appeal—an attractive, well-developed figure with all its feminine allure—is a big contributing part to a girl's happiness and success. And here's a new easy way to increase a girl's sex appeal—10 to 25 pounds of solid flesh, pleasing normal curves—just in a few weeks.

Furthermore, it has brought naturally clear skin and lovely color, new health and pep, leads of new friends and good times.

Scientifically designed, Ironized Yeast is the answer to the single reason that boys do not go enough Vitamin B and iron in their food. Now one of the other important sources of Vitamin B is play-kept England ale yeast. This special ale yeast is now con- nected to 5 times and 5 times more potent. It is combined with 5 times of iron. Strengthened whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets, that those who ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands to gain long-wanted-for pounds—quickly.

Make this money-back test

If you, too, need that feminine figure, get those Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then watch flat chests develop and skinny bones round out to natural smoothness. See natural beauty come. Even if you feel like a different person, with new pep, charm and personality.

If you are not delighted with the results, simply return future packages, money back instantly. Do start today and watch the wonderful difference. Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't let anyone substitute.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Present this coupon today on your first package and enclose the seal on the back and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a new book on health. "New Facts about Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—money refunded. At all drugstores. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 227, Atlanta, Ga.
What's New? (Continued from page 5)

There is a distinct coolness cast in the Barrett direction by the Vallee forces. Seems it was largely a misunderstanding. Sheila had in mind to prepare a new act for Vallee Varieties, and sort of took it for granted they wouldn't want her without new material.

WHO said Babe Ruth would never feel at home in front of a microphone. He's broadcasting now, twice a week on CBS, and to watch him you'd think he had grown up slinging words instead of baseball bats. He反复 method of tuning up his voice before a broadcast. He takes a drink of Bromo-Seltzer and says it works fine. The Babe would change sponsors when she returns an almost ungodly desire to get out on the diamond again and knock out a couple of home runs for the World's champions. "But," he declared, "I've definitely retired. My legs won't stand the game any more."

GOOD news for Tony Wons fans is that after an illness of more than a year he will make a comeback next fall. Time was when Tony and his Scrapbook combined to make one of the air's star attractions. Then he disappeared out of sight, and only now, he like to go and see her. It's really too bad.

THE Smith building won't require many studios. It's really too bad. Helen will make a comeback if she returns from the recurrence of a throat ailment which he contracted during services in the World War. Not his voice, but his legs, he's been away not enough to return, and that's exactly what he'll try to do in a few months. Network sponsors, please note on your calendars.

THERE'S one little racket in radio that could bloom nowhere else. Few are the stars who haven't had it tried on them at least once. Here's the way it operates. The most unbearable time for the rakeetter is late at night, after a repeat broadcast. He hangs around outside the studio until he sees an important star come out. He then rushes up and says he is Mr. Montmorency Blank, assistant production man of the agency which handles the star's program, and says that he's short of cash and needs the fare out to his home in some distant Long
Island or New Jersey town.

The star doesn't recognize either the face or the name, but the big agencies have so many men connected with them he can't be sure. And he doesn't want to offend anybody in the agency because, after all, the agency is his boss. So he usually comes across with the "loan," even though he's morally certain he'll never see Mr. Montmorency Blank again. Lanny Ross was saved from being victimized in this way only the other evening by the opportune arrival of a bona-fide agency man.

* * *

ONE person whose head can't be turned by sudden success is Ray Heather-ton. He's been all through this fame business once too often. Ray's career began when Paul Whiteman heard him sing at a party and gave him a job on the Old Gold program. That was when Ray was seventeen and in high school. The job came his way so easily he naturally thought all jobs came that way.

When his Old Gold contract ran out, Ray wasn't worrying, because he thought he'd survived. Instead, he couldn't find another job anywhere, couldn't even get anybody to audition him. He went to work for the same company to make a living while he tried to break into radio again. At last he succeeded, to the extent of a sustaining series on NBC.

He worked harder on that program than he had ever worked before in his life. It was the first step on a long, slow climb which finally landed him in a secure radio position and a leading role in the hit Broadway musical show, "Babes in Arms." The day after "Babes in Arms" opened a scout from every movie company in Hollywood was on his doorstep, offering Ray screen tests. Ray didn't go crazy over this, his second big success. The first one evaporated so fast he can't be sure this one won't do likewise. And the last time I saw him he was busy auditioning for another commercial radio program and worrying for fear he wouldn't get it.

* * *

VITAL statistics: Helen Jackson is the first of Kay Thompson's Rhythm Girls to follow her boss' lead and take unto herself a good man. Kay, you know, was married a few months ago to Jack Jenney. Now Helen is the bride of Art Millet, announcer on the General Mills and Radio Dumke program. She isn't going to quit her job, however. . . . Paul Douglas, celebrating his acquisition of the Chesterfield daily sports program, broadcast over CBS every night except Sunday at 6:30, is a bridesman. The other half is a girl who isn't connected with radio. . . . Lucy Monroe will remain off the air for another month or so, resting up in an effort to recover from the recent shock of her mother's death. No doubt you have read about it in the newspapers. Radio Row's unanimous sympathy went out to Lucy, and when she returns she can be sure of plenty of friends to welcome her.

* * *

IT'S not only a nice, friendly gesture on Jack Benny's part to take Bill Moore and Ed Beloin, his script writers, with him on his European jaunt this summer. It's a good way of insuring an- other top-notch Benny season next year, as well. Jack is modestly aware that the comedy material Bill and Ed have written for him has been responsible for much of his popularity, and he doesn't want to take any chances of losing them by going away and letting them wander around Hollywood unattended.
When Emotions are stirred...

At thrilling, intimate moments... when emotions are stirred—that's when perspiration glands are most active—body odor becomes noticeable. Don't let you down at those exciting times when complete daintiness means romance.

DEW stops perspiration instantly, thoroughly... DEW gives you lasting protection against under-arm moisture, guards gowns from injuries, unsightly stains.

Safe and gentle. Non-irritating to delicate skin. Costs no more than usual deodorants. 25c, $1.00 at drug and dept. stores.

DEW
DEODORANT
Non Perspirant

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S SERVICE COOK BOOK

Send 20c to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 265 East 42nd Street, New York City.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 9, 1932

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 23)

years old. Well, she isn't the sponsor's daughter, but answers to the name of Eileen Barton. Barton showed me "Jolly's" birth certificate to prove that she's only ten, and he's mailing photographic copies of the certificate to all dental Thomases who write. Already, those who are hard to convince are hinting the certificate is just a publicity stunt, but I assure you that "Jolly" doesn't look more than ten.

FRED WARING is making a picture for Warner Brothers for which he will be paid $160,000—-the biggest price ever paid a band for a film. Fred wanted $200,000, but he was laughed down to $40,000. Paul Whiteman, who heard when he thinks how much less than $160,000 he got for "The King of Jazz."

THE spectacle of television has this town in the shivers. No matter where I go, it is the topic of conversation—at Lakeside Golf Club, Brown Derby, Toreadero. You will find that the movie greats shiver and quake when perspiration glands are discussed, because only a few a week ago, they thought the theaters were the only place in the world to find the shivers. No longer.

COSA Touch Mittens made clearer, smoother, invisible by WAX. Made from the finest raw hides, no leather is used. Comes in a dozen colors to match any complexion. Complete beauty for only 14cflines.

Olive. St. Louis, Mo.

SUCCEEDED in getting the shivers were Fred Allen and Bing Crosby. I might here add that the theaters are simply packed on Tuesday nights, when radio broadcasts. At any rate, if theater owners howl now, how much more will they howl when television takes one hundred per cent entertainment, sound and sight right into people's homes?

Television is going to demand perfection for the first time in the history of the drama. The stage does not demand it, because the audience is too far from the actor to see whether he mugs or doesn't mug, or expresses himself. On the stage, voice and pantomime are vital. The screen does not demand perfect acting, because an imperfect scene may be remade. Radio is more exacting than any, because only the voice counts, and performers read scripts. But television will combine stage, radio, and screen. It will bring the actor closer to the audience, therefore his facial expressions must be right. It will bring his voice, as does radio. But it will mean an end to reading scripts, therefore it will mean that an actor must not only have the appearance and voice, but he must be able to go through his program with memorized lines.

Now do you see why the spectro of television hangs over Hollywood? Easy times will go, and tedious work will come, when television arrives.

FLR.

The candid camera, which doesn't need a word from any source, and whatever it does to the world's great, has been invading the NBC Studios in Hollywood, so you'll soon be seeing such microphones as Fred Allen, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Marion Talley, and even Fred Astaire in action before the mike. NBC expected a few bromides from temperamental celebrants, but the cry for candid art made them brave the possible wrath of the gods and goddesses. Strangely, though, there

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE... Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Harin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile every hour daily. If this bile is flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just desacs in the bowel. Gas bloates up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more kWel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carrie's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carrie's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

SWIMPROOF EYES

"Dark-Eyes" EYELASH DARKENER

ALL AGES, no matter whether the child is short-sighted or not, can have sparkling, nervous eyes. The "Dark-Eyes" rapidly and permanently darkens own or gray eyes. Apply to dry or damp eyelashes before bathing. How to use "Dark-Eyes." No mistakes. Two sizes. Request free trial package of" "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

Name:
Address:
State:

EYELASH DARKENER

Alan, made clearer, smoother, invisible by WAX. Made from the finest raw hides, no leather is used. Comes in a dozen colors to match any complexion. Complete beauty for only 14cflines.

Olive. St. Louis, Mo.

SUCCEEDED in getting the shivers were Fred Allen and Bing Crosby. I might here add that the theaters are simply packed on Tuesday nights, when radio broadcasts. At any rate, if theater owners howl now, how much more will they howl when television takes one hundred per cent entertainment, sound and sight right into people's homes?

Television is going to demand perfection for the first time in the history of the drama. The stage does not demand it, because the audience is too far from the actor to see whether he mugs or doesn't mug, or expresses himself. On the stage, voice and pantomime are vital. The screen does not demand perfect acting, because an imperfect scene may be remade. Radio is more exacting than any, because only the voice counts, and performers read scripts. But television will combine stage, radio, and screen. It will bring the actor closer to the audience, therefore his facial expressions must be right. It will bring his voice, as does radio. But it will mean an end to reading scripts, therefore it will mean that an actor must not only have the appearance and voice, but he must be able to go through his program with memorized lines.

Now do you see why the spectro of television hangs over Hollywood? Easy times will go, and tedious work will come, when television arrives.

FLR.

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Name:
Address:
State:
Radio Mirror Readers' Special Edition of—
Ida Bailey Allen's New Cook Book

MR. SIMPSON, Food Editor of Radio Mirror, asks us to tell you that at last she has found the cook book for which you and your family has been so long searching. From the thousands of letters she received from the radio listeners, it is evident that no one else can, exactly the sort of cook book her readers need and want. When we saw the book she had selected we knew she was right, and immediately we ordered a special edition printed for Radio Mirror.

Here are a few of the special features:

PAGE 86: The Secret of the Perfect Brandy

Bound in a stiff,board cover, printed on better quality paper with larger, more spaced type: easy to read at a glance.

HUNDRED INDEX

Special Index allows turning immediately to any desired recipe or table without hunting page numbers, or searching through the book.

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Envelopes, stamps or coins (swap carefully).

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RADIO MIRROR

French Treatment Beautifies Women From 16 to 60

Free: Booklet Tells You What to Do for Wrinkles. Pimples. Enlarged Pores. And HOW TO REGAIN THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.

LOOK OUT, those wrinkles, that crepey neck tell your age. Maybe a woman is only as old as she feels, but most people think she is as old as she looks. Why let your face show lines, pimples, blackheads, large pores, when there is now on the market a wonderful and simple treatment called Calmas French Page Conditioner, which works wonders. It does away with face lifting, peeling or other dangerous methods. No clay or mud packs, no appliances, or exercises of any kind. SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT, based on latest scientific finds in cosmetic research. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Women who have tried Calmas French Face Conditioner are amazed at the results. They call it a "Face Liftening without Surgery," others say it is the "enemy of pimples, wrinkles and blackheads." Send your name and address TODAY and you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a booklet telling all about this new treatment, Calmas Products, Dept. 36-A, 6770 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

How Old Is Your Mouth? 5 Years Younger

Give your lips the freshness of youth! Use Cutex Lipstick, with its special oil that helps make your lips look smoother, softer—5 years younger! In Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby. Try Cutex Lipstick today!

BE A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE

Bachelors or Associated Degree, or 2-3 years training. Wages: free book, free board. School endorsed by American Training Practical Nurses Association. PIERCE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, 201 West 17th St., San Bruno, Cal., Los Angeles. CA.

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LOOK OUT, those wrinkles, that crepey neck tell your age. Maybe a woman is only as old as she feels, but most people think she is as old as she looks. Why let your face show lines, pimples, blackheads, large pores, when there is now on the market a wonderful and simple treatment called Calmas French Page Conditioner, which works wonders. It does away with face lifting, peeling or other dangerous methods. No clay or mud packs, no appliances, or exercises of any kind. SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT, based on latest scientific finds in cosmetic research. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Women who have tried Calmas French Face Conditioner are amazed at the results. They call it a "Face Liftening without Surgery," others say it is the "enemy of pimples, wrinkles and blackheads." Send your name and address TODAY and you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a booklet telling all about this new treatment, Calmas Products, Dept. 36-A, 6770 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

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ANY PHOTO ENLARGED
Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired, 3 for $1.00
Send no money with order. Full return if unsatisfactory. Postage, packing, insurance, etc., extra.

SEND NO MONEY NOW
Send first installment. Balance when photo is returned. Complete 9x12 enlargement guaranteed. Full satisfaction or return of original photograph.

STANDARD ART STUDIO
104 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Illinois

广阔 Simplex

 cent words just to impress. Why, they are so much a part of the crooner's usual conversation that even uses them on his twains—and he knows what the words mean, too.

A R FANS of the Sunday night Community Sing hour may join in the songs but the boys and girls who pack the CBS Playhouse in Hollywood to see the program can't be depended upon to do more than just see—and laugh. Sometimes Wendell Hall's best efforts haven't been productive of much enthusiasm, and the producers put acus on their sleeves. They spot fifty lusty voices through the crowd and pay them $10 per night, just to make sure the mike brings you plenty of song.

VIA WIRE—Reports you may have heard about Bobby Breen leaving Eddie Cantor are not without basis: Bobby's contract with Eddie runs until June, when the program makes its summer break. Meanwhile, however, rumors have been made for Breen to star in his own show. While Cantor takes a fatherly interest in this young protege, his new manager, does not handle his money, and also, Eddie never stands in the way of one of his discoverers who has a chance to move up. So it should not be a surprise if Bobby sings his farewell to Cantor on the final program in June. At this writing, there are hot rumors that Dick Powell has been signed for Show Boat. Dick tells me the story is untrue. He is the center of a brilliant one-hour show that has been built by Warner Brothers, which is owned by his manager, by Warner Brothers. I will be surprised if this show is sold this summer, but I will be even more surprised if it fails to land with a bang this fall.

"All the Lads," who went on their own when the old maestro closed his Coconut Grove engagement in Los Angeles, have found new homes with other orchestras. Ben Bernie retained only five of his old bandmen, and around this quintet he has woven a new cast for his show. Answering about a million inquiries, Rudy Vallee will soon quit calling New York his home, and transfer his affections to Hollywood. He has already planned his tour of new estate among the film colonists.

Richard Himmer, who is having sponsor trouble, is working with several Radio and night club offers. He may do a turn at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles . . . Al Johnson, Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner, and Eddie Martin, who used to team on stage, have taken their steam shovels in hand April 27 to break ground for the new CBS studio in Hollywood. NBC has taken on a new studio, ten acres for another Hollywood Radio Center, which will be equipped for telecasting . . . Nelson Eddy has been tagged at $5,000 a week as singing emcee for the new Chase & Sanborn show starting August 8th . . . Benny Goodman's Swing Band will broadcast from the Palomar in the Hollywood area when Ted Finn Rito bows out of that spot in June.

Be Yourself!

(Continued from page 45)

Uncle Ezra's: yes, changed the lives of everyone on the show, even to smiling Joe Kelly, the master of ceremonies. Nobody has been the voice of truth in many years, but he's been "Joe Kelly" for only a few months. And like the old sage's prediction that "a little child shall lead them," it was a little child who showed Joe the way to real happiness and the key to his present radio success. While handling a child's funny paper broadcast some months ago Joe conducted an
Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gawping, sagging, painful backache people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acid and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 2 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbar, leg pain, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and diarrhea.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Old Leg Trouble

Easy to use Viscose Home Method. Heals many old sores caused by leg ulcers, varicose veins, swollen legs and gums. Apply morning and night for 10 days. Descriptive booklet entitled "How to Use Viscose Home Method," sent free by Dr. R. G. Clason Viscose Co., 140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ITCHING Skin RELIEVED in RECORD TIME

NOW you don't have to scratch, squeeze and suffer the itching torture of rashes, sores, eczema, piles. Apply instead Hydroxal's ready-to-use, medicated powder. It will soothe and relieve the itch instantly. Saturating powders are often prescribed by doctors. Ask your druggist for Hydroxal. Liquid of Character. Strong and tried Hydroxal Soap—mildly medicated. Contains skin softening oil. Puts an end to itching or sores. Soothes the most sensitive skin.

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR the NEW CREAMY WAY

As Little or as Much as You Want, SAFELY—Quickly! Not a Drug-Store Liquid!

Yes, it is possible to lighten your hair at home, and do it safely. With Hydrosal, it is easy! A gentle shampoo will prepare the hair. Follow with Hydrosal, a liquid that will lighten the hair and make it look natural. Actual Beneficial to the hair of any appearance.

FREEMAN'S OWN INVENTION

LECHLER LABORATORIES, INC.
205 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Would You Like to be Happily Married

Theseky said "Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them." Any woman on her own intelligence, beauti-

Now, there is a way for you to develop your own intelligence in her to attract and fascinate men. You can learn how to de-

Womankind", an unusual book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of men's psychology. It's aupa. If you need this knowledge to help you. Don't let love and romance pass you by. Send us only 35c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fasci-

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 335 C, St. Louis, Mo.

amateur contest one Saturday morning for the children. While alone going on the air, he cast a critical eye over his group of juvenile entertainers; took one look and threw away the script. For every one of those children had stage fright almost to the point of complete paralysis, and Joe knew it was the time for original measures.

So as the first little girl, with trembling feet, stepped up to the microphone, Joe caught her off guard.

"Say," he exclaimed with a smile, "that's a beautiful little dress you have on!"

It took the tiny tot a few seconds to realize this nice fat man was referring to her "new" dress, and how old Grandma had made for her. But after that pause there was no holding her. She told him all about it, with the sparkling effervescence of her age. Breathless, her conversation studded with "Do you know's," and accentuated with Joe's astonishment "You don't say," she says to the broadcast.

But she made a bigger hit in the heart of Joe Kelly. Her simple, wholehearted naturalness showed him the secrets of radio. He cast the finishing months, all the staginess of show business, and, a short while later, he became the ideal announcer and master of ceremonies for the National Barn Dance.

Pat Barrett, who, as Uncle Ezra, is the star of the show, learned to be himself long before the program went on the air, long before there was a radio when, as a very young actor back in 1911, he paid his admission price to see David Warfield in "The Music Master." Young Pat had a revelation that night. He saw the dawn of a new era in the theater. Schooled in the old repertoire company where actors posed and gestured, where the audience hissed the villain and cheered the hero, Pat sat enthralled to see a master and a pioneer dare to step out on the stage and live his part, to make his characterization human and alive.

After creating his now famous character of Uncle Ezra, which he has portrayed for over twenty years on the stage and radio, Pat never forgot this lesson. Today on the air he's not acting. He's realizing if he could have sat with me in his dressing room you would have known that Pat Barrett, as Uncle Ezra, is being no one but himself. He talks and walked while himself, changed clothes and put on his make-up. It is so gradual, that the whiskers, the old cut-away coat, the wig, the glasses—that it almost surprises you when it is completed. Suddenly you realize that no longer are you talking to Pat Barrett; you are listening to the witty aphorisms of old Uncle Ezra. For with the simple act of putting on his make-up, Pat really becomes Uncle Ezra. When he goes on the air he's not acting. He's living, he's natural, and he's being himself.

Henry Burr, too, has long been just himself, and the story of his joining the cast of the Barn Dance goes back many years. It includes the height of success and the emptiness of failure. It is the story of a man who grimly stuck to a lot of old fashioned ideas because he believed in them.

During the period when Victor records afforded the only popular music in the American home, Henry Burr was their outstanding artist. Over three million of his recordings were sold, his voice being heard all over the world.

But with the perfection of radio the phonograph was out dated, and apparatus was the goal. The old-time style of Henry Burr were forgotten. As at any rate radio officials forgot them, if some of his recording audience (Continued on page 87)

The surest way to please your baby at mealtime is to feed him Heinz Strained Foods! Try them yourself. You're bound to like their natural color—prefer their "garden" flavor. Heinz cooks the country's finest vegetables and fruits scientifically, with dry steam, in sealed kettles. Thus their valuable vitamins and minerals are retained in high degree—cooked in, never out! Your grocer has 12 kinds of Heinz Strained Foods. You'll pay no premium for their extra quality!

Guard your baby's health—look for these two Safety Seals...

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S SERVICE COOK BOOK

Send 20c to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Your eyes can seem to be natural beauties!

PINAUD'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY EYE SHADOW PREPARED IN FRANCE

• Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof. Permanent. Non-smearing. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

For that extra touch

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

85
THE TRUE, GRIPPING STORY OF ONE GIRL'S ENTRANCE INTO MARRIAGE

"The man I had just sworn to love placed a wedding ring on my finger and took me in his arms. His lips reached my lips and succeeded in brushing my cheek as I turned and began to sob. Tears ran down my face because I was frightened, although the friends and relatives who crowded the church thought I wept with joy."

Thus begins "Why My Honeymoon Was Tragic", the starkly honest and vividly illuminating story of a girl whose marriage was nearly ruined by the malign influences of puritanism and emotional poisoning that surrounded her girlhood. Told graphically and dramatically in her own words, it will grip you from the very beginning.

Not only a great story but because of its intimately revealing nature, a great life lesson, it may easily save thousands of other girls and young women the anguish and heartache that this girl endured before she discovered her solution to the problem of happy marriage. By all means begin it today in the big July issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE now on sale!

No matter what your personal problem may be, PHYSICAL CULTURE, the absorbing personal problem magazine is sure to point the way to its solution. Below are a few of the twenty-eight vital, helpful features which constitute the contents of PHYSICAL CULTURE for July.

OTHER FEATURES IN THE BIG JULY ISSUE

Why Sex Crimes Increase, a revealing discussion of a rising tide of menace to women and children by Edward Doherty—Ginger Rogers’ Health Way to Womanly Charm by Adela Rogers St. Johns—Streamline your Face by Madame Sylvia—How Much Can You Influence the Sex of the Unborn by Amram Scheinfeld—Beautiful Baby Page—Daintiness First for Feminine Attractiveness by Carol Cameron—Control Kidney Disease by Diet by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane—Do Women Think Faster Than Men by Daniel Mann and many other helpful and entertaining features.

JULY

Physical Culture

Get your copy of Physical Culture today at any newsstand or use the introductory offer coupon.

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Enclosed find $1.00 for which please enter my name to receive Physical Culture magazine for 5 issues beginning with the July issue.

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did not. He seemed to have been out-
distanced by crooners.
In the years that followed Henry Burr tried only to sing for himself in radio. Too many auditions ended with the same story. He was told his singing was out of date, asked why didn’t he be a better singer, what was the air of the Middle West. He felt she was an accomplished "hill-billy" artist, tvang and all.
As she sang her first songs, producer winced with pain to hear a beautiful girl with a naturally beautiful voice, forcing herself to groan like a lame prairie war-
ner. He stopped her almost as soon as she started.
"Wait," he interrupted, "that’s not what I want at all. I want you to relax, forget all about hill-billy Mountaineers, be yourself, and sing!"
It took months of patient work and training before she could understand that people might even be slightly interested in just plain Sally Foster, who used to live on Elm Street in Milwaukee. Today, she was rapidly rising to the top, but she remains unchanged and unspoiled. She has been trained to be just herself, and she is still a little mystified that it should pay such a high price.
So it has been with every member of the show. As the Maple City Four put it, "We’re four (sic) like us. We can’t sing for you, but ourselves. Heck, we ain’t actors, and we sing for two reasons; cause we like to sing, and cause we haven’t got work.
It is only natural that the boisterous rural comedy and songs of the barn dance should be supplied by Lulu Belle and Scotty. Scotty, who is in private life, are Mr. and Mrs. Wiseman. Their love story was one studded with hardships and disappointments and they attained their success only after they, too, had learned the lesson which every Barn Dance star knows so well.
Lulu Belle was raised in the little town of Boone, North Carolina, and Scotty was born and raised "just over the ridge," in the neighboring town of Mountville, where they were both children not ten miles apart in the Carolina hills, were brought up with the same background, but were destined not to meet until many years later, in the reception offices of the NBC studios in Chicago.
There sat Scotty, who thought he was one of these highbrow announcers, and there sat Lulu Belle, who was under the impression she was a con-
cert singer, and wasn’t. As they waited, they told there was "nothing open," Lulu Belle muttered something about wishing she’d never left Boone, North Carolina. That gave Scotty his cue to get acquainted, and he more than took advantage of it. A few months later they were married.
There was only one thing to mar their early married happiness. As Scotty put it, "We never had any privacy. The wolf moved in, bag and baggage, and stayed all winter.
It was only after they got sick and tired of being broke, fed up with posing as something they weren’t, that they realized how blind they’d been. All those old folk songs they’d known and sung as children, why not sing those on the air? Why not relax and be them!
This sudden turn about for them brought them instant recognition and a rapid rise to stardom.
Talking to Bill Foster, who produces and directs the Barn Dance, I realized that he, too, knows the secret of the show’s success, and that it has been force-
fully brought home to him in his personal life.
A few years ago Mr. Jones was a young

(Continued from page 85)

R U A D I O  M I R O R

Rinse Off Unwanted Hair

avoid bristly re-growth

Why spoil your summer fun with ugly hair on arms and legs? Bathing suits and shorts demand the utmost feminine daintiness. Forget shaving—discover the NEET way—easy, painless, dependable!

NEET is like a cold cream in texture. Simply spread it on unwanted hair, rinse off with water. Then feel how pelt is soft and smooth it leaves the skin.

That’s because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Regrowth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10c stores.

"I Couldn’t Sit, Couldn’t Stand.Couldn’t even Lie Down!"

WHAT a terrible affliction, Piles! What they do to pull you down physically and mentally! The worst part of it is that Piles are such an embarrassing subject, that many people hesitate to seek relief. Yet there’s nothing more serious than Piles, for they can develop into something malignant.

There is no more satisfactory treatment of Piles than Pazo Ointment. Pazo supplies the needed effects. First, it sedates, which relieves pain, swelling and itching; Second, it is lubricating, which makes passage easy. Third, it is antiseptic, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

RESULTS!
Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected part. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Sup-
portives are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Pulses and Pazo Sup-
portives.

87
ambitious producer. His accomplishments at that date, although few, were the last word in sophistication. To look at him then, it may never have occurred to a home-grown product, an ex-country boy from a small Illinois farm. And when he came to Chicago as the new director of the National Barn Dance he was inwardly a little ashamed that he, who had produced only the highest type of entertainment—symphony programs, classical music and sophisticated dialogue—should be producing a barn dance.

That was nearly four years ago. Today our Mr. Jones is just Bill, a regular guy who takes his coat off and rolls up his sleeves when he goes to work. It didn’t take the Barn Dance long to snap him out of his drawing room complex, to make him realize that down deep inside he was still a kid to the soil, a country boy at heart.

"There’s something about working on the show," he confessed, cocking his feet up on the desk, "that takes all the superficialities out of a guy. For one thing, there is no pre-broadcast nervousness on the Barn Dance, because a person is only nervous when he is about to make a possible mistake. On the Barn Dance a boner is only good for an all around laugh, so everybody just relaxes and has a darn good time.

So the Barn Dance also taught his director to be himself, blended his desire to produce a Barn program with his boyhood love of the simple things in life, making the barn dance show you listen to today, a hayloft party that uses symphony music, its "Tairey in the Straw," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" and other old favorites. "We don’t put on a ‘hill-billy’ show," Bill explained, "never have and never will. The goal we strive for is to present the simple songs, like those of Stephen Foster, but to prepare them as skillfully as if they were a Brahms’ symphony." And to this end they have assembled one of the finest groups of musicians on the air today.

In its eleven-piece string orchestra are two former first violinists from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, three of the finest string players and three former violinists from the Metropolitan Opera Company. The pianist, John Brown, was formerly with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, accompanying such stars as Lucy Gates, Francis Ingram, and Hazel Eden, while the musical director for the show, Walter Steindal, has for many years been conductor of the famous spring concert of Singverein.

All these, to play music for a Barn Dance.

To step backstage at the Sixth Street Theater in Chicago where they broadcast is to walk into an old fashioned barn dance not only in fact, but in spirit. You see, not a formal gathering of stiff shirts and evening gowns, but rather all the old gang, you know, the overalls and gingham they’re as unpretentious as the good old kitchen sink, yet master artists all. You listen, not to names, but to people, people. And in their humanness they lie their greatness, in their simplicity will be found their showmanship. And the Barn Dance, how they have enjoyed national popularity for nearly ten years. The soil has been close to the American people for many years, and the National Barn Dance is only. For the roots planted deep in that soil, will continue on, long after other programs more lofty have failed to haziness.

After that the day was perfect. He played on the beach all morning, and at noon Bob bought him hot dogs and ice cream, and afterwards they drove around some more. For the first time in his life—there were so many first times today!—he actually talked to his father as man to man, telling him what he thought of things and people, and getting sensible, masculine answers. He can be forgiven, it seems to me, for failing to see that sometimes his father didn’t mind, and that sometimes he turned away his face.

A ll day long Bob Burns tried to find courage to tell his son that the mother he adored was dead—and all day long he failed. He saw, now, that he and his son were almost strangers, certainly no more than acquaintances, and a stranger has no right to break such bad news. All the boy’s life he had looked to his mother for her never to come. It was Bob Burns who had believed his responsibility was ended when he paid the bills. Now he saw he’d been wrong. He didn’t know his own son—and the one person left for him to love.

Late in the afternoon, just at sunset, he stopped the car on the summit of Mt. Loomis. Clumsily, he said what he had to say. He watched horrified disbelief change to grief on the boy’s face; he saw the tears well up in his eyes. It was a better situation which proved he was already learning to know his son, he said, “Don’t cry, Bob. I’m in the same boat you are. We’ll just have to be each other’s support.”

Young Bob set his jaw. He did not cry.

Right after the funeral Bob and young Bob went up to Llew Alves cabin at Big Bear. They stayed there a week, and when they came back they were friends. They were a very different pair from the two who had set forth so somberly seven days before: they knew they had only each other to depend on.

Before his wife’s death, Bob had always lightly waved aside every responsibility of paternity except the financial one, which he felt he was throwing away. Now everything is changed. His sons come first.

"That boy will always be a responsibility to me," thought Bob, a week or so ago, when I was talking to him about this story, "but I’ll never be a problem. I’ll have a moment to worry over him, except to make him enjoy himself. He knows what it is to be without money, so he can’t realize we have enough now and that he can spend more."

As far back as the boy can remember, the Burns family always had what they called a change drawer—filled—whenever Bob’s friend, Walter, who was in paper carriers, milkmen, and so forth. Bob used to go to the drawer every day for a few pennies. He could take as much as he needed, but he always knew he must never take more than that.

"Not long ago he wanted to go to a baseball game with his friends, and Bob gave him a dollar. He looked at it a while, then shook his head and handed it back. He didn’t need it, he said. That was all he needed, and I don’t want to spend so much."

One day the boy lost his glasses. Bob bought a new pair. A few days later the boy laid these down somewhere and stepped on them. Bob bought a third pair—and a week later Bob Burns found the boy in the eye and broke these glasses, too.
He was afraid to tell his father. He was conscious that glasses cost money and the notion was sinning sinfully wasteful, and in fact, when he did confess, Bob's first impulse was to grow angry. Then he remembered.

When he himself was a boy, back in Van Buren, his father had never permitted an argument. Mr. Burns was always right, because he was older; it was inconceivable to him that a little boy could have any sensible ideas. Once Bob had nearly cut the tip of his finger off. It dangled there like the flap of an envelope, and he still has the scar. He bandaged it up and said nothing, but during the night it began to throb and he went into his parent room, scared and unhappy. His father, without looking at the finger, said, "You're making a big hullabaloo about nothing. Why, I could cut my whole hand off and never cry."

Bob, in his pain and fright, said, "Aw, that's what you say!" And his father, in a sudden burst of anger at his impudence, tried to slap him. Bob ducked and ran—and kept on running. He didn't go back to Van Buren for two years.

He determined his irritation over the broken glasses, and he realized that the important thing was not the glasses at all, but the fear in Bob's face when he confessed.

LISTEN, son," he said, "when you lose your glasses or break them carelessly, you may be pointed at and scolded by three other things: 1. I don't like it much. But when you break them playing, that's something you can't help. To show you how much I care about these glasses, I'll make a date with you. Every afternoon about four o'clock, we'll go up to the hill and watch the sun. And just about the time it goes down I'll take a rock and break your glasses. Then you can say to yourself, 'I might as well have broken them playing, because now they're broken anyhow.'"

It was one of the few times Bob has ever kissed his father.

The boy has never forgotten what his father said, up there on the summit of Mt. Lowe. "I guess we'll just have to look out for you," he said. "You see, carrying out his part of the bargain. He worries about old Bob and his work as much as if he were the father.

Since Bob began writing a daily newspaper column, he is busy all week long, and seldom goes out of the house at night. But because the boy knows his father is under a severe nervous strain, on Thursdays, the day of his Kraft Music Hall broadcast, he insists that after the broadcast Bob must go out and enjoy himself. That's his night out, and young Bob complains if he comes home too early.

There is a beautiful relationship, one seldom possible under ordinary circumstances between boy and man. It would not be possible for them, except that each feels the need to make up to the other for that which both have lost.

And yet—not quite lost. There is something of Betty Burns still in that modest little huneglow; for they are seeing as she would have wished them to.

There is only one other thing to tell. It explains why there is no picture of Bob, and his father, and his cow, and Betty Burns always wanted to keep her self and the boy in the background, and the first days of Bob's radio career, she steadfastly refused to allow the publication of any pictures of either of them. Perhaps I could have persuaded Bob, now that she is dead, to let me have a picture of the boy. But I didn't want to. He is carrying out her wishes in so many things. Let him carry them out in this, too.
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*Sunday

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STATIONS
Every FRIDAY Night

Beauty’s Place in the Sun

(Continued from page 50)

sun-bathing is a cult and beauty is a hobby. That is why I went to see the loveliest girls in radio, who spend their leisure hours in the sunshine of the California beaches, for their summer beauty secrets.

Joy Hodges, for instance, the charming vocalist on the Joe Penner air show, has a word of caution to offer. She warns, "Unless I am going through the very early stages of tanning (by which I mean a daily sun-shower of no more than five to fifteen minutes), I try to wear a cap or even some sort of bandanna over my hair. The California sun is usually too intense to risk drying out the scalp with an over-dose of ultraviolet. I'd be very grateful to anyone who'd create a hair-preparation that would act as a sort of protective covering." So far, I've found a slight darkening with chilled olive oil, just before going to the beach, is rather effective. Still, a scented oil of some sort would be more fun to use.

PENNY GILL, "secretary" to Presley Jack Oake of radio's mythical Oakie College, urges the tan-seeker to do her own sun-bathing near a convenient shelter of some sort so that, at the first danger-signal of too-much tan, she can scoot under cover. "Another thing," she adds, "don't have so much of a lark romping around on the sand that you forget what a strain the sun glare may be on your eyes. If you've got to that grand stage of tan where you've just the right permanent bronze for you, don't get too brave. Sun glasses are so easily available, why not take advantage of their defense against the reflected glare from white sand or wave tips? Are you going to spend a whole day at the beach?

Not everyone can achieve that "permanent bronzing." To tell the truth, it's darned unbecoming to some of us. For instance, the person with too-pale eyes should avoid a too-deep tan just as assiduously as the girl whose delicate skin can't stand too much "weathering." Of greatest importance, also, are the reliable remedies for preventing or removing freckles. These are preparations to protect the skin and permit plenty of playtime on the beach without to achieve a rigid mahogany coloring. Most of us, however, like Martha Raye, can afford to use the splendid oils and lotions which allow the sun's rays to affect the coloring of our complexities without injuring the texture.

"What are my do's and don'ts about acquiring a suntan?" Martha repeated, "I haven't anything but do's! I like sun any time and all the time, and I take my brother's word for it that women look more attractive even when they're a bit too red from scorrping about in the sun! Plenty of oil so that the skin doesn't scorch, and you can be one of those girls who can take her sun or leave it alone. Personally, I take it.

Lately, she's been able to combine her fun-in-the-sun with her work on Al Jolson's broadcast series, since AI decided to remodel the Junior Jolson's nursery and make a rehearsal room of it. As the weather grows warmer, they'll undoubtedly have open-air rehearsals on Al's lovely estate.

It was Gertrude Niesen who brought up one very important matter. She firmly believes that a place in the sun is the only right one for any girl who wants to look her best during warm weather, but no one realizes better than she how hard it is for the city girl to find that place in the sun.

"It's easy enough," she observed, "for the girls who are in Hollywood the year around to get their proper shade of tan, whether it's the pale coppery shade becoming to blonde those with deeper amber tones for the brunette, but what about the young lady who is a 'city child?"

You was a New Yorker long enough to realize the difficulties of living in town through the summer and yet attaining the healthy bronze that has become almost universally popular. Those of us in position to make use of a sunroof of our own, of course, have the easy way out. But, at that, there's more to this sunning process than just laying around in the open.

Gertrude advises the aspiring sun-worshipper to experiment with several different types of cosmetic oils before deciding which one is best for your individual skin texture. All four of these sun-wise girls agreed that there were two fundamental rules to follow in exposing yourself to the sun: Use your beach oil generously, and be sure to start out gradually, spending a longer period in the sunlight each time.

"Even if it's only fifteen minutes a day," says Martha, "get out and get under the sun somewhere and somehow every day, not just every time you happen to think of it. There are many clubs in New York, and other cities, equipped with sun- roofs. Ordinarily they are available at a modest rate, and really Old Sol can be just as warm and health-giving on top of a roof as he is on a sandy beach!"

Unless you live in a summer paradise the whole year round, you'll probably take a real hot weather hit if you would like to know what new beauty preparations to take with you. There are fully equipped beach bags, other gay ones without fittings, new shades in cosmetics and nail polishes, the latest developments in summer colognes and soothing ointments and, perhaps, most interesting of all, an effective waterproof cream to cover up blemishes, either permanent or temporary. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request for the summer beauty leaflet, to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.
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