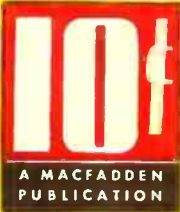


THE THREAT TO THE QUINTS' HAPPINESS
A Startling Revelation From Dr. Dafoe

Radio MIRROR

NOVEMBER



FRED ASTAIRE by Tchetchet

THE NEW LOVE IN RUDY VALLEE'S LIFE
Win Cash Prizes In The FIBBER McGEE Limerick Contest

Your lips

AS HE DESIRES THEM.



HE 8690
.R16

savagely red
warmly moist
tenderly soft . . .

When lips are a Savage red, the spirit of jungle adventure prevails . . . and hearts too easily are caused to skip a beat! For, the five Savage reds were purposely created to be exciting. And they are!

But, it's folly for lips to tempt unless their caress proves warm, moist and tender. So . . . Savage Lipstick also *softens* lips . . . makes them softer even than Nature does; assurance that Savage lips will always fulfill the promise their Savage color makes.

And Savage is really permanent, too. It clings savagely . . . as long as lips are wished to lure . . . and longer. None other is like Savage! Select from these five truly adventurous shades of red.

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL
BLUSH • JUNGLE

AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

20¢

PERMANENT LIPSTICK BY



SAVAGE



“How about a week from Thursday?”

Her phone was always ringing . . . would she like to see this? . . . would she like to go there? . . . could she plan for the weekend? She was easily the most popular girl in town. And the funny part of it is that less than a year before she would have been hard put to it to get a man to take her anywhere. More fortunate than many girls who go blindly on wondering why they are seldom invited out, she had found the source of her trouble and quickly corrected it with the surest means at her command.

It's the Whispers That Hurt

Let it be whispered about a girl that she has halitosis (bad breath) and, socially speaking, her goose is cooked. And people, being what they are, do whisper.

You yourself never know when your breath is bad—and bad it occasionally must be because

of modern methods of eating and drinking. Consequently, you must ever be on guard against offending.

Be Sure—Be Safe

There has always been one product especially fitted to correct halitosis promptly and safely. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they failed to meet the standard requirements of an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated. Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked deodorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens—

Listerine's Four Benefits

- (1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas

on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

If you like
Listerine Antiseptic,
chances are you'll like
Listerine Tooth Paste.
162 brushings in the big,
double-size tube, 40¢.
Regular size, 25¢.

11 (11) 26 Jy 37

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COMING IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE

On Sale October 23



RADIO MIRROR welcomes back Helen Hayes to the air with a stunning portrait of her on the cover and a fictionization of the serial in which she is to star . . . also, the stirring story that's behind Goodwill Court, radio's newest human interest show.

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COVER

—PORTRAIT OF FRED ASTAIRE
 BY TCHETCHET

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reflections in the radio mirror

by

Fred R. Sammis

THE story of how Goodwill Court went from local station WMCA to NBC's coast to coast network is the significant story of the brief but bitter struggle of one man and his dreams against a corporation's policies.

I want to tell it because it seems to me to answer the many liberals in the listening audience who ask: "Will commercial broadcasting ever let down the bars against discussion of life's most urgent problems?"

When Chase and Sanborn signed Goodwill Court to take the place of the Major Bowes amateur program, it created an immediate and perplexing problem for NBC. The problem was to make Goodwill Court as emotional and dramatic a program as ever went on the air, and make it over to conform with NBC needs.

As a broadcast over a local station, it had included a number of sex problems. You know, if you have heard it, how it brings people from all walks of life to the microphone, how these people state their case and hear an acting New York magistrate give them a legal answer. Many of these cases were based on such sex problems as adultery, illegitimacy, unfaithfulness—necessarily so, since so many human woes spring from these sources. It was NBC's job to bar such cases and yet retain the show's immense listener appeal.

The day I lunched with Lenox Riley Lohr, president of the National Broadcasting Company, I asked him what they would do about Goodwill Court.

"Allow nothing on it that wouldn't be proper for every member of the family to hear," he replied, referring to the yardstick by which broadcasters have always determined a program's morals.

I asked him if he thought this would cut down the program's popularity.

"No," he answered, "there are other aspects of life which are just as interesting as the ones we must keep off this program. Our restriction will only lead to greater diversification."

A. L. Alexander who created Goodwill Court and who directs every phase of it, opposed this view. In Goodwill Court he saw a boyhood dream grow to reality. He has the fire and ideals of the born crusader, and in his heart burns a hot resentment, fanned by the pitiful letters he receives from listeners, against the present marriage laws.

One of the greatest satisfactions he derived from his program was the chance to get advice to the weary and poverty stricken who found themselves hopelessly caught up in the choking web of marriage law. He knew that if he gave NBC its way and swept his program clean of the taboo subjects—illegitimacy, adultery, unfaithfulness—he would have to refuse help to a large number of people who cried to him for guidance.

So he argued, but NBC had its ruling, the sponsor had no boyhood dream to lose, and Alexander inevitably bowed down to circumstance. NBC is sure its ruling is fair and correct. It says that you would not tolerate such subjects on its stations.

I would like to know—and I am sure Mr. Alexander would like to know—how you really feel. Do you want radio to taboo discussions of these urgent life problems? Or would you prefer to hear them discussed by authorities whose viewpoints represent the laws of the country?

WHERE TO TUNE THEM IN

This Fall

BECAUSE so many programs have changed time, network, and even stars for the new season and so many stars have come back either for different sponsors or on different broadcasts, we've made up the following list of the shows on which changes have been made. By a little study, you'll be able to find out where to tune in favorites who took a summer vacation or who found them-

selves new hours. The stars or programs—as the case may be—are listed here alphabetically. The times given are Eastern Standard. Every possible effort was made to present accurate, up-to-the-minute information.

- FRED ALLEN on Town Hall Tonight—Wednesday night from 9:00 to 10:00—NBC Red network.
- FRED ASTAIRE on Variety Show—Tuesday night from 9:30 to 10:30—NBC Red network.
- ATLANTIC FAMILY PROGRAM—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday at 7:15 P.M.—CBS network.
- BACKSTAGE WIFE—Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. from 11:15 to 11:30 A.M.—NBC Red network.
- PHIL BAKER & Hal Kemp's Orchestra—Sunday night from 7:30 to 8:00—CBS network.
- JACK BENNY & Mary Livingstone—Sunday night from 7:00 to 7:30—NBC Red network.
- MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Thursday night from 9:00 to 10:00—CBS network.
- EDDIE CANTOR'S VARIETY SHOW—Sunday night from 8:30 to 9:00—CBS network.
- THE CARBORUNDUM BAND PROGRAM—Saturday night from 7:30 to 8:00—CBS network.
- DR. DAFOE—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 11:45 to 12:00 noon—CBS network.
- DEATH VALLEY DAYS PROGRAM—Friday night from 8:30 to 9:00—NBC Blue network.
- NELSON EDDY & Pasternack Orchestra—Sunday night from 8:00 to 8:30—CBS network.
- VOICE OF FIRESTONE PROGRAM—Monday night from 8:30 to 9:00—NBC Red network.
- THE FIRST NIGHTER PROGRAM—Friday night from 10:00 to 10:30—NBC Red network.
- FLOYD GIBBONS & Vincent Lopez—Saturday night from 9:00 to 9:30—CBS network.
- FORD HOUR with Victor Kolar—Sunday night from 9:00 to 10:00—CBS network.
- GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONIC HOUR—Sunday night from 10:00 to 11:00—NBC Red network.
- THE GOODWILL COURT PROGRAM—Sunday night from 8:00 to 9:00—NBC Red network.
- GRAND HOTEL DRAMATIC SKETCHES—Sunday from 3:30 to 4:00 P.M.—NBC Red network.
- HELEN HAYES, Dramatic Program—Monday night from 8:00 to 8:30—NBC Blue network.
- HOW TO BE CHARMING—Mon. Wed. Fri. from 11:30 to 11:45 A.M.—NBC Red network.
- THE WARDEN LAWES PROGRAM—Monday night from 9:30 to 10:00—NBC Blue network.
- TED MALONE—Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. from 12:15 to 12:30 P.M.—CBS network.
- MARY MARLIN—Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. from 12:15 to 12:30 P.M.—NBC Red network.
- NATIONAL FARM & HOME HOUR—Mon. through Sat. from 12:30 to 1:30—NBC Blue network.
- JOE PENNER'S New Comedy Program—Sunday night from 6:00 to 6:30—CBS network.
- PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY PROGRAM—Sunday afternoon from 2:00 to 2:45—CBS network.
- REAL SILK HOSIERY PROGRAM—Sunday night from 10:00 to 10:30—NBC Blue network.
- RIPLEY'S Believe It Or Not—Sunday night from 7:30 to 8:00—NBC Blue network.
- RUBINOFF, Jan Peerce, Virginia Rea—Sunday night from 6:30 to 7:00—CBS network.
- SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. from 2:15 to 2:45—CBS network.
- KATE SMITH'S A. & P. Variety Hour—Thursday night from 8:00 to 9:00—CBS network.
- MARION TALLEY, Joseph Koestner—Sunday from 5:00 to 5:30 P.M.—NBC Blue network.
- WALTER WINCHELL'S JERGENS JOURNAL—Sunday night from 9:00 to 9:15—NBC Blue network.



Your VOICE!

We build, strengthen the vocal organ—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises . . . and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100% . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. No literature sent to anyone under 17 years unless signed by parent.

100% Improvement Guaranteed!

WE give you a written guarantee that we can improve your singing or speaking voice 100% or our complete course in physical voice culture doesn't cost you a penny. You are the sole judge of the results. This is the most drastic guarantee ever given by any voice instructor. We will prove to your satisfaction that we can bring out—a new quality—a new power and force to *your voice*.

We make this guarantee because of our remarkable success for the last 20 years with this method. We have received testimonials of appreciation from students from all parts of the world. These testimonials reproduced here are only a few of thousands of students who have reported remarkable improvement.

"I have studied voice for 15 years. Have received more from you in 9 lessons than I did in the whole 15

years previous study with others." J. W. Malone, North Adams, Mass. Pompeo Tomasini, a famous Italian tenor writes, "I heartily endorse your Silent Method of Voice Training . . . it restored my voice after other methods failed. The first lessons brought amazing results." S. E. Martin of Rusk, Texas, writes, "I could not speak above a whisper, but now my voice is normal and is developing into a good singing voice."



In the shaded area is shown the tone passage. Lining the walls of this passage are the muscles of the tongue, palate and throat which control the volume and strength of the voice.

"People who used to laugh at me because I stammered are the ones I can laugh at now . . . thanks to you and your course," says Samuel Bryson of Chadron, Texas. . . .

O. M. Rennie says, "I had a very poor voice, always nervous and short of breath . . . that is gone now. I am only a student, yet I could stop right now and still be repaired 100%".

This famous Method of physical voice culture is based on the elementary principle of strengthening the throat and tongue muscles by silent physical exercises. In the big free 96-page book which we send you without cost, we explain what these muscles are — how they function in the singing and speaking voice and how you can strengthen and control them to improve *YOUR voice*.

Free Book

without cost or obligation

No matter how hopeless your case may seem—send at once for Free 96-page voice book. It will be mailed without cost or obligation to any serious-minded adult. Get the complete facts of what we can do to assist you by this world famous Perfect Voice method. In this book we give you the same priceless facts that we have given operatic stars and noted public speakers. Get this book NOW.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE
Studio 7918, 64 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.



Mail Coupon - NOW!

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE,
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Please send me FREE, and without obligation, your book, "Physical Voice Culture". I have checked subject in which I am most interested.

Weak Voice Singing Stammering Speaking

Name

Address

City..... State..... Age.....



what's new on radio row

By JAY PETERS

WITH a yoicks, a tally-ho, and a bubbabubboo, Bing Crosby has at last gone in for horse raising (and racing) seriously. For more than a year it has been his favorite hobby, but now it's a business, and a big-scale one. He's president and organizer of a new race track at Del Mar, on the ocean front near Hollywood. Not only that but he owns a stable of twelve fine mares, eight of whom are expecting blessed events within the next year. Associated with him in the Del Mar project are Gary Cooper, Pat O'Brien, William Le Baron, the producer, and some other movie names.

Bing went out to the site of the new

TALES TOLD OUT OF RADIO'S SCHOOL BY A REPORTER WITH AN EAR TO THE GROUND

Left below, publisher Bernarr Macfadden, who is broadcasting every Tuesday night at 10:00 p.m. on the Mutual network, in connection with his editorials in Liberty Magazine.

track when his vacation started late in August, and watched California's Governor Merriam lay the cornerstone of the grandstand of what will be the third track in Southern California.

Remember Bing's first horse, Zombie? He ran Zombie as a lark, until his friends began kidding him because "zombie" means "a resurrected corpse." Well, Zombie at last won a race, but hasn't done a thing since. When Del Mar opens, though, he'll lead the string of ponies on dedication day, with Bing up.

* * *

THE Fred Astaire program which made its bow on September 8 probably has the distinction of being the first and only program on which its star didn't do any work on the opening broadcast. The sponsors, Packard Motors, knew all along that Fred wouldn't be back from Europe in time to be on a September 8 show, but they'd scheduled a sales (Continued on page 86)

Rubinoff conducting a symphony orchestra in Chicago. He'll broadcast on CBS soon.



QUICKER-ACTING LOTION
SOFTENS ROUGH SKIN

Sooner!

(GOOD-BYE, SANDPAPER HANDS!)



IT'S FUN to be outdoors, but no kindness to your skin. Face and hands lose their niceness—get coarse, dry, and rough. Smooth them—*sooner*—with Hinds. Its precious softeners soak into skin—stay there too. Your skin wins back lasting smoothness—not just a half hour's slickness. Try Hinds in the 50c size with the new, free one-piece dispenser. Read all about it below.



BRIDE CRIES over burnt bacon, kitchen hands! So much to do—only two hands to do it with—and both those hands getting "sick and tired." Skin so dry, it's cracking. Natural softness dried out by oven-heat and soapy work! Put softness back again with Hinds. It's quicker-acting—not watery. Every creamy drop does good!



(left) SOFT HANDS are sweet music to his eager touch. Keep yours in the very-much-wanted class—by using Hinds. It isn't watery. Every rich, creamy drop works better—softening and whitening dry, red skin.



IN HOT WATER and out—all day long. Hands pucker up, chap and crack. Put softness back into your hands with Hinds. Its precious lubricants soak into dry abused skin, restoring natural smoothness—not just a surface slickness. Hands freshen up with a sweet smell, a cool soft look. Use Hinds regularly. It's *creamy*—not watery. Every drop works!



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

The new perfect 1-piece lotion dispenser! Free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle! Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

Copyright, 1936, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

DETROIT: Six years ago Jerry Buckley, WMBC vice-crusading commentator, was murdered, apparently by gangsters. The assassins have never been apprehended, but as this is being written, the crime at last seems to be nearing solution.

Police believe that with the surrender here of Leonard (Black Leo) Cellura, who has been sought all those years, the truth of the case will be brought out. Though admitting no connection with the killing and, in fact, claiming to have been a good friend of Buckley, Cellura promises to clear up the mystery during the trial which may already be under way as you read this.

Cellura has also been wanted for questioning in connection with a Chicago murder.

San Francisco: The second child to be born into the cast of One Man's Family came into the world not long ago under circumstances which should mark him as a real radio trouper. He is Garrick Holmes, first-born son of Kathleen Wilson who plays Claudia Barbour, and was

born during one of the Sunday night (Pacific Coast) broadcasts. When the cast emerged from the studio, the youngster was about ten minutes old.

The first baby to be born into the Barbour family circle is Berwin Brooks Berlin, now nearly two years old. He is the son of Bernice Berwin, who plays Hazel.

Philadelphia: Helen Barrett, WCAU vocalist, is scheduled to marry Pete Woolery, radio and night club tenor, sometime in September.

Chicago: It's great to be popular, but not too popular. Popularity provides John Harrington of WBBM with plenty of trouble. When he conducts his Tenth Inning interviews beneath the stands of Wrigley Field and Comiskey Park, three ushers are needed to hold back the admiring crowd. Baseball fans, in their mad battle to get to the microphone and say "Hello, mom," or whatever it is they want to say, have already ruined two of Harrington's

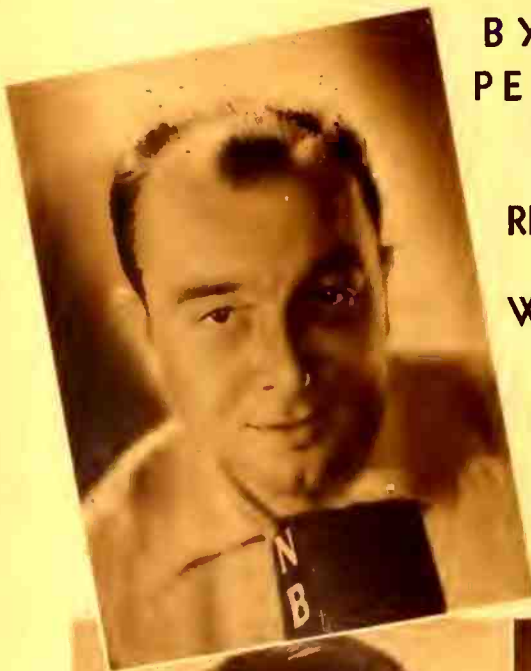
BY JEAN PELLETIER

READ ALL THE NEWS ABOUT YOUR LOCAL STARS

WHETHER THEY'RE FROM MAINE OR CALIFORNIA

Left, Josef Koestner, conductor on Marion Talley's show, is one of NBC's veteran music masters. Eleanor Harriott, at left below, always plays Ruby Taylor in Amos 'n' Andy's Christmas broadcasts.

Nancy Clancy, left below, is WMCA's Radio Colleen, in New York City. Below is Sidney Slon, young WLW actor, heard as the Old Timer on the Life of Mary Sothern drama series.



suits. One of the more astute and light-fingered made off with his wallet containing a twenty-dollar bill.

* * *

Los Angeles: Word of two deaths in the radio world reached New York too late for recording last month.

George Damerel, former husband of Myrt, of Myrt and Marge, died here of stroke. With him were his daughter, Donna Damerel Kretzinger, and his son, George Damerel, Jr. Donna plays Marge in the series. Myrt's romance with Damerel began when they were troupng together in "The Merry Widow," he as the leading man and she as a chorus girl. For a long time afterward, they headlined together in musical comedy and vaudeville.

* * *

San Francisco: The radio and musical world here strongly feels the loss of Emil Polak, orchestra conductor and vocal supervisor of the NBC studios here. At seventeen, Polak, a New York born boy, was conducting the orchestra of the Prague Opera. It was the beginning of a brilliant career which finally led to his connection with NBC, a position which he held until his death.

* * *

Chicago: Sunday stay-at-homes who've been kicking themselves all day for not getting into their cars and hitting the open road, can now warm the cockles of their hearts by listening to the weekly broadcasts from a TWA skyliner by Chief Lester J. Laird of the sheriff's county highway police. From his aerial perch Chief Laird is attempting to unsnarl Sunday night traffic jams on Cook County's 1,500 miles of arterial highways. Of chief importance, of course, will be the quarter hour broadcast beginning at 7:00 P. M., EST, which will be of assistance to motorists owning auto radios. Many of them, under his direction, will be able to find swifter and surer ways home.

After his first test flight, Laird said he had little difficulty in observing progress of individual cars from a safe altitude of 3,500 feet.

* * *

Hollywood: Latest instrumental recruits for radio from the films include Dick Hartman and his Tennessee Ramblers, hill billy band of Charlotte, N. C.'s WBT, and Milton Charles, organist of Chicago's WBBM. Both have been engaged to make a series of shorts.

* * *

THIS CHANGING WORLD OF RADIO

Nashville: Station WSM has made application to the Federal Communications Commission to boost its power from fifty to 500,000 watts.

Baltimore: Out on the north side of town, a new transmitter tower for WCBM, is beginning to raise its graceful form. By (Continued on page 74)

What are the 8 "MUSTS" doctors demand of a laxative?



YOUR doctor's deepest concern is your health. And any medicinal product even remotely connected with your health assumes great importance in his mind.

You will discover, for instance, that physicians have a definite standard of requirements for a laxative before giving it their approval. Read these 8 points carefully. They are very important.

WHAT DOCTORS REQUIRE OF A LAXATIVE:

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

EX-LAX MEETS THE DOCTOR'S REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. Not merely on one or two. But on *all* the points that the medical profession includes in its code. You can have no better proof of the confidence Ex-Lax enjoys than the fact that many physicians use it in their own homes.

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

For over 30 years mothers and grandmothers have given Ex-Lax to their children. Why? . . . Because the very qualities that make Ex-Lax an ideal laxative for you are *doubly* important to a child's welfare. Ex-Lax has proved so satisfactory in millions of cases that it has become the largest-selling laxative in the world.

CHECK THE DOCTOR'S FINDINGS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative, and you will see how right the doctor is. For Ex-Lax *is* mild and gentle. It works thoroughly, but without the slightest discomfort. You'll experience no stomach pains, no nausea, no weak "dragged down" feeling. And Ex-Lax will *not* form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate . . . so different from harsh, nasty-tasting cathartics. It's the perfect laxative for all—children and grown-ups alike. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

--- TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE! ---
 (Paste this on a penny postcard)
 Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-116
 Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name

Address

City..... AGE.....
 (If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

THANKSGIVING is holiday time, with parties and refreshments planned and prepared, in many cases, by a harassed hostess who hasn't had time to catch her breath since serving the turkey and fixins', and too tired to enjoy the festivities when her guests arrive.

This year, why not make your party a different one, with refreshments that can be prepared in advance with a minimum of last minute preparations? In other words, why not take a tip from Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette, those crazy comics who have been pinch-hitting all summer for Jack Benny?

"Tim and I are crazy about parties with lots of guests and lots of food," Irene told me, "but busy as we are on the air and with movies, and with only a small apartment hotel kitchen, we have to use a stagger system in our preparations—get the bulk of the food ready in advance so that we'll have free space and time for serving.

"The easiest menus I know of for this kind of entertaining are the Mexican and Italian dishes we used to serve in California. Out there parties were usually community affairs; two or three girls would plan a party together, each one preparing at home some special dish which could be reheated before serving, but here in New York I usually do the whole thing alone and concentrate on one or two recipes.

"Of course when you mention Mexican food everyone thinks of chili con carne. Everybody likes it and you can

DO YOU LIKE TO GIVE PARTIES BUT NEVER HAVE TIME TO PREPARE THE FOOD? THESE MADCAPS CAN MAKE YOUR PROBLEM SIMPLE

start your party with a chili dinner, or serve it late at night. We usually have a buffet supper, with large bowls of chili and green salad—my favorite food at any and all times—perhaps a tamale loaf, French bread—which must be piping hot—and of course pickles, olives and loads of coffee.

"I've used this recipe for years and we never get tired of it."

CHILI CON CARNE

- 2 lbs lean beef, chopped small but not ground
- 1 lb. chili (red) beans
- 1 large can tomatoes
- 3 large onions
- 1 large clove garlic
- 1 large bottle chili powder
- 1 tablespoon cumin seed

Soak the beans over night. The following morning drain them and run fresh cold water through the colander. Chop the onions and garlic fine and sautee until tender in olive

oil, then add the chopped beef and sautee all together for about an hour. Brown the cumin seed in the oven and roll it into a powder. Add tomatoes, beans, chili powder and cumin seed to the cooking meat, bring to a boil and simmer for about ten hours, adding more tomato juice if the mixture gets too dry. When the mixture has simmered for about an hour, add salt and pepper to taste. (Serves twenty).

Irene suggests tamale loaf because it is easier to prepare than the individual corn husk wrapped tamales so popular in Mexico and the Southwest.

"Though some people prefer chicken tamales," Irene said, "Tim and I prefer beef, so I usually plan to have a roast of beef
(Continued on page 106)

MEXICAN Menus from TIM AND IRENE

Photo made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by William Haussler



By MRS.
MARGARET
SIMPSON

Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette admit a green salad is just about tops in the food line as far as they're concerned. It also goes perfectly with the Mexican dishes described in the article. See page 52 for their Jell-O show time.

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

WONDER SHOW. Mutual's first full-hour sponsored show is appropriately named—you keep wondering why you don't like it better. It's a swell idea—old-fashioned melodramas like "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," played to the hilt by a good cast and sandwiched in between community singing directed by Ken Christie. But it's a hiss-and-miss show. At least I can't see it. Maybe that's the trouble—perhaps it should be seen and not heard. But a good comedy writer might do wonders with it.

MBS, Sun., 9:00 P. M., 60 min.

COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL PRESENTS outstanding pianists, a different one each week. Autumn seems to be the classical season as far as radio is concerned. Personally, I sometimes crave a little lighter early Fall musical refreshment, but try and find some among all the fugues and suites. However, I can take piano performances of this calibre any time of year.

CBS, Mon., 3:30 P. M., 30 min.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, the youthful violin virtuoso, and his accompanist, Bela Roza, are one of Mutual's contributions to the serious summer cycle, and a very attractive one. No windy biographies of composers—the announcer takes for granted that you know who Grieg and Brahms were, and that you're more interested in hearing the sonatas than knowing whether they were written because the rent was due.

MBS, Sun., 2:30 P. M., 30 min.

LARRY VINCENT. A filler program that isn't unusual. Vincent sings, plays his own accompaniment and makes the announcements. He may also do his own listening, which would make it a self-sufficient one-man show.

CBS, Thurs., 9:30 A. M. Sat., 12 Noon, 15 min.

JIMMY FARRELL AND THE RHYTHMAIRES. Kate Smith's protégé and the Rhythmairs have each had their own programs and the combination is probably just an autumn bargain, but is appetizing enough to keep on the menu.

CBS, Tues., 5 P. M. Thurs., 10:45 P. M. Fri., 1:30 P. M., 15 min.

POPEYE THE SAILOR. Amazingly enough, America's Hero No. 1 has retained his unique brand of insanity in the transition from cartoons to radio—the voices practically duplicate those weird noises which the animated cartoons emit, and the one-eyed sailor's individual vocabulary hasn't been tampered with. But of course, his breakfast food sponsors have their own idea of the world's supreme "Muskle-Builder" and it's no longer the spinach that Popeye reaches for when he has a super-human feat to perform.

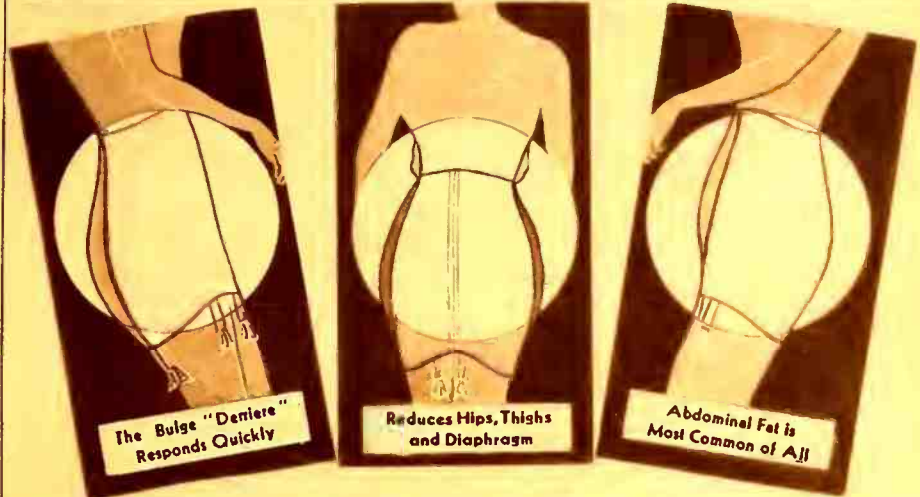
CBS, Mon., Wed., Fri. 7:15 P. M. 15 min.

MARGARET SPEAKS' soprano voice, mounted in a microphone, is a gem of first quality. And when the setting is also lavishly studded with William Daly's Symphony Orchestra and Choral Group, you really have something to keep in the safe. Don't forget the combination—turn the dial to—

NBC., Mon., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

"Quickly CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES...IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!



If You Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

with the Perfolastic Girdle

... it will cost you nothing!

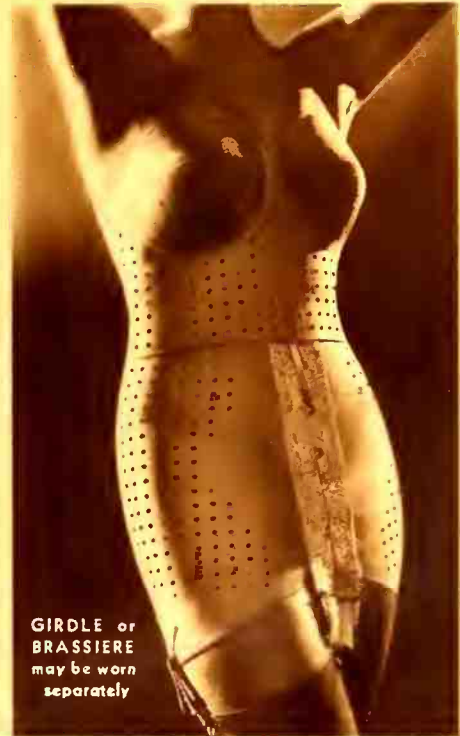
THOUSANDS of women owe their slim, youthful figures to this sure, safe method of reducing. No strenuous exercises to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness!

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ You not only appear inches slimmer the moment you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, but every second you wear them, you are actually reducing without any effort on your part—and at just those spots where surplus fat first accumulates.

Past results prove that we are justified in making you this remarkable offer. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days at our expense and prove to yourself what they will do for YOU!

"REDUCED MY HIPS 12 INCHES," ^{Writes Miss Richardson} "Lost 60 pounds," says Mrs. Derr. "Used to wear size 42—now take size 18," writes Mrs. Faust. These are just a few examples of the astounding reductions experienced by Perfolastic wearers.



GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately

TEST . . . The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense!

MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY!

■ With every move you make the massage-like action takes off unwanted inches. You do nothing except watch the fat disappear. All the while you are so comfortable you can hardly believe you are actually reducing. Because of the perforations and soft, silky lining, Perfolastic is delightful to wear.

REDUCE



SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women told in this FREE BOOKLET. You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test at OUR expense. Mail the coupon NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 2811, 41 East 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

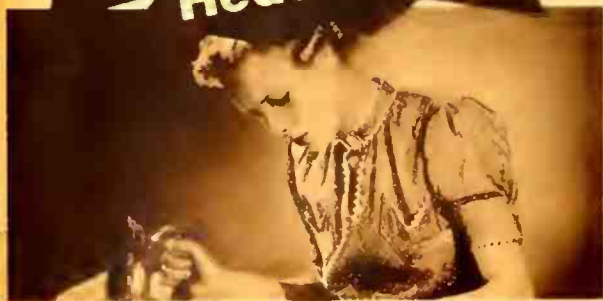
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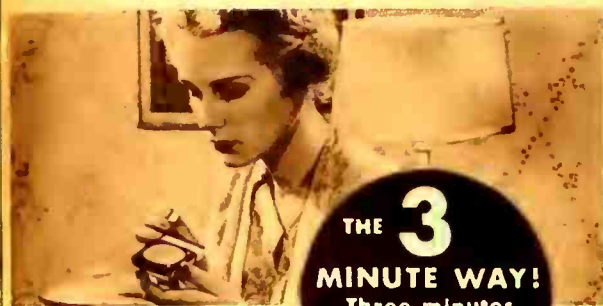
City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.

Another splitting Headache



● Feel dizzy, headachy? Skin sallow and inclined to break out? These may be signs that the system needs clearing out. Millions now enjoy freedom from the misery of constipation. For an ideal laxative has been found—a dainty white mint-flavored tablet. Its name is FEEN-A-MINT.



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

● Just chew FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative that comes in delicious chewing gum. Chew it for 3 minutes—longer if you like. The chewing makes the difference! FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed r-e-l-i-e-f. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Non-habit-forming. Convenient. Economical.



● Again able to enjoy life! All accomplished without griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No upset stomach due to faulty elimination. No splitting constipation headache. No medicine taste. So try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—the cool, mint-flavored chewing-gum laxative that is winning thousands of new users daily.



Family-sized boxes only
15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

WRITE A LETTER ON YOUR RADIO GROUCH OR GRIN AND WIN PRIZE MONEY WITH IT

YOU'VE been listening to network radio programs for nearly ten years. On November 15, 1926, NBC sent out its first program over a chain of stations. Since then you've watched radio grow into a mighty institution. What do you think of it now, how does it compare with radio as you remember it a few years back?

If you listen in next month to the series of anniversary programs NBC has planned to show the growth of radio you'll be able to understand better some of the wonders radio can work. Here's your chance to sit down and send RADIO MIRROR your views.

The best letter receives \$20.00, the second best \$10.00 and there are \$1.00 prizes for the next five selected. Address your letter to the editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. not later than October 26.

\$20.00 PRIZE

GIVE US THE "HORROR" ELEMENT

Why is it that parents object to the "horror" element in children's programs when most of us boys and girls like the "horror" programs?

I am a boy twelve years of age. I have been sitting by for two long years listening to the parents object about the horror element in children's programs. I think the children should be allowed to settle the question. We, not the parents, listen to these programs. The children's programs that have had the horror element taken out of them are silly, sickening and uninteresting.

Oh, well, we can still hear the horror element in the programs for the parents.

JAMES GREENWOOD,
Boswell, Oklahoma.

\$10.00 PRIZE

WHY KILL THE AIR CHARACTERS?

Why is it that characters on continued programs sometimes get killed or die? Real life is filled with enough sorrow without it entering our favorite radio programs. Sometimes the character is one we have grown to love very much, and it would make one feel so much happier if he could only leave

the program some other way. I would favor an understudy taking the part, if for any reason someone has to leave a program.

MRS. FRANK ISAACS,
Akron, Ohio.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WANTED—LIGHT OPERAS

No matter where you turn on your radio you hear jazz in every way, shape and form. About the middle of this year not long after the Palmolive players went over to the Columbia network, they changed their whole type of program from the fine music of the light operas with such fine voices as James Melton, Helen Jepson, Josephine Antoin and others, to another form of jazz.

Many people regret the loss of this type of program and long to see either that or something very similar take its place.

LENA BARBERA,
Port Chester, New York.

Back from war-torn Spain, world traveler, Floyd Gibbons, will tell about it over CBS every Saturday at nine.

Wide World



\$1.00 PRIZE

IN APPRECIATION

The Voice of Experience is our favorite program. No one on the air has helped us like he has nor meant so much to us.

You see, we had reached the parting of our ways after twelve years of married life. We could see no solution for our troubles and the more we tried to solve them, it seemed the more bitter we became towards each other. Finally, we decided to lay our problem before the Voice of Experience and ask him what we should do.

His solution of our problem was so simple, so wise and so helpful that it has worked marvelously and we have saved our marriage and our home, and today, three years after, we are happy and prosperous.

MR. & MRS. C. W. R.,
Parkersburg, West, Va.

\$1.00 PRIZE

RADIO TALENT VS. MOVIE TALENT

I'm not a person that is forever finding fault with the various radio programs, because from such a variety of entertainment I find it very easy to twist the dial to something that interests me or suits my mood at the time.

However, I'm sure there must be lots of folks, like myself, who would be glad to hear once again some of yesterday's performers, instead of a parade of new talent all the time, especially movie talent. Not that I don't get a thrill hearing my favorite star in an ether presentation, but after all that's what I go to the theater for—to see and hear them.

Then, too, they have attained their fame and glory, and are keeping many a radio personality from getting the breaks that perhaps might make him or her tops, too.

MRS. GRACE LOGAN,
Elmer, N. J.

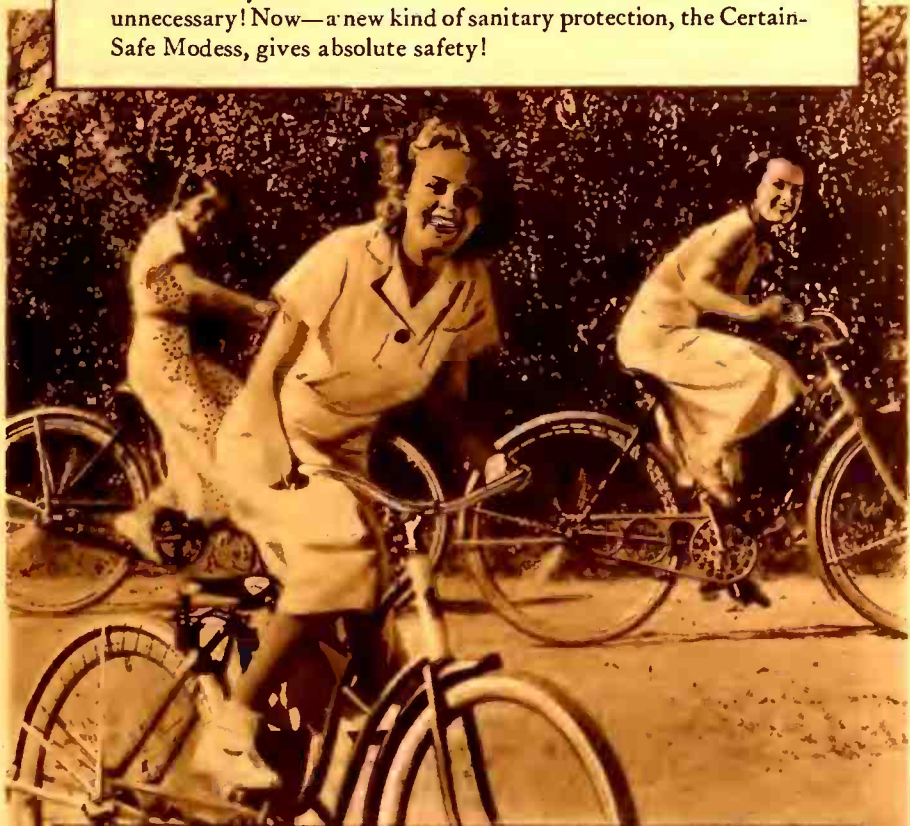
\$1.00 PRIZE

VOX POP HAS A "KICK"

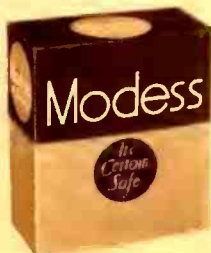
Kindly allow me to give my judgment of a program which is most unique and interesting. It is Vox Pop. We listeners-in must accept statements made over the radio as being true, for we have no means of proving otherwise. If then, these programs are spontaneous and not pre-arranged, these young fellows are putting over something very different from the average. That they give one a good half-hour of relaxation, goes without saying. While some of the questions are commonplace, we get a "good kick" out of some of the answers. One good example is what happened recently. A young miss did not know from what animal lamb chops came, (Continued on page 93)



WHY DOES SHE HESITATE? That fear of embarrassment that makes a woman worry . . . offer excuses . . . refuse invitations . . . is so unnecessary! Now—a new kind of sanitary protection, the Certain-Safe Modess, gives absolute safety!



PEACE OF MIND AT LAST! Experience the wonderful relief of knowing you're safe! You can—with Modess! Different from ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through*. Wear *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection and comfort are yours! Modess stays soft . . . stays safe.



End "accident panic"
ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

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

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



Ann Leaf, petite organist, is being co-starred on a new program with tenor Frank Parker. Time: Wednesday at 7:30 over NBC stations WEAf and WMAQ.



Louise Massey and her Westerners make their debut on Bar Z Ranch, the new Log Cabin syrup show, September 29—Tuesdays at 8:00 on NBC's Blue network.



Phil Lord, shown above with Anne Seymour, stars on his own program now, as Timothy Makepeace, over the NBC Network every Saturday. Anne returns in Grand Hotel, October 4.



Comedian Milton Berle gets his first big network assignment as master of ceremonies on the Gillette Community Sing, Sunday on CBS. He's guest-starred on Rudy Vallee's show.

PHIL BAKER, once more with Hal Kemp's orchestra, the Seven G's, Beetle and Bottle, returns to the air September 27 on his old CBS spot. His first two shows will be in the nature of a build-up for the new story framework which will replace the mythical "tour" of America he went on last year. Seems that Phil will inherit a newspaper, and after the second broadcast we'll listen to him playing editor. Beetle, we'd surmise, will be the printer's devil.

When **Fred Allen** comes back to his old post as chairman of Town Hall Tonight on October 7 the amateur show which makes up the latter half of the program will positively *not* be discontinued, rumors that it would be to the contrary. . . .

Anthony Abbott, beloved of mystery-story addicts, is writing the new continued detective serial which at this writing was scheduled to move into the NBC-Red network's 2:30 afternoon spot on September 25. It's to be an ultra-smart sort of mystery story, alternating laughs and thrills, a la the modern style in such matters.

Phillips Lord carries the idea of

having the public participate in radio broadcasts to its logical conclusion in a new show which had Phil himself and at least one advertising agency all excited as we went to press. It's to be called The People's Program, has been auditioned by a big sponsor, and looks like a certain bet for this fall. Here's the big idea, as outlined: People from all over the country who have something interesting to say will be invited to step to the microphone and say it. Phil himself, though he'll introduce the various people, won't pick the ones who are to go on the air. A jury of representative citizens from all walks of life will do that. As one person who saw the audition expressed it, the show will be the feature page of a newspaper, put on the air—a hodge-podge of the things that make America tick.

Captain Tim Healy is branching out this fall into the news commentating field. His spy stories are to resume on a three-a-week basis over a coast-to-coast network in the evening, and in addition, his sponsor, Ivory Soap, has him listed for five morning news broadcasts every week.

Great plans being laid by the Na-

tional Broadcasting Company for the celebration of its tenth anniversary will lead to exciting fare for you listeners-in during October and November. Here are a few of the highlights: October 3—a full hour program from New York, featuring all of NBC's biggest stars. October 10—another full hour program, picking up college glee clubs, bands, and orchestras from all over the country. October 19—announcement of the six winners in the Children's Program contest. Total prizes awarded will be \$2500. Some time in November—the grand finale of a series of international broadcasts. Two hours long, it will include four minutes from every country on the globe.

Rubinoff, who'll resume his Chevrolet broadcasts in October, has invented a collapsible violin which he uses for finger exercises to save wear and tear on his Stradivarius. It folds up so it fits into a camera case, sounds like a muted fiddle when played, and is also useful as a gag on parties. He's thinking of patenting the idea and offering it to manufacturers of musical instruments on a commercial basis.



"I hate to show up all powdery in strong light"

THE test of a powder is *strong light*. And showing too much is one of the worst faults a powder can have, the vote among 1,067 girls proved.

Pond's got twice the vote of the next-liked powder, for "not giving that powdered look." Three times the vote of the third favorite.

"Glare-proof" colors, the reason. Pond's colors are "glare-proof"—catch only the softer rays of light—can't show up "powdery" in strongest light. A special ingredient makes Pond's soft, clinging. Two other ingredients make it stay fresh looking for hours.

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



Never looks powdery—
Clings
—voted the 2 most important points in a powder

★ Try it Free
5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept. L-132, Clinton, Conn.
Please rush, free, 5 different shades of
Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of
each for a thorough 5-day test.
(This offer expires Jan. 1, 1937)

Name _____

Address _____



FROM HIS RICH STOREHOUSE OF

THE Quintuplets," Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe told me, "are the most unfortunate children in the world."

He was not smiling as he spoke. The wise, gentle old eyes behind their twinkling lenses were grave and more than a little sad. No one, I realized suddenly, knows better than he the handicap their fame will put upon those five little girls for the rest of their lives. For he himself has had a taste of the disadvantages and discomforts sudden renown brings with it.

It was on the morning before one of Dr. Dafoe's monthly broadcasts for the Carnation Milk company, and we were sitting together in his suite in Toronto's Royal York Hotel. He leaned back in an overstuffed chair, one plump leg crossed over the other, puffing away sturdily at the pipe with a curved stem, a pipe which is surely as much a part of him as his title of "the Quints' doctor."

Within five minutes after I had met him, I was glad I had made the trip to Toronto from New York—glad not only because I was hearing from his own lips his forecast of what the future holds for the Quintuplets, but personally as well. It's something of a privilege to meet Dr. Dafoe, and to feel yourself sloughing off all the doubts you may have had that an obscure general practitioner could be so abruptly catapulted into fame, and still retain his integrity, his modesty and his mental balance.

Beginning Oct. 5, Dr. Dafoe will be heard on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays over Columbia for Lysol.

Photo by Wide World

The THREAT To The

by
DAN WHEELER



KNOWLEDGE THE SAVIOR OF THE FAMOUS BABIES BRINGS A WARNING

If he had been unable to retain these qualities, he would also be unable to appreciate the tragic situation which will confront those five famous little girls, Emilie, Annette, Cecile, Marie, and Yvonne Dionne, as soon as they are old enough to understand the meaning of the shadows which daily parade past their playground. Those are the shadows of people—curious, gaping, exclaiming people. And if Dr. Dafoe did not appreciate the danger to the Quints' lives which is embodied in the curiosity of all those thousands of people, he would be a very dangerous man to be put in charge of the children's welfare.

"All their lives," he continued, "the children are going to have to buy privacy. There will be no other way they can get it. They are buying it, even now."

Go to Callander, Ontario, as I did the next day, to the farm where the babies were born, two and a half miles from the village, and you will see for yourself the truth of that statement. There are the hospital and the playground, surrounded by a formidable tall wire fence, a dormitory for the three nurses and three guards employed to care for the children, a large building containing rest rooms for visitors. For the construction of all these buildings, and for their maintenance, the Quints have paid, from the trust fund set up for them by the Canadian Government. They pay Dr. Dafoe's salary, as their medical adviser, of \$200 a month, and they pay the salaries of the nurses and the guards. They pay the \$100 a month which goes to their parents, Oliva and Elzire Dionne. They pay for the entire machine which has been established for their protection.

It has all been necessary, this expense, to control the crowds which come to Callander to see the most famous babies in the world. During the summer, when tourist traffic is at its height, an average of 5,000 people see the children every day, Dr. Dafoe told me. They see them in an orderly manner, passing single-file through a covered

gallery which runs around a courtyard where the babies play. The spectators are hidden by glass and by wire screens painted white, so that they are invisible to the Quints except as vague shadows. They're so engrossed in their play now that they are unconscious, Dr. Dafoe assured me, of anyone but the nurse who sits with them in the court. But some day one of them will look up and see those shadows—and then, I wonder, what will happen?

It's not real privacy that the Quints have bought with this elaborate system of buildings, but it is at least control. No one can touch them, and except for two hours a day, from nine-thirty to ten-thirty in the morning, and from two-thirty to three-thirty in the afternoon, no one except the nurses and Dr. Dafoe can see them.

Not only will their fame invade their privacy, as it has already done, but it will bar them from the ordinary human contacts other children the world over enjoy. This too it has done already. The Quints don't play with other children.

"We are trying to work out a plan," Dr. Dafoe said, "to give them some playmates of their own age, but it will be necessary first to make sure that whatever children are chosen are free from any contagious disease. You see, people, from the outside world hardly ever come in contact with the babies, and never unless every precaution is taken against germs. I don't see them, myself, until the day after I return from Toronto and civilization."

To you who have successfully reared children of your own, and let them romp pretty much where and when and with whom they pleased, such elaborate precautions may seem ridiculous. But consider Dr. Dafoe's position. He is responsible, in the public mind, (Continued on page 90)

QUINTS' Happiness

A Startling Revelation From Dr. Dafoe

BEAUTIFUL NIELA GOODELLE'S TAKEN ALL THE BITTERNESS FROM

RUDY VALLEE has fallen in love. When radio's Number 1 romantic figure falls a willing victim to Cupid's dart—that's news. But when he not merely falls a willing victim, but falls head over heels, topsy turvy in love with a lovely lady he met but a few weeks before—that's a headline thi-i-is big!

"If that's news, Mr. Winchell, make the most of it!"

Thus did the Fleischmann hour star-maker defy the Broadway historian to broadcast to the world that his elusive heart had been captured. A million envious females speculate wonderingly as to what manner of glamorous beauty this can be to enthrall so precipitately the Beau Ideal of the airwaves.

Niela Goodelle is afraid of love!

"I want to restore Rudy's faith in women," she whispered tremulously. "But don't ask me any more. I wouldn't want to say anything Rudy might not like to have said. Don't you understand how difficult all this is—for both of us?"

When I talked to Niela hurriedly in the dressing room at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh, long queues of curious waited to buy tickets. A new attendance mark was set that week. The patrons consisted for the most part of women and girls anxious to see the Lorelei who could lure a man who, by now, ought to be a confirmed cynic as far as love and women go.

If they sought a slinky, sloe-eyed siren, they found they were far wide of the mark. Niela is a typical, beautiful American girl. She is sweet, wholesome, talented and the one person who can restore Rudy's shattered ideals, if indeed they are ever to be restored. Niela has entered upon the task with the same thorough purposefulness she has brought to every other difficult job she ever tackled, and those who know her best will tell you that the firm little chin beneath her laughing lips is a true indication of her character.

"I wouldn't give a continental if Rudy lost every cent he has in the world—if he were no longer at the top of his profession." Her dark eyes flashed. "Of course, I know I must prove that in some way. I don't even know if Rudy feels that is true. I know no one else would. I can hear them. 'Oh, that's what they all say!' they'd scoff! But it's true, I tell you!"

It would all be so simple if Rudy had been, say, an obscure saxophone player in somebody else's band. But Rudy being Rudy complicates things so! Niela knows that.

"I'm in such a difficult position," she murmured. "I know I shouldn't even be talking to you now. Every word I say is bound to be misunderstood and I can't even blame those who will misunderstand. But I'll tell you what I'm going to do.

"I'm going straight to the top of my profession. I'm going to be a great star in my own right. It isn't selfishness



RUDY VALLEE'S

that makes me want that more than anything else in all the world. It's because then no one will ever be able to say or think, that I—that any feeling I may have for Rudy is based on the fact that he can help me professionally."

As for Rudy, he doesn't feel that Niela needs any help professionally.

"She's terrific," he exclaimed speaking of Niela's work. "She has everything it takes to go straight to the top."

And you can depend upon it that Rudy—acknowledged a peerless judge of talent—is sincere in his admiration. He does not see Niela through rose-colored glasses because she is Niela Goodelle. He sang a duet with her on the air—and he hasn't sung a duet with a girl singer since he sang one

By DOROTHY BROOKS

When Rudy introduced Niela in a guest appearance on his radio show, twenty million listeners heard him admit he was, and is, "pretty fond of her." A glance at this picture, and you can't blame him for throwing into the discard all his former ideas about love.

Rudy's sponsor is Fleischmann's Yeast. Turn to page 53, Thursday column, for the time of his NBC-Red network show.

after he'd met Niela—I talked with him once more. Never did views change so quickly!

"All I'll ever ask of a woman is beauty. I'll supply the brains. She must be a companion," he insisted in Philadelphia. But that was before he had met Niela. Later, when he returned from Texas and we talked again, he sang a different tune.

"Now what I admire so much about Niela," he insisted forcefully, "is her character. She's so sincere. She's so intelligent. And with it all, despite her ability to concentrate on her work, still she's domestic at heart."

Rudy paused and his eyes lit with pleasant memory.

"Say, let me tell you what she did," he said enthusiastically. "She and I were at a party together last Sunday afternoon. We sang duets all afternoon. When we were leaving, Niela said she'd brought something for me. She handed me a package, and what do you think was in it? A cake! And she'd baked it herself!"

"Is she a good cook?" I asked experimentally.

"Yum-m-m!" was Rudy's expressive reply.

Another fetish of Rudy's that has gone by the boards is his violent aversion to mixing love and business.

"I wouldn't care to have the woman I married a professional," he confided to me in the pre-Niela days. Yet his interest in Niela has impelled him to try and

arrange his affairs so it would be possible for him to appear in the forthcoming Lawrence Schwab production "Swing It, Susan!" in which Niela will appear on Broadway this season.

One cynical columnist, learning of that, ascribed the talk of a romance between Rudy and Niela to a facile press agent for Schwab. That was not true. That much I can state positively, for I know that when Rudy first met Niela in Texas he had not even considered appearing in any Broadway show in the immediate future.

The only apparent objection Rudy has to a professional woman, as far as Niela is concerned, would appear to be the fact that her profession takes (Continued on page 94)



Maurice Seymour

IN LOVE!

with Alice Faye, another lovely for whom he predicted stardom while she was still struggling obscurely, and who subsequently made good, fully justifying his faith.

Rudy was making a quick trip to the Texas Centennial several weeks ago when one night in the Baker Hotel he first set eyes upon Niela. His secretary, faithful man-Friday, Harry Paul, had never seen the boss look at a girl that way. He knew, even before Rudy asked to be introduced, that there was more than professional interest in the meeting.

Just two weeks before the Texas trip Rudy and I sat in the Arcadia cafe in Philadelphia, and I listened to the explosive views he advanced then on love and women. Then, less than a week after he returned from Texas—a week

YESTERDAY'S

CAN you possibly imagine forgetting Stoopnagle and Budd, Jack Benny, Rudy Vallee, Kate Smith, or Bing Crosby?

You think that's ridiculous. You've spent so many pleasant hours listening to their programs, how could you forget them?

But how about the Stoopnagles and Budds, the Jack Bennys, the Rudy Vallees, the Kate Smiths and Bing Crosbys of yesteryear? Do you remember the Happiness Boys? Phil Carlin? The Silver Masked Tenor? Harriet Lee?

Ten to one if you do remember, you don't know what's become of them. Radio memories are short, and almost as soon as they leave the air, stars are forgotten.

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the Happiness Boys. What memories do they conjure up? They were the Stoopnagle and Budd of their day, two plump comedians who first went on the air from the old WJZ studio in a Newark factory, back in 1921. For ninety minutes at a stretch they entertained you, while you sat chuckling, your ears glued to the earphones of your crystal set.

They were the first radio artists to hit upon the idea of a theme song—remember, "How Do You Do, Folks, How Do You Do?" and that riot of the airwaves, "Jump Fritz,

I Give You Liver?" Their comedy was the old vaudeville type of humor.

It wasn't long before they got one of the first commercial sponsors, the Happiness Candy Stores, and became known as the Happiness Boys. For five years they panicked listeners under that name. Then they shifted sponsors, and became known as the Interwoven Pair.

Gradually, styles in humor changed. Believing the electrical transcription business a good one, they went into that field, and sold records to small stations. But they weren't very successful and recently they dissolved their business. Now, with a newer and snappier type of comedy, they are once again back on the air. Perhaps you heard their debut on Gillette's Community Sing. The grand thing about them is that through all their hardships they have stuck together.

Announcing the Happiness Boys and other stars was Philips Carlin, one of WEA's four pioneer announcers. The others were Graham McNamee, Jimmie Haupt (today an NBC production man) and Alfred Lufrio (today



Above, two young men when they were in the heyday of their careers. They are Harold Scappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot, with Nathaniel Shilkret in the middle. Scappy and Billy were the Smith Brothers. Can you guess what's become of them? Right above, a star who was seldom photographed without his disguise: Joe White, the Silver Masked Tenor. Now, hardly anyone knows where he is. Right, many write in to ask about Tony Wons, who dropped suddenly out of sight.



STARS — WHERE ARE THEY?

Below: once you listened to the voices of these two men more than any others in radio. You knew them as the Happiness Boys and later on as the Interwoven Pair, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare. . . . Their disappearance from the networks has been the cause of much speculation. Left below, do you recognize this one-time sensation in radio? She's Welcome Lewis, who had a reason for quitting and going back home. Right below, another you never hear now is Alice Joy, the dream girl.



ONCE YOU ALWAYS TUNED
THEM IN BUT NOW YOU NEVER
HEAR THEM. SMILES AND
TEARS ARE IN THEIR STORIES

BY MARY JACOBS

a pianist.) In those days WEAf was owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. There were two studios, and a joint panel board was used for announcing programs from both. The announcer would just flip the key, say, "Wait a minute please," to one set of listeners, while he made the announcement to the other.

Carlin was responsible for one of the most memorable bits of ballyhoo ever put across in radio, the creation of the Silver Masked Tenor, that romantic man of mystery, the Rudy Vallee of fifteen years ago, who made every girl who listened to him sigh.

One day Carlin was kidding the listeners about the Silvertown Cord Orchestra program. In those days announcing wasn't cut and dried—the announcer ad libbed at will. "All the musicians' instruments," Carlin said, "are of solid silver, and the tenor wears a silver mask. We call him the Silver Masked Tenor. No one knows who he is or where he comes from."

Fifteen thousand letters arrived after this program, all clamoring for information about the man of mystery. That settled it. The sponsor, Goodrich, had a sterling silver mask made for Joe White, the tenor, and after that, Joe practically slept in it! (Continued on page 77)

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR SWEEPSTAKES

Entry!



By BILL STUART

Hundreds of girls work in this huge mailing room to sort your entries and pick the 200,000-odd winners of cigarettes. At the right in the picture, note how the hit songs are listed.

Lucky Strike's Hit Parade programs broadcast Wednesdays and Saturdays. For time, see page 52.

THE FASCINATING BEHIND-THE-SCENES STORY OF THE HIT PARADE SONG CONTEST IN WHICH 5,000,000 OF YOU TAKE PART EVERY WEEK

YOU can generalize about radio contests. You can say that, by and large, they are too tough. That the odds are too great. That the cost of entering them—the box tops, the reasonably exact facsimilies—makes the entry too expensive or too arduous a proposition. You will be right too.

But, when you come to the "Sweepstakes" contest being run in conjunction with Your Hit Parade, it's a different tune. It's fifteen different tunes each week, in fact—the most popular fifteen in America.

Those fifteen hit tunes are determined by Your Hit Parade through an exhaustive survey and Your Hit Parade orchestras play them on Wednesday evenings at 10 EST over NBC and on Saturday evenings at 10 EST over CBS.

To enter the contest, you print on a card the names of those songs you think will be one-two-three on the list: the winner and the two runners-up; and mail it in. That's all. You save no labels, you buy no products; you don't even pay the postage. You just think and act—and, if you've thought correctly and acted promptly, win!

It's a great game. The players are yourselves; the

judges are, surprisingly enough, yourselves also. I'll explain that. So each week, five million of you—five million and one, with me—make your choices and sit back and wait.

While you wait, you wonder what is happening. What has become of your entry? How does it keep its identity among all the millions that will accompany it? How do they select the fifteen most popular songs? How are they so sure the fifteen they name as most popular really are that?

Well, this is the story, right from the time you make up your mind to enter the contest.

On Saturday night, let us say, you listen to Your Hit Parade program over CBS. You think, "By gosh, the way the song that is number 5 now has been climbing, it should be number 2 next week." Then you think, "Hmmm. Number 1 is good for another week at the top." Then you think, "Number 4 is still growing. It's due for the number 3 spot."

There are your selections. You print them out with your name and address on a postcard Your Hit Parade will supply to you and, because it must be postmarked before midnight that Sunday to be eligible for the next week's contest, mail it right away to the American Tobacco Company at 111 Fifth Avenue in New York City. You'll get your penny stamp back.

On Monday morning, your card is brought with about a million others to what is virtually a post office sub-station in the American Tobacco Company building. Once, several months ago, those cards were counted by the weight and measurements of the stacks they made. Now, there are too many. Five machines capable of counting 500 cards a minute have been installed to do (Continued on page 69)



Romaine

bobby breen

At the age of eight, Bobby Breen's a star in both radio and films. Eddie Cantor, of whose Texaco broadcasts Bobby is an important part, first gave him his radio chance, and now is a foster father to him and his older sister Sally. Bobby's next picture, with May Robson as his co-star, is to be "Rainbow on the River."



Paramount

dorothy la mour

No one as lovely to look at as Dorothy could stay out of pictures for very long. Radio's Dreamer of Songs went to Hollywood not long ago, and now she is Paramount's newest leading lady. Her first assignment will be the title role in "Girl of the Jungle," now being filmed, and that's a part which ought to suit her dark, exotic beauty to perfection.



20th Century-Fox

**don
ameche**

Also from radio to the movies went the star of the First Nighter program—which has resumed, by the way, after a summer vacation, and is on the NBC Red network Friday nights at ten. Don's first film job, in "Sins of Man" with Jean Hersholt, established him as an important new juvenile, and next you'll see him opposite Loretta Young in "Ramona."



TRUE STORY'S INGENUE—Florence Baker used to take the little girl parts in True Story Magazine's weekly Court of Human Relations dramas; now she is their leading lady. Born in Worcester, Mass., she moved with her family to Alabama when she was a baby; then to New York at the age of eight. She's nineteen, slender, and brunette.



TRUE STORY'S SOPHISTICATE—Alice Reinheart usually plays heavier, more dramatic roles in the weekly plays. A native of San Francisco, she was a favorite actress there before she left high school. Later she toured here and abroad, and has been in radio six years. She's known as "the girl with the heart-throb voice" on the air.



TRUE STORY'S "TOUGH GIRL"—Though Betty Worth is really sweet and lovable, in the Court of Human Relations she's usually cast as a girl "from the wrong side of town." She's a New Englander, granddaughter of a minister, and a graduate of a fashionable school. She is married—to a radio engineer who saw her in a love scene.

Photos by Ray Lee Jackson



AND TRUE STORY'S JUDGE—Percy Hemus isn't really a judge, but he plays the part so convincingly many people write to him for advice. He was born in New Zealand, came here as a boy, and has had a long career as actor and concert singer. During the war he was song leader in training camps, later starred in Broadway comedy hits.

FOR YOUR



NBC'S CONDUCTOR BLAUFUSS—As musical pilot of the Breakfast Club and National Farm and Home Hour, Walter Blaufuss is one of the Chicago NBC studios' busiest maestros. Born in Milwaukee, he was a boy prodigy pianist and composer, has never studied music outside of America, and has written such hit songs as "Isle of Golden Dreams."



CBS' BABY STAR KERR—Not until last May did Doris Kerr step before a microphone, but now she sings on her own sustaining CBS program. Doris is just old enough to vote, studied piano for nine years but voice for only two months, was born in Brooklyn and lives now with her parents in Great Neck, Long Island. She's tiny, with hazel eyes.



TENOR JIMMY NEWELL—It took radio to bring Jimmy Newell to the attention of the movies. Born 23 years ago in Hollywood, he'd been trying to get into movies all his life with little success until Eddie Duchin chose him as soloist on the Burns and Allen show. Now he's to be in the next Marion Davies film. Jimmy is six-feet-three and unmarried.



SOPRANO BERENICE ACKERMAN—The owner of the most-photographed legs in one edition of the Ziegfeld Follies is one of the Mutual system's favorite singers now. She is a native of Kansas and one-time neighbor of Governor Landon, but has been a musical comedy player for several years. Her air debut was on Rudy Vallee's show.

RADIO SCRAPBOOK



GOOSE CREEK PARSON—You know the star of the new CBS thrice-weekly show as Josiah Hopkins but his real name is William B. Hogg. He really was born in the Goose Creek section on the Mississippi-Tennessee line, and his program is built on boyhood reminiscences. For several years he's been pastor of the "Country Church of Hollywood."



THE PARSON'S WIFE SARAH—In real life and on the air she is the Goose Creek Parson's helpmeet. To make the show even more a family affair, their daughter Mary plays Gerina Mason, the school teacher, while Mary's husband is the control room engineer. Tune in Sundays (Mondays after Oct. 1), Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:15.



ACTOR LESTER JAY—Right in the footsteps of another talented radio youngster, Lester has stepped into Billy Halop's part in the Broadway smash, "Dead End," playing the part in Chicago, after a month in New York. He's fifteen and has been in radio and movies for eleven years, owns a 30-foot cruiser, and is an excellent horseman.



THE O'NEILLS' SIR DONALD—John Moore, British musical comedy star, made his American air debut when as Sir Donald Rogers he "crashed" his plane into the NBC serial The O'Neills. He is 29, has taught drama and played on the stage abroad, is married to Shirley Dale, also a star in musical comedy, and his hobby is gardening.

FOR YOUR



HORACE HEIDT'S SAX LEADER—Walter Bradley is first saxophonist in Horace Heidt's Brigadiers, over CBS Mondays at eight. Unlike most of the Brigadiers, he's an easterner, his native town being Hartford, Conn. He is 25, married to a former violinist and singer, likes tennis and picnics, and got his start in the Merry Madcaps.



SINGING TRUMPETER BOWNE—Jerry Bowne—his nickname's "Muscle"—does both vocal and instrumental duty for the Brigadiers. He was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., in 1907, but is a graduate of the University of California, where he studied law. Short of stature, he weighs 146 pounds, is a descendant of the Brewsters of Mayflower fame.



CARTOON CROONER THORSEN—Here, in one of his characteristic poses, is Art Thorsen, specialist in bull fiddle playing and boop-a-dooping in the Brigadiers band. He's a native Californian, 33 years old, and worked his way through the University at Berkeley by singing and playing for dances, graduating in 1926. Eyes and hair—both brown.



BARITONE GOODMAN—The fourth member of our quartet from Horace Heidt's Brigadiers, Charles Goodman, resembles Bing Crosby and has a voice somewhat like the late Russ Columbo's. Also an alumnus of the University of California, he got his first break with Heidt. He was born in Oakland 21 years ago, has blond hair and gray eyes.

RADIO SCRAPBOOK

Told at Last!

How WAYNE KING FOUND ROMANCE

By MARY WATKINS REEVES
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCOIS

In a crowded railway station
Wayne King found the answer
to the longing he'd kept in
his heart since boyhood; for
though she'd known him only
one day, Dorothy said "Yes."

For Wayne King, sponsored by
Lady Esther, turn to page 52)



THEY could have been any boy and girl standing there at the train gate clinging to each other's hands and eyes. In five minutes the *Chief* would snort out of Chicago's winter twilight to rip across half a continent to California. The giant station was jammed with clots and streamers of hurrying people who wore holly on their coats and holiday anticipation on their faces. Outside the snow fell thick and white for Christmas Eve; inside a choir of carolers wove among the station crowds bearing lighted tapers and singing "Silent Night."

For all the world they could have been just any young couple instead of a famous orchestra leader and a movie star. The girl, darkly beautiful and slender beneath her little mink turban, dabbed her eyes unashamedly on the cuff of her glove. The boy looked away for a moment and cleared his throat, twisted the brim of his hat with nervous fingers.



AN ORPHAN, HE KNEW THAT HOME
AND FIRESIDE WERE THE GREATEST
GIFTS IN LIFE, AND HE MARRIED
THE GIRL WHO SHARED HIS DREAMS

"All Aboard!" With a great surge of last minute rush the signal of departure echoed down the long ribbon of cars, and the moments for goodbyes were clipped by the slam of a train gate. Quickly, thrusting his arms through the bars, the boy pressed the small wrists of the darkly beautiful girl in his cupped hands.

"The farm?" he asked eagerly, and flushed to the roots of his blond hair.

"The farm," she answered him, quietly, smiling then turned and ran on her thin high heels.

The last straggler had left before Wayne King walked away from the train gate through the white-lit station to his car. A sort of dizzy beauty about the disappearing lights of the *Chief* had held him to the spot where the miracle had happened. Where he had proposed to Dorothy Janis and she had said "the farm" and smiled. It meant she was going to marry him. It meant an end to hunger.

Twenty-five years of hunger for love and a home.

It had been nothing short of a miracle the way all this happiness had suddenly come to him. Like a Christmas present that Fate had hoarded for a quarter of a century to give him. For ever since he was a little lad of seven, motherless, homeless, beating his own way alone in the world, the things he had wanted above all else were someone to love and a home in the country. Just those. Simple things that every man is entitled to. Instead life had let him possess, finally, riches and fame and a brilliant musical success that kept him tied to the chaos of cities—and lonely. Until twenty-four hours ago.

Twenty-four hours ago at band rehearsal one of his saxophone players had murmured a casual introduction, "My niece, Mr. King." And the niece was lovely Dorothy Janis of the movies, stopping over in Chicago for a few hours en route from New York to Hollywood. Perhaps you remember her as Tito opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Pagan," or from two of her earlier successes, "Fleetwing" and "Kit Carson." She's a tiny little thing with big black eyes and olive skin and long curved lashes that settle in wide sweeps across her cheeks.

Somehow, with the casual introduction, it happened. Wayne and Dorothy. Driving in the windy cold along the lake that night they had talked as two who had known each other for years, talked of their lives, their careers, their innermost hopes and plans. The next morning over breakfast a young man had taken a dream out of his heart and showed it proudly to the girl across the table, with figures on paper and a rough drawing and much enthusiastic talk. On the back of a menu Wayne King drew a picture of the farm he wanted to buy and live on and have for his own—their own—in the green wooded hills of Wisconsin.

"Don't decide now," he had said quietly, staring in his embarrassment at the sugar bowl instead of her eyes. "Think about it today—will you?—and tell me at the train this afternoon."

And because it was love, Dorothy Janis had had no trouble making a choice between Hollywood and Wisconsin. That was what she had meant when she said "the farm."

From the moment those two words were spoken the Wayne King you and I know came into being. The Wayne King who lived before, is a gentleman Mr. Wayne King himself would like to forget. For a number of reasons. He told me about them (*Continued on page 81*)



THAT

Irresistible

RADIO'S BOUND TO BOW DOWN TO FRED'S
CHARM—AND JOHNNY GREEN, THE CONDUCTOR FOR HIS NEW SHOW, TELLS YOU WHY

Johnny Green, above, first met Fred twelve years ago—and likes him today better than ever. Their preparation together for the Packard program brought them into even closer association.

THE newest star of the networks can dance, he can sing, he is an accomplished comedian, he can play the piano, the accordion, the trumpet, and the piccolo—but he's incapable of being the master of ceremonies on his own program!

Not that Fred Astaire wants to be master of ceremonies. The point is that his sponsors wouldn't let him, even if he did.

Somehow or other, when I heard that Fred was to start his own radio programs this fall, I took it for granted that like Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Paul Whiteman, and others, he would be head man, introducing the variety acts as well as contributing his own far from unimportant talents as dancer, singer, and comedian. And when they told me that both he and his sponsors had agreed that it wouldn't be a good idea, I started a campaign to find out just what sort of a guy this new star might be.

The search led me first of all to the RKO lot, to talk to Fred himself. Frankly, the visit didn't do me much good, for reasons which will be apparent later on. Next it took me

to Fred's friends and business associates; and finally to one of his best friends and closest associates, Johnny Green, who is conducting the orchestra on the new program.

By the time I'd finished talking to all these people, I had discovered the real Fred Astaire—the Fred Astaire who deliberately hides himself from the casual observer—the exasperating, lovable, idealistic human being.

Johnny Green is, I think, the best spokesman for all those who know Fred. For one thing, the friendship between them isn't a thing that has grown up in a hurry. It's the product of a dozen years; it has matured gradually and surely. For another, Johnny idolizes Fred, as a man and an artist, and his admiration has led him to study Fred, make a conscious effort to understand him. And finally, he is the person in the world of radio who has had the most opportunities to work in association with Fred.

They first met when Johnny was a very youthful undergraduate in Harvard University. He was just fifteen when he entered Harvard, a precocious youngster who loved to play the piano but was studying, of all things, economics.



For Fred Astaire's program, sponsored by Packard Motors, over the NBC Red network, turn to page 52.

Left, Johnny and Fred confer on arrangements for the records they made of the music from the newest Astaire movie, "Swing Time." Johnny's story of this work will show you Fred in a new light.

BY NORTON RUSSELL

MR. ASTAIRE

RKO-Radio Pictures

His friends, when he went to New York for weekends, weren't the sort of people you'd expect a Harvard boy to pal around with. They were musicians, stars of the stage, writers — glamorous, sophisticated people who respected this boy, hardly past the adolescent stage, for his ability to coax exciting harmonies from the piano keys.

George Gershwin, the composer, was one of these people who admired Johnny's talent, and one night after a performance of the Gershwin musical comedy, "Lady Be Good," he took Johnny back stage to meet its stars, Fred and Adele Astaire. Along with some thousands of other New Yorkers Johnny had just fallen under the spell of dancing which seemed to have something supernatural about it, it was so good. Although he knew many famous people, he was still too young to be immune from hero-worship, and I'm sure he'll never forget the pang of delight he felt at being able to meet Fred Astaire that evening. I'm sure of that, because even today, after all those years, there is still a lot of that same hero-worshipful spirit in his voice when he speaks of Fred.

Johnny has never worked with Fred on a picture, but he has collaborated with him on three sets (Continued on page 102)





Peter North



Ray Lee Jackson

The man

LET FOUR BEAUTIFUL STARS TEACH YOU THE LESSONS IN LOVE THEY LEARNED BY BROKEN HEARTS

Love fled when Rosemary Lane (far right) discovered that her man could not stand failure; and right, Honeychile fell for a chivalrous line.

IF we're to believe the evidence of these four famous and lovely radio stars, good lovers are often bad husbands. And the worst of it is that the men who will make you most miserable are apt to be the very ones who attract you. A clever girl should soon be able to ferret out the facts about a chronic drunk or flagrant liar. But the romantics who cramp a woman's style—the weak fellows whose weakness is at first appealing—are sometimes dangerous even for girls who know their way about.

Irene Rich and Honeychile Johnson, Cornelia Otis Skinner and Rosemary Lane all admit they have been drawn to men who would have been horrible examples as husbands. Luckily, they found out the real characters of their suitors before it was too late.

These four stars represent four widely divergent types of femininity. The stories of their disillusionments, of how each learned the sort of man who was dangerous to her particular kind of woman may save *you* from bitter experience and heartbreak.

"Business women are so often starved for affection. They're so hungry for just a little warmth and color to bring respite from the daily grind," began Irene Rich.

Because the man she once nearly married was a Russian nobleman and she herself a celebrity, you'd expect the details of her romance to be unusual. "But fundamentally," says Irene, "the same thing happens every day in this modern world of ours."

If you are a girl who is successful at making money—a woman with a career, a stenographer, an executive, any sort of capable woman—Irene warns you to take her story to heart, for she is an example of the colorful, go-getting, independent woman and the typical villain of her tale—a charming, socially gifted moocher.

The adventure started at a formal ball, one of the brilliant events of the New York winter season. Irene had gone into radio for a nine weeks' engagement and had been signed to a year's contract. Her triumph represented the mastering of a new medium, the hardest kind of creative effort.

Her contract in her safety deposit box, she found herself simply spoiling for a grand time. As she slipped into a brand-new evening gown of sunflower yellow that brought out her flashing dark beauty, she hoped something wonderful would happen that night. The something wonderful

of a romantic woman who's been working long and hard.

As she entered her hostess' mammoth drawing room, bright with flowers and gowns, its chandeliers winking out a thousand colored lights, she had a sneaking feeling her wish was going to be granted. For standing across the room smiling, almost as if he had been waiting for her, was a strapping he-man in an artillery red uniform. His broad chest was practically covered with medals. Irene was sure he was quite the handsomest man she'd ever seen.

Thus began a period of comradeship that was chock full of charm. He was a nobleman exiled from Russia during the revolution, "But," he hastened to explain the first night they met, "I was lucky enough to save my fortune though I lost my ancestral home!"

There was a royalty about him that gave him a strange glamor. The friend of princes, sophisticated yet virile, he had power to thrill even a woman who had known abundant adulation and rich experiences.

And he was so proud of her! He took her to meet all his friends, and brought people to her house every day. "I love to show you off!" he told her in his mellow voice.

So at first this show-off quality of his held an insidious, subtle flattery. But after awhile she began to wonder if

Left, Irene Rich loved a man who wanted her to support him; at the far left, a brilliant mind almost fooled Cornelia Otis Skinner into love.

By
GLADYS OAKS

he would never want an evening alone with her.

Irene has plenty of shrewdness and perception. "Sometimes I wish I hadn't!" she confesses. "It smashes so many illusions."

She began to realize that he knew none of the people he introduced very well; all were new acquaintances.

Also he started to be almost too casual about her apartment. It was a balconied duplex in the east Sixties, furnished with Irene's special brand of taste and luxury. He would drop in with people at all hours, entering with a little air of proprietorship. Use her telephone to order cigarettes and vintage champagne with the bland instruction, "Charge it to Miss Rich!"

Once he 'phoned to find if he might bring ten guests to dinner.

But he was so witty and distinguished and at ease. Such a supreme master at making a woman feel beautiful and glamorous. It was hard to suspect such a man of ulterior motives.

One day an old friend of hers, a screen star visiting New York, came to tea. After some pleasantries, she asked Irene, "By the way, how well do you know —?" She mentioned the name of the Russian nobleman. "We got slightly tight together last night—had a swell time—and he borrowed a hundred dollars. I knew it was all right because he's such a good friend of yours."

Suddenly it was clear as daylight to Irene. He had been using her, her home, her fame, even her charge accounts to bolster up his credit. Why, it was a regular system! He met smart, wealthy people, charmed them with his royal, old-world manners, and introduced them to each other!

"Since I last saw him," Irene (Continued on page 71)

nearly married



MELLERDRAMA UNDER the GASLIGHTS



The Gay Nineties have returned, in a brand new radio hour every Sunday night on Mutual. Called the Wonder Show, it's a gay mixture of boos for the villain and cheers for the hero, as a mammoth cast re-enacts the favorite dramas of yesteryear. Left, Effie Palmer takes the part of Old Judas in the beloved "Under the Gaslight." Lee Patrick (above center) of stage and film fame is another leading light, while little Florence Halop (above right) portrays children's roles.



Taken exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by MBS

A touching moment in the mellerdrama as Ned Weaver, the hero, pleads with Rita Johnson, the heroine, to understand his position. Don't miss such intriguing scenes as these. Tune in on Sunday evenings at 9:00.



Now we come to the villainous master of ceremonies, Jack Smart who is the real star of the program, and two of his cronies: Nestor Thazer and George Baine. The damsel with Lee Patrick is popular Adele Ronson.

WIN! CASH! PRIZES!

IN THE FIBBER MCGEE LIMERICK CONTEST

HERE'S a contest that's easier than rolling off the proverbial log and more fun, too. So get busy and win. Every member of the family can join. Write as many last lines as you want.

And not only that. There are FOUR first prizes, one each week for four weeks. In addition, there are twenty-five other prizes each week for the next best twenty-five entries.

At the bottom of the page, in coupon form, are the first four lines of the limerick. All you have to do is write a last line, send it in to Fibber McGee, and—if it's as good as you think it is—collect the prize money.

If you win first prize, you'll hear your name announced over the air, so tune in next Monday's Broadcast of Fibber McGee and Molly, on the NBC red network from coast to coast. See Program Guide on page 52.

Remember, prizes will be awarded on the basis of cleverness, suitability, and humor. And here's another tip. Listen carefully to Fibber and Molly on the air. Their sparkling humor will inspire you to greater efforts.

So get busy. Read the rules at the right hand side of this page, study them, and you'll be all set to go ahead. Remember; send in each week's entry by midnight, Wednesday of that week.

THE PRIZES:

Each week for four weeks, the following prizes will be awarded winning entries:

First Prize each week	\$ 25.00
Twenty-Five \$1.00 prizes each week	25.00
TOTAL—104 PRIZES	\$200.00



SUPPLY A LAST LINE FOR THIS LIMERICK

Be sure and tune in N B C,
 For Fibber and Molly McGee—
 They make every Monday
 A national fun-day

(Fill in your last line here)

THE RULES

1. Each week for four weeks RADIO MIRROR and S. C. Jahnsan and Son, Inc., makers of Jahnsan's Wax, will pay a total of \$50.00 to the twenty-six persons submitting the twenty-six best last lines to complete the limerick, the first four lines of which are printed on this page.

2. Judging will be based on the cleverness, suitability and humor of the lost lines submitted.

3. Judging on this basis \$25.00 will be paid for the best lost line received each week and \$1 each for the twenty-five next best.

4. The judges will be the editor of RADIO MIRROR, Fibber McGee and Ulmer Turner, Radio Editor of the Chicago Herald and Examiner. Their decisions will be final.

5. Send entries on 1¢ government post cards, or on the coupon provided for your convenience or on a sheet of ordinary writing paper. It is not necessary to copy the first four lines. The last line will be sufficient.

6. You may send in as many last lines as you wish but not more than one prize will be paid to any individual in any one week.

7. No entries will be returned nor will we acknowledge receipt of entries.

8. The first week of this contest closes at midnight September 30th, the second October 7th, the third October 14th and the fourth October 21st. Each week's entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of these closing dates.

9. In case of ties the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid each tying contestant.

10. This contest is open to everyone except employees of RADIO MIRROR, S. C. Jahnsan and Son, Inc., and members of their families.

11. Address all entries to Fibber McGee, NBC Studios, Chicago, Ill.

GWEN HOLMES sat glaring at the pile of fan mail on the tiny desk before her. Within arm's reach an old victrola was grinding out Frank Rossman's newest record. A microphone hung close over the sound box. She picked up the top letter and glanced at the first sentence.

"Will you please play Frank Rossman's recording of 'La Bomba' again?"

With a sigh, she tossed the scrap of paper aside. They were all the same. Rossman, Rossman, Rossman—the dream singer of every girl whose radio could tune in the small station in Fergus Center that had hired Gwen to answer mail and announce the hour program of records every day. But to Gwen, Rossman was a pain in the neck. So was Fergus Center, for that matter. She didn't mind so much being born there, but to reach the age of twenty-one and still be there, with New York and its glittering new studios so tantalizingly close, was getting to be more than she could bear.

She'd taken this job at Fergus Center's 100-watt station in the hope that some big network official would hear her and send for her. It had been six months now since she'd begun and not even the listeners had asked who she was. It was always just another request for Frank Rossman.

The record whirled to an end and she stood up to turn it over. As she flipped the disc to the other side, she spoke into the microphone:

"In case you didn't get it, folks, that was Frank Rossman singing. And now, who do you think is going to groan the next number? The young man with the leaping larynx—Frank Rossman."

She jabbed the needle down on the spinning record, and added:

"Frank just whispered in my ear, folks. He insists that I can sing a duet with him. All right, Frank, if you insist."

For two weeks she'd been doing this, poking fun at Rossman by referring slightly to his crooning voice, by singing duets with the record and by every other means she could devise. In time it would probably cost her the job. But it was the only way she could stand the monotony of announcing phonograph records every day.

Automatically, she announced the name of the song. Half way through the number, she glanced at the clock, saw that the hour was nearly over, and broke in with: "Sorry, folks, that's all for today. I'll be with you again tomorrow at

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937

A NOVELETTE COMPLETE
IN THIS ISSUE—ADAPTED
FROM THE PARAMOUNT
PICTURE—BASED ON THE
STORY BY ERWIN GELSEY,
ARTHUR KOVER, BARRY
TRIVERS—FICTIONIZED
BY FREDERICK RUTLEDGE

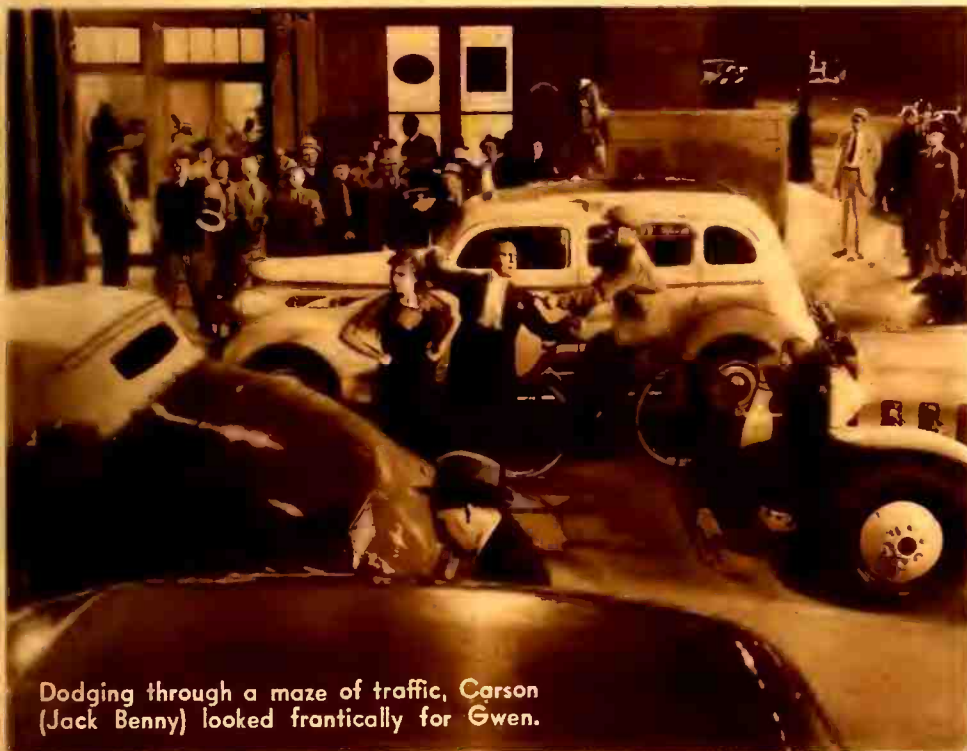
Copyright Paramount Pictures, Inc.



A radio marriage was the happy ending for Gwen and Bob (Shirley Ross, Roy Miland).



"I've quit your program," Gwen told Mrs. Platt (Gracie Allen) over the telephone.



Dodging through a maze of traffic, Carson (Jack Benny) looked frantically for Gwen.

THE CAST

Jack Carson	Jack Benny
Gwen Holmes	Shirley Ross
Bob Miller	Ray Milland
Mr. & Mrs. Platt	George Burns & Gracie Allen
Frank Rossman	Frank Forrest
Bob Black	Bob Burns
Patsy	Martha Raye

Benny Fields
 Benny Goodman and his band
 Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra

this same time. Gwen Holmes, speaking—this is station BXZ."

Another show done, another day wasted, she thought, walking out into the main room of the studio. A phone was ringing, and she stopped a minute. The studio manager had answered.

"Miss Holmes? Why yes, I think so. Just a minute." He looked up. "New York calling."

Not believing her ears, Gwen moved over and picked up the receiver.

Someone she didn't know said, "This is Bob Miller. I just heard your show here in the Commercial Broadcasting Studios. Will you come to New York tomorrow and have a talk with me? I think I have a job for you."

Gwen dropped the receiver on its hook. New York! A job with Commercial, the biggest network in the country! It must be someone's idea of a joke. She turned to her boss.

"Ever hear of a Bob Miller?"

The manager scratched his head and thumbed through a tattered book. "I thought so," he said. "Here it is. Bob Miller, press agent for Frank Rossman. Why'd you ask?"

But Gwen had already turned and was running for the door that opened onto the dusty main street of Fergus Center.

Press agent to Frank Rossman! Then this man had really been listening in. Funny, though, her thoughts raced, that he should want her in New York after the fun she'd made of Rossman's singing. But if he said New York, it was New York she was heading for.

Back home she made the dramatic announcement of her decision to her parents. "I'm leaving tonight—New York," she said breathlessly, and refused to listen to the protests that followed.

She didn't even stop to eat dinner before hurrying back to Main Street and the bus depot. At seven o'clock, the transcontinental express thundered in.

Gwen was there waiting as the bus stopped.

Any other time the all-night trip would have fascinated her. But with Miller's words ringing in her ears, she sat straight up, stared straight ahead over the driver's shoulders. Then, just as the sun was coming up, a smoky ball of deep red behind the line of skyscrapers that formed Manhattan, the bus entered the Holland tunnel, the last mile that separated Gwen from New York and the Commercial Studios.

(Continued on page 58)

THE LIFE STORY OF BOB BURNS, ARKANSAS TRAVELER

The Story Thus Far:

Bob Burns, the homespun comedian on Bing Crosby's program, was born on the wrong side of the tracks in Van Buren, Arkansas, forty-odd years ago. His father was a resident engineer for the Arkansas Central railroad, and his mother eked out the family income by doing dressmaking on the side. Bob always wanted to see the world, even when he was a boy, and once or twice his education was interrupted so he could take a job on a river boat. It came to an end just before he was to graduate from high school, when he and his brother Farrar organized themselves into a two-man vaudeville team and set out to tour the South.

From then on, Bob's life was the one prolonged adventure every kid dreams of—seldom easy, but always exciting. First he and Farrar went to New Orleans, where they played in front of a cheap movie house and in cafes—from there to Mobile, Birmingham, Montgomery, Norfolk, Boston, Washington, St. Louis, Salt Lake City . . . They weren't always together; sometimes Farrar went back home, and sometimes they had jobs in different cities. Bob worked as porter in a hotel, as a surveyor, a waiter, a field hand, a construction manager, a ditch cleaner—always with interludes on the stage, where he always wanted to be. At last the trail had led him all the way across the continent, and he returned to Arkansas, where he became a successful Little Rock advertising man. But once more he grew restless, and went to Chicago—and just as he thought he had finally settled down, with a good job in a mail order house, the United States entered the war. He enlisted at once.

Part Three

BOB BURNS' enlistment in the Marine Corps, in 1917, was a gala occasion. His friends and associates in the advertising business didn't wait for his triumphal return, but escorted him away to the Union Station in a crazy parade. Cartoonists devised banners reading, "Bazooka Will Win the War" and "What Will the Girls Do Without You, Bobby?" The car in which he left Chicago, Illinois, for



BOB THOUGHT THE WAR WAS A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT—UNTIL HE MARRIED AND FOUND HIMSELF WITH A BABY SON BUT NO JOB

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

Paris (South Carolina) was decorated flamboyantly if not delicately.

Bob had chosen the Marines because he prided himself on his shooting. "I wanted to be a sniper in the War," he told us apologetically. "I s'pose that sounds kind of blood-thirsty now. But it was right stylish then."

He shot wisely, but too well to satisfy his ambition immediately. His average on the rifle range was better than expert when he finished his bootship. So, instead, of sailing with his company to France, he was kept on Paris Island as an instructor. Becoming a sergeant automatically, he spent seventeen months teaching other recruits to be good snipers. Itching to go overseas, he watched company after company arrive and leave, while he stayed impatiently on this side of the Atlantic.

He amused himself evenings with the bazooka. One night from across the lagoon, in a Y. M. C. A. hut, he heard music. It gave him an idea. He started choosing himself a small hand-picked orchestra from the Marine ranks. It was the nucleus of the first Marine Jazz Band.

He and his men played at all social and military affairs. One evening the Post Commandant gave a party. Many important officers from Washington were present, and one in particular was fascinated by the Marine Band's snappy harmonies.

"How would you fellows like to go to France with me, right away?" he asked.

Bob accepted on the spot for the whole band. The next

week they got papers to sail from Quantico, joined the 11th Regiment there and left on the *DeKalb*. They landed at Brest and went on regular duty, despite their musical proclivities.

It's hard to get Bob to say much about what regular duty included, but he didn't spend all his time playing the bazooka. He won rifle tournaments left and right, was decorated at Le Mans by General Pershing and dubbed champion marksman of the A. E. F. All he admits is that he slept in a mudhole. Finally his company moved up to Tours to wait for a call to the Front. But there's reason to believe Bob went in for no small amount of action which he won't talk about. He is distinctly not the kind of guy to use his war experiences for publicity purposes.

It was in Tours that General Pershing met the bazooka in person. Here, as on Paris Island, the Marine Jazz Band furnished music for all affairs. One night at a ball, in the chateau of a famous aviation official, the place fairly swarmed with generals.

Now when a general approached the band, Bob, as leader, always rose and stood at attention as a mark of courtesy. Seeing Pershing, the greatest of them all, he was stumped for a second. Then as Pershing approached the stand, he ordered the entire band to stand at attention. Quite a conversation followed.

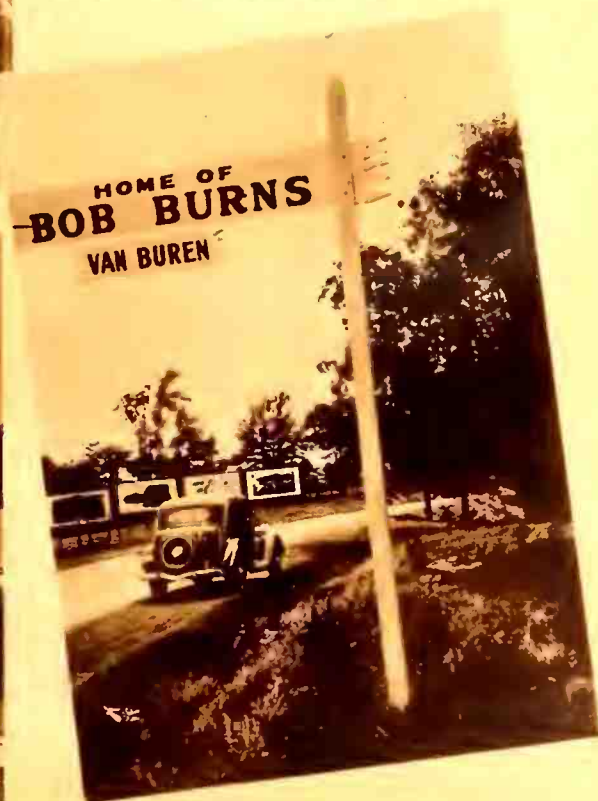
"This—er—bazooka, Sergeant," the General questioned—"wouldn't it be easier to play if it had a mouthpiece?"

"Undoubtedly, sir," Burns (*Continued on page 96*)



When Bob lunches at the Paramount lot, his bazooka, like Mary's little lamb, is never far behind. Left, a far cry from his present professional success: the Marine Jazz Band he organized and with which he went to France and War. General Pershing tried to master the bazooka and went down to bitter defeat. Left, below, in front of the four-family house in which he now lives. Below, what the folks back home think of him now.

For the Kraft Music Hall with Bob Burns, see page fifty-three.



Carmela Ponselle's **SECRET INSPIRATION**

ANNIE RYAN was mad. From the top of her snow white head to the tip of her square-toed shoes she was genuinely angry! Annie had a right to be. Someone had told a lie about her relationship with Carmela Ponselle. Annie Ryan, according to the story surreptitiously passed around, was being supported by Carmela!

That story is not true. In order to keep a promise, that sentence must be repeated. It is not true! Since early childhood Annie has been taking care of herself. Herself—and others. If there were more people in the world like Annie Ryan, you would be listening to a great many voices as fine as that of Carmela Ponselle's. Annie Ryan is the fighting little lady who discovered, developed, and as she states—with the help of God—gave you the voice of Carmela Ponselle.

It wasn't an easy job. During those early years there were always a couple of stray black clouds hovering over-

head—but let's fade into the past, and live it all over again with Annie and Carmela. Let's go back to Carmela's choir days.

We'll skip the dates. They aren't really necessary, and opera stars are sometimes forgetful when it comes to remembering the day or year something happened.

Quite a few years ago, in the little town of Meriden, Connecticut, in the church of the Sacred Heart, Annie Ryan was putting the girls' choir through its weekly paces. It was a hot, sultry day. Twenty noses tilted towards the rafters; twenty voices sang wholeheartedly, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." Annie pumped away at the church organ, pausing now and then to wipe the perspiration from her brow with a large, silk handkerchief.

Suddenly she stopped and, sliding from the stool of the organ, called out:

"Where is that voice coming from?"

The singing broke off sharply. None of the girls said anything. Annie walked back and forth peering intently at each face.

"Well," she demanded again, but more gently, "whose voice is that carrying above the others?"

Still no answer. Annie resumed her position at the organ.

"When I raise my hand," she instructed, "I want you all to stop singing."

The girls began again from the point where they had been interrupted and Annie started banging away once more. A few minutes later, she held up her hand. The voices halted abruptly. Annie (Continued on page 84)

BY JACK SHER

Carmela sings on Broadway Varieties, the Bisodol show, turn to page 53.



**HOW A FIGHTING IRISH-
WOMAN'S BELIEF IN GOD
AND CARMELA'S FUTURE
SWEEP AWAY EVERY OB-
STACLE TO HER SUCCESS**

In the circle, Annie Ryan, who found Carmela when she sang as a girl in her early teens in a little Connecticut church. It was Annie who brought Carmela to New York, got her lessons, and wrote her the letters which gave the singer courage to continue.

Joe Emerson's program is part of the Gold Medal Hour heard five mornings a week. For the time, see page 52

Right, the leader of the Hymns-of-All-Churches program at home with his daughter, Carolyn, their Scottie and Mrs. Emerson. Below, he's checking an unpublished hymn sent by a fan. He was heard over WLW before going on the CBS network.



ONCE WEALTHY, HE LOST HIS
MONEY BEFORE FINDING THE
WORTHWHILE THINGS OF LIFE

FOLLOW your HEART SAYS JOE EMERSON

BY JOHN EDWARDS

THERE is no such thing as real financial security. It is foolish and wrong to spend your life doing work you don't want to do because at the end you may find yourself with wasted years behind you, and nothing in your bank account to show for them. Therefore it is wiser and better to do the work that satisfies you, even if financial rewards appear precarious or slight."

It was a turning point in Joe Emerson's life when he reached that decision. The man you know as the leader of the Hymns of all Churches program on the Gold Medal Hour has twice scrapped all he had accomplished through years of hard work and effort, and started all over again. The first time it was a mistake. The second time. . . .

The story really begins years ago, I think, when Joe was a little boy in a small Michigan town. The key to what he always wanted to do is in the picture of himself he gave me once—a small figure in a sailor suit (a sailor suit that was a little shiny at the seams, but clean) listen-

ing with rapt attention while his mother played the melodeon and his father sang hymns.

Joe's parents were both deeply devout people, though they belonged to no specific church. His father was a foundry worker by trade, but his real joy lay in his hobby of traveling about through the nearby towns, delivering sermons on street corners. He was not an ordained minister, and perhaps some of his sermons would have surprised students of theology, but in his simplicity and goodness of character he brought comfort to many a man and woman who couldn't be reached by orthodox religion.

He taught Joe to love music, and as the boy grew older both of his parents encouraged him to make music his career. Their small savings went to send him to Albion College and to pay for voice lessons.

It wasn't long after his (Continued on page 91)

SOMEHOW the very word Hollywood has come to connote sums of money in no less than six figures, imported gowns and motor cars and, above all, homes that rival in their splendor and costliness the very settings of the motion pictures themselves. In sharp contrast, then, are the lives and the homes of radio stars, because radio is essentially the entertainment of the home. For example there is the charming, simple Provençal house of Dick Powell who shares his talents unselfishly with radio and movies alike. His only concessions to Hollywood are his magnificent swimming pool and the landscaping of his wide grounds.

Yet in all major details, the Dick Powell home is within the reach of Mr. and Mrs. Average man in quest of guidance toward comfort and coziness. Naturally, you may have to wait until your ship comes in for a swimming pool, but even if it does founder on troubled waters your cottage or house can be just as lovely as you choose to make it.

For example, you may not be able to afford the imported Gallic screen of hunting scenes in Provence which adorns Dick's library, but if a screen you must have—make it yourself. Persuade friend husband that he is a carpenter at heart after all, or if you fail to convince him, buy any ordinary screen of the proportions you desire. The charm of the screen lies in its covering. A pictorial printed chintz or the better grades of modernistic wall-paper in floral, nautical, even old French and English hunting scene design can be bought reasonably and applied with decorators' glue. Cover with a coat of lacquer to withstand dust and fading. Best of all if you have any latent artistic ability paint it yourself. Remember, your grandmothers did it—why not you?

The pine paneling in Mr. Powell's home is an authentic reproduction of a Provençal inn. Today, all outstanding lumber companies can furnish reproductions of any European design you fancy. So if you saw the house of your dreams in an English meadow, or in Normandy or Brittany, or in sunny Spain or Italy, you can have your house paneled according to the best traditions of the country you fancy.

Naturally with a pleasant setting, you will want your furniture upholstered in appropriate fabrics. Mr. Powell uses gay, colorful peasant cloth. Against the coarse natural background, primitive reds, blues, oranges, greens run riot, creating a warm yet harmonious effect. In Hollywood, many of the feminine stars have revived the art of weaving on hand looms as a successor to the popular knitting fad. Most large department stores carry a complete line of equipment, including the looms, and you will have fun and an interesting way of spending long, house-bound winter days making home-spun fabrics for upholstery. Home-spun in peasant designs would of course be perfect against the background of a French peasant home. If the art of weaving seems too ambitious for you, certainly you can buy a variety of attractive cloths such as Dick Powell has used, to make covers for day-beds and ordinary upholstered chairs and to glorify an uninteresting piece of furniture into one with definite style and dash.

Undoubtedly you will notice the unusual framing of the movie star friends and associates on the walls of Dick's den. Ordinarily one would hesitate to hang photo-



LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM the STARS

IT'S A HOLLYWOOD MANSION,
BUT MANY OF THE FURNISHINGS OF
DICK POWELL'S HOUSE ARE WITHIN
REACH OF THE AVERAGE PURSE

graphs of one's favorite radio stars anywhere but in the privacy of one's boudoir but with this unusual framing treatment they graduate with honors to library or living room.

Get pictures of your favorite radio stars. Perhaps you already have a collection culled from the pages of RADIO MIRROR. Certainly you can supplement your collection from future issues of this magazine. Then over a board of suitable size, one which would leave about a three or four inch margin around the picture, paste flowered cretonne or chintz. Mount the picture in the middle, cover with glass, and frame with a (Continued on page 105)



Photos by Scotty Welbourne



For example, the imported Gallic screen (opposite page), adorning the Hollywood Hotel star's library can be inexpensively copied. Then there's the unique bar—just a bit different—with its electric grill and high chairs. And that array of glasses! Don't tell a soul—they can be found in the five and ten. On the left, the star's den, showing the overstuffed double settee. Note the unusual framing of those pictures on the pine-panelled wall. Read how you, too, can have them.

BY RUTH GERI

For Hollywood Hotel, sponsored by Campbell's Soups, see page 53.



Overstuffed furniture upholstered with coarse peasant cloth gives an authentic "provincial" atmosphere to this masculine lounge room in Dick's new Toluca Lake residence. Top right, Dick is mighty proud of his fireplace with its decoration of mugs and old cooking utensils, which looks as if it might have been transplanted from some old farmhouse kitchen. Now you know what you can do with those old shaving mugs you've been saving.

WHEREVER THESE PRETTY
MISTRESSES GO, THEIR
MASCOTS ALWAYS FOLLOW

Whenever you see Lily Pons, you're sure to find Pons, her pedigreed Scottie. Below, Marion Talley's South American bird can mimic her high notes and sound taps.



B BEAUTIES AND THEIR BEASTS



Right, Rosaline Greene used to fear mice but now Petey is her pet. Left, these cuddly Guinea pigs were given to Gale Page as a gift. She fell in love with them right away. Above, Maxine thinks her bunny is the cutest thing and who can blame him for looking so contented?

WHAT SMITH BALLEW ENDURED FOR LOVE

IT was spring and we couldn't wait any longer."

Smith Ballew never graduated from the University of Texas. Nor did Justine Vera. Both felt that a marriage certificate was more important than a diploma. So they went and did it, just two happy, carefree kids. That was over ten years ago. April 3, 1926, to be exact.

Ten years of struggle, hard knocks, lucky breaks, poverty and despair, topped by an amazing success beyond their wildest dreams. All summer Smith has been master of ceremonies on the hour long Shell Chateau program over NBC.

Perhaps that's why they still seem so much in love. The wealth and fame which have come at last have been richly earned. They were won by faith and sacrifice.

The girl who risked her family's ire to marry a handsome, banjo pickin' youth with no prospects, has proven the wisdom of her choice. Yet few couples have had so many set-backs or bitter disappointments.



Paramount

BY HARRY BLAIR

There were lots of times when it seemed to Justine that she had made a mistake. Days when there was nothing to eat. When she and Smith tramped New York's ice and snow with worn out soles, rather than spend carfare.

Yet, always there burned within her a white hot flame of confidence in her man. A feeling that in the end he would come through with flying colors.

With typical frankness, Justine and "Sykes" (his nick-name) told me the entire story.

"Her folks made me promise to give up music before they'd let me marry her. I had a cheap old banjo which I played in a small dance band I had organized. Rhythm came natural to me. My dad played the violin and mother is still a first rate piano player.

"But even they did not approve of music as a career for a man. Things were different then." Smith paused to shift his six feet five inches of bulk as he sprawled on a comfortable sofa. "Musicians were considered . . . well, no-account," he continued. "That's before so many college boys started to take up instruments.

"So I got (Continued on page 107)

AS TENDER A STORY AS WAS EVER TOLD

IS THIS ONE OF A ROMANCE THAT GREW

STRONGER WHEN HARDSHIPS MENACED IT

Hollywood luxury hasn't changed the love between Smith and Justine Ballew, shown at the left with their little daughter. Above, one of Smith's recent portraits.

Smith is master of ceremonies on Shell Chateau—turn to page 53.



facing the music



Above, Ted Fio Rito's colorful girl trio on the Frigidaire Frolics each Friday night over NBC. Top to bottom: Marjorie Briggs, Betty Noyes, and Dottie Compton: The Debutantes.



Phyfe

By **KEN ALDEN**

Left, Al Donahue, youthful maestro, whose popularity is growing every day. He's heard over NBC. Below is Leonard Stokes, the baritone who does much of the vocalizing for Hit Parade.



RADIO MIRROR has just completed first tabulations on its own private popularity contest, which was concerned solely with dance orchestras and masculine vocalists. The judges in the contest were you, the subscribers of RADIO MIRROR, to whom we sent postal card ballots. You chose Wayne King's Lady Esther orchestra as the one you liked best of all, with Guy Lombardo's, Fred Waring's, Rudy Vallee's, and Benny Goodman's as runners-up. The most popular male vocalist was Bing Crosby, followed by Lanny Ross, Dick Powell, Frank Parker, and Nelson Eddy.

In the midst of all the talk about swing music, it was interesting—and, incidentally, perhaps not so terribly surprising, either—to find that the four most popular bands are those which are better known for rich, lovely harmonies than for the modern successor to what used to be called jazz. Wayne King and Guy Lombardo never indulge in Swing; Fred Waring and Rudy Vallee only occasionally; while the fifth in popularity, Benny Goodman, is the only one known for that type of music exclusively.

The Paramount Theater in New York has been conducting a popularity poll too, asking its patrons which of the many famous bands which play that theater are the best liked. More than 500,000 ballots have been cast, and to date the leading ten are Guy Lombardo, Glen Gray, Fred Waring, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, Ray Noble, Hal Kemp, Phil Spitalny, Ozzie Nelson, and Eddie Duchin. Remember, though, this result represents Broadway's opinion, not the radio audience's.

* * *

SO you think it would be pretty nice to sit around and get paid a weekly salary check for doing nothing at all? Most people would think that, but not the employees of the Warner Brothers music publishing groups. Not any more.

From the first of the year until August 5, you know, music on which Warner Brothers and their (Continued on page 99)

**EXTRA! FIRST RESULTS OF THE
DANCE BAND POPULARITY POLL
IN WHICH YOU CAST THE VOTES**

Anne Rockefeller



Sert Room, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York. "Whether I'm in the Sert Room of The Waldorf-Astoria—at home—or at the homes of my friends—I notice that Camels are the favorite."—Anne C. Rockefeller



...and her famous "Little Dinners"

MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure... the menu itself kept very simple. Just soup and entrée... a pause for a Camel... followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee... with Camels between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see to it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

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

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia	Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston	Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles	
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia	
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York	Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman, III, Baltimore
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York	Miss Lucy Sanders, New York
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York	

Add to the joy of good digestion by Smoking Camels

REMEMBER the friendly touches that make Anne Rockefeller's dinners so charming. A simple menu, plenty of Camels. Smoking Camels, scientists agree, stimulates the flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids that play such a welcome part in good digestion.

Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf's Sert Room, says: "Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite." Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion's sake!

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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



Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS



A kingdom all his own

What a grand start a modern youngster gets! Everything special for him... even a special laxative!

MOTHER... Isn't it logical that a baby will thrive best on *special* care? After all, his system is a delicate thing. Tender. Still growing.

That's why you probably have a *special* baby tub for your baby... use *special* soap... *special* powder... and a *special* food formula, of course.



Doctors say the same logic should follow in the laxative field. They say a baby should have a *special* laxative, too. For it stands to reason that if his system is too delicate for adult food, *it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives!* That's why doctors recommend Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially *and only* for children.

Fletcher's Castoria is mild... gentle... and above all, **SAFE**. It will never upset your baby's stomach because it works chiefly in the lower bowel. It won't cause cramping pains because it contains no harsh drugs.

It contains no purging irritants—no narcotics—nothing that could harm the tiniest infant system. In fact, a famous child specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

You'll be glad to know that children

love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. They take it willingly—without the least complaint. And that is most important. Because, as you know, the fight a child puts up against a laxative he hates can upset his entire nervous and digestive system!



So, mother, think twice when your child next needs a laxative. Give him the laxative millions of mothers have faith in... the laxative made especially for children... **FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**. Thousands of doctors prescribe it. Every drug store sells it. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle tonight—it saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA

The laxative made especially
for babies and growing children



Sooner or later almost every film star comes to a Lux Radio Theater program. Left, behind the water pitcher, Fred MacMurray reads to Barbara Stanwyck, who has taken off both of her shoes.

Below, a fine example of a star idling during rehearsal. It is Jack Oakie trying his hand at the Theater's portable organ, while he waits for his turn of acting before the mike.

Hollywood's Radio Rendezvous



Below, an army of auto-graph hunters stand beside Bill Powell's car, waiting for him to finish the day's broadcasting.

Right below, a view of the building where the Lux program plays to a capacity audience. It is a true fan paradise.

Photos made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World



RADIO MIRROR RAPID

SUNDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A. M.
 CBS: Church of the Air.
 NBC-Blue: Southernaires.
 NBC-Red: Sabbath Reveries.
- 10:30
 CBS: Press-radio News.
- 10:35
 CBS: Alexander Semmler.
- 11:00
 CBS: Day Dreams.
 NBC: Press-radio News.
- 11:05
 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto.
 NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano.
- 11:30
 CBS: Major Bowes' Family.
- 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: Pageant of Youth.
- 12:30 P. M.
 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle.
 NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall.
 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussions.
- 12:45
 CBS: Transatlantic Broadcast.
- 1:00
 CBS: Church of the Air.
- 1:30
 NBC-Blue: Sunday Forum.
- 2:00
 CBS: Pittsburgh Symphony
 NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA.
- 2:30
 NBC-Red: Bulldog Drummond.
- 3:00
 CBS: Everybody's Music.
 NBC-Blue: Julia Hoyt.
- 3:30
 NBC-Blue: Lucille Manners.
 NBC-Red: Grand Hotel. (Oct. 4).
- 4:00
 CBS: Sunday Serenade.
 NBC-Blue: National Vespers.
 NBC-Red: The Widow's Sons.
- 4:30
 CBS: Heifetz Singers.
 NBC-Blue: Fishface and Figg's-bottle.
 NBC-Red: Noble Cain Choir.
- 5:00
 CBS: Your Unseen Friend.
 NBC-Blue: Tom Terriss.
 NBC-Red: Marion Talley.
- 5:30
 CBS: Guy Lombardo.
 NBC-Blue: Benno Rabinoff.
 NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell.
- Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.
- 6:00
 CBS: Joe Penner (Oct. 4).
 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour.
- 6:30
 CBS: Rubinoff, Jan Pearce (Oct. 18).
 NBC-Red: A Tale of Today.
- 7:00
 NBC-Red: Jack Benny (Oct. 17).
- 7:30
 CBS: Phil Baker.
 NBC-Blue: Dzzie Nelson, Bob Ripley (Oct. 4).
 NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals.
- 7:45
 NBC-Red: Sunset Dreams.
- 8:00
 CBS: Nelson Eddy.
 NBC-Blue: Musical Comedy Revue.
 NBC-Red: Good Will Court.
- 8:30
 CBS: Eddie Cantor.
- 9:00
 CBS: Ford Sunday Hour.
 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell.
 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
- 9:15
 NBC-Blue: Paul Whiteman.
- 9:30
 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music.
- 10:00
 CBS: Gillette Community Sing.
 NBC-Blue: Real Silk Program (Oct. 4).
 NBC-Red: General Motors Symphony.
- 10:30
 NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago.

MONDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A. M.
 CBS: Betty and Bob.
 NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 10:15
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
 NBC-Red: Viennese Sextet.
- 10:30
 CBS: John K. Watkins.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
- 10:45
 CBS: Hymns of All Churches.
 NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.
 NBC-Blue: Herman and Banta.
 NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.
- 11:45
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafee (Oct. 5).
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: U. S. Navy Band.
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15
 CBS: Ted Malone.
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 1:00
 CBS: Matinee Memories.
- 2:15
 CBS: School of the Air (Oct. 13).
- 2:30
 NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.
 NBC-Red: Waltz Favorites.
- 3:00
 CBS: Mabelle Jennings.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
 CBS: Concert Hall.
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
 NBC-Blue: King's Jesters.
 NBC-Red: The D'Neills.
- 4:00
 CBS: Dept. of Education.
 NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
- 4:30
 CBS: Chicago Variety Hour.
 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.
- 4:45
 NBC-Blue: Alice Joy.
 NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
- 5:00
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over.
- 5:30
 CBS: Adventures of Donald Ayer.
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.
- 6:00
 NBC-Red: Flying Time.
- 6:15
 CBS: Bobby Benson.
- 6:30
 Press Radio News.
- 6:45
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
 CBS: Popeye the Sailor.
 NBC-Blue: Liberty Digest Poll.
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
 CBS: Goose Creek Parson.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
 CBS: Alameda Half Hour.
 NBC-Blue: Helen Hayes.
 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly.
- 8:30
 CBS: Pick and Pat.
 NBC-Blue: Melodiana.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone.
- 9:00
 CBS: Lux Radio Theater.
 NBC-Blue: Sinclair Minstrels.
 NBC-Red: A. & P. Gypsies.
- 9:30
 NBC-Blue: Warden Lawes (Oct. 5).
 NBC-Red: Studebaker Champions.
- 10:00
 CBS: Wayne King.
 NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam.
 NBC-Red: Contented Program.

TUESDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A. M.
 CBS: Betty and Bob.
 NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 10:15
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
 NBC-Red: Viennese Sextet.
- 10:30
 CBS: John K. Watkins.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
- 10:45
 CBS: Hymns of All Churches.
 NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Bob and Rennie.
 NBC-Blue: Herman and Banta.
 NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
 CBS: East and Dumke.
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
- 11:45
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Allen Prescott.
- 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15 P. M.
 CBS: Ted Malone.
 NBC-Blue: Doc Schneider's Texans.
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 1:45
 NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild.
- 2:15
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:30
 NBC-Red: Braggiotti and Shefter.
- 3:00
 NBC-Blue: Bailey Axton.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
 NBC-Blue: Continental Varieties.
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
 NBC-Blue: Have You Heard.
 NBC-Red: The D'Neills.
- 4:00
 NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
- 4:30
 CBS: CBS Chamber Orchestra.
 NBC-Blue: Alma Kitchell.
 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.
- 4:45
 NBC-Blue: Manhattans Orchestra.
- 5:00
 CBS: Jimmy Farrell.
 NBC-Blue: Ernie Stemm's Drch.
 NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.
- 5:30
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.
- 6:00
 CBS: Patti Chapin.
 NBC-Red: Flying Time.
- 6:15
 CBS: News of Youth.
 NBC-Blue: Animal Close-Ups.
 NBC-Red: Mid-Week Hymn Sing.
- 6:30
 Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
 CBS: Atlantic Family (Sept. 29).
 NBC-Blue: News for Voters.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 7:30
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
 CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall.
 NBC-Blue: Log Cabin Bar-Z Ranch.
 NBC-Red: Leo Reisman's Orchestra.
- 8:30
 CBS: Ken Murray.
 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest.
 NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00
 CBS: Fred Waring.
 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie.
 NBC-Red: Vex Pop.
- 9:30
 CBS: Camel Caravan.
 NBC-Red: Fred Astaire.
- 10:30
 NBC-Blue: General Shoe Dance pro.
- 10:45
 CBS: Happy Days.
 NBC-Red: Roy Campbell Royals.

WEDNESDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A. M.
 CBS: Betty and Bob.
 NBC: Press Radio News.
- 10:15
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.
 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
 NBC-Red: Viennese Sextet.
- 10:30
 CBS: John K. Watkins.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
 NBC-Red: The Mystery Chef.
- 10:45
 CBS: Hymns of All Churches.
 NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.
 NBC-Blue: Trail Finder.
 NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.
- 11:45
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafee.
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15
 CBS: Ted Malone.
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 2:00
 NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild.
- 2:15
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:30
 NBC-Blue: Jean Dickenson.
- 3:00
 CBS: Ann Leaf.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
 CBS: Jimmy Briery.
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
 CBS: Gogo De Lys.
 NBC-Red: The D'Neills.
- 4:00
 CBS: Curtis Institute.
 NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
- 4:30
 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.
- 4:45
 CBS: Clyde Barrie.
 NBC-Blue: Marguerite Padula.
 NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
- 5:00
 CBS: Margaret McCrae.
- 5:30
 CBS: Adventures of Donald Ayer.
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.
- 6:00
 NBC-Red: Flying Time.
- 6:05
 NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.
- 6:15
 CBS: Bobby Benson.
 NBC-Blue: Midge Williams.
- 6:30
 Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
 CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
 CBS: Lee Wiley.
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
 CBS: Popeye the Sailor.
 NBC-Blue: Literary Digest Poll.
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
 CBS: Goose Creek Parson.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
 NBC-Red: Frank Parker, Ann Leaf.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
 CBS: Cavalcade of America.
 NBC-Blue: Revue de Paree.
 NBC-Red: One Man's Family.
- 8:30
 CBS: Burns and Allen.
 NBC-Blue: Lavender and Did Lacey.
 NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00
 CBS: Andre Kostelanetz Orch.
 NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight.
- 9:30
 CBS: Palmolive Community Sing.
- 10:00
 CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord.
 NBC-Red & Blue: Your Hit Parade.

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON

PROGRAM DIRECTORY

THURSDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
CBS: Betty and Bob.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella.
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: Viennese Sextet.
- 10:30
CBS: John K. Watkins.
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
NBC-Red: Walter Cassel.
- 10:45
CBS: Hymns of All Churches.
NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
NBC-Blue: Herman and Banta.
NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
CBS: East and Dumke.
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
- 11:45
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott.
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15 P.M.
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 1:00
CBS: Matinee Memories.
- 1:30
CBS: Academy of Medicine.
- 1:45
CBS: Doris Kerr.
- 2:00
NBC-Red: Thursday Matinee.
- 2:15
CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:30
NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.
- 3:00
CBS: Mabella Jennings.
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
CBS: Howells and Wright.
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
CBS: Do You Remember.
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
CBS: All Hands on Deck.
NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
NBC-Red: Tea Time at Morrell's.
- 4:30
CBS: Greetings from Old Kentucky.
NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera.
NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.
- 5:00
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.
- 5:15
CBS: Clyde Barrie.
- 5:30
CBS: Melody Weavers.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
CBS: Loretta Lee.
NBC-Blue: Flying Time.
- 6:15
CBS: News of Youth.
- 6:30
Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
CBS: Atlantic Family.
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 7:30
CBS: Wildroot Sports Program.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
NBC-Blue: Music is My Hobby.
- 8:00
CBS: Kate Smith.
NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee.
- 8:00
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs.
NBC-Red: Show Boat.
- 10:00
CBS: Sears Roebuck Program.
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall.

FRIDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
CBS: Betty and Bob.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella.
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: Viennese Sextet.
- 10:30
CBS: John K. Watkins.
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
NBC-Red: The Mystery Chef.
- 10:45
CBS: Betty Crocker.
NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine.
NBC-Blue: Herman and Banta.
NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.
- 11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 2:15
CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:45
NBC-Blue: Woman's Clubs.
- 3:00
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
- 4:30
CBS: U. S. Army Band.
- 4:45
NBC-Blue: Strolling Songsters.
NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
- 5:00
CBS: Margaret McCrae.
NBC-Blue: Airbreaks.
- 5:30
CBS: Adventures of Donald Ayer.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
CBS: Buddy Clark.
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.
- 6:15
CBS: Bobby Benson.
- 6:30
Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
CBS: Virginia Verrill.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
CBS: Popeye the Sailor.
NBC-Blue: Literary Digest Poll.
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
CBS: Goose Creek Parson.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
CBS: Red Horse Tavern.
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich.
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert.
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam.
- 8:30
CBS: Broadway Varieties.
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days.
- 9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel.
NBC-Blue: Fred Waring.
NBC-Red: Waitz Time.
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em.
NBC-Red: True Story Court.
- 10:00
CBS: Andre Kostelanetz Orch.
NBC-Red: First Nighter.
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Vivian della Chiesa.
NBC-Red: Red Grange.

SATURDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
Press-Radio News.
- 10:05
CBS: Waitz Time.
NBC-Blue: Vaughn de Leath.
NBC-Red: Charloters.
- 10:15
CBS: The Bluebirds.
NBC-Red: The Vass Family.
- 10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend.
NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins.
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Originalities.
- 11:00
CBS: Ozark Melodies.
NBC-Blue: Herman and Banta.
NBC-Red: Our American Schools.
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Cadets Quartet.
NBC-Red: Breen and De Rose.
- 11:30
CBS: CBS Concert Hall.
NBC-Red: Jerry Sears.
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: Larry Vincent.
NBC-Blue: Genia Fonarova.
NBC-Red: Concert Miniatures.
- 12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
NBC-Red: Merry Madcaps.
- 1:00
NBC-Blue: Old Skipper and Gang.
- 1:05
NBC-Red: Rex Battle Orchestra.
- 1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents.
- 2:30
NBC-Blue: Whitney Ensemble.
NBC-Red: Earl Smith Orch.
- 2:45
CBS: Clyde Barrie.
- 3:00
CBS: Down by Herman's.
NBC-Blue: Hollywood High Matters.
NBC-Red: Three Continentals.
- 3:15
NBC-Blue: Gale Page.
- 3:30
CBS: Tours in Tone.
NBC-Red: Week End Review.
- 4:00
CBS: Ann Leaf.
- 5:00
NBC-Red: Blue Room Echoes.
- 5:15
NBC-Blue: Timothy Makepeace.
- 5:30
CBS: Charlie Barnet's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Musical Adventures.
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Jesse Crawford.
- 6:15
CBS: News of Youth.
- 6:30
Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
NBC-Red: Art of Living.
- 7:00
CBS: Patti Chapin.
NBC-Blue: King's Jesters.
NBC-Red: Red Grange.
- 7:15
CBS: Atlantic Family.
NBC-Blue: Home Town.
NBC-Red: Heinie and Grenadiers.
- 7:30
CBS: Carborundum Band (Oct. 17).
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Thornton Fisher.
- 8:00
NBC-Blue: El Chico.
- 8:30
CBS: Elgin Football Revue (Oct. 3).
NBC-Blue: Meredith Willson.
NBC-Red: Jamboree.
- 9:00
CBS: Floyd Gibbons, Vincent Lopez (Oct. 3).
- 9:30
CBS: Pet Milk Program (Oct. 3).
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance.
NBC-Red: Shell Chateau.
- 10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes.

HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE

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

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

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

Thus:

E. S. T. 10:00
C. S. T. M. S. T. P. S. T.
9:00 8:00 7:00

Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network

WAAB	WICC	KERN
WABC	WISN	KFJR
WACO	WJAS	KFBK
WADC	WJRW	KFHH
WALA	WJSV	KFPY
WBBM	WKBN	KFRC
WBNS	WKBW	KGB
WBRC	WKRC	KGKO
WBT	WLAC	KHJ
WCAO	WLBZ	KLRA
WCAU	WMAS	KLZ
WCCO	WMBD	KMBC
WCOA	WMBG	KMJ
WDAE	WNSR	KMOX
WDBJ	WNAC	KOH
WDBO	WNAX	KOIN
WDNC	WNOX	KOL
WDOD	WOC	KOMA
WDRC	WOKD	KRLD
WDSU	WORC	KRNT
WEAN	WOWO	KSC
WESG	WPG	KSL
WFBL	WQAM	KTRH
WFBR	WREC	KTVL
WFEA	WSTL	KVI
WGR	WSFA	KVOR
WGSJ	WSJS	KWG
WHAS	WSMK	KWKH
WHCC	WSPD	KYAC
WHK	WTOC	
WHF	WWL	
WIBW	WWVA	
WIBX	KDB	

Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Networks

RED NETWORK		
WBEN	WGY	WSAI
WCAE	WHIO	WTAG
WCSH	WHO	WTAM
WDAF	WJAR	WTIC
WFAF	WJAG	WTJ
WEEI	WQW	KSD
WFER	WRC	KYW

BLUE NETWORK		
WBAL	WHAM	WXYZ
WBZ	WJZ	KDKA
WBZA	WLS	KOIL
WBWB	WMAJ	KSO
WENG	WMT	KWK
WGAR	WREN	
	WSYR	

SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

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

WAPI	WOAI	KGW
WAVE	WPTF	KHQ
WBAP	WRVA	KLO
WDAY	WJAB	KOA
WEEB	WSM	KOMO
WFLA	WSMB	KPO
WFLA	WSOC	KPRC
WIBA	WTAR	KSTP
WIOD	WTMJ	KTBS
WIS	WVNC	KTHS
WJAX	KDYL	KVOD
WJDX	KFI	CFCF
WKY	KFYR	CRCT
WMC		

For Mutual Broadcasting System Program Listings Turn to Page 88.

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

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO LOVELINESS

Joan Marsh, the feminine star of Flying Red Horse Tavern, has that longed for freshness. See page 53 for program.

By JOYCE ANDERSON

“Of course, she isn't really beautiful but, my dear, she's always so perfectly groomed!” I'll admit I was frankly astounded when Aunt Martha made this remark about Elaine. I'd always thought of Elaine as not only the most truly *chic* woman I know, but also as the most beautiful. Yet, when I stopped to think it over, I realized Aunt Martha was right, as usual. Elaine doesn't have one really beautiful feature in her whole face. Her figure is ordinary—trim, neither plump nor lanky, but she'd certainly never qualify for the Follies.

Then I remember the night I'd introduced her to her husband. Naturally, he wasn't her husband then!—only a very nice young bachelor extraordinarily interested in the girl he had just met. He turned to me, as Elaine went into the guest room to take off her hat and powder her nose, and the first thing he said was, “There goes the loveliest girl I ever saw in my life.”

That's the point of the whole thing. Elaine is lovely. Her clean, fresh skin, her gleaming hair, her clear eyes and proud carriage attract attention wherever Elaine goes. There's a thought for the day! If Elaine can be lovely without, as I said, either a beautiful face or figure, then there's hope for all us gals, for we can all have fresh skin, gleaming hair, clear eyes and a proud carriage, if we just make up our minds to do something about it.

Good grooming is the answer, and good grooming, when you get right down to it, means perfect cleanliness. You might even paraphrase the old proverb to read: “Cleanliness is next to loveliness.” For that matter, you might just as well accept the fact that cleanliness is loveliness. Nobody's going to admire a straight, well-shaped nose if it's covered with blackheads. Nobody cares for naturally rosy cheeks that are full of enlarged pores. Nobody wants to run his fingers through hair that looks dull and not quite clean, no matter how beautiful the color is.

Boy, what a break that is for us gals who know we're not beautiful! We can all do something about this particular beauty problem, because the easiest thing in the world to achieve is cleanliness. All we need to start with is a bar of really good soap and some warm water. Simple, isn't it? But something so important that no expensive beauty treatment is going to do us a darn bit of good without this first simple step.

Isn't it just too awful? It's our faces that we particularly want to have fresh-looking and clear, and that's just where we always have to fight blackheads and pimples and skin troubles! It's easy to figure out why, when we stop to think that our faces are exposed to every bit of soot and grime—and, yes, bacteria, too—there is in the atmosphere about us, while the rest of us is pretty well protected. And that daily grime, mixed with the natural secretions of the skin, clogs the pores and (Continued on page 95)

LEARN THE SECRET OF GOOD GROOM-

ING FOR YOUR KEY TO BEAUTY



YOUR FACE IS
"YEARS OLDER"

WITH
COARSE PORES
LITTLE LINES
BLEMISHES



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin . . . make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface,

but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer skin's* health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

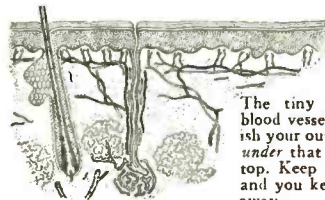
But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream

briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing . . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



Aging
faults
start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

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

POND'S, Dept. L73r, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream
keeps my skin soft
and clear—smooths
out little lines."

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

QUITE a variety of radio entertainers were born during the month of November. Some of them are: Kay Thompson who first saw the light of day on November 9; then there's Conrad Thibault, born on the 13th, with Morton Downey, Wilbur (Budd) Hulick and Dick Powell, born the very next day—with just a difference in the year. Tiny Virginia Verrill blossomed forth on the 20th, while Irene Wicker, *The Singing Lady*, made her initial appearance on November 24; Igor Gorin, the 26th; Jack Smart and Ted Husing, the 27th; and the 28th brought lovely Helen Jepson. As an after thought, I might add that your old friend, *The Oracle*, startled the world in the early part of November.

Now for those questions you've all been patiently waiting for:

Miss D. D. of Cleveland, Ohio—

A promise is a promise, D. D., and so here's your information on Frank Parker. Frank was born in Manhattan's lower East Side, where he was known as Ciccio, of Italian parents. His father wanted him to become an engineer but Frank won him over into sending him to his ancestral Italy for a course of singing in the famous Milan Conservatory. Returning to America, he made his first theatrical appearance as a chorus boy in the "Greenwich Village Follies." Eight years in vaudeville and musical comedy brought him roles in "Little Nellie Kelly," "My Princess" and "No, No Nanette." Then came radio, his first association being with the Revelers. Frank is fair-complexioned, black haired, tall and handsome. He likes to cook and putter about the house when he isn't swimming, dancing, golfing or playing polo.

William S., Tuckahoe, New York—I'm sorry you couldn't make the October issue, Bill. Annette Hanshaw has been off the air for some time now and we do not know when she will return. However, I'm sure if you address a letter to her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, they will forward it to her.

Barbara W., Baintree, Mass.—For a picture of Joan Blaine, write to her in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill. Harvey Hays doesn't play the part of Joe Marlin in the *Story of Mary Marlin*. Robert E. Griffin takes the part. By the way did you see Mr. Griffin's picture in the September *RADIO MIRROR*—For Your Radio Scrapbook section?

Dick Powell fans, attention! Get in touch with Frances Feather, 1362 Mineral Spring Road, Reading, Pa., if you want to join the Dick Powell club with Dick as the honorary president.

To the lady who inquired about a James Melton Fan Club in the June issue of *RADIO MIRROR*: Get in touch with Louise Mitchell, Box 1418 Hollywood, California.

Bernice E., Kapaa, Hawaii—A letter addressed to Phil Spitalny in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, will reach him.

F. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Al Bowly was born 38 years ago and, of all places, in a box car. It happened while his family were fleeing from a plague-ridden city en route to Johannesburg,

South Africa. Al is five feet-seven, weighs 175 pounds, has black eyes and hair and is married to a very blonde English lady.

P. L. H., Berkeley, Calif.—Billy Idelson who plays the part of Rush of Vic & Sade,

was born August 21, 1919, in Forest Park, Ill., where he still lives with his parents. Billy is a healthy lad, five feet tall and weighing 100 pounds. He has medium complexion and brown hair and hopes to be a film actor some day.

Charles E. M., Chicago, Ill.—Louise Wilcher's theme song is "The Little Rose You Gave To Me." The words are by Gerald Griffin, music by Lon Healy and it is published by Bob Miller, Inc., 1619 Broadway, New York.

Miss Janice L., New York City—Fred Uttal shares honors with Ken Murray on the *Rinso* show. Fred is a New Yorker, born July, 1906; has brown eyes and hair; his favorite sport is football; (*Continued on page 104*)



George Rand, who plays the Old Ranger in *Death Valley Days* on the West Coast, names his wire-haired terrier Boraxo, after the sponsors of his radio program.



New Oily Cuticle Remover

GIVES YOU **3** IMPORTANT BENEFITS . . .

- ★ COUNTERACTS DRYING
- ★ HELPS KEEP CUTICLE SOFT . . . NAILS FLEXIBLE
- ★ REMOVES CUTICLE SAFELY WITHOUT HARMFUL CUTTING

AT LAST—a cuticle remover that *benefits* your nails and cuticle! The new Cutex formula removes cuticle with the same famous efficiency as ever—and in addition, it contains a special emollient oil that keeps your nails and cuticle from drying out!

Cuticle has a natural tendency to grow dry and scaly. Cutting it is the worst possible thing you can do—it makes it grow out rough, ragged and lumpy. So you need a cuticle remover. But *ordinary* cuticle re-

movers *actually aggravate the dry, scaly condition* by dissolving the oils in your skin!

Now comes Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover . . . containing a special soothing oil which helps overcome the tendency for the cuticle to dry

out. Selected from a long list after careful research, this special oil not only prevents drying—it lubricates your nails and cuticle—actually helps to make them softer, smoother and more pliable than ever!

It's a regular beauty treatment for your nails—created by the World's Manicure Authority! Still at the same economical price of 35¢—at your favorite toilet-goods counter. Try it today!

NORTHAM WARREN
New York, Montreal, London, Paris

The Big Broadcast of 1937

(Continued from page 39)

AT exactly nine-one, Gwen was standing in front of the reception desk on the twenty-second floor of the Commercial Broadcasting building.

"Mr. Bob Miller, please," she said firmly.

The receptionist smiled. "He couldn't possibly be in this early," she replied. "Can't you find something to do until eleven? Mr. Miller sometimes comes in around that time."

Gwen walked across the room and sank down in the deep upholstery. The room was just as lavish as she'd thought it was from the pictures she'd seen in radio magazines. Behind her, a long row of windows looked out across the city. Under

Carson, Commercial's program director."

Gwen followed him down a long hall into another, smaller reception room. The girl guarding the entrance to the office which had Program Director in glittering letters spread across the frosty glass door glanced up at Miller and waved a hand in idle greeting. Miller kept right on, past the girl, past the imposing door. Gwen followed him, her hopes rising with every step she took. If Miller was important enough to stalk into Mr. Carson's office this way, he certainly could get her the job he had mentioned over the telephone.

Before the man behind the biggest desk Gwen had ever seen could get up, Miller had rushed over to him, slapped his right

couldn't have upset Gwen more than a bombshell dropped in the quiet office. Rossman responsible? The great singing star? And after the way she'd made such fun of him on her broadcasts!

"Oh," she exclaimed involuntarily, "that makes me feel terribly uncomfortable." She waited, but no one spoke, so she continued, "Do thank Mr. Rossman—and tell him I'll do my best to repay his confidence."

Miller half turned to face the door. He put out his hand. "Don't worry, I'll tell him. Goodbye. You're in Mr. Carson's hands now."

As he reached the door, Carson called: "Bob, did you explain to Miss Holmes just what her—job—will be?"

But Miller had gone. Gwen frowned. There was something wrong, terribly wrong. The way Miller and Carson had talked to each other. Miller had been so anxious to leave, and Carson had been just as anxious not to be alone with her.

She started to speak, to ask what it was all about. There was a knock at the door, a high pitched giggle, and a handsome woman was in the office. A second later a meek, blushing man slipped in to stand a few feet in back of the woman.

"Hello," the woman said, "are you Mr. Carson?"

SHE walked over and pumped his hand. "Not *the* Mr. Carson," the woman persisted. "The Mr. Carson who is the radio director?"

"Yes," he answered, in scathing tones. "Whatever became of you?" the woman asked, smiling coyly now.

Gwen stepped back, felt a chair at her knees and sank down. She noticed that Carson was beginning to smile, the same smile she had seen doctors give patients who were delirious.

"I was elected vice president," he said. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to go now. Good day. It's been nice knowing you."

Taking her by the hand, he led her gently to the door. With a shove that had a vicious force, he pushed. The woman sailed out the door, Carson slammed it shut with a sigh, turned and bumped into the man who had stayed behind.

"Who are you?" Carson exclaimed. The man shuffled his feet, mumbled, cleared his throat, and finally said, "Her husband."

Carson advanced threateningly, but before he could repeat his performance, his secretary rushed in.

"Mr. Carson," she called, "I think you should know you just pushed out the new sponsor of that big golf ball program, Mrs. Platt!"

The door opened a third time. Mrs. Platt's head appeared cautiously. "Yes, here we come. Come on, George, they're calling us."

Carson rushed over, jerked her inside, and said, "Well, well, what a pleasure. Do come in. Patsy," to his secretary, "get Mrs. Platt a chair."

The secretary rushed over, half lifted a huge arm chair and began dragging it across the room. Before she could reach Mrs. Platt, both husband and wife turned, waved to Carson and disappeared.

"Quick, stop them," Carson yelled. The secretary ran out into the hall, looked up and down, and ran back in. "Too late, they've escaped."

Gwen stood up. "Are—are they dangerous Mr. Carson?" she asked. "What? Oh, are you still here?" Car-



Mrs. Platt (Gracie Allen) walked over and said, "Not *the* Mr. Carson? The Mr. Carson who's the famous radio director for Commercial studios?"

her feet was thick carpeting. Up a short flight of stairs was the door to a studio. She could see a light flash red. A row of letters spelled out: "Studio in use."

Those two hours she waited, mixed with uncertainty and the thrill of recognizing famous radio stars who hurried in to rehearse, seemed the climax of all her years of hoping for just such a chance.

Then there was a tall, smiling man standing in front of her. Unaccountably, her heart beat just a little faster than it had since she'd left home the night before. He could never have come from Fergus Center. The way he stood, the clothes he wore, even the way he was smiling at her—all of it was obviously New York.

"I'm Bob Miller, that man who called you," he was saying.

Under his steady appraisal of her, from the tip of her sport oxfords, to the brim of her pert felt hat, Gwen blushed.

"I came as soon as I could catch a bus," she said.

He grinned. Instinctively she liked him. "Come on, I'll take you in to meet Jack

palm, down on the shiny table top, and exclaimed:

"Here she is, Jack, the girl you've been so anxious to meet—all signed, sealed and delivered—Miss Gwen Holmes. Gwen, Mr. Jack Carson."

"This is an unexpected pleasure," Carson said. Gwen couldn't understand the tone of his remark or the look which passed between him and Miller.

Miller said quickly, "Miss Holmes, you're to be congratulated. Of all the thousands of voices crying in the wilderness, you were selected by Mr. Carson to associate with the brightest stars of the air."

But it seemed to Gwen that this speech had been directed more to Carson than to herself. Men who were hiring new help, she thought, didn't use such lavish introductions. Yet she had to say something.

"There's—there's no way to—to thank you, Mr. Carson," she hesitated.

"As a matter of fact," he replied, "You really have Frank Rossman to thank."

He had said it simply enough, but it

son exclaimed. "Let's see. That's right. You're Gwen Holmes." He stared thoughtfully at Gwen a minute. "Let's walk around and I'll show you the offices. But first," he added, "You must promise to call me Jack."

"But those two people—" Gwen began. Jack smiled. "That was Mrs. Platt. She's a wealthy widow—or was until she married Mr. Platt—and she bought a golf ball factory. So she decided she wanted a radio program to advertise the golf balls. That's how it happens that I have to do business with her."

Gwen began to see the light. "Are many sponsors that way?" Jack shook his head. "Do you think I could keep my job this long if they were?"

He led her out into the hall. When he spoke again, his voice was more serious. "About you," he said.

"I wouldn't be going on the Rossman program, would I?" Gwen asked, more as a stab in the dark than anything else.

"What? You don't expect to drop into the top spot on the air in one fell swoop? Why Rossman's the star of the new Platt golf ball program."

"N—no," Gwen replied. "Besides," he went on, "we can't decide your whole future with one snap of the fingers."

"Well, then," Gwen went on, determined to run the matter to the ground, "will you use me as an announcer or as a singer?"

And, strangely, Jack Carson, Commercial's Program Director, blushed.

"Well, you see, it's complicated. Here we have a lovely girl—ambitious—talented—we have to take time to decide what's best."

"But surely, you're not going to let me sit around doing nothing to earn my salary?"

Jack didn't speak for a moment, but walked straight ahead until they were at the elevators.

"Listen, kid," Jack said, "promise me one thing?"

He took Gwen's hand. "No matter what happens, always keep your chin up, will you?"

And before Gwen, in her astonishment, could answer, he said, in his former business like way.

"Give me your address. We'll let you know as soon as we decide what to do with you. In the meantime, if a week goes by, we'll send your check for your first week to you in the mail."

He turned and walked away. The elevator operator said impatiently, "Down? Going down?"

Gwen stumbled in, the door slid shut, and the express elevator dropped beneath her feet.

III

A WEEK went by without another word from either Jack or Bob Miller. But Gwen had enough to see so that she didn't mind the wait too much. And just as Jack had promised, on Saturday a check came to her.

It was the second week that dragged. By that time she had seen all of New York that she wanted to, alone. The other places she had always dreamed of seeing with someone—someone preferably tall, dark, with a boyish smile; someone, she had to admit, like Bob Miller.

If she could only figure out to her own satisfaction why she had been brought here and then left to her own devices! Big companies, she thought she knew, didn't work that way. Or maybe they did. Maybe they had just forgotten her.

So Gwen set a time limit for herself. She'd stay exactly two full weeks. Then she'd leave just as quietly as she'd come. Friday was the longest day she'd ever

P. S. Print my letter if you like,
but don't print my name.



My daughter, Joan, loves parties. She has plenty of friends too. But she never used to invite them into her home. One day I asked her if she was ashamed of it.



After I coaxed her, she broke down and told me that the girls at school joked a lot about "tattle-tale gray." And Joan was afraid her friends would notice that my linens and things had it bad.



I was plenty mad because I work hard. But Joan showed me one of your ads about how the wrong kind of soap gives clothes "tattle-tale gray" by leaving dirt stuck in the clothes.



So just to please her I changed and tried Fels-Naptha Soap. And my, the difference it's made! All that gentle naptha along with that wonderful golden soap wash so clean. I've never had my things look so white!

© 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!



Now...
**a lovelier way to
 avoid offending!**



KEEP *Fragrantly* **DAINTY**
 ...BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!

YOU are so much more than just sweet and clean, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet!

For while its rich, deep-cleansing lather guards you completely from any chance of body odor . . . its exquisite, flower-like perfume keeps you alluringly fragrant.

Hours after you step from your bath Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like scent still clings glamorously about you . . . because it has the *lingering* quality found only in rare and costly perfumes!

No wonder fastidious women all over America now bathe only with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the perfumed soap that brings you a *lovelier way* to avoid offending!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet Soap costs only 10¢ a cake! The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes.

You will find this lovely Cashmere Bouquet at all drug, department and ten-cent stores. Why not get three cakes today?



Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢ - THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

lived. At least it was until six o'clock. She'd returned from a walk up to Forty-second Street and had come into the lobby of her hotel, hot and dispirited. The clerk behind the desk smiled as she walked over to get her key.

"Some calls for you, Miss Holmes," he said. "Man named Miller been trying to reach you for the last hour."

"Miller?"
 Gwen repeated the name as though she were pronouncing a word in some foreign tongue. "Did he—did he leave any number?"

"I'll see," the clerk began to answer when a hand fell on Gwen's shoulder.

"Gwen—Miss Holmes!"

Gwen turned. It was Bob! He'd come. Never would anyone look as good to her again. He was smiling that same smile she had dreamed about practically every night for two weeks, and under his arm was a long box, an unmistakable box. He had brought flowers!

"Hello," she managed to say.

"I've got great news," Bob said. "Come over here where I can tell you." Linking his arm in hers, he hurried to a deserted corner of the lobby.

"What are you doing tonight? Got a date?"

As though he didn't know! She said, "Nothing. Why?"

He answered, "Why I thought perhaps we could go out tonight—see some of the hot spots you've read about."

"I'll have to consult my date book," Gwen said, laughing for the sheer joy of having someone to talk with.

BOB grinned. "Swell. I'll pick you up at seven-thirty. We'll have dinner first. Oh—here. These are for you." He slid the long box under her arm.

"But the news you had?" Gwen said.

"Tell you later."
 Gwen watched him go, a warm glow inside her.

Bob was only fifteen minutes late. And the way he was looking, in his top hat and tails, he could have been twice as late.

They had dinner—the best dinner Gwen had ever had—in a quiet, richly subdued restaurant in the West Fifties. It was nearly eleven when they left, stepped into a cab and set out for the Stork Club. Bob kept pointing out people of Hollywood and stage fame. Big names. Names Gwen only read in the Sunday edition of the local paper.

Next it was the Hollywood Cafe, and Benny Fields, the singing master of ceremonies, with Benny Goodman's band. Instinctively Gwen swayed to the insistent throbbing of the music. She danced with Bob, danced again and again. Fields was singing the newest song sensation, "Here's Love in Your Eye," and Bob was holding her close. She felt his lips brush her cheek.

She closed her eyes. Now she knew why heroines in stories wished certain moments could go on forever. Back at the table, Bob suddenly said,

"Very nice—in fact, very lovely."

"What?" Gwen asked.

"Your eyes," Bob said. "And your mouth," he went on, as though making a brand new discovery. "And your nose is in the right place. Your hair—say, do you realize you're a darn beautiful girl?" He held her hand. He was saying more. "I think now's the time to spring the big news."

"What news?" Gwen said dreamily.

"You don't seem very anxious to hear," he said a little petulantly. "I've got a job for you."

At that, Gwen did sit up. "Work, real work?" she asked doubtfully.

Bob nodded his head. "And what work!" he exclaimed. "I've signed you to

be a guest star on the Frank Rossman radio program. Think of it. The chance to make good on the biggest show on the air."

Gwen didn't try to reply. The tears that welled up in her eyes were answer enough. Nor did Bob speak again until the next piece was announced. Silently, they stood and walked to the dance floor. Gwen went into his arms.

It was nearly four before Bob suggested they might go home. She thought again of his news and a warm surge of excitement spread over her. A chance to guest star on the Frank Rossman radio program. A week from this same night she would be standing before a microphone, singing a duet with the most popular tenor in the country.

Bob said good night as simply as "Good night, Gwen," but when he kissed her nothing was simple any more. Nor would it ever be again. He was in Gwen's life now, for good or bad, and he would stay there.

IV

EVEN the city's noise seemed a gayer, happier bedlam the next day as she took a bus for the Commercial building. She hummed softly to herself going up in the elevator and crossing to the reception desk. There was no one there. While she waited for the girl to return, Gwen idly picked up a morning paper lying there and scanned the headlines. Suddenly she felt as if someone had struck her over the heart. A paragraph, part of the paper's Broadway gossip column, had been ringed in blue pencil:

"The lovely voice of the femme M. C., who used to amuse listeners with her songs and chatter over a hick station, has been missing for two weeks. Your correspondent has discovered the reason. A certain male singing star with a network contract couldn't take the ribbing she used to give him via the airwaves. So his agent signed up the small-town nightingale and is keeping her in cold storage. Scallions to the ham! His name will be furnished upon request."

As clearly as if she had seen her name there in type, Gwen knew whom the item meant. Slowly the explanation of her sudden summons to New York, her idleness, and even the offer of a job which Miller had given her last night, became clear. She looked at the date of the paper. Yes, it was today's issue, but an earlier edition appeared late in the afternoon of the preceding day, and Miller, Carson and Rossman must have seen this paragraph then. Her hands, holding the paper, began to shake with anger.

"Good morning, newest star of the networks!"

Gwen whirled. Bob Miller was just behind her. His eyes widened as he saw her pale face, dropped to the paper in her hands, and grew wary in understanding.

"Is this true?" Gwen demanded.
 "Why—" For an instant Bob was at a loss. "It—it certainly calls for an explanation, doesn't it?" he stammered in a voice he tried to make casual.

"Everything's fairly clear," Gwen said icily. "You three gentlemen—you and Rossman and Jack Carson—got me out of circulation so Rossman's little vanity wouldn't be hurt. Then this columnist found out about it, and you thought you could quiet him down by putting me on the program as a guest star for one broadcast. That big party last night—making a big fuss over the little country girl so she'll feel good and agree to anything!" She would have gone on but her voice broke and she turned away to hide her tears. For what really hurt was that Bob Miller had done something of which she



Mothers! **A delicious quick meal packed full of nourishment**
 —and it costs less than 3¢ a portion

THEY'RE growing fast, playing hard — those lively, lovable youngsters of yours. They're burning up energy all day long. They need good, hearty, satisfying food and plenty of it!

Give them Franco-American Spaghetti often. It's rich in vital food elements. It supplies, at low cost, body-building proteins—energy-giving carbohydrates—valuable vitamins in its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce. Children love it and it's so easy for you to prepare. No cooking or fussing. Just heat and bring to the table.

The whole family will enjoy Franco-American. Its rich, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce, containing eleven different ingredients, makes it taste different as can be from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. "It's far better than I could make," women tell us. And costs less!

A can is usually no more than ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't buy uncooked spaghetti and all your ingredients and prepare it yourself for so little. Order Franco-American Spaghetti from your grocer today.



Franco-American SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE
 MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

15¢ - Price Now of Famous Cold Remedy



1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/3 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin—the Thing to Take for Fast Relief



Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way nearly any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way — BAYER ASPIRIN. It is perhaps the most famous and most widely used of all cold remedies today — yet costs only 15¢ for a dozen tablets or two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States.

The way you use it is this: Two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on. Take with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package.

This will act to fight fever, cold pains and the cold itself. And it will

save you from taking strong medicines for a cold. Medicines that often upset the whole system. Relief comes rapidly.

Get the genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name: not by the name "aspirin" alone.

15¢ FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25¢
Virtually 1¢ a tablet



hadn't thought him capable. Busy at deceit and trickery, just like any Broadway boy!

"I'm sorry you feel like that," he was saying quietly.

"I do! And you can cancel all arrangements you've made for me."

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "Don't let your personal feelings interfere with business. You can go as far as you want in radio, and as long as your eyes are on the top, I'll work my head off to help you."

"Why?"

"Because I like to be associated with success. And the more money you make, the more money I make too."

"Strictly business," Gwen said contemptuously.

"That's all. Why not?"

Before Gwen could answer the door to Jack Carson's office opened and Carson came out. He looked at Bob sourly.

"Good morning, Gwen," he said.

"What's all the trouble out here?" "Gwen has changed her mind about the Platt show. She doesn't want to be on it," Bob explained. "She—well—" he gestured toward the paper.

"Oh!" Jack sighed.

"Well?" Gwen demanded.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars for a broadcast is a lot of money," Jack said timidly.

"Two hundred and fifty!" Gwen glared at Miller. "Did you agree to that figure?"

Bob blushed under her disdain. "How much do you want?" he asked.

"A thousand dollars!"

"A thousand—!" Bob and Jack cried in unison. "Why not two thousand?" Bob added.

"Thanks," Gwen said curtly. "Two thousand. You can send the contract to my hotel. Good morning, gentlemen!"

She left the room with her head high, but in the taxicab which she called blindly as soon as she reached the street she huddled back in one corner, ashamed to let the driver see she was crying. A two-thousand-dollar contract is nothing much when you've just found out that the man you were beginning to love is strictly business.

Gwen didn't even have time to open up her suitcase back at the hotel before a messenger from Commercial was knocking on her door. When she opened it he thrust a large red envelope, marked RUSH at her. It was a contract and the sum called for was \$2000.00 for a single guest performance. She sat down weakly on the bed. They had called her bluff. She'd have to go through with it.

V

ONCE Gwen had thought a week was a long time to rehearse for one program just sixty minutes long. But preparing for her guest appearance on the Platt golf ball program was the most strenuous ordeal of her life. And it didn't help any to have to see Bob every day, even though all their conversations were "strictly business."

The first day she met Rossman. He was almost nice, not half as bad as she'd thought from his records. And whenever she began to feel sorry for herself about Bob, she wandered about the studios watching the applicants for jobs stream in and out. Here she was, once as unknown as any of them, now guest-starring on radio's biggest new program! There was the lovable hillbilly from Arkansas, Bob Black, for instance, who simply haunted the studio, with a strange instrument he called the bazooka under his arm. Wanted to audition for Leopold Stokowski, he insisted. Each day the receptionist gently turned him down. Every day

he was back. It helped, thinking of people like him, to forget her shattered dreams of romance.

Finally, it was actually the night of the broadcast. Bob was still uppermost in her thoughts, but she had the satisfaction, at least, of knowing that Rossman was beginning to like her. And Jack was obviously friendly. She knew, too, that unless she was a sensational success, singing tonight, she would be sent back to Fergus Center, and that made her more determined than ever to make good.

The program started at nine. At eight the orchestra began to drift into the dressing rooms in back of the studio. At eight-thirty the vast studio began to fill with spectators. Then it was one minute to nine and Gwen was standing in the wings listening to the announcer bidding the audience welcome. Just before she walked on with Rossman, he leaned over and whispered, "How about supper after the show?" She nodded and together they made their entrance.

Applause roared in her ears. The orchestra swung into the theme song. Rossman was singing. The seconds ticked by. At the quarter hour, the announcer began his build up of Gwen. He told who she was, where she had come from, and predicted a brilliant future for her. At the end of his speech, he waved Gwen to the mike. The music started and automatically Gwen began to sing her duet with Rossman.

She knew, even while she was still singing, that she was a hit. The way the audience sat forward, the way Rossman smiled encouragement. When she finished, she ran off the stage. Bob was there. She tried to brush past him, but he held her arm a moment. "You were swell, kid. I'm proud of you." And she couldn't help smiling at him.

Soon the program was over. Everyone was milling around in the corridor outside Gwen's dressing room. Jack opened the door.

"Gwen, come here. The sponsor, Mrs. Platt, wants to see you. Gee, you were good." He took her hand and led her outside. The sponsor, the orchestra leader, Rossman, Bob were all there.

Bob said, "Jack and I thought we'd have a little party to celebrate. Get your things and let's go."

Furious, uncontrollable resentment flared up in Gwen. It was all obvious to her. Before the broadcast, he'd said nothing. Now that she was a success, he wanted to take her out. If she had flopped? Her lips curved in a faint smile of derision.

"Thank's," she replied, putting her arm through Rossman's, "but Frank asked me first. We're going out to supper—alone." She looked up at Rossman. "Can we go now?" she asked. "I'm starved." Her head high, she started down the corridor, past Bob, past Jack. Outside, reaction set in. Her teeth chattered, her hands were wet with cold perspiration.

"I know just the place to go," Rossman said, leading the way.

VI

GWEN had been right in her guess that she was a hit on the broadcast. In the next three days, thousands upon thousands of letters and telegrams poured into Commercial, all of them asking that she be kept on the show.

Jack called her to his office, told her that Mrs. Platt wanted her to continue another six weeks, named a huge salary, and beamed at Gwen while she signed the contract.

Then began for her a kaleidoscopic series of broadcasts, rehearsals, interviews, pictures, signing contracts with advertis-

"The Hand that holds some girl away from the altar...is her Own!"

says **Walter Winchell** (Your New York Correspondent)



Keep your hands adorably soft with Jergens, the lotion that goes in faster, more thoroughly!

Rough, chapped hands have a way of saying, "Keep away, we're not meant for romance!" Yet how easily those same hands can hold on to happiness, with a little help from Jergens!

Smooth, tempting texture comes almost at once, when Jergens Lotion gets down into the dried out skin cells. It penetrates deeply, quickly... acts faster, as proved by test, than other leading lotions! Jergens' two scientific skin-softening ingredients

restore, in a few applications, the lost natural moisture that hands must have to stay young!

Remember that water, like cold weather, is cruel to your hands, leaves the skin rough. A careful check kept by hundreds of women, nation-wide, revealed that you wash your hands on an average of 8 times a day; have them in water at least 8 times more.

So keep a bottle of Jergens in kitchen as well as bathroom. Use it lavishly, often. It's the lotion you can count on to keep your hands soft, white and young!

Jergens Lotion



All four sizes — \$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c — contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known lotions. You'll find the big dollar size, most economical of all.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the youth-protecting oils and moisture your hands need!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 623 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) Perth, Ontario

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

For that uncertain feeling—



Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?

If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM



BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.



BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

BEECHIES... another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

ORALGENE... Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

ers, answering fan mail, dates with Rossman. All of it superficially perfect, none of it based on any real satisfaction, because try as she would, her life was lacking a vital element. She didn't admit even to herself the gap Bob had left. She tried, by eating lunch, dinner and supper with Rossman, to convince herself that she was living as full a life as was possible. And when she had tired of Rossman's company, the door to Jack's office was always open. More and more, Jack was seeking her out, giving her advice. And when, after two weeks of this, she showed the strain of sleepless nights and hectic days, he urged her to slow down.

Afterwards, Gwen looked back and realized that the climax of this whole impossible rush towards stardom came the morning that she and Rossman went to New York's biggest department store to pose in wedding costume. It was a natural publicity stunt for the store. As Jack told her, in all the history of broadcasting, never had there been such a furor over a couple as there'd been over Gwen and Rossman. People followed them on the street, besieged them in restaurants for autographs. Newspapers hounded them for interviews and pictures.

So they stood there in the hot studio, blinking before the glare of the lights, smiling artificially at the photographer's command. As time dragged on it seemed more and more to Gwen that this scene represented her whole present life of artificiality. Girls should put on white satin wedding gowns for real marriages, not for advertisements.

AND when it was all over, Rossman folded the check that had been handed him, saying, "Every little bit counts."

Gwen smiled, but there was bitterness in her heart. She had thought stardom would be fun, would—in fact—be all she'd ever ask for. That was before she'd become a star. That day she turned down Rossman's invitation to lunch.

The phone woke her in the morning. Jack was calling, asking her to come over and see him. He was waiting at the door when she came down the hall. She followed him into his office. On his desk was the page advertisement of the department store. He motioned to Gwen to look. There she was, with Rossman, smiling blandly at the world. Gwen shuddered a little.

"What's happened to you?" Jack asked. "You're not the same girl I met the day you came here from Fergus Center. And I don't like you half as well. The girl I knew would never brush her teeth in public, or advertise a special in wedding dresses."

"For five hundred dollars?" Gwen said. "That's not the point," Jack protested. "Why do you do it when it's making you unhappy?"

"That's not true," Gwen cried. "Isn't it?" Jack said, turning to the window.

And Gwen couldn't deny it any longer. Jack had suspected all the time, then! He walked over and put his arm about her.

"How about moving out of the tabloids into House and Garden, with a Country Gentleman?"

If he only knew the words he was speaking. Gwen smiled up at him through a haze of tears. Perhaps if he knew, Bob did too. Knew where her heart really lay.

But then he was saying, "... and Jack will play the gentleman."

For a moment Gwen didn't realize the full meaning of his words. When it dawned on her she stepped back and stared at him. Jack had proposed! He hadn't understood about Bob.

She smiled wistfully. "Thanks, Jack,

but I'm afraid I couldn't."

Jack nodded his head. "Somebody else?" he asked.

Gwen nodded.

"He's not much good, but there'll never be anyone else," she said.

They were silent a moment. "I'm sorry," she whispered.

The door swung open.

It was Bob. His face flushed as he realized who was in the office. "Oh, hello," he said, "I was just going to talk to Jack about you."

"It's no use," Jack said. "I already did. I chided her for all this cheap publicity. I even made love to her. Asked her to marry me. But she's in love with somebody else."

Bob whirled to face Gwen. The color drained from his cheeks.

"Who?"

"Can't you guess?" Jack said. "Rossman!"

"Rossman!" Bob hurled the word out in violent disbelief.

Gwen recoiled in amazement. "Jack, wait a minute..."

"It's all right," Jack interrupted, "we'll stick by you. We're still your friends."

"But Jack, please," Gwen pleaded in a frenzy of terror. She had to stop this burlesque, this nightmare of misunderstanding. She turned to Bob. Certainly he could see what was happening to her, to them.

Bob glared at her. "Don't be an ingenué," he snapped. "Why don't you admit it? Why keep it a secret? Why not tell the world about it? Think of the thrill it would give all the yokels. Broadcast it to the four corners of the earth. Why don't you?"

"Hey!" Jack shouted. "Bob, you've got something. Why didn't I think of this before!"

Bob stopped his bitter denunciation. Gwen, speechless, found herself listening in fascination as Jack went on, "There have been great lovers in history, great lovers on stage and screen; but there have never been any great lovers of the air!"

"Are you stark raving mad?" Bob demanded.

"Shut up," Jack shouted. "Listen: Ladies and gentlemen, the Platt Radio Hour, bringing you those great lovers, Gwen Holmes and Frank Rossman, who will reenact for you the proposal scene that made their two hearts beat as one!"

"Jack, Jack, stop it," Gwen sobbed. "Bob, make him stop it."

"Now don't tell me you don't like it," Bob said, sarcasm hardening his voice. "after all those nice wedding pictures you've been posing for?"

"Listen," Jack began again, "five will get you ten that it becomes the greatest program on the air."

Bob said, "Isn't that great?"

Gwen, in blind desperation, nodded. "That's what we're all working for, isn't it?"

"Sure," Bob said again, "but count me out. I'm through."

Gwen watched him go, powerless to move, to object. She saw the door close, heard it slam, and still she couldn't move.

VII

WHEN Jack Carson stepped to the dictograph and began to call for reporters, press agents, photographers to build up publicity for the radio romance between Gwen and Frank Rossman, he set in motion a powerful machine which picked Gwen up and carried her helplessly along. She seemed to have lost all will of her own. Like an automaton she posed for pictures, gave interviews, saying what she was told to say, smiling when she was told to smile. In the whirl of activity

Why Some Women are Natural Beauties!

They intensify natural coloring... yet never look "made-up". The Color Change Principle available in Tangee Rouge, Powder and Lipstick brings out your own natural coloring.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The vogue today is for naturalness! It took

a different kind of cosmetic principle to make it possible... the Tangee Color Change Principle. Your own natural color is lovelier... but you never risk that "painted" look.



Your cheeks, when rouged with Tangee, are alive and sparkling with your own color. In Compact or Creme form. Both contain the magic Tangee Color Change Principle.



And because Tangee Face Powder blends naturally with your own skin tones, your skin is smoother, fresher... never a trace of that powdery look.



Your lips become the blush-rose that nature has hidden there. The cream base of Tangee keeps lips smooth, youthful and appealing.

Try Tangee make-up. Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. See how the Tangee

Color Change works. Tangee Powder is 55c and \$1.10. Rouge, compact and creme, each 83c. Lipstick is 39c and \$1.10. Use the coupon for sample.

• BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MA116
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

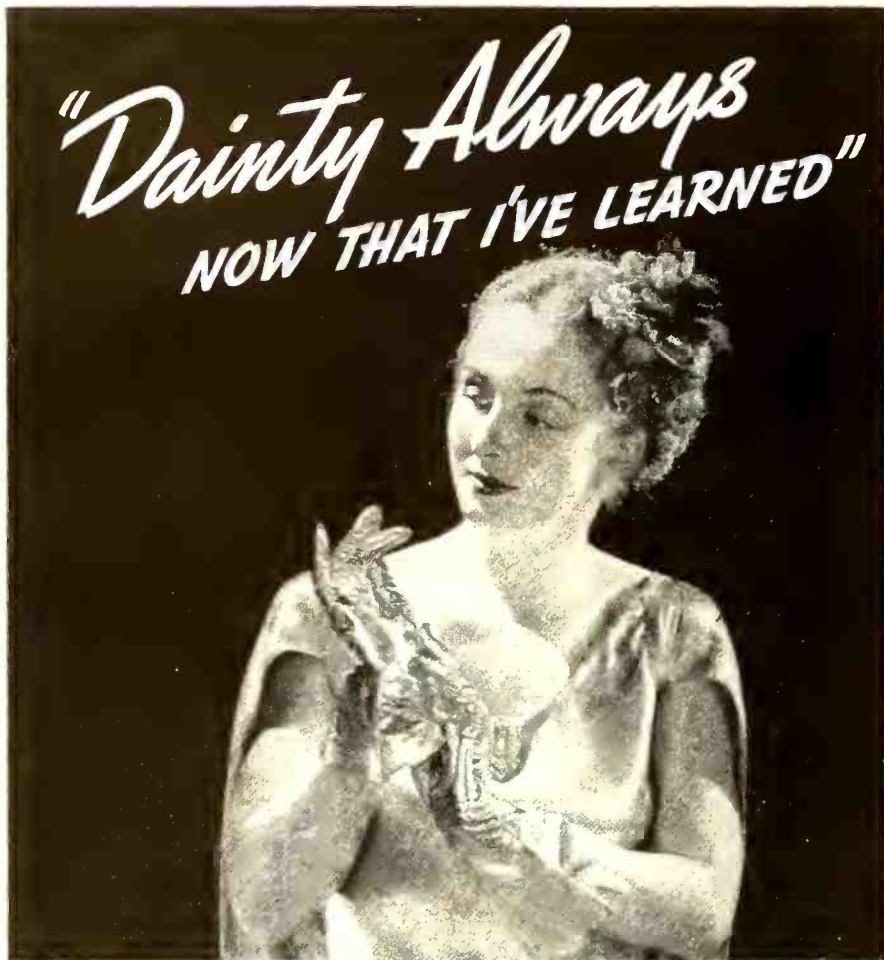
Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*"Dainty Always
NOW THAT I'VE LEARNED"*



New Deodorant... QUEST
100% Effective on Sanitary Napkins!

Now there's no excuse to be guilty of the "Unforgivable Offense!" The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors!... *Quest* is 100% effective, even on hottest days! It assures all-day-long freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin, clog the pores or interfere with normal body functions.

Try *Quest* today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this soothing cool powder on sanitary napkins, after the bath, to stop perspiration offense. It is unscented, which means it can't interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume. *Quest* costs no more than other kinds... only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter. Buy it today!



QUEST
for Personal Daintiness



there was no time to think. At night she went to bed with her mind and body drugged with fatigue.

All the time the build-up went on. The publicity machine told the world about the great love affair between her and Rossman.

Abruptly, it was the night of the broadcast once more. Before a studio full of people, Gwen listened to Rossman read lines written for him by someone else:

"Gwen darling, I offer you my heart—and a life-long devotion that will not and cannot be denied. Will you—can you—become my wife?"

Automatically, she nodded, "Yes."

The "re-enactment" of Frank Rossman's proposal was the greatest publicity stunt radio had ever known. America took these newest lovers of the air to its heart. Telegrams and mail poured in from everywhere, three times as much response as the program had ever received before. Offers of free homes, cars, clothes poured in from manufacturers eager to seize their share of the publicity.

Through it all, Gwen tried to shake off the impression that everything was happening to some other person—not to her. Or perhaps she did not really try to shake off that belief. Perhaps, deep inside, she was afraid of the moment when she must face reality.

That moment came at last, on the afternoon before the next broadcast. Gwen had remained in her apartment all day, resting, refusing to answer telephone calls. Not until five o'clock did she pick up the insistent telephone.

IT was Jack Carson, downstairs in the lobby and clamoring to see her.

"I've got a new contract for you to look at," he said when she opened the door to him.

Wearily Gwen accepted the contract, turned over the pages without understanding what was written on them.

"By the way," Jack asked, "where are you and your crooner going on your honeymoon?"

Honeymoon! Gwen dropped the contract and turned to Jack, her eyes wide in disbelief. The word had crystallized the whole fantastic farce into sudden reality.

"Maybe this will interest you," Jack went on, reading from a telegram: "Offer you all expenses three weeks in Cuba for eye-witness account of honeymoon. Feature Press Syndicate."

Play-acting and reality sharply divided themselves in her mind. This was a real wedding, performed by a real minister, which was to take place over the air in a few more hours. No more pretending. She would be Mrs. Frank Rossman.

The telephone rang again, and Jack answered it. "Your fiancé is downstairs," he said, "with a lot of reporters. He wants you to let them come up and tell them how the bride feels."

Gwen's eyes filled with tears. "What kind of girl do they think I am? I'm sick of reporters—sick of cameras—sick of publicity! And do you know what I'm sick of most of all? *Me!*"

She whirled and ran into her bedroom, slamming the door behind her. For an instant she stood trembling, then she crammed a hat on her head, ran to another door which led into the hallway, and ran for the stairs.

Only one thought was in her mind. She must get out of this city. She knew she could never marry Frank Rossman, and the only way to escape the situation into which she had allowed herself to be drawn was to drop out of sight, completely.

A taxicab drew up to the curb at her hail. "Pennsylvania Station," she gasped. She would go back home, back to Fergus Center.

Artists Advise

The Penn Station was filled with scurrying, homewardbound commuters, all intent on their own affairs. Gwen took her place in the line before one of the ticket windows—but just as the man behind the ticket window looked at her inquiringly, sudden panic seized her. Wouldn't they look for her first of all in Fergus Center? And even if they didn't, how could she ever face the smiles and whispered comments of the people she knew there?

"A—a ticket to—" she stammered, and stopped. Frantically she tried to think of somewhere to go—and the memory of an old school friend came to her aid. Donna Richards would understand, would help her hide. "To Buffalo," she told the ticket agent.

"Can't take a train to Buffalo from here," he said, looking at her curiously. "Got to go to Grand Central for that."

AT Grand Central, Gwen found that there was no train to Buffalo until eight-fifteen. She bought her ticket and sank down on an unoccupied bench. For a while she sat there, resting, before going into the station lunch room for a sandwich.

The lunch room was quiet and Gwen felt the first real peace she had known for weeks. The decision was made. Soon all this grotesque interlude in her life would be past. Then she stiffened. A small radio stood on a back counter, and from its loudspeaker was coming a voice—Bob Miller's voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the star of this program, Miss Gwen Holmes, has disappeared. We are trying desperately to find her. It is possible she may have met with an accident, and is in some hospital, unrecognized. Here is her description—"

Gwen listened, fascinated, while Bob described her and went on, "This station offers one thousand dollars in cash to anyone giving us definite information of her whereabouts."

As she listened, Gwen's conscience told her she couldn't possibly run away like this, without letting everyone on the program know she was all right. Leaving her sandwich half finished, she went into



Mr. and Mrs. Milton J. Cross spent their vacation in Bermuda where Mr. Cross, no doubt, has been able to make use of the bicycle his little friends of the Children's Hour program gave him as a parting gift.

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

Ray Prohaska
"Stunning!" says Ray Prohaska, artist and magazine illustrator.

Victor Keppler
"Big improvement!" says Victor Keppler, famous color-photographer.

Ski Weld
"Distinctive," says the illustrator and portrait artist, Ski Weld.

Lurelle Guild
"Artistically sound," says Lurelle Guild, well-known designer and artist.

MEN who work with color, men who know beauty, know what makes girls lovely... it's men like these who now advise, "choose your makeup by the color of your eyes."

And it's all very simple, now that Richard Hudnut has created Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup. For here are face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara... scientifically color-harmonized, all keyed to your personality color, the color of your eyes.

Write your favorite beauty editor. Ask your own drug or department store... they'll recommend Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup... tell you to buy the Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara if your eyes are blue; Patrician type, if they're gray; Parisian type for brown; Continental type for hazel. Full size packages, 55¢ each. (Canada, 65¢.)

Wear this glamorous new makeup on your very next date... and hear the boy friend ask you "Where have you been all my life?"

MARVELOUS
The Eye-Matched
MAKEUP
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**



COPYRIGHT 1936, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

a telephone booth and called backstage at the studio. To her relief, Mrs. Platt answered.

"This is Gwen Holmes," she said. "I just wanted you to know I'm all right, but I'm going away. I'm at Grand Central Station and I'm—"

"Well, am I glad to hear your voice!" Mrs. Platt began. "Well, now, you—"

"I just couldn't go through with it—all that awful publicity. I'm terribly sorry," Gwen interrupted her.

"Honey lamb," Mrs. Platt said reassuringly, "you forget all about it—I feel exactly the same as you do. Have a nice trip. Bye!"

Even now, Gwen couldn't help smiling as she mentally pictured Mrs. Platt blithely hanging up the receiver while everybody else in the studio was bending every effort to locate the missing star.

SHE returned to the lunch counter, laid her bag down, and began to eat. The waitress came up, paused a few seconds, and asked, "Anything else, Miss Holmes?"

"Some tea, please," Gwen answered—and realized too late she had allowed herself to be trapped. "But my name isn't Holmes," she added hurriedly.

"It is! You're Gwen Holmes!" the waitress said, pointing an excited finger at Gwen's purse. "Listen, Miss Holmes, why don't you go back to that fellow? He seems awful nice and he's *crazy* about you."

Gwen looked about wildly. The other customers were turning interested faces; out of nowhere, a crowd was beginning to gather.

"Go call the studio," somebody told the waitress. "We'll get a thousand dollars if

we can keep her here until they come after her."

A man lunged for her. She twisted her body aside, letting the man sprawl on the floor, and under cover of the confusion managed to run out of the room and out to the street.

She leaped into the first taxi she saw and called breathlessly to the driver, "Is there anywhere else I can catch a train to Buffalo?"

A red face and bushy white mustache peered around at her. "Sure, Hunnerd 'n Twenty-fifth Street station."

"Take me there, please."

The after-dinner traffic was at its peak, and her cab, a decrepit and worn affair at best, crawled along, starting and stopping with jerks. Gwen had the sensations of a hunted animal. To her frantic pleas to go faster, the driver only shook his head.

At last she reached One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. She thrust a bill into the driver's hand and started to get out when a news-boy rushed up to her, waving his paper almost under her nose.

"Get your paper here! All about Gwen Holmes!" he yelled. "All—" She tried to brush past him, but his voice took on a shriller note. "Hey! Here she is now!"

Gwen dodged back into the cab, out again at the other side, through roaring and screaming traffic, almost under the wheels of grinding trucks. She was breathless by the time she had found another cab.

"Go anywhere!" she shouted to the driver. "But get out of here quick!"

He gestured boredly with his hand at the traffic jam in front of him. "Can't do anything about it, lady," he said.

Gwen crouched back in a corner, trying to hide herself from the street. But it

was no use. The door of the taxi was flung open and—Jack Carson stepped in.

"For a little girl," he said grimly, "you can cause more trouble than six armies. Do you know you're coming right back to the studio with me, for that radio wedding?"

"I am not!" Gwen declared, struggling to break the grip he had on her wrist.

"You are, just as soon as Bob Miller fights his way out of that nest of trucks he's in now." He glanced out of the back window. "We've chased you all over town and we aren't going to let you get away now."

"I won't marry Frank Rossman!"

YOU don't have to!" Jack snapped. "Sap that I am, I thought when you turned me down you were in love with that groaner. It took Patsy, my secretary, to tell me you were really in love with Bob—and he's in love with you, too, only I managed to gum that up too."

"But—the wedding—" Gwen gasped.

"We'll have it, if we can get down there before the program is over—but Miller'll be the groom, not Rossman! Here he is now."

Bob scrambled into the cab, almost into Jack's lap. His tie was askew, his hair tousled, his face white—but somehow, as his eyes lit on Gwen, he looked like a very happy man.

"Hello, radio bride," he said. "Or—or am I taking too much for granted?"

Gwen leaned toward him. "You can take me for granted, the rest of your life," she answered.

Jack looked out of the window as the cab moved forward. "Ah-hum," he murmured. "So this is love."

THE END

GOOD GRIEF, PEG TO ANYTHING?

RUN-DOWN- HE'D BEEN "ALL-IN" FOR WEEKS

HERE'S YOUR BEFORE-BREAKFAST YEAST CAKE, JOE. MY-DON'T WE LOOK CHEERFUL THIS MORNING!

SURE THING, PEG-I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL MADE OVER!

A FEW WEEKS LATER...

VITAMINS A. B. G and D

What Happens to Your Sweepstakes Entry?

(Continued from page 22)

the job. After your card has been counted and the postmark checked to make sure which week's contest it is entered in, it is stacked carefully with the other millions of cards that have come in during the past six days.

By noon on Monday, your Hit Parade statisticians have completed compilations of data which tell them the names of the fifteen most popular songs for the preceding week. Large cards bearing the names of the three top songs are rushed to the hundreds of girls and men who check the cards for winners. These people—they sit at long rows of tables that fill two of the three floors used for "Sweepstakes" business—begin immediately the task of checking the entries.

One comes to your card after a while. If you have been right in your selections, it is placed on the growing stack of winners; if you have missed, it is placed among the losers. Then, to make sure no one has been cheated, both stacks are gone over again. All fair and square.

The work isn't over with that. Not by a long shot. If you have been right in your predictions, you must get your reward: a carton of 200 cigarettes; if you have not, it must be made simple for you to try again. In any event, Your Hit Parade wants to return to you the penny stamp you bought when you sent in your original entry.

So, on one of the three floors in the American Tobacco Company building, men sort the cards that have been checked into compartments denoting the state and city from which they came. To each win-

ner is sent an announcement that he has won and will receive his carton of cigarettes; each winner also receives a folder bearing his stamp and a card that gives him a chance to enter the following week. That's done right there in the building, and there have been as many as 300,000 winners in one week. Seven addressing agencies take care of the losers. They send to each one a folder which bears the invested stamp and a card upon which the contestant can list his choices for the following week. That costs a flock of money right there in returning those stamps. Just \$50,000 a week. And \$50,000 a week more just for postage to get the stamp back to you.

I SAID you are the contestants and the judges, too. You are. America is playing the game and, at the same time, America spins the wheel by which the standings are decided. You try to forecast what America likes; at the same time, America—by buying records and sheet music and asking to hear numbers played—is making up its mind.

Your Hit Parade takes no chances as it tabulates America's favorites, allows for no guess work. If you send in your selections on Saturday night, the compilers have already been working four days to find out how close you'll come. They don't know any better than you do. Probably not as well, until the last returns are in.

Their investigations begin, as far as the standings for each Wednesday and Saturday are concerned, on the preceding

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There you are, and it's right as rain from the beginning. All you must do is be clever enough to name the three most popular tunes and the 200 cigarettes are yours.

CAN'T YOU SAY NO

BUT, JOE - I SAID WE'D GO BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT - YOU NEVER USED TO JUST SIT AROUND AND DO NOTHING EVERY NIGHT

I KNOW, PEG - BUT, GOSH - I NEVER USED TO FEEL SO DOGGONED TIRED ALL THE TIME...

NEXT EVENING

BILL - I WISH I HAD YOUR DRIVE. I CAN'T GET ANYTHING THROUGH LATELY. I OUGHT TO BE WORKING TO-NIGHT BUT -

LISTEN, OLD MAN, I'LL BET WHAT YOU NEED IS FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT SET ME UP FINE WHEN I WAS ALL TIRED OUT AND RUN-DOWN LIKE YOU ARE NOW!

SHUCKS - I'M NOT RUN-DOWN - I'M OVERWORKED!

SURE - WE ALL SAY THAT - BUT MY DOCTOR EXPLAINED I FELT ALL WASHED OUT BECAUSE MY BLOOD WAS POOR. HE SAID YEAST WOULD PEP ME UP. BETTER TRY IT, JOE

HI, JOE - GOOD TO SEE YOU..... MAN ALIVE, YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED SO WELL IN YEARS. BEEN ON AVACATION.... OR WHAT?

VACATION NOTHING! I TOOK BILL EVANS' TIP ABOUT EATING YEAST - AND HERE I AM FEELING LIKE A REGULAR FELLOW AGAIN!

THE NEXT EVENING

DON'T LET POOR BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING BELOW PAR

AFTER the hot summer months are over, many people find they feel tired and let-down. Usually, doctors say when you feel like this, it's because your blood is "underfed." It no longer carries enough nourishment to the muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's Yeast supplies your blood with vitamins and other food elements. Then *more* and *better* nourishment is carried to your tissues. Eat 3 cakes daily, ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water! Start today!

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



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

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

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

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





a telephone booth and called backstage at the studio. "To her relief, Mrs. Platt answered.

"This is Gwen Holmes," she said. "I just wanted you to know I'm all right, but I'm going away. I'm at Grand Central Station and I'm—"

"Well, am I glad to hear your voice!" Mrs. Platt began. "Well, now, you—"

"I just couldn't go through with it—all that awful publicity. I'm terribly sorry," Gwen interrupted her.

"Honey lamb," Mrs. Platt said reassuringly. "You forget all about it—I feel exactly the same as you do. Have a nice trip. Bye!"

Even now, Gwen couldn't help smiling as she mentally pictured Mrs. Platt blithely hanging up the receiver while everybody else in the studio was bending every effort to locate the missing star.

SHE returned to the lunch counter, laid her bag down, and began to eat. The waitresses came up, paused a few seconds, and asked, "Anything else, Miss Holmes?"

"Some tea, please," Gwen answered—and realized too late she had allowed herself to be trapped. "But my name isn't Holmes," she added hurriedly.

"It is! You're Gwen Holmes!" the waitress said, pointing an excited finger at Gwen's purse. "Listen, Miss Holmes, why don't you go back to that fellow? He seems awful nice and he's crazy about you."

Gwen looked about wildly. The other customers were turning interested faces; out of nowhere, a crowd was beginning to gather.

"Go call the studio," somebody told the waitress. "We'll get a thousand dollars if

we can keep her here until they come after her."

A man lunged for her. She twisted her body aside, letting the man sprawl on the floor, and under cover of the confusion managed to run out of the room and out to the street.

She leaped into the first taxi she saw and called breathlessly to the driver, "Is there anywhere else I can catch a train to Buffalo?"

A red face and bushy white mustache peered around at her. "Sure, Hunnert'n Twenty-fifth Street station."

"Take me there, please." The after-dinner traffic was at its peak, and her cab, a decrepit and worn affair, at best, crawled along, starting and stopping with jerks. Gwen had the sensations of a hunted animal. To her frantic pleas to go faster, the driver only shook his head.

At last she reached One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. She thrust a bill into the driver's hand and started to get out when a news-boy rushed up to her, waving his paper almost under her nose.

"Get your paper here! All about Gwen Holmes!" he yelled. "All—"

She tried to brush past him, but his voice took on a shriller note. "Hey! Here she is now!" Gwen dodged back into the cab, out again at the other side, through roaring and screaming traffic, almost under the wheels of grinding trucks. She was breathless by the time she had found another cab.

"Go anywhere!" she shouted to the driver. "But get out of here quick!" He gestured boredly with his hand at the traffic jam in front of him. "Can't do anything about it, lady," he said.

Gwen crouched back in a corner, trying to hide herself from the street. But it

was no use. The door of the taxi was flung open—and Jack Carson stepped in. "For a little girl," he said grimly. "You can cause more trouble than six armies. Do you know you're coming right back to the studio with me, for that radio wedding?"

"Am not!" Gwen declared, struggling to break the grip he had on her wrist. "You are. Just as soon as Bob Miller fights his way out of that nest of trucks he's in now." He glanced out of the back window. "We've chased you all over town and we aren't going to let you get away now."

"I won't marry Frank Rossman!" "YOU don't have to!" Jack snapped. "Say that I am, I thought when you turned me down you were in love with that groaner. It took Patsy, my secretary, to tell me you were really in love with Bob—and he's in love with you, too, only I managed to gum that up too."

"But—the wedding—" Gwen gasped. "We'll have it, if we can get down there before the program is over—but Miller'll be the groom, not Rossman! Here he is now."

Bob scrambled into the cab, almost into Jack's lap. His tie was askew, his hair tousled, his face white—but somehow, as his eyes lit on Gwen, he looked like a very happy man.

"Hello, radio bride," he said. "Or—am I taking too much for granted?"

Gwen leaned toward him. "You can take me for granted, the rest of your life," she answered.

Jack looked out of the window as the cab moved forward. "Ah-hum," he murmured. "So this is love."

THE END

What Happens to Your Sweepstakes Entry?

(Continued from page 22)

the job. After your card has been counted and the postmark checked to make sure which week's contest it is entered in, it is stacked carefully with the other millions of cards that have come in during the past six days.

By noon on Monday, your Hit Parade statisticians have completed compilations of data which tell them the names of the fifteen most popular songs for the preceding week. Large cards bearing the names of the three top songs are rushed to the hundreds of girls and men who check the cards for winners. These people—they sit at long rows of tables that fill two of the three floors used for "Sweepstakes" business—begin immediately the task of checking the entries.

One comes to your card after a while. If you have been right in your selections, it is placed on the growing stack of winners; if you have missed, it is placed among the losers. Then, to make sure no one has been cheated, both stacks are gone over again. All fair and square.

The work isn't over with that. Not by a long shot. If you have been right in your predictions, you must get your reward: a carton of 200 cigarettes; if you have not, it must be made simple for you to try again. In any event, Your Hit Parade wants to return to you the penny stamp you bought when you sent in your original entry.

So, on one of the three floors in the American Tobacco Company building, men sort the cards that have been checked into compartments denoting the state and city from which they came. To each win-

ner is sent an announcement that he has won and will receive his carton of cigarettes; each winner also receives a folder bearing his stamp and a card that gives him a chance to enter the following week. That's done right there in the building, and there have been as many as 300,000 winners in one week. Seven addressing agencies take care of the losers. They send to each one a folder which bears the invested stamp and a card upon which the contestant can list his choices for the following week. That costs a flock of money—just \$50,000 a week. And \$50,000 a week more just for postage to get the stamp back to you.

SAID you are the contestants and the judges, too. You are. America is playing the game and, at the same time, America spins the wheel by which the standings are decided. You try to forecast what America likes; at the same time, America—by buying records and sheet music and asking to hear numbers played—is making up its mind.

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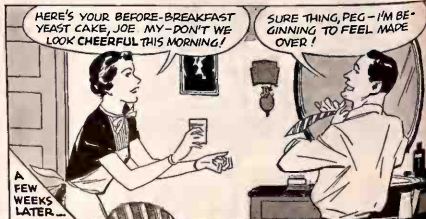
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GOOD GRIEF, PEG—CAN'T YOU SAY NO TO ANYTHING?

TO ANYTHING?

RUN-DOWN - HE'D BEEN "ALL-IN" FOR WEEKS



VITAMINS A. B. G and D



DON'T LET POOR BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING BELOW PAR



AFTER the hot summer months are over, many people find they feel tired and let-down. Usually, doctors say when you feel like this, it's because your blood is "underfed." It no longer carries enough nourishment to the muscles and nerves.

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AH!

**HERE'S THE WAY TO
GET 10 WINDOW
SHADES
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!**

THIS IS THE NEW
CLOPAY LINTONE
THAT LOOKS
LIKE LINEN!

YES AND MANY
OTHER SMART
PATTERNS AND SOLID
COLORS AT 15¢ —
INSTEAD OF \$1.50!

**15¢ CLOPAYS LOOK COSTLY
.. WEAR AMAZINGLY AS MILLIONS
ALREADY KNOW**

**Solve Clean
Window Shade Problem ...
Easiest Way on Record**

IN actual tests, 3 out of 4 people seeing a new Lintone processed 15c CLOPAY beside a \$1.50 shade only four feet away thought the CLOPAY was the cloth shade. That's remarkable evidence that CLOPAY Lintone has a beauty usually found only in more expensive shades.

Yes, all CLOPAY window shades have a rich appearance which belies their small price. And they wear wonderfully, as millions of women have already proved. So why pay big prices for shades, when

15c CLOPAYS "fill the bill" completely?

Made of a tough, yet pliable fibre material, by a special process, CLOPAYS just don't crack, ravel or pinhole. They hang straight, roll evenly, wear longer than ordinary shades. And CLOPAY's price is so small that you actually get 10 shades for the price of one. You can afford to replace soiled shades frequently and have windows always attractive. So see the new CLOPAYS now in leading 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. Smart patterns and solid colors. Write for free color samples to:

The CLOPAY Corp., 1276 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio



15¢ CLOPAY *America's Fastest Selling* **WINDOW SHADES**

Strangely enough, it's a sucker contest too, if anyone wants to do a little shady work. It can be beaten, easily. Songs so rarely come into the first three that haven't been among the first five the week before that a guy can win by just making every combination of three possible out of the first five songs of the preceding week. There will be twenty-five combinations. The person can print those twenty-five combinations on twenty-five different blanks, sign them with twenty-five different names all at his own address—and just wait until the cigarettes come. He'd even get his twenty-five stamps back.

Of course, the simple rules of Your Hit Parade's contest ask you not to do that. But how will they know if a guy changes the names?

As a matter of fact, Your Hit Parade does know—pretty well. But it's tolerant about it. It figures that if anyone wants the 200 cigarettes that badly, all right. However, the contest is not being run for those people and they aren't the ones who are getting the fun out of it. It's being run for you people who are essentially fair—who get a kick out of trying your wits on a game that offers a darn pleasant reward for success.

Your Hit Parade gets so much of a bang out of seeing you get that reward, by the way, that it has added an extra-special little surprise. It's playing fair, it believes you are, and it wants to show you how much everyone appreciates it.

Because it's intended for a surprise, there aren't many who know about it yet. I wouldn't were it not for a friend of mine who sent in his selections a couple of weeks ago.

HE thought he'd gotten them right—those three songs. We sat around the radio that Wednesday evening, listening to the NBC Hit Parade. Well, my friend was close. He had the first one. He had the second and third one, too, but he had them turned around!

He was disappointed, all right. He flung a pillow across the room and grouched about it for a minute. Then he said, "I'll get it this time," and began puzzling out the probable results for the following week.

The surprise came then. After a couple of days, of course; but it came. He got a notice saying he would receive a carton of 200 cigarettes.

"Some mistake here," he objected. "I didn't win." Then he looked more closely at the notice. It read:

Congratulations!

Although you are not a winner on YOUR LUCKY STRIKE "SWEEPSTAKES" of this week because you failed to list the three winning songs in their correct order, you were successful in naming these songs. As a token of our appreciation of your skill and interest, we are sending you, with our compliments, one carton of 200 LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

Good luck to you on the next "SWEEPSTAKES."

The American Tobacco Company.
INCORPORATED

N. Y. O. 171

He's even more convinced it's a swell contest. And so is everyone else.

When radio saved her life, it created the most unique character in broadcasting. Read her story in the December issue.

The Man I Nearly Married

(Continued from page 35)

told me. "he has succeeded in marrying a wealthy business woman. He lives on her and borrows magnificently from her friends. And she, brave and loyal, supports him with a thousand pitiful make-shifts and sacrifices."

She paused a moment. "The masculine parasite takes a good many forms in present day society. Sometimes he is a simple scoundrel. More often a misfit. Frequently the son of a family which has lost its fortune. Brought up in luxury, he has no stock in trade but his charm and breeding, and becomes an exploiter of women. If you find yourself falling for a man like that, run as fast as you can. If you're married to one, divorce him! No moocher is worth the unhappiness of a capable woman!"

HONEYCHILE JOHNSON, that blonde comedienne from Texas, says it took a Yankee to teach her that a man who talked a lot about chivalry usually despised women.

As Irene Rich warns against men who like their women to work and support them, Honeychile points out the perils of the fellow who puts women on a pedestal, and wants to keep them in the home and under the thumb.

Honeychile is one of those Southern belles who captivate the opposite sex by being good listeners and yes-women. Underneath this soft exterior she has a keen brain and great determination. If you have a will of your own, you can take it from Honeychile that a man with a chivalry line is a man to avoid.

It was before Honeychile's Southern twang was familiar to the networks, when she was still at Baylor University in Waco, that she learned this primary lesson in love.

Baylor had its Beau Brummel. He was a crisp young Yankee from Connecticut. Among the easy-going Southern swains, the co-eds found his quick movements and vital way of talking a delight. He was popular with the men, too. He was on the football team.

And in a vicinity where the spoken worship of women and the art of flirtation was a part of good breeding, he could outdo the Southern boys going and coming.

"I began to revere women with my Mother," he'd say when he and a pretty girl moved into a patch of moonlight. "I think a man who isn't considerate and protective of women in every way is a cad!"

Honeychile's father, minister of a Dallas church, was a man of larger standing than fortune. She didn't have a car or quite so many pretty clothes as some of the other students. It was nice when the popular Yankee began to single her out as his girl.

He would take her whizzing over the rolling Southern roads in his Packard, or for long, lazy walks under the water oaks and Chinaberry trees. "Southern girls," he'd say, "are the flower of American womanhood. And you, Margaret," (he scorned her favorite nickname as vulgar) "are my favorite flower."

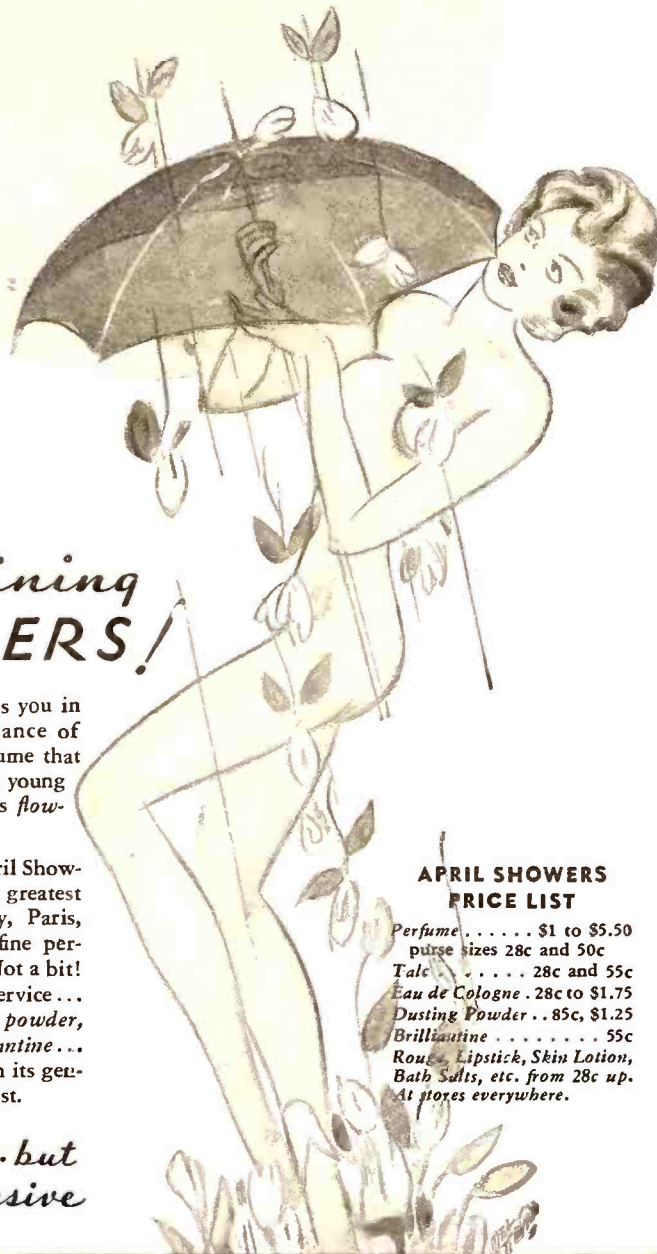
Honeychile had, and still has, a passion for hamburgers with a large slice of Bermuda onion, hot and peppery. But the Yankee demanded that she give up this other love. "It isn't appropriate. Hamburgers and onions and that exquisite mouth—"

She fell for it when he said it, but there was a smoldering resentment at her sacrifice. Why on earth shouldn't she eat ham-

CHERAMY

April Showers

THE PERFUME OF YOUTH



It's raining
FLOWERS!

April Showers clothes you in the seductive fragrance of Spring—the one perfume that is always as fresh and young and eternally right as flowers are!

Quality? Superb! April Showers toiletries are the greatest creation of Cheramy, Paris, one of the world's fine perfumers. Expensive? Not a bit! The whole matched service... perfume, talc, dusting powder, eau de cologne, brilliantine... will impress you with its generous value at low cost.

Exquisite... but
not Expensive

APRIL SHOWERS PRICE LIST

Perfume \$1 to \$5.50
purse sizes 28c and 50c
Talc 28c and 55c
Eau de Cologne . 28c to \$1.75
Dusting Powder . . 85c, \$1.25
Brilliantine 55c
Rouge, Lipstick, Skin Lotion,
Bath Salts, etc. from 28c up.
At stores everywhere.



Post... TOMORROW'S STARS



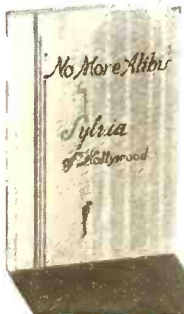
*Sylvia of Hollywood says:
"If you do what I tell you
to do you will be as lovely
as the stars of Hollywood
—and lovelier!"*

THE radiant, glamorous beauty of the screen stars can now be yours. For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, *No More Alibis*.

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

In this book Sylvia reveals for the first time all of her carefully guarded health and beauty secrets . . . the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. She gives special attention to reducing and building up the body and covers the subject thoroughly with suggested exercises, illustrated by photographs and excellent diets.

Some of the subjects covered in this book are: Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Squeezing Off Fat, Gain Fifteen or More Pounds a Month Develop Your Legs, Drooping Shoulders, Clothes Tips for Structural Defects. A Firm Lovely Face, Double Chins, Refining Your Nose, Skin Beauty, Beautiful Hands and Feet.



Overcome Nervousness, During and After Pregnancy, The Woman Past Forty.

Only 1.00

No More Alibis gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this book is only \$1.00. If unobtainable at your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—now.

burgers because she was a girl? Honeychile was helping pay her way through Baylor by singing in a choir. She also sang jazz and did comic imitations at the college theatricals. One day the owner of a Waco Hotel offered her \$20 for a weekly performance.

It was June. Rambler roses ran riot over the barbed wire fences around Waco. Honeychile was telling the Yankee of her good fortune. Her first chance to perform as a professional! As she broke off a cluster of scarlet buds, she scratched her hand slightly.

The Yankee kissed it with a great show of emotion. "The owner of that pretty little hand isn't going to do anything so crude as singing jazz and telling jokes in a hotel!" he told her. "I just couldn't see my girl doing anything like that!"

"But I want a career as a comedienne more than anything in the world. And I want so to help Dad."

"A home and children is the career for a sweet thing like you," he began.

They were still discussing pros and cons when they came on a hot dog and hamburger wagon. A terrible desire gripped Honeychile. The smell of onions and frying meat was a heavenly fragrance. It became for her a sort of symbol—a test. If he'd just give her her way in one small thing! "Just this once," she pleaded.

"Ice cream!" he grinned implacably. The plates with their pink and white and brown Neapolitan slices were handed out by a scrawny little girl with limp brown hair. Big blue circles were under her eyes, her face pinched with long, hard hours of labor. As she placed the plates on the counter, her hand slipped and a wedge of ice cream landed square on the Yankee's vest.

"Why, you hopeless little fool!" he snapped, his voice hard and cruel as a whip. "I'm going to report you for that, and see that you get fired!"

"A man like that makes an unbearable husband," finished Honeychile. With the poor little waitress he'd nothing to gain by his chivalry and his true, ugly self came popping out. What he really wanted under the pose of putting women on a pedestal was to own them like property. Dominate them completely. Sure he doesn't like his women to work, to become free and fulfilled so they don't need his kind!"

AFTER Honeychile I sought that favorite of the intellectuals, Cornelia Otis Skinner. In life, as on stage and radio, she is a woman of understanding, sensibility and tolerance. Highly intelligent, she still puts heart above head, fineness of feeling above brilliant thinking. And the man she feels is most dangerous to girls like herself—girls who love culture and cleverness but who hate inhumanity and arrogance—is the intellectual snob.

A couple of years before she conceived the idea for solo dramas, when she was still acting usual parts in usual plays, she went for a between-season jaunt to Venice. This was prior to her marriage, and as the

American colony in Venice is small, she found herself pairing off frequently with a brilliant young newspaper man.

Well-informed, with a grand gift of gab, he was able to dominate the salons of the socially and artistically great. Whether conversation ran to books, politics or history, he was invariably the most brilliant man in the room.

She said to him one afternoon, "Tomorrow night I want you to dine with a couple of friends of mine."

They were Jim and Lottie Shanks, a darling, funny old pair she had met and grown fond of on the boat coming over. They had been very poor before oil was struck on their Oklahoma farm. Now, with more than a million dollars, they were determined to make up for all the fun they'd missed in their hard-working youth. Hearty farmer folk, their toil-worn faces simple and innocent, they had answered many an appeal for charity on the boat, but they hadn't been stupid about it. They stood out among the smart throng on deck not, she thought, to their disadvantage.

THE following evening gondolieri in swanky, crested uniforms appeared at Miss Skinner's hotel. The Shanks had been thoughtful enough to send their private boats for their guests. They had rented a great palazzo, furniture, servants and all.

Two uniformed footmen were waiting for them with torches when they reached the palazzo landing. A butler opened the door and extended a piece of planking.

Before they had time to ascend, the Shanks, themselves, came running out to meet them. "Gosh, it's nice to see you!" called Jim Shanks, a bit clumsy and uncomfortable in his evening clothes.

"We're awfully lonely," confided Lottie. The dinner was laid in a huge Renaissance dining hall with painted ceiling, stucco walls and floors of tile mosaic. Drawn up to the long refectory table were priceless old carved choir stalls. But one of these had been replaced by a shabby Morris chair.

"I can't seem to get comfortable in those stiff things," apologized Jim Shanks, sitting down in it.

Up to this time Miss Skinner's escort had maintained a shocked silence.

"But it's so original," he now remarked. "I don't think I've ever seen Grand Rapids mixed with Early Renaissance before!"

The dinner was too lavish and elaborate. All through its many courses he wisecracked over the heads of their hosts. He was scrupulously over polite. He imitated Mr. Shanks' mispronunciation of Palazzo. He called everything elegant and handsome, two favorite adjectives of Mrs. Shanks'.

Cornelia sat in agony, glossing over his sarcasm as best she could. She knew Mr. and Mrs. Shanks were no fools, that they were simple and easily hurt. How could a man of so much intelligence be so stupid as to think periods of furniture more important than kindness? The Shanks' excessive desire to please her was by no

What Is the Story Behind the Goodwill Court?

Why did this program become so popular it took the place of the Major Bowes Amateur Hour Sunday nights? The December issue of RADIO MIRROR brings you the inspiring story of A. L. Alexander, the man who made these the most talked about broadcasts in the country. Don't miss it in the December issue.

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. RM-11, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Send me, postage prepaid, the book, "No More Alibis!" by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....

means unlovable, and not nearly so crude as his behavior.

"I never had any use for him after that night," said Miss Skinner. "Among my friends are all sort of people—ditch diggers, wardrobe mistresses, even millionaires. I should find it very dreary to know only one sort of people. And I couldn't bear a husband who'd be cruel to my friends!"

MY last interview was with Rosemary Lane, Fred Waring's lovely soprano. Rosemary has a flowerlike exquisiteness which seems to flow directly from her character. She likes to think things out and knows how to come to honest, wise conclusions better than many an older, more experienced woman.

"If you value harmony in living," she advises, "never allow yourself to become emotionally interested in a man who's so insecure he can't take a big success or a little failure. Let me tell you how I know."

She was standing in the big NBC studio foyer in the free moment of a rehearsal. Everybody meets everybody with informality in that luxurious velvet lobby, so she wasn't surprised when a loose-limbed, tall angular youth she'd once met casually came loping up. He had a homely, likable face, an ingratiating male awkwardness, and red hair.

"Hello, Rosemary," he said in a voice that matched his smile. "After watching you closely for a week, I certainly know you well enough to want to know you better!"

He was one of radio's phenomena. With no training to speak of, he'd come to New York bent on being an actor. A famous orchestra leader had given him a chance and his novel comedy had brought him a

sudden flush of popularity. In a small way he was a fad.

His banter and his clever, original way of kidding made Rosemary find him a good companion. Under her own swift uptake lies a world of serious purpose and she thought this boy was like herself. He called her Rosy and she called him Redhead.

As ambitious young people will, they talked a lot of shop. Rosemary was taking music lessons, practicing several hours a day.

"Why don't you go to a good dramatic school?" she asked him. "You know we're really both in radio by lucky flukes. This is our chance to get a good, solid training so we'll have something to offer when our novelty wears off."

"That's O. K. for singers," he retorted. "But comedians are born, not made."

Rosemary felt that a true artist grabbed the opportunity to serve an apprenticeship. But she didn't want to be critical. Redhead was so warm, and gay, she was beginning to feel there'd be a gap in her life without him. And he was so thrilled by every tiny bit of success, so sure he was rapidly becoming the comic-man of the hour, it was hard to step on that bubbling young enthusiasm.

It was a shock to both of them that his contract wasn't renewed. "I'll tell you frankly," his boss had said, "you do one sort of comedy marvelously—a natural. But you need to become less limited if you want to stay on the air or the stage either."

"Imagine that for ingratitude," Redhead said to Rosemary, "when I've made his broadcast the talk of the networks!"

As experience after experience proved that the big shots of radio didn't rate him as high as his own estimation, he became

moody, difficult. His charm evaporated. He was touchy, and snapped at Rosemary when she tried to help him.

Her loyal little spirit was up in arms. He did have something. He just needed one more break. Surely after this sad time he'd realize he lacked training, and go to a dramatic school if he got another job. People were at their worst, she told herself, when they were discouraged. She couldn't let him go to pieces. She must help him—some way.

She talked him up wherever she went, used all her persuasive personality to land that second chance for him. And at last she succeeded. She got him an audition with one of the biggest comedy teams in radio.

She went with him to lend her moral support, but he didn't wait for her introduction. He went right up to the great man of the act. "I'm here!" he announced.

The star observed him quizzically. "O. K.," he said. "Run through some of your stuff for me. Let yourself go in your own way."

How kind, Rosemary was thinking, to let him go his own gait before they try him on their line.

But Redhead evidently didn't think so. "Why waste time?" he demanded, "You know who I am. You know my stuff!"

"Well, that was practically the end of the story so far as I was concerned," confided Rosemary. "How would a guy like that bear up under the wear and tear of marriage? I tried to help him even after that, but of course it was hopeless. Finally he went back to his home town in New England, where he'll probably end up as a two-by-four salesman who boasts as he canvasses from door to door how he once was the big shot of the networks!"

MAKE UP
ONCE FOR ALL DAY

NEW POMPEIAN
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

SENSATIONAL news for all you ladies—even in these days of sensational doings. Pompeian's recent discovery will enable you to keep your make-up on all day or all evening. You'll look as fresh and alluring at five as you do at eight.

It all sounds dreadfully expensive . . . until you know the story. You require only these five NEW POMPEIAN Preparations to treat yourself to this lasting charm—cleansing cream, face powder, lipstick, rouge and astringent. Each is sold at the amazingly low price of 55c.

And we promise you that you will like these NEW POMPEIAN Preparations better than any you have ever used, regardless of price, or we'll gladly refund the FULL PURCHASE PRICE—PLUS POSTAGE. Could anything be fairer?

Send now for complete instructions on how to keep charm permanent. With the instructions you will also receive a most generous "Get Acquainted" kit of the sensational NEW POMPEIAN POWDER in 4 shades and 3 new remarkable creams—Cleansing, Tissue and Massage. Better write **TODAY!**

10 DAYS' BEAUTY FOR ONLY 9c

The Pompeian Company, Box 47-I
Bloomfield, New Jersey
Send complete instructions on keeping charm permanent. Also 10 days' supply of face powder and 3 creams—Cleansing, Tissue and Massage. I enclose 9c for postage and packing.

NAME
STREET

SKINNY, WEAK RUNDOWN, NERVOUS Feed Strength-Building Natural Iodine to Glands for RICH, RED, NOURISHING BLOOD!

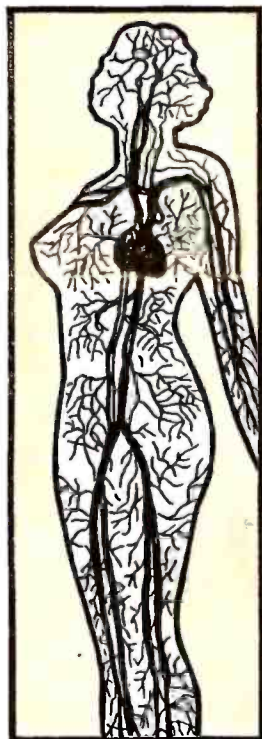
How Amazing New Sea Plant from Pacific Ocean Feeds IODINE-STARVED GLANDS, Quickly Re-news ENERGY, Builds Glorious NEW STRENGTH, and ADDS 5 Lbs. in 1 Week or No Cost!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of tired, weak, worn out, haggard-looking women whose energy and strength have been sapped by housework and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. Science has at last placed its finger on one of the principal causes of this dangerous rundown condition, and provides the way for building up and renewing a rich supply of red, nourishing, strength-building blood. "In most cases," agree many leading scientists and health authorities, "the cause of weakness, nervousness, skinniness and poor blood may be traced directly and indirectly to MINERAL and IODINE-STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into solid flesh, husky, tireless strength, vibrant energy and the red blood supply that keeps you strong and well. The inevitable result is, you stay skinny, rundown, nervous, weak and ailing.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength, and assures the utilization of nourishment—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source, 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. It's sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address at the right.



Every minute hundreds of arteries all over your body carry blood to the muscles and nerves. This blood must be rich in Natural Iodine and in minerals to nourish Starved Glands.

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt, are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How to Build strength, energy, cool, calm nerves and Add lbs. Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 991, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

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ACCEPT THIS STARTLING NO RISK OFFER!

Your Money Back If
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1. Improve appetite.
2. Add at least 5 lbs. of Good Solid Flesh.
3. Strengthen Nerves.
4. Banish Ordinary Stomach Distress.
5. Make You Sleep Sounder.
6. Give You New Strength, Energy and Endurance.
7. Clear Up Skin.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 9)

October 17th, it will have reached its full height of 217 feet.

Providence: Construction is starting in East Providence for WEAN's new transmitter.

Chicago: In addition to moving its transmitter from the near-south side to the west side, WIBC has just erected a 189-foot vertical radiator antenna.

New York: A new network, headed by WINS, comes into being. Other stations of the New York State Broadcasting System include WABY, Albany; WIBX, Utica; WMBO, Auburn; WSAY, Rochester, and WBNY, Buffalo.

Los Angeles: Having assumed control of KNX, the Columbia Broadcasting System is planning to build new studios for the station at a reported cost of a million dollars. However, no CBS network programs will be cleared over the station until December 19th.

COMPASS MERRY-GO-ROUND

Hollywood: Elvia Alman, KNX comedienne, has emerged from bandages, to reveal herself as the possessor of a completely remodelled nose.

Chicago: Franklyn MacCormack, WBBM poetry reader, just can't get away from friends while on vacation. On a recent trip through Southern California, MacCormack encountered Vin Haworth, the Jack of Myrt and Marge; Howard Neumiller, WBBM pianist; Ulderico Marcelli, Chicago conductor, and Warner Baxter, an old pal of silent film days. . . . **Newport News:** Honey Beaton, WGH vocalist, has left here to sing on WLW, Cincinnati. . . .

Chicago: It is asserted here that for rehearsals, the entire Barn Dance Troupe of ABS repairs to the beach, where they get to work around a fire after a preliminary swim.

THE RADIO ROAMER TELLS—

—of Larry Fisk, WBBM Chicago, engineer, who recently began hearing things which seemed rather out of the saner current of a radio man's life.

He was monitoring a test program by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra which was playing from its home city. The program was not being broadcast. Over the wire came the strains of the "Blue Danube," which was quite all right, for that was what the orchestra was playing.

He switched to the New York wire and what should he hear but the same music. That was not at all all right, for the N. Y. wire was supposed to be carrying the concert from Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia, which was being broadcast over the entire Columbia network. What made it worse was that the music over that N. Y. wire was lagging a bar behind that on the Detroit wire.

Fisk felt like uttering a shriek and getting right out of there, when he suddenly realized that the Dell orchestra was playing the same selection as the Detroit group in a very similar manner.

—of Meredith Willson, NBC Western Musical Director, who can truthfully assert that he and Mrs. Willson took a brass band along with them on their honeymoon. Shortly after they were married, Willson joined Sousa's band and went on tour with it as flute soloist.

"When Mr. Sousa learned about our marriage," Willson recalls, "he invited my wife to travel with us. He couldn't have been more solicitous of us both had we been his own children and the three sea-

sons that we toured with him are among our happiest memories."

—of the Toilers, Negro male quartet, which sings from Chicago over the Affiliated network. All of them are post office employees who began harmonizing informally at odd moments and then, on observing how well they sang together, started practicing after their hard days of work. It was thus that they adopted their name.

But now that they've gotten their start, the boys practice only four days a week, resting on Saturdays and Mondays, the days before and after their programs. Their arrangements are all made by Hermoine Goines, wife of Alphonso Goines, baritone and manager. Other members of the group are William Hudson, first tenor; William Knox, second tenor, and William O'Neil, bass.

—of the very busy Henry Hoople, Chicago radio comedian, better known to WBBM audiences as Elmer the Swede. On a recent day he was interviewed on the Radio Gossip Club from 12:30 to 12:45 P. M. He snatched a fast cab and got to the Wrigley Building studios in time for his part in Sentimental Selma from 12:45 to 1:00. Shortly afterward he stumbled into the Man on the Street broadcast and answered a couple of questions in dialect. And by 1:15 he was backstage at the State-Lake Theater getting ready for his vaudeville appearance.

ABOUT ANNOUNCERS

Seattle: A most amazing escape from serious injury or death was made by Don Austin, KOMO announcer here, when in crashing his car, he was thrown through his windshield, but came out unscathed. Pete Barden, tenor, who was riding with him at the time, was badly bruised . . .

Des Moines: Harold Parkes, formerly of WHO here and KOIL, Council Bluffs, has left to join the announcers of the Affiliated Broadcasting Company in Chicago. His voice is familiar to Chicagoans, since at one time he was sports commentator for WBBM. Parkes' place is being taken by Gene Shumate, formerly with KFRY, Columbia, Mo. . .

Detroit: Leonard Sterling, lately of WLW, Cincinnati, is the latest addition to the WXYZ announcer roster. He is succeeding Lloyd Griffin, who has gone to WBBM, Chicago. Griffin also came to WXYZ from WLW.

WCKY: Louis Aiken, Jr., of WCKY is now a father . . . **San Jose:** The new announcing voice at KQW here is that of James Doyle, lately of KORE, Eugene, Ore. . . **Fargo, N. D.:** Sixth and latest member of the announcing group here is Gene Devitt, graduate of KFJM, Grand Forks . . . **Philadelphia:** Charles Seebeck has left the announcing staff here to assume similar duties at WCBA-WSAN, Allentown . . . **San Francisco:** Two new additions have been made to the NBC announcing group. They are Burton Bennett, formerly of KGW, Portland, and Lawrence Keating . . . **Chicago:** Another new man has been engaged by ABC. He is Albert Avery, until recently free lance announcer with other stations in this city.

ALL AROUND THE TOWNS

Chicago: Janis Porter, lyric soprano of WBBM, has been offered a place with the Chicago Opera Company. Miss Porter, who landed her WBBM job but a few months ago through her singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" on a Texas Centennial broadcast, is the third artist from this station to receive such a bid . . . **San Francisco:** Ned Tollinger, master-of-cere-

COLD WEATHER

doesn't put a stop to

this annoyance

You can offend with
underarm odor
even though you don't perspire

YOU'VE often heard women say, "No, I don't use an underarm deodorant in winter. I don't need to, because I don't perspire in cold weather."

They're perfectly sincere. Because they do not feel moisture under the arms or see it on their clothing, they conclude they have nothing to fear from perspiration. How horrified they would be if they knew the facts!

For, far from putting a stop to perspiration odor, winter often makes it worse. Tighter sleeves, and heavier materials keep air away from the underarms. And indoor life, with too little exercise and too much nervous tension is apt to result in ugly underarm odor.

It's something that your daily bath cannot prevent. The best a bath can do is just to cleanse for the moment.

The only sure way to avoid this danger is to give your underarms special daily care. And why not do it the quickest, easiest way? With Mum!

Just half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful smoothed under each arm — that's all there is to using Mum! Then you're safe for the whole strenuous day.

Mum soothes and cools skin. Prove this by using Mum right after shaving the underarms. Even a sensitive skin won't mind!

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed, for it does not injure fabrics.

Does not prevent perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do — prevents the odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Make Mum a daily habit, winter as well as summer, and you'll never need to fear perspiration odor! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS and enjoy the comfort of knowing you can never offend!

takes the odor out of perspiration

10^{TO} 25 LBS. GAINED WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT



Posed by professional model

SKINNY? New Quick Way Gives Thousands Solid Pounds *Fast!*

WHEN thousands of formerly skinny, rundown, friendless people have gained pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh with this new triple-acting treatment, it's a crime for thousands of others to remain thin and unattractive. Actually, with this sensationally quick new body-builder, you may not only gain normal, flattering pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep and popularity.

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh, normal curves—in a very short time.

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special imported cultured ale yeast, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this special yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it

is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, these marvelous new Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in a few weeks as they have thousands. If not delighted with results of first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2211, Atlanta, Ga.

monies for the Carefree Carnival, has a wife who's beginning to get as much publicity as he is. Lone Tollinger is winning poetry prizes all over the place and her work is being printed in several national publications. . . . Hollywood: Oh, these radio pranksters! A sign was recently displayed in the KNX studios announcing that "Don Forbes (announcer) will pay \$75.00 for 1934 dimes." Don had a terrible time explaining to one literal-minded lady that the jokers purposely omitted the comma after the "1" in 1934.

Hollywood: The entire staff of KNX held a farewell party at the San Fernando home of Perry Wood for "Pop" Naylor Rogers when he retired from the post of station manager and vice president. Immediately after the transfer of KNX's ownership to the Columbia system, Rogers planned to take an extended vacation trip with his family through the East and Canada.

Charlotte, N. C.: Station WBT started its second season of a unique type of broadcast in August by putting an actual tobacco auction on the air from Dillon, S. C. Sponsors of the broadcast were the proprietors of Dillon warehouses, the local merchants who count on much of the tobacco farmer's dollar, and the city administration itself.

New Orleans: Al Bernard, the Gentleman from the South, is on New Orleans' station WWL with a twice-weekly program which includes besides himself a jazz band and a straight man. One of his most popular stunts is a series of sketches called, "How Every City, Town and Village Got Its Name."

Nashville, Tenn.: It didn't take long for Nashville's WSM to locate a stolen Michigan car a few weeks ago. The station broadcast the description and license number of a missing Michigan automobile, and shortly afterwards received a telegram from E. E. DeGroseillers, chief of police of far-off Rouyn, Quebec, saying that the car had been located there. And within an hour after WSM had broadcast DeGroseiller's message, the car was claimed by Michigan police.

Boston, Mass.: That Postal Oddities program, originated by a post office clerk in Kansas, J. B. Trapp, has passed its sixth month on station WHDH, and—with the help of national celebrities—is growing every week in popularity. Joe O'Gorman presents this unique show Monday nights and has succeeded in snaring many of the East's big wigs to go on the air for him. Rudy Vallee was the first. Joe remembered that Rudy had been made an honorable member of the National Federation of Post Office Clerks. Years ago, Rudy helped his father in the village post office of Westbrook, Maine, which practically makes him a blood brother of every clerk in the Federation. . . . Others who have appeared lately are Governor James M. Curley of Massachusetts, Congressman William Connery, Jr., and most of the other high state officials. . . . Joe has picked "Marching Through Georgia" as the program's theme song, since the deluge of mail praising it after he'd ordered it played for a few weeks. . . . Even the American Legion Band has been on the broadcast playing its favorite tunes. . . . Joe and Trapp, the originator of the program, are hoping that before winter sets in, a sponsor will take over the broadcasts. But sponsor or not, Postal Oddities will keep right on growing, much like Topsy.

Yesterday's Stars—Where

Are They?

(Continued from page 21)

For five years the Silver Masked Tenor ruled the networks, playing to capacity houses on vaudeville tours. People spent their days speculating about his identity. The wildest rumors spread; that his face had been shot away in the war; that he was blind; that he was an ex-convict.

"I got proposals of marriage wherever I went," Joe White told me with a laugh. "I had to slip out with the band, unmasked, to get away from the women who stood in line waiting for me."

Today, he appears only on sustaining programs. When the mystery about his identity died down, much of the interest in his singing went with it, though he remained the same plump, good natured Irish lad with the pleasing tenor voice.

As for Phil Carlin, he tired of announcing and shifted to an executive berth. Now he is sustaining program manager at NBC, where he has a chance to use his imagination daily.

Why have so many radio stars vanished? Some, being pioneers, lived their day and were outmoded in their style of entertainment. Some were spoiled by the boom years and wouldn't accept less money when the bottom fell out of the radio market.

THERE was Welcome Lewis, for instance. Absolutely unknown when Burt McMurty, an NBC official, heard her sing, she was welcomed to NBC at \$200 a song, on an oil program. Soon she pocketed \$250 a song. On commercials, of course. Sustainings, she felt, weren't good policy for a star of her magnitude.

After the collapse of big salaries she refused to accept a cut. Occasionally she got a guest shot; for some time she toured vaudeville. Finally she accepted three sustaining spots a week for her Musical Scrap Book.

When no sponsor rushed to sign her, she went to her home out West.

Remember Tony Wons, the Homespun Philosopher? Tony sprang up five years ago, with his scrapbooks, a miscellany of poetry and philosophy based on his musings while he lay ill in an Arizona sanitarium.

His daily talks over WLW in Cincinnati brought over 100,000 appreciative fan letters in one winter. His life story was printed everywhere as an inspiration to those who were sick and in despair. His scrapbooks became best sellers. CBS soon had him on contract. When it ran out, NBC starred him in a series of sketches called The House by the Side of the Road.

Somehow, it failed to click as his other shows had. Today Tony Wons is on a local station, WLS in Chicago. And he seems utterly content to spend the rest of his time on his farm in Wisconsin.

And then there's the last of Barnum's circus clowns. Uncle Bob Sherwood, who brought to radio some of the glamor of life under a tent. How the kids chortled with glee over his Old Dixie Circus, with his dramatic sketches of circus adventures! And some of us older kids loved them, too.

Retiring from radio in 1934 Uncle Bob opened Bob Sherwood's Book Shop in lower Manhattan, which he still owns. This fall, he's traveling from town to town with a circus, as a publicity stunt for the Republican Party.

Only four short years ago Alice Joy was the toast of the NBC networks. As

**DO YOU HAVE TO
TURN AWAY FROM
YOUR OWN SKIN?**



BLAME YOUR CARE, NOT YOUR SKIN!
*Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, other Blemishes are not
"Natural" to your Skin, but Penalties of Improper Care!*

By *Lady Esther*

Have you a skin you "can't do a thing with?" Does it hurt you to have to look in the mirror?

Many a woman who dreads the mirror is not born with a bad skin, as she thinks, but is rather the innocent victim of improper methods of skin care.

One thing you must grasp is this: The care of the skin is not a complex problem at all. It's really very simple. So simple, almost, as to appear ridiculous.

Simple, the Needs of Your Skin!

All your skin needs, commonplace as it may sound, is thorough cleansing daily and, with it, a little lubrication. Given these two things, it's amazing what the skin will do for itself.

The trouble is that all methods do NOT give the skin the cleansing it needs, let alone lubrication. Many methods are too complicated and only tax the skin. Many methods are merely "surface" methods. They take off only the top dirt and leave the imbedded dirt untouched.

What you want is deep-reaching action—a cleaning out of the stubborn, buried dirt!

The Deep Cleansing Necessary

Lady Esther Face Cream is a penetrating face cream. Gentle and soothing in its action, it is yet *penetrative*.

It does not stay on the surface of the skin. It gets into the pores! There it gets busy. It goes right to work on the accumulated waxy grime. It loosens it—dissolves it—makes it entirely removable.

With the dirt, comes out the cream—all of it! None is left in your skin to reappear later in the form of a greasy film and cause shine.

This thorough cleansing does several things for the skin. It loosens black-

heads. It permits the relieved pores to go back to their normal small size. It permits the skin to function freely—to refine itself—to take on life, color, radiance.

Also Lubricates the Skin

But Lady Esther Face Cream does not stop at this thorough cleansing. It *also* lubricates the skin, a great need in this day of dry skins. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil which overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

Three days' use of Lady Esther Face Cream will make a difference in your skin, an amazing difference. Your skin will be noticeably clearer, noticeably softer, noticeably smoother. It will have life and color.

For Your Eyes to See!

But this is not for you to believe, but for me to prove. That's why I say: Don't spend a penny. Rather, let me supply you with 7 days' cream so that you can see for yourself, at my expense, just what this cream will do for your skin.

Just put your name and address on the coupon below (or on a penny postcard) and by return mail you'll receive 7 days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream. With the cream I shall also include all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (27) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

Guard Your Loveliness With Every Step You Take



Travel the High Road to Romance in

Perfect Eze SHOES



CHARMING STYLES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

\$5.50

NOW—Perfect Eze Shoes for Men \$6.50



Patented cellular filler between outer and inner sole contains thousands of air "pockets" which absorb all jars and jolts, bumps and shocks.



CENTRAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

Ida Bailey Allen's Famous Cook Book 1500 RECIPES

This 196-page volume by one of the world's most famed food and cooking experts contains just the information you are looking for: **How to Measure, Correct Temperatures for all types of cooking, Diet Hints, Correct Serving, Meal Planning, etc.** Over one and a half million copies have already been sold in stores throughout the country. Board covers, with new type convenient index, and flexible wire binding.

Send 25c in stamps or coin (wrap carefully) to:

Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City
Your book will arrive promptly, postage prepaid



PATENTED

A GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT

FOREST FIRE RADIO LAMP

Forest fire in full colors seems to really burn. Smoke and flames rise through the trees—reflect on the lake. This striking effect is created by an automatic revolving cylinder inside. Amazes and delights everyone. A novel and beautiful lamp. Picture is a handsome reproduction of oil painting on parchment. Artistic metal top and base. Full size. Complete, ready to plug in.

Now Only \$1.00

In Canada, \$1.50
Duty and Postage Paid

Send \$1.00 bill or money order for prompt shipment, postage paid. PRINT your name and address plainly. No lamps shipped C. O. D. or on approval.

GIFT SPECIAL

Special discount to those who order several. Dozen lots, \$10. Six, \$5.50. Shipped postpaid to you or to separate addresses.

IGNITION COMPANY

60 Toppsette Ave. Omaha, Nebr.

NIAGARA FALLS LAMP

Beautiful new picture Falls really seems to flow. Price same as above.

the Dream Girl, for Prince Albert Tobacco, she enchanted us with her lovely sentimental songs. Men sent her beautiful bracelets and flowers; she was wined and dined. Babies were named for her. Streets were named for her.

When Prince Albert went off the air, her reign ended.

Hers is one of the most unusual stories in radio history. At the same time that she was singing for Prince Albert over NBC, Morton Downey was singing for Camel cigarettes, over CBS. Both tobacco accounts were owned by the same corporation.

Imagine the chagrin of the sponsor when letters poured in from all over the country, commenting on the similarity between the voices of Downey and Alice Joy. Some people even confused them.

Since sales of Camels were more important to the sponsor, the Prince Albert program was withdrawn. And without the romance connected with the Dream Girl idea, Alice Joy lost most of her fans. For a year she was off the air. When she came back for Real Silk, two years ago, she couldn't win back her former popularity. Today, she's heard on a sustaining program over NBC.

I wonder if the radio audience today cares so intensely about its favorites as it did a decade ago. Would you petition the governor to release a criminal, if you liked his piano playing?

THAT'S just what loyal fans did for Harry Snodgrass. Harry, sojourning in the state penitentiary in Jefferson City, Missouri, broadcast frequently from the prison. So enjoyable were his programs that thousands of fans pitied him and set about obtaining a pardon for him. And strange as it may seem, they actually succeeded.

For a time, he made personal appearances and broadcasts throughout the middle West. But soon the fans lost interest in the ex-convict, and he disappeared from the network. Today he's said to be running a little furniture store down South.

Perhaps you don't recall the singing of Billy Hillpot and Scrapy Lambert, but I bet you remember their pictures, those two Smith Brothers with their trailing black whiskers?

Straight out of Rutgers College they landed on the air as the original Smith Brothers, ten years ago. After awhile someone whispered in Billy Hillpot's ear that he was wasting his time in radio. With his looks, John Gilbert wouldn't stand a chance. So the team separated. Scrapy remaining on the air, Billy going to Hollywood.

Under the name of Billy Hughes, Billy tried pictures; but in spite of his friends' predictions, he didn't make good. The Smith Brothers company welcomed him back again, and whenever they put on a series, he and Scrapy took their original roles.

Today Scrapy's with various quartets, among them the Lucky Strike Singers. And so strange are the quirks of Fate that Billy Hillpot, his old partner, is production man on the Lucky Strike show.

What's become of Firestone's favorite tenor, Franklyn Bauer? The story goes that it was a quarrel with Harvey Firestone himself, over his appearance at a gigantic celebration in honor of Thomas Edison, that ended this phase of his career. Firestone had asked to contribute his services. Franklyn thought he should be paid.

When Bauer's contract expired his sponsor did not renew it. After that it was difficult for Bauer to get big jobs. He tried the movies, grand opera in Europe,

LOOK OUT FOR THE "COMMON COLD"!

The "Common Cold" is the Common Forerunner of Pneumonia and Other Serious Diseases!

concerts in New York, but without much success. Last year NBC announced he was open for radio engagements, but no one seemed interested. Today he picks up whatever concert engagements he can get.

It's a long while since we've thrilled to the romantic songs of the Poet Prince, Anthony Frome, who reigned for two years, bringing his message of romance to dreamy housewives and impressionable stenographers.

Then, suddenly, he left the air—one of the few to give up fame on his own initiative. He went back to his first profession, being a rabbi. Today you'll find him as spiritual guide at the Mt. Neboh Congregation in New York City, under his real name, Abraham L. Feinberg.

"I felt that through singing I could bring happiness to thousands of people. I think a love song appeals to the finest emotions of people. To me, it is a form of preaching," he once said. "But now I feel I can aid my fellow men more through religion."

The Bonnie Laddies were another trio who deserted radio of their own accord. They did it for financial reasons, because they just couldn't afford to stay on the air.

These lads, Charles Kenny, Lou Noll and Jimmy Whelan, were prosperous business men before they went into radio. One was selling radios, one insurance, and the other stoves.

AS an avocation they made records. Those records won for them their first radio account—the Bonnie Laddie Shoes. Later, when Lou and Jim went on for Raybestos, they became the Raybestos twins, doing a combination humor and song program. On the same program with them was a young tenor who seemed to have promise—Lanny Ross.

When their sponsors went off the air, they were offered sustaining programs, but they refused them, realizing that they could make more money by going back into business. Look them up some time if you're in South Orange, New Jersey. They all have houses on the same street.

You old time radio fans, think back. Do you remember Whispering Jack Smith in his heyday, when he was in such great demand that he sang on four programs a day?

There's an amusing story explaining how he got his name. Pressed to fill in for another artist one day when he had a cold, he sang in a husky, whispering tone. It proved so popular that thereafter he always used it.

Whispering Jack Smith made a fortune out of records. Then, looking for new fields to conquer, he went to Europe on a singing tour. It was a triumphant success, but when he came back to the United States, he found that he was almost forgotten. He tried to make a comeback on the air. New singers were springing up all the time. On one of his programs was a trio, the Humming Bird Trio, with an unknown young blonde singer named Margaret Speaks. She was to rise to fame; he to drift into obscurity.

Once in a blue moon you hear him guesting on a radio show. His most recent appearance was with the Hammerstein Music Hall in July.

Radio fans are the most severe critics in the world when it comes to the private lives of the artists who perform for them, as Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, discovered. Not all the king's horses and all the king's men can put a star together again when he has offended the public.

To women, the Street Singer stood for all their dreams of romance. Here was a shining knight, a Sir Galahad of the air waves. His own love story with Beatrice

The Sensible Thing in Treatment

How often have you seen it—a cold today and something worse tomorrow.

Almost every case of bronchitis, bronchial pneumonia and influenza has its start in the "common cold."

According to recently published figures, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the "common cold."

A menace to life and health, the "common cold" is also a severe tax on the public pocketbook. Statistics prove that the average person loses ten days' work a year on account of colds.

Something to Watch

If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it.

Don't take *any* cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sneeze or a snuffle today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection*.

As an internal infection, it is patent that a cold requires *internal treatment*. Mere surface measures—mere local treatments—may temporarily alleviate the symptoms, but to get at the real trouble, you must get at a cold from *within*.

An excellent thing to take for a cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Fourfold Effect

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is expressly a cold tablet and not a

preparation good for a number of other things as well. It has only one purpose, the treatment of colds.

Secondly, it is internal in effect and does four definite things of vital importance in the relief of a cold:

(1) It opens the bowels, an admittedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

(2) It checks the fever in the system.

(3) It relieves the headache and fever.

(4) It tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

A fourfold treatment, in other words, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine accomplishes definite and speedy results.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine imposes no penalty for its use. It contains nothing harmful and is perfectly safe to take.

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated are exactly the same as the regular, except that the tablets are coated with sugar for palatability.

Don't Procrastinate

When you feel a cold coming on, do something about it right away. Don't dally, don't compromise. Go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Usually, if taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will check a cold in 24 hours—and that's the action you want for safety!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, insist upon getting what you ask for. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot of anxiety.



A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

RADIO NOTE: Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.

Help your shelf to beauty



BEAUTIFY the closets in your home with Royledge—the modern miracle-shelving that wears better, looks better. Gay, colorful, its decorator-patterns are really lovely. This patented strong shelving hangs flat, without curling, for months and months!

You can put up Royledge in a jiffy, without tacking. No need to take it down even for laundering—for its dust-resisting finish stays clean. And it is so inexpensive that you can use it in every one of your closets, cupboards, kitchen and pantry shelves. Get Royledge today . . . and help your shelves to beauty!

• A nickel for 9 full feet at any 5c & 10c, neighborhood, or dept. store (10c sizes too). Ask for the big Royledge package. It has a round sticker that says "Feel the Edge!" ROYLAGE, 842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y., makers of "Roylies"—lace-like, beautiful table doilies.

Royledge

9 FT. 5c

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"FEEL THE EDGE"

S H E L V I N G



PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA
gives your eyes the natural-looking beauty that stirs men!

Here's the way to frame your eyes with long, heavy, lustrous eyelashes—to give them natural-looking beauty without a hint of an artificial made-up look! Use Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy mascara—the mascara in a convenient tube! Its creaminess does away with brittleness and matting, too! It won't run or smudge. Colors: Black, brown, blue and green.

THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS

No Matter What Your Age
No Need Now to Let

Gray Hair

Cheat You



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money. **FREE** Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 4411, 514 So. Wells St., Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

Margel, his wife, was publicized as a modern romance of two people who had supreme faith in each other.

When Beatrice suddenly took the Street Singer to court for divorce that was too much for the fans. They revolted against Tracy, and he was dropped from the major networks.

For a short time he was featured at WOR. Then hoping that the public had forgotten, he appeared as a guest artist on the Paul Whiteman Varieties program. But they hadn't forgotten. Today he is touring Europe.

Sometimes, when one partner steps out of a team, you just can't seem to replace him. That's what happened with the Radio Franks. They were one of the first duets on the air—Frank Wright and Frank Bessinger were the original Franks. All went well for four years, till Frank Wright married a Texas woman and went South to live.

Bessinger got other men to substitute for his partner, but it wasn't the same. They've been off the air for five years.

Today, Bessinger is singing in the Stork Club, a night club in New York, and the last of his partners, Jerry White, is an entertainer at another night spot, the Gay Nineties.

Once they begin the toboggan slide, some stars are so completely forgotten, that they die destitute and forlorn.

Remember Tommy McLaughlin, the sweet voiced Irish lad, in the days when he was a member of the Capitol Family? Remember how beloved he was as the Romantic Bachelor of the Air? Radio, I think, broke Tommy's heart. In spite of his devil-may-care manner, he was heart-broken when his fans deserted him.

One thing after another went wrong. He lost the girl he loved. He contracted tuberculosis. It wasn't till he lay dying in a New York hospital, destitute, that his former fans and friends learned what was happening. Then they sent gifts and flowers, and letters telling him how much they used to enjoy his singing.

But it was too late. He died a short time ago.

Has reading about these old favorites stirred memories in your heart? Are you thinking of the many others who brought you happy hours and wondering what has happened to stars like Ben Alley, Jack Pearl, Harriet Lee, Gene and Glenn, Muriel Wilson, Helen Nugent? Don't miss the December issue of RADIO MIRROR in which the other stars of yesterday are brought to light. Watch for—Yesterday's Stars—Where Are They?



Phil Baker and company return to the Columbia networks September 27. Phil's to play an editor this time.

Told at Last! How Wayne King Found Romance

(Continued from page 31)

one night not long ago when I sat talking with him and his wife.

"Sometimes," he said, "I look at my son asleep in his crib and hope with all my heart that he'll never have to undergo any of the bitterness and struggle I knew as a child. And then sometimes, almost with my next breath, I think, 'Fellow, I hope life does kick you around. You'll learn something no happiness or love or money can buy you. You'll learn what the really good things in life are.'"

At seven Wayne King was partially supporting himself. At seven, when he should have been playing outdoors after school to strengthen his slight-framed body, he was spending his afternoons in the drudgery of sweeping and mopping a suite of doctors' offices, a daily job that took him until well after dark. He worked because he had to. His mother had died four years after his birth in Savannah, Illinois, in 1901. His father, an itinerant boomer railroad switchman, found it impossible to keep his family together so he sent the two older boys to live with relatives and took little Wayne along with him on his trips from town to town to seek temporary employment.

IT was a half-a-loaf life for a child, changing schools and boarding houses and jobs and acquaintances every few months and being alone most of the time. Wayne learned early how to look out for himself. It was a good thing. For at nine years—nine, mind you, when most kids that age are entering the fourth grade—he was left entirely on his own in El Paso, Texas. The youngster quit school to earn his bread and butter and shelter. He sold newspapers, worked in a laundry, washed dishes in a Chinese restaurant until day-break every morning, did a host of odd jobs to pay for his food and the two dollars weekly that entitled him to a pallet in the stuffy low-ceilinged attic of an El Paso rooming house.

"The bitterest recollection I have," he said to me, "is the period between the time I was twelve and fifteen. For three years I never had enough to eat. I was slinging a pickaxe all day trying to be a big fellow and do a big fellow's work, and in the evening I'd come home so ravenously hungry, so famished I could have eaten half a dozen dinners. I needed food those years not only because I was doing hard physical labor but because I was growing, shooting up like a weed from a boy into a man.

"Sometimes I'd be so tired I couldn't walk all the way home; I'd lie down in a park or vacant lot to sleep a while. And of all the things that can make you feel unwanted in this world I think having a cop bang you across the soles of your shoes with a night-stick and say 'Get up, kid, go on!' is the worst. I was used to rough treatment but to be regarded as a common bum was something that cut me to the quick. It happened several times and it would strangely depress me for days afterward. That's a horrible thing for a youngster to experience."

After four years away from books and lessons Wayne went back to grammar school at fifteen, worked his way through high school. His chief diversion when he had time for diversion was practicing on an old clarinet his father had once given him. He'd never studied music but he had a knack for picking out tunes that seemed to grow by leaps and bounds on

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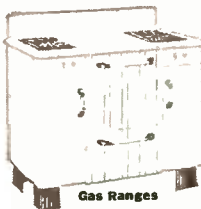
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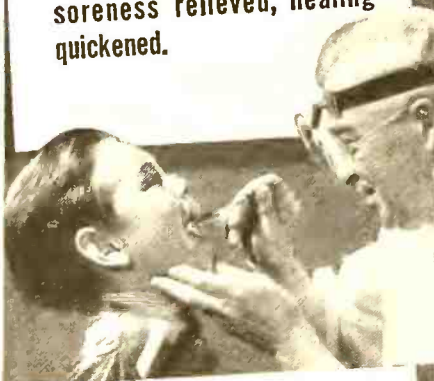


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quickenened.



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treatment by destroying
surface germs, relieving the
cold.



USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS — TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you 2/3 of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

**SAVES 2/3
OF YOUR DOLLAR**

*..Goes 3 times
as far!*



slight practice. The clarinet served a tremendous purpose later on. It practically paid for his two years at Valparaiso (Indiana) University by enabling him to play with orchestras at night.

Out of Valparaiso, and broke, Wayne headed for Chicago. After trying his fitness at everything from insurance clerk to bank accountant he decided to become a musician. He bought a saxophone in a pawn shop and a book of instructions at a second-hand store on Clarke Street and taught himself to play his sax as well as he played his clarinet. Then he went into the music business with every ounce of capability he had. It was his niche, all right. He had to work night and day and starve a little to accomplish it but within three years he had launched his own orchestra at the Aragon, a Chicago dance hall which his music has now made famous and popular. That was ten years ago; today all of his original musicians but two are still in his organization. Which certainly tells you something about the kind of boss and friend the Waltz King is to his men.

YOU see," he explained to me, "the experiences I went through as a youngster gave me a chance to learn what the really good things of this life are, to learn a balance and right sense of values. For years and years I had absolutely *nothing* and I found out the things a man wants most when he has nothing—somebody to love and somebody to love him, and the roots a home provides as well as its comforts. Those are what he dreams of most intensely, not fancy careers and sumptuous palaces and power and money.

"Then, after my orchestra became a success and before I was married, I had a chance to look at life from the other end. I had plenty of money. I could satisfy every single material whim I had—but my loneliness and dreams didn't change. I could have had a home, but a home is not a home when only one person lives in it. Then I realized that rich or poor the really good things in life are love and a place to house that love and that *nothing else is really important*. That is a thing I know to be true. For that reason I place my family and my home above everything else.

"Live without those things long enough and you'll learn how to value them. That's why I save and invest my money wisely to provide security for my family and that's why I'd rather spend my leisure at home with my family than doing anything else any other place in the world.

"And that," he added, "is also why I play the sort of music I do."

Odd, how hungering for a home and love so long can spread an influence into every phase of a man's work. At the very turn of the jazz era ten years ago, when the waltz seemed relegated to historic oblivion by all the bandmasters, Wayne King staked his whole future on the gamble that you and I would listen to

waltzes and dance to them and like them again. It wasn't as blind a gamble as it seemed to most of the people in the music business. For Wayne King had lived enough in all degrees of poverty and wealth and high society and low society to learn these things:

"The majority of people, when they're out on a party at a night club or dance hall, will request a tune that's new and hot if their friends are listening when they make the request. But if they can write their request on a piece of paper, or speak it into my ear, nine times out of ten it's for a simple beautiful old tune. Why they should feel any embarrassment before their companions in asking for 'Missouri Waltz' I don't know unless they're trying to make an up-to-the-minute impression; but since they do feel embarrassment I give them anyway the soft beautiful tunes that deep in their hearts they really want to hear most of all.

"Everything in our world revolves around the home, doesn't it? That's why when I broadcast I play music for people who are at home, music that will help them enjoy their homes. I figure that the people who tune me in are at home because they want to be there, otherwise they'd be out. So I don't try to create the illusion of a night club in every listener's parlor; I simply play the sort of music that I hope fits into every living-room as perfectly as the old sofa dad and mother bought when they were first married."

Wayne King's early years of struggle for the worthy things in life have left an indelible mark on the play side of his life as well as in his work. One of his close men friends said to me in complete admiration of the Waltz King, "He's the most all-around temperate fellow I've ever known. He doesn't gamble, he smokes a pipe instead of cigarettes, he doesn't swear. When several of us play golf together and come into the clubhouse afterward for a highball King always takes milk with ice cream in it. And he never goes night-clubbing unless one of his friends, Guy Lombardo or Paul Whiteman or someone, is opening somewhere; then he escorts his wife and stays until midnight and they go home.

WITH it all he's such a fine fellow, not a prig. All the men who know him intimately love him like a brother."

And still another indication: "I'll never cheapen my music," Wayne King told me. "If the times comes when folks no longer want to hear my kind of band I can quit this business cold and be perfectly content. You can't miss something that you've never let go to your head, that you've never regarded as one of the really permanently important things in your life. At any time I have to I can lay down my saxophone and fill my life with perfect fullness on our farm."

The farm that had been drawn on the back of a menu, you see, did become a beautiful actuality. One day Wayne King

COMING IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF RADIO MIRROR

Another installment of that memory-invoking feature, Yesterday's Stars—Where Are They? Read about such favorites as Ben Alley, Goldy and Dusty, Gene and Glenn and Harriet Lee, and many others who gave you hours of pleasure when your first radio set was new.

and Dorothy Janis slipped quietly to a parsonage at Highland Park, Illinois, and were married. After the ceremony they sped to a nearby airport, hopped into a plane and the groom piloted his bride to their northwoods estate. To their home, the first home Wayne King, at thirty-one, had ever had.

IT'S the loveliest place you can imagine. A low, rambling white house set deep in the green hills and long blue lakes of Wisconsin. A cozy house with multi-colored rag rugs and polished pewter and firelight reflections on the yellowed keys of an old melodeon in the corner. Outside in the sun a doll in her carriage has been deserted for the lure of tame squirrels calling for hickory nuts at the back porch door, where woodbine curls like flame around a trellis. To the east is a well-tended private landing field, a hangar to keep the Wisconsin weather off Wayne's own plane. And for six hundred and forty acres the rich land stretches and rolls away across the pointed tips of evergreen forests.

It's a homey sort of farm, not elaborate. Were you a stranger whose car broke down on the highway you wouldn't feel a bit of trepidation at walking to the fence-post mailbox on which "H. W. King" is painted in not too even black letters and unlatching the gate and going right up the cedared road to the front door. You'd be welcome to use the phone, you'd be proffered a bucket of water for your radiator or a toasted apple or a cup of steaming coffee and sent on your way with a friendly goodbye.

And if you were a guest in the white house the place would be yours. With one reservation. Should your hunter's eye be

keen for the partridge and bear and wild deer that roam the acres you'd have to confine your shooting to a camera instead of a gun. For you see, the place is not only home for its human residents; it's home for its wild life as well. And that's a very strict rule.

For purposes of convenience the Kings have another home, a luxurious and beautiful penthouse at Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. It's a gay bright penthouse whose windows look out on the wrinkled blue face of Lake Michigan, its floors are thick with the soft pile of white rugs, its furniture low and modern and deep-cushioned, and a score of Mickey Mouses romp around the walls of a peach and white nursery. Out on the terrace begonias bloom pink in long lines of flower-boxes, a sandpile gives evidence of a recent session at mud pies.

It's a beautiful home and a hospitable one. But if you were a friend of those who live there you couldn't buzz the bell any old hour with a "Hello, Wayne, hello, Dorothy—I was just going by so I thought I'd drop in for a minute." You have to be invited beforehand, for the people who live in the penthouse are very real people who love their home and want privacy and undisturbed quiet to enjoy their lives together. The place they live in represents something very dear to them that must not be subjected to constant casual interruption.

Every spare moment that Wayne King has is spent at his Wisconsin estate. In the summers when his work keeps him city-bound the farm is an ideal place for the children—Penny, aged three, who has her father's blue eyes and a fan of yellow curls tousled around them; Wayne, five months, still a mere pink butterball. Some-

times, even if only for a few hours, the Waltz King climbs into his plane, leaves the crash and tumult of Chicago behind him, flies out to the place he loves more than any place in the world. To rest a while.

"I'm tired," he said to me. "I've worked continuously for nine years without a single vacation. I'd give anything for a few months away from all this."

Seeing fatigue written too plainly around his eyes, knowing that he could well afford time off since he is one of the wealthiest orchestra leaders in radio, I asked him, "Why can't you put the band in storage for a while?"

"My men," he answered. "You see, I owe them a debt of loyalty that prevents my stopping now. They've been with me since I started, since we were all of us young single fellows. Now they have children and homes of their own; they need their salaries every week. I couldn't go back on them."

"I know too well what security means to a man. I couldn't take my happiness at the expense of a dozen homes and families."

Listening to him talking that night it all seemed to fit in. That the man sitting opposite in the flawless tuxedo had once been a ragged hungry youngster slinging a pickaxe. That a Waltz King should have kindly blue eyes and blond hair that's thinning a little and a gentle soft-spoken voice. That his desk and the walls around it are fittingly covered with pictures he himself had taken of his doll-like children and his wife and his farm. Those are the fabrics, it seemed, that waltzes are made of. And that after all the good things in life are love and a place to house that love—and nothing else is really important.

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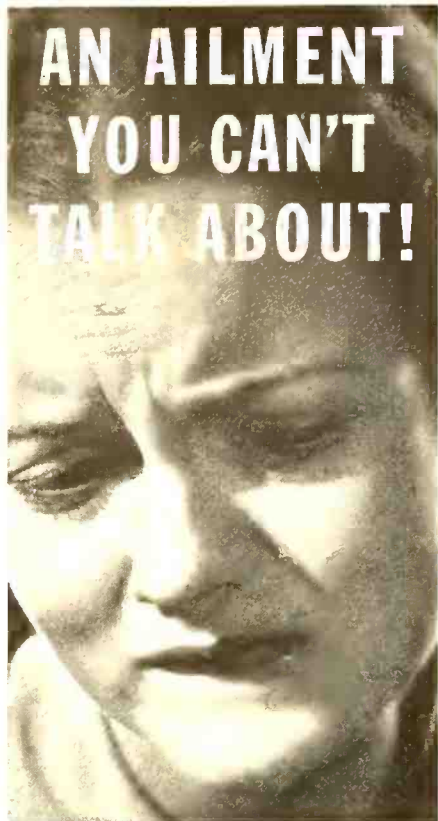
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Carmela Ponselle's Secret Inspiration

(Continued from page 42)



**AN AILMENT
YOU CAN'T
TALK ABOUT!**

ARE YOU ONE OF THE MANY VICTIMS?

Do you suffer from Piles? If so, you know what they can take out of you. They wear you down physically and mentally. They make you look drawn and haggard, no matter how you try to conceal the suffering. They handicap your every activity in life.

But the suffering, bad as it is, is not the only thing about Piles. They can turn into something very serious. This is always a possibility because of the delicacy of the trouble. Many people hesitate to seek medical treatment for Piles, when, as a matter of fact, no trouble is more in need of attention.

Three Effects in One

Today, you have medication for Piles that is of extraordinary merit. It consists of Pazo Ointment. Pazo does more than merely "kid" Piles. It actually placates them. Pazo is unusually effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve inflammation, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

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Dept. 73-MC, St. Louis, Mo.

MAIL!

Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.

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City _____ State _____

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repeated her question, and several heads turned toward a small dark-haired girl on the end of the line, but nobody spoke. Annie Ryan almost lost her temper.

"Is it you, Carmela Ponsellio?" she asked firmly.

"I'll say it is," the lanky lass next to Carmela said. "She's singing so loud, I can't even hear myself!"

Annie smiled. Carmela burst into tears, and leaving her place in the choir, ran to the door of the little church. Before Annie could catch up with her, she had fled down the street, around the corner, and out of sight.

The following Sunday, an hour before the church services were to take place, a little girl edged slowly through the door and up to the organ where Annie was playing. It was Carmela. Annie stopped playing.

YOU'VE come to tell me that you don't want to sing in the choir any more?" Mrs. Ryan asked softly. Carmela nodded. "Before you say it," Annie said, putting her arm around the child, "I want to tell you that I am very disappointed in the way you acted the other day." Tears slowly began to creep into the corners of Carmela's eyes. "Why," Annie went on, "do you think I wanted to find out whose voice was carrying above the others?" Carmela shook her head. "Because," Annie explained, "it was quite the clearest and nicest child's voice I have ever heard. I wanted to help you, Carmela. I believe you can some day become a very great singer!"

Carmela couldn't hold the tears back any longer. The little eleven-year-old Italian girl wept freely and wholeheartedly on Annie's shoulder. Annie, perhaps out of pity, but I would like to believe for a deeper reason, promised Carmela many things in the following fifteen minutes—promises she knew would involve years of work and trouble for herself. She said she would give Carmela piano lessons, something the child had always wanted but which her parents, poor people, couldn't afford. She promised to teach her voice—to give her not only the opportunity to study with an unknown like herself, but some day to help Carmela to have the finest voice instructors in the world!

Carmela has never forgotten the words Annie Ryan said to her that shining Sunday morning in the little Italian church.

"If God has given you a fine voice, my child, the rest of the world shall hear it." She probably said under her breath, "or my name isn't Annie Ryan!"

Carmela got her piano lessons—two hours each and every week—and not one cent was ever paid for them until the little Irishwoman's hair was beginning to turn gray! What Annie then knew about voice training was also given gratis to the little Ponsellio. Carmela caught on rapidly. At fourteen she was singing solos in the same church where she had been an ordinary choir girl.

When Carmela reached the age of sixteen, Annie Ryan decided that as far as personal help and supervision were needed, her work was done. If Carmela was ever to gain a foothold in the world of the great, there was but one place and but few people to help her.

The place was New York City, and the people were men like Paul Savage, Romano Romani, and Edmond Stanley—men who taught only the best.

Voices that average mortals were prone to rave ecstatically about were but raw material to these maestros. You just

couldn't be sure you had something (vocally speaking) until Savage or one of his colleagues nodded a head. These men loved fine, promising voices, and heartily enjoyed taking an undeveloped larynx and ultimately depositing it, body and soul, on the stage of the Metropolitan.

I'll say they loved it—at fifty dollars an hour and up—it was a pleasure!

All Carmela had to do, with the help of Annie Ryan, was to get to New York regardless of her parents' objections, and without any money; then talk one of these voice teachers into cutting the rates so that she could have an hour's lesson for the same price that most students paid for a minute. Of course, there was the small matter of supporting herself after she got there—all just a snap.

Carmela, *not to forget Annie*, did it! It took a good many years, and a tremendous amount of almost manual labor. When either of them would falter, Annie Ryan remembered a promise made years before in the interior of the little church in Meriden. And Annie stuck it out until that promise was fulfilled!

Carmela's first step? It wasn't really a step, it was a run—she ran away from home. The Ponsellios, Mama and Papa, called on Mrs. Ryan the day after Carmela disappeared. Mama, the appointed spokesman, asked, perhaps a bit heatedly, as to the whereabouts of her daughter. Annie wouldn't tell. She suggested looking under the bed, or in a stray closet, but as the meeting threatened to end in a small riot, with the Italian forces decidedly outnumbering the Irish, she spoke her piece.

"Carmela has gone to New York. She has enough money to last until she finds a job."

"Carmela," Mrs. Ponsellio announced, "must come right home!"

"Carmela," Mrs. Ryan corrected, "has a chance to become a great singer. She will stay in New York!"

Mrs. Ponsellio broke into tears. Papa Ponsellio broke into Italian. "Sacramento!" (Here my Italian fails me.) But in spite of tears, protests and threats, Annie Ryan remained undaunted.

THE Ponsellios, like the Goldbergs, just couldn't be separated. If Carmela was in New York, the only answer was a change of address and climate for the whole family. A year later, close on the heels of Annie Ryan, the Ponsellios moved into the big city—all of them, including little unnoticed Rosa!

Carmela, in the meantime, was progressing rapidly. She was a full-fledged cashier in the old Lorber Restaurant across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House. She had heard Caruso sing twice. That, and other things, were expensive, yet Carmela had found time to start a bank account. Her weekly salary was twelve dollars and fifty cents.

When Annie arrived in New York she immediately opened up a small music studio. Carmela obtained an "after hours" job as a soloist in an Italian church, Annie, not liking to be very far away from God, and Carmela, spent her spare time developing a choir in the same church.

Their goal, which was, of course, the Metropolitan for Carmela, seemed a little less far away. It would take years, but then those black clouds were beginning to move rapidly out of the picture. Annie was ready to go to work.

And the years held many surprises for both of them. If one were to list all the jobs that Carmela worked at in order to

pay for her voice lessons it would read like a help wanted column. After cashing-in, she went into dressmaking, then worked as a sales girl in a department store and even as an usherette. *But she did get those lessons*, and from Savage, Romani, and Stanley!

The impresarios really liked Carmela. They cut the hourly rates on her lessons way down, and often after the appointed hour had elapsed they let the minutes slip away into the next hour without charging anything for their additional time. Annie was always present at the lessons to give whatever help she could, and to thank these important men with a gentle touch of blarney for their kindness to her youthful protegee.

Then came the momentous day that Carmela was to go on the road in a traveling opera company. Papa and Mama Ponselle and Annie waved half tearful good-byes as the train pulled from the station and headed westward.

THOSE were tough years that lay stretched ahead of Carmela—years of dirty dressing rooms, inadequate pay, and constant, wearing travel. If anyone needed Annie Ryan's faith and fighting pep talks, Carmela needed them then. Not being quite able to shout across a continent, Annie's only recourse was the written word. Her letters must have meant a great deal to Carmela—she still has every one of them!

Annie's letters were not great works of art; they were just letters of simple faith, inspiring clean courage, and giving a lonely girl on the road the heart to keep plugging. Letters about God, and about how work and practice do not go unrewarded. They were filled with hope, and quiet advice; homey, simple and straight-

forward. Without them, she has often said. Carmela would have been unable to go on.

There is much of Annie Ryan's spirit, and these letters, still in Carmela. If Annie had failed to make her a great Metropolitan star, she would at least have had the consolation of knowing that she had given Carmela a strength of purpose, a higher plane of thinking.

Today, in a world torn with doubt and cynicism, Carmela still clings steadfastly to the religious beliefs that Annie has taught her. Annie always maintained that without God there is no genius. Upon this, Carmela built her career.

Up until now, little has been said about Rosa. Annie had given Rosa what little time she could spare from the hours she spent with Carmela. Carmela was the person that the Ponsellos and Annie Ryan expected to come through first.

She didn't. Like the proverbial dark horse in a race, Rosa shot out of the background to fame. Nothing could stop her, and certainly nobody wanted to. Annie jumped behind Rosa, dug in with both feet, and pushed. If God had meant that Rosa should be the first to succeed, Annie was right there to fight until the last obstacle had been overcome!

The night that Annie had so often dreamed about for Carmela arrived instead for Rosa. In 1918, the little East Side Irish-trained *bambina* stepped out on to the stage of the Metropolitan in the role of *Carmen*, and knocked the white shirt fronts and bejeweled damsels for a loopalo.

Annie was there. Very much there. Quieting Rosa, pouring instructions into her ear, proud as a peacock—but I dare say her heart was with the girl on the road, half way up the ladder, climbing

slowly but surely toward the same goal.

CARMELA'S chance was bound to come but it wasn't until eight years later, in 1926, that the goal Annie had fought for was reached. On a night in that year, Carmela made her debut in *Aida*, and Annie Ryan's work was done. Her heart was as full as a splendid Irish heart can be. It may sound sentimental, but as Carmela sang, Annie and Rosa stood in the wings back stage and the tears kept coming and going as often as the property men changed scenery.

That was ten years ago. Since then, Carmela Ponselle has been very much in evidence. The radio has brought her voice to thousands. There have been concert tours, benefits, and recordings. Nobody hears much about Annie Ryan any more. As a matter of fact, nobody did in the old days—except those who tried to put one over on Carmela. Some of the old hands around the Metropolitan have probably forgotten all about her—Carmela hasn't. She repays her in the only way she possibly can—first, with her undying gratitude and friendship; second, by giving to the world, through her voice, all that God and Annie Ryan have given her.

Carmela has just signed for another six weeks as guest artist on the Broadway Varieties air program. At the present writing, Rosa is on the West Coast completing a concert tour. Annie Ryan, white-haired and vital, still teaches the scales to those unwilling youngsters who have talent, but who also own dispositions. Annie will teach them! Who knows—perhaps she has three or four Carmela Ponselles up her sleeve?

"Sure, and I'll be havin' ye know, the Italians are mighty fine people—but with the Irish behind them they're perfect."

Chew your way to beauty

Primitive Eskimos do plenty of chewing and are noted for their well-shaped mouths and sound, even teeth. Two modern Beauty Helps are (1) a visit to the **BEAUTY SHOP** every week and (2) the daily enjoyment of **DOUBLE MINT** gum.

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

HAVE YOU DISCOVERED THE GLORIOUS NEW



BRINGING NEW ROMANTIC LOVELINESS TO THOUSANDS



No wonder women all over America are switching to this glorious new Hollywood Mask. New ingredients, new shades, new blending and harmonizing secrets. See for yourself how much more Hollywood Mask can do for you—to create an exciting, alluring, charming YOU!

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Discouraged because nothing conquers large pores and blemishes? You must stimulate underlying skin tissues, tone up circulation—purge pores of dirt and rancid oils—try Hollywood Mask! Spread it on! Rinse it off—and presto!—what an agreeable change—skin once more looks fresh, clear, youthful, glowing!



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Can lipstick do more than transform lips into tantalizing, beautiful red? Yes it can! Hollywood Mask Lipstick is not parching—soothes lips. Lasts out many more kisses. Non-transparent. Indelible. Matches Hollywood Mask powder and accentuates beauty of your complexion type.



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Now!—powder that stays and stays and STAYS on hours longer—because it's moisture-proof. End that "Plaster-of-Paris" made-up look—with Hollywood Mask Powder. Won't show because it complements your individual color skin type. Micro-fine textured. Applies smoothly with all powder bases.



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Try all three exciting new Hollywood Mask Cosmetics. On sale at leading drug and department stores, five and ten cent stores, or send coupon below—NOW—See how marvelously the right makeup can add to your charm.

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Send purse size cosmetics I have checked. I enclose 10c for each as checked to cover packaging and mailing.

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Street

City

State

Powder
 Creole
 Peach
 Brunette
 Lipstick
 Light
 Medium
 Dark
 Orange
 Raspberry
 Hollywood Mask

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 6)

campaign to start that week and they wanted a radio show to go with it, so they collected an hour of stellar material and decided to begin the series that night anyway. This is being written before the debut of the series, and Fred is expected to be back September 7, so the plan is to let him say just a few words to the listeners and save his singing and dancing for the following weeks. Whether or not that's the way it will work out you'll know by the time you read this. Incidentally, Johnny Green, one of Fred's old friends and conductor of the program, gives you a new slant on this newest of radio stars in "That Irresistible Mr. Astaire" on page 32.

REED KENNEDY, the young baritone on CBS' new Heinz Magazine of the Air, is the former business man who gave up a promising career to seek success in singing. Hasn't done so badly, either—besides his Heinz stunt he's to do seven guest appearances during the winter with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra for its glass-company sponsor, and as this is written he's being considered for the coming Coca-Cola show. The dramatic serial, Trouble House, which forms part of the Heinz Magazine, is by Elaine Sterne Carrington, author of Pepper Young's Family.

SELECT any book from Rupert Hughes' collection of more than thirty thousand volumes, and you can tell at once whether or not he has read it. The Camel Caravan master of ceremonies is a margin-marker-upper. As he reads he jots down in pencil his opinions and comments. All of which ought to make the contents of his library a valuable collector's item some day.

NAT SHILKRET, CBS orchestra conductor, got into difficulties recently over, of all things, an autographed phonograph record. He made the record, a gold one, specially for the Emperor of Japan, and when he was asked to autograph it, wrote across the label: "To His Highness, the Emperor, from Nathaniel Shilkret." The record was sent off to Japan, but came rolling right back again, with a definite request that Nat change the autograph since only the Emperor himself is permitted to write the Imperial name!

HOPES AND PLANS

KATE SMITH is seriously considering a trip to Hollywood this fall. Purpose: to take a featured role in a forthcoming Shirley Temple picture. The idea has sounded like a good one to Shirley's bosses for several months, but things only recently got past the discussion stage. Mrs. Gertrude Berg, creator of The Goldbergs and The House of Glass, is working on an entirely new script program for the new season. Ted Malone's many fans will be glad to hear that he has secured a sponsor—Hind's Honey and Almond Cream, Monday through Friday at 12:15 on CBS. The Chesterfield dance program, with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and Kay Thompson, will probably continue through the winter—or at least a similar program with slightly different personnel. The Columbia Workshop ex-

perimental dramas, which Irving Reiser produces on a sustaining basis, will also continue well into the fall.

RADIO ROW'S sympathy went out to Alice Reinheart, one of its best-known dramatic actresses, when her father died on July 22. A few days later a further tragedy threatened, when her mother was taken to the hospital suffering from pneumonia. Fortunately, however, Mrs. Reinheart recovered and was able to return home about the middle of August.

SOME day, everybody connected with the Lux Theater is convinced, there is going to be no famous guest star waiting for you when you tune in of a Monday night. Already there have been several instances when picture stars, lacking radio's training in punctuality, have very nearly been late to broadcast. Eventually, one of them is going to be late, and when that happens not even our Hollywood spies know what the Lux people will do. Cecil B. DeMille, the famous director, is growing more interested in radio by the week. He's invariably on hand at Lux rehearsals—and not just the final rehearsals either; he has virtually given up the week-end cruises on his yacht which he used to love so; and he's always trying to think up new methods of radio presentation. All of which should convince the skeptics who claimed that DeMille was engaged merely as a glorified master of ceremonies. Incidentally, it's amusing to note that C. B. shows most interest of all in sound effects—not the methods of producing the effects, but the right sounds for the right spot in the play.

A NEW high in commuting to work was set throughout the summer by Willie Morris, the young soprano of NBC's Fireside Recitals. She used the air to travel back and forth each week between New York and her home in Mexico, Missouri, where her parents live and where she'd rather be than anywhere else. In winter, of course, she'll remain in New York. Willie is presenting a very swell figure to the eyes of the world now, too—what little spare time she had in Manhattan she spent in a gymnasium, and lost ten pounds in a month. The American Radiator Company, the Fireside Recital sponsors, has hired Willie to be its star for another year.

PRESS-TIME FLASHES

BERNICE CLAIRE had to refuse two offers to make pictures in London this summer. She's the star of two weekly programs, Melodiana and Waltz Time, and you never can tell—sometimes it's out of sight out of mind, and she didn't know but what she might return to find her radio spots filled. The Chevrolet hour starring Rubinfoff, his violin, Jan Peerce, Virginia Rea and Graham McNamee, will be back early in October, occupying the Sunday 6:30 position on Columbia's schedule. Rubinfoff has been busy during the summer conducting symphony orchestras here and there throughout the country. Rudy Vallee, as of the latest report, still wasn't sure whether he'd appear this winter in a Broadway musical, a Hollywood movie, or both. If you've read the story about him on page 18,

you'll understand why he'd sorta enjoy being in the Broadway exhibit. As reported last month, he changes sponsors in October, but his program's time and network will definitely remain the same. Thursday at eight on the NBC-Red, right opposite Kate Smith's similar show on CBS. For some reason we can't quite fathom, that hour is considered the second most valuable in radio. The first?—Sunday at eight. One of our private operatives, dropping in on a Vallee rehearsal the other day, caught the boys rehearsing fervently on a number you may have heard—"My Time Is Your Time," it's called. It has been Rudy's theme song for years, but evidently he thought there was still room for improvement.

A. L. ALEXANDER, the originator and "attorney for the plaintiff" of Goodwill Court, which Chase and Sanborn chose to succeed Major Bowes, has received letters from many public officials commending the program and expressing deep interest in it. One, from Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, asked Alexander how he happened to conceive the idea of the program and get it under way—which is interesting because **RADIO MIRROR** has scheduled the answer to that very question in a story for a forthcoming issue.

THE popularity of its two Community Sing programs has put Columbia in an embarrassing position. As you probably know, the studio audience does the singing on these shows. Many people outside of New York have written requesting that their favorite hymns be sung, and the program directors would like to

oblige—but New York audiences don't seem to know any hymns, or understand how to sing them!

SHORT SHORTS

JOAN MARSH appeared at a couple of Flying Red Horse Tavern broadcasts this summer swathed in bandages about the arms and face. She'd been at Sands Point, vacationing, and had come in contact, not wisely but too thoroughly, with some poison ivy . . . Alice Frost has taken over the part of the mother, Lucy Kent, in NBC's popular morning serial, Home Sweet Home . . . Tex Ritter, known to Bobby Benson fans as Diogenes Dodwaddle, and also heard frequently in cowboy characterizations on such dramatic shows as The Magic Voice, True Story Court, and Death Valley Days, has gone to Hollywood on a six-months' contract with the Grand National picture company. Grand National is the new company which recently signed James Cagney . . . For the record: A Reno divorce was granted early in August to Mrs. Ted Husling. Ted and his former wife, who is known in films as Celia Ryland, were married in Harrison, New York, last April . . . A new gadget to complicate radio listening has been patented at Washington. It's known facetiously as a "radio shutter-off" and consists of a panel of five buttons to be attached to an easy chair. Push the required button and it will shut off your radio for one, three, five, fifteen or thirty minutes, then automatically turn it on again. Not precisely a boon to the industry, and it's our guess it will never be offered for sale . . . It's rumored that Clark Gable will add another to the list of new radio programs and enterprises he has helped make their debut by being on

hand for the marriage ceremonies of the Mutual and Don Lee networks, out on the Coast. The event is due to happen around Christmas time.

WHEN Helen Hayes began her New Penny series last year she was worried over whether or not she'd be a success in a new medium—but her mind ought to be at ease when she starts her new series September 28. During her extremely successful stage run of "Victoria Regina" last winter, most of the autograph seekers who besieged the stage door didn't want her to write "Victoria" after her name. They wanted "Penelope Edwards," the character she played on the air . . . Mark Warnow is once more providing the incidental music for Miss Hayes' radio work.

JEAN DAHL, young radio actress, and Neill O'Malley, who plays Tex in the Bobby Benson series, are honeymooning . . . Little Jackie Heller will make his stage debut in New York this winter, playing the part of a jockey in a Damon Runyon comedy . . . Doris Wester, the pretty little singer who got her start on Major Bowes' amateur show, is in Hollywood on a Warner Brothers contract. She'll probably resume her NBC series from there as soon as her picture career is well under way . . . Bryan Field, who handles the Mutual network's racing broadcasts, never bets . . . Wedding bells for Paul Gregory, WMCA announcer, and Louella Rudd, half of the Rogers and Rudd team on NBC . . . Also for Al Kavelin, dance band maestro heard on the Mutual network, and Virginia Gilchrist of Pittsburgh.

The **EYES** that had to have "IT"!

SCREEN TEST
JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE... NO GLAMOUR. CUT!

OH WENDY! ... I'M MISERABLE, I'VE FAILED
NOT YET DEAR, LET ME TELL YOU A SECRET ...

THERE'S no denying the fact that glamorous, alluring eyes have much to do with a girl's success in romance . . . or in business. If your eyes are dull and uninteresting, just try WINX, the favorite mascara of movie stars and lovely women everywhere. One application makes your eyes appear large, bright and starry . . . the lashes long, silky, shadowy. Truly, WINX gives you the full glory and beauty of your eyes. WINX is tear-proof, streak-proof and harmless, and actually keeps lashes soft. Try it next time. On sale at all drug, department and 5 and 10 cent stores.

AND NOW TO BLEND THE MASCARA WITH EYE SHADOW... SO... IT'S WINX IT WON'T SMART

WENDY, I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO BELIEVE IT... SUCH AN IMPROVEMENT!

WINX Balanced Colors: Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh, "made-up" look. All WINX colors blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. With each other. For example, WINX Brown Mascara blends with WINX Brown Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you natural eye make-up.

YOUR EYES CINCHED IT, MISS BROOKS... SIGN HERE... AND NOW LET ME WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS

OH WENDY... A CONTRACT! YOU WERE RIGHT AND SO WAS WINX

SHE'S GREAT... GET THAT GIRL QUICK!



WINX
Eye Beautifiers

“... and I was the guilty one!”

Must Frank Rupert sacrifice happiness, his home, his wife, his children — everything for which he had struggled so long — or be guilty of denying his own mother in her hour of greatest need? It was a choice he could not evade. He was at life's crossroads and the bridges were burned behind him. You will find his true story of how he met this heart-rending crisis one of the most gripping human documents you have ever read. It's in November True Story and you can get your copy at the nearest news stand right now. Don't miss it!



“Then I was crushing her close, and there was nothing in the world but her body in my arms.”

ALSO IN THIS BIG ISSUE—

TWO WOMEN CLAIMED HIM—MY FIGHT FOR MY CHILDREN—MY FATHER'S WIFE—THE HELL WE WENT THROUGH—WAS IT A MIRACLE?—I MARRIED FOR MONEY—STRANGE TRIANGLE—I WAS AN UNMARRIED MOTHER—BEHOLD THIS WOMAN—I'LL NEVER FORGET—TWICE BORN MEN—STRANGER THAN FICTION—A NEW ADVENTURE OF BILLY AND BETTY—THE TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER WITH EIGHT HELPFUL CONTRIBUTIONS FROM PRACTICAL AUTHORITIES—PORTRAITS OF FAVORITE SCREEN STARS.

TUNE IN THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, COAST TO COAST NBC RED NETWORK. SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR NEAREST STATION AND EXACT TIME. PRIZES!

NOW ON THE SCREEN

If you would like to see re-enacted before your eyes the stories that have pleased you and touched you and moved you so deeply when you read them in True Story Magazine or heard them in the Friday night broadcasts of the True Story Court of Human Relations, be sure to urge the manager of your local theatre to show every one of the forthcoming True Story Court of Human Relations series sponsored by Columbia Pictures Corporation and based on stories from True Story Magazine. Already thousands of theatres throughout the country have arranged to feature these vivid ten minute dramatizations. Watch for them!

NOV. ISSUE

True Story OUT NOW

Send NO money



SPECIAL SALE! BRADLEY'S FAMOUS SUPER-QUALITY ENGINEER'S WATCH NOW ONLY \$2.97

ACCURACY guaranteed by 100-year-old million dollar factory. Solid Gold effect case, guaranteed 25 years. It has a handsome locomotive crown, timekeeper dial, railroad back. Compare with a \$20 watch. SEND NO MONEY—When your watch arrives pay postman \$2.97 (plus postage). Examine watch carefully. Your money back if not amazed at the value. If you order at once, you can get a second watch for only \$1 more. Sell it to a friend for \$3.97 regular price and your own will cost you nothing! No strings to this offer, no catch in it! But you must act AT ONCE during this special Expansion Sale. Send coupon or postal today! FREE knife and chain to match with every watch!

BRADLEY BLDG., 3811, NEWTON, MASS.

YES! Ship one R. R. model watch at \$2.97. Ship two R. R. watches for total \$3.97.

I will pay on arrival. Nothing more to pay. Money back if not delighted. I RISK NOTHING.

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

CHAIN AND KNIFE FREE!

GOLD BOND GUARANTEE

A FUNNY thing happened on the opening night of Mutual's Wonder Show. Crowds besieged New York's massive Carnegie Hall, shouldering energetically to get in. Ushers admitted people who held red cardboard tickets, which had been distributed to the general public, but through some oversight in their instructions, refused admittance to radio editors and other representatives of the press who had letters of invitation instead of tickets. Not until five minutes before program time did the editors get in, and then only when Mutual officials came to the door and personally okayed them. But there was a hilarious press party afterwards to help the editors forget their bruised elbows and egos.

FROM Joe Emerson of the Hymns of All Churches program, on the CBS Gold Medal Hour, comes this list of the favorite hymns of famous people, all of whom have written to Emerson requesting them. Mary Pickford, "Shepherd Show Me How to Go"; Vice President John N. Garner, "Rock of Ages"; John Charles Thomas, baritone, "O Come All Ye Faithful"; Lloyd Douglas, author of "The Magnificent Obsession" and other best sellers, "O God Our Help in Ages Past"; Lowell Thomas, "Recessional"; and Helen Keller, "Lead Kindly Light."

Radio Mirror Rapid Program Directory

(Continued from page 53)

MUTUAL'S BEST BETS

(All times Eastern Standard)

SUNDAY

- Ted Weems' Musical Frolic. (1:30 P.M.)
- Original Amateur Night, with Benny Rubin and Arnold Johnson's orchestra. (6:00 P.M.)
- The Art of Song, conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. (8:00 P.M.)
- The Wonder Show, featuring the Great McCoy, Scrappy Lambert, Ken Christie's orchestra, the Wonder Quartet, Rita Johnson, Lee Patrick, Ned Wever, Florence Halo, and a monster community sing. (9:00 P.M.)
- Musical for Dancing, with Nat Brusiloff's orchestra. Marilyn Duke, the Key Men, Larry Taylor. (10:00 P.M.)
- Horace Heidt's orchestra. (11:15 P.M.)
- Ozzie Nelson's orchestra (12:30 A.M.)

MONDAY

- Mollie of the Movies. (3:00 P.M.—Mon. through Fri.)
- The Lone Heatter. (7:30 P.M.)
- Gabriel Heatter, news commentator. (9:00 P.M.—Mon. through Fri.)
- Symphonic Strings, conducted by Cesare Sodero. (10:00 P.M.)
- Shep Fields' orchestra. (10:30 P.M.)
- Crosley, Folies, with Edith Karen, soprano; Adrien O'Brien, tenor; and Bill Stoess' orchestra. (11:30 P.M.)
- Louis Prima's orchestra. (1:00 A.M.)

TUESDAY

- The Crusaders; Fred G. Clark, national commander. (7:45 P.M.)
- Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta. (8:30 P.M.)
- True Detective Mysteries; dramatization of True Detective Stories. (9:30 P.M.)
- Bernarr Macfadden; talk, sponsored by Liberty Magazine. (10:00 P.M.)
- Shep Fields' orchestra. (12:00 Midnight.)

WEDNESDAY

- The Music Box, with Virginio Marucelli's orchestra, Nina Paisley, Ellis Frakes, A Capella choir. (8:30 P.M.)
- Ted Weems' orchestra. (11:30 P.M.)

THURSDAY

- Morning Matinee, with Ben Bernie's, Shep Fields', Hal Kemp's, Richard Himber's and other orchestras. (9:00 A.M.)
- Racing from Belmont Park, with Bryan Field. (4:15 P.M.)
- Pleasant Valley Frolics; variety program with Charles Seale, DeVore Sisters, Charles Wayne, and Joe Lugar's orchestra. (7:45 P.M.)
- Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. (8:30 P.M.)
- Recital Hall with Charles M. Caurboin, organist. (10:00 P.M.)

FRIDAY

- Flying with Frank Hawks. (8:00 P.M.)
- Cesare Sodero Directs Opera, with Willard Amison, Stuart Gracy, Aimee DeLoro, and Chorus. (9:30 P.M.)
- Bryan Field Racing Commentary, interviewing jockeys, trainers, owners, and turf experts. (10:15 P.M.)
- Ted Weems' orchestra. (11:45 P.M.)

SATURDAY

- Racing from Belmont Park, with Bryan Field. (4:30 P.M.)
- Sherlock Holmes, with Richard Gordon. (6:30 P.M.)
- Mutual's Parade of Dance Bands, with Ted Black, Joe Reichman, Shep Fields, Barney Rapp, Ted Weems, Ozzie Nelson, Louis Prima, Al Kavelin, Horace Heidt. (11:30 P.M. to 2:00 A.M.)

Your Announcer Is:



KEN ELLINGTON

NEWS is such a perishable commodity that it must be delivered piping hot, or nobody wants it. For that reason, ever since some broadcasting station first put a news item on the air, daily newspapers haven't liked the ease and speed with which radio can beat them to the public, and many have been the words spilled in an effort to reach a compromise whereby radio and newsprint wouldn't tread on each other's toes.

It remained for Ken Ellington, star reporter of WFBM, Columbia affiliate in Indianapolis, to show that a radio station and newspapers can work together in harmony. He co-operates with the reporters of the Indianapolis papers, works with them on stories, and manages to lend his individual slant to everything he broadcasts.

On August 15, Ken celebrated his two-thousandth news broadcast—two thousand programs, at the rate of four a day, six days a week, and one on Sunday evening. If you're interested in statistics, the words he has spouted over the WFBM kilocycles during those two thousand quarters-hours add up to over four million.

No further proof was needed of his friendship with newspapers and their affiliated agencies than the group of notables who gathered in the studio to attend his anniversary broadcast. Barry Faris, editor-in-chief of the International News Service, hopped a plane from New York to be present. Local newspaper officials who came to offer their congratulations were Ben G. Lawrence, general manager of the Indianapolis *Morning Star*; Steven C. Noland, editor of the *News*; and John W. Thompson, theatrical editor of the *Times*. Myron C. Green, commissioner of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, completed the list.

CORNS

Lift Out EASILY, SAFELY!



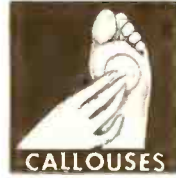
Pain Instantly Relieved!

NO FUSS—NO BOTHER—NO RISK OF INFECTION

No other method gives you the triple action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They instantly relieve painful corns, callouses, bunions and sore toes. Use these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, to quickly, safely loosen and remove your corns or callouses. Apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads *alone* on irritated toes caused by shoe pressure and friction, and you'll stop a corn *before* it can start!

Beware of Old-Time Ways That Ignore Cause!

Don't use caustic liquids or harsh plasters and invite acid burn. Never cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are *medically safe* and sure. Flesh color, waterproof; can't slip, stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Easy to apply—no taping, no messy medicine. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns. Get a 35¢ box today at your drug, shoe or department store. *Standard White* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, 25¢ box.



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Learn Public Speaking At home — in spare time. Many overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence and increase earning power, this easy way. Write for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words* and requirements. North American Institute, Dept. 1333, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

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Eight guaranteed glossy Velox deckle-edged prints, 25¢ coin. Two professional enlargement coupons. Free!
PHOTO FINISHING SHOP (Est. 22 yrs.)
412-B Genesee Valley Trust Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
"The Kodak City"

HOW A QUICK, EASY WAY TO LEARN MUSIC

changed my name from "Miss" to "Mrs."

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, L unhappy. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life.

It was at Jane Smith's party. I found myself sitting alone as usual. I had nothing to offer—no musical ability at all. Mary Nelson came over to talk to me. She was a wonderful pianist and the life of every party. "I wish I could play like you, Mary," I said. Imagine my surprise when Mary told me she had never had a teacher in her life.

Then Mary told me about the wonderful method perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales, no tiresome hours of practice. You learn real music right from the start. That very night I sent for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

I never dreamed that playing the piano was so simple. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorite pieces almost before I knew it. Then came the turning point in my whole life. I went to a party and this time I had something to offer. My friends were amazed when I sat down at the piano and played song after song. Before the evening was over I was invited to three parties.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Piano Guitar
Violin Mandolin
Organ Saxophone
 Tenor Banjo
 Hawaiian Guitar
 Piano Accordion
Or Any Other Instrument



and it wasn't long before I met Tom, who shortly afterwards asked me to be his wife.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

This story is typical. Thousands of men and women, boys and girls have learned to play this amazingly easy way—and what they have done, you can do. Prove this yourself without cost. Send today for amazing Free Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet. See the simple principles around which this remarkable method is built. If you really want to learn music—to enjoy good times—mail the coupon below. Don't delay—act NOW. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 30611 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I enclose 3¢ stamp to help pay cost of handling.

Instrument..... Have you Instr?.....
Name.....
Address.....

The Threat to the Quints' Happiness

(Continued from page 17)



**FEMININE
HYGIENE**
made easy



NOTHING COULD BE EASIER
Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Uguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are positively non-injurious. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today, 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York.

NORFORMS
*for modern
feminine hygiene*

for the Quintuplets' welfare, and if harm of any sort should come to one of them, a hue and cry of criticism would immediately be raised against him. People could so easily forget that it was his prompt action which saved the lives of the babies during the first few weeks after their birth.

It was the knowledge of how every action of his would be watched and criticized, in fact, that for a long time kept him away from radio work. He hated to appear to be capitalizing on his position, for one thing, for another, he absolutely refused to leave his post in Callander very often or for very long periods of time. Early this summer, however, he agreed to broadcast from Toronto once a month for the Carnation Milk people. Toronto is a little more than two hundred miles from Callander, and only one day's absence would be necessary. When that contract runs out, he will go on the air under the sponsorship of Lysol three times a week, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 11:45 a.m., over CBS, broadcasting direct from Callander so that he will never have to leave there.

"Frankly," he told me, "I do want the money my sponsors are paying me. I'm not as young as I might be, and I have a nineteen-year-old son of my own, William, to provide for. But even so, I wouldn't broadcast if I didn't believe I have something to tell mothers, out of my own experience since the babies were born. With conditions as they will be, I can't see how my broadcasting will harm the babies."

AND that, born of Dr. Dafoe's realization of the tremendous responsibility placed upon him, is the signpost to the one unbreakable rule he has set up for himself and his charges. It is the rule which will guide the Quints' lives until they are eighteen, or as long as Dr. Dafoe and his two associates, Judge Valin and the Hon. David Croll, minister of public welfare in Ontario, remain their guardians under the Canadian Government.

This is the rule: Never to do anything, or permit anything to be done, which could conceivably harm the children, physically or mentally.

"In all the contracts we have signed for them," the doctor said, "we have held to that rule. It was part of their movie contract, for instance, that they were to work under the conditions and at the times I set. I was to be the boss, the contract said, and I was. It's the same way with news pictures. A large part of the babies' income is from advertising tie-ups with firms who want to use their pictures and names in connection with their products. That's all right; it can't hurt the children, since I must always be assured that the product concerned is good for them before I let them use it.

"We could make more money for them, I suppose, by charging admission to see them, but then we'd be put into the position of having to show them whether we wanted to or not. As it is now, people come from all over the world to be their guests—but if one of them should happen not to be feeling well, or if the weather was bad, we'd be under no obligation to show them."

So much for the present. What of the future? I asked Dr. Dafoe what steps he was taking now to fit the babies for the time when they must surely realize that they are objects of great interest to the entire world. That time can't be far off, incidentally, with such precocious and intelligent children. Only a day or so be-

fore I talked to the doctor I had seen some recent movies of the Quints, and already, it seemed to me, one of them was showing a very human and amusing disposition to watch the camera and keep herself in front of it all the time!

Dr. Dafoe smiled ruefully and ran his hand once more through the shock of close-cropped gray hair which is, I'm convinced, perpetually rumpled.

"What can you do?" he asked. "What I hope for is this: to fit the babies so that when they are grown they will be able to make their livings at some useful work, some work they like to perform. They will probably never have to, but they should have the ability, for their own happiness. If one of them should want to be an actress, or a musician, or a dancer—why, very good, but it should be something through which she can take her place in the world, aside from the fact that she's one of the quintuplets.

"Financially, we are doing all we can to make them secure, not only from some accident which might take their money away from them, but also from fortune-hunters who might victimize them after they come of age. Their estate is in trust, and by the time they are eighteen it will be arranged so that it will be impossible for anyone else to gain possession of it.

"They won't leave Canada until they are eighteen. Then they will be of age, able to leave if they wish. But until then—why should they? Up there in the north country we have the most healthful climate in the world, dry and clean. The children play out of doors in zero weather, and it doesn't do them a bit of harm. I've seen them playing in the snow with their cheeks as red as roses, having a wonderful time. Why, even I—" he paused and chuckled—"I never have a day's sickness up there, but lots of times I've come down here to Toronto or some other city, and in a day or so I'm likely to start sniffing.

"I can't tell you what the children's individual characteristics are. They change so, from one month to the next. I'm keeping careful records, all the time, and maybe in a few more years we'll know what special talents each of them has—but even then, I'm not so sure. Until recently, I thought my own boy was going to be a doctor, but now it seems he's interested in the technical side of radio. You can't tell how children will turn out. All the babies are bright, intelligent for their age, they all love music, and they like to dance. They're getting so they can carry tunes in their heads now, too.

WE'RE rearing them to the religion and language of their parents. Nothing but French is spoken in their hearing, because I think it will be easier for them to learn English as a second language than it would be for them to learn French. Maybe that's because my own French isn't the best in the world. And as soon as they are old enough to understand, they will study the Roman Catholic religion."

As I listened to him, I understood that Dr. Dafoe is rearing those children sensibly and well with love but without sentimentality. He looks upon his work in connection with the Quints rather as he looks upon his broadcasting: "It's a job, for me to do as well as I can."

He doesn't hold out any promises that he will be able to defeat entirely all the disadvantages the Quints' fame will bring to them. But—by doing what he can, always—he is certainly going to do much to minimize them.

Follow Your Heart Says

Joe Emerson

(Continued from page 43)

graduation that Joe became a successful young concert baritone. Under his family name of Joe Emerson Rose, he toured the country, singing with some of the greatest symphony orchestras.

The war interrupted Joe's career, as it interrupted so many. Soon after the United States entered the conflict, he enlisted in the Navy, and was stationed in the naval training school at Cambridge, Mass. The war years are memorable to him for only one thing—it was during them that he fell in love, and married.

The war ended, and Joe found himself with a wife and baby daughter. Before his marriage, he had never worried very much over his personal financial situation. His concert work had always brought him an adequate living, and he had been satisfied to live alternately in his suitcase and some hotel room.

Now things were different, as Wilsie, his wife, in her practical way, pointed out. "It's been two years since you had a concert date," she said. "Won't it be hard to get started again? And even if you do, you'll be traveling all over the country. Can you make enough to pay expenses and still maintain a home for the baby and me?"

NO, Joe had to admit, he probably couldn't. Characteristically, he faced the situation and analyzed it. Since he couldn't make a living at the work he preferred, he must go into some other profession where the rewards would be much greater; in fact, if money, not personal satisfaction, was to be the primary object of his work, it must be big money, riches. He canvassed the field of possible "big money" occupations thoroughly, and finally decided on finance. Fortunes could be made overnight in the stock market, he knew. And they could also be lost in the same space of time. They could be made more slowly, but more safely, in the bond market.

Once having settled his goal in his mind, Joe set about achieving it in a methodical manner. He secured a position in a Wall Street bond house, selling bonds on commission. Like other young "customers' men," he was given a handful of prospect cards—names and addresses of people who might, under sufficient persuasion, invest some money.

"All these have been interviewed before," Joe said to himself. "Probably they represent the toughest sales resistance in New York. I'll dig up my own prospects."

He walked out into the street and looked around. Looming up into the sky, a few blocks away, was the Woolworth Building, in those days the tallest skyscraper on Manhattan Island. That building, Joe decided, was going to be his territory.

He started on the top floor and worked downwards. It took him two years to finish covering his "territory" completely, but at the end of that time he had several clients in the Woolworth Building who were buying from him to the tune of about \$5000 in commissions apiece per year. He never solicited business in any other spot but the Woolworth Building in all that time.

Joe had proved his ability as a money-maker in the business world; now it was time to branch out and find larger opportunities. Accordingly, he became one of the pioneers in the Florida real estate boom. Quick to take advantage of his opportunities, resourceful, persuasive, he

Now on the Screen!

THE COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

To theatre audiences everywhere has come a new heart-sensation . . . the first dynamic screen dramatization of revelations read in True Story Magazine or heard in the Friday night broadcasts of the True Story Court of Human Relations. See the first of this amazing series today . . . watch for each new throbbing ten-minute adventure of human emotions!

The Court of Human Relations screen dramas are produced by Ben K. Blake for Columbia Pictures Corp. and based on stories from

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

Truth is Stranger than Fiction



HOME GROWN



More Vitamins
More Mineral Salts

FOR YOU and YOUR BABY

However painstakingly you may select market vegetables—if they are not cooked promptly after sun-ripening, time will steal some of those special food elements which your baby requires to grow normally!

And however painstakingly you cook and sieve them, you can scarcely exclude air, and vacuumize natural moisture—as you must to keep those special food values!

Gerber's are Home Grown, within one hour's trucking from our kitchens, in selected soils, from pedigreed seeds, under our control. Then cooked in systems closed against marauding air that would lessen precious vitamins—and guarded from such moisture loss as would rob them of mineral values. And because we get them fresh, we can pack them unseasoned; you simply follow doctor's orders if he advises you to add salt or sugar for your baby.

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.

To Please Your Baby—
Send for This Doll!

Only 3 Gerber labels and 10c.
Doll safe, sanitary; stuffed sateen.
State whether you want blue for
boy or pink for girl.

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FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada: Grown and packed by
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8 inch doll

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....
AGE OF BABY..... BOY..... GIRL.....

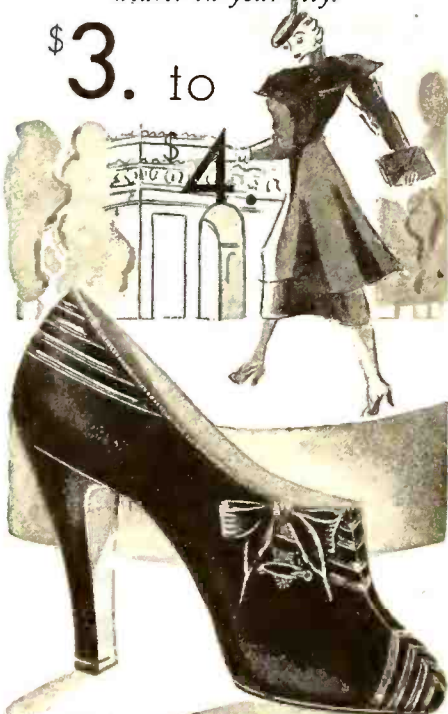
"Mealtime Psychology"—a booklet on infant
feeding also free on request. "Baby Book" on
general infant care, 10c additional.

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Paris Fashion Shoes

Glamorously lovely! Paris-inspired! Designed in the new soaring, high lines...and the choice of style-minded women everywhere! See these beautiful styles today. Write for name of dealer in your city.

\$ 3. to



Braid chevrons on black or brown suede side tie.

(Below) High-in-front pump of Ink blue or black "shadow" kid.

FREE! A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PARIS FASHION SHOES TO 100 WOMEN

Nothing to buy! Just finish this sentence: "I like Paris Fashion Shoes because..." (in 25 words or less). Winners will receive 8 pairs of Paris Fashion Shoes. Write today for style booklet... and name of your dealer from whom you can get entry blank. Contest closes December 15th. Dept. F-2, Wohl Shoe Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
at advertised therein

soon had a half-dozen profitable business ventures on hand. He helped to build Biscayne Boulevard in Miami, by persuading many of the most important stores in town to move into that section.

Standing one day on a street corner, talking to Tex Rickard, who had then just turned his attention from prize fights to real estate, Joe said idly, "That's a nice car that just passed us, isn't it? Wonder who has the agency?"

Tex thought a moment. "It's for sale," he said. "Let's get it."

As casually as all that, Joe and Tex went into the automobile business together. And when, not many months later, Tex died, Joe bought his share of the business from the estate and became sole owner.

His interests began to be complex and interlocked—part of the vast pattern of paper finance which was the Florida boom. He became director in two banks; he made commitments for hundreds of new and used cars.

At the height of it all, the crash came. The two banks of which he was director closed, and according to the Federal law he was liable to the depositors to twice the extent of his interest in the banks. All his negotiable cash was tied up in real estate and automobiles.

There were two things he could do—go through bankruptcy, thereby evading his financial responsibilities. Or undertake the Herculean task of shouldering his debts and paying off every one of them.

HE chose the latter. He had to. The son of that unordained minister who preached for a hobby could have made no other choice. And somehow, he succeeded, by frantically selling all his real estate and automobiles at prices so low that even the depressed Florida market couldn't resist them.

Finally, all his debts, including his liabilities to the bank depositors, were paid. He had left exactly one hundred dollars and a second-hand car, eminently unsalable.

Once more Joe Emerson Rose took stock of his position—even more seriously, this time, than he had done before, just after the Armistice.

"There is no security," he told Wilsie. "Business is as unstable as singing. Isn't it much better for me to do whatever lies nearest to my heart?"

Wilsie, too, had learned a new kind of wisdom in those years of frenzied finance. She agreed with him, now, that it was better to work first of all for the pleasure of achievement the work could give you.

Back to New York came Joe and Wilsie and Carolyn, their daughter, using most of that hundred dollars to buy gasoline for the one second-hand car Joe hadn't sold. Some friends offered them the use of their apartment in swanky Beekman Place, and they lived in luxurious surroundings, even if they did have scarcely enough money to buy food.

Joe's one-time contacts in the concert field were long since gone, and he turned to radio. There were long days of sitting in reception rooms, agonizing moments when he took auditions. A high radio official advised him to change his name from Joe Emerson Rose to something shorter and easier to remember, so he discarded the "Rose," thereby cutting the last link which would have identified him with the once-successful singer.

It seemed as if nothing were wanted in radio except crooners and boop-a-doop boys. Time and time again Joe auditioned, to watch some youth without half his musicianship carry off the coveted job. But true to the decision he had made in Florida, he refused to change his own

style of singing. From now on he would stick to what he wanted to do.

For a year he made a bare living, with a ten-dollar job here, a fifteen-dollar one there. Today, he remembers those anxious weeks with but one happy thought—Wilsie and Carolyn, the latter used to luxury all her short life, proved the stuff they were made of by meeting all the hardships without a murmur.

At last he heard of an opening at station WLW, in Cincinnati. A singer there had quarreled with his sponsor, and a new one was needed in a hurry. Joe wired, got the job, gathered together all his available cash, just enough to purchase transportation, and left in a hurry—but he wasn't there quite soon enough. He arrived to find that the quarrel had been patched up.

He didn't have enough money to go back to New York. There was nothing to do but haunt the WLW studios in hope of a job. He got the work, finally, but it wasn't real radio work. For a year he was general handy-man around the WLW studios—guide, attendant, janitor, anything.

His patience and willingness were rewarded with a fifteen-minute sustaining program. Even it wasn't much, but it was a living—and it was also, though he didn't know it then, the important first step in the climb that was to bring him to his present success.

He had been singing on the sustaining program for a few weeks when he began including one hymn on each program. Timidly, at first—perhaps the listeners would object—he sang the hymns he had learned so long ago.

The response, brought by every mail delivery, was tremendous. Overwhelmingly, his listeners approved of the hymns.

One day J. Ralph Corbett, merchandising consultant of WLW, asked Joe casually, "Why don't you sing the hymns of all churches on your program?"

The phrase clicked. "Hymns of All Churches! That's what we'll call it!" said Joe Emerson.

Before the Hymns of all Churches program came to you on a coast-to-coast network it underwent a gruelling period of testing and experimentation over WLW. Sponsored by General Mills, the program and the public's reaction to it were studied exhaustively. Questionnaires were sent to ministers and laymen, asking for their opinion of the program, asking also whether or not they objected to having it sponsored commercially. The reaction to both questions was practically one hundred per cent favorable.

THE Emersons live today within walking distance of the CBS studios in Chicago, and Joe gets up every morning at 6:30 to be in time for a 7:30 rehearsal. Each program is rigidly balanced to include representative hymns from the different churches. The Emerson library includes five hundred standard hymnals, bound volumes of Bach chorales, Gregorian chants, and old circuit-riders' hymns, as well as scores of songs which have never been published and are still in manuscript.

Two things make him particularly happy. One is that the program is used as an opening exercise in two hundred schools throughout the country. The other is that he offers new hymns an opportunity to be heard—for of all kinds of songs, a hymn is the hardest to establish in the hearts of the public.

So at last Joe Emerson has proved the truth of the decision he reached with the collapse of his business in Florida. He is doing work that he loves, and at the same time he is providing the security every man strives to give his family.

NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!



Waterproof . . . far easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length . . . their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of *naturalness!*

Quite obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied*, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

Complete with brush in smart rubber-lined satin vanity . . . Black . . . Brown . . . Blue . . . 50c at the better stores. TATTOO your eyelashes!

TATTOO

Cream MASCARA

FREE CATALOG—OVER 300 DESIGNS!
CLASS PINS 35¢ RINGS 1.60

Beautiful, smart, up-to-the-minute designs. Fine in 2 colors with any 3 or 4 letters and year. Handsome sterling silver rings. Oldest, largest makers famous for quality for 42 years. Lowest prices, too! World-famous the land of fellowships.

BASTIAN BROS. CO.
 100 BASTIAN BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Look 10 Years Younger



BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 13)

and she thought mutton chops might be from a cow. It gave me a laugh.

WILLIAM MARTIN,
 Atlantic City, N. J.

\$1.00 PRIZE

THE CREAM OF CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

While orchids are being tossed so abundantly at adult programs it would not be inopportune to toss a bouquet or two in the direction of the Scoop Ward News of Youth program, which it seems to me hits the right spot as far as children's entertainment is concerned.

Presented in a newsy manner, enacted with dialogue that can be understood by the child of six as well as sixteen, and varied in its stories, the Scoop Ward News of Youth Program gets my vote as the cream of children's programs on the air.

GEORGE J. ABRAMS,
 Orange, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION

"I think it would be wise for some progressive sponsor to put on the same show, without one iota difference, each week for about a month without changing. Why must a good program come on just once at a certain time, and then be forgotten? Stage plays run on Broadway for months. Every one-horse movie theater gives at least four shows daily, and runs the same picture for several days. Why not radio?"
 —ALLAN KING, Weyers Cave, Va.

"When a play makes a hit on Broadway it runs for weeks and weeks. Folks who miss the first performance have plenty of opportunity to see it later, and those who enjoy their first visit may see it again and again. Yet when a fine play or program is given over the air it comes but once. Those who fail to turn their dial to the right spot at precisely the right time will never hear the performance. What a pity there aren't any long runs or repeat performances of outstanding radio programs."—MRS. SAMUEL SADDINGTON, Philadelphia, Pa.

"If more opera stars 'cluttered' up the airwaves there would be many more people listening to their radios. Nino Martini and Lily Pons are among the few that have given their voices to radio. They are to be heartily congratulated. Of course, being still in my teens, I do enjoy swing music but there is a limit to everything. That letter in August RADIO MIRROR about 'cluttering' up radio with opera stars certainly had me sitting on hot bricks."—MISS MARION NUTTER, Niagara Falls, New York.

"I have found out that female singers have to be extraordinarily good before they are listened to, especially by women; that Judy of Paul Whiteman's program is by far the most popular female broadcaster; that Dick Powell wastes too much time getting his program swinging; that Amos 'n' Andy are losing favor—too much Ruby and her papa, etc., etc."—H. R. LEDSHAM, Toronto, Canada.

"I'd like to ring a gong for all amateur hours permanently. I am thoroughly fed up on hearing what a break it is for the amateurs to get a start this way. I am absolutely nauseated at the benevolent ballyhoo about their money grabbing promoters."—MRS. H. S. BOTELER, Chevy Chase, Md.

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Rudy Vallee's in Love!

(Continued from page 19)

her many, too many, miles from New York. After Rudy's return from Texas, he made long distance calls nightly, and then Niela, after only a few days in the city upon her return, embarked upon another theatrical tour. Rudy's telephone bills would have bankrupted the average telephone subscriber. Of course, he didn't mind the staggering bills but a telephone is at best an unsatisfactory method of transmitting sweet nothings.

Niela, of course, is hoping and praying Rudy will find his way clear to join the cast of "Swing It, Susan!"

"I can't imagine anything more wonderful than to work in a show with him! It would make me do better than my very best!"

Naturally, Niela after her one guest appearance on Rudy's variety hour, immediately longed for the opportunity to join him permanently on the air, but that would be impossible because, although it had not as this was written been made public, she is already committed to a sponsor of her own this winter.

Rudy has altered Niela's entire outlook on life. She was suffering, before she met him, with a mild inferiority complex. She took a radio audition, for instance, just before they met. After it was over, she bewailed the possible outcome. "I was terrible!" Shortly after she had met Rudy, she had another audition. That time she emerged from the studio jubilantly effervescent. "Oh, boy! Was I terrific!" she cried joyfully.

HER career in show business, launched when she was only a girl, has been a steady upward climb, yet even success left her with a feeling that something was lacking. Last winter, after concluding a highly successful radio series, she returned to her childhood home in Worcester, New York, and rusticated. She wanted to be back home. She was fed up. So at Worcester she cooked and washed dishes and marketed and did pleasantly domestic tasks. She was considering quitting for good. Then her manager called her on the telephone and told her he had an offer from the Texas Centennial for her appearance there. The lure of the footlights proved stronger than the lure of the kitchen—and Niela took the fateful trip to Texas.

Perhaps it is because of the beneficent effect Rudy has had upon Niela that Niela's mother, who always accompanies her on tour, welcomes him so cordially. Where the average mother, wise in the ways of the professional world, is inclined to discourage her talented daughter from romance because of its unsettling effects, Niela's mother is very fond of Rudy.

It is fortunate, perhaps, for Rudy and Niela, that his divorce will not become final for ten months. It will prevent them from taking a hasty step which their hearts rather than their minds might dictate. Niela wants to restore Rudy's faith. That is a necessary prelude—before they even permit themselves to think about marriage. Too, she wants to achieve definite stardom—that is, stardom comparable to Rudy's—before considering matrimony.

Those who know Rudy best, all testify to his impetuosity. It is his custom to act first and think afterward. In the business and professional world that is an admirable trait, but in affairs of the heart, it is not always conducive to happiness.

To those tens of thousands of feminine souls, whose hearts flutter at the mere mention of Rudy Vallee's name, here are the answers, briefly, to the questions that

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are in the minds of every one.
Is the romance of Rudy and Niela genuine? Very definitely yes!
Will they marry?
They don't know that themselves. Only time will tell.

Cleanliness Is Next to Loveliness

(Continued from page 54)

lays the foundation for blackheads and other blemishes. Of course, our hands are even more exposed because of the dozens of things we handle every day, but I'll wager that every one of us washes our hands ten times as often as we wash our faces.

There's a right and a wrong way to do everything, even a simple thing like face-washing. First, your face should be washed at least once a day. This needn't interfere with any fine cream treatment you may be using, either. As a matter of fact, if you use much make-up, it's a very good idea to remove that with a good cleansing cream and paper tissues before washing your face. Mascara, for instance, should always be removed carefully with cream and so should lipstick and all paste preparations, such as rouges and foundations and eyeshadows. If you've always thought your skin was too dry and sensitive to use soap, then use creams or oils both before and after washing your face. But, whatever you do, be sure to wash your face with soap and water, unless you are actually under the care of a skin specialist who has prescribed a treatment for some individual problem.

Use warm water, but not too hot, your favorite soap and—your hands. It's a great help if you wet your face first, as that makes it so much easier to work up a good lather. Froth the soap into nice suds in your hands and then work it into your face gently but thoroughly. Rinse the lather off with clear warm water and follow with a rinse just as cold as you can get it. If you have the time (and the ice)—it's a good idea to finish off with a dash of ice-water.

YOU can follow the same routine in your bath, even to the cold rinse. I don't want to boast, but personally I finish every bath (tub or shower) with a cold shower—not all at once, mind you, but gradually turning off the hot water tap until there's nothing in my shower but absolutely cold water. This is particularly fine if you're planning to dress hurriedly and go right out, as the cold water closes your pores and keeps you from catching cold.

Aside from the question of beauty, baths have a definite influence on health. Gymnastic instructors and expert masseurs will tell you that there's nothing better, after strenuous exercise or an exhausting day, than a good warm bath with plenty of soap. That combination, you see, opens the pores, not only cleansing away surface impurities, but also giving the body a chance to clear out waste matters from the inside in a normal way.

It isn't hard to find the right soap these days. You yourself will know, after experimenting a bit, which one of the several well-advertised and reputable soaps feels best for your skin. In this connection, I think you'll be interested in a new brand now on the market. Everyone knows how important vitamins are in building and keeping healthy tissues. At last, science believes it has found a way to

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So that you can instantly see and feel the astonishing difference, a generous size of the *New TATTOO* will be sent for the coupon below and 10c. Five exciting shades! You'll want more than one. Send for several. You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill when you TATTOO your lips... with the *New TATTOO*!

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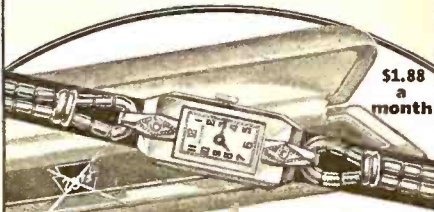
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The Life Story of Bob Burns

(Continued from page 41)

answered. "But then it wouldn't be a bazooka!"

Pershing continued to examine the instrument like an interested small boy. Finally Burns asked, "Would the General care to try it?"

"Thank you, Sergeant," replied Pershing. "I would indeed."

He tried—and like many another good man and true, failed to get a sound out of it. There was a big laugh, which Pershing took with great good nature. . . .

BOB'S rank was now gunnery sergeant. He could go no higher—unless he would stop playing the bazooka. He refused a lieutenantancy, preferring to remain a non-commissioned officer, on a par with the other men in the band.

They were still at Tours when the Armistice was signed—an anticlimax, which made them both happy and sad. But service was not over for the Marine Jazz Band. With them Bob traveled all over France, playing in Y.M.C.A. huts, mess halls, hospitals. In Paris, they were adopted in a big way by society. A famous princess booked dates for them; they played before miscellaneous royalty. King Alfonso of Spain was another aspirant who tried the bazooka and admitted defeat.

Bob was offered a long term contract to lead the Jazz Band and entertain at the international famous Zelli's. But Marines could not be paid off in foreign soil. "We'll come back and take that job, though," Bob told Joe Zelli. They intended to; they had just enough of a taste of Paris night life to hunger for more.

Landing in Hoboken, Bob and his comrades were picked up in an Army truck and taken to the New York Recruiting Headquarters. The Marine Jazz Band had become too famous, too valuable to be relinquished so soon. In a couple of bullet-riddled Cadillacs brought back from



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Here is the Answer—

Guy McCoy whose photo is here reproduced is considered bald because the surface hairs on the front part of his head have ceased to grow normally. "Is it because those roots are dead?" you ask. Roots do not die so easily. Even if they are dormant, lacking proper energy and in need of reconditioning, still they often retain subactive life. Mr. McCoy never used KOTALKO

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France they toured New England, stimulating business in every recruiting office they hit. But the War was over, and they were impatient to get home—really home. Asked to stay in service and make a tour across the country, the members of the band refused. They were finally paid off in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

They might have returned to Paris then. But the ties of home were calling, so they disbanded for good. Bob headed for Van Buren, where he found his father and mother both aging. He couldn't go far away again. He forgot Paris, and returned to his old magazine job in Chicago.

But it was no go. He was now one of the Restless Generation, left over from the War. He couldn't stay put. He returned to New York, entertaining at the Bal Tabarin on 50th Street and in various Greenwich Village cafes. Still he was unsettled, dissatisfied. Since the War, money seemed important; he wanted to make a fortune. Perhaps the bazooka? . . . It was his own invention, and patented. Why couldn't it be sold to become a popular orchestra instrument—and make him rich?

A musical concern was interested. Much experimentation was necessary; you couldn't expect to sell a bazooka which couldn't be played. Bob, assured of adequate backing on the venture, went to work devising a workable model. He felt sure his struggles were almost over. Soon he would be on Easy Street.

I WAS so broke that I worked daytimes at anything I could get. Every night I worked at the factory. I told everyone about selling the bazooka; it even came out in the papers. Boy, I was excited. . . . And then the whole thing fell flat. The company refused to put up the actual cash. I was in debt myself, so I had to forget all about it and begin at the bottom again."

He walked the streets, feeling really low. He met two men who had invented a "Clear-glass" preparation for windshields—and good, too. But they were inventors, not salesmen. So Bob rigged up an apparatus to demonstrate the stuff and they set up on a street corner with Bob as barker. They would have sold a lot of "Clear-glass" if they had been given a chance to stay there. They moved on, by request.

"We had a police escort in every town," Bob says, "—on the way out."

They did a little business on the Atlantic City Boardwalk, but were asked to leave when the season opened. But Bob was now flaming with carnival fever. He got a job with a "Yacht Race" game; in his spare time he rigged up a "State Game" of his own. He rented a concession and cleaned up, so decided he was finally in his element. He would follow the carnivals from now on.

Another reason for this decision was a clever, dark-eyed young woman who had not one, but five concessions on the Boardwalk—all of them going great guns. Her name was Elizabeth Fisher; she was from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and she was all business. Bob thought she was a great girl and that, being in the same line, she would make a fine wife for him. Together they would go places, in the carnival game.

Also, although it took him all season, Bob had discovered that Betty Fisher wasn't all business. She was an excellent cook, like her Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors—and she liked his stories. Why, that girl even liked to listen to him play the bazooka!

And so, as the books say, they were married, in 1921. They lived pretty happily sharing misfortunes, striving for some unseen, distant goal they felt would be



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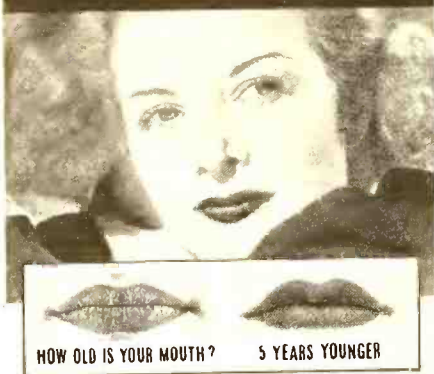
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theirs. It was lucky Bob couldn't look into the future and see what success was going to bring with it or he would never have fought so hard for the comforts and luxuries for Betty that he finally gained when he became the Kraft Music Hall comedian. If he had known, he would have stuck to the carnivals. But he didn't know, not being clairvoyant, and now he has lost Betty.

Life then, though, was all for what the future might hold. They had their ups and downs, all right, mostly downs, because they were too ambitious. The year after their marriage they opened a dance hall on the pier. The year before they had cleared over \$8,000. Now they lost their shirts to the tune of over \$15,000 in their new enterprise.

A dozen really tough months followed. Everything the newlyweds tried turned out to be a glorious fizzle. They followed the carnivals in a rattle-trap flivver, lived in tents and cooked meager meals by candle-light. When Bob tried vaudeville, theaters burned down; when they took concessions, blue laws drove carnivals out of town.

On top of all his other bad luck, Bob lost both his father and mother within a short period. Then Betty was taken ill, and he sent her back home to Lancaster. He went desperately on looking for something that would bring in regular money. There was a real need for it now.

YOU know it's always darkest just before the baby's born," he says. "Luckily just then I joined up with the Lew DuFour Exposition, in Johnson City, Tennessee. I had my own concession; my business partner was named Chauncey W. Longenecker. We did all right, too. I sent my first check home to my wife, just in time. It got there the day Robert was born—when she had exactly sixty-two cents in her pocketbook."

Bob's act with the DuFour Show was very successful. Teamed with a Professor Zanger, Hindu crystal gazer, both worked in turbans, white satin bloomers and all the trappings. "See the only blue-eyed Hindu in existence," Bob would drone, pointing at himself. He played the bazooka in this weird costume, to lure folks in to gaze at the crystal ball. Occasionally he gave impromptu lectures, when even the other folks who worked in the carnival would gather around to listen.

"Longenecker and Burns" with the DuFour Show worked up the East Coast, playing fairs for several years. In the summer Mrs. Burns joined the carnival with little Bobby; they always wintered in Lancaster. But Bob was no longer pleased with carnival life. It didn't seem right for the little chap, who slept many a time under the counter while his mother operated a "Hoop-la" game. Bob wanted better things for his family.

Again he went to New York, back to the theatrical agency whose gates he had tried to crash years before. Once more they refused to handle him—but they did buy a half interest in the bazooka. Bob still believed in his invention and so, apparently, did they.

Bob went back into vaudeville, but he was unhappy working alone; it gave him stage fright to appear without a partner. One day he met an odd little fellow named Claude West, whom he had known years ago in New Orleans. They worked up an act, went back to the agency. They told him he was terrible in blackface, and turned down the new act.

"They'll handle me some day," Bob vowed to his wife. "You mark my words. But I won't ask them again till I'm ready. They'll be glad to have me, later on." (Today Bob is a top client on the list

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of this same agency, which also stands a chance of making a pretty penny soon, with Bob, on the sale of a toy bazooka. Over half a million orders have come in already, before manufacture is started on the article.)

Burns and West had good runs, good notices, and made fairly good money for eight years. Then suddenly the bottom dropped out of vaudeville. Even big headliners suffered. Bob's waits in Lancaster, between engagements, lengthened out. Finally there were four months in 1929 with no dates and no prospects in view. The future looked black indeed.

How Bob Burns reached fame and success at last and the bitter irony of the fate he found in them is told in the next and concluding instalment of this dramatic real-life serial. Read it in the December RADIO MIRROR.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 48)

affiliates controlled the copyrights was not allowed on the networks, for reasons having to do with money and not particularly interesting to the average listener. On August 5, however, the ban was lifted and the Warner music employees, who had been doing nothing but draw their salaries since the trouble started, could go back to work. Judging from the celebration when they heard the news, they were pretty glad to do so.

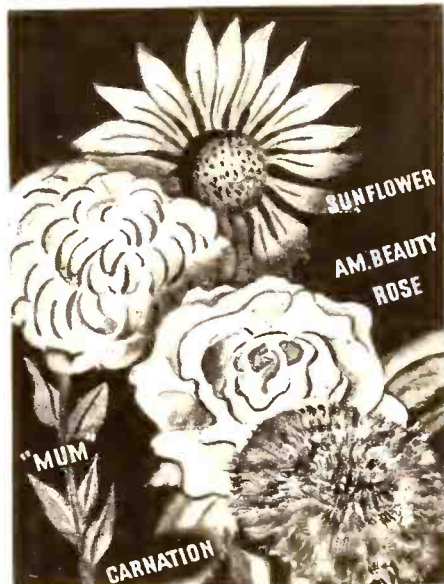
Instead of being a Utopia, the Warner forces found idleness to be a nightmare. At first they made a pretense of being busy, then they gave this up and abandoned themselves to whatever amusement they could devise. Some played bridge and pinocle; a ping pong table was going full blast every day; the girls brought down their sewing, they read books, they gossiped. Toward the last, they started a guessing game as to when they would go back on the air. Some couldn't stand it, and left for other jobs.

Song pluggers for tunes from Warner pictures started out on their rounds of radio studios as soon as the news was announced—and they do say that in the picture situation lies the key to Warners' final agreement to allow their songs to be played on the air. The company has many new pictures to be released this fall, and without air hearings for their tunes the pictures would suffer at the boxoffice.

SHORT SHORT STORIES

Louis Prima, he of the hot lips and New Orleans accent, and his jam band have started a Chicago engagement, with a Mutual wire. Time, one a. m. Tuesdays . . . Don Bestor has adopted blue and gold as the official colors for his band. He'll be playing in a New York spot this winter, incidentally, but none is definitely set so far. Don's yen for New York will prevent him from playing on the Jack Benny program if, as seems likely, the latter emanates from Hollywood . . . Harriet Hilliard's hair, which she dyed blonde for her work with Ozzie Nelson's band, has returned to its original and very becoming brunette, now that she is retiring from regular orchestra work. . . Will Osborne, once Rudy Vallee's most formidable rival in the crooning division, is contemplating a comeback, of which the opening gun is an engagement in New York's Paramount theater . . . Vincent Lopez, it's claimed is responsible for starting the "Knock, Knock" game by playing the original song for the first time on the air, and offering prizes for the best "knock, knock" gags.

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EYE-GENE

SWING VS. SWEET

The musical experts who spend their time making lists have made one of the swingers and anti-swingsters. Both lists are composed of bona-fide, accredited experts in their particular camps of the swing-sweet fray. Arrayed definitely on the side of hot licks are—First (and without much argument) Benny Goodman; followed by Bob Crosby, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Ben Pollack, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma group, and Ozzie Nelson. Opposing them and the heat wave are Wayne King, Guy Lombardo, Henry King, Ray Noble, Jan Garber, Ted Fio Rito, Al Kavelin, and Emil Coleman . . . Whereas Horace Heidt is making a brave attempt to please everyone by training his thirty-eight good men and true to be three bands in one—a sweet band, a novelty band, and a swing band.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Shep Fields, who has been gaining in popularity by leaps and bounds lately with his "rippling rhythm" style of music, produces that gurgling-brook effect in the simplest way imaginable—so simple, in fact, you probably wouldn't ever think of it. He just has one of his men blow into a glass of water through a straw. Shep's real surname is Feldman, but he changed it to Fields at the suggestion of Roger Wolfe Kahn a few years ago. Right now Shep is looking for a girl vocalist, one with a "rippling rhythm" style . . . The late Orville Knapp's orchestra is being heard now over MBS as The Band of Tomorrow, under the direction of Leighton Noble, formerly its vocalist. It was purchased from the Knapp estate recently by George Olsen, and its present work is in the nature of a tryout before Olsen takes it over formally. For a long time, it's said in musical circles, Olsen has wanted a distinctive style of his own, and by taking over the entire Knapp aggregation he expects to find in it a unique dance style, ready-made.

THEME SONG SECTION

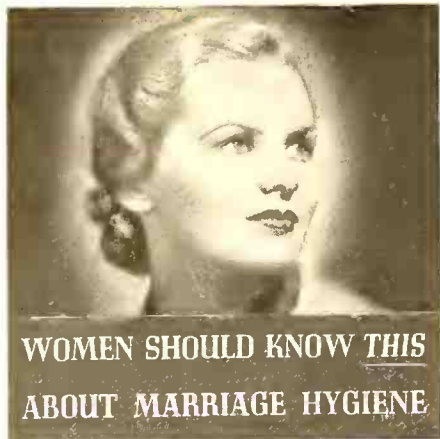
The return of Warner Brothers to the network fold, noted above, should have also meant the return of many a theme song to its former program—but so far it hasn't. Only three shows at NBC and three at CBS have gone back to using their old signatures, plus one at CBS which rushed in and snapped up another program's former song. Paul Whiteman lost no time in brushing up on George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"; Little Jackie Heller made application for the rights once more to "The Touch of Your Hand," from Jerome Kern's "Roberta"; and Major Bowes' Capitol Family comes to you once more with the strains of "With a Song in My Heart," from "Spring is Here."

At CBS, the changes were: Hollywood Hotel, back to "Happiness Ahead"; Chesterfield, back to "Carefree," which though written by two of the boys in the Kostelanetz band, had been under the ban; and As You Like it, a program on a limited network, back to "I Like the Likes of You." Columbia's Wednesday night Palmolive Community Sing, after ascertaining that Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight wasn't going to want its old "Smiles" back, grabbed the song's signature rights for itself.

WE'RE TELLING YOU

Frank Perillo, Newark—Guy Lombardo's sponsor for this season is Bond Bread—every Sunday at 5:30, Eastern time. Your questions about the most popular bands are answered earlier in this department.

Johnny Pallas, Dennison, Ohio—Here



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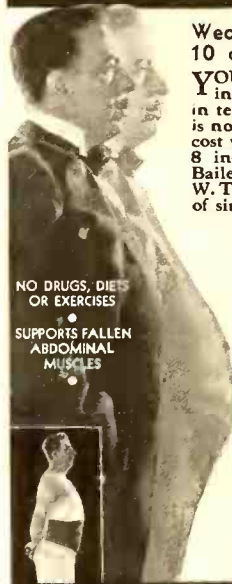
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are those theme songs you asked for: Ozzie Nelson: "Loyal Sons of Rutgers;" Ben Pollack: "Song of the Islands;" Johnny Johnson: "Is This the Music of Love?" Noble Sissle: "Hello Sweetheart, Hello;" and Irving Aaronson: "Commanderisque."
 Tom Bozeman, John Hunter, and many more readers of Facing the Music—You've been writing in to ask how you can get pictures of the band leaders. Here's one way you can get a lot of them. The Music Corporation of America, at 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is the manager of about 170 big-name bands, and if you write to them, enclosing twenty-five cents for the cost of the picture, they will send you an eight-by-ten photograph of any leader under their management.

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

- Here's the monthly directory to where the maestros are playing—as accurate as we can make it.
- Bernie, Ben—On Tour.
 - Casa Loma—Netherland Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, O.
 - Denny, Jack—On tour.
 - Donahue, Al—Rainbow Room, Radio City, N. Y.
 - Duchin, Eddy—Hotel Plaza, N. Y.
 - Fio Rito, Ted—Morrison Hotel, Chicago.
 - Garber, Jan—Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles.
 - Goodman, Benny—Pennsylvania Hotel, N. Y.
 - Hall, George—Hotel Taft, N. Y.
 - Harris, Phil—Palomar Ballroom, Los Angeles.
 - Heidt, Horace—On tour.
 - Jones, Isham—On tour.
 - Kemp, Hal—Theaters.
 - King, Henry—Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles (following Duchin).
 - King, Wayne—On tour.
 - Little, Jack—Palmer House, Chicago.
 - Lombardo, Guy—Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y.
 - Lyman, Abe—On tour.
 - Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
 - Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.
 - Noble, Ray—On tour.
 - Vallee, Rudy—On tour.
 - Weems, Ted—On tour.
 - Whiteman, Paul—Casa Bemanana, Fort Worth, Texas.

Let us know what questions you want answered, using the coupon below for your own convenience and ours—and we'll do our best to tell you what you want to know.

Ken Alden,
 Facing the Music,
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 New York City.

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Theme Song Section

Following the Leaders

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That Irresistible Mr. Astaire

(Continued from page 33)

of phonograph records—the music from "Top Hat," "Follow the Fleet," and the new "Swing Time." This summer, before the last picture was finished, he was commuting between New York and Hollywood, arranging the scores for the recordings and trying to take some of the routine work in connection with the coming Packard program off Fred's shoulders. It was just after the recordings and the picture had both been completed that I talked to him at his office in New York. Fred had just sailed for a brief European vacation, and Johnny was supposed to be vacationing too.

"It's enough vacation just not to have to think about a piano or a piece of music that has to be arranged," he grinned when I apologized for keeping him in his office on a broiling hot day. Moreover, as I very soon realized, it's fun for him to talk about Fred.

I CAN show you best what sort of person Fred is by telling you about the job we just finished," he began. "We've made two sets of records before, but we never had the hectic time we did last week. On the RKO lot they were rushing to finish 'Swing Time' by the end of the week, so Fred could get away, and we had to fit in the time at the recording studio when we could. We got half the records finished, but the other half had to be done all at once, in one night, so the master recording could be ready in time for Fred to okay it before he left.

"Fred couldn't get away from the lot until eight, and he was dead tired, but he dug right in and started to rehearse. We got the easiest records out of the way, and came to the last and toughest, the 'Waltz in Swing Time.' There was one tricky section Fred couldn't get right. He tried and tried, getting madder at himself all the time. I kept telling him, 'Fred, I can fix that in five minutes, just by changing the arrangement!' but he wouldn't let me. He was just mad enough at himself to be stubborn about it.

"Well, finally he thought he had it right, and we got the waltz down on wax and dragged ourselves home. The master records were ready Saturday, the last day of shooting on the set, and after I'd okayed them I took them around for Fred to hear. Ordinarily he wouldn't have wanted to play the records there in the studio, where everybody could hear them, but there wasn't much time, so that's what we did—stopped shooting and put on the records, with the whole studio crew standing by to listen.

"The first ones were swell—perfect—better even than we'd hoped for. Everybody broke into spontaneous applause after the 'Bojangles of Harlem' number, and Fred was awfully pleased. Then we came to the swing waltz. Nobody clapped when it was finished. Fred picked up the record and looked at my initials on it.

"'Did you okay this?' he asked me, as if he thought there must be some mistake.

"I began to feel a little bit ashamed of myself. I knew the record wasn't good for Astaire, but I'd okayed it because—well, after all, we'd turned out four swell Astaire records, and even if this wasn't quite as good as the rest, it would have been a good piece of work if anybody else had done it. Fred didn't have time to have another try at it. And I'll admit I was willing to compromise with my conscience in order to give the phonograph company another record to sell.

"Not Fred, though. It wasn't good, and

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he wouldn't let it go out. 'I think you'd better record it again,' he said, 'and leave me out. Just the orchestra and a piano solo.' So that's what we did, and that's why the record of 'Waltz in Swing Time' hasn't any Astaire taps in it."

Johnny leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. "That's the way he is, though," he went on. "He's so conscientious that he won't be satisfied with anything less than the best he can do. You'd expect camera crews and other people on the job to get exasperated at him when he rehearses for hours to get a step just right, but they don't because at the right minute he always wise-cracks or clowns in a way that proves he knows how he's holding things up, and is laughing at himself for doing it."

FRED'S whole-hearted about everything he does. A lot has been written about how seriously he takes himself, and it's true, he does; but he isn't solemn about it. When he's working, he works hard, and when he plays, he plays hard. He doesn't go out much, to premieres and night clubs, because he hates crowds, but at a party there isn't anybody who can clown more, or have a better time than Fred.

"He's the friend of everybody on the set or in the studio. You'll find him talking to a script boy as often as to a celebrity, because he likes almost everybody who knows how to talk intelligently. He hasn't any patience at all with inability, but he'll listen with interest to anyone who knows what he's talking about."

"Fred's own standards of work are high, as that business of the records proved, but his method of getting high standards from others never hurts. For instance, I'm sure he respects my work, but he knows that for practical reasons I'm apt to try to 'get by' sometimes with something that isn't quite as good as it could be, but which no one but a musician would notice. So he mimics me. He'll sit down at a piano and play for a minute, then hit a sour note—not a very obvious or important one—and then squint his eyes around to see if anybody noticed, ready to try to laugh it off, just as I do when I make a slight mistake. Then he'll cover his mouth with his hand and laugh as if he'd put me in a very embarrassing spot. But he's such a natural comedian that the criticism doesn't hurt."

"He's consistent in everything he does, in his work and in his private life. Every dance step has to follow naturally on the one before it—he won't do a flashy routine just to show off, but if the little story each of his dances tells needs a flashy routine, he'll work his head off—and his feet too—to supply one. He's—" and once again there was no mistaking the deepness of the admiration in Johnny's voice—"he's one of the finest gentlemen I know."

And that would be a good place to end this story, except that so far I haven't explained why with all his talents, Fred can't be master of ceremonies on his own program. Johnny wouldn't have dreamed of telling me this; it's a backstage radio inside-story.

Fred can't ballyhoo. If he admires someone's work, he can praise it enthusiastically—but if it should happen that the show scheduled a guest star Fred personally didn't think was so colossal, his introduction of that star might not be as enthusiastic as it should. Not through any malice on Fred's part, but just because he couldn't conscientiously praise the star to the listening audience. He'd try—but you, listening in, would know something was wrong. And so, if any formal master-of-ceremonying is done, someone besides Fred will do it.

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ALICE WHITE
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What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

hobby, amateur dramatics. He's unmarried.

Ross W., Dallas, Texas—For a picture of Dolly Dawn, you'll have to write and ask her. Address Dolly in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York. Dolly is nineteen years old and comes from New Jersey. She has black hair and black eyes.

M. E. B., Middletown, New York—George Burns' original name was George Birnbaum. It isn't likely that Glen Gray will play for the Camel Caravan this fall. Right now we do not know of his definite plans, but if you'll watch RADIO MIRROR'S Facing the Music department, you'll learn of his whereabouts.

Betty F., Fairport, N. Y.—Major Bowes is a widower and has no children. Write and ask him for his picture in care of the Major Bowes Amateur Theater, Broadway and 53rd Street, New York City.

H. M. Z., Kermoor, Pa.—Sorray, but you'll have to write to your local station for information on Charles W. Hamp. He's not listed on any of the networks.

Constance Q., New York, N. Y.—Right now, Loretta Lee is not married, but she may be by the time you read this. Loretta was born in New Orleans on June 14, 1914. Her father is a judge. She's five feet-two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and blue eyes.

Becky W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Only a short time ago we spoke about Walter Cassel. However, since you have only recently joined RADIO MIRROR'S ranks, the Oracle will once again do the honors. Walter has been heard on the Show Boat broadcasts over the NBC network. He has his own sustaining spot on WJZ and I understand that he's now negotiating for a commercial to start in the near future. Walter is a Westerner—from Omaha, Nebraska, to be exact. He's married and has two lovely children.

Rose P., Sharon, Pa.—You can address Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians at 1697 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Ann B., West Norwood, N. J.—Yes, Lanny Ross is married—just about a year. His wife is Olive White who still manages his professional life. Lanny has only one brother. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Ray Heatherton and Jimmy Farrell fans, attention! If you want to become members of the clubs of these two radio stars, get in touch with Bessie Shreiar, 45 Barclay Street, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Lillian B., Rochester, New York—We do not disclose the personal addresses of the radio stars but if you address Jackie Heller in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago, Ill., he will be sure to receive your letter.

P. Joan C., Phila., Pa.—If you've read the beginning of this column, you then know all about Al Bowly. Grace Moore is in her thirties and we're sorry we can't reveal her radio and opera salaries—but it's plenty.

Mary Ann D., Van Dyke, Michigan—Write to the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York, and tell them just what stars' photographs of Show Boat you want. I'm almost sure they will take care of you.

Genia M., Chester, Pa.—See Becky W's answer on Walter Cassel.

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Learn Homemaking from the Stars

(Continued from page 44)

thin, narrow, black frame. Or, reversing the process, paste your picture in the middle of your board and then cover the remaining area with suitable material and bind the sides with ordinary black strip frame binding, the same sort of thing your mother called "Passe Partout" when she was a girl, only with a 1936 Hollywood wrinkle.

Notice in particular the novel and charming treatment of the fireplace. Nothing could be more appropriate for fireplace decoration than mugs and old cooking utensils. Remember that originally fireplaces were kitchens as well as heating sources. Pewter and copper, either in the original or in faithful reproduction, can be obtained at antique shops and auction sales right here in America, although Dick's came all the way from France.

Do you remember the old shaving mug and wonder what has happened to it? Well, you will probably find it proudly displayed on a shelf over Dick Powell's bar. If you can't round up enough shaving mugs for the bar, certainly you can still find some of the quaint old coffee cups—huge affairs they were with "Father" prominently displayed in gilt. Remember them? They're grand and much prized by decorators for home-made bars. And as for the grand array of glassware so necessary for use as well as decorative purposes—sh! don't tell a soul, but out of the ten different styles of glass used in Dick Powell's bar, at least six can be found in lovely reproduction at the old reliable five and ten.

Incidentally, if you have a bar—or are going to get one by hook or crook—here is an idea from the Powell refresherie that will appeal to you—and most assuredly to your friends. You've noticed, of course, how grilled sandwiches or even lowly hamburgers make a hit with brass rail patrons? Dick has had installed at the rear of his bar an electric grill on which those delicacies may be quickly and tastefully prepared and served red hot. Without going to anywhere near the expense of installing such a costly affair, you can buy for a proverbial song one of those apartment kitchenette electric stoves, cover the base attractively according to your taste, attach it to a baseboard plug and, as the French say—voila!



Baritone Ray Heatherton's heard over CBS on Chesterfield's dance program.

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AMERICAN BOOK MART, Dept. 680
140 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Mexican Menus from Tim and Irene

(Continued from page 10)

the day before and use the left over meat for my loaf."

TAMALE LOAF

- 1 can corn
- 1 can tomatoes
- 1 large onion
- 2 cups soup stock
- 2 cups chopped cold meat
- 1 cup cornmeal
- 1 cup ripe olives
- 1 can button mushrooms
- 1 tablespoon chili powder
- Salt to taste

Mince the onion and sautee in four tablespoons olive oil. Add the soup stock, bring to a boil, then add the other ingredients and simmer for fifteen minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and stir in four well beaten eggs. Transfer to well-greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five to fifty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce. (Serves twenty.)

"You see, with this menu," Irene explained, "practically all of my preparations can be made in the morning. After the chili has been set to simmer and the tamale loaf poured into the pan ready for baking, I wash the salad greens and put them into the refrigerator to crisp and make my French dressing. Then in the evening, while the tamale loaf is baking and the French bread warming in the oven with it, I make the salad and coffee. If I have to go out during the day, I first make sure that the chili isn't getting dry, and let it simmer while I'm gone."

NOT all the Ryans' parties are built around Mexican food. Italian dishes are equally popular, spaghetti with meat sauce being the winner. The sauce is made in the morning, reheated at night while the spaghetti is being cooked.

MEAT SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI

- 1 small bunch celery, or outer leaves from large bunch
- 1 large green pepper
- 2 large onions
- 1 large clove garlic
- 2 lbs. lean beef ground with 1/4 lb. bacon
- 1 large can tomatoes
- 1 can tomato paste
- 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms

Chop celery, green pepper and onion fine, and mince the garlic. Sautee celery in four tablespoons olive oil for about five minutes; add the green pepper and sautee for five minutes more, then add the onion and garlic and sautee all together until tender. Add the ground beef and bacon and cook together for half an hour. Dice the mushrooms (they do not need to be peeled) and brown in butter, then add to the cooking mixture with the tomatoes, tomato paste and salt and pepper to taste, and simmer for an hour and a half.

The spaghetti should be cooked until tender, but not soft and mushy. For an accompanying salad, serve chicory or the licorice-tasting finocchio with French dressing, and instead of French bread use the round Italian loaves.

Irene has some other grand recipes which we haven't space to give here, but which I'll be glad to send you if you will write me—Spanish rice, noodle ring and delicious ice box cookies which can be mixed in advance and baked as required. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., with your request.

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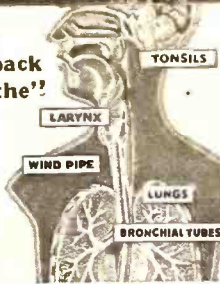
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Take Your Choice of These Stations . . . Every Friday Night

What Smith Ballew Endured for Love

(Continued from page 47)

a job selling real estate." Smith glanced over at Justine and the memory of this started them both laughing.

"He sold exactly one lot in a whole year," she said.

"But I got \$100 a month drawing account," he boasted.

The company started checking up one day and Smith was fired.

His next job was with a paint company in Fort Worth. Here the devoted young husband did much better. However, when they wanted him to go on the road he refused to leave Justine.

Then came the worst of all. "I sold auto polish to garages," he confessed. Smith should have worn old clothes but his natural desire to put on a good appearance proved his undoing. After two of his best suits were ruined by car grease, he decided that auto polish was not his line.

Things were starting to boom just then and a group of Texas cattle and oil barons decided to build a magnificent club in Fort Worth. Some relatives of Smith's from the prominent Texas branch of that family were interested in the project.

They prevailed on him to organize an orchestra as a feature of the club. It took little persuasion. By that time Justine was so sick of being broke that she didn't care any more, either.

THE band was a success from the start. Smith depended on his banjo and his personality to put him over. That was before he knew he could sing. In fact, that discovery didn't come until some years later and then quite by accident.

It was only at Justine's insistence that he tried singing at all. "I always knew Sykes could sing," she remarked. "Of course, up to that time, none of the bands had singers. Ted Weems was the first. Even then, his vocal work was all of a comedy nature. No one dared sing a 'sweet' song.

"I kept after Sykes and he finally agreed. The number was 'Hard Boiled Hannah' and when he got up to sing, he forgot the words! It took months after that to get him to try again."

Smith Ballew had to fight not only family prejudice and hardship in carving a career. His greatest battle was to overcome his own timidity. It was only his wife's confidence that carried him through. Her faith in him was so great that he caught the spirit and shook off his false fears.

Once launched as a full-fledged orchestra leader, he went on a tour that lasted ten months. Yet the contract which had seemed so generous yielded him little by the time expenses were paid. When it was over he was just as broke as when he started.

Then he got a hunch to try Chicago. Leaving Justine with a sorority sister in Springfield, he and his drummer set out for the Windy City. There the drummer promptly went on a spree with their joint stake, consisting of \$20.

Lady luck had not deserted the lank Texan, however, for he landed with Ben Pollock's band at the Black Hawk cafe with a salary of \$125 per week. His five dollar advance was spent on ham and egg sandwiches.

It was in this spot that Smith made his radio debut, over station WGN. Although he never had a lesson, his natural

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Make this clever colorful decorative plant at home of buttons and "V. B." Dennison Crepe. Also make bags, belts, baskets, trays; do the new picture craft. Instructions for 77 novelties are in the handsome 24-page book, "New Dennison-craft Ideas." Send only 10¢ (coin or stamps) to Dennison, Dept. Y145, Framingham, Mass.



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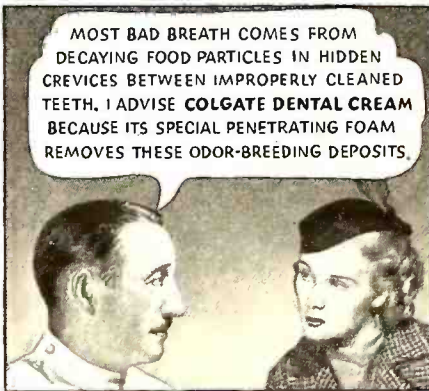
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tenor voice pleased Pollock.

Ted Fio Rito heard one of the broadcasts and called him long distance with an offer of \$185 per week.

"They really wanted Sykes for his singing," Justine interrupted. "But he didn't know that."

Three months with Fio Rito at the Sinton in Cincinnati and the Ballew bank account began to climb. The kid was doing all right. He had proven to the skeptics that he could make enough to support a wife. But all the time the dark clouds were gathering.

By this time, Smith was managing the Fio Rito band. They had gone over so well in the midwest that Ted was determined to storm New York. So to Manhattan they traveled, confident that they would land a good spot on Broadway. Instead, the only engagement that came along was one week of vaudeville in Brooklyn. After several more weeks of waiting around, the band broke up and Smith was again out of a job.

It seemed funny then. Justine and he made the Broadway rounds having a great time. Then, one night when they were too tired to go out they started figuring up. The bankroll was exactly \$30.

Nothing to do but move to a cheaper room, up on Riverside Drive. Justine still shivers when she thinks how cold it was that winter. "For weeks we lived on bread and canned beans," she admitted. "You don't need butter that way because you can dip your bread in the bean juice.

WE had a nice landlady who let us use her kitchen when we had something to cook, and who let the rent run. I remember so well that Christmas eve," Justine continued. "Candy has always been my weakness so Sykes, determined that I should have some sort of gift, presented me with a five cent chocolate bar!"

Christmas came and went. Still there was no sign of work. Smith had but recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia and was still far from strong. His condition was made worse by the fact that he had only a light topcoat to protect his tall frame from the cruel, biting winds which swept the city. This, plus the lack of nourishment, started to tell on him and he developed neuralgia.

Justine was going about in worn-out slippers which exposed the soles of her feet to the icy pavements. As a result, sinus developed which in turn caused an ear abscess. She became delirious. Smith, in desperation, consulted an acquaintance who arranged to have the sick girl sent to the charity ward of a big hospital.

They could have written home for money but that would have meant admitting defeat. With sublime confidence, they felt it would all work out, somehow.

Smith, in desperation, went out and literally demanded a club job which netted him \$22. On top of this, Justine's mother sent her five dollars as a birthday gift. When Smith went to get his wife out of the hospital, he was presented with a bill for \$26, which left him with one lone dollar.

"So we took a cab home," he said. "Felt we might as well be all the way broke."

Next day came an offer to go to Boston with George Olsen in "Good News." Smith accepted but after three weeks the company wanted to cut salaries, so he quit. Besides, he was worried about Justine, back in New York, who was still far from well.

When the rent was paid up and groceries bought, he still had a few dollars left plus a one hundred dollar bill which he planned to hold as a nest egg. Friends arrived from Texas and they decided to celebrate down in Greenwich Village.

Smith doesn't know how it happened, but during the course of the evening his pocket was picked of the hundred dollar bill!

With the \$12 that was left they took their Texas pals to dinner next night in a swank Park Avenue joint. It would never do to let the folks back home think they were broke!

Broke was hardly the word for it. They were flat busted.

Again Fate gave them a gentle steer. This time it was in the direction of a house on East 56th Street which three boys from down home were just about managing to keep going. Misery loves company, so the Ballews were invited to share the sparsely furnished quarters.

These lads, then unknown, were Stookie Allen, who later won fame with his "Above the Crowd" cartoon; Roger Eden, then an humble piano thumper who was to write "Eadie was a Lady" and other hit songs, and George Kirksey, now a United Press syndicate writer. The only one then regularly employed was Stookie who acted as life guard in the Park Central Hotel pool and who later married Gladys Parker of "Flapper Fanny" fame.

A wealth of talent under one roof, but little ready cash. Bohemia in Manhattan.

One afternoon Smith rushed home highly elated. He had landed with the Freddie Rich band on the Astor roof. An agent from Okeh heard him sing and had him make a few records, which resulted in a contract.

FROM then on, Smith must have wished he were quintuplets, there was so much demand for his services. The next two years he averaged at least fifteen records a week besides playing and singing at the Harry Richman Club.

He and Justine were now riding high. Their suite at the Warwick Hotel cost \$400 a month. Clothes galore. The best of everything. Why not? He was making a grand a week. They were set. Or so they thought.

Then came the stock market crash. Like everyone else, they were caught in the whirlpool. Still, they were better off than most for their stock had been bought outright. However, those nicely engraved sheets of paper which once would have brought three hundred thousand were now not worth one tenth that sum.

They didn't mind. A much more important event was transpiring. Smith wanted his baby born in Texas so Justine traveled to Fort Worth a few weeks before the arrival of her little girl.

Smith had planned to follow but his employers wouldn't let him. Then a terrible thing happened. He was induced to invest in more stocks in order to recoup his losses. Shortly after, the stocks that couldn't go any lower dropped to just above zero and the Ballew bankroll was cleaned out.

As a consequence, Smith didn't see little Justine until she was three months old. By then he had saved a little money.

Things got slack in New York so he went to New Orleans where he was a great success for two seasons. Something was to happen there which changed the whole course of his career.

One night while Smith was singing, a tiny little woman with fine features and a radiant smile, entered the dining room. Later she arranged to have the tall, handsome singer brought to her table. She was Marguerite Clark, once Mary Pickford's leading rival for screen leadership. "You must try out for the movies," she insisted. "I can always spot a winner. You would be a great picture bet."

Miss Clark did more than this. She wrote a letter to one of Paramount's execu-

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Radio already gives jobs to more than 300,000 people. In 1935 over \$300,000,000 worth of sets, tubes and parts were sold—an increase of 20% over 1934! Over 1,100,000 auto Radios were sold in 1935, 25% more than in 1934! 22,000,000 homes are today equipped with Radios, and every year millions of these sets go out of date and are replaced with newer models. Millions more need servicing, new tubes, repairs, etc. Broadcast stations pay their employees (exclusive of artists) more than \$23,000,000 a year! And Radio is a new industry, still growing fast! A few hundred \$30, \$50, \$75-a-week jobs have grown to thousands in less than 20 years!

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 National Radio Institute
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J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6MT
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NAME.....AGE.....
 ADDRESS.....
 CITY.....STATE.....



tives raving about Smith's possibilities and urging that he be given a test.

When Smith returned to New York a test was made. Still nothing happened. "I didn't have anyone to follow it up," he explains.

The third time Smith went to New Orleans he failed to click. Yet Miss Clark was still one of his greatest boosters. She urged him to go to Hollywood where he had many friends.

Smith hesitated but Justine was all for the idea. Her "What have you got to lose?" argument finally won out. In a few days the Ballew family set out in a rickety car. Justine and the baby dropped off at Fort Worth while Smith continued on to the Coast. His total stake consisted of \$58.

LUCK was with him from the start. First of all he landed a cabaret job in downtown Los Angeles. This tided him over until he was able to renew his Hollywood contacts.

The J. Walter Thompson advertising agency happened to be looking for someone to follow Al Jolson on the Shell Chateau program. They knew about Smith's New York reputation and invited him to audition for them without revealing the spot for which he was being considered.

Lady Luck continued to smile. Around this time Walter Wanger, the movie producer, was looking for a western type to play an important role in his picture "Palm Springs." He asked the studio to run off some tests among which was the one made by Smith in New York.

As soon as Wanger got one look at the Ballew guy and heard him sing he yelled: "That's the man . . . get him!" Which explains how Smith happened to be signed for the movies that very same week.

The first thing he did was to wire for Justine and the baby to come on at once.

Again they are sitting on top of the world, but there is a difference now—the Ballews are determined to invest their money in sound securities. "We've passed the stage where going hungry seems funny," Justine admits. "Besides, we have the little girl to consider."

Secure in their lovely hillside home they can look back on their hardships with a smile. "It's hard to figure out," Smith drawled. "A year ago we were flat broke . . . and now look!" He took in the luxurious furnishings with a wide sweep of his arm which ended as his hand rested on his wife's shoulder.

In this union it has been the hardships popularly blamed for lost romance that have served to draw these two into a comradeship that even the easy luxury of Hollywood will find it hard to shake.

CONTESTANTS ATTENTION!

The complete listing of the winners in the Jessica Dragonette Theme Song Contest is nearly finished and will be announced in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR—out October 23. Are you one of the 35 lucky winners?

EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT · COLUMBIA NETWORK

8:30 P.M. Eastern Standard **7:30** P.M. Central Standard **9:00** P.M. Mountain Standard **8:00** P.M. Pacific Standard

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