

AUGUST

★ Radio MIRROR

10¢

A
MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

THEL MERMAN

Portrait by
KNOWLES HARE



THE MYSTERY GIRL MAX BAER WILL MARRY
Why Gracie Allen and Mrs. Jack Benny are on the War-path



STILL *her* ADORER

THE years are adding up . . . soon their children will be grown . . . yet he is still her adorer . . . she holds him as completely as when they were first married. More women should know her secret.

* * * *

How wise is the woman who realizes the importance of keeping the breath always sweet, wholesome and agreeable! After all, nothing mars a personal relationship like halitosis (bad breath) whether occasional or habitual. It is ridiculously easy to keep the breath inoffensive. Simply use Listerine, that's all—a little in the morning, a little at night, and between times before social engagements. Listerine instantly halts halitosis; deodorizes longer than ordinary non-antiseptic mouth washes. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE halts halitosis (bad breath)

Deodorizes Longer

"BARBAROUS!" Says GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR

"INTELLIGENT!" Says YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently. "An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus.

Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!
For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush

your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth?

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. MM-85
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

IPANA and Massage
mean
Sparkling Teeth
and **Healthy Gums**



BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR • ERNEST V. HEYN • EDITOR • WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

Special Features

The Mystery Girl Max Baer Will Marry	Fred Sammis	12
The truth about his unknown plans		
The Lowdown on Tony and Gus	Vera Ingersoll	15
The story of George Frame Brown and Mario Chamlee		
In Each Other's Hair	Katharine Hartley	16
Why Gracie Allen and Mary Livingstone are on the war-path		
Flying Blind	John Edwards	18
What radio is doing to make aviation safe		
Facing the Music	John Skinner	20
All you want to know about songs, singers and orchestras		
Meet the Family		22
An unusual picture spread		
The Great Radio Murder Mystery	Frederick Rutledge	24
Continuing our thrilling novel		
Al Goodman's Great Loss	Bill Vallee	27
You hear him on the Ethel Merman program		
Why Stoopnagle and Budd Didn't Want a Sponsor—Much	Norton Russell	32
The Girl Who Runs Don Bestor	Jan Kieffer	34
Irene Rich's Own Wardrobe		36
A chance to win a beautiful gown		
She Lost Sixty-One Pounds!	Caroline Somers Hoyt	39
Here's how Benay Venuta did it		
Honeymooner's Diary	Mary Jacobs	44

in the September **RADIO MIRROR**



Amazing facts about Ben Bernie you never knew till you read this great feature . . . How can you tell when a star is popular? —the inside story of radio "box office" . . . A revealing story about Major Bowes, and many other interesting features.

Unusual Departments

Reflections in the Radio Mirror		4
The editor writes to "Uncle Charlie" Winner		
Pageant of the Airwaves		6
Covering radio from every angle		
What's New on Radio Row	Jay Peters	40
Coast-to-Coast Highlights		
Chicago	Chase Giles	42
Pacific	Dr. Ralph L. Power	43
Beauty à la Ethel Merman	Joyce Anderson	46
Easy Dishes for Easy Aces	Margaret Simpson	47
What Do You Want to Know?	The Oracle	48
Ask us questions!		
What Do You Want to Say?		51
Give us your opinions!		
We Have With Us		52
Your own program guide		

Added Attractions

Behind Closed Doors	7
Some backstage facts	
Gallery	
Peter Van Steeden	28
Frances Langford	29
Al Jolson	30
Cornelia Otis Skinner	31
Prize Winners	
Radio Mirror Name Contest	78
The Critic on the Hearth	
Comments about the new programs	
	82

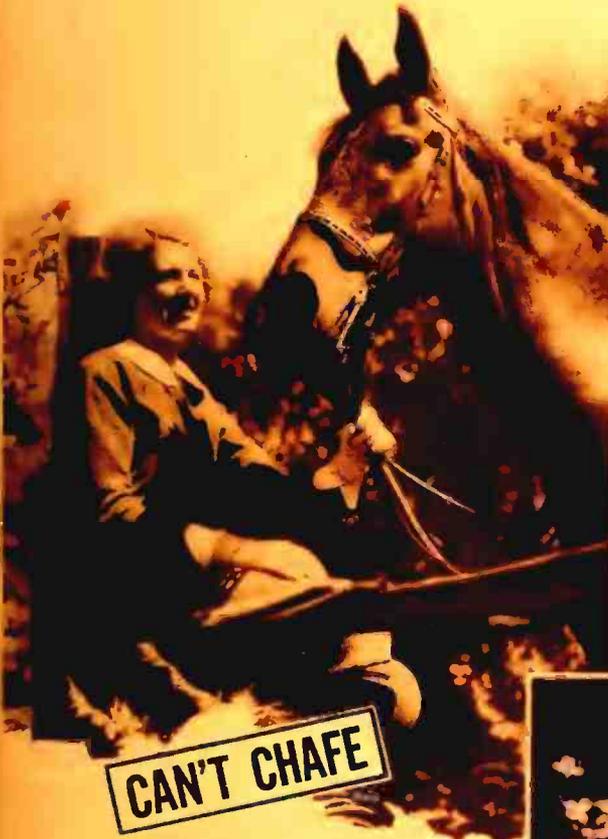
Cover —PORTRAIT OF ETHEL MERMAN
BY J. KNOWLES HARE

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Confident always

BECAUSE OF THE ASSURANCE THESE 3 KOTEX FEATURES OFFER

CAN'T CHAFE
CAN'T FAIL
CAN'T SHOW



CAN'T CHAFE

Means much on active days

To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But, mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

YOU need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to care-free, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain.

Discover here what I believe every woman has a right to know. Here's a modern sanitary napkin—Kotex—that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem. Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself.

With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

New Kotex Belt—adjustable—requires no pins!

It's conveniently narrow, easily adjustable. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.



CAN'T FAIL

Is important, too

Security means much to every woman at all times . . . and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



CAN'T SHOW

Gives evening peace-of-mind

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

QUEST—the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness

A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex . . . and for every need!



Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex . . . only 35c for the large can.

W O N D E R S O F T K O T E X

Reflections IN THE RADIO MIRROR

A LETTER TO "UNCLE CHARLIE"
WINNINGER FROM THE EDITOR

DEAR Uncle Charlie:

You have as large a potential radio following as any other star on the air-waves today.

During those years on the Showboat you became our most beloved radio voice.

When you left Showboat I was shocked. Your old friend, Frank McIntyre, has done a fine job subbing for you. But Ray Perkins couldn't step into Will Rogers' shoes and get away with it. Frank, with all his talent and superior acting ability, couldn't be Cap'n Henry. At least, not the same Cap'n Henry we'd learned to love and listen for every Thursday night.

I know you're not an easy fellow to get along with. Neither are any of my friends who have a commodity to sell which they wish to protect at all costs. You've been trained in the theatre and you know what Charlie Winninger can get away with and what he can't get away with. You're pretty outspoken about what you're willing to do. I don't think you've always been right in your judgment—but I do admire you for braving the displeasure of your bosses. They had every right in the world to tell you where you got off, but you had every right to tell them when you got off.

You got off the Showboat and we, who had grown to love you, felt that the New Showboat, with a new cap'n, might be pretty swell stuff but that it would never be the same Showboat.

Your next show was a job similar to your old buddy's, Frank McIntyre. You were to be another Will Rogers. Your material wasn't in character. You didn't go over, Charlie, and I was sorry to see that happen.

I have a hunch that you're going over in your new show for Ivory. I like the sound of it. Uncle Charlie is the genial, lovable showman who's managed to entrench himself and his personality in our hearts. He's not clever or significant or particularly impressive in what he says. But he's a dear old soul with

an endearing voice and a winning way. He's Uncle Charlie Winninger and I hope he stays with us a long while. I hope he remembers that he's something more than an actor, who worries about his future and battles with his sponsors to assure it. I hope he remembers that he's an American character, like Yankee Doodle or the Connecticut Yankee, who was born as Cap'n Henry and was reincarnated as Uncle Charlie. Radio is a fairy godmother who's not afraid to let the clock strike twelve for Cinderella. It may seem silly to you for me to compare you with Cinderella, Uncle Charlie, but I do want to see you go on dancing all night—and I think you will.

Sincerely,

Ernest W. Heyn

Whether you agree with my opinions and comments or not, write me. Prizes for best letters are announced on page 51



Five... "Going on Two"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely past that perilous first year



All photographs copyrighted by NEA Service Inc.

Since the day of their birth, "LYSOL" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the constant dangers of infection

THE very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May, 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit, and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in many thousands of childbirth operations all over the world. For the danger of infection is high in childbirth, and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect mother and child from infection.

Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world, "Lysol" has had—and still has—a most vital part.

Since the day the quintuplets were born, "Lysol" has helped to guard them from infection. Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, and the interior of the snug, little Dafoe Hospital, have been kept clean with this effective, economical germicide.

Are YOU giving YOUR baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen where food is prepared...to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.?

The scientific care given the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Directions for all the correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

(Below) "Lysol" keeps the babies' belongings clean.



(Above) The Dafoe Hospital for Dionne quintuplets. "Lysol" is the only disinfectant used to keep it clean.

(At Right) The simple birthplace near Callander, Ont., where the babies lived, kept hospital-clean with "Lysol", while Dafoe Hospital was being built.



NEW! Lysol Hygienic Soap for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added cleansing and deodorant properties of "Lysol". Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.



Lysol
Disinfectant

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LY-59
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Please send me the "Lysol" Library, consisting of: "Keeping a Healthy Home", "Preparation for Motherhood" and "Marriage Hygiene".

Name

Street

City State

© 1935, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



**NBC
NOON-TIME
COMICS**

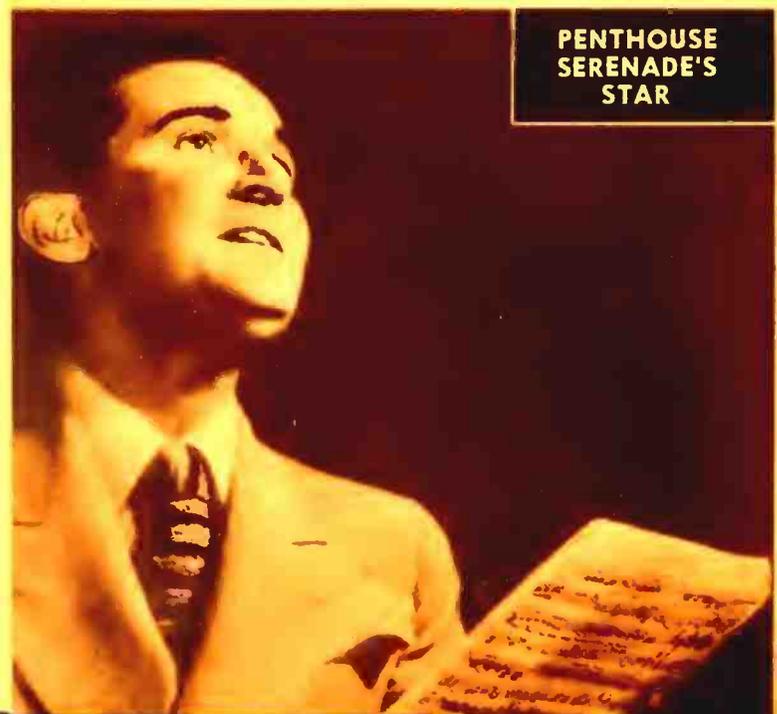


**SINGER
SHIRLEY
HOWARD**

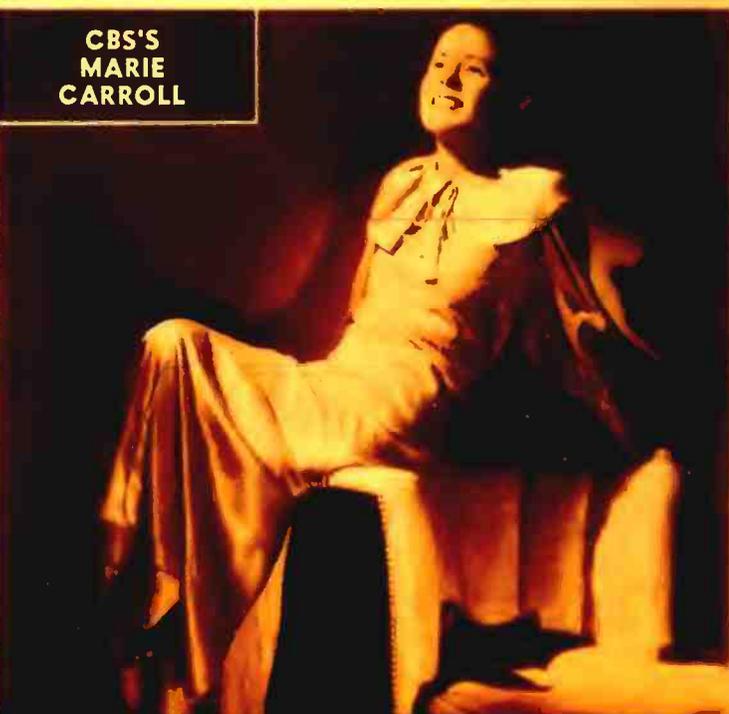
Above, Honeyboy to the left, Sas-safra to the right. More correctly, George Fields and Johnnie Welsh, heard five times a week over WEA's network. The team was formed in 1928 way down in Texas . . . Don Mario (below) lost his allowance from a wealthy father because he took up singing instead of engineering. Has toured in vaudeville, made a full-length film, has been featured this spring in Penthouse Serenade. on Sundays.

*From Dawn
to Dusk*

Shirley Howard (above) who is one of NBC's brighter sustaining features, writes a radio column for a Philadelphia paper when she isn't busy singing. Rudy Vallee discovered her, had her on a network program in two weeks . . . Below, Marie Carroll, CBS character actress, has had a varied career. She played Lydia Languish in "The Rivals" with Mrs. Fiske. You've heard her recently in "School of the Air" and "Roadways of Romance."



**PENTHOUSE
SERENADE'S
STAR**



**CBS'S
MARIE
CARROLL**

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

A personal column which lifts the curtain on some backstage facts

I WAS galloping through the second-floor crowds at Radio City last week trying not to be late for an appointment. It was impossible to make much headway against the long lines of people who were blocking the way. A pretty blonde receptionist told me in her Southern drawl (75% of the NBC receptionists are blonde and Southerners) that the unusual crowds were waiting for a Major Edward Bowes' audition. Most of the hopefuls were well dressed and seemed to know what it was all about. Scarcely one bothered to gawk at the ornate surroundings.

It's nearly miraculous what Bowes has done in developing amateur programs. His Sunday hour is rapidly reaching the top in program popularity, according to the box-office test advertising agencies accept. He had tied Cantor the last week the comedian broadcast. The Major himself is a big man with a penchant for lavish purple ties of the dragon-design variety. He has an apartment in the Capitol theater, which he manages, that's like no apartment I ever saw. A long corridor extends down almost its entire length, with walls completely covered with paintings of all descriptions. Valuable portraits crowd alongside others that have no excuse even for a frame. Bessie Mack, who practically runs the Major's entire personal business for him, was showing me around.

I happened to admire a Whistler that not even five pictures on all sides of it could hide. Bessie laughed a little. "It's too bad the Major isn't around to hear you. The last time someone praised a painting, the Major sent him home with it tucked under his arm."

WHEN an advertising agency suddenly decides to give a promising young star a build up, the wheels of progress spin rapidly. I'm thinking of Francia White—it was with her, incidentally, that I had the appointment—who is doing so well on the Music at the Haydns' program. A short time ago, she was introduced to the Palmolive Beauty Box audiences. Week after week she has returned. By next fall you will see her as one of the season's standout headliners and the agency will have a popular star on their hands who won't cost so much money to present. To be truthful, Francia is being groomed to take Gladys Swarthout's part in Beauty Box shows—Gladys who was yesterday's radio recruit and today's high priced, much-in-demand star.

Another story I heard recently came from one of radio's best press agents. Earle Ferris. It's about Whispering Jack Smith, whose husky baritone has been entertaining the public to these many years. This spring Smith has been singing over NBC on fifteen-minute programs. That same popularity chart I told you agencies hold as gospel, rated Smith

(Continued on page 62)



These Frocks by "Carolyn"

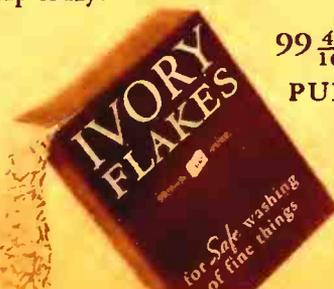


Makers of gay smart dresses advise,
"Wash them with IVORY FLAKES"

Cape frocks . . . jacket ensembles . . . prints—the most exciting new frocks are being designed to take trips through lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. The Carolyn Modes we show, for example, are all tagged "washable with Ivory Flakes." And listen to what other creators of America's smartest daytime clothes say—"We have found that pure Ivory Flakes give the best results in laundering our washable fashions." Of course, Ivory is *pure*—that's why it's an "Ivory-washable" season!

Good news for you—and good luck

for your pocket-book! You get 1/5 more flakes for your money when you buy the big blue Ivory box. Ivory Flakes are your biggest bargain in fine-fabrics soap today!



99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ %
PURE

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

Left, Arlene Francis, dramatic star and, until it left the air, m.c. for Linit's Hour of Charm. She's also been heard frequently on Roadways of Romance, American School of the Air, Columbia Dramatic Guild. Her real name is Jazanjan, has been to college, has written for magazines under the pseudonym of Spark Plug, made her stage debut with Claudette Colbert whom she understudied in "La Gringo." Below, the Showboat Four—Tubby Weyant, Scrappy Lambert, Leonard Stokes, Robert Moody. All four are married, their wives are good friends, and they all vacation together. Three have children who play together. Weyant was born in the state of Kansas, the son of a Methodist minister. Was a church soloist for five years. Scrappy, the quartet's first tenor, comes from New Jersey. He went to college to study law, but organized a jazz band instead. Stokes is a Southerner, a Georgian. Has studied voice in France, later worked his way through college as a singing instructor. His radio career began in 1927. Moody is another Kansan. He has appeared in some twenty motion pictures and made a number of concert tours.



CBS
MISTRESS
OF CEREMONIES



THEY'RE THE PERFECT HARMONIZERS FOR CAP'N HENRY'S SHOWBOAT



MODERN
CHOIR
SOLOIST

Mildred Monson (left) is one of radio's most rapidly rising feminine singing stars. Recently appointed as soloist for famed Modern Choir, heard over NBC networks, she also has been a weekly feature on Joe Cook's show. Mildred came to New York just a year ago this past April, after graduating from Friends University in Kansas, where she majored in classical and comparative literature. Her New York debut was made in a Broadway night club—the Arrowhead Inn. After that, she won an engagement at Billy Rose's Manhattan Casino. Radio scouts heard her sing, signed her on the spot for a broadcasting appearance. Right, Johnny Hauser, featured male vocalist with Lennie Hayton's Hit Parade dance orchestra over NBC Saturdays. Johnny rose to his first big spot recently by singing with Paul Whiteman on his Kraft radio show. Raised in New York, he made his initial appearance at a corned beef and cabbage club when he was placed on his feet and marched to a piano.

More Colorful Caravan Stars and Shows



SHELL SHOW'S DIRECTOR

Above, Victor Young, who conducts the orchestra which accompanies Al Jolson Saturday nights over NBC. While most American boys were spending their time in school, Victor was fiddling his way out of a prison camp in Russia, later a German concentration prison. Born in Chicago, was touring Poland when the war broke out. Bolsheviks sentenced him to death, but he escaped with help of an officer. Is composer of "Sweet Sue" and many other hits. Has conducted on such programs as the Atwater Kent Midweek show, Maytag Hour and the Studebaker Champions.



LUCKY STRIKE SOLOIST

Does he ADMIRE YOUR HAIR in a "CLOSE-UP"?



Don't let OILINESS, or wispy DRYNESS cool his ardor. Cultivate the beauty of your hair with the correct shampoo for its special type

OILY HAIR wants
this shampoo

Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* is made especially for oily hair. It is gently astringent . . . tends to tighten up flabby oil glands and regulate the flow of oil to your hair.

Such a nice, quick shampoo, too! Such snowy lather . . . so gentle . . . so easy to rinse! It is very simple to wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo often enough to keep it shining, soft and fluffy.

DRY HAIR
should have this

Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is a corrective beauty treatment for dry hair. It is made especially for this purpose. In addition to olive oil, it contains soothing, softening glycerine. Dry, flyaway hair responds gratefully . . . gains gloss and silkiness.

Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap—specialists in hair care for over 60 years.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

**PINE
TAR**
for OILY hair



**OLIVE
OIL**
for DRY hair

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



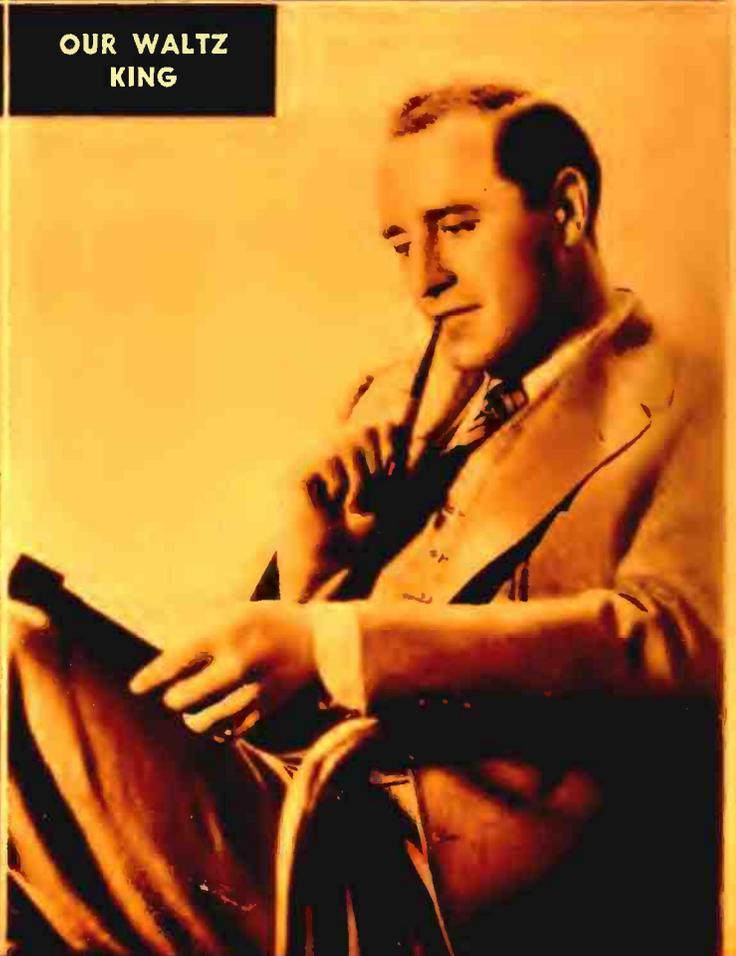
**COLUMBIA'S
PALEY**



**CUGAT'S
DANCING WARD**



**COMPOSER
HAENSCHEN**



**OUR WALTZ
KING**

Don't miss this ride with us in radio's caravan of players and programs

In 1929 a young vice president of the Congress Cigar Company (upper left corner opposite page) became interested in and envisioned the future of the radio industry. Because he was buying time on the air for La Palina cigars, he knew the right man to go to. From this man he bought most of the stock in a new broadcasting chain, set out to reorganize the company. The result: William S. Paley today is the president of the world's largest network of stations, still holds firm control of his large percentage of Columbia Broadcasting System stock. Early in May, Paley went on the air, announced a new revolutionary policy he hopes will vastly increase CBS audiences. From now on, his network will take no more laxative accounts, will exclude all advertising deemed in bad taste, will limit the number of minutes allowed for commercial announcements, and will carefully supervise all children's programs to prevent any blood and thunder scenes from creeping into them. Married, Paley belongs to New York's smartest clubs, is hailed by those who know him as today's most successful visionary. . . . Left, Xavier Cugat and Margo, who has been lately featured in Paramount picture "Crime Without Passion." Cugat, until the last of May was the tango orchestra on NBC's "Let's Dance" Program which has dropped off the airwaves for the summer. He is Margo's guardian, has brought her up since she was seven, taking her with him when he left Cuba for the United States—and fame.



HIMBER VOCALIST AND VETERAN ANNOUNCER PEARSON

Gus Haenschen (lower left corner, opposite page), musical director on numerous CBS and NBC programs including Showboat, Lavender and Old Lace, American Musical Revue, is famed as a composer as well as leader. Graduated from St. Louis' Washington University, he opened booking offices for dance orchestras, did a rushing business until the War placed him on a transport vessel. Began broadcasting in 1924. . . . Left, new camera study of Wayne King, whose four-time-a-week programs hit a new high in music popularity. Early in the fall, King plans a personal appearance tour, something different for this conductor who shuns publicity. . . . Above, Stuart Allen, newest singer with Richard Himber's band and Ted Pearson, NBC announcer. Stuart was born in New York City, went to school with Walter Winchell, Mark Hellinger, Jackie Heller, Ben Bernie. He played the drums in the school orchestra. Five feet, six and a half inches tall, Stuart plays golf with friends, handball with his four-year-old son. Ted was born in Arlington, Nebraska, studied music in Minneapolis. He got his first job on a small station in Indiana.



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN in M.G.M.'s "Anna Karenina" Brunette, with blue eyes and fair skin... her color harmony is Max Factor's Rachele Powder, Blonden Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick.

JEAN PARKER in M.G.M.'s "Murder in the Fleet" Brunette, with hazel eyes and creamy skin... her color harmony is Max Factor's Brunette Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

ELIZABETH ALLAN in M.G.M.'s "Vampires of Prague" Light Brunette, with blue-gray eyes and olive skin... her color harmony is Max Factor's Olive Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

Three M-G-M Stars Tell the MAKE-UP SECRET for Brunettes

★ You can double your beauty if you adopt the make-up of Hollywood stars

IN Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, originated color harmony make-up for the screen stars and for you. Having famous stars as living models, he created original shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick... harmonized color-tones to emphasize the individuality of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

In your very own mirror, you can see what wonders this new kind of make-up will do. The face powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours... the rouge imparts a natural blush of color to your cheeks... the lipstick brings out the alluring color appeal of the lips.

SO make this beauty secret of Hollywood's stars yours, too... share the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up, now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar; featured by all leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood SOCIETY MAKE-UP Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

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The MYSTERY GIRL



Max Baer WILL MARRY

By FRED SAMMIS

IN a small, peaceful town, far from the hectic, staccato life of New York, there waits a girl wrapped in happy dreams of a future to be spent with the man she loves, the man she is going to marry within a year. Only the two of them are aware of the love which binds them. Their friends will not know until the wedding day. That girl, whose cherished dreams she cannot share, is waiting for Max Baer!

She will understand, when she reads this, that Max has not betrayed the secret they pledged to keep. She will realize that he spoke only because he must explain his plans, must tell why he has made his startling decision to quit the prize ring for good.

Max began this story which he revealed to me when he mentioned a fact unknown even to Ancil Hoffman, his manager—he will engage in three more bouts, then hang up his padded gloves for good, win or lose.

"In a year at the outside," he told me, "I'll be washed up with the fight racket. After meeting Braddock, I plan to go to Europe for a bout. Later, it will be back in Chicago for my last engagement. After that, I'm settling down for good."

He hesitated a moment, leaning forward on the couch, his knees clasped in his strong hands. We were in the radio studio room of a hotel at Asbury Park where Max was training for his fight with Braddock. In an hour he would go on the air once more in his rôle of Lucky Smith, detective, the part Gillette chose for him when they decided to star the heavyweight fighter in radio.

"I might as well tell you," he went on, "why I'm quitting: I'm going to marry the sweetest girl in the world. We'll go away some place, have a quiet wedding, and then I'll find some other way of earning a living for her."

"You wouldn't know her, even if I told you her name. She's just a swell kid that nobody has ever heard of before. She's

never been in the movies, on the stage, or in radio. She's not rich, either, nor a social registerite. She doesn't know what it's like to be in the limelight. She comes from a nice family and she's never been mixed up in any kind of a scandal. That's why I can't give you her name. I don't want to risk any chance of having something come between us."

It was a new Max Baer speaking, a Max I had never before met. As he talked, there was no glimmer of laughter in his gray eyes. He was in dead seriousness. He meant every word he was saying and he wanted me to believe the truth of those words.

He didn't seem to realize how strange they sounded—his talk of quitting the game in which he has made and spent a small fortune, of marrying an unpublicized girl no one knows from Eve, of settling down as a family man.

A YEAR ago, Max would have scoffed at the very sentiments he was now expressing. Something had happened to this handsome, devil-may-care champion, something that he was telling about for the first time, something that it did not seem possible could ever have happened.

"No, I can guess what you're thinking," he said, "but you're wrong. Here's something you didn't know before either. I'm not a real fighter. I don't like to fight, and only once in my life have I been in a battle outside the ring. When I start to swing at somebody, I get paid for it. With me it's strictly a matter of business."

You couldn't possibly smile, not the way he said that. Instead, you sat forward curiously, trying to fathom the change that has transformed a reckless, boastful, dangerous fighter into an adult with ideas of what he means to make of his life. He proved that when we went on to discuss love, marriage, and work.

He's quitting the ring to settle down with her but only the two of them know who she is!

Hyman Fink

Max Baer's the star of the "Lucky Smith" series, sponsored by Gillette Blue Blades. Turn to page 55—10 o'clock column.

Left, a grand informal portrait, made especially for RADIO MIRROR, at Maxie's training camp in Asbury Park. Right, when he and his ex-wife, Dixie Dunbar, were still smiling together, dining at a Hollywood night club.



First, I wanted to know more about this girl for whom Max was risking possible poverty, oblivion, perhaps the world's scorn, by refusing to fight any longer. But he evaded my questions. It was enough for him that he had disclosed his secret. "Not until the day we marry will anyone know who she is. After that, it won't matter so much," he said.

"I suppose you think it's funny, hearing me talk about marriage, settling down, and quitting the ring," he continued. "But it's true. I'm giving up playing around. Sure, I've done a lot of it. I guess I've had as good a time as anybody. You do that when you're young.

"But not any more. I was married once, you remember. Married when I was only twenty-two. That taught me a lot of things that I've never forgotten. That's why I know that next year, when I marry again, I can make it stick, make a real go of it.

"I was too young, that first time, to know what I wanted. I did a lot of things then I'd never do again. I remember one night out in California, for example. I'd taken my wife to a dance. Out on the floor was a brunette doing the tango. Boy, she looked good to me. I thought I'd give anything to meet her. I made my wife jealous and sore, paying so much attention to this other woman. And yet that dancer only looked good because of the background. I mean, if I'd met her when my wife wasn't along, she wouldn't have had any attraction for me at all.

"But you don't know that when you're that young. Take my brother, Buddy. He's only nineteen now and he wants to marry a girl out in Chicago. She's nice enough, has plenty of money and a car. But six months ago it was somebody out in California he thought he loved. He's only suffering from infatuation, or whatever you call it, because the girl treats him so well. He'll get over it, if I can keep him single long enough. Then he won't have anything to be sorry for.

"It's the same way with my kid sisters. Every time they meet an older man who dresses well and has a good line, they think he's marvelous. Right away they begin to fall in love with him. They'd never be happy, though, if they ever married anybody like that. And the chances are, they'd never get one of those guys into marriage, anyway."

Drawing a deep breath, he puffed furiously on his cigarette, discovered it had gone out, and threw it from the open window. Then, grasping his knees again, he began talking once more, his face wrinkled in concentration.

It was dawning on me that Max meant what he said, that he had thought this all out many, many times, that nothing could change his mind, now that it was made up. Whether it meant ultimate failure or not, he was seeking something more than boxing gloves, resin, and sweat.

"Let me tell you this," he said, the shadow of a grin beginning to play about the corners of his mouth. "The first thing I want to do after I'm married is to go back



"The first thing I want to do after I'm married is to go back to school for a while. I want to learn some English."

to school for a while. I want to learn some good diction, some English like you guys use. Then, if radio wants me back, I'll be all set for it. Broadcasting is a thrilling business and I'd like to take another crack at it when my present series is finished.

"What I'd like best is a comedy program with lots of laughs, a lot of gayety, not quite so serious as this detective business. Of course the studio knows better than I do what goes over, but I think I'm right about what kind of program I can do.

"Then there's Hollywood. Right now they want me to come out there and make 'The Brute,' a novel by Jack London. It's pretty swell and if everything works out right, I'll probably do it. Holly-

wood's a queer place and lots of things can go wrong, but I'll sign a contract tomorrow, if I think it's the best thing for me.

"So you see I ought to be pretty busy for awhile, even if I do get married and don't fight any more—except with my wife."

SOME of his seriousness was gone as he sat back and waited for the next question. He seemed happier, now that he'd told someone what he had been thinking about so long. There was just one thing that wasn't quite clear. Would he be entirely happy, leaving the fight game, after making so much money in it and having such a good time?

"That's where you're wrong," he answered. "Fighting isn't half the fun you may think it is. It's too much of a racket. I'm really glad I'm leaving it. There won't be any more exhibition bouts in a different town every night, I won't have to get up every morning at six to catch the milk train, and I won't have to suffer through these training periods when I go to bed at eight and do three or four miles of road work every day.

"At that," he added, "I haven't any complaints. The pay has been good, everyone's treated me well, I haven't suffered any injuries. But it's a different story than it was a year ago. I wasn't in love then."

And once again I thought of the girl in the suburb of Chicago, far from New York, who was waiting for Max, sharing with him the happy knowledge that soon his fighting career would be at an end, while their life together would be only beginning. Though she hides her secret from the world, on her face must be written the story of her love, and she must smile with happiness when she thinks of what Max Baer meant when he said to me at the conclusion of our interview:

"It's nothing deep or clever—this idea of mine about the right kind of girl to marry. It's all based on that old song—how do those words go—something like this:

"You're the kind of a girl that men forget,
Just a toy to enjoy for awhile.

But when men settle down they always get
An old fashioned girl with an old fashioned smile."

The Lowdown on TONY and GUS

By VERA INGERSOLL

FROM a rambling New York farm and the staid Metropolitan Opera, two men with the same warm human understanding came together, put on a tempestuous, unrehearsed dialect act for the amusement of mutual friends, and—several months later—saw themselves ushered onto a national network of stations five nights a week, all with considerable fanfaring of trumpets.

That is the bare outline for the story of Tony and Gus. Fill that outline in with a dramatic story-book comeback and the determined longing of a wealthy, famous singer to turn comedian. You then have the real lowdown on Tony and Gus, the program brightly heralded as a rival to Amos 'n' Andy and the successor to Real Folks.

The comeback, for instance, of George Frame Brown, who proved his genius in Real Folks, a smashing, sensational success for many years, and yet was through, as far as radio was concerned, not very long ago. Who, as far as he could see, was not worth a plugged nickel to any sponsor.

Recall those days three years ago when Brown

was riding the foaming crest of the wave as author of Real Folks and the actor in it of the cherished Matt Tompkins rôle. When Brown was met everywhere he turned with all those visible rewards of radio success—an increasing flow of money, bushels of flattering fan mail, polite pages to open executive doors, secretaries to take important business letters.

Yet suddenly, without warning, Brown was out. Real Folks was off the air. George Frame Brown no longer received carloads of fan mail, those important doors were closed to him, there were no more letters to dictate. His radio obituary, it seemed, was ripe to be written.

After six long, dragging months had passed, it seemed even riper. He had been able to do just exactly nothing to change his status. He was still off the air and now his

acquaintances who had slapped him on the back, avoided him with mumbled apologies.

But Brown, to whom fame, with all its glittering trappings, could never hold out a beckoning hand, would not acknowledge a
(Continued on page 73)

The story of how an old-timer
made a comeback and an
opera star turned comedian

*Tony & Gus are sponsored
by General Foods' Post
Toasties and Bran. See
page 55—7 o'clock column.*



Tony, the impetuous Italian, is played by Mario Chamlee (right) and Gus, the Swedish prizefighter, is George Frame Brown. Above, Elsie Mae Gordon plays the Kansas rooming-house keeper.

IN EACH OTHER'S HAIR!

HAVE you ever known two people who were such awfully good friends, such constant friends and companions, that they actually became a trial and tribulation to each other? That, in a word, or at least a sentence, is the Gracie Allen-Mary Livingstone set-up.

The trials and tribulations aren't manifested outwardly in scraps and scuffles—I assure you these two professional nit-wits are *most* congenial—but oh, boy! do they lead each other a merry pace! As far as Mary Livingstone and Husband Jack Benny are concerned, it's "keeping up with the Burnses" all the time. (Although they have, lately, beaten Gracie and George to a trick . . . all of which I'll tell you about later. But, even then, it's their first big *coup* in a long time!)

You see, years ago, when Jack Benny and George Burns were playing the two-a-day circuit together, they were bachelor pals, and devoted to each other. Then one day George ditched his pal, and married. For weeks Jack was very cool to the little bride. He resented her as only a pal can resent a pal's brand new wife. More than that, the girl was an Irish jig-dancer, and how George Burns could go for a little Irish jig-dancer was more than Mr. Benny could understand.

And then, before long, her giggle got him. Yes, Jack had to admit that this Gracie person certainly did cheer up friend George's little two-room flat. She wasn't such a bad skate after all. And from that minute on, Jack Benny began to brood about his own bachelor life. He met Mary Livingstone, and the three-some became a four-some. And before long the four-some became too happily married couples. So, even in those days, you can see that it was Gracie and George who showed Mary and Jack the way!

The Burnses also beat the Bennys to radio. They auditioned and auditioned until they almost, but not quite, gave up hope. Those were the days when it was twice as hard for stage people to gain recognition in radio, as for the new and even inexperienced radio people coming up. But then came their guest appearance on the Guy Lombardo-



Photos made especially for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World

Robert Burns program. They clicked, and they were soon signed to appear regularly with Lombardo.

Jack Benny and Mary didn't have such an easy time. But let's not forget that Gracie and George had the advantage of walking in to a perfect, ready-made set-up. Lombardo was the nation's favorite. He already had a listening audience of many millions, and it was into that show window that Gracie and George walked. Nothing could have been nicer.

As they left the two-room-flat class, Gracie and George made an Olympic leap into ultra-smart Essex House. The first time Mary Livingstone saw their spacious luxurious apartment, she *burned!* That evening she gave Jack Benny "ye olde peppe talke," and the next day they really got going. I guess you know the story of Jack Benny's climb up the ether ladder, and how Mary was brought into the act by accident, one night, when one of the girls in the cast didn't show up. At any rate, it wasn't long before Mary and Jack were moving, too. Yes, to Essex House! Their apartment was directly under Gracie's and the four-some came into being again. Evenings, they'd go out and sit in some cafe or grill, over sandwiches and drinks, and a lot of laughs, until three and four in the morning. The two girls even spent the days together, flitting back and forth from one apartment to the other. They played Russian Bank by the hour, "Until," as Gracie said, "it came out of our ears. Then when we couldn't stand any more of that, we took up backgammon. We've always been like that, taking up one fad after another. Oh, we keep up with things, we do."

Yes, they keep up with things all right, and especially



By KATHARINE HARTLEY

The real reason why Gracie Allen and Mary Livingstone are always on the war-path

Gracie Allen and Mary Livingstone's feud-al friendship has even got them to wearing the same fur capes. However, there's a slight variation in the way the skins run, but Mary will remedy that soon. Anyway, the Jack Bennys and the George Burnses are always going places and doing things together.



with each other! When Gracie and George came to Hollywood to do a feature picture, Jack and Mary trooped along not so very far behind. Mary said if that George and Gracie could show their muggs' on the screen, so could Jack Benny, and he did!

THEN, not so very long ago, Gracie and George adopted a baby. Again Mary burned. Back in New York by this time, Mary used to go along with Gracie while she and the nurse took the baby for an airing in the park. It wasn't enough that Mary had to listen to Gracie cooing at the baby, but other people stopped and cooed, too, and then they'd look at the two girls and say, "Whose is it?" Gracie would speak up, "Mine," and the cooing would continue. Gracie and her baby were getting all the attention—it was really very annoying. Even Jack Benny took notice of the baby.

It got to be more than Mary could stand. And of course you know what happened. Mary and Jack soon became parents, too, by adoption.

"Copy-cat," said Gracie, when Mary also chose a little girl. "It wouldn't surprise me if you even named her the same!"

But Mary didn't. Her baby has been christened Joan Benny, though Mary is seriously considering adding a middle name. Yes, because Gracie's baby has a middle name!

It happened this way, as Gracie tells it:

"At first we thought we were going to get a boy. George

suggested we name him Bobby Burns, after the name of our sponsors, Robert Burns Cigars, you know. We were on the air for them at the time. But I thought that was going a little too far, don't you think? It would make the baby so impersonal, being named after a cigar. And I said suppose when he grew up he didn't like cigars! Oh, there were a lot of things against it—all except the sponsors. They thought it would be darling. But I didn't think so. I mean, you wouldn't either, would you? Well, anyway, then I thought maybe Sandy Burns would be sorta cute. But then the boy turned out to be a girl instead—it's the funniest thing, it happens like that even in adoptions—so we had to find the nearest thing to Sandy and that was Sandra. So it was Sandra Burns.

"But then I got to worrying (Continued on page 66)

For the Jello program with the Bennys, see page 55—7 o'clock column; Burns & Allen, sponsored by White Owl Cigars, turn to page 53—10 o'clock column.



flying Blind

By JOHN EDWARDS

ONLY minutes late, a twin-motored transcontinental transport plane roars toward the landing field. Attendants, awakening from their early morning doze, hurry to the door, peering up into the intense gloom. Wisps of fog curl around their heads as they try to catch sight of the plane. Impossible to see it in this murk.

Forward in the plane, the co-pilot presses his forehead against the glass window. Somewhere down below is the field lying concealed in the thick layers of mist. High voltage lines, fences, brick buildings are there too. Foolhardy, dangerous, trying to guess at landing.

The plane banks, soars away from the field, circles back a few miles on its course, starts in again toward the field. The pilot presses his earphones against his head, listening intently.

Then he hears his signal, a weird, wild short-wave call. It is warning him to get ready for landing. He slows the motors. A minute passes. Then a second signal beats in the earphones—a staccato burst of dashes. He drops the plane in a glide. He knows that if he keeps that signal tuned in, it will guide him to a perfect landing, though he cannot see where he is going. He drops too suddenly, losing the signal. He must raise the plane. There, the signal again. This time he is dropping at the right speed. Soon his wheels touch the field. The plane taxis to a stop. It has arrived safely. Radio has defeated its harshest foe—fog—once more.

That is the picture of radio's newest invention which was painted for me by an American Airline operator a short time ago. It is radio's gift to aviation, one more link which it is forging for the safety of flight in the air.

This device which will guide a plane to a landing, though it is caught in a deluge of rain or snow or out of sight in fog, is still in the experimental stage. But once it is perfected, commercial flying will have completed its task—the job of carrying passengers will be made as safe as it is humanly possible to make any mechanical device perfect.

The radio operator explained this invention to me as we stood in the American Airlines hangar at Newark, landing field for New York City, while overhead planes zoomed for their destinations—Boston, Chicago, Washington, Los Angeles. It works this way:

A short distance from the airport, a short wave sending set will be stationed. As the pilot flies over this set, he will pick up a pre-determined loud signal, informing him that he is near the field. As he proceeds, he will pick up a new signal, from a second set at the field itself. He will begin to glide downward. If he drops too suddenly or not fast enough, he will lose the signal and must raise or lower his elevation. If he keeps hearing the signal, he knows that he is safe in landing.

Tragically, this device had not yet been perfected early in May when a transport plane from California tried to reach its destination—Kansas City. The landing field there had not yet installed the necessary equipment. When the plane arrived, the operator in the administration building



Above, photo taken especially for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World, showing Pilot Robert Jewell of the American Airlines, Inc., operating the overhead receiving dials.

spoke into the phone, his voice coming in clearly:

"Ceiling has dropped to 450 feet. Landing here impossible. Proceed to the emergency landing field at Kirksville."

Following his instructions, the pilot left Kansas City behind, set his controls for Kirksville. The plane never arrived. Fifteen minutes short of the destination, its fuel exhausted, the transport came down on the edge of a muddy country road, crashing through a fence, into a tree. When the farmers, aroused by the crash, ran to the plane, they found three dead and two others dying.

What part did radio play in the fatal forced landing of that plane? It was written in the pilot's log that the radio apparatus was not functioning properly. To what extent did this contribute to the crash? And does this mean that radio is necessarily undependable?

The answer to that is—there are always breakdowns in electrical apparatus. Radio cannot work perfectly at all times. But even that dark May morning, though the pilot could see scant feet ahead and below him, he knew that he was on the right course, that soon he would reach Kansas City. He knew because he was flying on a directional beam which was controlled by radio.

That part of his apparatus *was* functioning. It was his sending set, by which he could talk to the airport, which was giving him trouble. And even that—it was found in later investigations—could have been corrected, if he had had the time to fix it. (Continued on page 75)



The thrilling story of what radio is doing to save lives in the air

WHAT THIS GRAND NEW DEPARTMENT GIVES YOU

1. All the latest news and gossip about popular music and musicians.
2. The exact size and personnel of famous jazz orchestras.
3. Inside facts about signature songs and theme songs.
4. Where your favorite radio orchestras are playing this month.
5. A chance to get your own questions about popular songs and bands answered.



Fred Waring (left) and Horace Heidt (right), have had a dispute—read here how statistics settled it! Right, can you name all the five theme songs in Tony Wons' program?

Facing

AT LAST! EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW



FRED WARING and Horace Heidt are having a dispute. On the surface they seem to be having it with some restraint, but actually each is grimly determined to prove that he was the first popular music orchestra conductor to use vocal chorus groups.

And now that Horace's Brigadiers directly follow Fred's Pennsylvanians on Columbia, Thursday nights, their followers are beginning to have disputes about it too.

* * *

Perhaps we can cause a temporary lull in the storms by telling you exactly what we have been able to uncover. From the Heidt headquarters, word has been flashed that Horace first used a men's glee club with his band when it was organized in 1923 to play for college dances at the University of California, and that he first used a mixed glee club when starting his engagement at the Golden Gate Theatre in San Francisco in 1932.

This is Peg La Centra, Max Baer's partner on the "Lucky Smith" series, sponsored by the Gillette Blue Blades; also on "Circus Nights in Silvertown."

In Waring's Broadway offices, on the other hand, there is a scrapbook containing newspaper advertisements marked October 1922, which publicize his original band as a vocal as well as an instrumental unit. Furthermore, Fred asserts that he first used mixed choruses in 1928 when Stella, of the present Stella and the Fellas, orig-



TIME MARCHES BACKWARD

July 3, 1931—Guy Lombardo to re-open miniature golf course made from old musical instruments. Built it in hurry last year when press agent sent out story and journals wanted pictures of non-existent course.

July 14, 1934—Fred Waring squanders money taking urchins into circus at home town of Tyrone, Pa.

July 21, 1931—Ben Bernie gets mad on, swings at dance hall promotor and breaks second finger of left hand. No more fiddling for awhile.

July 24, 1934—Smarties predict that Kate Smith, after nine months on the road, won't regain old radio standing. 1935—Smarties turn to other fields.

the Music WITH JOHN SKINNER

ABOUT ORCHESTRAS, SONGS AND SINGERS

inally sang with the organization. She left it in 1931 and returned, as you know, several months ago. These dates set Waring's claims ahead of Heidt's.

Now go on back to your arguments.

* * *

Bing Crosby doesn't even have to stir out of his Hollywood home to broadcast now. He has a studio right in the house. Lavish? Why shouldn't he be? He's signed a three-year contract with Paramount to make nine pictures at \$110,000 a picture.

* * *

Writing of Hollywood residences, because it reminds us of a Lawrence Tibbett story we don't believe has ever been printed, we must tell you that during the time lovely Gladys Swarthout has been in Hollywood working on her picture, "Rose of the Rancho," she and her husband, Frank Chapman, have been living in Grace Moore's home while the film soprano has been visiting in New York.

But the story! Swarthout, Tibbett, Chapman and Moore are all pretty good friends, you know. And they love to tell about the time Lawrence was Miss Moore's guest at her villa in Cannes, France.

The guests (Continued on page 64)

And this is Fran-
cia White, whose
soprano voice
comes to you in
"Music at the
Haydns'" and
the Palmolive
Beauty Box The-
ater operettas,
from time to time.



The Jack Shilkrets, right, have two little musicians in their home. They're Warner Neil and Millicent. At the age of five, Warner has already begun composing. No foolin'! Below, meet the Perkins family: Ray Perkins, Master of Ceremonies of the CBS Amateur Hour, the Missus and their two children, Ray, Jr., who attends the Peekskill Military Academy, and Wendy Gay, baby of the family.



Meet the FAMILY

An Inside Glimpse of
the Stars' Private Lives



Left, Irene (she's the "Singing Lady") and Walter Wicker and their children, Nancy and Walter, Jr.—not to mention their beloved dog, Pal,—had this picture taken especially for RADIO MIRROR. Right, Gertrude Berg, who has successfully launched her "House of Glass" series, finds time to instill in her children, Harriet, nine, and Cherney, twelve, the philosophy of life, which she exemplifies in all of her radio portrayals.

And right, we have Lowell Thomas, that fast-talking news commentator with his wife and son, Lowell, Jr., who is planning to follow in his father's footsteps. (In circle), he's her "everything." Countess Olga Albani, star on the Real Silk Program, is a real pal to her son, Guardo. He criticizes her voice, and she, his tennis. Below, little Jane is trying to vamp the cameraman. Catch that arch look? Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Chatten (Lois Bennett to you, singer on the new Ivory Tent Show and recently on the Gibson Family and Club Romance hours), and the children, Joan, John and Jane, gather 'round the grand piano.



By FREDERICK RUTLEDGE

WHEN Sidney Abbott went to final rehearsal of *Night Club Revue*, radio's new fall program, she realized that she was in love with Lee Banks, young ATS announcer. She also realized that she hated Gail Richard, star of the program. But then it seemed everyone else in the cast hated her that day. Tony Letour, the production manager, who was reputed to be in love with Gail, had fought with her. Bobby Sharpe, the singer who had been Gail's vaudeville partner for years, was openly resentful of her. Later in the day, Sidney went to Gail's dressing room upstairs in the theater where the broadcast was to be held and had it out with the star about Lee, whom Gail was trying to take away from Sidney. A white-haired stranger came to the door in the middle of their bitter argument. Gail drove him out at the point of a gun when he asked for more money. Sidney left, too, frightened. At the premiere of the program that night, Gail Richard was shot backstage just before the broadcast began. Lee Banks, seeing her fall, ran off the stage to find Sidney Abbott leaning over the body. Then he met the ace reporter, Flash Hanlon. Together they chased a white-haired stranger down the alley. Their quarry escaped. Later, Sidney took Lee upstairs. The gun Gail Richard had seized during her argument with the stranger that afternoon was gone! Sidney told Lee about the visit of the man and her quarrel with Gail. "Don't tell the police you were quarreling with Gail!" Sidney was suddenly afraid, remembering that once she traveled in a rodeo, billed as the best girl-marksman in the world. "You don't think I'm guilty?" She broke off. Dan Thomas, the detective in charge of the investigation, was standing in the doorway, listening.

GUILTY?" Thomas repeated. "Who's guilty?" His lumbering gait carried him inside the room. Sidney stiffened. She sensed a definite air of authority about this detective. Here would be no easy match for a criminal.

"I'll tell you who's the murderer," Lee spoke briskly for Sidney. "It's the Professor."

"The Professor?" Thomas frowned. "And who is the Professor?" He stopped in front of Lee. "Say, what are you two holding out on me?"

For a moment Sidney did not speak. Then words came tumbling forth. She described for the detective her visit to Gail's room, and the arrival of the limping white haired man. As she ended, she pointed mutely to the open drawer.

"The gun is gone," she said simply, her heart resuming its steady beat now that her story was over.

Thomas nodded, tapping the ends of his blunt fingers together in speculation.

"Looks like you might be on the right track," he conceded. "We'll turn up this Professor guy all right. Well, let's go downstairs and see what my men found."

Sidney wanted to cry for sheer relief. She and Lee followed the detective down the iron stairs to the wings of the theater. The police were waiting empty handed. Nothing in the nature of a clue had been discovered.

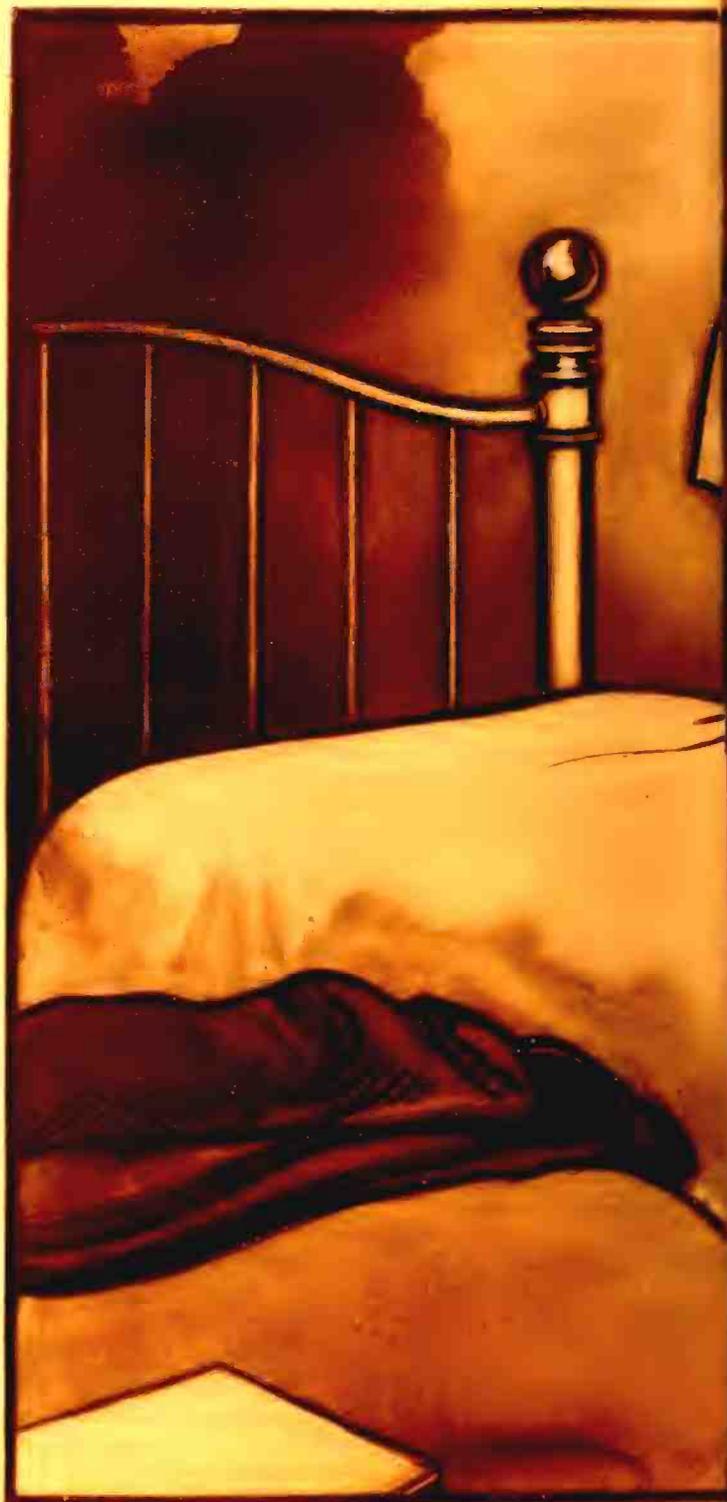
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Lee had tried to see her, but Sidney, in her desperation, wanted the loneliness of her rooms to straighten out the turmoil in her mind. What was she going to do? Not that it mattered so much for herself. But out West, de-

"He's shot himself!" Lee whispered, though there was no longer any need for quiet. They were alone in the building with a corpse. Flash Hanlon whistled softly.

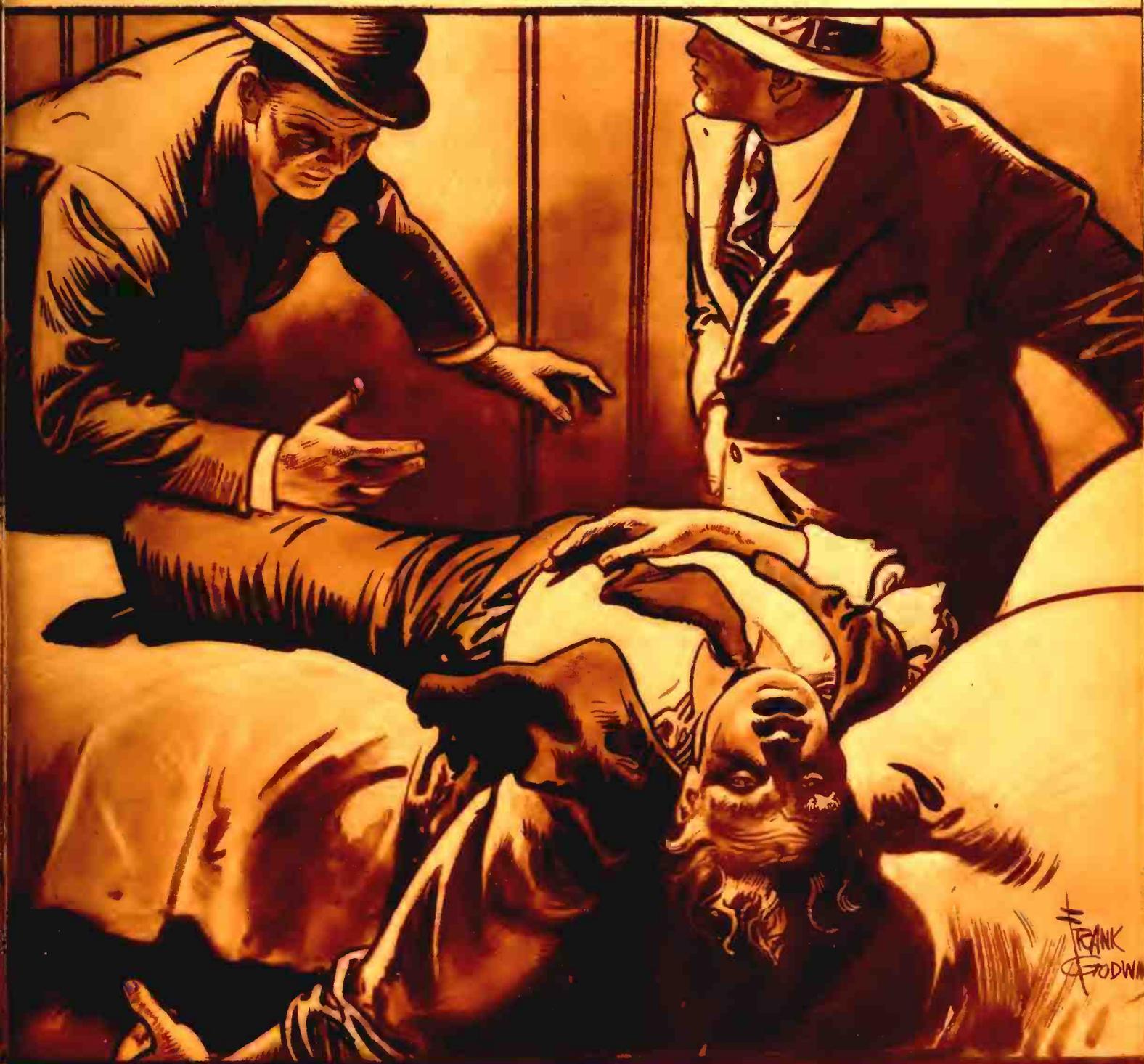
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

The Great RADIO



Lee Banks thought he'd solved the murder but the sinister hound of death still bayed at his heels

MURDER MYSTERY





By FREDERICK RUTLEDGE

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The Great RADIO MURDER MYSTERY



pendent on her help, was her mother—a penniless widow, alone except for Sidney.

She met Lee Monday morning on the steps of the old City Hall. Through Lee's tan there showed the strain of hot, sleepless nights. Sidney felt a sharp stab of despair. It was all so mixed up. Why should Lee have been dragged into this?

"Let's go in and get it over with," he said. "It won't take long, and then I want to talk to you, young lady. I had a real idea over the weekend." A ghost of his friendly grin stole over his face.

In the high ceilinged, shabby room, its walls smudged with soot, several nervous, irritable, and extremely unhappy people were waiting. Sidney saw Bobby Sharpe sitting by himself in a heavy oaken chair. Tony Letour stood, chewing morosely the end of a match. Detective Thomas and someone Sidney didn't know were conversing in low tones at the lone desk. Flash Hanlon sprawled at ease, his coat thrown open, his shirt unbuttoned at the neck. Ramon Hernando, the orchestra leader, stood at the window, drumming his fingers rhythmically on the ledge. Another man, short, stout, with his cap clutched in stubby fingers, came in after Sidney and Lee.

After a lengthy conference, Thomas cleared his throat. "We can begin now," he said, pointing to the man next to him. "This is Assistant District Attorney Leonard. He may want to ask you some questions."

LEE was the first to undergo interrogation. Yes, he was an ATS staff announcer. He went on to tell in detail of seeing Gail fall, of finding Sidney with her, of meeting Flash and pursuing the white haired stranger.

Hernando, flashily dressed in slacks and sport coat, was next. He gave much unhelpful testimony, his daintily manicured hands fluttering in frequent, excited gestures. Yes, he was on the stage at the time of the murder, leading his orchestra. He had been too busy with his duties to see anything that happened in the wings.

In disgust, Thomas turned to Bobby. Sidney's instinctive contempt for the duet singer melted to pity as Thomas pounded the little man with question after question. Bobby stammered and hesitated and tried vainly to keep his moustache from drooping.

"You had known the murdered woman for a long time?" Thomas asked.

Bobby grew sullen. "Yes, I had been her vaudeville partner for years."

Thomas' next question electrified Sidney.

"Where were you when Gail Richard was shot?" Where had he been? Sidney realized she had not seen him until long minutes after she had found Gail.

"Outside," Bobby said. "I was out on the sidewalk in front of the theater, smoking a cigarette. I didn't know anything about it until I came back. I didn't go on the program until 8:15. I knew there was plenty of time."

"So you were outside!" Thomas was scornful. "How did you go outside?"

Terror crept into Bobby's small eyes. "Through the stage door," he cried, "but it was before the program started."

"I suppose you can *prove* the fact that you weren't in

the theater when Gail Richard was shot?" Thomas fired at him.

Bobby jumped to his feet. "Leave me alone!" he screamed. "Why don't you ask *her*?" His shaking finger pointed at Sidney. "She hated Gail Richard, because she was jealous of her—over Lee Banks!" He fell back into a chair, his face twitching and streaming with perspiration.

Thomas whirled on Sidney. "Is that true?"

Sidney felt her whole sane, intelligent world drop from beneath her, but her eyes did not waver under the detective's glowering stare.

"Yes, it's true," she answered in a low voice. "I hated Gail Richard. She was mean, selfish, hypocritical."

Flash Hanlon pushed himself from his chair, stalking up to Thomas.

"For God's sake, Dan," he said, "lay off this girl. She couldn't have had anything to do with this. Why, she's probably never handled a gun in her life!"

"No?" Thomas shook with mirthless laughter.

Sidney's breath, coming in quick, desperate gasps, caught.

Her head came up proudly, and she said in a quiet voice, "No, Flash, you're wrong. I've handled guns in my father's rodeo since I was ten."

Thomas, momentarily taken aback by her defiant frankness, grumbled, "You bet you did! 'The world's greatest girl marksman!'"

"Instead of wasting all this time, why don't you find the man who *really* killed Gail Richard? The man Sidney saw in Gail's dressing room?" It was Lee, his eyes flashing with anger.

Flash turned on Thomas. "Hey, what's all this about a man in Gail's room?" But Thomas, casting a final threatening glance of suspicion at Sidney, retreated into a glum silence and refused to answer any of the reporter's heated questions.

Slowly, the investigation returned to its more formal question-and-answer method. Thomas left Sidney for Tony. The production manager's recital was short. Where should he have been when the program began? In the control room. Why wasn't he? Because he had been nervous about the show. He had stepped into the washroom a minute—the washroom down the hall, back stage. Did he hear a shot? No. And how long had he known the deceased? Nearly four years.

Now Thomas turned to the stout, poorly dressed stranger who had been sitting unnoticed in a corner of the room.

"All right, Riley. You say you drove this—this mysterious stranger—" he sneered at the description—"away from the theater in your cab on the night of the murder?"

"Yes, sir," Riley mumbled, uneasily pleating his cap.

"What was he like?"

"Tall, sir—thin as a scarecrow. Looked a little tipsy, too, if you ask me. He had long white hair. The way he yelled at me, I thought he must be nuts. I drove him to the Brooklyn Bridge—and damn glad to be rid of him, I was."

"Uh," Thomas said. "All right, you can go back to your hacking now. Okay, Flash, you're next. Tell us what you saw."

The reporter drew a deep breath and plunged into his narrative, describing his actions on the night of the broadcast in profuse detail which soon wearied Thomas.

"Well," said the detective at (Continued on page 68)



WHO KILLED HER?



AL GOODMAN'S GREAT LOSS

A SHORT time ago Al Goodman buried his only son, Herbert. The day before he died of acute appendicitis he had been a well boy. The shock to both Al and Mrs. Goodman was terrific. They had loved this boy.

There is nothing that will take the place of this youngster in their hearts and heads—his was to have been a future to glory in—his father could afford the little necessities that help. That the boy had the rest that was necessary, is, or will be apparent.

But that was before the tragedy. The boy, a handsome young gentleman of fifteen, showed unmistakable signs of greatness. He saw "Parsifal" at the age of eleven and it left its impress on him. He drew naturally with a positive gift for obtaining a likeness. He was terribly keen about designing scenery and theatrical costumes. "He's headed for the theatre!" Al boasted to his wife.

Al himself had been a similar sort of precocious child. He read music at five and drew gasps of admiration with his pianoforte sonatas at the age of eight. At twelve he was a professional musician. If his father had been alive he would have been proud of him, too.

He earned the scholarship that sent him to Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore in the same class with John Charles

By **BILL
VALLEE**

He read music at five and at twelve he was a professional musician. The insert is the author's pen and ink impression of Al Goodman today.

Thomas. He met the age of twenty a finished musician, a bridegroom without a job.

But that wasn't a state of affairs to last long with Al. Jolson heard him and appreciating the talents that were his, kept him with him for ten years.

Several interesting things happened to the Goodmans during this period. For one thing they had a child, a sweet daughter who was her mother's darling. Then one night her father came home chuckling to himself. It seems the other Al had been singing "Rock-A-Bye Baby" (They were playing "Sinbad" then. Remember that glorious show?) When our Al, in a capricious moment ordered more volume from the fiddle section. It convulsed the pit and they responded with even more noise. Under this squeaky barrage the great Jolson was for once outshouted. Sinking to one (Continued on page 62)

Al Goodman's on the "Rhythm at Eight" program sponsored by Lysol. See page 53—8 o'clock column.

You might have sensed it as he directed, but did you know the poignant truth about this maestro's tragic sorrow?

PETER VAN STEEDEN

The musical director of Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight" over NBC, is one of the youngest veterans in radio. Peter is only in his thirties but he has been broadcasting since 1924. His hobby is collecting fish. He owns two thousand of the tropical variety. He's also the proud father of a brand new daughter.

National Studios





Clarence Sinclair Bull

Frances has "gone Hollywood." She's now heard on the "Hollywood Hotel" program via CBS and is making her first picture for M-G-M, "Broadway Melody," opposite Jack Benny. She's the little girl who once sang soprano but after her ailing tonsils had been removed discovered she was a contralto!

FRANCES LANGFORD

AL JOLSON

After three months of broadcasting in New York, Al Jolson has moved the entire Shell Chateau show out to the Coast so as to be near Ruby and their recently adopted youngster, Albert Jolson, Junior. The baby is half Jewish and half Irish and comes from "The Cradle," in Evanston, Illinois, popular "baby shop" for the stars.

Rudolf Hoffman





Ben Pinchot, N. Y.

Miss Skinner has taken over Walter Winchell's Sunday night spot for Jergen's. Famed for her satirical monologues which are now becoming a welcome feature with the loudspeaker audiences, Cornelia started her career by imitating her actress mother. Of course you remember her father, Otis Skinner, popular romantic idol of the stage!

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

Why *STOOPNAGLE* and *BUDD*

"A perfect sponsor," says the Colonel, "is one—when you go with a comedy script to—he doesn't say it's lousy—sometimes."

By **NORTON RUSSELL**

THERE has been a magic, glittering word in radio—the word Sponsor. It is a word that has spelled glory, achievement and money—big money.

But to two of radio's foremost comedians—I refer to Messrs. Stoopnagle and Budd—it has also spelled spinach—or something that they did very nicely without until a short time ago.

For weeks, this spring, radio listeners were mystified by hearing on a certain Friday night program the voice of the mean Mr. Bopp (who, everybody knows, is none other than Budd) jeering madly:

"Ya-a-ay! Stoopnagle and Budd haven't got a sponsor!"

Those listeners recognized a kernel of truth behind this insanity and were curious to know why.

Odd as it may seem, Stoopnagle and Budd had really been turning a deaf ear to all proposals from commercial quarters! It doesn't sound reasonable to deliberately refuse a proffered sponsor with all the money and fame and choice of air time at his command.

And it wouldn't be reasonable in this case, either, were it not for the fact that sponsors were very nearly the undoing of Stoopnagle and Budd for good and all, until . . .

But let the Colonel explain it in his own words:

"First we built up a reputation for doing our own stuff—stuff we thought was funny—on the air. Then a sponsor would come along and hire us for his show. Right away he would start to change our act. He would insist on our doing what *he* thought was funny instead. Naturally, when we did this, we weren't funny at all, because we weren't ourselves. Soon, at that rate, the program would have flopped and we would have lost our reputation.

"Then we got on sustaining, and though we didn't make half so much money, we had twice as much fun and a lot fewer headaches."

From all of which you may assume that this whimsical pair didn't want a sponsor—much.

Why the qualifying much? Well, here—

"Somewhere—somewhere," observed the Colonel, "we knew that there was the perfect sponsor. When that perfect sponsor came to us waving a contract we were going to sign. But a perfect sponsor, we also knew, is hard to find. What, you ask, is the definition of a perfect sponsor? He is the one—when you go with a comedy script to—he doesn't say it's lousy—sometimes.

"Now, at last, we've found him—in fact, two of them. The one we've been working for Tuesdays and Thursdays and the one we should be on the air for by the time your story reaches print.

"And I think—though you can never be sure—that we have them licked, because there's a clause in our contracts that says: 'Be it understood that Stoopnagle and Budd are the sole judges of what makes a script funny.' Now *that*



Above, two candid shots of the purveyors of nitwit comedy, taken during a broadcast. The Colonel's the one making the funny faces, while the other is that mean Mr. Bopp whom radio listeners know as Budd.

is a real triumph. We're sponsored but still emancipated."

I'm telling you all this because Stoopnagle and Budd need some explaining. Not so long ago you thought, "What's gone wrong with these two?" But then when you heard them on their CBS sustaining series you thought, "Ah, now they're the tops."

And the reason is that they were giving sponsors—those gentlemen whose endorsement is so highly coveted by everybody else—the Mexican standoff. Of all the odd stories in radio this is perhaps the oddest.

SOME time ago—in fact, on their very first commercial broadcast—the trouble began. Sponsors, advertising agencies, network advisers, all joined in to give the pair advice. The trouble with giving them advice is—they can't take it.

You see, the Colonel writes all their skits and has a special brand of humor. It's nitwit and it's unpredictable.

The Colonel and I were sitting on the roof of the Athletic Club just off Central Park. He had invited me for lunch that he might tell his story of sponsors and why Stoop and Budd weren't funny at all not very far back. The sun was bright and the Colonel closed his eyes while he talked. Budd was out of town. Since he helps only

DIDN'T WANT A SPONSOR— Much

incidentally in the writing, he is never needed until first rehearsal gets under way.

The Colonel is a tall, heavy set man, with a sunburned face that habitually wears a pleasant expression. Now though, while he discussed sponsors, his forehead was wrinkled in a frown.

If you are wondering what is meant by nitwit humor that's unpredictable, I can give you some wonderful examples. All the time the Colonel was sitting there on the roof, his mind was popping ideas, ideas which he jotted down on calling cards and the backs of letters for future program reference.

Once, after he had told me that he was launching his yacht in a few days, he added, "Right now I'm working on a new kind of yacht. One that you never put in the water so that it won't get barnacles and things on its keel."

Later, on our way down stairs, he snapped his fingers. "I've got an idea for a millionaire who wants to manufacture something and doesn't want to make money on it. It's making 'up' signs to put on top floors for elevators." He looked at me and beamed while he wrote it out on a piece of paper. "Maybe I shouldn't be giving you so many good hunches," he mused.

Now imagine what a kindly but misinformed sponsor could do with a man whose thoughts run like that. Beset with taboos, restrictions, suggestions, his well of ideas simply dries up. As Stoop put it:

"With the new idea, our kidding radio and sponsors, I had something I could get my teeth into. It inspired me, kidding those advertisers that give comedians so much trouble. Our audiences liked it too. They appreciated take-offs on commercial advertising.

"Like our famous Phoithboinders (the spelling is anyone's choice) that we offered to listeners who would send in the roof of their garage or an old mother-in-law. It was so nonsensical everyone enjoyed it."

You undoubtedly have gathered from all this that there is no dark cloud on the Colonel's future. There isn't. But a few months ago it was an entirely different picture. Remember back about the first of December? Stoopnagle's and Budd's newest contract had run out. So had their sense of humor. They were mad. For weeks they had been trying to do what they thought was funny. Everywhere they turned, they ran into difficulties.

In order to cool off and decide what to do before the great American public had completely forgotten them, they went to Florida. For a month and a half they rested. Then, with their minds made up, they took their first step in a comeback which was to land them once more on the top rung of success.

They wangled a spot on a Rudy Vallee broadcast. And they were good. It gave them new prestige and a talking point when they approached Columbia Broadcasting System the next week.



For this team's program, see page 53 — 10 o'clock column.

"Two heads are better than one." The one on top is Budd; the lower one is Colonel Lemuel Stoopnagle whose mind is always popping fantastical ideas.

"How about a sustaining program at night—a program kidding radio?" they asked. Somehow—they themselves aren't just sure how—CBS decided in their favor. So they started their Friday evening shows. In a month's time they had every radio columnist in New York raving about the program.

While we were sitting there exchanging wise cracks, with the Colonel doing the cracking, a page approached us.

"A phone call for you, Mr. Taylor," he said to the Colonel. "A Mr. Mahoney. Says he's an old friend of yours."

"Mahoney? I don't know any Mahoney," Stoopnagle protested, "unless it's Mahoney Suckle Rose." The page backed hastily away before the impact of the pun.

"Seriously though," the Colonel went on, keeping one eye open, squinting, for more pages, "radio needs kidding anyway. It's getting too stuff-shirted. Takes itself too seriously.

"We can get away with kidding because radio audiences are really growing up. Take for instance our skit a few weeks ago. Budd and I were running a Fifth Avenue yacht store. I was Mr. Yachtnagle and Budd was my assistant. We had four yachts in the shop, so we decided to take inventory. Two years (Continued on page 61)

THE GIRL WHO RUNS DON BESTOR

HOLLYWOOD kings and queens started the custom of announcing to their fans, through the press, the coming birth of heirs. With the kindly help of willing doctors and X-ray machines, you knew as soon as they did the child's sex. You knew, for instance, months ahead that glamorous Dixie Lee, Bing Crosby's wife, expected twins. And that Joan Blondell would gladly give up her career if, when little George was born, he demanded that she become a mothering heart.

But look at radio's Don Bestor—the way he muffed the whole affair! He was broadcasting on a national hook-up when Mary Ann Bestor was born. He stood right there before a microphone, where he could have shouted the glad tidings around the country through a million loud speakers—even as Winchell did. But not so Don Bestor. He was a daddy for over a week before he ever saw that precious bundle from heaven. Only then he broke the news to the NBC press department and allowed them to send it out quietly to the papers.

But then, he saved you a week of breathless suspense, because Mary Ann could not be photographed until he had looked at her and exclaimed, "Why, she's the cutest baby in the world!"

After eight years, that's still his opinion—even though his little daughter has changed the whole pattern of his life. He can be as cold as Broadway to sponsors and producers—but not to any and every whim of this curly-headed mite.

"Play, Don," she says. "But please—not jazz."

That's the one thing in which Mary Ann doesn't get her way. Her dad, the gag-grabbing, fast talking maestro of Jack Benny's Sunday night Jello parties, *has* to play jazz. Why, he was the first orchestra leader to put jazz on the air! So, though his daughter is trying her best to educate him to classical music, he still steals off and heats the networks with sultry rhythms. But he does it in a sound-proof studio in Radio City, not at home. Mary Ann has her own ideas about bringing up a father.

"She's the head of this house at eight," Don admits willingly. "And I don't mean eight a. m. or eight p. m., but all day long. She tells us what to do and we do it. I guess that's because her life is our life. Babies are the best marriage insurance in the world—and we know it.

"That's why we are giving her everything she wants.



Personally, I don't believe that a classical education in music means anything today. But Mary Ann does—so she's getting it. Why, she's the youngest member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and has been for two years. Of course she just does child bits, dancing and the like—but she fully intends to sing there some day. She has probably been carried around on the stage by more celebrities than any little girl of her age in the world. Her favorite operas are *Norma* and *Somnambula*—because, she says, she has more to do in them. She's a Trojan for work—ask her mother, if you don't believe me."

Mrs. Bestor used to be Frankie Classen, favorite of Chicago night club audiences, before she gave up her dancing career to marry Don. She was toe dancing at the College Inn when they met and were married, just like that.

Both of Mary Ann's parents love to talk about the child. "I used to take her to the Radio City Music Hall," Frankie told me, "and she was bored by everything except the overture. I tried to interest her in the modern dancing we saw there. I tried to tell her that the heavy overture really had no place in the busy, stream-lined age in which we live—that it really belonged in the Mauve Decade.

"The next time we went to the Music Hall, when Erno Rapee started to conduct the huge orchestra through an operatic selection, Mary Ann jumped up and said, quite loudly, 'Mama, is he the moth that decayed?'"

"Yes, and I've tried to prove to her that you can't collect on anything but popular music today," Don chimed in. "There's too much competition. Symphony musicians are grinding away at sixty dollars a week, when they work; and the men in my orchestra play jazz for one hundred and twenty-five, every week."

But Don doesn't stand a chance of proving his point with Mary Ann. Long before he finished, she told him, "But Daddy, I aren't a man. Let's turn on the Philharmonic!"



She's Mary Ann, the head of the House of Bestor. This little blonde has her own ideas about bringing up father

By JAN KIEFFER

Don Bestor can be heard on the Jello program Sunday nights with Jack Benny. See page 55—7 o'clock column.

If you had told Don Bestor ten years ago, when he was jumping around all over the country playing one night stands, that some day a little thing Winchell named "Blessed Event" would come his way and get him so rattled that he'd rush out to call the hospital without even stopping to put on his trousers, he'd have probably put you to sleep with something heavier than a baton. But that's just what happened! And now here he is, fatherhood so inseparably entwined in his career that Mrs. Bestor had to place their daughter in a Quaker school, to keep Don from carrying her around the country with him while trouping in vaudeville.

When Mary Ann was born, Don was playing the Orpheum Circuit—strangely enough, with Jack Benny, even that long ago. There were hair-raising scenes in his agents' office when Don informed them that he intended to tote a six-weeks-old baby from one theater to another, letting her sleep in the drawer of a trunk while he was out on the stage. How, they asked him sarcastically, could a star push a baby buggy around in the wings? How would it look? And suppose she turned out to be a cry baby!

There was much pacing of office floors, much shouting and futile discussion. But nobody could stop Don Bestor from lugging along that "Blessed Event" on the road. And when her daddy won that argument, Mary Ann Bestor became the youngest member of the Music Corporation of America, in order that she might travel with the band. She's a much travelled young woman for her age, and never spent a birthday in the same state twice until Don got a semi-permanent berth in radio.

Now at last Mary Ann was to have a home. It didn't matter that Don and Frankie had become accustomed to inverted days—that for years they had slept when the sun



was shining and found life was exciting only in the early morning, when all God's chillun should be sleeping. This would all have to be changed now for their daughter. They had lived too long like moths and milkmen, because of their profession. Mary Ann had been a "road child" too long. Her playmates, inanimate things like dolls and toys bought in railroad stations, no longer satisfied her vivid imagination. She needed a real home.

So they rented a spacious apartment in New York; Mrs. Bestor gave up her career entirely and placed Mary Ann in private school. Now, no matter how late she and Don may have been up the night before, Frankie gets up at seven each morning to fix the orange juice and chocolate which the baby has for breakfast. When the Bestors dine out, it must be in an environment suitable so that Mary Ann may go with them, otherwise (Continued on page 74)

The Jello maestro's daughter is the youngest member of the Metropolitan. Above, proud Father Don and Mrs. Bestor (she was Frankie Classen, dancer) listen to Mary Ann.

Irene RICH'S OWN WARDROBE

Gowns posed especially for RADIO MIRROR by Irene Rich, star of the Welch Grape Juice program (see page 55—8 o'clock column), and photographed by Ray Lee Jackson of NBC.



Above, Miss Rich looks stunning in her beige crêpe suit with matching fox collar. The hat is of orange felt with a pom-pom of brown and beige and the other accessories are all of brown. Right, the natty sports suit designed by Frances Clyne is of imported jersey. The dress is white and the coat, tie and matching buttons of navy blue. Miss Rich completes this many purpose frock with an off-the-face hat, and shoes of white.



Here's Irene Rich's traveling costume (right). The skirt's blue with its jacket of coral red and three-quarter top coat with lynx fur. All of Miss Rich's accessories are of blue. And now she's all ready for that week-end trip.



How would you like to win an evening gown just like Irene Rich's? And what is more, made just for you—to your own measure, in the color of your own selection and by Miss Rich's own personal costumer, Frances Clyne? Study the gowns on these two pages and then turn over for full particulars on how you can win the Irene Rich gown. It's just the dress for that big party! Make it a habit of following RADIO MIRROR'S fashion pages every month as other surprises are in store for you.

Miss Rich's gowns were personally designed by Frances Clyne, noted modiste for society's fashionables and stars of the entertainment world.



This regal evening gown (above), for formal wear, is of black rough crêpe, with sleeves of French thread lace, finished with a large flower at the waist. The evening bag is made of individually set crystals. . . . The delightful tea gown (right) is of powder blue waffle crêpe. It's Miss Clyne's own original design for Miss Rich. The cluster of flowers is of pink and royal purple which add just the right touch of elegance.



Her charming afternoon frock (right), is of dark blue crêpe. The neck and sleeves are relieved by white batiste. Miss Rich wears shoes and hat of blue, and a silver fox with this costume.





Miss Rich wears the prize gown in smoke blue chiffon with white ruffle trim.

HERE'S an opportunity to win the dinner gown you've always longed for. A stunning costume made just for you—a replica of Irene Rich's own evening dress pictured on the left. Although the dress is priced at \$210.00, it won't cost you a cent — just a little thought. All you have to do is select the gown on the preceding two pages which you think best fits Miss Rich's personality, and in a brief letter of 150 words, or less, tell why.

A man has just as much chance as a woman reader. Men usually have an inherent style sense. Get in on this, men, and win a gorgeous evening gown for the wife, mother, sister or girl friend.

Study the illustrations and read the rules carefully. Then write your letter. Go to it! It will be worth the effort.

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfodden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. To compete, study all of the illustrations of Irene Rich's newest wardrobe on the preceding two pages carefully. Select the one that in your opinion best represents her personality as she comes to you over the air. Write a letter naming your choice and giving your reason therefor.
3. Write on one side of paper only. Letters must not exceed 150 words. Print or write clearly your full name and address on the first sheet of your letter.
4. Letters will be judged on the basis of clarity, interest and logic. Neatness and spelling will count. For the best letter will be awarded an order on Frances Clyne, 6 East 56th Street, New York, for a duplicate of the evening gown modelled by Irene Rich on this page, winner to supply measurements and color desired on the official entry coupon attached to the letter. No entry will be considered unless accompanied by a properly filled out coupon.
5. Judges will be the fashion board of RADIO MIRROR, and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.
6. Mail all entries to FASHION CONTEST EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Friday, August 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

ENTRY COUPON

Age: Bust measure:

Waist measure Hip measure

Body length from neck to floor—front:

Body length from neck to floor—back:

Length from neck to waistline—front:

Length from neck to waistline—back:

Color desired

Name

Address

LAST year Benay Venuta weighed 198 pounds. She is five feet seven and a half inches tall. Today she tips the scales at 137. She began to reduce September 5, 1934.

This is how it happened:

Around the first of September she went to one of the smartest costume designers in New York City.

"I want a very chic evening gown," she said. "It doesn't matter how much it costs, just as long as it is ultra smart."

The designer took one look at Benay's curves and rolls of flesh. "A thousand dollars wouldn't be enough to get me to design an evening gown for you," she answered. "Imagine how I would feel if you, with those mountains of fat, should tell someone that your gown came from my establishment. Create a chic costume for you? My dear, it can't be done. Not when you're carrying around all that weight!"

Benay went into a mild case of hysterics. "But what am I to do?"

"You're to get rid of that flesh," the designer said. "It's a crime for a girl as young and as pretty as you are to be handicapped like that. How old are you?"

Benay admitted that she was in her early twenties.

"And you look forty!"

"But what am I to do?" Benay repeated despairingly. "I've tried everything!"

This conversation was truly the turning point in Benay's life.

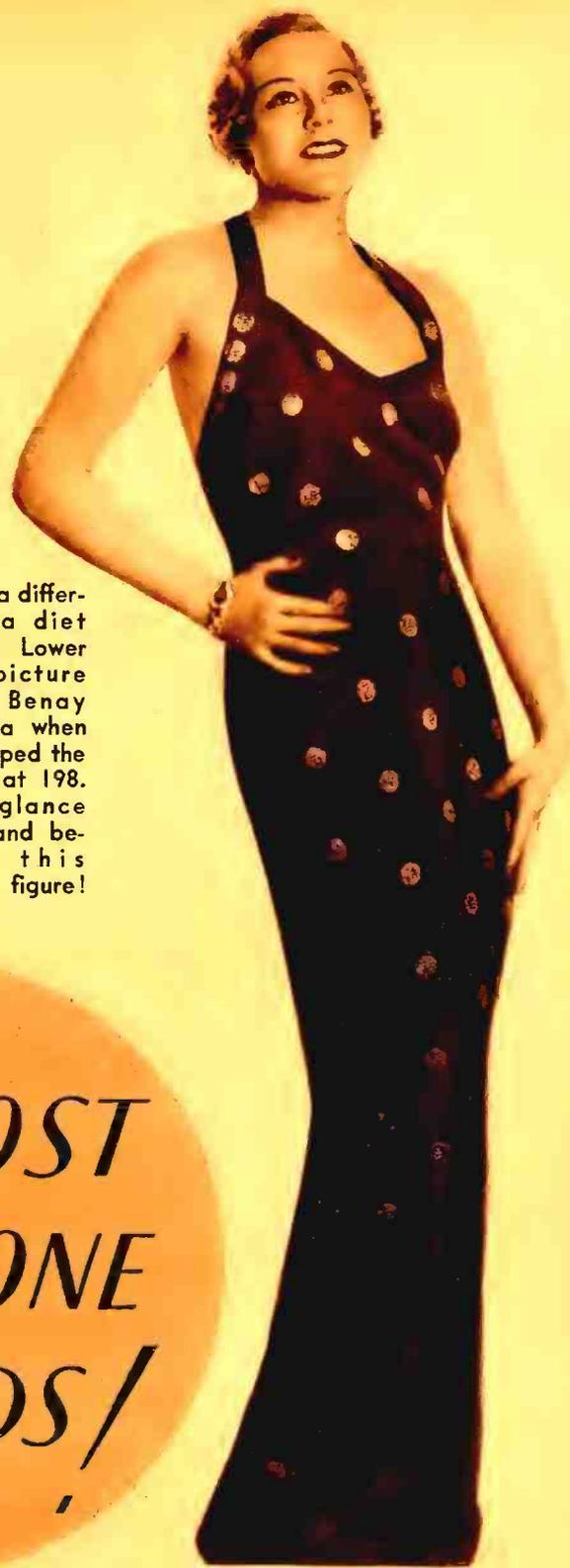
She had spoken the truth when she said she had tried everything. She thought she had. Benay, whom you hear over the Columbia Network and as guest star with Al Jolson's "Shell Chateau" and Paul Whiteman's "Kraft Music Hall" programs on the National Network, began her career as a dancing girl in Hollywood. There she learned plenty of reducing fads (she has been fighting fat since she was fourteen). She tried the eighteen day diet—and didn't lose a pound. She went on the lamb chop and pineapple diet—and lost nothing but her good disposition. In a fashionable gymnasium she took a course of exercises and steam baths and finished by weighing three pounds more than she had weighed before.

Yes, Benay thought she had tried everything.

She knew that fat was a handicap to her career. When she was singing in a
(Continued on page 60)



What a difference a diet makes! Lower left picture shows Benay Venuta when she tipped the scales at 198. Now glance right and behold this grand figure!



*SHE LOST
SIXTY-ONE
POUNDS!*

newcomer! Girls, here's your chance to learn some real reducing secrets! Benay Venuta had tried everything until—

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT



Wide World

THE Summer of 1935 will go down in amusement annals as the time when Radio went Hollywood with a vengeance. There have been other treks to California by broadcasters but none to compare with the present migration. So many stars of the kilocycles are there right now, doing their stuff for the magic lanterns, that it would require almost a page in RADIO MIRROR just to name 'em. However, this department, anxious to be of service to its readers, presents a survey which includes the most of them. If your favorite entertainer is missing from the list, mark it down to the failure of the enumerator's tabulating machine. It broke down trying to record so many.

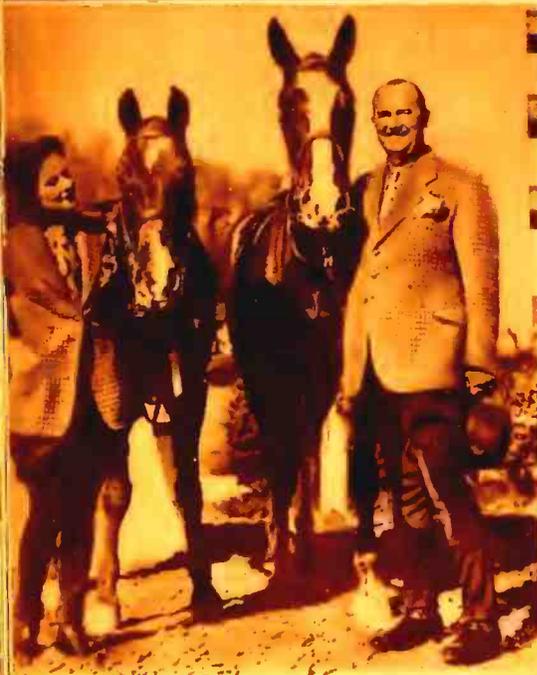
First, let us dispose of those microphone idols who have become more or less fixtures in the cinema capital. Under this classification are such personages as Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor, Rudy Vallee, Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, Ruth Etting, Burns and Allen.

La Ponselle insists if La Moore can do it, she can, too. So the chances are by the time you read this a big, fat movie contract will have been Ponselle's reward for a small, trim figure.

Now we come to the comics. Jack Benny and his crew, the advance guard that took to the celluloid trail this Summer, have completed their chores for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Melody of 1935." But Joe Penner should be out there when this appears in print, also Amos 'n' Andy. The latter, unfortunate in their first movie venture, doubtless will appear to better advantage in Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1935." In Eastern studios, Fred Allen is making his debut before the cameras in 20th Century's production of "Sing, Governor, Sing!" which is replete with radio names including Paul Whiteman and his band, Phil Baker with Beetle and Bottle, and Dave Rubinoff.

Going Hollywood again, we find James Melton sweltering beneath the

What's new on



Top, Eddie Cantor, landing in San Diego after a trip through the Panama Canal. With him was his daughter Marjorie. Above, the Paul Whitemans, in the twin riding costumes which voted them the best-dressed couple at Sulphur Springs.

(1)

Alice Faye, Frances Langford, et cetera.

Next, let us take the opera stars who are as popular on the air as at the Metropolitan. Making their first pictures are Helen Jepson, Gladys Swarthout and Lily Pons. A possible addition to this list is Rosa Ponselle. She had taken to bike riding in the effort to make the weight of a movie queen when this was written. Grace Moore melted away thirty-five pounds to qualify for the films and

Klieg lights for the first time while being directed in Warner Brothers' "Thin Air." Ethel Merman and Ray Noble, the English composer-conductor, are making movies, too. The Rhythm Girl is playing in support of Eddie Cantor and the cast includes Borrah Minevitch and his Harmonica Rascals. Noble and his orchestra are in "The Big Broadcast of 1935," the Bing Crosby vehicle. Among others absorbing California sunshine and shekels are Countess Olga Albani. Jes-



We bet Lanny Ross would like to be back on that fishing boat again. This was snapped while on vacation.

sica Dragonette, Jane Froman and Dorothy Page. To these probably will be added Burgess Meredith, the stage juvenile so popular with dialists as "Red Davis," and Lanny Ross. The Revelers are still another possibility.

And we mustn't forget those making movie shorts this Summer. They comprise a long list, but among them are The Voice of Experience, Mr. and Mrs. Goodman Ace, Jerry Cooper and Benay Venuta, Jack and Loretta Clemens, Frank Luther and Willard Robison. Nor should be overlooked radio personalities like Lowell Thomas, Edwin C. Hill and Graham McNamee, who are the voices of various news reels.

Meanwhile, just another evidence of how much radio means to movie theatre box-offices, two popular serials are in the process of being filmed. They are "The O'Neils" and "The Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen." A stage version of the former is also planned for the forthcoming season.

JOE PENNER fades from the kilocycles and some observers are greatly concerned thereat. Penner had long been unhappy in his Sunday evening spot but couldn't convince his sponsor of the desirability of revising the formula of the program. Joe thought Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard were given too much to do, that he should change his style of comedy and delivery and that he ought to get more money. Finding his patron unsympathetic to these ideas, Joe preferred to quit. That proved a point on which all concerned were in accord and Joe said adieu. He swears he will not return to radio until given control of his own program.

IT remained for Fred Allen to devise the chain letter to end all chain letters. Here's his idea: "Write-

By JAY PETERS



Radio Row

A FRENCH adage neatly framed above her boudoir desk expresses in six words the philosophy of Jane Pickens, of the Pickens Sisters. It reads: *Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe*. Translated it means: "All things wear out, all things break, all things pass away."

Thus compressed are some very profound truths worthy of the attention of any perplexed by the problems of modern life. So why wear ourselves down with worry?

the names of five people you don't like on a piece of paper. Send a pound of limburger cheese to the enemy heading the list. This person is instructed to send out five pounds of cheese to the others. In this way, for the cost of one pound of limburger, you are able to get even with all your friends—for a scent instead of a dime!" Now who but Fred Allen could have thought up anything like that?

(Continued from page 58)



Gladys Swarthout and hubby Frank Chapman (top), arriving in Hollywood. The opera star will make her film debut and will also appear in concerts there. Clara, Lu 'n' Em, above, have a new problem. It's Lu's adopted baby.

Wide World

Rubinoff and his violinettes (right)! The noted maestro recently conducted a group of Detroit's youngsters.



Coast-to-Coast

CHICAGO

by CHASE GILES

RED KROSS of the WLS "Hoosier Sodbusters" announced on the air one day that he had lost twenty-three pounds in just one month. Within the next few days he got 1,100 letters from overweight ladies who wanted to know how he had accomplished it.

LESLIE ATLASS, head man of WBBM and the Chicago boss of the Columbia network, has a unique radio in his home. All he has to do to get a program is to dial on a private telephone direct to the WBBM studios in the Wrigley building. He can with that little dial hear any station in Chi-

cago or he can pick up anything on the Columbia network whether or not any Chicago station is broadcasting.

A NEW YORK fan writes to Vinton Haworth who is Jack Arnold, the love interest in Myrt and Marge: "Please send me one of your pipes for my collection. If you don't want to send me one of your best pipes buy a cheap one and smoke it a few times. But be sure you smoke it as my collection of pipes of worthwhile people have all been smoked by them." That fan should go after Wayne King. He's one of Chicago's bigger and better pipe smokers and has dozens of them.

LOTS of things happen in Chicago. It is the town where Ben Bernie stays up all night playing bridge and all morning playing golf and then tries to catch up on his sleep by cat naps between shows in the theaters. It's where Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon renewed their acquaintance recently with the Dolly sisters, Jenny and Roszika; where Wayne King drives his speedy car and flies his own private airplane between the city and his northern "farm." Where Morton Downey is one of the most popular of all big time entertainers with the night lifers. He knows them all by name and calls them pal, while Mrs. Downey spends most of her time in the hotel making periodic telephone calls back to New York to see how the children are and to California to keep in touch with her sisters, Constance and Joan Bennett. Amos 'n' Andy live here. So do Myrt and Marge.

Jan Garber spends most of his time in Chicago and the rest of it either on tour or playing at Catalina Island on the West Coast. Chicago was the home of Abe Lyman when Abe was a taxi cab driver. It is the town where Paul Whiteman, Ted Fiorito, Guy Lombardo, Ben Bernie, Hal Kemp, Kay Kyser, George (Grik Hembesedor) Givot and many others rose to fame. It's where Francis X. Bushman, once movie idol of the land, is trying to recoup his fortune by broadcasting, acting in radio sketches and telling gossip about Hollywood's film stars.

TRYING to crash Broadway even after success in such cities as Chicago is a jittery proposition. Take the case of Ronnie and Van. They played in cafes around Chicago for many months. Then they connected with Tony Wons and became the comedy part of his Sunday afternoon NBC network radio series called "The House by the (Continued on page 79)

On May 4, two youthful members of station WLW in Cincinnati, interrupted their broadcast schedules long enough for a trip to the parson. They're Jeannine Macy, blues singer, and Tom Richley, xylophonist.



Highlights

PACIFIC

by DR. RALPH L. POWER

THOSE five dusky lads from Alabama, the Jones Boys, new NBC quintet, are doing well for themselves. Still unspoiled, they are just about primed for big-time radio work . . . Lewis, 26, the basso; Charles, 27, and Herman, 22, the tenors; Bill, 19, baritone and guitar, and Jimmy, 23, smallest of the brothers, does tenor lead and comedy stuff.

BEN LEGERE, actor, holds a record. He has been "killed" more times and in more varied ways than any other actor on the air out this way. Anyway, that's a lot better than holding a record for flag-pole sitting, marathon dancing or the like. He was born in Taunton, Mass., has been in drama work all his life, and is the father of six youngsters.

YOU'VE noticed that Walter Paterson is back in "One Man's Family" as Captain Lacey. He was in Hollywood in pictures for six months, but has gone back to his first love—radio.

AUTHORS often go by contraries. That's true, anyway, of Samuel B. Dickson. A gentle, kindly individual, he writes of that blood-thirsty swashbuckler, Joaquin Murieta, in the "Winning the West" series. Well, if you must know, Sam used to tour the state as a salesman for ladies' waists before being a producer.

DO you remember I told you last month about Stuart Hamblen's KMTR hillbillies? The court ordered Stuart to stage a sort of roundup of his horses. They had been getting into neighboring gardens.

But the radio cowboy wasn't so hot as a horse catcher. In fact, he had to let the humane society man do the job. But the last that Stuart saw of the fellow, he was climbing a tree where one of the friendly horses had chased him.

She's Barbara Jo Allen from San Francisco, heard as Beth Holly on "One Man's Family," over the National networks. Barbara's all ready for the ocean or a sun bath. And she's one lady who has never bobbed her hair.

TOM DALE, who produces and announces the KFVB noontime programs, collects autographs of celebrities on a lamp shade parchment. He used to be a radio operator . . . single, born in Idaho . . . likes Hungarian cooking, and swimming.

LEO Moen, KJR mikeman, has been passing the cigars around. Yep. It's a boy.

John Pearson, on the announcing staff of the same station, wore a Canadian Mounties' uniform the other day while taking part in the "True Stories of the Northwest Mounted Police" series. Sergeant Peter Ballard, one time

member of the famed group, loaned the outfit to the Seattle radio man.

Johnnie Walker's "Isle of Golden Dreams" is still missed down the Coast. But he's still with KOIN. Though perhaps best known as an announcer and singer, he organized his own dance band when twenty-one, and has been on the air ten years.

Dorothea Van Trachtenberg, once with the Shanghai Symphony Orchestra, has been doing guest artist appearances on KOMO with classical concert recitals.

John Lucas, 19-year-old tenor from Olympia, did his first radio "appearance" not long (Continued on page 80)





Eddie experienced a battle royal when his Italian neighbor walked into his makeshift clothesline. Opposite page, the happy Honeymooners, Eddie Albert and Grace Bradt.

The Honeymooners are heard over NBC-WJZ at 11 A. M., Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday.

HONEY

son; of the landlord, Luigi; and of the pawnbroker, Moskowitz, are fictitious. All other names and entries are absolutely authentic.

October 20, 1933. Rode on subway for first time today and was scared to death. Lost underground in the Times Square station for twenty-five minutes, finally had to come up, look at the sun, get our bearings and start all over again. Saw Jack Benny on Broadway and 44th Street, and in staring at him, collided with someone else. Looked up and it was Lawrence Tibbett. At least they looked like Benny and Tibbett. Right now Grace is feverishly writing a letter to her mother telling her we're hobnobbing with celebrities.

October 27th. Been here a week now, and only have \$14 left. Get a lot of promises for auditions. Come, come, New York, where are those big salaries we've been hearing about?

November 1st. Guess we'll have to go to a pawn shop for money to tide us over. Found one on Eighth Avenue near 45th Street, run by Herbie Moskowitz, of the Eighth Avenue Moskowitzes. But he'll only give me three bucks for my golf sticks, bag and all.

November 2d. Did our first audition today for Mr. Peterson, a radio agent. Program for chain grocery stores. Grace and I sang *Petting in the Park* and *Together We Two*. Said they liked our singing immensely. I guess it'll be just a matter of days now and we'll be in the money. \$4.85 left.

November 4th. Hurray, we've got a commercial. Start November 15th. Guess we'll pay Uncle Moskowitzie another social call. This time it's Grace's traveling bag. What do we care, though, we're all set and we only landed two weeks ago. They told us it takes a year to get started. Ho, ho.

ALMOST two years ago Grace Bradt and Eddie Albert, *The Honeymooners* to you, came to New York from Cincinnati, unheralded, in their practically-paid-for Ford-8 Sedan. These two game youngsters were determined to make a place for themselves on the air. Adventures, heartache, disillusionment all came their way. Dozens upon dozens of auditions came to naught, but Eddie always believed their break would come the next day. It had to! And he was right.

Fortunately, Eddie kept a diary of his experiences. To this little red book he confided his hopes and despairs, his philosophy of life and his opinion of the radio game in New York. To anyone interested in New York, the radio mecca, and the way radio is run, in honest-to-goodness experiences of a young couple trying to make their mark, this diary should prove a revelation.

For obvious reasons the names of the radio agent, Peter-

RADIO MIRROR UNEARTH'S A REVEALING DAILY RECORD

If you've thought of fighting for a living via radio, read this blow-by-blow account penned by Eddie (Honeymooners) Albert

By MARY JACOBS



MOONER'S DIARY

November 6th. Auditioned at Columbia. Flopped. We'll try again. Met Frank Wilson, and he's moved in with me. Lower expenses.

(Frank Wilson was an ex-roommate of the Cincinnati days, a writer who had come to New York looking for fame and fortune. Of course he was out of a job, and out of money.)

November 7th. Hotel Bristol actually wants us to pay, which is rather embarrassing when we've got \$3 between us, and Moskowitz has most of our stuff. Guess we'd better leave.

November 8th. While I was out auditioning, Grace and Frank found our new home. Top floor of an Italian speakeasy on 48th Street off Broadway. Got to unlock three doors to get in. \$4.50 a week for Frank and me. Grace's room is \$3.

All nice and smelly.

What a joint! Grace doesn't feel well. No wonder. Can't sleep at night because cab drivers fight in street all night long. This morning no hot water. Frank went down to complain and found no one speaks English—so they said, anyway.

Can't spare a dime for shaving cream so used some belonging to tenant—he left it in community bathroom. Don't blame him for leaving it. After-shaving *odeur* like a dead Indian.

November 9th. Gave Grace 50¢ for food for herself. We've had a couple of hamburgers and bananas. Nothing to do all evening so we all sit in our room (the three of us just fit in if we're careful) and laugh and laugh.

Tonight a parrot walked in through the door. Thought we were seeing things. He said, "Howsa boy?" and climbed to Grace's shoulder. Frank said he thought parrot resembled Mr. Moskowitz. Whoever owns parrot had better keep him under his protecting wing, or Grace and Frank and I are going to have "poll parrot a la king" for dinner

one of these cold evenings. Are we broke or are we broke!

November 10th. One more week and we start that grocery commercial.

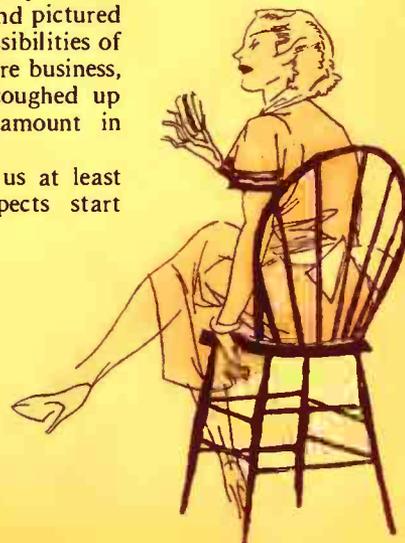
November 12th. Have had six auditions for one fool sponsor. Something always the matter, though he says he's satisfied each time. Either his Aunt Tillie or his uncle or the office-boy doesn't like our work. Never knew a place where you had to please so many people.

Oh, well, next week the break will come. It's got to. With so many irons in the fire we can't miss.

November 15th. Peterson phoned. Starting date for program postponed until December 1st. Delay left us in awful hole.

Thanksgiving. Boy, am I full! Went to Mr. Moskowitz (by this time he calls me Eddie). Amazing what little regard he has for a fraternity pin. After I spoke sentimentally of our past business relations and pictured in glowing terms the possibilities of his handling all our future business, he finally, grudgingly coughed up \$6. "An unheard of amount in these days," he warned.

That amount to last us at least a week till our prospects start popping. But we decided to celebrate and eat a decent meal. All went down to Gansemeyers, on Thirteenth Street. Stuffed roast goose, candied yams, delicious yellow turnips, creamed (Continued on page 56)



OF TWO KIDS' VALIANT STRUGGLE FOR FAME ON THE AIR

Cooking

By

MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

If you would like recipes for jellied salads and meat dishes which will keep you out of the kitchen for several extra hours during the hot weather, address your inquiry to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. She also has recipes for cool drinks and desserts.

WHAT are our favorite summer dishes?" Jane Ace repeated my question. The Easy Aces, NBC'S popular nit-wit team, were perched in their apartment overlooking Central Park.

"Corn on the cob," she went on, in the tone of voice that is one of the reasons so many tune in on this program nightly. "Iced appetizers, all sorts of fruit and vegetables, especially corn on the cob and asparagus."

"There are other things, too," Goodman suggested. "What about fish salad with the mustardy dressing and Farmer's Chop Suey and all the rest of the 'Easy Dishes for Easy Aces.' We call them that," he explained, "because—"

"Because," Jane broke in, "we concentrate on the things that are easy to prepare and serve, cutting down as much as possible on the time that has to be spent in the kitchen. There's the fish salad, for instance. It starts out like all the fresh vegetable salads you serve in the summer, but it has the advantage of combining a salad and a main dish.

"Rub a wooden salad bowl with garlic. If you are anti-garlic, of course, you omit this step, but we consider it essential. Into the bowl put lettuce or romaine or both, cut into strips. Add diced tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes,

celery, green pepper, minced chives or onion. The quantity and combination of vegetables depends on individual taste, but this is the favorite combination and we like lots of vegetables. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, dry mustard and paprika and toss the vegetables with a wooden salad fork and spoon. Add a tablespoonful of vinegar, plain, wine or tarragon vinegar, and a few drops of lemon juice and toss again. Add three tablespoons of olive or salad oil and repeat the tossing process. Add a medium sized can of lobster, crab, salmon or tuna fish, which has been chilling for hours in the refrigerator or a corresponding quantity of any cooked fish you may have on hand, and mix thoroughly with the vegetables. Before the final tossing, put in a tablespoonful of mayonnaise. Hard cooked eggs may be added along with the fish, or a curried version of deviled eggs served with the salad. The secret of the fish salad is to have all the ingredients chilled in advance and to use lots of mustard which gives zip to the fish flavor. For an accompanying hot dish, serve spaghetti with tomato sauce. Sometimes (Continued on page 63)

Jane and Goodman have dined! Easy Aces are sponsored by Anacin. See page 55 — 4 o'clock column.

EASY DISHES for EASY ACES



Beauty à la ETHEL MERMAN

By JOYCE ANDERSON

THERE'S a brand-new style in manicures out in Hollywood these days, and Ethel Merman, star of the Sunday evening "Rhythm at Eight" broadcast, has brought it back for us to try.

"I tried it for the first time in 'Kid Millions,'" she told me, "and I was simply amazed at the results. You'll notice it on the hands of many of the stars in the new pictures, too. The trick is to bring the polish right down to the tip of the fingernail. This means that the only visible white space on the nail is the half-moon at the base. Its main charm is that it makes the fingers appear so long and slender.

"I found, though, that it wasn't a good thing to leave the polish on for too long a period—particularly if I used one of the heavy red enamels—since it has a tendency to dry the nails. As a matter of fact, most people don't change their polish often enough. I think it's a good plan to manicure your nails at least twice a week—oftener, if you make up your nails for special evening wear. Personally, I like to remove the polish at night and not put on a new shade until morning. Girls who go to the office, especially, should change from the brilliant evening colors to a more subdued, natural tint."

This gave me a chance to ask her what advice she would give to office workers about beauty, inasmuch as she herself worked in an office before her "discovery." Since that time, she has had the benefit of both stage and screen training in the use of cosmetics.

"It's amazing," she observed, "how much the average girl does know about cosmetics already. I suppose the motion pictures and magazines have a great deal to do with that. Really, I've changed my make-up very little since I was a secretary. When I went out to Hollywood for my first picture, the experts out there didn't even change the line of my eyebrows—which is rather unusual!

"About the only cosmetic I use today which is radically different is my eye-shadow—and even eye-shadow is being worn in the daytime and at the office now. But, because it's so new, it's the one thing that most people don't handle well. Eye-shadow should be applied only to the actual lid, right over the eyeball, and should never extend to the eye-



Radio's rhythm girl, who gives her charm secrets in the accompanying article, is famous on stage and screen, as well as for her Sunday evening broadcasts sponsored by the makers of Lysol (see page 53—8 o'clock column).

brow or the temple. That was my first big mistake, before I got used to stage make-up. I brought the color right up to the line of my brow, and did I look terrible! I was a sight!

"Another thing I've noticed," she continued, "is that blondes have a great deal more trouble applying make-up than brunettes do. That's because, if a blonde uses as much rouge or powder or eye make-up as a brunette does, she'll look badly over-painted, while a brunette can look quite natural with the same amount. Blondes should be particularly careful about their rouge, because too much of it makes a very bad contrast for light-colored eyes. Of course, that holds true for dark-haired girls with pale eyes. And blondes have to be so much more careful not to have a tint that looks either orange or (Continued on page 81)

Each month RADIO MIRROR's Beauty Department brings you the beauty advice of radio's most glamorous stars, together with the very latest and best developments in cosmetics and aids to the loveliness which is every woman's rightful heritage. Write to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, for help on your personal beauty problems, enclosing self-addressed envelope.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Write to the Oracle, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and have your questions about personalities and radio programs answered

She just signed her first commercial. It's for Socony, and Harry Green is to conduct. Meet Virginia Verrill, newly arrived singer from California! For "Socony Vacuum," see page 53—7 o'clock column.

THE new Columbia song star, pictured above, has brought along with her from California an especially bewitching blues voice, a pair of generously-lashed green eyes, and a tilted nose which gives her that Myrna Loy look. "Vee," as they call her, was born in Santa Monica Canyon and was christened Catherina Virginia. She's five-feet-three, weighs 118, always wears blue. Is interested only in evening clothes and hates sports attire. Oh yes, it's Virginia Verrill.

C. M. K., Park Ridge, N. J.—Anthony Frome, "The Poet Prince," is no more. In his real person as Dr. Abraham L. Feinberg, he has withdrawn from the radio world to devote himself to his work as rabbi of Mt. Neboh Congregation, New York City.

Wanda Van V., Ilion, New York—A letter addressed to Gladys Swarthout, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York, will reach her. Address Babs Ryan in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York and Dick Powell in care of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, Los Angeles, California.

J. Mc., Lowell, Mass.—Dr. Ralph L. Power, who writes the Pacific highlights for RADIO MIRROR, is a Ph. D. and a former college professor of economics. He was with the A. E. F. in France for a year, and in 1922-'23 became one of the pioneer announcers and station managers in Los Angeles. In recent years he has become a free lance radio writer, and maintains a downtown office as a radio consultant. Rated as one of the most eligible "radio bachelors" of the Southwest, he says he is "waiting for a widow with dough."

Margaret from Camden—Lazy Dan is the versatile Irving Kaufman, and the Old English Wax program on Sunday is the only program he's on at the present writing. Write to Dan and Gail in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York, and ask them for their photographs.

Miss A. M., Meriden, Conn.—If you're a steady reader of RADIO MIRROR, you would have, by this time, seen the

picture of the late Russ Columbo which we ran in connection with the story entitled, "The True Inside Story of the Winchell-Fidler Feud," on page 36 of the July issue. If you want a photo all by himself, I'd suggest that you address your request to the Twentieth Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy H., New York City—Curtis Arnall plays the part of David in "Just Plain Bill." He also plays the hero rôle in "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."

Morris E., New York City—How could anyone say that Grace Moore, the famous opera star, didn't sing all the songs in the picture, "One Night of Love!" Do you know anyone who could sing like her?

Miss D. J., New York—The Honeymooners, Grace and Eddie Albert, are not brother and sister, but they will soon be husband and wife. Did you read "The Honeymooner's Diary" on page 44? You'll find out much more about the Honeymooners.

Miss M. C., Elmhurst, L. I.—Your favorite, Tito Guizar is off the air just now. However, he was born April 8, 1907 in Guadalajara, Mexico, and he does aspire to an operatic career.

Bernard L. M., Berwick, Pa.—In the "Buck Rogers of the 25th Century" program, Joe Grandy plays Black Barney, Walter Tetley plays the part of Willy and William Shelley plays Killer Kane. Elissa Landi at the present moment is a divorcée, that's her real name. Her mother is Countess Zanardi-Landi of Austria. Her age? Never mind that. Her birthday falls on December 6.

John T., Newark, N. J.—If you can't find what you're looking for in the article, "Facing The Music," on page 20, then fill in the coupon at the end of the story.

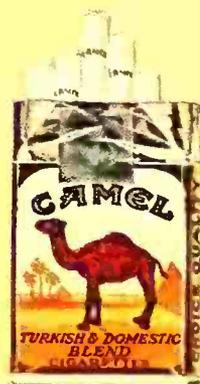
Miss Blade, Mass.—Address your letter to Tony Wons. in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Miss Elphinstone's Jay-Thorpe print, spattered with carnations, tucks more in the belt for gaiety

Among the many
distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:

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Philadelphia
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Richmond
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Boston
- MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.
New York
- MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II
Boston
- MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT
Richmond
- MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.
Wilmington
- MRS. HENRY FIELD
Chicago
- MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
New York
- MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
Chicago
- MRS. LANGDON POST
New York
- MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE
New York



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"NATURALLY I LIKE CAMELS BEST...."

MISS BEATRICE BARCLAY ELPHINSTONE

"They're so much milder and have so much more flavor to them," says this charming representative of New York's discriminating younger set. "They are tremendously popular with us all because they never make your nerves jumpy or upset. And smoking a Camel really does something for you if you're tired—you smoke a Camel and you

feel like new—it gives you just enough 'lift.'"

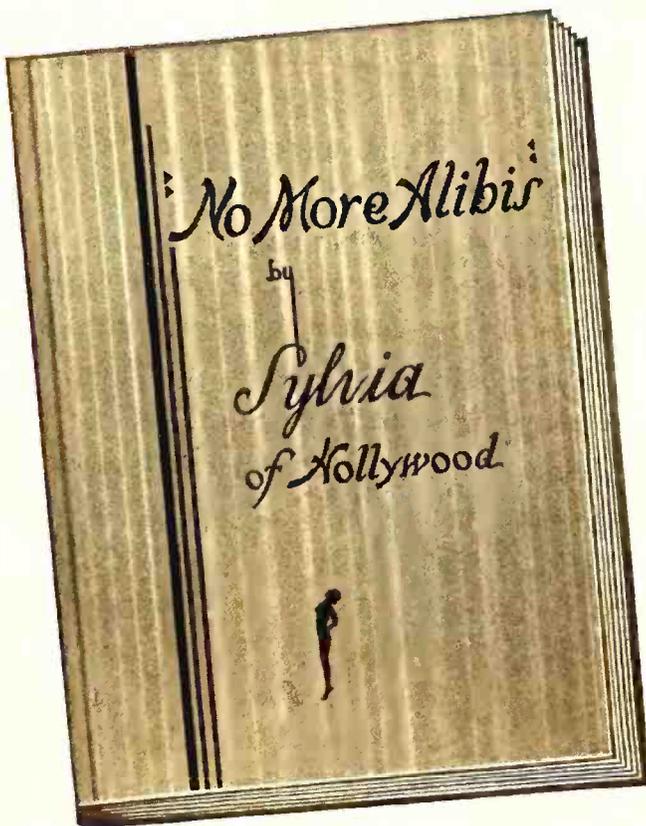
That is because smoking a Camel releases your own latent energy in a safe way—fatigue vanishes. And you can enjoy a Camel just as often as you wish, because Camels never upset the nerves. Smoke a mild, fragrant Camel the next time you are tired, and see what a difference it makes.

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

Sylvia of Hollywood Will

Streamline

Your Figure for Tomorrow's Styles



The Beauty Secrets of Hollywood's Glamorous Stars Now Revealed by the Famous Madame Sylvia

Haven't you often wondered how the gorgeous screen stars of Hollywood keep their flattering figures and their smooth velvety complexions? Certainly you have. And it may encourage you to know that these famous actresses are faced with problems identical to yours. They, too, find themselves getting too fat on the hips, abdomen, arms, legs and ankles. Or they may realize that they are actually getting skinny. Or they may notice that their skins are becoming muddy and blotchy.

Yet the stars of Hollywood always appear fresh, glamorous and radiant in their pictures. And contrary to public opinion the movie cameras are more cruel than flattering. But very often when a Hollywood star is in need of beauty treatment she turns to the foremost authority on the feminine form—Madame Sylvia.

Sylvia of Hollywood, as she is often called, is the personal beauty adviser to the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It's she who transforms ordinary women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all of her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book. In *No More Alibis* you will find all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce your weight 15 pounds a month—or gain it at the same rate. You will find out how to mold your body into beautiful proportions—how to acquire a firm, lovely face—how to keep your skin clear and attractive.

In this great book Sylvia names names. She tells you the very treatments she has given your favorite screen stars. And she tells you how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier!

Read the table of contents of this book carefully. Notice how completely Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that Sylvia's instructions are so simple that they can be carried out in your own room without the aid of any special equipment.

No More Alibis gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of the book is only \$1.00. If unobtainable from your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—today.



Read the Table of Contents of this Great Beauty Book

DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK
DIET AND EXERCISE FOR GENERAL REDUCING
WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce
REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC
GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH
IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs
PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings!
THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE
KEEP THAT PERFECT FIGURE
CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS
A FIRM, LOVELY FACE
CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin! Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepey Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"
SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET
BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET
ACQUIRE POISE AND GRACE—OVERCOME NERVOUSNESS
ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT—To Mothers—To Girls DURING AND AFTER PREGNANCY
THE WOMAN PAST FORTY

Sign and Mail Coupon for this Amazing Book TODAY

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. WG8, 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.....

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO

SAY?



This is your page, readers! Here's a chance to get your opinions in print! Write your letter today, have your say, and maybe you'll win the big prize!

A typical pose of the manager of "Circus Night In Silvertown," sponsored by the Goodrich Tire Co. He's Joe Cook, and he's now writing most of the script. See page 55—10 o'clock column.

THE contest is still going on! We're still paying \$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best and \$1.00 each for the next five. Have you had your say? Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, and mail it by July 22.

Here are this month's prize winners:

\$20.00 PRIZE LETTER

As an ardent radio enthusiast I am disturbed by the growing tendency of sponsors to chase like sheep after the same artist; if a singer clicks on some program they all want him. For example: a certain popular baritone appears regularly on three and sometimes four programs a week, and I now see that one of radio's favorite tenors is to sing regularly on four air shows. It seems very unfair to the many artists who need or want such work, and who are certainly just as gifted if not more so. It also seems very unfair to listeners who would eagerly welcome a chance to hear other singers or musicians both those whom they know and those who will be the stars of tomorrow. Incidentally, it must greatly increase the expense of advertising to insist on having an artist who is so much in demand. The air is full of wonderful voices, let us hear more of them on the fine programs.

ANNE CHURCH,
Harrisburg, Pa.

\$10.00 PRIZE LETTER

You know what happens when a company comes out with a contest on "Why I like Wilt-no-more Toothbrushes" in 100 words? One million people send in enthusiastic hymns of praise. That does not mean that one million folks suddenly grab their pens to go into hysterics over the astounding merits of the Wilt-no-more Brush. No. It just means that 999,900 need money and brush up on it this way.

It is about the same with so-called radio popularity. There are chronic letter-writers who exhibit their repressed desires through telling the other fellow how good—or bad—he is. It isn't for money this time, but for self-expression.

While the rest of us . . . the forgotten millions . . . sit by

and either wear our dials thin at a certain number, or else exercise our fingers by twisting some other station.

COURSIN BLACK,
Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

In your "What Do You Want to Say" column for May, one M. H. Van Egmond, Providence, R. I., stated that he or she resents the huge salaries of the radio performers.

Perhaps this person doesn't realize how much work, worry and patience the performers have to go through to reach that height so that they may appear faultless in the eyes of the vast radio audience.

If a star does rise from obscurity to fame it's only because he or she deserves it. They work like the "devil," so to speak, for *your* entertainment, to please *you*. They can't be stars forever. When the public tires of them it's "curtains." They're soon forgotten. I'm sure they earn every cent. If they don't, why do the sponsors pay?

MISS L. JUSIS,
Union Grove, Wisconsin.

\$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

"Town Hall Tonight" is the best tonic for over-taxed nerves and that depressed feeling.

When Fred and Portland get together with their wit, we forget the wolf is at the door and open it! They advertise in such a way that one likes it and it is not overdone.

Amateur nights are a scream. I just ache after the program is over, but the laughter is worth it.

DELLA ARLINE HORNER,
Massillon, Ohio.

\$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Here is an S. O. S. for the kiddies. I think most mothers will agree with me that such hair-raising and thrilling serials as Jack Armstrong, Buck Rogers, Tom Mix, Jimmy Allen and the like are too exciting, for the young boys especially. Most all of these programs are on just before the youngsters' bedtime. Is it any wonder that we hear talking, tumbling and shrieks in the nursery?

How much better are such (Continued on page 72)

6 P.M.

6:00 Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFBL WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBT WBNS KRLL KLZ WREC WCCO WDSU WHEC KSL CFRB
Buck Rogers: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBNS WHEC
Frederic William: Wife: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

6:15 Bobby Benson: Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFBL WLBZ WOKO WDRC WEAN WHEC WMAS
Carson Robison: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and Network

6:30 Smiling Ed McConnell: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR KMBC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WBNS KRLL KLZ WLBW WHP KFAB WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WLAC WDSU KSL WWVA WICC WORC
Kaltenborn Edits The News: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

6:45 Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC WADC WCAO WAAB W K B W W B B M WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WBT WCCO WHEC WWVA
Stoopnagle & Budd: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM KRNT CKLW WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB WFBL WSPD WVSU WBRC WICC WBT KRLL KLZ WHP WCCO WCOA WMBG WHEC KPH WQAM WDBO WMBR WDAE WKRC W O K O K W K H WMBD WDRC WBIG KTUL

7:00 Just Entertainment: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thu. Fri. ½ hr. WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WHAS WCAU WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WDBO WDAE KFBK KFPY WBRC WICC WBT KVOR WBNS WOC WDNC WREC WALA WCOA KOH WMBG K TSA CFRB KTUL WIBX WJSJ WHEC KLZ KOMA WBIG WSBT KMBC WLBZ WCAO
Socoyland Sketches: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WEAN WLBZ WICC WMAS WORC

7:15 Orchestras: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV
The O'Neills: Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP W H E C W M A S WVA WORC
Singin' Sam: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WDRC WEAN WJSV WGR

7:30 The O'Neills: Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP W H E C W M A S WVA WORC
Singin' Sam: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WDRC WEAN WJSV WGR

7:45 Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WHK CKLW KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV WBT WCCO WDRC WEAN KRLL KOMA WFBL WKRC

Singin' Som is back with CBS again. So far he has only one broadcast a week, at 7:30 on Tuesdays. But his sponsors promise to give him more time when it is available on the network. . . Bobby Benson (6:15) has been cut to three times a week, making room for Carson Robison on Tuesdays and Thursdays. . . Some new voices on the Lavender and Old Lace shows. Listen in and see what you think of them. . . All hail Guy Lombardo! After a year on NBC, Guy is back at Columbia. He starts a new half-hour show Mondays at 8:00, the 8th of July, under a new sponsor. After a long tour on the road, the popular bond leader is now more or less a permanent feature of New York, playing at the Waldorf Astoria.

8:00 Ethel Merman: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WOVW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC WBT KRLL KLZ KTRH KFAB KLRA WREC WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL K TSA KWKH KTUL WADC KRNT
Guy Lombardo: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and Network
Lavender and Old Lace: Tues. ¼ hr. Basic minus WKBW
Johnnie and the Foursome: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV WCCO
Kate Smith Hour: Thurs. one hr. WABC and network
Leith Stevens' Harmonies: Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network

8:15 Edwin C. Hill: Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and Network
Modern Minstrels: Sat. ¾ hr.

8:30 Gulf Headliners: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV W N B F W M B R W Q A M W D B O WDAE WGST WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT WODD WBNS KRLL W S M K W D N C W O W O W B I G W H P K T R H W N O X K L R A W F E A W R E C W A L A W S F A W L A C W D S U W C O A W D B J W H E C K T S A W T O C K W K H W S B T W M A S K T U L W A C O W V V A K G K O W S J S W O R C W K B N K R G V
Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Melodiana, Abe Lyman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O W C C O C F R B
Everett Marshall: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Wed. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus W O W O W B T K R L L K L Z W L A C K O M A W D S U K S L W I B W W C C O
True Story Hour: Fri. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WBT WOC KLZ WCCO WHEC KSL WORC

8:15 Edwin C. Hill: Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and Network
Modern Minstrels: Sat. ¾ hr.

8:30 Gulf Headliners: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV W N B F W M B R W Q A M W D B O WDAE WGST WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT WODD WBNS KRLL W S M K W D N C W O W O W B I G W H P K T R H W N O X K L R A W F E A W R E C W A L A W S F A W L A C W D S U W C O A W D B J W H E C K T S A W T O C K W K H W S B T W M A S K T U L W A C O W V V A K G K O W S J S W O R C W K B N K R G V
Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Melodiana, Abe Lyman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O W C C O C F R B
Everett Marshall: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Wed. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus W O W O W B T K R L L K L Z W L A C K O M A W D S U K S L W I B W W C C O
True Story Hour: Fri. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WBT WOC KLZ WCCO WHEC KSL WORC

9:00 "Six-Gun Justice": Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Romance: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and network
Camel Caravan: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KVOR KLZ WSBT WWVA KGKO WGLC KOH WDNC KHJ Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WOVW WDSU KOMA WMBD WMBG KTUL WACO W N A X W B B M
Hollywood Hotel: Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOVW WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO W N A X W N O X W I B X W K B H

9:30 Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm: Tues. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL WMAS WCCO KFAB
Mark Warnow: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and network
Fred Waring: Thurs. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WWVA Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO W N A X W K B N K N O X W M B D Plus Canadian
Melody Masterpieces: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

Another CBS new program that formerly was an NBC feature is the Pick and Pat show. The two Irish comedians are telling jokes on each other now at 8:30 Mondays, with the same sponsor as before. . . True Story Hour is scheduled to go through the summer months. . . Edwin C. Hill has been put on sustaining at the same hour (8:15) he occupied during the winter and spring. He broadcasts twice a week, Mondays and Wednesdays. . . Kate Smith has also been given a sustaining program. She is heard now on Thursdays for on hour, starting at 8:00, making her CBS's favorite artist.

10:00 Wayne King, Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB W K B W W B B M WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WBNS KRLL KLZ KFAB WCCO WDSU WIBW
Camel Caravan: Tues. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC W K B W W B B M WKRC WHK CKLW W O W O W D R C WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WPG WGST WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT WODD KVOR WBNS KRLL KLZ WDNC WKBW WBIG WHP KTRH WFAB KLRA WFEA WREC WISN WCCO W N A X W S F A W L A C W D S U K O M A W M B D K O H W M B G W D B J W H E C K S L K T S A W T O C K W K H K S C J W M A S W I B W K T U L W I B X W A C O W M T K F H K G K O W S J S W O R C W N A X
Burns and Allen: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLL KLZ WBIG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL K T S A W O R C W O W O
Richard Himber with Stuart Allen: Fri. ½ hr.
California Melodies: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and Network

10:30 Fray & Braggiotti: Sun. ¼ hr.
Lilac Time: Mon. ½ hr.
Alemite Quarter Hour: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and Network
Stoopnagle and Budd: Fri. ½ hr.

The Camel Caravan departs today or two after we come out on the newsstands, according to Walter O'Keefe's manager. It will be back in the fall, but without its feminine star, Annette Hanshaw. Annette wants a show of her own, based on her own ideas of what a radio program should be. So far she has turned down two offers from sponsors because they wouldn't allow her to direct the program. . . Around the first of July, Fred Waring's hour is scheduled to move into a Tuesday spot.

11:00 Archie Bleyers Orchestra: Mon. Sat. WABC and Network
Dance Orchestra: Fri. WABC and Network
11:30 Dance Orchestra: Sun. WABC and Network
Dance Orchestra: Mon. WABC and Network
Dance Orchestra: Tues. Sat. WABC and Network
Dance Orchestra: Wed. Fri. WABC and Network

Rebroadcasts For Western Listeners:

11:30 Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. KRNT WFBM WHAS KMOX KERN KMV KHV KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL
The Camel Caravan: Thurs. ½ hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL

12:30 Richard Himber: Fri. ½ hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL

More of the same: Speaking of Fred Waring—Stoopnagle and Budd, the two comics who have finally landed two sponsors, one at 6:45 Tuesdays and Thursdays (which, we understand, expires shortly) and the other the same man that pays for Fred Waring. As a matter of cold, hard fact, Stoop and Budd are being incorporated into the Waring hour, as the comedy relief. This will probably cancel their Friday-night, half-hour program, which has been on sustaining. . . Have you read the story in this issue of RADIO MIRROR about the "feud" between Gracie Allen and Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny)? . . . Incidentally, Gracie still has a hard time remembering that the new orchestra leader for her program is Ferde Grofe. Now and again she forgets and calls Ferde by the wrong name.

	12 NOON	1 P.M.	2 P.M.	3 P.M.	4 P.M.	5 P.M.	6 P.M.	
BLUE NETWORK	12:00 Tastyest Opportunity Matinee: Sun. ½ hr. Network	1:00 Jimmy Garrison Orchestra: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and Network	2:30 NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs. one hr. WJZ and Network Light Opera Company: Tues. one hr. WJZ and Network Playlett: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and Network	3:00 "Marco the Wanderer": Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and Network	4:00 Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus KSO KWCR WREN Plus Coast Plus WOAI WLW WFAA WTMJ KSTP KVOO WKY KPRC	5:00 Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTHS WBAP KPRC WOAI Your Health: Tues. ½ hr. Network Crosscuts from Log of Day: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and Network		
	12:15 Merry Macs: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Genia Fonarivova, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. Network	1:30 Sunday Forum: Sun. ½ hr. Network National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. 1 hr. WJZ and Network	2:45 Rita Lester: Fri. ¼ hr.	3:15 Sketch: Wed. ¼ hr. Network	3:30 Sunday Vespers: Sun. hr. Network Vaughn de Leath: Mon. Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and Network Nellie Revell: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and Network Sketch: Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and Network	4:15 Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. Network Easy Aces: Tues. Wed. Thurs. WJZ and Network	5:15 Jackie Heller: Tues. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network	
	12:30 Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—Network Words and Music: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and Network				National Farm and Home Hour goes into its eleventh summer stretch and it promises that things are only beginning to happen. Perhaps you heard the anniversary party not so long ago? . . . The Sunday Forum at 1:30 is a bright feature for hot holidays, if you happen to be in town or near a radio . . . The Music Guild continues to stay at the top in afternoon popularity. So far the schedule calls for two broadcasts a week at 2:30.	4:30 Uncle Ned: Sun. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network Radio Guild: Mon. one hr. WJZ and Network Temple of Song: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and Network	5:30 Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR WLW	

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC

WJZ
WBAL
WMAL
WBZ
WBZA

WSYR
WHAM
KDKA
WJR
WENR
WJAR

KSO
KWK
WREN
KOIL

WESTERN

WPTF
WTMJ
KSTP
WWNC
WKY
WBAP

KPRC
WEBC
WRVA
WJAX
WFLA
WOAI

COAST

KOA
KDYL

KGO
KFI
KGW

WLS
KOMO
KHQ

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAF
WTAG
WBN
WCAE
WTAM

WWJ
WLW
WSAI
WFBR
WRC

WGY
WJAR
WCSH

WEEI
KSD
WDAF

WHO
WMAQ
WOW
WVIC

WESTERN

KSTP
WTMJ

WEBC
KPRC

WKY
WOAI

KVOO
WFAA

WBAP
KTAR

SOUTHERN

WIOD
WFLA
WWNC

WIS
WPTF
WRVA

WJAX
WMC
WJDX

WSB
WSM
WSMB

WAPI
WAVE

CANADIAN

CRCT

CFCF

KHQ
KDYL
KOA

KGO
KHJ
KGW

KOMO
KFI

NATIONAL

3:00
Home Sweet Home: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network

3:15
Vic and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WLW plus KYW KFI

3:30
Penthouse Serenade, Don Mario: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast
Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJAR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW—plus WKBF WSM WSB WAPI WAVE WSMB

3:45
Dreams Come True: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW
The Herald of Sanity: Fri. ¼ hr.

Sallie of the Talksies (Sundays at 2:00) has a new feminine star. Irene Wicker, popular lead of several network dramatic and singing shows, has recently been installed in this afternoon program. Henry Saxe, Isabelle Randolph, and Murray Forbes will support Irene in this story which probably will have Paris as its background.

4:00
Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr.

4:15
Carol Deis, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network

4:30
Harry Reser's Orchestra: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WFBR WLIT KSD WHO WOW
Songs: Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network

4:45
Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO WOW
Harvest of Song: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network

Bill Baar, who is Grandpa Burton on Mandays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 5:15, takes all the various parts in his show, speaking sometimes as eight or nine different people in the fifteen minutes allotted him . . . Did you see what our new music department had to say about the theme songs in Sunday's House By the Side of the Road?

5:00
Kay Foster, Songs: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

Shirley Howard: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network

N't'l Congress Parents, Teachers Program: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

5:15
Grandpa Burton: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.

5:30
The House By Side of Road: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WWNC WIS WPTF KPRC WKY WOAI KVOO WBAP plus WTAR KTHS WVAX KSD plus Canadian

Kay Foster: Thurs. ¼ hr.

Alice in Orchestralia: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

Interview, Nellie Revell: Fri. ¼ hr.

Our American Schools: Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

5:45
Nursery Rhymes: Tues. ¼ hr. Network

RED NETWORK

12:00
Masquerade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network

12:15
What Home Means to Me: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus Coast plus KVOO KPRC Honeyboy and Sassafras: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.

12:30
University of Chicago Discussions: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Merry Madcaps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Network

1:00
Road to Romany: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and Network

1:15
Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WEAF and Network

1:30
Words and Music: Sun. ½ hr. (network listing not available)
Master Music Hour: Tues. 1 hr. Airbreaks: Thurs. ½ hr.

2:00
Sally of the Talksies: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WJDX WSMB WSM WMC WSB WAPI

Two Seats in the Balcony: Wed. ½ hr. Network
Temple Bells: Thurs. ½ hr.
Magic of Speech: Fri. ½ hr. Network

2:30
Al Pierce's Gang: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr.
Kitchen Party: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus Western plus Coast plus KYW KTHS KTBS
Week-end Revue: Sat. one hr. WEAF and Network

Honeymooner's Diary

(Continued from page 45)

onions, apple sauce, alligator salad and hot mince pie. Yum, yum.

Flipped a coin to see if we should spend our remaining dollar for a bottle of Sauterne. Heads yes, tails, no. It turned out to be a very odd coin—we had to flip it four times before it came up heads.

Now, though we're broke again we're well stuffed, and what do we care? In a little while we start our commercial. Wouldn't hurt us to fast a little. Grace says she wants to reduce, anyway.

November 30th. Peterson called. Commercial is cancelled. Something about grocery business going broke. Too discouraged to pay much attention to his explanation. Haven't told Grace yet. She's trying to fix up a dress to wear for her premiere.

December 4th. I swear I've auditioned before so many little bands I didn't know they existed. Bet some of 'em never heard of radio and never expect to. But you never can tell. Maybe one of 'em will go on the air some day and we'll get a break. Too tired to write any more tonight, been running around all day.

DECEMBER 5th. Seriously, things aren't very funny any more. We can't seem to find anything to laugh about. We've been pretty sick for the last three days. I haven't said anything to Grace and Frank, but I bet it's because we haven't had any decent food for so long. Nothing but those dirty, greasy, nickel hamburgers on soggy buns. One for lunch and one for dinner.

December 6th. More auditions. No go. So far I've earned \$4. Had a battle with Luigi, the landlord. He objected to our doing washing. Grace has been washing all our dirty linen in the community bathtub. Hangs it to dry on strings around the bathroom. It seems one tenant walked into the bathroom in the dark and ran into the clothes line. One of my wet shirts fell and wrapped itself around his head, muffling his cries for help. He was angry, awfully mad, in his broken, Italian sort of way.

I got equally mad in my Ohionese English and complained that some of the more rowdy tenants had taken to throwing my clean shirts on the bathroom floor. What with one thing and another, our tempers being pretty well frayed out, we told him we were going to move. One more week of these bare, cracked, dirty walls, unshaded light bulbs, cold water, cold radiators, sleepless nights, and we'll go mad.

December 7th. What kind of town is this, anyway? We give auditions and they say it's wonderful, our future is assured, and that's the last we hear of it. Executives who couldn't get a job as porters in any other business make us sit outside their doors and wait for them for two hours, and then tell us they're too busy, to come back again in a week. I waited three hours for a little nincompoop at—network, and then he was too busy to see me. After we had made a definite appointment days ago!

December 15th. Am writing by candle light. We moved in four days ago on W. 71st Street, but haven't had \$5 to have electric lights turned on. This place is much more comfortable, and if I lean way out the window and peer around the corner I get an excellent view of part of a small tree in Central Park.

Peterson called, said our audition yesterday was O.K. and that he doesn't want to seem too optimistic, but he feels sure we're going to work next week. Haven't

had subway fare for three days. I would go out and get some kind of a job shoveling snow or something, but we have so many promises that always assure us we'll be working on programs within three or four days I daren't take the chance.

Mustn't let Grace know how blue I feel. She came here with me and I've got to take care of her. Wish she'd go back home till things get going, but she wouldn't.

December 16th. Grace and I decided that tomorrow we'll put Frank into a big pot, boil him down to a thin but nourishing gruel, and serve him on toast. Was there ever a girl like Gracie? Nothing but a hamburger a day for two weeks now, and she still thinks it's very funny.

December 18th. Came across Bill Rockwell at Harmes. Song plugging outfit. Said we're wasting our time with endless commercial auditions. Sent us up to see Miss Ball of NBC program department. We sang two songs for her and she liked 'em. Hurray! We're going to be on the *Morning Parade* in a week at ten bucks apiece, single shot. Wrote the folks back home to be sure to listen in. Now we're big shots.

December 21st. Came a letter from Grace's family. They will drive here for New Year. That will be nice after Grace has been telling them how well we're doing. To cope with the emergency, we called an immediate meeting and decided that though we'll be working by then and have plenty of money, maybe we'd better sell the car, which has been a burden on our hands since we arrived.

December 22d. Peterson called and said client liked us but not rest of program. Asked if we'd mind auditioning for another client, to whom he had already sold the program, and it was just a matter of picking the talent. Fifth time he's had a sure-fire proposition, but we might just as well try. Didn't get our check from NBC for *Morning Parade* yet. Flat broke.

December 23d. Grace has set out for Brooklyn this morning with a nickel in her pocket, and the car. Has a buyer along automobile row in Brooklyn who offers us \$235. Another offers \$200. I guess we'll take the \$235 offer.

December 24th. No money for subway down to 34th Street where we audition for Peterson's client, so we walked thirty blocks down and thirty blocks back. Tried singing to keep up our spirits. We should have passed around a hat.

ON way home sat on bench in Central Park, talking. Another committee meeting. Decided there was nothing for us to do but keep plugging, sooner or later we are bound to click and come out on top. As we sat there it grew colder and it began to snow. So we got up and went home talking gaily of our rosy future, laughing at our present predicament, but feeling pretty sick and rotten inside. I thought things like this only happened in books.

Think Gracie's been crying but she wouldn't let on. Some game soldier, that kid.

December 26th. Frank and I sat and chewed our nails while waiting for Gracie to come home with \$235 for the car. When she came home, she was bawling and broke. Seems she went out of gas in front of man who offered her \$200 and had to borrow a gallon of gas from him. When she got to the dealer who offered her \$235 he claimed he had only offered \$200. So she had a fight with him and

began to cry. Took the car round to several other garages and they refused to buy it at all, at any price. Seems to be a racket.

Back to the first man she went and asked him if his offer was still good. He said yes, but he'd have to wire Ohio to check back on the license plates and ownership.

Gracie had to borrow a buck from him to get home with. Anyway, we'll eat today on that buck. The devil with tomorrow.

December 28th. Got \$200 for car. Gracie's folks arrive tomorrow. Peterson called today while we were out. Probably another of his "sure things."

December 30th. On *The Morning Parade* and took Gracie's folks to studio and all around. Were they proud. What a day. What food. Turkey, goose, chicken, fruit cakes, plum pudding, pickles, jam. What with paying back our friends, getting our things out of hock and buying Gracie's folks little presents, we got \$3.84 left. But something's got to break.

A Mr. Ross called up. Offered me job singing with little orchestra out in Brooklyn. New Year's Eve. I'm to be "The Silver Masked Tenor" and get \$6.

January 1st. Happy New Year, but what for? Sang from 9 P.M. to 4 A.M. in worst honky-tonk joint I ever saw, right near Williamsburg Bridge.

JANUARY 12th. Joint coffer is down to \$2. Nat Freeling of Remick Music Corp. invited Grace and me to party at The Roosevelt Hotel for Del Campo. It's the first time we've been out dancing and listening to music since we came to New York. Gracie dug up her evening dress and I went into the moth balls for my tux. Couldn't find my dress tie.

Ran around building, begging tenants for one. Finally Otto, Danish superintendent, dug one out of an old shoe box where it had reposed for years with bits of fishing tackle, pieces of twine, nails and a bottle opener. One of those ready-made ones that hooks in back with elastic.

We were feeling grand for once. Grace and I prayed for the eats to come on. Bowling was too much of a strain for the elastic in Otto's dress tie—I felt something give and, pop, out to the middle of the floor it flew. Had to get a safety pin from the waiter to pin it on while everyone howled. Then didn't even have a dime tip to leave the waiter. Or we would have had to walk home.

March 10th. Managing to pay rent and eat more or less regularly from the money we get for spot broadcasts at NBC. Hooray, haven't had a hamburger since February 20th.

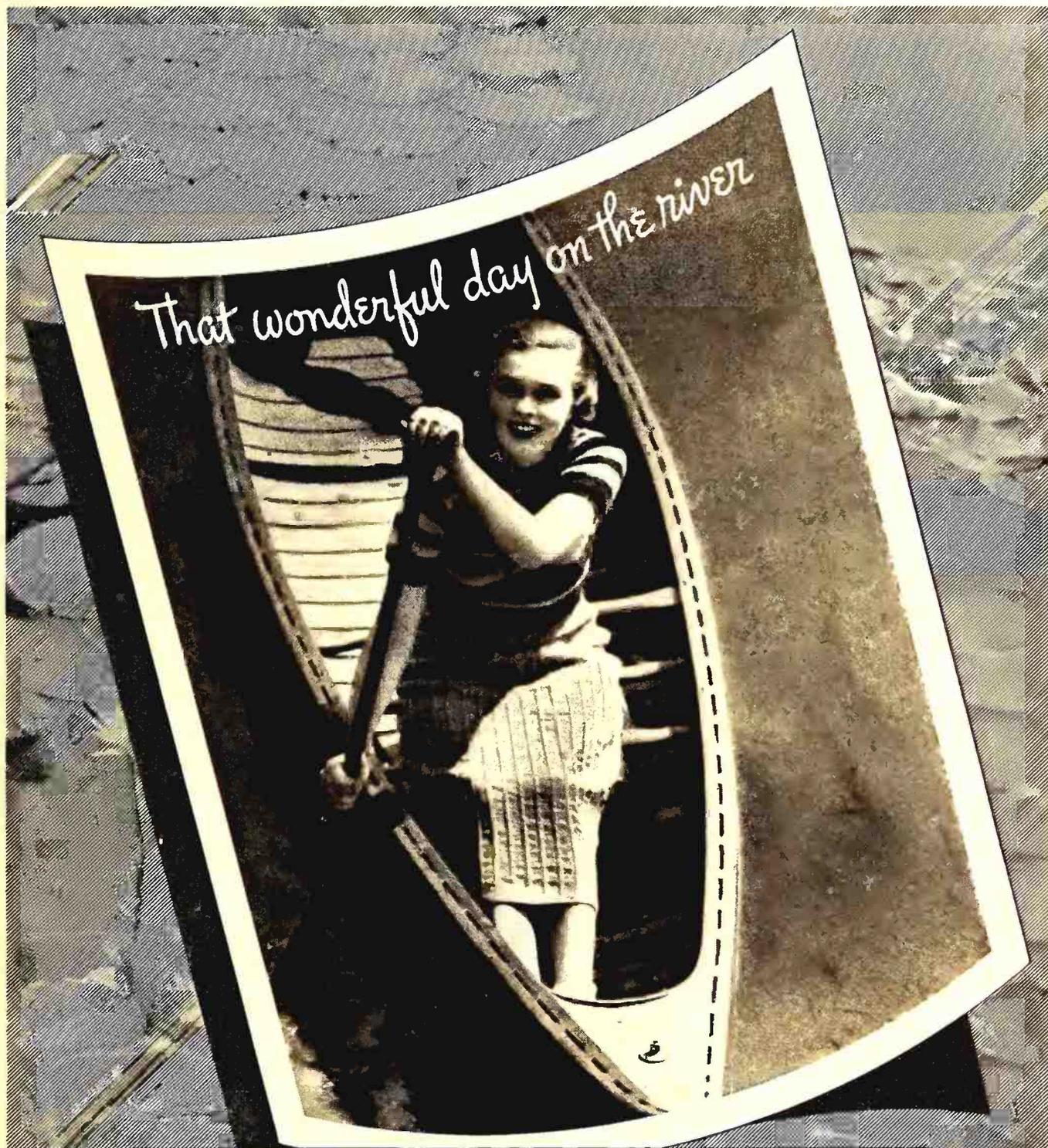
March 11th. Grace is some pal. Do believe I'm falling in love with that girl. She's a terrific girl, all right.

May 1st. Nobody left to audition for. We've worn 'em all out. But what do we care? Now we've got a new idea for a program—a story of a newly wedded couple, to combine singing and dialogue.

May 2nd. Up most of night writing sample skit. Let us pray.

May 4th. Auditioned for new show for NBC program board today. We called it *The Honeymooners*. They were enthusiastic about it and scheduled it for four times a week starting May 7th, next Monday. (They've been on ever since.)

What did I always say? Just give Old Man Opportunity a try and he'll come round. Maybe with a kick in the pants occasionally, but that's life.



● How precious a simple snapshot can be . . . Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera—any camera—is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out just the way you've always wanted them. Always use Verichrome and be sure . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**This day will never come again —
save it with snapshots**

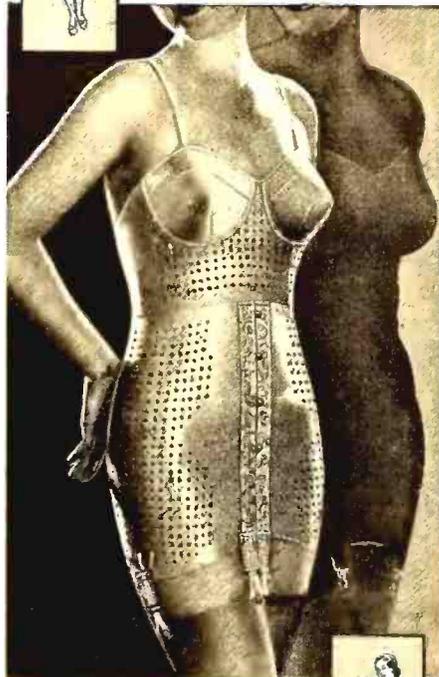
What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 41)



**"DOUBLE-QUICK"
REDUCTION**

During the
SUMMERTIME



**REDUCE
YOUR WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**
with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**
...or it will cost you nothing!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES,"
...writes Miss Healy...**"I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"**...writes Miss Brian...
"Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll...
"The fat seems to have melted away"... says Mrs. McSorley.

■ So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that we want you to try them for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 288, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.
Please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT tells it herself, so it must be true. A man wrote her a letter advising that he had bought a clock and named it Eleanor Roosevelt "because it is always on the go." Well, if plans in negotiation when this was written are concluded, the First Lady will certainly be on the go this summer in the interest of her radio public. She was to tour the country by motor, broadcasting her impressions of economic and social conditions in different localities each week. As with her radio enterprises, the proceeds were to be devoted to one of her philanthropies.

And speaking of Mrs. Roosevelt, wonder if you have heard that Washington politicians are seriously considering the advisability of running her for Vice-President on her husband's ticket in 1936? The idea had its inception with a group of prominent women Democrats and has gained considerable momentum. Certain influential Senators, however, aghast at the mere thought of a woman presiding over the deliberations of that august body (for this is the principal function of the Vice-President, to preside in the Senate), may be depended upon to do everything they can to thwart the movement to nominate Mrs. Roosevelt.

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

Babies have the spotlight in our set this month. Most of them were delivered by the stork although in one notable instance the blessed event came via the adoption route from a nursing home for orphans. That's the baby who made **Al Jolson**, the great Mammy singer, a Pappy. Mrs. Jolson (**Ruby Keeler**) acquired the tot at **The Cradle**, famous Chicago founding home where **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns** found their son and heir. The Jolsons are so happy as foster-parents, they now want to adopt a girl baby, too.

Babies personally delivered by the long-legged bird include the following: To Mr. and Mrs. **Johnny Marvin**, a girl; to Mr. and Mrs. **Pinkie Lee** (he's the comedian of **Carefree Carnival** fame) a boy; and to Mr. and Mrs. **Peter Van Steeden** and Mr. and Mrs. **Roger Wolfe Kahn** (both husbands are the maestros), a girl each.

In addition, bassinets are being prepared by **Richard Liebert** and **Jan Peerce**, organist and soloist respectively at the **Radio City Music Hall**. And a **Chicago Winchell** reports to this department that **Em, of Clara, Lu 'n' Em**, (she is Mrs. **John Mitchell** in private life), is infanticipating, too. Just a few months ago Lu, of that famous trio, adopted a baby.

The engagement is announced of **Ade-laide Moffett**, 18-year old daughter of **James A. Moffett**, Federal Housing Administrator, and one of the very few debutantes to make good on the air, to **Henry Gibbons, Jr.**, son of **Brigadier General Henry Gibbons**, Assistant Quartermaster General of the United States Army. Quite a romance is involved, the heiress to the **Moffett** millions having first met young **Gibbons** last Summer when he was digging graves in the **Arlington National Cemetery** as a **CCC** worker.

Rumors—and they may be nothing but rumors—are: That **Ethel Merman** was secretly married several months ago... that romance has come to opera star **Rosa Ponselle** in the person of a foreign motor-car magnate... that **Barney Rapp**, the maestro, and **Ruby Wright**, his vo-

calist, became Mister and Missus some time ago... that **Ted Husing** and **Ann St. George** spat so much their romance is chilling... and that **Burgess Meredith**, the "Red Davis" of the air, and leading juvenile in **Katherine Cornell's** dramatic company, is very much interested in **Margolo Gilmore**, a member of the **Cornell** organization.

POSTSCRIPTS

Phillips Lord has returned to **Radio Row** from his ill-fated expedition in the schooner "Seth Parker" but when we went to press he had no definite plans for broadcasting again... In four years of microphoning, **Kate Smith** has sung nearly five thousand songs. In the same period her salary has jumped from \$50 a week to \$5,000.

Bing Crosby may not return to the air for **Woodbury Soap** in the Fall. When this was tapped out on the typewriter he and his sponsor were arguing as to whether or not **Bing** should have complete charge of the program, having final say as to the selection of songs, accompanying artists, etc... **Robert L. Ripley**, the "Believe It or Not" cartoonist, will replace **Joe Penner** on that baker's program when it resumes Oct. 6th.

Glenn Hunter, not so long ago regarded as one of the most promising juveniles on the legitimate stage, is reading cooking recipes for a **New York** station under the name of **Sidney Snow**... **Harry Richman** has \$50,000 invested in ivories. He has been collecting them for years.

Cornelia Otis Skinner, has replaced **Walter Winchell** on the air until **September 1st**... **Connie Boswell** spends hours every day doping out three-horse parlays—and then never plays them... **Vivienne Segal's** autobiography will soon be on the book stands.

Shirley Howard thinks radio gag writers should be called catspaws—because they pull chestnuts out of each other's scripts!... **Teddy Bergman**, the impersonator, is the husband of **Finette Walker**, "Anything Goes" chorus girl... **H. V. Kaltenborn**, the commentator, started life as a lumberjack in **Wisconsin**.

Mark Warnow, who can't resist the impulse to follow fire engines, is married to a kindred spirit. He first met the lady who afterwards became his wife while both were watching firemen subdue a conflagration... And did you know "Raymond Scott" who composes songs and arranges orchestrations for **Warnow's** band, is really **Mark's** brother, **Harry**?

Little Jackie Heller, who giggles like a schoolgirl and tells jokes that are decidedly immature, is neither, being the father of a young lady, aged three. Blame it on his youth!

The **Honeymooners (WEAF)** are nothing of the kind, but they admit that their home-made script is proving rather contagious and that they might succumb to the influence any time now. Their fan mail, by the way, comes largely from honeymooners, who relate with glee, that instances of their own newly-wed lives coincide with those portrayed by these matrimonially inexperienced but imaginative youngsters.

Henry (One Man's Family) Barbour, who fathers one of the largest and loveliest families of the air, is played by **J. Anthony Smith**, a confirmed bachelor. While son **Paul**, too sophisticated to succumb to matrimony, is portrayed, most ably, by **Michael Raletto**, a benedict these past five years.

"FOLKS, HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT OUR GRAND, NEW SHOW BOAT SONG BOOK?"
Lanny Ross



Don't Miss the "Show Boat" this Week!



You'll hear one of the greatest shows ever put on the air . . . and you'll learn how easily you can get one of these marvelous new Show Boat song books!

WHAT a grand and glorious show Captain Henry has arranged for you this Thursday! One sparkling hour, packed to the last minute with beautiful songs, rollicking fun and thrilling music . . . with the greatest cast of stars in radio!

Here they are . . . you'll hear them all! Lanny Ross, Muriel Wilson, Conrad Thibault, Helen Oelheim, The Show Boat Four, Molasses and January, and Gus Haenschen with his famous Show Boat Band!

Don't miss this all-star show! And you'll learn, too, how easily and quickly you can get one of the marvelous new Show Boat Song Books that people everywhere are talking about! A beautiful book . . . 64 pages . . . pictures of all the Show Boat stars . . . 55 of their favorite songs—you'll find that they're your favorite songs, too! . . . and lovely scenes of old-time show boat days along the Mississippi.

So be sure to tune in Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat this Thursday! Coast-to-Coast NBC Network that includes your own favorite station.

TUNE IN THURSDAY NIGHTS... OVER NBC NATION-WIDE NETWORK

MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT

She Lost Sixty-One Pounds!

(Continued from page 39)

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

**SAVE
MONEY
THIS EASY
WAY**

YOU can serve Hires Root Beer generously because it costs so little to make this delicious, wholesome beverage at home.

8 glasses for 5c! Nothing equals this economy. One bottle of Hires Extract makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer by just adding sugar, water and yeast.

More money can't buy a finer beverage than Hires Root Beer.

**MAKE
THIS TRIAL**

No matter what beverage is your family's favorite—make up some home-made Hires Root Beer. Let them try it. Serve it to guests. It's nutritious and wholesome, accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods and approved by Good House-keeping Bureau. So it is as good for children as for adults. Hires Extract is for sale at all dealers.

To avoid oil flavored imitations, insist on

**Hires
R-J
ROOT-BEER
FOR REAL-JUICES**

FREE—a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 4 quarts of Hires Root Beer—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3¢ to cover postage and handling.

FREE

The Charles E. Hires Co., Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me free bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing. M.G.-8

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Canadians should mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

night club in San Francisco dozens of movie folk saw her, admired her singing and predicted a great future for her. But none of them did anything about it. They undoubtedly thought, "If a girl that fat hasn't the courage to take it off, then she hasn't the courage to fight for a career.

Even in radio work her figure was a handicap, because it made her look ten years older than she really was. She had however, settled down to the unhappy belief that she was destined to be fat—and that nothing could be done about it. It was after an agent had had faith enough in her abilities to sign an exclusive contract with her and after the designer had refused to create an evening dress for her, that she knew something must be done.

One evening she stood before the full length mirror in her dressing room and took a solemn vow that she would either lose her excess baggage or give up show business forever. She was in earnest at last!

On the fifth of September she discovered Dr. Benjamin Shalett and almost with tears in her eyes asked, "Is there anything that can be done for my figure?"

"There is," he answered. "You can reduce. Any woman can reduce if she has the courage."

He made a blood test of her, took her blood pressure and gave her a diet. She was amazed that she was allowed to have so much to eat because she had planned to starve, if necessary.

AND now I'm going to tell you about Benay's reducing routine so that you may profit by what she has learned. Perhaps her experience will give you the courage to remove the handicap of weight, if that be the heavy cross you have to bear.

I will not give you her diet because it was made for her, to suit her requirements and it might not be good for you at all. That was the trouble with the eighteen-day diet; that is why it did so much harm. It was designed for just one person and was right for only about one person out of ten. But this is the message of hope this story brings you: There is a diet, undoubtedly, just for you. Your local dietitian or physician or anyone who knows his calories and vitamins can give you *your* diet. The rest is up to you.

Benay's diet was rich in protein; perhaps yours won't be. She was allowed to have no salt. She was allowed nothing alcoholic, but she could drink all the water she wanted. And the amazing part was that she had plenty to eat. In fact, sometimes it was a struggle for her to eat everything on her menu. But that is something that is as important as following the diet. You must eat everything prescribed, since it is the combination of foods that does the trick.

Benay learned a lot of little secrets. I'll pass them on to you. Baked potatoes were on her list. Butter was taboo. What, you ask, is worse than a baked potato without butter? But Benay was allowed to use tomato catsup instead and that, she found, was delicious and non-fattening. Dry toast was prescribed for breakfast. But to make it tasty she could have a very little bit of jelly.

You see? It was all worked out on a common sense basis. The idea was that the meals should be eaten with relish and satisfaction so that they would be a pleasure instead of a burden. And this is what you can learn about diets from this story.

Do not starve yourself!

Be sure that your diet is balanced, that you're getting the proper amount of minerals, calcium, iron, protein, etc.

Do not vary the diet.

Do not eat between meals.

Never stuff.

When I look at Benay's pictures of a couple of years ago, and then turn to the lovely slim girl she is today, I realize that if she could do it, anyone can.

She had just one exercise and that is good not only for Benay but for every woman who wants to reduce her hips. She walked three miles—yes, I said three miles—every day. She walked *fast* and *alone*. There must be no dawdling, no window shopping, no slowing up. It's that brisk pace that wears the hips down. Try it for a couple of weeks and notice the amazing improvement. It's the greatest hip reducer in the world, according to Benay Venuta, and she should know.

All in all, Benay Venuta is the happiest girl I know. She is definitely on the road to success as a great radio star. Her lovely singing voice is natural, a gift of the gods; her figure she made by her own will power.

She glanced at her watch. "I've got to run. I've got to get a lovely dress to wear at the Jolson broadcast. And now I don't have to bother about little doodads to hide a roll of fat on my stomach. I can walk into a store, look at a lovely gown and say, 'I'll take that.' There's no other thrill like it!"

It took Benay Venuta a good many years to achieve success. And the path to her goal was as round about as a woman's compliment. When she was in her teens she left Hollywood High School to become the youngest dancer in the Fanchon and Marco unit at Grauman's Egyptian Theater.

IT was when she was on the road in vaudeville that her grandfather, a wealthy San Francisco man, decided that her adventure in show business had lasted long enough. He nipped her career in the bud and sent her to one of the smartest young ladies' finishing schools in Switzerland. There she was forbidden to mention her show girl days and compelled to abide by all the rules of the school, which meant that the girl who had been a night club entertainer was not allowed away from the school grounds without a chaperone.

When school ended she traveled with some wealthy friends of hers and would have made her debut into English society had word not come that her grandfather's fortune had been hit by the depression and that she must make her own living. She went back to show business, glad that she had something at which she could make money. In San Francisco she sang in a smart night club and also did some radio work. Everyone praised her singing but it was not until a theatrical agent heard her and signed her under a personal contract that she was able to make big time radio.

He got a job for her with Columbia, wired her to come to New York—and the rest you know.

Incidentally, she concocted the name Benay Venuta. Her real name is Benvenuta Crooke. The reason for the first name is that somewhere in her mother's family tree (her mother is Italian) is the master goldsmith, Benvenuto Cellini. When Benay decided to go on the stage, at first just for a lark, she divided her first name, added a couple of letters and blossomed out as Benay Venuta.

Why Stoopnagle and Budd
Didn't Want a Sponsor

—Much

(Continued from page 33)

ago no one would have seen anything funny in that. This time lots of people wrote in saying they liked it.

"That's why I think that skits of that sort—no gags, no real laugh lines, just insane stuff—will be used on the vaudeville stage in three or four years. Audiences are tiring of straight jokes all the time."

He stood up and stretched his ponderous body, which is as heavy as a well fed banker's. "Now, before we go to the ball game, let me give you an idea on how to help end unemployment. Why don't men without jobs hire themselves as faucet holders in washrooms where the faucet handle always springs out of your hands when you wash them? Or maybe a bunch of men could open a factory and manufacture the ticks for sun dials." He stopped and found his pencil. "I must remember that one," he ended.

Back down in the lobby where we met Stoop's manager, Nelson Hesse, the Colonel asked, "What baseball game shall we see?" "The home game," the manager answered brightly. "I suppose," the Colonel agreed, "the home game would be more fun to see."

WHICH ended most of the laughing for that day, because the Colonel doesn't kid much while he's watching the Yankees play ball, and his manager is sort of a gloomy fellow anyway. But all the time the game was going on, I kept thinking of the strange story the Colonel had told me—then thought of the newest show he and Budd have signed for—the CBS Fred Waring hour lately changed to Tuesday nights. And I was also thinking of something else the Colonel had told me:

"Under our new contract, we can kid anything we want to—radio, commercial announcements, even our sponsor, if we think he can take it. No one can supervise the writing of our scripts and if we don't want to take any suggestions, we don't have to. Our material is answerable only to the censors at CBS, a formality every script must undergo. It's what—with my fingers crossed—I would call ideal."

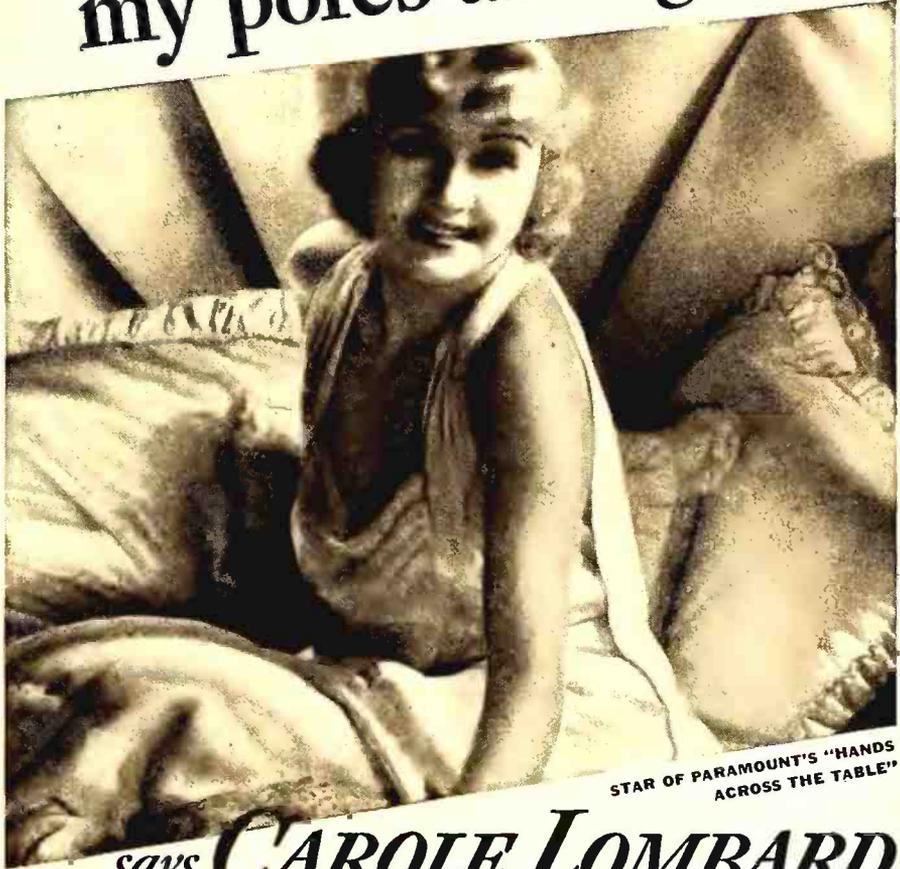
But—and I put this right up to the Colonel—if the perfect sponsors he and Budd have found don't leave the comedy pair strictly alone, let's join in the fervent prayer that Columbia Broadcasting will then produce the necessary money and endow them for five years as a sustaining feature. To which, when I suggested it, the Colonel replied,

"And how!" ("Endow" was the way he put it.)

"The young officer had promised to take Cornelio Otis Skinner out that night—and she had only the dress she wore, a frilly georgette, now spotted and wrinkled from traveling in hot coaches. . . . Boys who noticed the tall, gowky Miss Skinner were few and far between. . . ."

So begins the first fascinating anecdote in a heart-warming, highly entertaining story about
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER
in RADIO MIRROR for SEPTEMBER, out JULY 24.

"I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night"



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"

says **CAROLE LOMBARD**

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of getting Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to choke the pores that trouble begins—tiny blemishes appear—enlarging pores—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against Cosmetic Skin, remove cosmetics thoroughly the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep

into the pores, removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use the gentle soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made their beauty care.



Al Goodman's Great Loss

(Continued from page 27)



Prevent underarm odor and perspiration this safe way

● Nonspi is the safe way to prevent underarm perspiration. It is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use it without irritation. It now comes in a bottle with a siphon-principle top, easier, more sanitary and more economical to apply. And Nonspi itself is also improved so that it covers a larger surface area, and spreads quicker and easier. One application protects you two to five days. 35c and 60c a bottle at all drug and department stores.



NONSPI

THE SAFE ANTI-PERSPIRANT FOR FASTIDIOUS WOMEN
THE NONSPI COMPANY—NEW YORK

knee he pleaded for peace with the first expression that came into his head. "MAMMY!" he cried. Mrs. Goodman thought it was "cute".

Then one starry night it wasn't Al who brought home startling news. They sent him word from home. A new addition to their household was about to make its appearance.

He was in the pit that night conducting the show. He couldn't leave the theater, for Al felt lost with anyone else at the helm. So he stayed on with the sweat pouring down his cheeks and his mind in a whirl.

That night he met his son. He really wasn't very much to look at. Reddish, and not very perky. But it was a son and he might some day stand with his father, or even above him.

He must have faced each new day with a sparkle. Surely Victor Herbert got a little extra out of the almost insanely happy man even if he had to give ear to the antics of young Goodman.

The years themselves must have sung as they whizzed by. Zeigfeld called for the man who knew the pit better than any other. The Shuberts signed him up; too well did they know the value of a man who remembered his cues without a mistake ever. Others who built shows got the habit of hiring Goodman in advance to work with their authors. They took his advice!

BACKSTAGE would sit this small wide-eyed youngster listening to his father's voice as he went over points in "Sons O' Guns," "Flying High" and "The Cat And The Fiddle." The royalties Goodman earned that year made a respectable sum of which a nice portion could be set aside for a particular purpose having to do with someone close at hand.

Young chorines acted as attendants for the young man as he took in all the machinery of backstage, a place taboo for most of us. Stage hands were known to actually speak a kind word to him.

"I'd have started him at something

musical if he'd been interested," Al told me, "but he knew what he wanted. He was going to paint. I could see a possible Robert Edmond Jones in him. Say, a year or two at the Art Students' League, a year in Paris and then. . . ."

But outside demands were beginning to encroach on the time they had formerly had all to themselves. For one thing radio had been born but a short while ago and its first cries were for expert showmen well versed in the theater. Wise sponsors decided that Al was one of these and he entered into the field with the same intensity that he gave the stage.

Almost before he knew it he was up to his neck in work. Bromo-Seltzer had him down to handle the musical portion of their program. Colgate likewise, and he took over the Hall of Fame show. These, plus his recent nightly stint as musical director of "Life Begins At 8:40," kept him on the go.

He discovered that his first impression had been wrong, he liked the new medium. Come television and there might be a demand for young scenic designers with fresh ideas. He knew a boy who was going to be just about ripe for such work. He'd discuss it with Herb in the morning.

But there was to be no morning discussion. That night they handed him a note during the latter part of the second act. "Your son is at the hospital and he's"

The words blurred before his eyes. He doesn't remember finishing the second act. He spent the night at the hospital. In the early hours of the morning Herbert Goodman died.

Outwardly I don't think you'll note a great deal of change in Al. He performs all of his duties, his air work, his show, but there is something that just tells you that Al has had a great sorrow in his life. See if you can detect it when you listen in on "Rhythm at Eight" next Sunday night.

When it rains of an evening the people in his show say they notice a certain sadness about him, but never a let-up in his work.

You're a good trouper, Al!

Behind Closed Doors

(Continued from page 7)

very close to the bottom of all evening shows. As a matter of fact, this show sold more products than any other advertising medium the company has tried, rating Smith in the top flight as far as the sponsor is concerned. If you must know, that is the one thing sponsors go by. When a star sells the product he is plugging, he gets new contract after new contract. Fan mail and radio columns may be unfavorable, but as long as the sales are there he continues forever.

Remember reading about Max Baer shooting himself? Undoubtedly you decided that it was all a fake when he didn't die. As it happened, I was in the hotel at Asbury Park when it took place. I didn't see the blank cartridge explode and burn Max's burly chest, but I saw him hustled downstairs, pushed into a car, and driven to the hospital. I saw him afterwards, too, when the anti-tetanus injection shot into his leg began to make him feel very wobbly in the stomach. The really funny part of it is that Max is deathly afraid of guns in all forms. Earlier that same afternoon, we had a half-hour battle getting him to pose for pictures with a small air rifle. Not so

dumb after all.

Which makes me think of Peg LaCentra, the girl who is starring with Max on his Monday-night detective series. She was in on the Baer burning, some of the hot powder sailing past Max and landing on her cheek, just below the eye. In the confusion that followed, no one noticed Peg. She trotted meekly along while everyone worried over Baer and didn't ask for a thing until she got to the hospital. Then she suggested that some iodine be applied. Later, driving back to New York, with a clumsy bandage half stopping her breathing, she managed to laugh and joke with the rest of us. Guess it's true—what they say about women having more nerve than men when it comes to pain.

Everyone in radio seems to be buying either candid cameras or yachts. Mostly cameras—they're a little cheaper. Of course you have people like Ed Wynn with his house boat. Jimmy Melton and Stoopnagle with their floating palaces, and me with my rowboat. But everywhere you turn, someone is clutching a tiny box to his chest, snapping away at a favorite subject.

Easy Dishes for Easy Aces

(Continued from page 46)

we vary the program by serving a vegetable salad, using the same ingredients and mixing directions, then we prefer a chicken liver sauce for the spaghetti.

Farmer's Chop Suey is another cool, crisp Ace favorite.

FARMER'S CHOP SUEY

- 1 lb. cottage cheese
- 1 cup sour cream (more or less, according to the consistency desired)
- 2 cups diced vegetables, the preferred combination being cucumber, green pepper, radishes, green onions or chives.

Simply break up the cheese with a fork, and mix in half the sour cream. Add the vegetables and mix thoroughly into the cheese. Top the portions with the remaining sour cream and sprinkle with finely minced chives or parsley. This also makes a delicious sandwich filling.

"We sound like vegetarians," Jane said. "We aren't at all, but really there's nothing so good in the summer as corn on the cob or fresh asparagus. The secret of corn on the cob lies in the selection of young and tender ears and in the cooking. Bring fresh water to a brisk boil, add a teaspoonful of sugar and butter, pop in the corn and boil for seven minutes. Don't overcook it, and never use salt in the water. This sugar and butter addition is excellent for all vegetables.

FOR most summer vegetables we use only melted butter for dressing, but here is a more elaborate one for fresh asparagus, easier to make than hollandaise. Brown slowly two tablespoons of butter. When it is quite brown, but before it has reached the black butter shade, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon and add a like amount of sherry. This sauce is excellent for broccoli and artichokes, too, although for these the butter should not be allowed to get so brown.

"This seems a strange time, after the salads and vegetables, to talk of appetizers," Jane said. "but I would like to tell you about my favorite summer selection. It's melon balls—cantaloupe, honeydew and watermelon, shaped into round balls with a small scoop. The juice from the melon makes sufficient sauce, though lemon juice or white wine may be added.

"What about the ham-sweet-potato-pineapple dish?" Goodman asked.

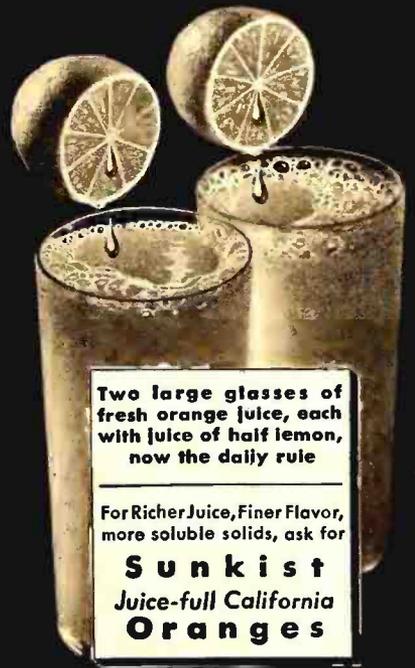
"It's really a winter dish, I guess," Jane answered. "but it is fine for those occasional summer dinners when you want a hot meal without the bother of cooking a number of things, because it all comes out of cans and is popped into the oven together, and served from the same casserole in which it is cooked.

"Place a small canned ham in a casserole, dot it with cloves and sprinkle with brown sugar. Lay canned pineapple slices around the ham, placing in the center of each slice a ball made of canned sweet potatoes. In the bottom of the casserole put a tablespoonful of the pineapple juice, the juice of half a lemon and a pat of butter. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes, basting occasionally with the liquid. With a fresh vegetable salad that's a grand meal for any time of the year.

If you would like the recipes for tomato and chicken liver sauces for spaghetti and for the curried deviled eggs, address your inquiries to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, c/o RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, and be sure to send a stamped addressed envelope.

WHEN YOUR GUMS BLEED

Find out why



Two large glasses of fresh orange juice, each with juice of half lemon, now the daily rule

For Richer Juice, Finer Flavor, more soluble solids, ask for

Sunkist
Juice-full California Oranges

Your dentist can help you avoid serious trouble — perhaps by one single change in diet. It lessened gum troubles 83% in 341 cases studied, free booklet shows.

GUMS that are soft, tender or bleed easily may merely be receiving *too little of the right foods*. If so, the condition is easily corrected. Neglected, it works serious damage.

This free booklet shows how easy it is to be well-fed but under-nourished, and how gums and teeth can suffer as the result. It describes 3½ years of research conducted by Dr. Milton T. Hanke while a member of The Sprague Memorial Institute at the University of Chicago. The 250-page report to the medical and dental professions is here condensed into 24 fascinating, illustrated pages.

It tells how 83% of gum troubles were corrected—how tooth decay was reduced 57% — simply by adding to a well-balanced daily diet *two large glasses of fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each*.

These citrus juices contain all four of the now known protective food essentials which help to keep the body youthfully vigorous—vitamins A, B and C, and calcium. They aid digestion and fortify the body's alkaline reserve.

Send for "World's New Dental Story" today. Discuss it with your dentist. You may find that an ample daily amount of fresh orange and lemon juice is all you need to correct an under-nourished gum and tooth condition. Mail coupon now.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Div. 4008-C, Box 530, Station C
Los Angeles, California

Send the free booklets, "World's New Dental Story," and "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Code, 1986, California Fruit Growers Exchange

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!



what a truly amazing difference
Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids
do make

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream before retiring.

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.



All Maybelline Preparations bear the seal of approval



Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 21)

were sitting about in the open beneath a balcony enjoying a rather languorous party, when suddenly Tibbett leaped to his feet calling that he'd been inspired to sing "Romeo and Juliet" and would some kind soprano please rush up to the balcony and be Juliet for him. No kind soprano would.

None the less, Lawrence burst into Romeo's song. When he'd finished, he disappeared into the villa, popping out on the balcony a moment later to sing Juliet in a falsetto voice. Once more he disappeared, and was shortly down on the lawn again singing Romeo.

He kept it up for quite a bit, but then you know Lawrence spends a lot of time being prankish.

* * *

Pretty Francia White, now in New York as singing star of "Music at the Haydn's" and "Beauty Box Theatre" programs finds the summer sun of New York City—it's her first visit here—rather more oppressive than her native California skies. But it takes more than that to daunt the girl. Five weeks before she made her operatic debut in the Hollywood Bowl two years ago, she was stricken with a serious attack of appendicitis. Yet when the appointed time came, she was there, weak, but determined. And she came through with a spirit that makes her another of California's prides.

* * *

At a recent "Circus Nights at Silver-town" rehearsal, Peg La Centra stopped momentarily in her mad dash to the microphone to sell us a chain letter. We didn't buy it, but we did find out that the powder burns she received when a prop blank cartridge pistol was accidentally discharged near her face at a rehearsal with Max Baer, weren't nearly so bad as some would have you believe. Certainly, they left no marks on her bright face.

Peg, incidentally, is very enthusiastic about her leading rôle with Max Baer in the Lucky Smith series. Says Max is swell to work with. And what with acting on that program and singing on the Silvertown hour, she's not sure whether she's singer or actress. Lots of smart people think she's both.

* * *

Eva Taylor, NBC singer, has learned what the New York subway snatch act means. A snatcher, a fellow of low breeding, reaches in through a subway car window just before the train starts, or through the door just before it closes, and grabs the most valuable article he can lay his hands on. Eva lost a lovely mink cape, a wedding anniversary present from her husband.

* * *

Short Short Short Stories

A great big motion picture for Phil Harris to star in is being planned . . . Other radio names will be in the cast . . . Despite the published stories, "Red" Nichols, CBS orchestra leader, is not dropping his nickname for his real given name, Loring . . . It was all banded about in the cause of publicity . . . We've been told by one who should know, to watch how Phil and Red will snap out in front on the air come the autumn . . . But then, Phil shouldn't worry. He was

drawing \$3,500 a week at a recent engagement at the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, Texas, which should at least pay his fare back . . . Jessica Dragonette has at last signed a motion picture contract—with M-G-M . . . Well, Grace Hayes and her accompanist, Newell Chase, admit they're going to be married? . . . Grace was divorced from Eddie Foy, Jr., of the stage Foys . . . Bing Crosby's brother Bob has left the Dorsey brothers' orchestra with which he has been the starring vocalist, and has organized his own band.

* * *

Where the Bands Are Playing This Month

There's not a few of you who wouldn't like to see your favorite radio orchestras in action, or if the opportunity offers, to dance to its music. That's why we list below where many of these orchestras will be during July. It vexes us not a little that we can't tell you where *all* of them will be, but if they don't know themselves when we write this, what to do about it?

But charge down the column and see if any of these are going to be near where you're going to be in July.

- Childs, Reggie—Essex House, Newark, N. J.
- Coakley, Tom—Touring in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Detroit, Denver and Dallas during summer.
- Coburn, Jolly—Exclusive hotels and clubs on tour. (All right, we'd like to know exactly which ones, too.)
- Cummins, Bernie—Hotel Roosevelt, New Orleans, La. (He'll be back at New York's Hotel Roosevelt in September.)
- Daily, Frank — Meadowbrook, Cedar Grove, N. J.
- Denny, Jack—Pennsylvania Roof, New York City. (Hal Kemp returns there in September.)
- Dorsey Brothers—Glen Island Casino near New Rochelle, N. Y.
- Duchin, Eddie—Playing one night stands across the continent on his way to opening at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles September 9th.
- Ferdinando, Felix—Club Palorma, Schemectady, N. Y.
- Fields, Shep—Palmer House, Chicago.
- Gray, Glen—On tour, but darned if we can keep up with him.
- Green, Johnny—Hotel St. Regis Roof, New York City. (Cool and star ceilinged, even if they are painted, for summer dancing. Johnny will be at the St. Regis at least until Labor Day.)
- Hall, George—Probably will still be at the Hotel Taft. They like him there.
- Hall, Sleepy—(and his wide-awake banjo) Shreveport, La.
- Harris, Phil—Back in New York after highly successful run at Hotel Adolphus in Dallas, Texas.
- Heidt, Horace—Drake Hotel, Chicago. (We hope he'll still be there when you read this.)
- Himber, Richard—Another leader playing theatres and ballrooms unrevealed to us as this is written. He returns to New York for each of his Studebaker

programs, which keeps him on the go. Hollander, Will—Miramar Restaurant, Shelburne Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J. (The Miramar for a generation and a half, has been one of Atlantic City's most beautiful and fashionable dining and dancing places. Hollander will do his piano specialties on the same keyboard used by Sigmund Romberg when he played there years ago.) Huntley, Lloyd—Ambassador Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J. Jelesnik, Eugene—Hollywood Restaurant, New York City. (We won't guarantee this.) Johnny, Johnny—Ross Fenton Farms, New Jersey. King, Henry—Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco. Light, Enoch—Hotel McAlpin, New York City. Meyer, Harry—Ausable Chasm, Plattsburg, N. Y. Reichmann, Joe—William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh. Sabin, Paul—Lexington Hotel, New York City. Schuster, Mitchell—Park Lane, New York City (Where smart people go to sit beneath umbrellas, continental café style and sip cocktails and dine. Mitchell will play for the luncheon, cocktail and dinner periods.) Whiteman, Paul—Theatres and ballrooms on tour. (Sorry I can't say just which ones, but watch for him. He'll be keeping up the Kraft program, of course.) (Any of the above locations are subject to change before RADIO MIRROR reaches you, but there is little likelihood there will be more than two or three variations.)

All About Theme Songs

How many signature songs is too many? The "House By the Side of the Road" program on NBC Sunday afternoon has five—no less. Other sponsors have wanted one or another of those themes at various times, but because of the NBC ruling that a theme can be used on but one program, they were turned down. It annoyed them. "Show Boat" has four themes, and many other programs have two.

Regardless of how vexed sponsors might be, listeners still have their intense curiosity in theme songs, what their names are, who composed them, at what publishers, if any, are they available.

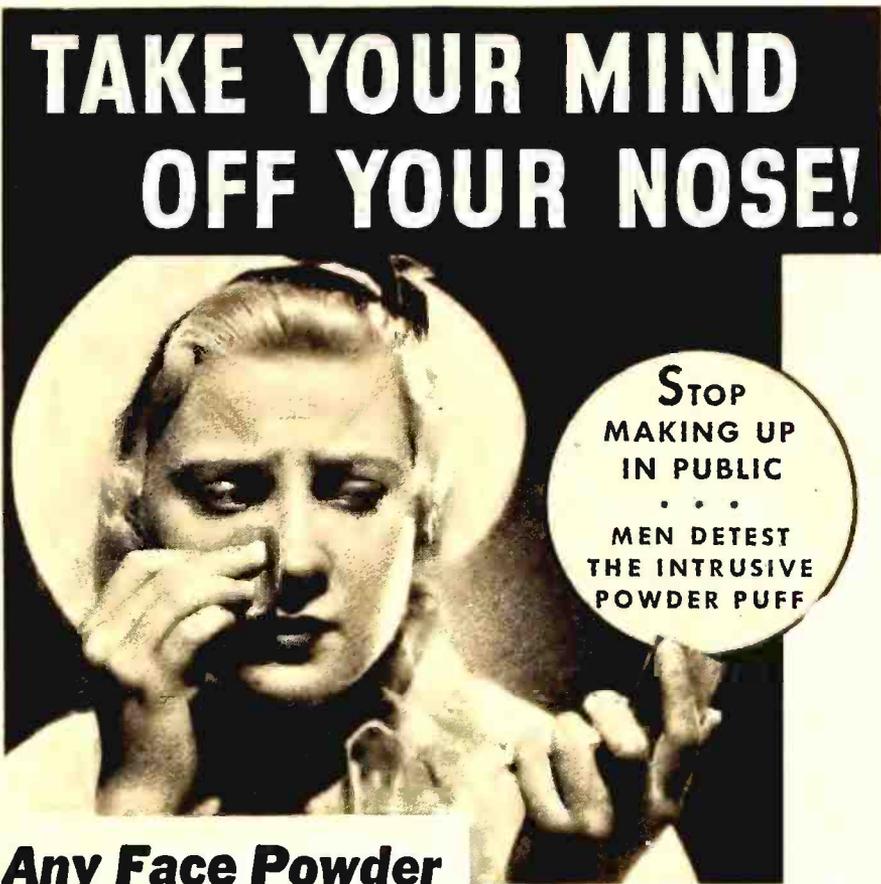
So this month, we'll tell about the signature songs on some of the above programs. (A list of addresses of publishers mentioned below is given at the end of this section.)

* * *

"House By the Side of the Road"—(1) Opening, "Turkey In the Straw," traditional (anyone can publish it who feels like it). (2) "We'll Build a House," composed by Marcelli and Coll (Ulderico Marcelli is musical director of the program), not available at present. (3) "Love Thy Neighbor" from "We're Not Dressing," published by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, Inc. (4) "Mary's a Grand Old Name," composed by George M. Cohan, published by Frank Crumit Songs Company. (5) "My Moonlight Madonna," composed by Zenke Fibich, published by Carl Fischer, Inc.

* * *

"Show Boat"—Opening, "Over the Waves," (the one played on what sounds like a calliope) composed by Juvinto Rossas, published by Carl Fischer, Inc. (2) "Here Comes the Showboat," composed by Rose and Pinkard, published by



Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

By *Lady Esther*

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there was a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least

being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes onto the skin, but *not* into it.

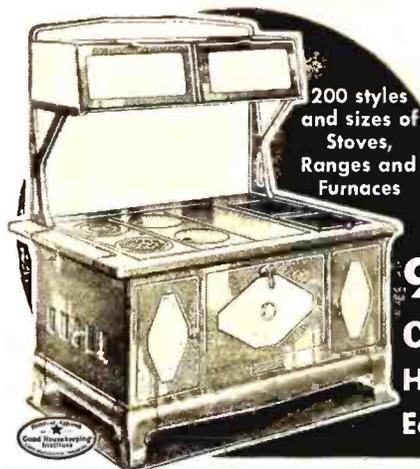
In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (15) **FREE**
 LADY ESTHER
 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.
 Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.
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 (If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



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* * *

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Is **FACING THE MUSIC** telling you all you want to know about radio music? Write down your questions—they'll be answered in this department. Use the coupon below and mail it to us. Next month: the exact size and personnel of famous orchestras!

In Each Other's Hair

(Continued from page 17)

about the initials. Girls like monograms on their belongings and three initials make better looking monograms than two. Don't you think so? So we had to give her a middle name. We decided on Jean. Sandra Jean Burns."

And that's why Mary is looking for a middle name for her baby now.

Wait till you hear about the furs! Last year, George Burns gave Gracie two beautiful silver foxes. Gracie hadn't had hers more than a few hours when Mr. Benny was hinted into going out and buying a couple for his wife, Mary. Well, the girls wore the neckpieces all season. This year Gracie took her furs to the furrier to have them cleaned and glazed. "But, Mrs. Burns," the furrier said, "nobody wears foxes just plain like this any more. You should have a cape collar."

It was no sooner said than done. Mary didn't exactly burn this time. She just simmered, for she had a plan in mind. She could go that skimpy little two-fox cape one better! On Mary's birthday, Jack (at her instigation), presented her with a brand new silver fox cape—a big one, with at least six skins running around and around her shoulders.

Gracie gushed over her friend's new cape and then made a flying trip to the furrier's. He advised her that the very latest thing was a fox fur cape with the skins running up and down, not horizontally. Gracie's eyes brightened. This

SAMPLE DRESSES FREE of EXTRA CHARGE NO MONEY NEEDED

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I Have Special Work For MARRIED WOMEN

UP TO \$22 IN A WEEK EASILY QUICKLY

Don't just wish for money. I need ambitious women in every town to make up to \$22 in a week demonstrating and taking orders for beautiful, smart new Fall and Winter styles of famous Harford Frocks.

Over a million satisfied customers. Complete line of exquisite last-minute models featuring the very newest fabrics and colors in all sizes. Also Chardonize fabric Lingerie endorsed and guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Women just can't resist them. You earn splendid income and get **SAMPLE DRESSES** (your size) **FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.**

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To John Skinner,
RADIO MIRROR,
1926 Broadway,
New York City.

I want to know

.....

.....

.....

Name

Address

Mail Post Card TODAY for GORGEOUS STYLE PRESENTATION SENT FREE!

was better luck than she had anticipated. "I'll take one of those," she ordered, "and make it snappy."

Well, it was snappy—about the snappiest looking cape that that furrier had ever turned out. And he was right about the direction in which the skins should run. Up and down, not around. All the new capes came out that way.

Mary almost cried when she saw Gracie's cape. It made hers look like last year's Ford. It ran the wrong way! You'll know how much it has been on her mind, and in the air, when I tell you this: After the broadcast the other night, when Mary and Jack were driving home in their beautiful new Cadillac car, Mary turned to Jack and said, "Do you love me?" Jack nodded. "How much?" she asked. "One silver-fox cape worth, with the skins running up and down!" he answered quickly. So all is well in the Livingstone-Benny household, because Mary has a birthday soon, and after that there'll be one more silver fox cape, with the skins running up and down, in Hollywood.

As for the housing situation, that is one in which Mary is really one up on Gracie and there's nothing that Gracie can do about it, much as she would like to. It serves her right, however, says Mary, because of something she tried to pull on her a few months ago in New York.

GRACIE and George had decided to move from the Essex House. After combing the town they found the ideal apartment at the Lombardy. It was a triplex with balconies and terraces and private elevators and what not. They took it. And then went home to tell the Bennys about it. The Bennys stewed. They had just signed another year's lease at the Essex House and there was nothing they could do about it.

But then came their revenge. Jack was signed by Mefro-Goldwyn-Mayer to come to the Coast and star in "Broadway Melody." When they arrived they were greeted by their old pals-walsies, Gracie and George, who were also there for a picture.

"Now, why don't you let me go looking for an apartment with you, Mary?" asked Gracie. "We've got an awful nice one at the Chateau Elysee, a duplex with a lovely terrace and all. Of course you wouldn't be able to get a duplex there because all of them are taken, but they have other nice apartments."

"No thanks," said Mary. "We're taking a house."

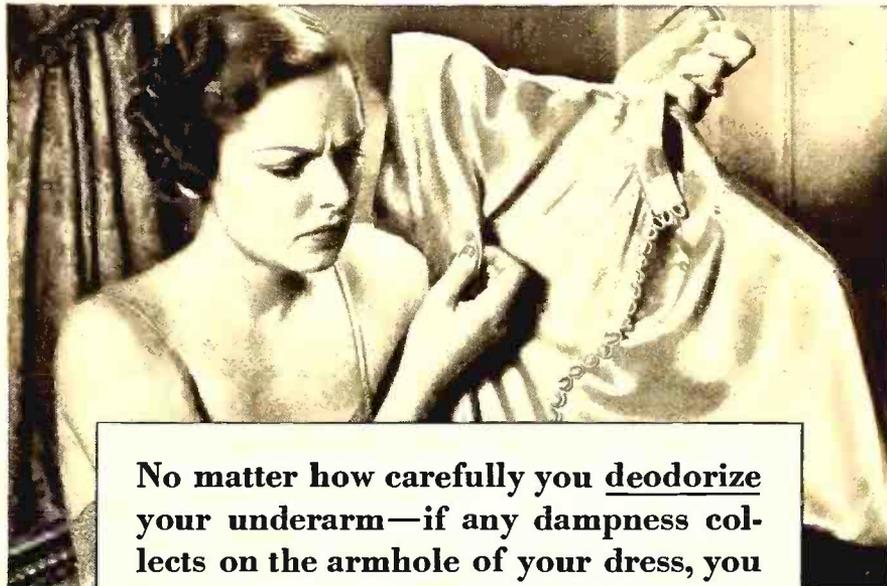
And a house is what they took. And what a house! They rented it from Lita Grey Chaplin and it's the sort of show-place that you'd expect the ex-Mrs. Chaplin to own. Beautiful gardens, a swimming pool, a handball court, all the comforts of home and the club, too. But the part of the house that puts the greenest glint in Gracie's eye, is the nursery.

"After seeing Mary's nursery, I can't stand my little one. Why, it's—well, it's just perfect. And the nursery bathroom! It has a miniature tub, a miniature wash-bowl and a miniature you-know-what, for the baby. Did you ever hear of anything so cute? And I can't do a thing about it, because we have a lease!"

And that's how Mary has finally turned the tables!

But the gag still goes on and on. It's so bad, that there isn't a hostess in Hollywood who would dare invite Burns and Allen to a party without also inviting Benny and Livingstone! It's a friendship, all right, but a bit feud-al, I'd say!

Tonight... make this "ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST



No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will have an unpleasant "armhole odor"

FAILURE TO SCORE a social success cannot always be attributed to a lack of personality. Often it is due to a condition that makes even sincere admirers turn away.

No matter how sure you are of yourself, make this simple test. Tonight when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole. That stale, musty "armhole odor" may be an unpleasant surprise.

Perhaps you thought you were sweet and dainty because you were using a cream or stick deodorant. But these easy-to-use preparations do only *half* the work needed. They deodorize, but they are not made to keep that little closed-in hollow of your underarm *dry*.

No Quick and Easy way!

THERE is no quick and easy method to prevent "armhole odor." When you *deodorize only*, moisture still collects on the armhole of your dress. And every time you put on that dress, the warmth of your body will bring out a stale, unpleasant

perspiration odor. Women who want to be sure not to offend have learned always to take the extra minutes needed to keep the underarm sweet and completely *dry*—with Liquid Odorono.

Entirely Safe...

YOUR doctor will tell you that closing the pores in the small underarm area is absolutely harmless. Odorono gently draws the pores together and diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of your body where it quickly evaporates without giving offense.

With Odorono, you are entirely free from "armhole odor." You can be really unself-conscious—your most charming self. You need never again wear hot, bulky dress shields or be humiliated by wrinkled blouses or stained coat linings.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby Colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to insure complete daintiness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.



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I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name _____

Address _____

The Great Radio Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 26)

last, "but you didn't really see anything except what he—" he gestured at Lee—"has told us already?"

"No," Flash admitted reluctantly, "but it seems to me—" Thomas cut him short.

"Some other time, Flash," he said, "That's all for today. You can all go now."

It was cooler in Sidney's apartment. A faint breeze came through the open windows, high over Central Park. Lee tossed his hat on the table and drew a deep breath. Throughout the subway ride from City Hall he and Sidney, bound to silence by doubt and restraint, had exchanged only a few words.

Lee's lips twisted into a wry smile. "Some mess, isn't it?" he said, trying to sound light-hearted. Sidney attempted a smile in return. At the sight of her pitiful parody of cheerfulness, he drew her into his arms, his hand softly smoothing her hair. At last he spoke, huskily.

"I—I don't very well know how to tell you this. I guess I'm not much good at telling a girl I love her. But I do love you, Sidney. I knew it today when that big palooka was bulldozing you about—about working in your father's show," he finished lamely.

SIDNEY felt her heart beating, tearing at her breast, echoing his words in a mounting song of gladness—"I love you—I love you!" What did Thomas' suspicions matter! All the sordidness of the past three days dropped away from her like mud under a cleansing stream. Unafraid, she gave him her lips for answer.

"Let's get married, right now," Lee whispered against her cheek. "I want to know that you're mine, that nothing can take you from me."

Gently she stepped away from Lee. "No," she said in a dead voice. "No. Thomas suspects me. I can't marry you until this murder is cleared up."

Lee expostulated, paced the floor, argued with her, but she stood firm.

"But what are you going to do about a job?" he demanded.

She managed a smile. "Don't worry. Something'll turn up. It just has to. I have enough money for a little while."

He knelt by her side. "Sidney," he said gravely, "if it's the last thing I do, I'm going to get you cleared of this thing. Until then, every day I'm going to ask you if you've changed your mind about marrying me."

He jumped up, pulled her to her feet, and kissed her once, hard—then he was out of the door.

Lee mounted the steps of City Hall briskly. It seemed years to him since he and Sidney had met here and gone to the questioning. So much had happened in a few hours! Down the hall he found the door to Thomas' office and knocked.

"Come in," the heavy voice called. Lee stepped inside. The detective's eyebrows moved together when he saw the announcer. His square shoes slipped from the desk where they had been resting, bringing him upright.

"What's up?" he asked. "It's this way, sir," Lee told him. "It means everything to me to have this murder cleared, and—well, I want to help. I thought perhaps there was something I could do."

Thomas grimaced at Lee's offer. "Listen, young man," he said, "we're

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Mercolized Wax—one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. It cleanses, softens, bleaches, lubricates and protects. So simple to use, too. Just pat it on your skin each night as if it were an ordinary cold cream. Mercolized Wax seeps into your pores, dissolves grime, dust and all impurities. It absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, smooth, young skin that lies beneath. It clears away freckles, tan, oiliness, sunburn or any other blemishes. You use such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty investment. Beauty can not be taken for granted. It must be cared for regularly if you want to hold beauty through the years. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Let it make your skin more beautiful.

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HOW A QUICK, EASY WAY TO LEARN MUSIC

changed my name from "Miss" to "Mrs."

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, 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 new method perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales, no tiresome hours of practise. You play 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 night that proved 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, and it wasn't long before I met Tom, who shortly afterwards asked me to be his wife.

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This story is typical. Over 700,000 people 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. U. S. School of Music, 3068 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Piano Accordion	
Or Any Other Instrument	

doing everything we can. Any time I need you, I'll let you know. As if I didn't have enough to worry about with all the publicity and everybody yelling for an arrest!" Just then his telephone rang.

"Yeah, Thomas speaking," he growled into the mouthpiece. "What? Are you sure? I'll be right over." He hung up the receiver with a bang.

"One of your friends on the radio program just went into Gail Richard's apartment building," Thomas explained, reaching for his yellowed straw hat. He hurried through the door, his head thrust eagerly forward.

"Can't I go with you?" Lee pleaded. Thomas stopped in the hall. Something in Lee's manner softened his official bearing.

"Why not?" he shrugged. Together they went out to an official car which was waiting with an uniformed chauffeur. Thomas gave the driver the address of Gail's apartment.

A man in plain clothes was waiting there for them. "He's still inside," he told them.

Leaving the car, Lee and Thomas found the elevator operator in the dimly lit lobby. The plain clothes man went with them. Thomas showed his badge. The operator stared suspiciously before taking them into the elevator. He let them out on the tenth floor.

They were silent as they walked down the hall. The elevator door clanked shut behind them. At the door of Gail's apartment, Thomas paused to insert a pass key. He turned the lock softly.

STAY in the hall," he ordered the plainclothesman.

The door swung on well oiled hinges. Lee strained his eyes to see in the darkened room. Then he caught sight of a tiny stream of light pouring beneath the door to the bedroom.

"Quick!" Thomas whispered hoarsely.

Thomas threw open the door. Lee catapulted himself after the detective. There, to the right! Lee dove in a football tackle that sent him crashing against someone. They came down together with a crash. Thomas flooded the room with light.

"Hold him!" he shouted. Lee pressed down on the squirming figure, his knee on the man's chest.

Thomas ran over, grasped the man by the collar, jerked him to his feet. In the bright light Lee saw who it was.

"Bobby!" His exclamation echoed against the walls.

Bobby Sharpe's red-rimmed eyes darted about, seeking escape. He wet his dry lips. Thomas stared at the short, cringing figure of the singer, recognition bringing grimness to his face.

"Bobby Sharpe, eh?" he said roughly. "All right, Sharpe, out with it. What're you up to, sneaking into this apartment?"

"Nothing," Bobby said sullenly, stark terror written on his narrow features, yellowed with fright. He crouched as though under a blow as Thomas ran practiced fingers through his pockets. Out of the coat he brought two crumpled slips of paper. He took them closer to the light.

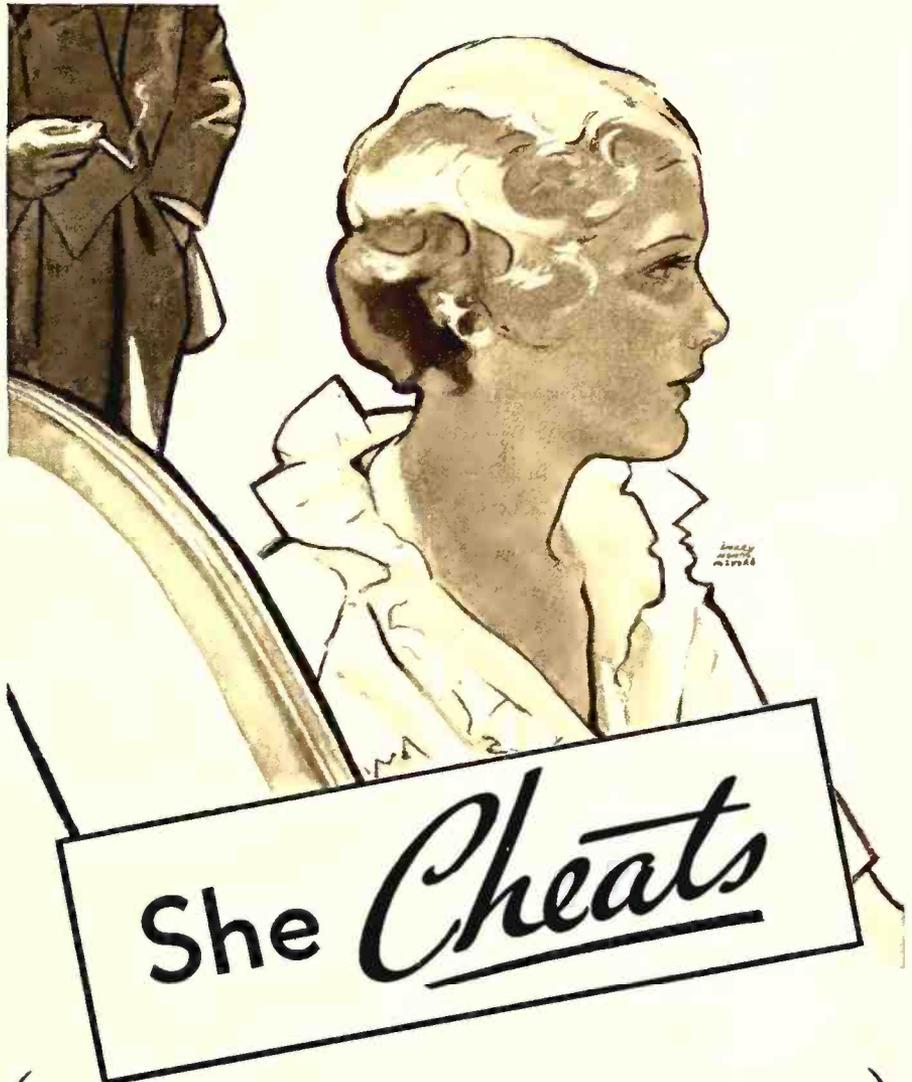
"I.O.U.'s for four thousand bucks, made out to Gail Richard from Bobby Sharpe!" He went back to Bobby. "So that's the game, is it?" he snapped. "You owe the woman money, so you killed her!"

"No, no!" Bobby screamed, twisting in the detective's grasp. "For God's sake give me a chance." Thomas was silent.

"I had to get those back," Bobby went on. "If you had found them, you'd have thought I did it!"

"What d'ya suppose we think now?" was Thomas' brutal reply.

Lee was puzzled. "Wait a minute," he said, "how did you ever borrow money



(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

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Always count on Mum to prevent the odor of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

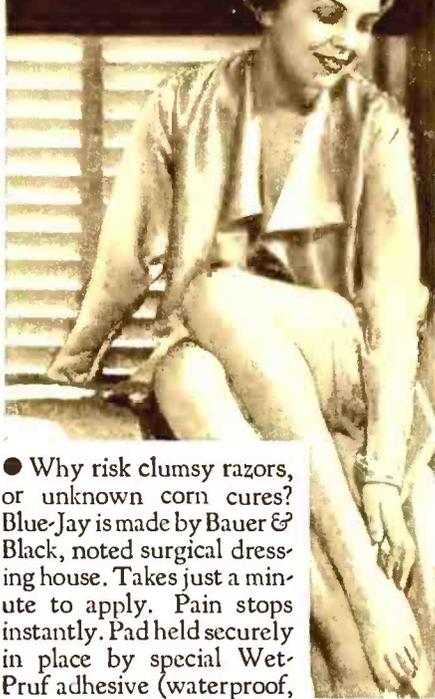


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ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

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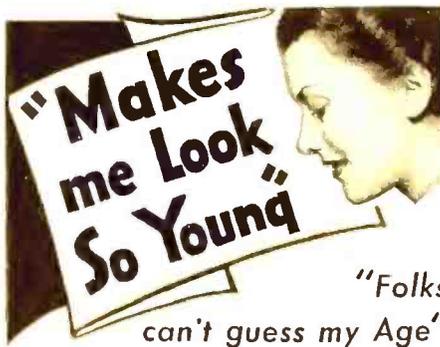
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Send general 7-day package of Sem-Pray Cream. Include introductory packages Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name.....
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from a woman like Gail Richard?" Relief flooded Bobby's face. "Sure," he whined. "That's right. I'm not the man you want. It's Gail's husband you're after."

"Gail's husband!" Lee was bewildered by Bobby's reply.

"Yeah, the Professor. Professor Halsey," Bobby went on more rapidly, eager to grasp at this opportunity. "Gail's been married to him for years. She didn't want anyone to know."

"So you blackmailed her?" Thomas broke in.

"No," Bobby said, sick with nervousness. "I'd never have told anyone. I gave her I.O.U.'s, didn't I?"

"What the hell of that?" said the detective. "Come on, let's go!" He jerked Bobby after him. In the hall, Lee asked Thomas:

"Now who's guilty?"

"I wish," Thomas replied, "I knew what motive the Professor could have had for murdering his wife!"

At the station, Thomas booked Bobby on illegal entry and attempted theft. As he left him, he said, "You're lucky it's not a murder charge."

Lee was jubilant over Bobby's revelation. Running, he entered the corner drug store and found a phone booth. He dialed Sidney's number. Sidney answered before the first ring had ended.

"Sidney, I got swell news," he said. "We just found out that the man you saw in Gail's dressing room was her husband!"

"Lee! Who told you?"

"Bobby Sharpe. It seems that Gail had been giving him money to keep quiet about the marriage."

"Then they're on the right track now!" "I think so, Sidney. I've got to go now, but I'll call you about it later."

Sidney left the phone, half afraid that Lee's high hopes might be dashed. So the man—the Professor—was married to Gail and no one knew it! No wonder he hadn't appeared after the murder. If they could only find him—

Then she remembered. She saw again that gaunt figure, menace in his voice, saying to Gail, "When you want to get in touch with me, I'm staying at Dell's hotel." Dell's hotel. Of course! Why hadn't she thought of it before?

Already she knew what she must do. She would go to the Professor, make him come with her to the police. And if he argued—Sidney smiled. She had handled men like that before. She slipped into her bedroom, found a small pistol she had used in the rodeo, stuffed it into her purse and ran from the apartment.

LEE found Flash Hanlon at the Dispatch office in the editorial rooms. The reporter was putting on his coat when Lee came. Typewriters beat out a staccato note. Presses rumbled unceasingly deep floors below. Copy boys carrying sheets of typewritten paper ran back and forth. Lee had never seen such utter confusion.

"Hi, Lee," Flash said. "What's on your mind?"

"News." Lee said. "I have you heard that Bobby Sharpe was caught in Gail Richard's apartment?"

"By God!" Flash exclaimed. "When?"

Lee told of Bobby's capture, and the story that the Professor had been married to Gail. Remembering that Flash had not heard about the Professor's visit to Gail, he described it for the reporter.

"That's swell. The nuts," Flash said, beaming at Lee. "Boy, are things breaking around here these days! But how come you told me? What can I do for you?"

Lee was embarrassed.

"I thought you could help me find the

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ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

Dept. RM-8

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Professor. Your being a newspaper man ought to help a lot. You know the ropes better than I do. I've got to get this murder solved."

"Because of Sidney?" Flash asked shrewdly.

Lee flushed and nodded. "I can't get her to marry me until she's cleared of this damn thing! The poor kid's out of a job, too. Unless something happens pretty soon, I don't know what she'll do."

Flash chuckled. "Don't worry about a job for her. I think I can fix that up, all right. I had something in mind for her last Friday, but I didn't get a chance to tell her."

"You mean it?" Lee was feeling better. After all, Flash Hanlon had prestige at ATS. More than Lee did. "Don't tell Sidney I asked you, though," he warned.

"All right," Flash agreed. He looked at Lee a moment in silence, speculatively. "You're a good egg," he went on. "I'll let you in on something." His voice lowered. "I just got a call from this Professor guy himself before you came in. He said he had some information for me. I was wondering whether or not to go. But after what you've told me, there's no doubt about it!"

"I'm going with you," he said in determination.

"Okay," Flash said. "Let's be on our way for another Flash Hanlon news scoop."

DELL'S hotel was a hotel in name only. It lay deep in poverty and dirt—part of the squalor under Brooklyn bridge. Before the war the building had been a prosperous stable. Now it rented out rooms on the second and third floors for fifty cents a night. It boasted of one ancient clerk who spent most of his time at a nearby saloon. During the day scarcely a tenant remained. It was only at night, tired and hungry, that men came for beds.

It took Lee and Flash precious minutes before they found the Professor's room. The clerk was nowhere to be seen. They hurried up the stairs. There was only one private room on the second floor. The Professor's dirty card was nailed to the door. Flash knocked. There was no response.

"Let's go in," Lee urged. Flash shrugged and opened the door. The Professor was in, but he was not receiving callers. His gaunt body lay across the iron cot, face up, unseeing eyes on the ceiling. Blood from a hole in his forehead clotted in his long hair.

Lee ran to the bed, stopping in horror as he saw the glazed eyes.

"He's shot himself!" he whispered, though there was no need for quiet. They were alone in the building with the corpse.

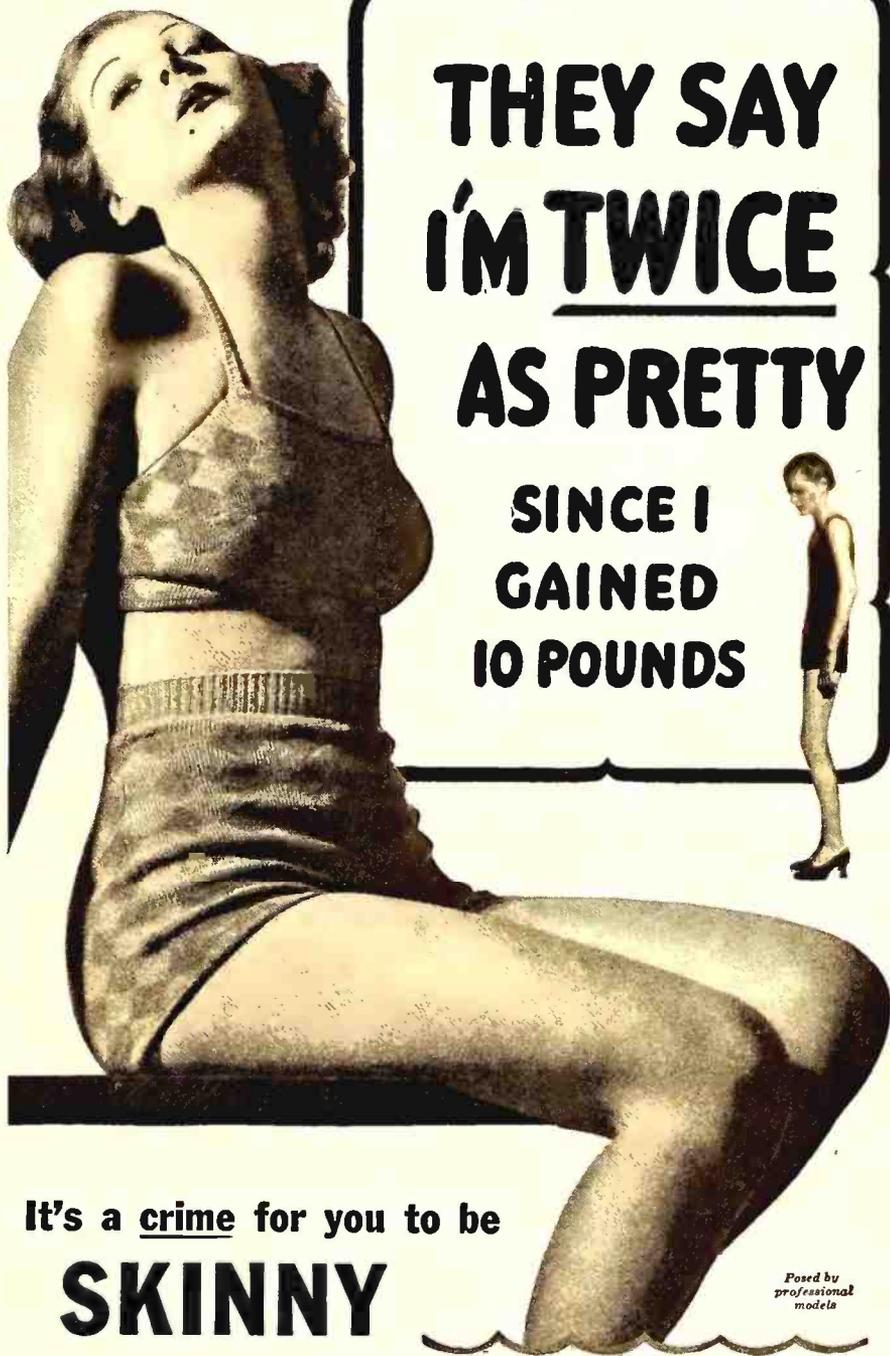
Flash whistled softly. He joined Lee at the bedside, snapping his fingers in glee. "Wow," he said eagerly. After a keen look at the body he went on: "I wasn't sure when you told me, but I can see now that it's really Halsey, himself!"

Lee looked at him in surprise. "You knew him?"

"Years ago, in Pittsburgh, when I worked on the paper there," Flash said. "He's changed since then. No one ever knew what had happened to the old boy. And to think he was still married to Gail!"

"But what are we standing around like this for when I've got the biggest scoop of the year! This isn't any suicide. It's murder! You don't see any gun, do you? Come on—let's go, boy, while I make newspaper history!"

He swung across the room, his face flushed scarlet. Lee had turned to go when he saw it—a bit of perfumed lace too absurdly small to be called a handkerchief. It lay nearly hidden beneath the bed. He



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bent over and picked it up. Flash was already at the door. The room whirled dizzily in front of Lee as he straightened up.

"Hey, snap into it," Flash said. "We've got work to do." Then he saw the agony in Lee's eyes. "What's the matter with you? Is this the first time you ever saw a stiff?"

Lee shivered. "I'm all right," he said, thrusting his right hand, which rigidly clutched that bit of lace, behind his back. He followed Flash down the steep stairs.

Outside, in the clean air, Flash said, "Wait while I phone this in to the paper. It won't take a minute. Then we'll ride up in a cab together."

Lee nodded numbly. "Okay," he said huskily.

Flash left Lee at Fortieth street and Fifth avenue. The cab careened around the corner and continued on its way. In front of the imposing ATS building on Madison, Flash leaped out, stuffed a bill in the driver's hand and made for the elevators. In spite of his paunchiness he made good time. He was in his small studio for the broadcast with two minutes to spare.

"I didn't have to hurry after all," he complained to the panic stricken engineer in the control room who had waited ten

minutes for the appearance of the reporter. At exactly nine he was on the air.

One of Flash's listeners tonight was Daniel Thomas, at home on the Grand Concourse, the Bronx. His stockinged feet hung comfortably over the end of the plush davenport. He sighed as Flash's familiar voice rolled from the loudspeaker. The tones were soft, drawing, but behind them was a dramatic feeling of importance. Thomas listened more carefully than was his habit.

"Tonight," Flash's voice said, "I have a message for the New York police department. An important message, I believe. It is a clue to the murder of Gail Richard! If the police will go to Dell's hotel—they can find the address in the phone book—they will find there the body of the man who was Gail Richard's husband, the man known as Professor Halsey, the man who disappeared on the night of the murder!"

Thomas was at the phone in two leaps. "Police headquarters!" he snapped.

Flash finished his broadcast with a resumé of the crime, pushed back his chair, and wiped his damp forehead. Fresh beads of perspiration sprang out. He groaned as sudden pain racked him, his breath coming in deep gulps. The engineer ran from the control room.

"What's wrong with you?" "Nothing—I'm all right now." Flash pulled himself straighter in the chair. He rested a moment, shaken by the furious pain in his breast. Then he left the studio, once more on his way to the Dispatch.

The walk to Sidney's apartment was sheer agony to Lee, but he needed time to quiet his throbbing nerves before he saw her. He walked in a daze, looking neither to right nor left. Only when he reached the apartment and rang the bell at Sidney's door, did he realize he had arrived.

Pale, visibly shaken, Sidney let him in. They stood in the middle of the room, neither of them able to speak, each fearing what was in the other's mind. Lee took the lace handkerchief from his pocket and pushed it toward Sidney on the table. Her eyes opened wide, her trembling lips parting.

"Where did you find it?" she whispered. "Then it is yours," Lee groaned.

Has Sidney been in the Professor's room? And was Flash right when he said it was really murder, not suicide? Next month's Radio Mirror, on the newsstands July 24, will bring you more thrilling questions and answers to this baffling story of radio love, hate and murder.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 51)

programs as "The Lady Next Door," "Wheatenaville" and "The Singing Lady?" Hats off to that type of entertainment. I feel sure that the "Lady Next Door" could sell just as many boxes of cereal or tubes of tooth paste, etc., as "Jack Armstrong."

There would be thousands of little tots enjoying a more peaceful state of mind and more restful slumber if the blood-curdling serials were wiped off the air or changed to later in the evening. Maybe I am wrong. What do you think?

MRS. VICTOR GREENSLADE,
Bellevue, Ohio.

\$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

We are all radio fans at our house. Each has his or her favorite programs. It seems little short of a miracle to sit at the radio and by a simple turn of the dial "visit" London, Santiago, Melbourne, or some other distant city. I consider radio one of our modern Seven Wonders of the World. . . .

Like everything else, radio has its shortcomings. The thing that irritates me most is to have an entertainer murder the "King's English." Surely it is possible to put across the negative idea without telling us that he "ain't never done nothing." Quite frequently this type of

grammar is used in plays that come over the air. After enduring it for a while, I simply tune in on another station where the diction does not jar.

MRS. V. B. HARREL,
Hilo, Hawaii.

\$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

We enjoy our radio all the year round—in summer as well as winter. I am at a loss to understand why so many sponsors discontinue their broadcast during the summer months, and think it would be interesting to know what the listeners think about it. Why not take a vote on it. I for one will vote for the summer programs.

SAMUEL JOSPER,
Greensboro, N. C.

HONORABLE MENTION

"As a defender of the studio audience, I wish to state that applause adds, rather than detracts to my enjoyment of a program."—Miss Betty Hoffmann, Ashland, Ky.

"Here's hoping a lot of the program manufacturers relax on their summer vacations and let many a new idea seep into their well-tracked minds . . . but let it be NEW."—U. N. Lee, Twin Falls, Idaho.

"I believe that constructive criticism has caused an improvement in programs."—Geraldine Guhl, New Cumberland, Pa.

"There is too much modern orchestra music on the air. There are a great many people who would prefer having a little old-time music now and then."—Mrs. H. Hall, Duluth, Minn.

"Wonder why Bing Crosby doesn't take more pains with his broadcasts? He was my favorite for two years, but lately—not so good!"—R. B. Palonski, San Francisco, Calif.

"I do wish sponsors would cease extending the depression to the airwaves. We all have our troubles and would do without hearing about people who seem to be continually jumping out of the frying pan into the fire."—Mrs. Kathleen E. Clarke, Springfield, Mass.

"Why not permit children to choose their own radio programs? Parents everywhere are condemning the blood and thunder radio programs on the grounds that they are not "good for them." We parents really don't know because we cannot share the same viewpoint as our children."—Kent Crosby, Springdale, Pa.

EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT MAJOR BOWES

A great success in the motion picture industry, this famous gentleman put his career behind him and turned to radio, creating one of the top programs of the air.

In next month's RADIO MIRROR, out July 24, you can read the fascinating life story of this great master of ceremonies. Don't miss it!

The Lowdown on Tony and Gus

(Continued from page 15)

plight his friends all too clearly recognized. He even turned down a belated offer which his former sponsor made him. Though life in comparison might be stripped bare, Brown would remain loyal to himself and just then that loyalty meant refusal to attempt a comeback.

"You see," Brown told me, "I must have been pretty well drained, back there in 1932. My part of Matt Tompkins had been running five years without a let-up. I'd reached a point of over-stimulation and I was all in. Pretty much up in the air about my future. If radio was gone for me, what would I do? After all, I'm just an accident in radio."

Against the advice of his most loyal friends, Brown departed from New York and went to his hundred and twenty-five acres of land at Saugerties where a library of cherished books, a cellar of white wines, and a fire of crackling logs could restore in time his love of creative work.

He knew when he arrived at the quiet peace of his farm that he must never go back to radio until the emptied reservoirs of thought were filled to brimming fullness again. He might have been able to produce a program then, but it would have had in it none of that fiery, driving energy that was so necessary to complete success. No, he must be true to himself and wait it out.

It took two years and a half before he was ready. But slowly Brown was recapturing his original delight in character creation.

"I really think I have something," he confided to friends at last. He became more conscious of his half-formed idea. Bits of amusing dialect began to pop into his mind, freely, delightfully, as they once did when he still enjoyed writing Real Folks. More and more, he was sure of himself. New York began to beckon.

Then, one night when he called on some friends, he met Mario Chamlee and greeted him in dialect. Chamlee replied with a rapid fire of Italian dialect and many wild gestures of his hands. One quip led to another. Everyone in the room gathered around the two. The impromptu performance was such a success that the guests demanded a repeat performance the next day, and then a third and a fourth. No longer were they Mario and George, but Tony and Gus. Visitors from miles around flocked to hear them.

Brown was excited, elated, suddenly sure of success. What more proof did he need than this ever-increasing popularity with the people living near his home? He and Mario spent long hours rehearsing, writing, talking.

It has been a long road, at times an arduous one, that led Mario Chamlee to Tony and Gus. Until he met Brown last summer, there was never a single signpost that pointed to his ever being anything but a high priced singer of high priced rôles, Metropolitan operas like "La Boheme" with beautiful Lily Pons.

Even Mario's chance to sing was a prolonged battle against the strict beliefs of his father, a Methodist minister to whom any kind of stage work for pay was work in the devil's own employ. Instead of the singing lessons his son desired so much, he gave him lessons on the violin.

But Mario was not to be denied. Though he stuck to the violin until he finished high school, when he entered the University of Southern California, he gave it up in favor of the glee club. For some

time it was a secret activity, hidden from his family. After graduation, he faced another struggle. He wanted to join the San Carlos Opera Company, because it was traveling to New York and above all else he desired a chance to study there.

His father, until now inclined to be a little lenient with Mario, rose in his wrath and shouted a vigorous "No!" But Mario, risking the chance that when his father heard him sing he would relent, joined anyway. His father did relent.

Later, he even sang in vaudeville awhile, nearly estranging himself from the family forever. Slowly he was working up. Then, one eventful day, a telegram—he was hired for a Sunday concert as soloist for the Detroit Symphony orchestra! And, as luck would have it, was heard by a scout for the Metropolitan.

With opportunity pushing him so steadily ahead, he couldn't possibly fail. He auditioned for the famous Gatti-Casazza and was put under contract. For nine years he has sung with this august body of artists, loving the work. Here on this stage he met Ruth Miller, fell in love with her, and persuaded her to marry him.

AFTER the marriage, Ruth dropped from the Metropolitan ranks. But now, after the birth of a son, she is studying and training for a return.

Still, Mario must have something more. Singing in opera, while it had its charm, had never been enough. He eventually realized what it was—he wanted somehow to get closer to his audience, project across the footlights to them his feeling of friendliness. In opera, that would always be impossible.

While he was seeking a means, a new road opened to him. Radio. Eagerly he tried it, finishing one thirteen-week contract early this spring, the Garden Hour on Sundays. Though it was not quite the right thing, he was satisfied, for he knew by then that shortly he would begin work in Tony and Gus.

That, to Mario, was the cherished goal that he had dreamed of reaching so many times. In the character of Tony he could create, could become a real figure in the minds of his listeners before he began singing to them. When his voice would pour forth its song, it would mean much more to his attentive audience.

Dialect he knew he could do. It has always been easy for him. Hearing his name, then listening to his character of Tony, you'd say, "He should be good, since he's an Italian." Yet his real name which he discarded as hopeless for the stage is Cholmondeley, pronounced in English as "Chumlee," hence Chamlee.

Next fall, Mario will sing in a series of concerts, a series which was arranged in May. So that when he is warned about staying too long in radio, he only smiles. If he can arrange concerts nearly six months ahead, he isn't worrying.

That's why you can understand how, at that first rehearsal, it was inevitable that the sponsors and NBC officials were excited and enthusiastic. Mario and George put everything they possessed into their roles. Only one thing more, in their minds, was essential to the success of the program. They must have Elsie Mae Gordon with them.

"But we will supply you with a cast," the program director told them.

"Oh, I'd like to take a hand in that myself," placidly responded Brown, who having created the parts, holds the



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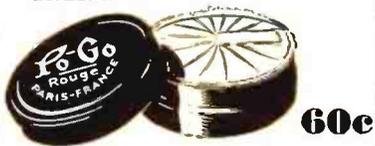
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Brightens Every Shade of Hair

author's little conceit that he knows better than any sponsor just the people he wants to fill them.

"I want Elsie Mae Gordon, first of all. She was with me in Real Folks. I couldn't put on a show without her."

"But after Real Folks, she dropped out from straight dramatic parts for over a year," the casting director recalled. "Didn't she play only animal roles? Surely, she took the part of 'Polynesia the Parrot' in the Doctor Doolittle Hour and 'Piglet' in Winnie-the-Pooh. No pigs or parrots in this. That counts her out."

"I want Elsie Mae Gordon. She'll play the Kansas rooming-house keeper fine," Brown persisted, "and all the rest of the feminine rôles, too, if we give her the chance. Listen," he hurried on, "if I'm making a comeback on the program, Elsie Mae is going to make hers right along with me."

In the end, the director gave in. Elsie Mae was called to rehearsals.

Which makes George Frame Brown the man who came back and—what is more important—remained the master of his own soul. Which makes Mario Chamlee the Metropolitan singer who turned comedian to bring the audience closer to him. And which gives radio listeners a brand new hit.

The Girl Who Runs Don Bestor

(Continued from page 35)

the invitation is turned down. Friends who drop in on them of an evening know that all hilarity stops at half past nine, for that's when the tiny head of the house curtsies good night to them all.

She is almost as busy as her talented father. There's never an idle day on her calendar. Don has seen to that. It's part of his plan to give his daughter a liberal education, so that she will not be knocked around by life as he was. Let's follow her for a week:

MONDAY is taken up with a ballet lesson at the Metropolitan. Tuesday finds her busy with a tap dance lesson—just in case the classics ever bore her. On Wednesday she is sent by taxi to a dramatic school. On Thursday she devotes two hours to a piano lesson from a special teacher. Friday is French lesson time and the big red letter day of the week, for then she has two hours off to play tag with her little friends in the school yard. Saturday she dances at the Metropolitan, and Sunday—well, of course there's Sunday School and church. She's no piker, Mary Ann; she loves to study, and on sunny days her mother finds it hard to drag her from her books to go out and play.

When I saw them last, Mary Ann was all enthused about her coming trip to Hollywood. Yes, she went right along with Don, Jack Benny, Frank Parker and the rest.

"Lily Pons is out there for pictures. I acted with her at the Met. Maybe I will be in movies, too," she said, her eyes sparkling.

And we wouldn't be at all surprised if that happens, because in looks, Mary Ann is not unlike her favorite movie idol, Shirley Temple. And so far, she has got everything else her little heart has desired—largely because her famous dad is just an old soffie when the little yellow-haired elf climbs into his lap.

She has a nursery with animal-covered curtains at the windows, and an English

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maid all her very own. She sleeps in a specially built miniature edition of her daddy's four-posted maple bed. Her triangle-shaped writing desk is a real antique which fits snugly in one corner of her room. It has glass shelves all round the top, in which she keeps about two dozen of her best dolls. It's the kind of desk you can buy anywhere on Madison Avenue for a few hundred dollars! . . . Then there's a play bench, and a miniature dresser with an autographed photograph of Lily Pons in a modernistic glass frame. The smoothest child's book case we ever saw is there too, with a small sized yet complete set of Encyclopedia Britannica at one end and a book about Shirley Temple at the other.

Her wardrobe—we couldn't possibly overlook that. It's more complete than her mother's. In one tiny closet there were thirty-nine dresses, with hats and shoes to match them all.

"But aren't you afraid all this will spoil her?" we asked timidly.

"No," said Don positively. "Not Mary Ann! You see, she keeps so busy she doesn't have time to think about the things she has. We're spending a lot of money on her, but when she gets old enough to go on her own she'll have had all these things always, and she will know how to handle her own money."

AND suppose she decides to go on the stage?" we asked. "Won't being used to all this break down her morale during the starvation period?"

"There won't be any, for her. This kid will never have to go from agency to agency, the way I did, and the way her mother did. If she can't make the grade there's money enough right here to see her through. She has her own bank account right now."

Mary Ann is unquestionably the head of the Bestor household. But in return for turning their haphazard, theatrical lives topsy turvy, she has brought those two more genuine happiness than all the fame and wealth Broadway could offer.

And perhaps, in later years, Mary Ann may come around to see her father's attitude about music, and understand why he went on playing jazz against her small but vehement wishes. She may even come to be thankful that, in addition to her classical education, she has known the hide-ho, hip-hip-hurray of vaudeville, and the lullaby of radio jazz.

Flying Blind

(Continued from page 19)

Over his head in the plane was a receiving set tuned in to a radio code signal. From his earphones came the steady buzz which told him that he was not varying an eighth of a mile from the direct line to the airport. If he swung to the left, the steady buzz broke into dots and dashes, if he swung to the right, the buzz became still another set of dashes and dots. Each time that warning of dashes and dots came to him, he veered back until the signal became steady. So that in spite of the flying conditions he soared over the Kansas City field almost on time.

That is proof enough of what radio can and does do for flying. And when the pilot reached the airport that night, the land operator gave him warning not to attempt a landing. Radio was able to do that. What it could not do at the moment was enable the pilot to answer the land operator. What difference it might have made, it is impossible to state definitely.



Why Ex-Lax is the Ideal Hot Weather Laxative!

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.
2. In summer there is a greater

loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

CORNS

CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES



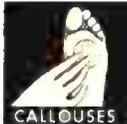
STOPS NAGGING SHOE PRESSURE and FRICTION

Imagine a relief so quick-acting that it instantly puts you at ease in new or tight shoes; stops their nagging pressing or rubbing on your feet and toes and drives out the pain of corns, callouses and bunions at once! That's what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do for you! They are specially medicated to end pain and scientifically designed to cushion and shield the sore spot from shoe friction and pressure and prevent tender spots and blisters.



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Even that feat, a few years ago, would have been impossible. The pilot, without his directional beam which radio gave him, would never have located Kansas City in that fog. Now radio has gone a big step farther along. In a year or possibly two, it will take the plane down onto the field and such accidents will be avoided.

That is why flying today is as safe a means of transportation as there is in the world. What the skill of seasoned pilots has left undone, radio has done.

There is still another innovation for flying blind (flying without having sight of any familiar landmarks, not knowing exactly where you are). It is rapidly approaching the practical stage and will be put in use for flights across the Pacific.

Stretching thousands of miles away, at the end of one of the world's most dangerous water routes, lies China, newest goal of commercial aviation. All America has thrilled at the thought of a gleaming metal plane roaring across the bay at San Francisco, lifting into the air, disappearing into the molten rays of the setting sun, coming down at Honolulu, only to take off again for Asia.

FOR this difficult flight, radio has contributed what is called the "directional antenna," a small aerial inside the plane, within the pilot's reach. Now, when land stations send out their signals for planes to follow, they must send them in one set direction. These signals only travel a hundred miles or so. For a Pacific flight, something else was needed. The directional antenna was invented.

The pilot of a plane half way to Honolulu finds himself fog bound, without a clear idea of whether he is flying directly towards the Hawaiian Islands or not. With his powerful receiving set he tunes in a land station. He listens closely, discovers that it is the Honolulu radio station. But is that station North, South, East or West of him?

There's a way of telling with his new antenna and he finds out this way:

The antenna, short and compact, revolves in a circle. It is something like the aerials you used on your first radio set. As the pilot turns it slowly around, the Hawaiian station comes in more clearly. When the antenna has tuned in the signals to the loudest point, it is then pointing in the exact direction of the station sending the signals. The pilot sets his course in the direction the antenna is pointing. Hours later he comes in sight of Honolulu. Radio has brought him through fog, across the white-capped waters of the Pacific, to his landing field.

But in order to let you see for yourself how radio works on land, how it makes every air voyage you take in America nearly foolproof, come with me to Newark, to the American Airlines airport.

A Cadillac limousine is waiting for you at the station in New York. You settle back on the comfortable upholstery. Downtown, through the Holland Tunnel, across the skyway, you speed. Soon you are there.

It is a thrilling moment—for early in the day you have read in the papers about the crash near Kansas City. The weather here is "soupy"—gusts of rain beat down on your hat. Visibility is very poor.

Upstairs, one of the radio operators who is off duty meets you, takes you into the left wing of the building where the radio apparatus is housed.

You see a high board, a thin panel in which is set several loudspeakers. Suddenly a voice booms out. It is from a

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ship on its way to Detroit, reporting position and weather conditions. At one side of the board sits an operator, ear-phones on his head, communicating with the land station in Buffalo. He is passing on weather information from the Department of Commerce, a service supplied by the United States Government. He finishes his messages, snaps on a switch, calls the plane heading for Boston. He gets the pilot's report, jots down the figures, turns off the switch.

In the larger room, several men in shirt-sleeves are reading messages on the typewriter, a machine which types off messages sent over telephone wires from Department of Commerce stations all over the country. They are reports of weather conditions. They give the ceiling (how high up or how low the clouds are), the temperature, the barometer readings, wind velocity—all the information a pilot needs.

But let's go back downstairs. Outside the ticket room you see a huge orange and blue plane waiting, the propellers slowly turning over. In ten minutes it will start for Boston, weather permitting. A last report comes from upstairs. The ceiling is lifting. The flight will start on scheduled time.

As you sit back the plane starts its lumbering take-off across the field. Though you can't tell when it left the ground, you suddenly realize that you are up in the air.

The co-pilot pushes open the door into the forward compartment where he sits with the pilot and motions to you. You get up, step into the tiny compartment. Above the roar of the two motors, the co-pilot explains the radio apparatus.

THERE are two receiving dials overhead. The pilot leans forward, tunes in one by means of a tiny crank handle, hands you the earphones. You listen intently. It is Newark, sending reports out to another plane. Behind the co-pilot's seat are three compact boxes. One of them is the receiving set with which he can hear Newark talking. The other is the set which tunes in the directional beam, sent out in a dot-dash signal. The third is the sending set by which the plane converses with ground operators.

There is a third receiving set on board ship, an auxiliary set operating on dry cell and storage batteries. This is in case the plane's electricity supply goes dead. With the battery set, the pilot can still tune in on his directional beam and know where he is heading.

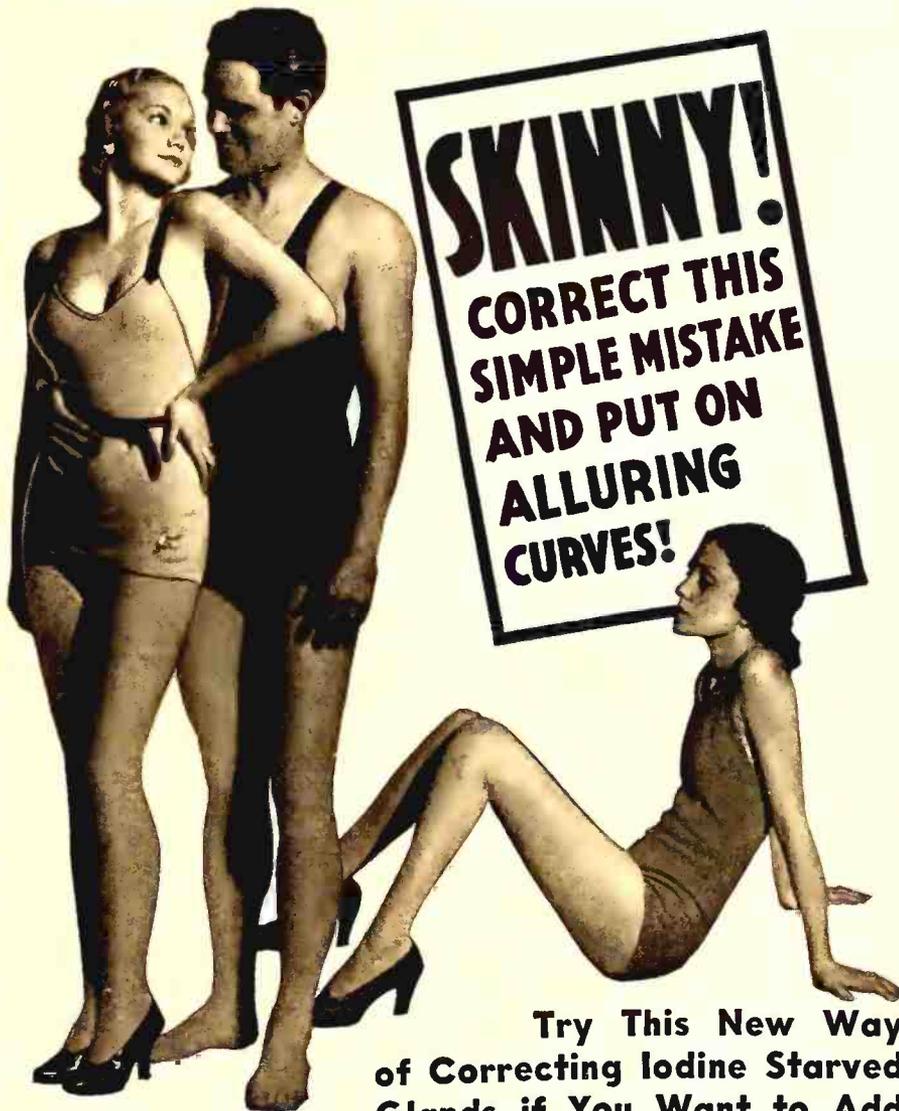
The directional beam is sent out from stations located every hundred miles along the course. It is continual, automatic service lasting twenty-four hours a day. Hundreds of them dot the country.

You go back to your seat. You look at your watch. An hour and a half have passed. Sheets of rain pour across your window. You wonder if the pilot will find Boston without any trouble. But you remember the directional beam and feel better. The man right behind you is snoring peacefully. He hasn't any doubts. You look down below. You catch sight of scattered buildings. You're approaching the airport.

The fog isn't thick enough to prevent landing and the plane soars in a circle, then starts down. As the wheels touch the ground, you remember radio's new invention, a short wave signal that will lead the plane to a landing even if the fog has hidden the airport.

Walking away from the plane, you're seized with a strange nostalgia. It's an itching, burning desire to hurry back into the ship, to fly again. That's radio's gift to you. It is making the most thrilling romantic transportation on earth—safe!

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organ which regulates metabolism—the process through which the body is constantly building firm, solid flesh, new strength and energy. 6 Kelpamalt tablets contain more **NATURAL IODINE** than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1660 lbs. of beef. More iron and copper than 2 lbs. of spinach or 15 lbs. of fresh tomatoes. More calcium than 1 doz. eggs. More phosphorus than 3 lbs. of carrots.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you feel. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week the trial is free. Kelpamalt costs but little 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 below.

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5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
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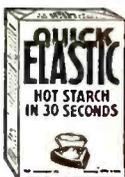
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Coast-to-Coast Highlights—Chicago

(Continued from page 42)

Side of the Road." And so they made radio. After a few more months in Chicago that radio series went East to New York for a time. While there, Ronnie and Van lined themselves up for some personal appearances to augment their radio salaries.

They were signed to sing in the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker. And naturally they both had nice cases of jitters on their opening night.

"Don't look at anyone on the floor," Ronnie cautioned Van, "then you won't get nervous."

"Keep your eyes on the piano," Van replied, "and you won't be nervous either."

So the boys paced up and down trying to soothe their jangled nerves, reciting Hamlet's soliloquy. Eventually their turn came. The master of ceremonies announced them and they went to work. Van noticed a man staring at them in deep concentration. He was recording the audience's response to every song and gag. And he looked worried.

Out of the corner of his mouth Van whispered to Ronnie.

"That guy is clocking our act. And he looks worried!"

"Oh, oh," replied Ronnie. "We'd better sing long and loud tonight. Something tells me it's our first, last and only performance in the Hotel New Yorker."

When they were off, the boys returned to their dressing room and moaned. Finally there was a knock on their door. Opening it they found themselves face to face with the worried man.

"Well," said Ronnie to Van. "Here it comes." Turning to the stranger he continued: "Okay, you didn't like us. So what?"

"So what?" asked the stranger surprised. "So sign here!"

It was a Warner Brothers movie scout. He signed them on the spot for a movie short.

JUST before the world's fair grounds started to be cleared you could buy many of the things from exhibits over there on the lake front. Announcer Jean Paul King liked some of the furniture in "The House of Tomorrow" so well, he went over for an auction. Result was he bought so much that the Kings with their three year old son had to move from their five room apartment to a twelve room house in order to have room for the new furniture. Among Jean's duties is the announcing of that very popular show for the ladies, Clara, Lu and Em.

IT'S astonishing to realize that more than 21,000,000 products bearing Wendell Hall's name, including sheet music, records and musical instruments, have been sold. The Red Headed Music Maker who rode to fame on "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'" thinks that particular song set an all-time record. He figures that he earned \$6,000 per bar for it because the whole song contained only eight bars of music. The rest was repetition and it brought Wendell more than \$50,000 while it was selling two million records and a million copies of sheet music.

Hall has been on the radio just about as long as there has been any radio. In fact one Wendell Hall fan who has listened to him since 1922 suggests he append the degree B. C. to his name . . . Before Chains.

IF he hadn't been so interested in going to the theater Art Van Harvey might not have lost his job years ago as an office boy at the Chicago Board of Trade. But if he hadn't had that love of shows he might never have developed the flair for acting that makes him so popular in radio land as Vic of the Vic and Sade series.

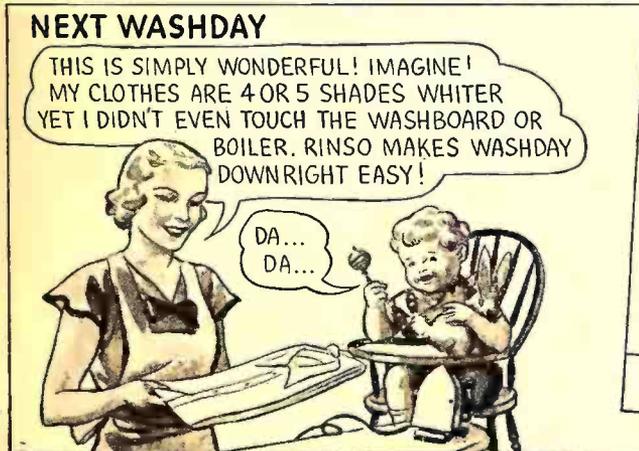
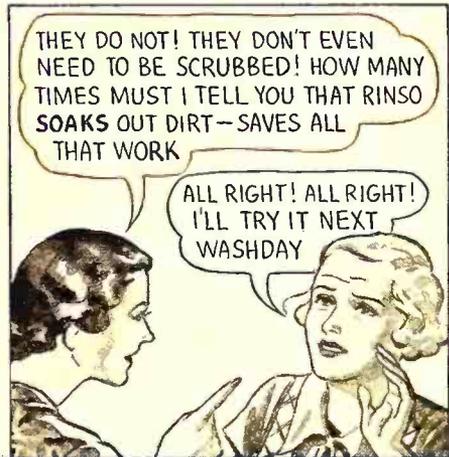
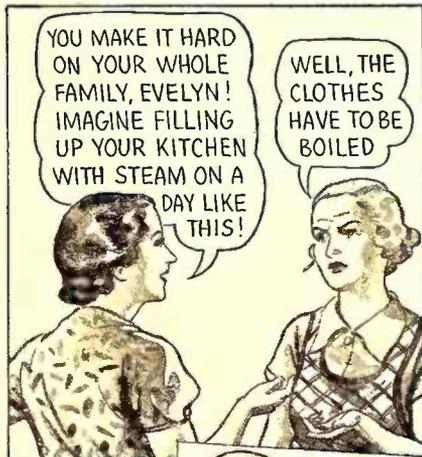
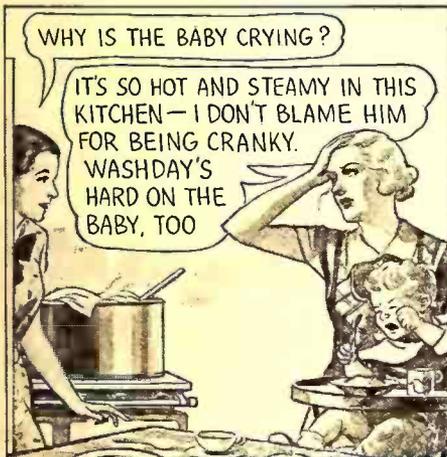
EVERY week for months a Kay Kyser fan sent the orchestra leader a box of cigars at the Blackhawk restaurant in Chicago. They came anonymously, so couldn't be returned. Kay has never smoked in his life.

ST. LOUIS was in the middle of a nasty storm one day recently when Drs. Pratt and Sherman, the "Laugh Clinic" boys of KMOX, came on for their usual program and in an unguarded moment broadcast this:

"For the past seven years we have conducted a free side walk cleaning service. All listeners wishing this personal service please phone BLANK exchange . . . and wait!"

But listeners took the suggestion seriously with the result the KMOX telephone operators were swamped. The doctors left in a hurry.

IT HAPPENED ONE HOT WASHDAY



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RINSO'S creamy suds loosen grease in a flash, whisk it away—and your dishes are bright and clean in no time. Easy on hands. Keeps them smooth, white! Rinsol gives thick, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Active suds that soak out dirt and get clothes shades whiter. Colors come fresh and bright. And clothes washed this safe, gentle "soak-and-rinse" way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save money. Rinsol is recommended by the makers of 34 famous washers. Endorsed by home-making experts of 338 leading newspapers.

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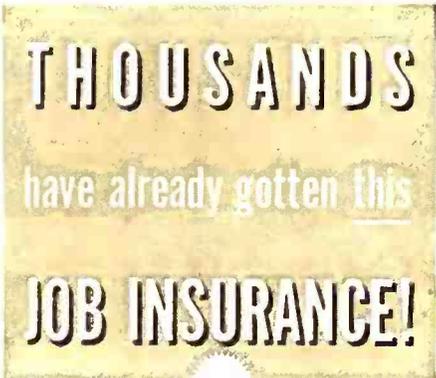
Pacific

(Continued from page 43)



...and Look 10 Years Younger

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—a all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

ago over KJR and did a swell job of it. Miss Hope Smith, who does household talks on the same station is a Seattle high school teacher and a U. of Missouri graduate.

Kearney Walton, personable young maestro from Washington State College in Pullman, is being heard on coast NBC lines from the Los Angeles Biltmore matinee room, where his band is playing.

THOSE childish voices, boys and girls, heard from KHJ on a Coast CBS network via the "D. D. S. Club," belong to one individual... Carlisle Tupper. The 25-year-old miss went to Pomona College and finished with a year's study in Vienna. This spikes the rumor that child labor laws are being violated by the employment of youngsters. She has made a study of kid voices and is in demand for this type of radio portrayal.

FREELANCE TICKETAPE: Lindsay MacHarrie, heard on dozens of Freeman Lang transcription discs and "in the flesh" programs, wears smoked glasses the year 'round. Elvia Allman, comedienne, named her new goldfish "Fuzzy" and "Muzzy." Frank Nelson, character man, in radio for years, but didn't own a receiving set until lately. Barbara Luddy, ingenue, doesn't like mixed drinks. Edward Lynn, producer, cooks his own meals and has a special recipe for marine soup.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

TERRY LA FRANCONI, golden voiced tenor from KFVB, Hollywood, and later XEBC, Agua Caliente, Mexico, ought to be back this month. The first of the summer he went to Como, Italy, to visit the family and see seven brothers who were born since he left his native land.

Then there is Ben Klassen, NBC tenor, who took Horace Greeley's advice... in reverse form. The tall, blond singer left for New York with his wife. He'll make a hit at Radio City. Born in Lincoln, Neb., he grew up in Los Angeles, became an accountant with Standard Oil before becoming a radio singer.

And here we find that Charlie Leland... missing from Coast radio ranks... pops up in the East to m. c. the NBC "Hits and Bits" half hour with the Tune Twisters and Jerry Sears' ork. Charlie's middle name is Bradford... he is addicted to a toothbrush mustache... born in Detroit forty years ago... happily married... kept one dog and five cats for mascots when he was on Los Angeles and Hollywood stations.

THE Three Rhythm Kings seem to have made a perfect three point landing in New York. Once popular in San Francisco and Los Angeles, they have been going places on NBC programs from the East.

Hal S. Hopper, 22 year old tenor, was born in Oklahoma City. Woody Franklin Newbury, twenty-two-year-old tenor, came from Dallas, Texas. Chuck Lowry, twenty-one-year-old baritone, is a Los Angeles boy.

All are married. Though they are best known for vocal work, Hal also plays the violin and drums; Woody the piano and guitar, and Chuck the same.

Women \$22 in Week
 up to 7
 and Your Own Dresses—FREE
 Showing Latest
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No House-to-House Canvassing
 New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You make up to \$22 weekly during spare hours and get all your own dresses free to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.
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 We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity giving dress size and choice of color.

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NURSES MALE ATTENDANTS & OTHERS
 NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NECESSARY
 For FREE information regarding GOOD JOBS IN INSTITUTIONS, HOSPITALS, ETC., everywhere write NOW enclosing stamp to Scharf Bureau, Dept. 8-48, 145 W. 45th St., New York.

LADIES Sell Art Needlework!
 MONEY MAKING Catalog FREE
 Postcard brings Big 1936 FREE Catalog and Plan telling how ladies everywhere earn money and beautiful Premiums selling newest stamped hosiery, scarfs, aprons, pillow tubing, bridge sets, infants wear, etc. for embroidery. Also Full line KNITTING YARNS, CROCHET COTTONS and SUPPLIES. Use your spare time! No experience required.
EMBROIDERY GUILD, 30 West 15th St., Dept. 30 NEW YORK, N. Y.

STOP that ITCH
 IN ONE MINUTE
 Simply apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Quickly relieves the itching tortures of eczema, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless, and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

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REMOVES HAIR
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 A HUNDRED YEAR OLD FRENCH FORMULA
 GIANT TUBE 50¢ SMALLER TUBE 10¢
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 You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 36 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.
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 Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.
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DOCTORS RECOMMEND MU-COL
 At the end of a hard day, before dinner, or before retiring, to bathe tired, tender or sore feet in a cooling, soothing MU-COL solution brings glorious relief. MU-COL is a hygienic powder—handy for traveling—very inexpensive at a drug store—does not deteriorate. Widely used by nurses and teachers. Send 10c for trial size making 3 qts. MU-COL solution. Booklet free. Write today.

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 Send MU-COL trial size and free booklet. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.
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Beauty à la Ethel Merman

(Continued from page 47)

purple on their faces; one of the warm, peachy shades is usually most becoming. "When it comes to cleansing my skin, I'm a soap-and-water fiend. You see, I use a great deal of cold cream just to remove my theatrical make-up, so that I can afford to risk any drying effect from water. Every single night, after the performance, I wash my face thoroughly with plenty of hot water and a good, lathery soap. Then I put on a thin film of cleansing cream to protect my face overnight."

But the thing which excited me most, in all my hour's interview with the torch-singer, was Miss Merman's recommendation for a powder foundation of an entirely new type. Ethel says that it was first recommended to her by a friendly chorus-girl when she was singing in George White's "Scandals," and she's been using it ever since. She's very enthusiastic about it, and I'm sure that you will be too.

Ethel's mother told me about a health habit of the Merman family which is also a wise beauty habit: "There's one unshakable rule in this household, and that is that Ethel must have her dinner at a regular hour with no interruptions. It's very important for her to have at least one meal a day at a definite time and with as little fuss and worry as possible."

BECAUSE Ethel goes to the theater each evening for her starring rôle in the hit musical comedy, "Anything Goes," she eats somewhat earlier than you or I would be able to. She sits down to dinner at 5:30 and takes at least three-quarters of an hour to eat.

After dinner she reads the evening papers and spends practically an hour of quiet relaxation. She arranges her time so that she has enough left to walk to the theater. That's one of her beauty secrets. Her crowded day seldom leaves her an opportunity to indulge in any outdoor sport, or even dancing lessons, so she walks as much as possible. She doesn't just think about walking between appointments, she actually budgets her minutes so that she knows she will not have to take a last-minute cab. Most of us are careless and lose these opportunities for brisk, natural exercise.

It isn't that Ethel has to worry about reducing exercises. Even her young-looking mother has that same slim figure. And I wondered if their natural vivacity didn't have a great deal to do with it. When you watch Ethel, for instance, she isn't still a minute—there's nothing lazy or sluggish about her! That vitality of hers, which shows its deep strength in her voice, keeps her awake and alive every moment. It keeps her sitting up straight, it keeps her eyes sparkling and her voice animated. It makes her a cheerful and charming person to be with. And, most important of all from our point of view, it's a trait which we can cultivate in ourselves. And you will probably find that following Ethel's example on those regular meals and walks will help you, too!

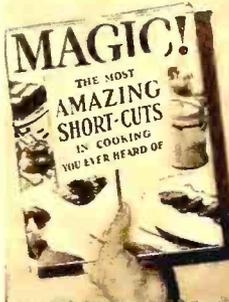
If you'd like to know the mascara that Ethel uses on those long lashes of hers (she's one of the very few people who doesn't need false eyelashes when she appears in motion pictures), or the cleansing cream she puts on her face at night, or that powder foundation she's simply crazy about, just drop a line to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Or, I'll be very glad to help you with any special beauty problem of your own.

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR CAKE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
 1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
 1/2 cup water
 Vanilla wafers

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes or until mixture thickens. Add water. Line oblong loaf pan with wax paper and cover bottom of pan with thin layer of chocolate. Then add layer of vanilla wafers. Repeat until chocolate mixture is all used. Top with layer of wafers. Chill in refrigerator for 24 hours. To serve, turn out on small platter and carefully remove wax paper. Cut in slices. May be garnished with whipped cream. Serves eight.

- With only 5 minutes' cooking, you get a wonderfully smooth, rich chocolate mixture that *can't fail*. It's *never* too thin—never too thick—never grainy! And what a dessert it makes!
- But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—*can't*—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: Borden Co., Dept. MG-85, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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● We shall publish from time to time, some of the humorous adventures that have befallen TRUE EXPERIENCES readers. Why not send us your story? Tell it briefly—in from two hundred to seven hundred words. We'll pay for all the stories we can use at current rates. Material found unavailable will not be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Address your letters to:

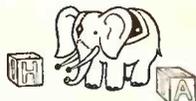
**Life's Little Comedies Editor,
 TRUE EXPERIENCES Magazine,
 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

"I've only been here
a few months... but I
think I'm going to
like it"



THE WORLD looks pretty rosy to this little lady.

She gets Fletcher's Castoria for a laxative. And she loves it! It is one laxative every child takes willingly!



And that's *very* important! For if a youngster hates the taste of a laxative and struggles against taking it, her nerves are upset by the struggle. And her stomach may be upset also!

So pleasant taste is one of the important reasons why Fletcher's Castoria is the right laxative for children...



Here's another:

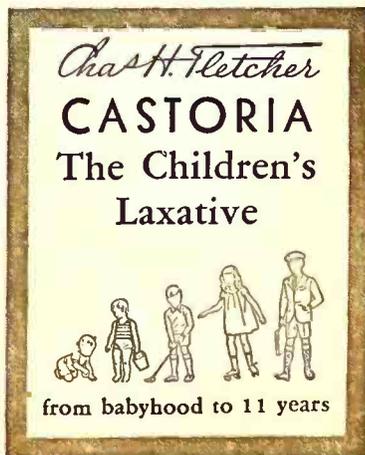
Fletcher's Castoria is designed *just* for a child's system. It contains no strong, purging drugs such as some adult laxatives contain.

It is safe for delicately-balanced young systems. It will never, never cause grip-

ing pain. It is gentle but thorough. And it is not habit-forming.



Whenever your youngster needs a laxative—from babyhood until 11 years old—turn to Fletcher's Castoria. Look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*. And save money—buy the family-size bottle.



The Critic on the Hearth

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

RHYTHM AT EIGHT—Ethel Merman, You're the Top. I Get a Kick Out of You. You couldn't be as good on radio as you are on the stage—but now we've got an excuse to go ahead with television. Another ter-r-r-rific surprise is Everett Freeman's demonstration that whimsical scene-setting sketches for songs can be knockouts. Up to now, attempts at atmospheric build-ups have been the weakest link in radio chains. Incidentally, the Ritz Quartet, Al Goodman's Orchestra, and Ted Husing don't detract any from this A-1 program.

CBS Sun. 8:00 P. M. 30 min.

MOONBEAMS—George Shackley does wonders with a girl's trio, soft violin solos and a bit of reading. A really outstanding late program.

MBS Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 11:15 P. M. 30 min.

Mon., Thurs. 11:15 P. M. 15 min.

TONY AND GUS—If you have ever been a stranger in a strange land, you will sympathize with these two ambitious immigrants. Mario Chamlee as "Tony" presents a convincing and realistic Italian dialect and lives up to his reputation as an outstanding tenor vocalist. He teams with George Frame Brown, whose Swedish "Gus" provides the sort of contrast that gives depth and color to their humorous skit. The story has a sustained tempo and lively interest.

NBC Mon. and Fri. 7:45 P. M. 15 min.

STORY OF MARY MARLIN—Listening in on later instalments, it occurs to me that there's something emotionally fundamental about this serial which makes it increasingly credible and interesting as the action unfolds. You can't pick up a fleeting earful of the stirring feminine drama and enjoy it—it requires close attention which is more than repaid in the series of thrills arising in the course of the story.

CBS Mon., Fri. 11:15 A. M. 15 min.

OUR HOME ON THE RANGE—Don't let the story fool you. It's just an excuse for John Charles Thomas to sing—if he needs an excuse. The best thing about the plot is that there isn't enough of it to prevent a constant flow of melody from Thomas, the cowboy chorus, and William Daly's Orchestra.

NBC Wed. 9:00 P. M. 45 min.

IBSEN PLAYERS—Restrained and competent acting in streamlined versions of Hendrik Ibsen's plays.

MBS Thurs. 10:30 P. M. 30 min.

JOHN R. TUNIS—Interviews leaders in sports. Material is usually explanatory about rules and technique. Very informal but well-managed. Should make Johnny late for dinner.

NBC Tues. 6:00 P. M. 15 min.

LUCKY SMITH—I don't like Max Baer as a detective any better than I'd like Sherlock Holmes as a prize-fighter. But it's a new idea. And he doesn't do it badly at all.

NBC Mon. 10:30 P. M. 30 min.

TOM TERRISS—The Vagabond Adventurer's exotic tales are very slight, but he knows how to roll them off his tongue. Excellent musical background effects.

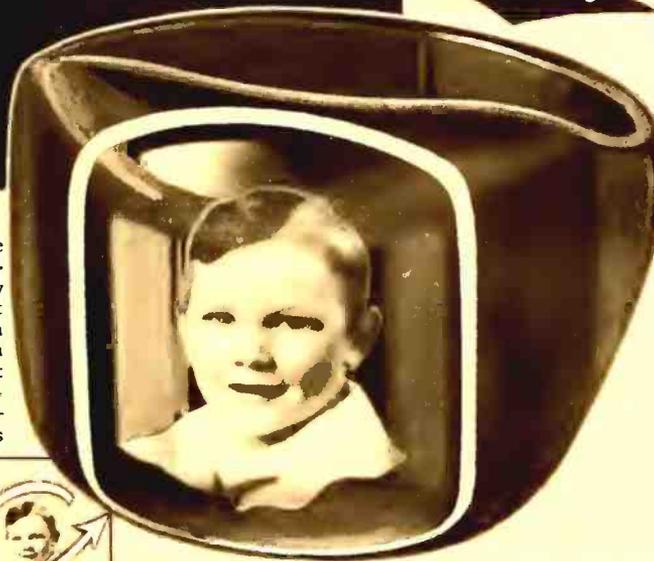
MBS Wed. 10:30 P. M. 30 min.

SENSATIONAL—NEW PORTRAIT RING

Craze OPENS FLOOD
OF PROFITS for
SPECIALTY MEN

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Wife's
Mother's
Child's or
Sweetheart's
PORTRAIT
Reproduced
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Once again a new "craze" is making its sensational sweep across the country. Capturing the public's fancy over night, growing and spreading like wildfire in its rapid rise to national popularity, this amazing new Portrait Ring offers you a gold mine whose profit possibilities seem almost inexhaustible. People are astonishingly hungry for it—they buy it on sight—because it satisfies an intense human longing that is concealed in the heart of every person, young or old. Never in the history of direct selling has there been such a profit-making sensation. Here is a salesman's dream come true—a product whose sheer novelty and newness—positively sweeps people off their feet and gets the cash in your pockets quick without any complicated demonstration or long-winded sales talk. No wonder salesmen everywhere are going wild over it and reporting phenomenal earnings from this sensational new discovery. It just can't help but make money for them.



**Any Size PHOTO or SNAPSHOT
Made into Life-Time Remembrance Ring**

Through a newly developed, exclusive and secret process any size photo or snapshot of loved one is reproduced on a beautiful onyx-like black lifetime remembrance ring. Reproduction clear and sharp. Unbreakable. Should last a life-time. Impervious to heat, water or tarnish. Never fades. Light in weight. Will not scratch or nick. Each ring individually made. (Delivery in 5 days.) Picture returned unharmed with ring. Ring can be made using pictures of groups of two or three persons posed closely together.



Photo returned unharmed with Ring.

**Pocket Big Advance Cash Profits
By Wearing Sample Ring On Finger**

No bulky sample case to lug around. No money tied up in a stock of merchandise. No goods of any kind to handle. You don't even have to make any deliveries. Just wear this magic Portrait Ring on your finger. That's all the equipment you need, except a big supply of order blanks. And you collect your big cash profits in advance. You merely show ring on your finger, write up order, get your customer's photo or snapshot, and collect your profit immediately. Then send order and photo to me and I take care of everything else.

**Sells At Fraction Of The
Price Of An Ordinary Ring**

Ordinarily a ring is an expensive piece of jewelry. People expect to pay a lot of money for one. But you sell this amazing Portrait Ring at a price so low it seems almost unbelievable. Probably you'd guess its price at \$10.00 or more. But this ring sells for the unheard-of low price of ONLY \$2.00 and it contains the most treasured setting any ring could have—a picture of some loved one. And here's the best news of all. Out of these two dollars you get a dollar clear profit—100% on every sale.

**Amazing Profits Waiting for
Keen Salesmen to Grab Them**

Our large plant is geared to produce a half million Portrait Rings that will line specialty salesmen's pockets with a half million silver dollars. And this will scarcely scratch the surface of the vast market of more than 100 million prospects in the United States for this utterly astounding new ring. Never in your life-time have you had such a profit opportunity staring you square in the face, throwing money right

at you. It's positively awe-inspiring, overwhelming, unmatched in all history.

**Your Supreme Opportunity To
Reap Record-Breaking Profits**

Portrait Ring "craze" will grow like mad in your town. Eager buyers will literally surround you, frantically begging you to get in their orders for Portrait Rings. You'll take the entire community by storm. People who buy Portrait Rings will be walking advertisements for you. Friends, neighbors, relatives, acquaintances will see this novel ring on their fingers and ask them where it was bought. They will admire it so much they won't have a minute's rest until they get hold of you and place their orders. The more you sell the bigger your demand will grow.

**I Am Ready To Send Sample
Portrait Ring To You . . .**

Rush snapshot or photo of loved one at once with ring size for special 5-day no-risk sample offer. Send no money. Just pay postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage when ring is delivered. Then show ring and collect golden profit harvest. If not entirely satisfied, return ring in 5 days and I'll return every penny you paid me. To find ring size wrap strip of paper around middle joint of finger and trim so ends meet. Measure paper from top of arrow down the chart at right above coupon. Number at end is your size.

You Don't Risk A Cent

I take all the chances. For any reason at all or for no reason you can return ring within 5 days and get back every penny of the money you paid me for it. I am the only one who can lose. Rush coupon today. Order blanks and complete instructions for cashing in on this money-making sensation sent FREE. Act now.

**Husband, Wife, Mother, Father,
Brother, Sister or Sweetheart Will
Treasure This Life-Time Ring**



Wives will want to give their husbands a Portrait Ring with their own portrait on it to wear as a constant source of inspiration. What husband won't jump at the chance to solve his remembrance gift problem by giving his wife one of these new, smart, rich looking Portrait Rings with his own photo on it? Mothers will give their sons and daughters Portrait Rings as an outward expression of mother love. Many mothers with several children will buy rings for each one of them. Parents will want to wear a Portrait Ring with the picture of their child on it. Sweethearts will jump at the chance to exchange Portrait Rings. Man! You never saw such a money-making opportunity!

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Clicking Dollars for you
Right Now!**

Millions of rolls of film are made into snap-shots each week—Individuals, groups, pets—Prospects everywhere will welcome your suggestion to have these treasured pictures recorded on Portrait Rings. Hurry! Every hour you delay means profits delayed.



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Enclosed is photo. My ring size is Please rush my individually made Portrait Ring and starting equipment. Will pay postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage. It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied I can return ring within 5 days and you will refund my money in full.

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Sweethearts of America—travelers on the "Royal Road to Romance"—this advertisement is for YOU! These outstanding values in beautiful rings and watches have been created and selected for YOU by ROYAL—AMERICA'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CREDIT JEWELERS.

LET ROYAL'S LIBERAL CREDIT HELP SOLVE YOUR MONEY WORRIES

The ROYAL organization is in tune with your thoughts. We too, have faith in the future and faith in YOU. Simply select the engagement ring or gift you wish. Send us only \$1.00 and a few facts about yourself (age, occupation, etc.) in strict confidence. No direct inquiries—no embarrassment. NO C. O. D. to pay on arrival. We ship promptly for your approval, all charges prepaid.

**10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
10 MONTHS TO PAY**

Unless you are entirely satisfied, return your selection and we'll refund your deposit cheerfully. You'll be under no further obligation. If we prove that our values defy duplication then pay the small amount stated each month.

**WRITTEN GUARANTEE
WITH EVERY ARTICLE**

Every RING, every WATCH is sold with ROYAL'S written guarantee, backed by our 40 year reputation for fair and square dealings. Select your "Sweetheart Special" for your Sweetheart NOW and let ROYAL solve your money problems! After full trial and inspection pay only a few cents a day in 10 easy monthly payments.

Presenting
The
ROYAL
ROAD
to
Romance



Both
Now Only
\$295
\$2.88 a month

6 CERTIFIED GENUINE DIAMONDS

KC-2 . . . Two exquisitely matched, betrothal rings of beautifully hand engraved and pierced 14K Solid White Gold, for less than you'd expect to pay for one alone! 3 certified genuine diamonds in the engagement ring and 3 matched genuine diamonds in wedding ring. Both rings now for \$29.75—only \$2.88 a month.
KC-2A Wedding Ring only \$12.50 \$1.15 a month.



The Gloriously
Beautiful
\$3750
"MISS NEW YORK"
\$3.65 a month

KC-12 . . . A dazzling engagement ring and a remarkable value! A most beautiful and brilliant, certified genuine blue-white diamond is set in center of this exquisitely hand pierced and engraved ring of 18K Solid White Gold. The center diamond is richly enhanced by 2 matched diamonds on each side of it. \$37.50. Only \$3.65 a month.



ENGAGEMENT COMBINATION DE LUXE Both Only **\$39⁸⁵**
Only \$3.88 a month

KC-14 . . . A "Sweetheart Special" to thrill the heart of your fiancée! The diamond engagement ring is one of the latest square prong creations in exquisitely hand pierced and engraved 14K Solid White Gold, set in the center with a certified, genuine blue-white diamond of unusual brilliance and 2 matched very diamonds on each side. The tiny, baguette effect wrist watch is one of our most popular, streamlined, white models. Fully guaranteed dependable movement. Newest link bracelet to match. Both the ring and the wrist watch, complete in luxurious gift box, for only \$39.85. \$3.88 a month.

KC-14A . . . Engagement ring only \$29.75—\$2.88 a mo.
KC-14B . . . Wrist watch only \$14.50—\$1.35 a mo.

America's Largest Mail Order Credit Jewelers



Only
\$21⁹⁵
\$2.10 a month

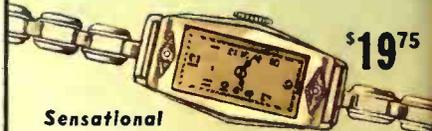
KC-1 . . . Smart, brand new creation in 14K Solid White or Yellow Gold, square prong engagement ring at an amazingly low price! Set with a specially selected dazzling, genuine blue-white diamond. (Specify your choice of White or Yellow Gold.) Only \$2.10 a month.



Only
\$19⁷⁵
\$1.87 a month

7 GENUINE DIAMONDS

KC-5 . . . Featuring 7 expertly matched, fiery genuine diamonds in a wedding ring worthy of the loveliest of brides. Elegantly hand-engraved, 14K Solid White or Yellow Gold—specify your choice. Very special at \$19.75. Only \$1.87 a mo.



\$19⁷⁵

**Sensational
WRIST WATCH VALUE! \$1.87 a month**
Set with 2 GENUINE DIAMONDS

KC-6 . . . One of the greatest wrist watch values of our entire career! Latest style, dainty Baguette effect wrist watch for the "lady of your heart"! Guaranteed accurate and dependable time-keeper. Set with 2 GENUINE DIAMONDS. Complete with matched link bracelet and handsome gift box. Only \$1.87 a month.



\$29⁷⁵

**6 DIAMOND
BAGUETTE WRIST WATCH**
Only \$2.88 a month

KC-11 . . . The last word in dainty elegance, and a gorgeous wedding gift. Exquisitely engraved, slenderized Baguette Wrist Watch adorned with 6 brilliant genuine diamonds. Fully guaranteed dependable movement. New barrel-link bracelet to match. A feature value at this special price. Only \$2.88 a month.



\$24⁷⁵

15 JEWELS
BULOVA Senator \$2.38 a month

KC-10 . . . A marvelous gift for "Him"—the aristocrat of Bulova gent's wrist watches at Bulova's lowest price. Distinctively designed Bulova quality white chromium finished case. 15 Jewel B-U-L-O-V-A movement. Doubly guaranteed to give a lifetime of dependable service. Link bracelet to match. Only \$2.38 a month.



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