

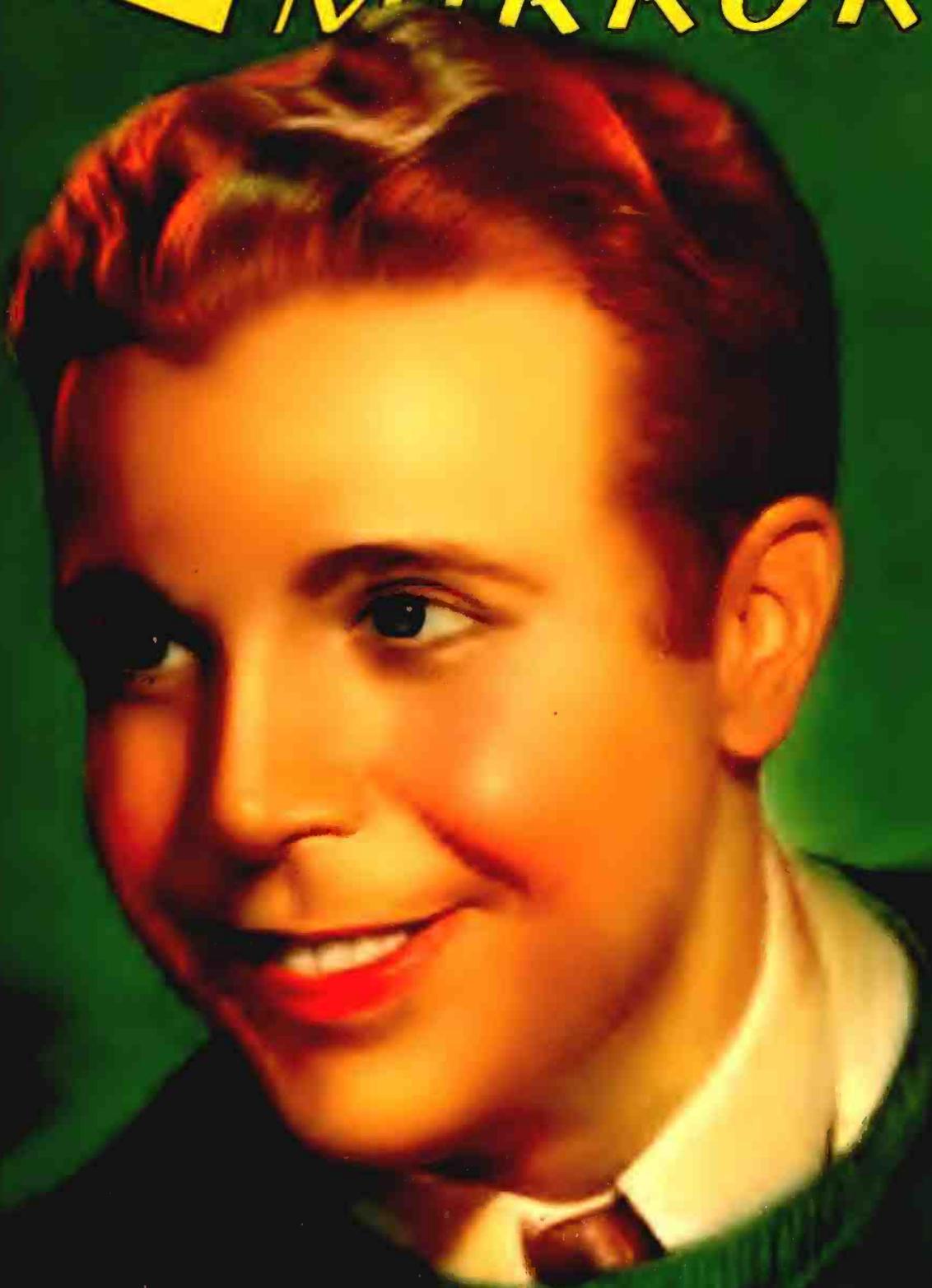
REVEALING ETHEL MERMAN—RADIO'S GLAMOR GIRL

JULY

★ Radio MIRROR

10¢

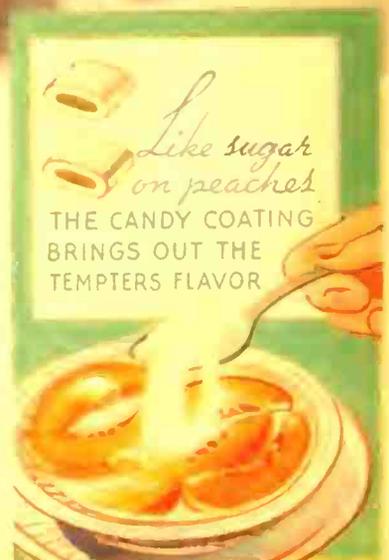
MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



THE GREAT RADIO MURDER MYSTERY



THE crisp candy coating gives Tempters its extra-flavor deliciousness. Just bite one and taste that full flood-tide of flavor. The candy coating adds that more satisfying tastiness. And the gum itself is fresh because its newly-made goodness is sealed up tight in the candy. Five delectable flavors. Try each one and pick your favorites. Peppermint, spearmint, cinnamon, wintergreen, tutti-frutti.





CAN'T CHAFE

See how the Kotex sides are cushioned in soft, downy cotton. Millions call this the greatest comfort invention ever, to end chafing completely—Wondersoft comfort! If we put cotton all over it wouldn't leave the center free to absorb, and the special Kotex filler is actually 5 times as absorbent as cotton!



CAN'T FAIL

If moisture is allowed to concentrate it may lead to embarrassment. So see how the center layer of Kotex is channeled? That's called the "Equalizer." The channels draw moisture away and distribute it evenly along the length of the pad. That's why Kotex gives longer-lasting security.



CAN'T SHOW

You've often been self-conscious about tell-tale wrinkles when wearing clinging gowns. Here you see how Kotex prevents them. At first, Kotex ends were rounded. Experience proved that wasn't enough, yet it's all that many napkins offer. Now Kotex ends are tapered and compressed by an exclusive method.



7 women out of 10 write me . . .

Those 3 Kotex features opened my eyes

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them"



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

ABOVE everything else, women want three things in a sanitary pad! They made that very plain to me as consultant to millions of women on hygienic matters.

So we designed this new Wondersoft Kotex to meet their demands.

Never in my life have I seen such gratitude as that displayed after my introductory lectures on this amazing new napkin. Women thanked me, from the bottom of their hearts.

Here is what interested them most

In the new Kotex, chafing is virtually ended because of a downy edging of cotton along the sides. That's why we call it Wondersoft Kotex.

The new Kotex can't fail because of the channeled center layer. Thus moisture is distributed evenly along the entire length of the pad. Thus we increase the pad's efficiency, to avoid embarrass-

ment, without adding to its bulk.

We keep Kotex from showing by flattening the ends—now they conform to the lines of your body. No gown, however close-fitting, can reveal it.

Super Kotex for extra protection

If you require extra protection, you will find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort and the low price.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder . . . QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold.

Radio MIRROR

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

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in the August RADIO MIRROR



Max Baer, the most colorful and exciting performer to hit radio in many months, is revealed in his true colors in a fine story . . . More thrills with "The Great Radio Murder Mystery" . . . Also: The Girl Who Runs Don Bestor and other fine features.

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Cover —PORTRAIT OF DICK POWELL
BY A. MOZERT

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Reflections

IN THE RADIO MIRROR

NOTES TO MYSELF ON MY MEMO PAD

SAY a good word for the chains who've been wise enough to make summer rates so attractive for advertisers that the listener-in isn't robbed of his favorite programs during June.

Better still, more new summer shows have started than ever before. Ethel Merman, Max Baer, The House of Glass, Tony and Gus, Frank Black's and Howard Barlow's symphonic programs, and others are evidence that many sponsors now refuse to accept the mistaken theory: "There's no listening public in the summer." It's been the other way around in past years; few good summer shows, ergo: few listeners.

SAY a good word for Stoopnagle and Budd and their radio burlesque hour. It's the most refreshing thing on the air these days, I'd say. And what amuses me is that its devil-may-care attitude toward radio entertainment and its willingness to point out that some programs are just a lot of hot airwaves, haven't frightened off potential sponsors. My spies tell me that several advertisers are bidding for that program—and it wouldn't surprise me if a deal were closed by the time I see this in type.

IT'S a natural—the idea of a sponsor getting behind the world series' broadcasts. What a listening public—probably the biggest that can be corralled by any program! If I were a manufacturer, that's the spot I'd pick. I'd feel that my commercial announcements were heard, but really heard. If, as now seems likely, the astute Mr. Ford gets the broadcasts, I'll bet he follows that splendid policy of his: keep commercial announcements short and to the point.

SUCH tragic and touching devotion, that of James Wallington for his dying wife! Every one along radio row has held his breath, wondering if the fates would spare Anita, who lay in a hospital bed, kept alive by the blood-donations of some of radio's most famous folk. Jimmie stayed close to her, day in, night out, even moving a bed into her hospital room so that he could be at her side to attend to her every need. But not even his great devotion, nor that of their hosts of friends, could keep the gallant flame from burning out.

AM I getting old and crochety? Or am I justified in my irritation at the attitude that views radio as a finished, perfect entertainment medium. I don't like to use the phrase "in its infancy"—but I keep wondering what we'll think ten years from now when we listen to recordings of some of this and last year's popular broadcasts. Do you remember what a masterpiece we thought "The Birth of a Nation" was? Have you seen it lately? If so, do you see what I mean?

Radio broadcasting today is a grand, glamorous affair, just as movies were in the old days—but let's wait a while before we start talking about perfection. After all, radio is only—here I go—in its infancy.

WONDER how many people agree with me when I say that I'd like to hear Mae West permanently on the air. After listening to her a few Friday nights ago on the CBS Hollywood Hotel hour, I realized just how much radio is missing when it passes up the blonde Hollywood actress. Without a single blush I admit that Mae seemed to me to be the brightest spot in a bright spring array of exceptional talent. As lead in dramatic interludes or as mistress-of-ceremonies for a musical program, she'd be swell.

INTERESTING, what Ruth Waterbury told me during her recent visit from the Coast. She pointed out that the California folks miss many of the best programs because, except for the few that are rebroadcast, they come in too early! People on the Pacific Coast are just leaving work when the Atlantic Coast listeners are settling down for their favorite eight o'clock program. Well, and now daylight saving even adds an hour to that embarrassing gap of three hours.

AND now—get really mad for a moment, Mr. Editor, and say your say about the common practice among comedians and gag writers of clipping jokes from magazines. Those jokes were invented by hard-working joke writers who sold their product to the magazine for one to five dollars. Those jokes are not common property! They belong to the magazines who bought them. People who use them without credit to their owners or pay to their authors, are stealing them and no blithe admission of the practice changes the spelling or appropriateness of the word Theft!

Here are my frank, personal opinions on what's right and what's wrong with radio—with casual comments on this and that. Do you agree with me? Whether you do or not, write me; prizes for best letters are announced on Page 56.

Ernest V. Heyn

Beauty

A LA

BERNICE
CLAIRE

Follow RADIO MIRROR's Beauty Department each month for helpful and up-to-the-minute advice on the care of your face and figure. Your questions will be gladly answered. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope when writing to Joyce Anderson, 1926 Broadway, New York.



by JOYCE
ANDERSON

She's the star of CBS's "Lavender and Old Lace." See page 51—8 o'clock column. Miss Claire's voice is also heard on NBC's "Waltz Time." See page 53—9 o'clock column.

BERNICE CLAIRE, blue-eyed, and blonde star of CBS's "Lavender and Old Lace," and NBC's "Waltz Time," believes that a woman's most important rule in maintaining a lovely skin, clear eyes, and trim grooming, is regularity of whatever treatment seems best for her individually.

"I don't think a woman should prescribe a too-arduous routine of beauty culture," she says, "That is—not so arduous that it can't be performed regularly without becoming too much of a burden! A woman should decide upon the sort of treatment best suited to her type, then stick to it day after day. Various kinds of skin creams applied experimentally, frantically one week, then spasmodically the next, certainly won't show the best results."

Women's chief complaint—herself included—(Bernice smiled) is lack of time to perform services for the skin and hair that are so necessary for a steady appearance of grooming and health.

"The answer to that is to minimize treatments—choose the most suitable creams and soaps, devote about twenty minutes night and morning to cleansing and massaging—let nothing interfere with your beauty time!"

Bernice believes that hair is still a woman's most important attribute to beauty, if tended properly.

"Hair, particularly in the city, should be washed once a week," she says. "I put mine through two latherings with shampoo, and follow it with a thorough rinsing, and a vinegar rinse. I prefer vinegar to lemon because it's easier to wash out. Many women do not rinse their hair again after the vinegar rinse, but I always follow that with a good dousing of clear water, because there is no point in leaving the vinegar in."

Bernice said that she actually thought hands were more important than any other feature about a smart woman.

"Everybody notices hands," she said. "They are really the most conspicuous thing about a woman, and certainly add to her charm if they are lovely."

She herself creams her hands every night, to keep the knuckles from becoming dry. She puts a little cream under the nails to keep them from getting brittle.

"The filing of nails, and the polish used is a matter of

personal taste," she says. "I don't use very bright polish because I'm not the type."

As for maintaining a pleasant, smooth complexion, Bernice says, "The most important thing is—don't forget to use plenty of soap and water every night! Often shaving soap works up an excellent lather for cleansing the pores. Rinse with warm water, then douse it in cold. I don't personally approve of using ice on the face, particularly if the skin is inclined to be sensitive. Follow the cold water rinse with a good skin food to keep the skin from becoming dry."

Then there is the question of make-up.

"First of all," said Bernice, "it is useless and silly for a woman who uses make-up to try to look literally 'natural.' It's impossible, so instead of using a little make-up sparingly with the idea that you are fooling the world into believing that it is a school-girl complexion, use plenty of make-up, but blend it carefully. The result will give a more natural effect."

"Choose a powder base, and powder suitable to your skin. If you have a natural pallor, and a face with cheek bones which are not well-defined, it is better not to use rouge. No rouge and bright lipstick will give the most distinguished result. If you have a girlish type of face, round, with well-defined cheek bones, blended rouge will enhance the beauty of your face."

THE most important thing about lipstick is to keep trying different varieties and colors till you find one that suits your face in shade and texture, then stick to it! I sometimes find that by outlining my lips with an orange stick dipped in lip rouge makes a more even job than smearing it with the little finger.

"As for mascara and eye shadow, I think most blondes profit by carefully applied mascara, but I think eye shadow should be used always very sparingly, and is very much more effective in the evening than in the day time."

If you are curious to know what shades and brands of cosmetics Miss Claire herself uses, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, and I will gladly send you the information you desire.

"Sh! Mommy's cross again!"



"AS A WOMAN, I sympathize deeply with those wives who do not fully understand correct marriage hygiene. For I know how terrifying are their periodic fears. I have seen how those fears warp a woman's whole outlook, undermine and wreck her own happiness and that of her husband and children.

"But as a doctor, I have less sympathy for her. For effective marriage hygiene is so simple. I refer, of course, to the use of "Lysol" . . . approved by leading hospitals and clinics throughout the world.

"Lysol", used as directed, is non-injurious . . . so reliable in fact, that it is used extensively as an antiseptic in childbirth, where sensitive tissues must not suffer the slightest damage.

"Furthermore, "Lysol" has a special effectiveness that is all its own. It has a *spreading* quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach, and it has the important power of destroying germs *in spite* of the presence of organic matter.

"Patients of mine, who have followed my advice by using "Lysol" regularly, tell me how refreshing and soothing it is. And how much it adds to their sense of feminine daintiness.

"Yet these benefits are as nothing compared to the fact that the use of "Lysol" gives them poise and peace

"It is tragic that whole families should suffer because women do not know these simple rules of Marriage Hygiene"

writes

DR. LOUISE FOUCART-FASSIN
Leading Gynecologist of Brussels



She is far from being the well-balanced counselor her children need.

of mind and greater happiness for themselves and their families."

(Signed) DR. LOUISE FOUCART-FASSIN

6 "Lysol" Features Important to You

1. SAFETY . . . "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no free caustic alkali to harm the delicate feminine tissues.
2. EFFECTIVENESS . . . "Lysol" is a true germicide. It kills germs under practical conditions . . . in the body (in the presence of organic matter where many antiseptics fail) and not just in test tubes.
3. PENETRATION . . . "Lysol", because of its low surface tension, spreads into

hidden folds of the skin, *actually searches out* germs.

4. ECONOMY. . . "Lysol" is a concentrated antiseptic. It costs less than one cent an application in proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR . . . The odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately*, leaving one refreshed.

6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how much it is exposed.

Used in the Care of the Famous Quintuplets

In medical history's most remarkable childbirth, "Lysol" is the germicide and antiseptic which has helped to protect the Dionne babies from infection since birth. Copy of their guardians' statement sent on request.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a free copy of "Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired. "Preparation for Motherhood." "Keeping a Healthy Home."

LEHN & FINE, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LY-55
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1936, Lehn & Fine, Inc.



Try the new Lysol Hygienic Soap . . . cleansing and deodorant

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



**AMBASSADOR
OF
ROMANCE**

The Night Singer . . . New CBS Monday night ambassador of romance, whose real name lies hidden under this pseudonym he has used for stage, movies, and radio . . . father is famous New England physician . . . has played with such stars as Sue Carol, Maurice Chevalier, Myrna Loy . . . is modern Beau Brummel, measuring six feet and one inch, weighing 168 pounds, with deep magnetic brown eyes, straight black hair.

Left, below, Virginia Verrill, five foot three, famous as singing double for movie stars . . . comes, naturally enough, from Hollywood . . . former vocalist for Orville Knapp's West Coast band . . . recent star on California Melodies . . . now in New York as one of CBS' blues singers.

Below, Gogo De Lys . . . soloist for NBC's new Lucky Strike dance program every Saturday . . . blonde and a French Canadian from Edmonton, Alberta. Gogo got her start singing in a college musical extravaganza near Hollywood, Los Angeles theater, manager heard her, signed her up on the spot . . . until recently was one of the bright stars for San Francisco's Carefree Carnival radio show which is heard on NBC afternoons.



**SUSTAINING
BEAUTY**



LUCKY STRIKE SOLOIST

\$1¹⁵ Silk Stockings for only 50¢!

MADE BY THE
GOTHAM SILK
HOSIERY CO.

Special Offer

Send 50¢ and 3 Ivory Flakes box-tops and get these beautiful "Adjustables" patented and made by The Gotham Silk Hosiery Co., never sold for less than \$1.15

(MAIL WITH COUPON BELOW)

"Adjustables." This Gotham patented feature gives 7 inches for length-adjustment—fits tall, average and short women with comfort—relieves garter strain.

All-silk, sheer, free from rings, 4-thread high twist for wear. The color selected by fashion editors of Vogue Magazine—a lovely new sun-tan shade.



"What is the best Stocking Insurance?" Make this test on fine sheer hosiery

Flakes box-tops, they're yours! You save 65¢—on these lovely sheer all-silk stockings!

Wear them. Wash them with Ivory Flakes

"Stocking satisfaction" (beauty and longer wear) comes from fine stockings cared for by a fine soap. Wash your "Adjustables" after each wearing with Ivory Flakes. Cool Ivory suds will keep them springy, "new-dyed" in color, because Ivory Flakes are pure!

Hurry! Get your Ivory Flakes today. See how much more soap you get in the big Ivory Flakes box, than of any other fine-fabric soap! Clip coupon—get a pair of "Adjustables" at this thrillingly low price!

Hurry! For this one time only, we're offering you this special chance to test Ivory Flakes on a pair of clear chiffon stockings of beautiful quality, so that you will see how perfectly all "washables" are protected by pure Ivory Flakes suds. These stockings are first quality—the famous "Adjustables" patented and made by The Gotham Silk Hosiery Co., the largest maker of branded and advertised hosiery.

"Adjustables" never sell for less than \$1.15 in department stores and hosiery shops. Yet for 50¢ and 3 Ivory

IVORY
FLAKES

IMPORTANT—This coupon brings you \$1.15 stockings for only 50¢ and 3 Ivory Flakes box-tops. Paste your 50¢ between two of the Ivory box-tops to prevent loss in mail.

Procter & Gamble, Dept. V-RM-75, Box 837, Cincinnati, Ohio

Here are 3 Ivory Flakes box-tops and 50¢ in coin. Send me 1 pair all-silk "Adjustables" in Tropica color—retail value \$1.15. (This offer expires Aug. 31, 1935.)

My size is _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

NOTE: To save you trouble, we have consulted the Post Office, and find that your envelope containing the fifty cents and 3 Ivory Flakes box-tops will need 6¢ postage.

The Gotham Silk Hosiery Co. says: "We advise Ivory Flakes"

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

HARMONICA RASCALS



Right, Gus Edwards, the famous vaudevillian who gave so many stars their start . . . is now conducting talent search over WOR . . . Gus has discovered people like Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Jack Pearl, Martha Mears . . . winners of his contests get Warner Brothers movie contracts.

Below, Mickey of the Circus, CBS new evening show. . . Left to right, Gretchen Davidson, Chester Stratton, Betty Garde . . . Gretchen plays the rôle of Clara Gaines, is heard in American School of the Air productions . . . Chester is 23, ran away from home to join a circus when he was 12 . . . Betty plays Mamie, a wise-cracking part.



WOR AMATEUR FINDER

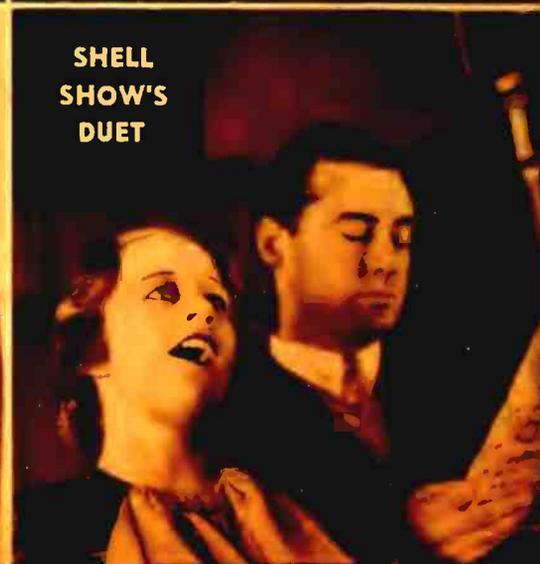


SILVERTOWN'S

MICKEY OF THE CIRCUS LEADS



SHELL SHOW'S DUET



Ride along with us in radio's colorful caravan!

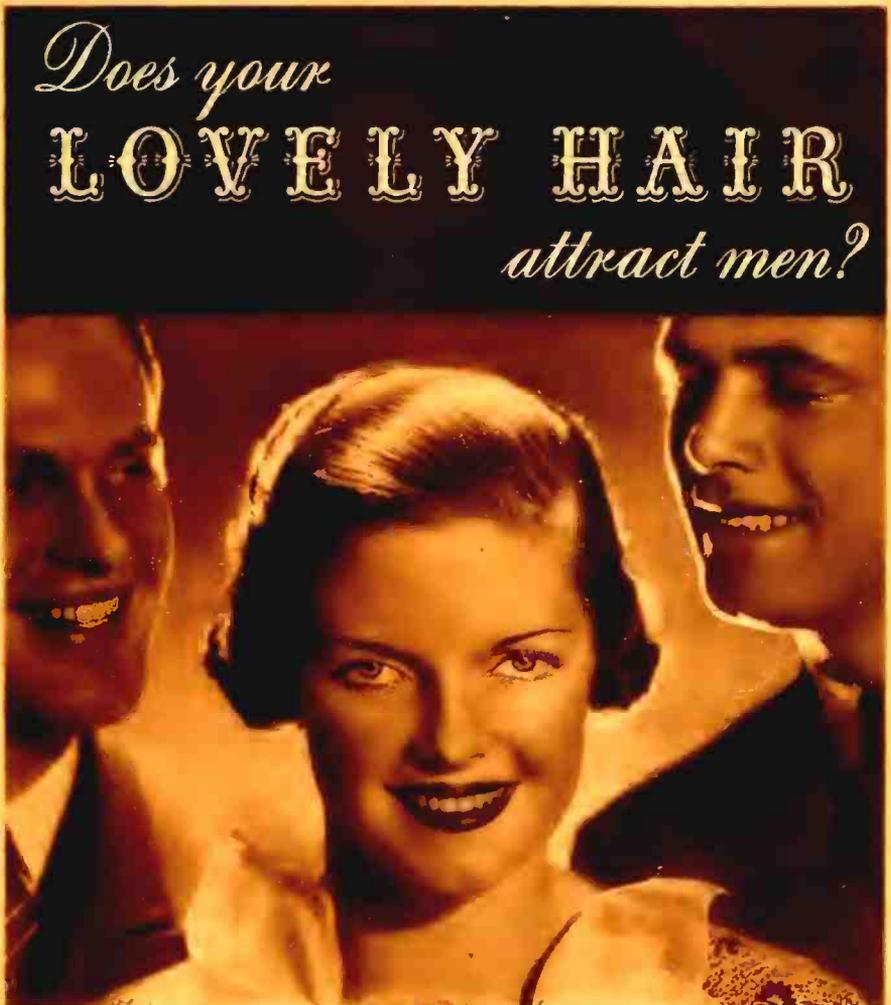
Left, Borah Minevitch and his Rascals . . . famous as one of vaudeville's best harmonica teams . . . Borah was born in Boston, earned early money as a newsboy, later gave children's programs at Wurlitzer's while going to City College in New York . . . Heard every Tuesday over WOR.

Below, Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette, NBC's Friday night comedy team with Joe Cook . . . well known for years in vaudeville, broadcast last year from Chicago . . . Irene was born in San Francisco, Tim in New Jersey . . . Irene likes smart clothes, sleep, and money . . . Tim wants to be manager to a prize fighter.



TIM AND IRENE

Left, a duet announced over the air as Peggy Gardiner and Jack Stanton, part of Al Jolson's Saturday night NBC feature . . . they are really Helen Gleason, well known soprano, and Milton Watson, recently the singing star of CBS's *The O'Flynn* . . . Helen, born in New York, began studying music at age of 10. At 17 was on vaudeville stage . . . Has studied in Italy, sung opera in Africa . . . won a contract with Metropolitan in 1932 . . . Milton came from California, won success on Broadway stage, before entering radio.



Don't let their "CLOSE-UP" view be disappointing! Your shampoo should be a special beauty-treatment for your type of hair

For Hair inclined to be oily

Guard against flabby oil glands and the embarrassment of *stringy, oil-flooded* hair which will not hold a wave. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*. This shampoo is gently astringent . . . made especially for oily hair.

Packer's tonic Pine Tar Shampoo is absolutely safe. Use it as frequently as necessary to cultivate the shining fluffiness which is the birthright of your type of hair.

For Hair inclined to be dry

Avoid harsh shampoos which increase dryness and leave your hair dull . . . fly-away . . . the kind that "frizzes" rather than "waves"! Use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo, made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" and contains soothing, softening glycerine to help your hair become silky and manageable.

Both Packer Shampoos are made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

**PINE
TAR**
for OILY hair



**OLIVE
OIL**
for DRY hair

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



Left, Bernice Claire, singer on NBC's Friday Waltz Time, CBS's Lavender and Old Lace . . . wanted to dance, but gave it up in favor of voice study . . . left her California home in 1929 to tour country with the "Desert Song" . . . has appeared in several New York productions and Hollywood movie, "No, No, Nanette" . . . is blonde, vivacious, democratic . . . plays tennis, rides horseback, cooks a little . . . goes to shows whenever she has a spare moment.

Below, Mario Cozzi, who provides the musical interludes for the NBC Mollé show . . . made his network début over WJZ in June, 1933 . . . born in Florence, Italy, has become an American citizen . . . spent his childhood in South America . . . came to New York, attracted the attention of Gatti-Casazza who hired him as private secretary . . . has appeared in such pictures as "Street Girl" and "Dixianna" . . . made his début in grand opera at Milan, Italy, returned to enter radio, after recital in Steinway.

STARS WITH
FRANK MUNN

NBC DRAMATIST



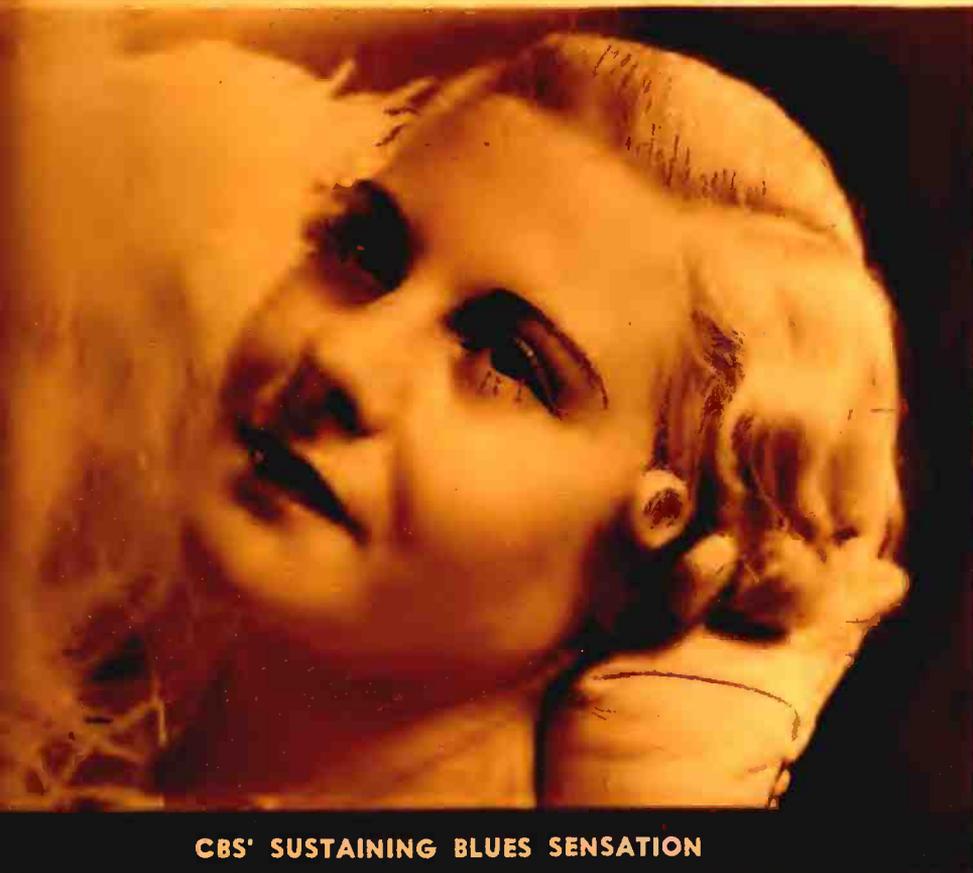
MOLLÉ
MINSTRELS'
BARITONE



Left, Helen Choate, last winter's feminine "heavy" in Marie, the Little French Princess, CBS afternoon show . . . is now playing several dramatic parts in various NBC productions . . . was known as Helen Bradley . . .

Right, Mark Warnow and Jerry Cooper . . . Mark is brilliant young CBS maestro who conducts on Roadway to Romance show . . . came to radio from musical comedy, having conducted for Ziegfeld Follies and other Broadway productions . . . can write the score of a piece he has heard only twice . . . Jerry comes from New Orleans, makes life of his neighbors miserable by practicing night and day on the trombone . . . learned to sing before he could talk . . . has been a \$25-a-week bank clerk, a successful prizefighter.

Keep up-to-the-minute with all the radio personalities and programs



CBS' SUSTAINING BLUES SENSATION

Above, Benay Venuta, who guest-starred for Al Jolson back in April . . . born in San Francisco 23 years ago, she received her early schooling in Palo Alto and Hollywood, was later sent to exclusive finishing school in Switzerland . . . captained her high school swimming team, got a job in a Hollywood theater ballet, later played understudy for lead in "Tip Toes" . . . made her radio debut in 1930, came to New York a short time ago.



ROAD TO ROMANCE HEADLINERS

Madame X investigates:



the truth about laxatives
— as told to Madame X,
the Ex-Lax reporter

THIS is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolated laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag...hop a train...go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what **THEY** think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

"EFFECTIVE"...*"I used everything but nothing relieved me until I took Ex-Lax."* Frank H. Port, 118-48 — 154th Street, Jamaica, Long Island.

"GENTLE"...*"It is, therefore, very important when I take a laxative that it be one that is not harsh, yet it must be effective."* Mrs. Anne E. Stadt, 7401 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

"EASY TO TAKE"...*"I prefer Ex-Lax to all laxatives because it's easy to take and I like the taste."* Pilot William Warner, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York.

"NON-HABIT-FORMING"...*"I don't think one should take laxatives all the time, but only when one needs it. With Ex-Lax I get the desired result and don't believe it forms a habit."* Miss Bessie M. Bean, 5687 Hub Street, Los Angeles, California.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes— at any drug store. Insist on the genuine, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

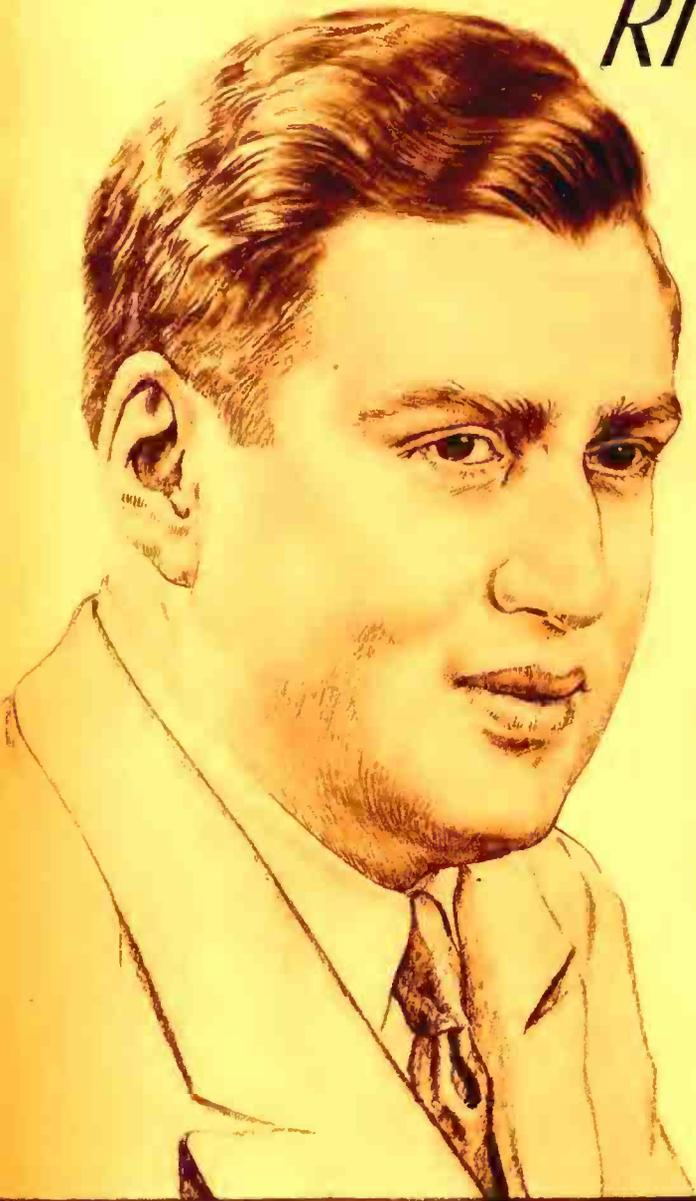
EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

RICHARD HIMBER

*wanted to work
for nothing!*

**Would you offer your talents
free to land a job? That's the
Studebaker maestro's formula!**



PORTRAIT BY CARL LINK

B Y D E N A R E E D

STRANGE as it seems, I've attained whatever success I have by working for nothing," Richard Himer, the twenty-six-year-old red-headed maestro of the Studebaker program, told me.

As you doubtless know, Himer's orchestra is the one that is distinguished by the unusual beauty and strangely moving modulations of the harp. It is an idea Richard had for a long time but not until a year ago was he in a position to use it.

In his luxurious office in the Essex House, he illustrated the story of his life by taking from his pocket four quarters.

"Each of these is an average man having no more than faith in his ability to play the fiddle. Now the first goes into an office and asks for a job. When told that there is none, he simply walks out. When the second man applies he is told 'We'll let you know.' He probably will never hear about it again. The third man goes through the same procedure except that he may get an audition and then be dropped from the list. Now the fourth man," he paused and smiled shyly, "that's myself. He's an average man just like the rest but when he's told there's no job or would he please come back again or something like that, this man

in order to prove to himself he can do what others have done says, 'I'll work for nothing—what have you got to lose?' P. S. He gets the job!" This formula of Richard Himer has always worked. It has procured for him every single job he has had up to last year.

Back in 1922 when Richard was a lad of fourteen and in his second year of high school, the luxury of his everyday living suddenly ceased. His father, once a prosperous butcher and millionaire realtor, had invested heavily in real estate in Irvington, N. J., and had awakened one morning to find his fortune gone. Young Richard faced the issue squarely, and looked for work. He had always loved the violin—had found he could play it with very little practice and turned to it as a means of livelihood.

"I'll never forget my first job," he grinned. "It was in a dive—one of the lowest in Newark. I applied there, was told there was no opening and offered to work for nothing. They took me and eventually paid me six dollars a week. But it certainly was no background for a growing boy. I presented my first week's pay to my mother. I told her I was playing in the orchestra of a men's club for fear she'd drop in to hear me."

But Richard's ruse didn't work for long. "My uncle asked me the name of the club. I told him, not thinking he'd recognize it, but he did. And boy! Was I yanked out of there in a hurry!"

THE family's fortune gone, Papa Himer decided to move from Newark where Richard and his two brothers and sister were born, to Chester, Pa.

I didn't want to get stuck in a small town and study law as my father wanted me to. So I took my fiddle under my arm and told my mother I was going to New York to get a job. She gave me \$100 and tearfully told me that if I needed more money to wire her at once. I rented a three dollar a week hall bedroom and looked for work. Although a hundred dollars looked like a lot of money I ate in beaneries to save as much as possible until I found work. Coney Island was then the Atlantic City of New York and I heard that a new concession had been opened there called the College Inn. A kid in knee pants, with a fiddle bigger than myself—I must have made a pretty picture when I applied for a job there. They told me there was no place for me but when they heard I was willing to work for nothing, they took me on. I was getting low on funds but I'd rather have died from starvation than ask my family for help.

It so happened that Sophie Tucker, playing at the Bushwick Theater in Brooklyn and scouting for talent for a new vaudeville act, chanced to enter the College Inn.

For Richard Himber's program, see page 51—10 o'clock column; the Studebaker Champions with Himber's orchestra, see page 53—8 o'clock column.

"I had injected a new note into the program," he went on. "I sat up in a tree and sang—for the first time in my life. I made up my own lyrics about the patrons as I went along—and they liked it."

So evidently did Sophie Tucker, for Richard was immediately grabbed for the act. He toured the country for five years. His quick, alert mind always on the lookout for novelty and audience reaction, drank in the rudiments of stage technique and everything there was to know about orchestras. When the tour was over, he came back to New York with a couple of hundred dollars and again out of work, he offered his services gratis to get a job.

"I went to the Paramount Theatre and applied as a fiddler in the pit. I stayed for about six months, first proving what I could do and then earning a salary."

Now comes the most momentous incident in Himber's life, although he regarded it as nothing short of a tragedy at the time.

"Things were going along swell. I was earning good money and was fairly well satisfied. Then the Paramount booked Rudy Vallee and his band. He went over so big that the management fired the pit wholesale and again I was out of a job."

Was Richard sunk? Not for long. With that initiative that has distinguished his career from the beginning, he went to Vallee and asked to be taken on as manager.

"I told him I knew all about bands—that he was going to be important and that I could get him club engagements; I would work for nothing until I proved my value to him. I worked till my money gave out and then I told Rudy I couldn't go on with him any longer. He thought I was worth a salary and gave me \$75 a week and a private office. I not only managed the Vallee outfit but Buddy Rogers' and other orchestras as well. It paid but I realized that if any of these people went to the Coast or broke a leg or anything, I would be left high and dry. My lawyer suggested that I publicize my own name so that a 'Himber' orchestra would mean something to get club engagements. So I got together four men, went to the management of the Essex House where I lived and asked whether they didn't think it would be a good idea to have luncheon music. They were interested but frankly felt they couldn't afford to gamble. 'We'll (Continued on page 87)

"ACCIDENT" PANIC!



*A fear every woman knows
—ended by the new*

"CERTAIN-SAFE" MODESS

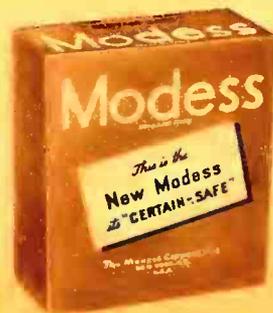
A THOUSAND times you've wondered, as every woman has . . .

"Is the sanitary napkin I'm wearing really protecting me *completely* from the hideous embarrassment of an 'accident'?"

Now, you can put that worry out of your mind forever! For a new type napkin has recently been perfected, which combines three special protective features—yours *only* in the new Modess. You can actually see and feel the three new features that bring

you dependable protection against (1) striking through (2) tearing away (3) incomplete absorption.

Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't be risking a penny . . . see Money Back Guarantee below.) Read the printed slip inside. Look at the diagrams and compare them with the napkin itself. Even before you test out the new Modess in use, you'll understand exactly how and why it offers *complete protection from embarrassing accidents.*

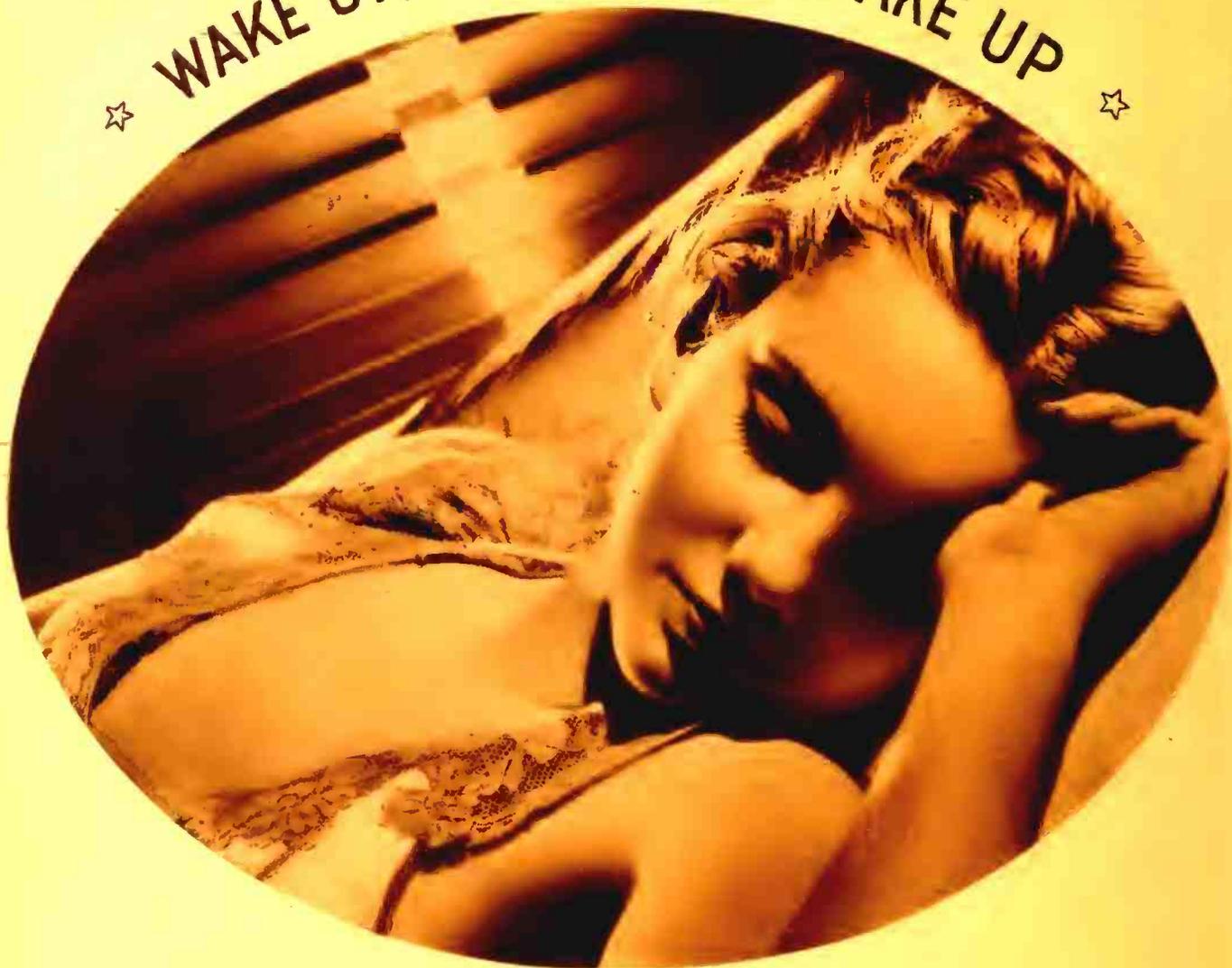


SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you've been buying another brand of napkin just from habit . . . here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear enough napkins to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return box and remaining napkins to Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS — STAYS SOFT — STAYS SAFE

★ WAKE UP, LITTLE GIRL ... WAKE UP ★



TODAY IS YOUR WONDERFUL DAY

A CANTER with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty . . . luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila . . . to the matinee with Jud . . . then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince . . . What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say . . . it's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain . . . How right you are, little Miss Charming.

* * *

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her

breath is beyond reproach she gets nowhere. After all, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The sought-after woman . . . the popular man . . . realizes it, and takes sensible precaution against offending others. It's all so easy . . . just a little Listerine morning and night and before engagements. That is your assurance that your breath is sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Listerine attacks fermentation, a major cause of odors in the mouth, then overcomes the odors themselves.

P. S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



BEFORE EVERY SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT USE LISTERINE . . . DEODORIZES LONGER

The "Grand OLE OPRY"

By JACK HARRIS

There's never been anything like it on the air—read about WSM's unique show

FROM the heart of the South, each Saturday night, comes a local, sustaining broadcast that reaches out into the homes and hearts of listeners in every state of the Union. There is no program like it in the country.

A broad statement?

Then check these facts: It began in December, 1925, has never missed a show, and runs every Saturday from eight until twelve—four solid hours of entertainment by 60-odd performers!

It's The Grand Ole Opry, over WSM, Nashville, Tennessee's 50,000 watter, and it's run by the same master of ceremonies who laid down the principle on which this show has always been based.

"Boys," George D. Hay, the Solemn Old Judge, said ten years ago, "keep her close to the ground."

How close to the ground this program has kept it is easy to determine by the simple process of counting the number of letters written after every broadcast. This last winter, it's tenth on the air, The Ole Opry drew better than 40,000 letters each week, letters that were postmarked from such distant countries as Australia.

There's a reason for this amazing yearly response—the performers themselves. The Grand Ole Opry is made up of poor but honest fiddlers, yodlers, banjo and guitar strummers whose daily bread is won, not in the radio studio, but in the fields—the red clay of Alabama—the mountainous region of Kentucky—(Continued on page 82)

If your set can tune in Nashville, turn the dial to 461.3 meters or 650 kilocycles at eight o'clock Saturdays, E.S.T. for this WSM four-hour broadcast.



Above, just part of the irrepressible gang of performers straight from the heart of the old southland. There's sixty all told on the Tennessee program.



Above, Uncle Dave Macon, "The Dixie Dew-drop" and his son Dorris. Below, the Fruit Jar Drinkers who wear those overalls all week.

Above, the master of ceremonies—George D. Hay, as the Solemn Old Judge.





The Great RADIO MURDER MYSTERY

By FREDERICK RUTLEDGE

Beginning a vivid, fast-moving novel of love, hatred and revenge — an emotional hurricane which leaves in its wake — death at a radio broadcast!

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

SIDNEY ABBOTT opened the stage door and walked into the theater, for the first time in her life hating the world. The afternoon heat was flung at her in dazzling waves from the sky, the street, the baked walls of the building, wrapping her in a heavy sodden blanket.

If it had been any other day, she would have stayed in her apartment sitting close to the window in her coolest pajamas. If only tonight she weren't going to sing on radio's new fall program, Night Club Revue. If only it didn't mean so much—this first chance to sing over a network of radio stations reaching from coast to coast.

Her feet scuffed on the carpeted hallway. It was even

hotter in here than it was on the street. Not a breath of air stirred as she approached the stage. She saw with dismay that the orchestra had already left. Now she couldn't rehearse her song. She needn't have come after all!

"Oh damn!" she exclaimed, looking helplessly about.

Two others in the cast of Night Club Revue were on the stage. They were arguing, their voices rising and falling in the empty theater. Sidney sat down out of sight of them on the backstage stairs which led to the dressing rooms on the floor above.

She hated arguments with nothing free about them, with no flare of anger openly expressed, only emotions held



cruelly in check until there was something unhealthy about them.

She hoped they would stop. Sidney liked Tony Letour. She liked his booming laugh. He was big and hearty. His ruddy face was more like the men she had known from childhood. Tony Letour had been nice to her from the first day when she had come for rehearsal.

Sidney saw that Tony's generous hands were clenched at his sides. She looked at the other—Gail Richard, star of Night Club Revue—and her lip curled in scorn. She couldn't understand why Tony Letour should bother with a woman like Gail Richard, even if Tony was the pro-

duction manager, the man in charge of rehearsals, and Gail the star around whom this program was being built.

It was hard not to hear what they were saying. Tony's voice carried so far, Gail's was raised in such shrill anger.

"And what about Lee Banks?" she heard Tony say.

Sidney's breath came faster. They were arguing about the young announcer on the program. Color flooded Sidney's cheeks as uncontrollable jealousy, sickening in its intensity, seized her.

She heard someone coming down the hall. She recognized that light, springy step. A moment later Lee Banks stood before her. His face, bronzed from the summer

months, crinkled and grinned cheerfully as he gazed at her.

"Hey, why so glum?" he said.

Sidney made an effort and smiled.

"You don't look excited at all," she told him, a little envious then of his unruffled poise. "I'm so nervous about tonight, I could scream."

It was true, too. Tonight she would make her real radio debut. If she were a flop—but she couldn't be! Too much depended on her success tonight.

Lee Banks from his height of six feet was encouraging. Sidney had only to steal a glance at his wavy brown hair, his warm gray eyes, to feel better.

"I wonder why I'm all wrought up and nervous," she said. "When I trouped with dad, I never got such jitters."

Lee patted her hand.

"It's the weather," he said, half in fun, but Sidney knew he was right. Anything could happen in this heat. Although this was the second summer she had been through in New York, she couldn't accustom herself to the sticky, depressing temperatures of August and September. Not after the arid summers she was used to on the plains of the West—those happy summers when she was a part of the "Bar 90" rodeo which her father, Bill Abbott, had made famous as a traveling Wild West show.

"Another fight?" Lee asked with a nod of his head in the direction of Tony and Gail.

Sidney's black curls bobbed up and down. "I can't see how Tony ever fell in love with anyone like Gail Richard!"

Gail, looking up, noticed Lee. Her sentence of bitter protest trailed off as her face, contorted with anger, straightened itself out and smiled. She waved a hand from which diamonds sent a shower of sparks into the gloom of the wings.

"Lee, come here, will you?"

Lee bent over Sidney. "Be back in two seconds," he whispered. He ambled across the stage over to the other couple.

"Lo, Gail, 'Lo, Tony," he said.

Tony Letour had no such easy control over his facial expressions as Gail Richard had. He looked from the star of Night Club Revue to the young announcer in silence, struggling to hold back his fiery anger.

"Hello, Lee," he said at last. "Where's Grayson? When he comes we can get this rehearsal underway." That was the best he could do. He left then. Gail turned to Lee with animation.

Sidney watched them narrowly, her fresh blue eyes clouding in despair. Why should she be so jealous? She had never thought that she loved Lee. Their friendship had always been such a frank, open liking for each other. And now it was being spoiled by her jealousy of Gail Richard. Then she must love Lee! The sudden realization came with a wave of hatred for the other woman.

WHEN Lee had persuaded Sidney to audition for this program, she had been buoyant in expectation. When she had learned that out of a group of over fifty singers she had been chosen for Night Club Revue, she realized her happiest moment. Even the fact that Gail Richard was the highly publicized star and that all attention was concentrated on her, leaving Sidney to play a minor part in the show, had not dimmed her happiness. It was only when rehearsals began, that she felt her first doubt and uncertainty.

Bobby Sharpe came in then, cutting off her gloomy train

of thoughts. He stopped at her side, his hand on her arm.

"Howya, baby," he said jauntily, smiling his weak smile.

Sidney shivered a little. She disliked Bobby Sharpe. She had distrusted him the first moment she met him. He was short, swarthy, with small eyes that reminded her of the foxes she had seen at the zoo. His nervous habit of twisting the waxed ends of his moustache irritated her unreasonably. She wished he would go away.

"All set for the big occasion?" he asked.

She made an effort to be nice, trying to remember that it wasn't his fault that he should look like a fox.

"I ought to be," she answered. "I know every note in our song already."

Bobby smirked, his flat chest swelling with pride. "When you sing duets with me, you're bound to be good."

It seemed to Sidney that his conceit fairly oozed from every pore. Well, she had known when she tried out for this job that one of its duties would be singing a duet on the program with Bobby. It was inevitable that he should be on Night Club Revue. For more years than Gail Richard would admit, Bobby had been her partner in vaudeville.

After Gail had signed her contract for Night Club Revue, her first stipulation had been that a place be made on the show for Bobby.

Sidney sighed. All these hates and dislikes and jealousies, emotions she had never suffered until now, were turning her natural fondness for life into weary resentment.

Bobby sensed Sidney's distaste. He looked nervously about for an excuse to get away, his eyes lighting on the production manager.

"I've got to see Tony," he said, as though Sidney were demanding a reason for his going.

Scattered spectators began to arrive in the theater. If they were hoping that it would be cooler in here, they were doomed to disappointment. Among the arrivals were the men who were putting Night Club Revue on the air. They were the sponsors, the owners of the company which was paying for the program. They wanted to see the last part of this rehearsal, reassure themselves once more that tonight they would have a brilliant success on their hands.

NEWSPAPER men, looking for a place in which to rest, joined the sponsors, filling the front two rows of the theater. Mostly they were radio columnists for the daily papers. They looked curiously about them as they walked in.

The Beckwith theater, long disused, had been rented by ATS, powerful chain broadcasting company. During the summer it had been completely remodeled. Night Club Revue would have the distinction of being the first program heard in it. The stage no longer resembled the stage of a legitimate theater. Heavy cream backgrounds to deaden the echoes bulged out from the walls. The orchestra boxes to the right and left of the stage had been enclosed in glass and sound-proofed. The box on the right had become the control room, that booth which houses all the apparatus to send the radio program humming over telephone wires into the main studio before it is relayed out across the country. The box on the left was reserved for the sponsors, their relatives, and friends. The orchestra pit, dark and shabby, was no longer used. For radio purposes, the musicians grouped on the stage.

Flash Hanlon of the *Dispatch* (Continued on page 60)

THROUGH the YEARS with Father COUGHLIN



COUGHLIN, CHARLES EDWARD.

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

In 1891 Charlie first smiled upon Hamilton, "The Ambitious City." There he received his preparatory education and, entering St. Michael's, matriculated in '07. Throwing in his lot with the Class of Onety-One, he began to grapple with the philosophic problems of Ancient Greece. True to his motto, he apportioned time to both work and play. During his sojourn in the College he always took an active part in the Literary and Dramatic Societies, and the season's sports. He has the unique distinction of being a member of three championship teams, viz.: The Handball team, Junior City' Rugby Champions, and the Junior Canadian Champions. Whatever be his vocation, if his past be any criterion, his future is assured.

Left, an excerpt from Coughlin's class biography in the recently unearthed 1911 year book with its significant last sentence! In the circle below, his photograph in the year book.

All photographs made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World



Charles Coughlin



Above, the unfinished Shrine of the Little Flower. Work on its completion has been stopped so that the Father's broadcasting can be continued through the summer.



Left, an example of what goes on in the Fighting Priest's office. There's a special force of girls just to handle the vast amount of mail.

Revealing **ETHEL**



MERMAN-

Radio's Glamor Girl



By FRED SAMMIS

From left to right, a chubby six-months-old infant; when she entertained soldiers at war camps; with a friend in back of the Long Island home.

SHE'S this year's brightest singing gift from a jealous Broadway to a thankful radio. Yet she studied to be a stenographer, until a few years ago was a private secretary, and she's never had a lesson in her life!

You've seen her in movies, have heard her before on the air as guest star, and have probably already read something about her. She's Ethel Merman, the producer's dream, the hit of the current season in New York's musical comedy smash, "Anything Goes," and the new star has taken Eddie Cantor's place on Sunday nights over CBS.

Her story, from rags to riches, is a real one, if you count an obscure childhood home on Long Island as rags and a present better-than-a-thousand per as riches. And it's a sound sermon for anyone who thinks he can sing and asks only a chance to prove it. Read how Ethel Zimmerman, business man's secretary, became Ethel Merman, singer extraordinary, who broke a Warner Brothers' movie contract because they didn't give her any work.

Or first, come with me to the Merman apartment on Central Park West, furnished by the voice which was never trained, and meet the girl whose faith in herself became her Cinderella fairy godmother.

Even if you've sat in a darkened theater and watched the spotlight pick out Ethel Merman as she swayed you into song, your vision of her hasn't done you justice. You have to see her in person first. Her smile, friendly, generous; her sparkling eyes, gay, vivacious; her hair, soft, dark, wavy.

With her in the apartment is Mrs. Zimmerman, her

mother, who has never left Ethel. If you came later in the evening, the chances are you would find Mr. Zimmerman at the grand piano, his fingers idly wandering over the keyboard.

Now that you've met the family, hear the story—hear how Ethel who only "takes a breath when she runs out of air" found that success is waiting for anyone, no matter how unknown, if he'll only look for it. And love, too, if you recognize the right man when you meet him.

It should have been a bright day at the Zimmerman home in Astoria, Long Island, when Ethel was born, though in fact there was worry instead of happiness. It meant another person to be fed and clothed—no small matter for the strained budget of the Edward Zimmermans.

For four years the worries continued, but even then Ethel was showing signs of the temperament that has made her so different as a star. She never fretted, seldom lost her temper, and spent most of her time making her mother laugh. All in all, though she was an added expense, she was worth the money. The house was much more cheerful.

At night the Zimmerman home would be filled with melodious music as Papa Zimmerman, seeking release from the worries of the day, played the piano. He always had one rapt listener. Ethel, sitting straight and absorbed beside him on the bench, listened and memorized.

One Saturday afternoon, just after Ethel's fifth (Continued on page 69)

For Ethel Merman's program, see page 51—8 o'clock column.

In her rags-to-riches career, this year's brightest singing star played the dual role of Cinderella and fairy godmother



The creator of "The Goldbergs"
writes for you the fascinating
history of her new program

By GERTRUDE BERG

The Real Story BEHIND

Long remembered as the patient, understanding Molly of "The Rise of the Goldbergs," Gertrude Berg now assumes the rôle of Bessie Glass, the modern exponent of efficiency.

PLAYS are not born—they grow. "The House of Glass" has been growing for sixteen years. As I sit here at my desk today I can hear just as plainly as though yesterday the seven words that started it growing, sixteen years ago. They were these: "Now Gertie, don't talk to the help!" I was Gertie, you see; just turned sixteen; keen and eager as they come. It was my first summer at my father's new summer hotel in the Catskill Mountains, and naturally enough I wanted to get into everything, including that most fascinating of regions behind the scenes, the kitchen. But this not being deemed proper for the daughter of the house, I was constantly being shooed from the rear to the front verandas, where the Irish-lace and diamond-bedecked guests sat playing cards and knitting . . . eternally knitting!

"Now Gertie, don't talk to the help!" By what law of reasoning could anyone make it out that these fat, dressy women, with their endless domestic gossip were more interesting than the keen vital ones behind the scenes on whom the smooth running, indeed the very life, of the hotel had to depend?

Anyway, this was one of my first prohibitions—we all know what prohibitions can do to a young, eager mind. Because I was told, "Gertie, don't talk to the help!" that became the one thing I had an overwhelming desire to do; and what fascinating people and problems I did unearth, as I count them now. Every single one of the figures you are coming to know in "The House of Glass" I found right there in my father's kitchen.

Millie the wisp-slight waitress so bitterly in need of a home for her child, Tiny, the wee girl who finally wins the heart of her benefactress; Katie and Ella and Whitey and Conrad and all the rest. Many people have asked me how I gained my interest and insight into the problems of running a summer hotel. Well, that was how—I gained it from long, breathless, forbidden talks with my father's help during those summer vacations while I was still in high school.

There was just one person who never joined though in saying: "Gertie, don't talk to the help." That was my grandmother.

You've had a chance to know her as Molly Goldberg, for

whom she provided the inspiration. If I ever found myself running short of a topic for a Goldberg sketch, all I had to do was to lean back and try to imagine my grandmother talking; and believe me, whatever she said was worth listening to. She agreed with me fully that the right place to find drama was in life and that it didn't matter a particle on which side of the house you found it, front or rear.

"Vy any difference?" she would ask, and I have often asked myself that same question since. "Vy any difference?" Aren't we all folks? That's the only thing that counts, really.

She used to agree with me that an awful lot of rot was written about the Jews: that the broken dialect and smutty wise-cracks of the Jewish comedians wasn't all the way they talked really; and the gushing, sugar-coated sentimentalities of many of the "good-willers" were just as far away from the Jews we knew. I wanted to show them as they really are—as I, a young Jewish girl, knew them. That was my effort from those very earliest sketches I tried writing for the air. There is no religious tangle to *The Goldbergs*, for instance. They are just a thoroughly nice, everyday Jewish family. "I never knew the Jews were so nice," hundreds of people have written me about them; a compliment that has always given me encouragement.

I NEEDED encouragement at the start, for it was a long, hard road before I gained any taste of success. The first radio dignitary I tried to interest offered me five dollars to translate some Yiddish material for a gas company. And then my Effie and Laura series, which sought to show the trials and tribulations of a pair of salesgirls. That too was rejected, though I patiently carried it for months, from office to office.

Soon after that though came my first really valuable idea, *The Rise of the Goldbergs*, which many of you know, started its life on the air in November, 1929. My husband reminds me that was the very month of the market crash! The two had no connection, however! From the start, they caught the fancy of listeners. I had believed there was room for a Jewish program not just for Jews only; for non-Jews too; for folks. National Broadcasting had finally given me



"THE HOUSE OF GLASS"



For the "House of Glass" program, turn to page 53—8 o'clock column.

a hesitating permission to go ahead and prove my point, if I could; which meant choosing and rehearsing my own cast and playing the part of Molly myself. Well, I was right, it seemed. By the end of the month, I was getting letters by the bagload. Letters that praised my performance; letters that criticized, but all the same, they didn't like it if I put on a substitute even for one night. I had to do so once though, and hardly was the sketch over before telephone calls began pouring in from listeners who protested against our trying to fool them, and wanted to know what had happened to the real Molly!

When the program was taken over four years ago by the Pepsodent Company, they wanted to test its popularity by asking the radio audience to write in on empty tooth-paste

Some of the characters who make up the Glass family are, upper left, Everett Sloane (do you remember him as Sammy?); upper right, Paul Stewart; lower left, Arline Blackburn with little Celia Babcock; and lower right, Joseph Greenwald, well-known actor, who plays Mr. Glass.

cartons, if they wished the series to continue. Over a million and a half fans wrote in. Their replies swamped the studio!

The problem of what to do with the Goldbergs has been a pressing one now for months. Kill them off, right at the peak of their popularity? No, I couldn't bear to do that. I've loved the Goldbergs too hard, (Continued on page 73)

Dick Powell tells

"WHY I'M

Bang, go all the marital rumors about radio's most eligible bachelor and grand catch!

THIS all started at a dinner party. It had gotten to dessert and that inescapable topic—"Is it more difficult to *stay* married in Hollywood than it is in other cities?" There was the usual difference of opinion, there were the usual conformists and non-conformists—and the discussion was getting pretty hot.

Only one person at the table was not taking any part in the verbal melee. He was Dick Powell, the town's *most* eligible eligible. There he sat, apparently indifferent to the whole matter. It wasn't right, somehow, for that good-looking lad, who can make girls' hearts skip beats the way he does, to be so darned nonchalant. It didn't seem fair to those girls to have him so superior to this marriage business. So, with the interest of the girls at heart, and a big dose of personal curiosity, I cornered him later in the evening, and asked him point-blank just why was he so disinterested when the subject of matrimony was being bandied about.

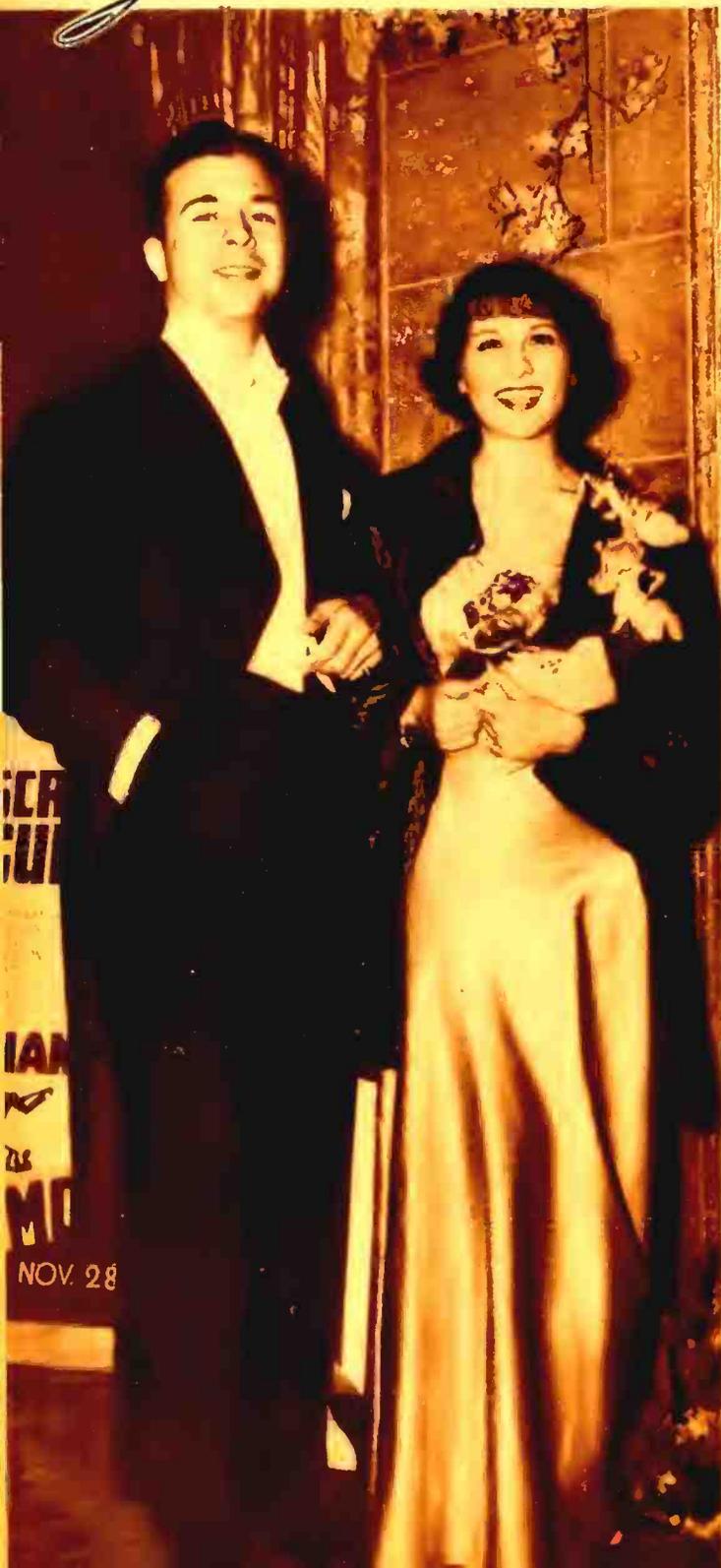
"Disinterested? Gosh, I wish I were, but that's not the word. I'm *afraid* of marriage—that's the answer . . . and why shouldn't I be? Do you realize that most of those people around the table tonight are married? And are they making a success of it? You bet they aren't. Why you and I would have a tough time trying to find more than ten really happily married couples in Hollywood and, between us, we know plenty of people in this town."

Zowie!!! I wasn't prepared for that blast of cynicism and it took a minute to marshal the defense forces. In that minute I realized that what sounded like cynicism was really an intensely sincere interest in a topic vitally near to this young man's heart. He really wants to be married, probably more than anything in the world, and yet—he's *afraid*. It all seemed pretty complex and just a little bit tragic. There had to be some reason for this panic. And then he told me why.

Back to his childhood he took me, to that consuming desire of his to sing, to play in an orchestra, to make his way by living the nomadic existence of a musician. He told me of the trip he made when he was eighteen, into the small outlying theatres of the state. He and another boy who was a pianist. They kept at it until they got so hungry they had to go back home to eat. But even starving didn't kill that yen. For, though he worked for the telephone company in the daytime, he sang at parties and Rotary Club meetings at night, and in church choirs on Sundays. And then, he met the girl.

He told me frankly of that early marriage of his, of the struggling girl and boy. Both fine, both wanting so to make a go of it, but with interests as divided as the poles.

"She was a grand person, still is. Because I had the telephone job, we thought we'd get married. For four



CR
UL

IAN

ME

NOV. 28

Dick Powell's latest crush is Mary Brian. Their rumored engagement proved to be only a myth.

AFRAID to MARRY"

By
**KATHRYN
WHITE**

He's been charmed by any number of the fairest, but Dick remains immune to matrimony.



years we both tried desperately to make each other happy. Neither of us succeeded. It's a pretty tough kind of life for a wife to take. Waiting at home, night after night, for her husband to come in from some singing date. She couldn't understand why I was not satisfied to work for the telephone company, make myself invaluable to the president, and climb up the ladder of "Big Business." I couldn't understand why she didn't realize that I would never be happy doing that. What I *had* to do was try to sing my way to whatever success I'd make. That was the only thing that really meant anything to me. And so, for those years, we both sacrificed the things we really wanted in a futile attempt to make our marriage a success. You can't do it that way. I figure those four years were a total loss to me, professionally. Suppose that sounds selfish, but I think it is true. I'm sure my wife must have felt the same way about it for she wasn't getting the things she really wanted out of it, either. So there was nothing to do but divorce."

AN experience like that in the intensely formative years of the late teens and early twenties would naturally make a person mighty scared of a second attempt.

"So, since then," Dick went on. "I've watched dozens of boys and girls, men and women, take the matrimonial step, all of them with such high courage. Such confidence that their marriage was going to be different, that they were going to be really happy and make a go of it and that it would really last. And I've watched nine-tenths of them slowly give up hope and finally land in the divorce courts or, worse still, sink into that terrible state of compromise called marital indifference.

"It isn't Hollywood, necessarily, that does it. Though I do think it's harder to stay married here than it is in cities where husbands go to offices at a certain time, get home for dinner on the dot, and where the Smiths play bridge with the Joneses twice a week, the men have their golf game on Sunday and all go to the Country Club dance Saturday night.

"Why I've a brother that I'd trade places with tomorrow, if I could. He's been married to a grand girl for a long time. They have two swell boys. He's an officer of his company and he knows that plugging away at (Continued on page 88)



Hear Dick Powell on the Hollywood Hotel program. See page 51—9 o'clock column.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE *Amateurs?*

A moment's fame—
then obscurity—
success, or what?
Here's the answer!



By
DAN WHEELER

Above, Edith Schettine who won first prize on the Fred Allen show. Left, David Hughes' fellow-miners raised the money for his train fare to New York. Below, Susan Page who won recognition on the Feen-a-mint program.



WHAT becomes of the amateurs, after their few brief moments of glory in the studios? Not the unsuccessful amateurs, the ones who get the gong, or the chord in G, or whatever noise-making device the master of ceremonies happens to favor; not even the so-so amateurs, who get neither the gong nor the public's approval. But what happens to the prize-winners on each program, the boys and girls who capture the judges' nods and the listeners' votes? Where are they now? Have they pocketed their medals and prizes, gone home, and returned placidly to their former humdrum, workaday lives? Or have they used their success on the amateur broadcast as a stepping-stone to a new and more exciting career?

The two oldest coast-to-coast amateur broadcasts, the National Amateur Night and Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight, have been on the air long enough now for us to check up on some of these amateurs and ask them "How're you doing?"

Arnold Johnson, who conducts the orchestra on the National Amateur Night, and with Ray Perkins presides over the weekly preliminary auditions, makes a hobby of keeping tabs on his amateurs. He's one of the busiest men in radio, since in addition to his duties on the amateur broadcast he also conducts the orchestras on the True Story and Forum of Liberty programs; but he has found time to help organize the Association of Radio Amateurs. You can't belong to this organization unless you have participated in an amateur broadcast; and you're automatically disqualified when your income from radio or theatrical engagements exceeds ten per cent of your total income.

It's worth while to take the amateurs seriously, Arnold has found. "Since the program went on the air last December," he told me enthusiastically, "Ray and I have listened to ten thousand beginners, more or less, but mostly more. It has been worth it, because out of that number have come a dozen or so who have found their first big opportunities on our program. Some day I can look back and say to myself, 'I helped discover that artist.'"

Already, in the space of a few months, many of these young people have shown conclusively that they have the stuff of which success is made. There's Jacqueline Allen, for instance, one of the early prize-winners on the National Amateur Night. When (Continued on page 65)



Paramount

Burns and Allen

The Mr. & Mrs. are celebrating the Fourth of July. Or maybe they're celebrating the new addition to their show, Ferde Grofe and his orchestra. Anyway, it looks as though Gracie wants to hold that huge firecracker while George must have been taken by surprise.



Bert Lawson

Adele Ronson

This is the little lady whose charming voice you hear on CBS's "Buck Rogers" program and "Club Romance," as well as NBC's "Gibson Family." Adele's hobby is collecting first editions and her latest craze is for that new game called "Cheerio." She's good at it.



Bert Lawson

Lily Pons

The tiny but great operatic star has endeared herself to radio audiences these past months with her performances on the Chesterfield program, the Ford and General Motors hours. Did you know that Miss Pons has a town named after her — Lilypons, Maryland?





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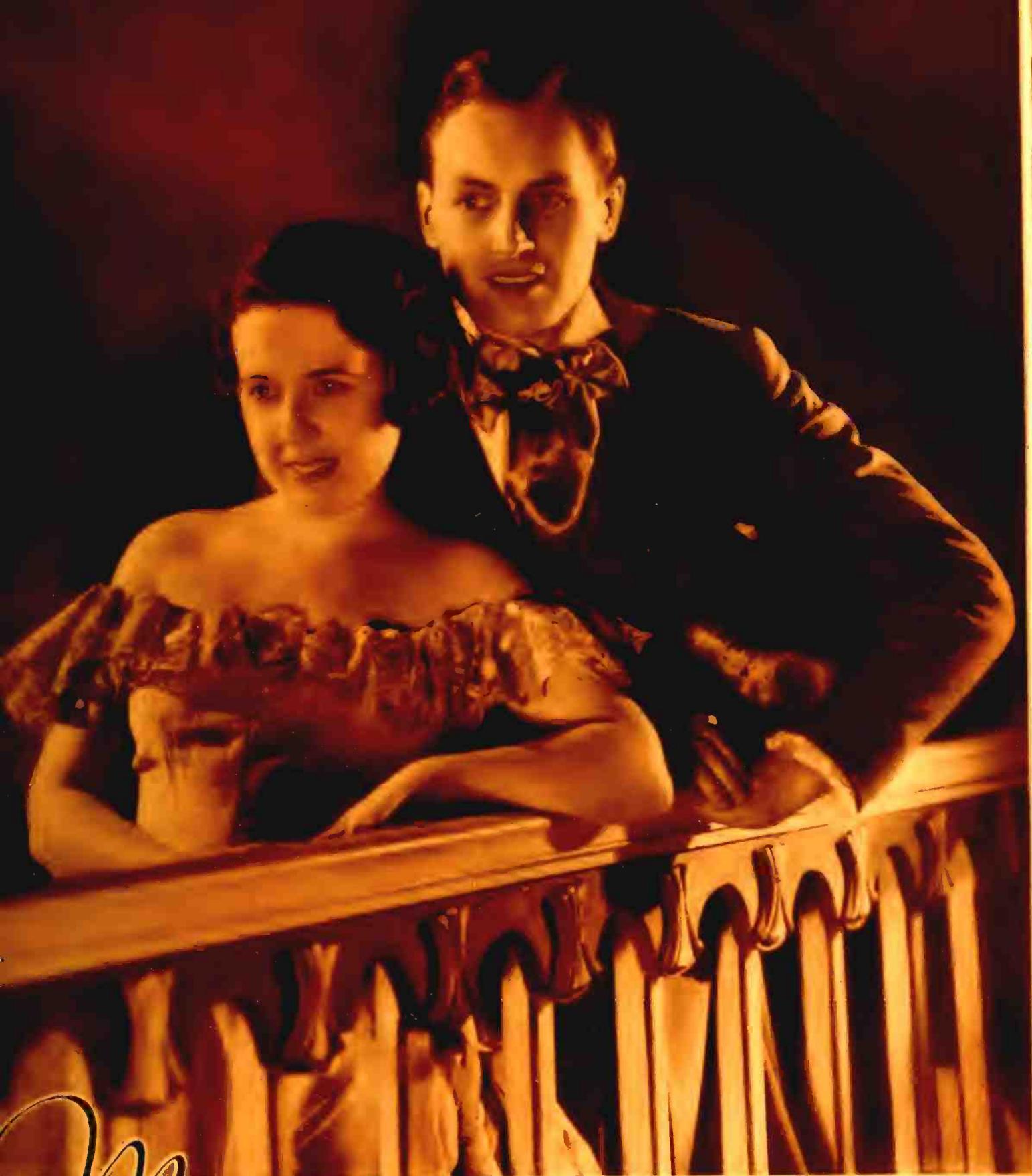
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Captain Tim Healy

Boys—from eight to eighty! Here's just the way the President of your "Ivory Stamp Club" looks. Are you working on that new contest? Tune in Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:15 P.M., DST, over the National networks for Capt. Healy's Adventures.



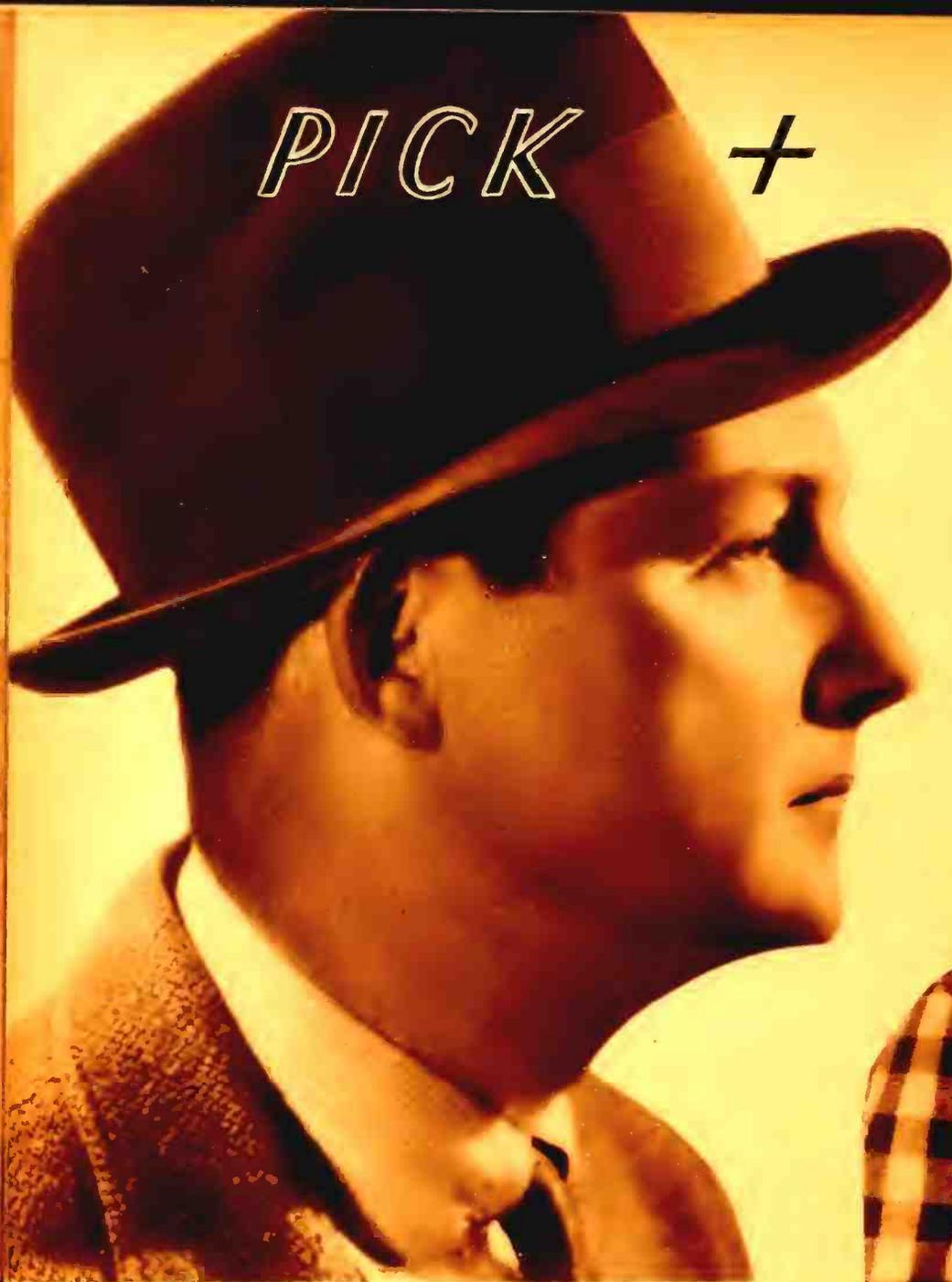
*Muriel Wilson
and Lanny Ross*

National Studios, N. Y.

The love interest aboard the Maxwell House Showboat, Mary Lou and Lanny. Lanny Ross just got back from a vacation in Bermuda where he did a bit of fishing. Muriel has been making some personal appearances, Pittsburgh being one of the towns. Her trip down into the coal mines was an adventure.

PICK + PAT =

If you want to know
all about these gents,
here's your chance!



UH huh. Us been working six years together without a vacation apart and we'se had only one good fight., Yes suh! Hey, come seven, buy poppa a new pair shoes. Wow! There's your point. Read 'em and weep."

The scene: NBC's studio 8G dressing room. The characters: two wild eyed Irishmen, sometimes known as Molasses 'n' January, other times known as Pick and Pat. The action: a fast game of craps.

(And don't think, if this conversation surprises you, that it is the interviewer's idea of humor to put their speech into dialect. Pick and Pat are two walking editions of a minstrel show. They talk, they joke, they even gesture exactly as they would if they were on the stage, in blackface. Just two Irishmen getting along.)

"How'd us have that fight? I'll tell you. It was just two weeks after us had met. We was playing in vaudeville—our first job—at Keith's 125th Street theayter."

The speaker: Pick Malone, whose weekly abuse of Pat Padgett on the Showboat Hour—Molasses 'n' January to you—is one of radio's brightest weekly spots, whose Friday night quipping with Pat's, supplies the Dill's audiences with some of radio's best old-timer humor.

"We'd finished our first show in the afternoon. We was sup-

They're on the Showboat Hour. See page 53—9 o'clock column. Also their own program, same column.

MOLASSES 'N' JANUARY

By
NORTON
RUSSELL



Pick and Pat of "One Night Stands" and Molasses 'n' January of "Showboat," are two and the same. These black-face Irish comedians have been together for six years and their association has always been a merry one.

posed to go back for our bow. So I goes out on the stage, but Pat doesn't show up. He can't. The rest of the performers is standing in the way. But I gets sore. I come back and ask him why he doesn't come out with me. He says some mighty uncomplimentary things. I resents it, of course, so I swings at him. He swings back. We go out on the street where there's more room. We'se rolling on the sidewalk by now."

"Yeah," Pat breaks in, his blue eyes sparkling with laughter. "And one of the others in our act runs out and tries to separate us. He's a big fellow, lots bigger than us. There's a crowd standing around watching us by now. We'se both in our minstrel outfits—big black coats, big shoes. This other guy grabs us. First he rips the sleeve right out of Pick's coat. Then he tears my pants.

"Then he sees this crowd, so he begins yelling that this was our act. 'Step right inside (Continued on page 64)

WERE THEY



Radio is full of the unexpected, shattering nerves, making or breaking stars! For example—

By MORT LEWIS



THEY say there are just three *certain* things in this world. Life, Death and the Rent Collector. And as for the millions of *uncertain* things . . . ask the radio stars and they'll tell you that Radio tops the list.

Honestly, the stars just *can't* tell what will happen. Programs they expect to go well, go badly. When they're worried about broadcasts turning out badly, they go well. They imagine everything is moving smoothly, and suddenly, they get a flock of letters from listeners, criticising their program. When they *expect* criticism, they *don't* get it. Just when they think their sponsor loves them and will renew their contract, they find that secretly he's thought them terrible. Or when they're worried about their contract *not* being renewed, it is, at a larger salary than before. Radio is full of the unexpected, shattering nerves, making or breaking stars, turning tragedy into laughter and vice versa with bewildering rapidity. Let me tell you about some of the big shocks and surprises that have come to the radio stars.

Take the case of Burns and Allen, for instance, when they were engaged in the famous search for Gracie's missing brother. Remember? This was an A-one publicity stunt cooked up and served by the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency which handles the Burns and Allen show. Everybody seemed to lend a hand in spreading this publicity stunt. Everybody *except* . . . and there's the story! . . .

It seems that the Thompson people decided to schedule George and Gracie for a guest appearance on the Fleischmann Hour, a program this agency also handles. They would talk about the missing brother. Rudy Vallee would do some of the straight lines with Gracie. A great plug for the stunt!

But the afternoon of the evening in which they were to appear, John Royal, Vice President of the National Broadcasting Company got wind of the idea and he put his foot down. In effect he said, "I can't prevent you from making a guest appearance on the Fleischmann Hour, but if you so much as mention Gracie's missing brother, I'll instruct the sound engineers to turn you off. I'm not going to have the National Broadcasting Company used to publicize a program on the Columbia Broadcasting System and take away any of our listeners."

This was bad news to the Thompson Agency and Burns and Allen. The old script had already been rehearsed. A new script was hurriedly written. The change was explained to Rudy Vallee, but there was no opportunity for rehearsal.

Reading from top to bottom, Tim Ryan and Irene Noble were one listener's favorites until they sang a certain song. Some serious-minded fans of the Showboat actually believed that the Mississippi glider would dock at their pier. One night Rudy Vallee's program was cut off the air for ten seconds. An exchange of words which meant nothing to Pick and Pat really cost them a pretty penny!



SURPRISED!

sal. Then came the broadcast. And when it was Burns' and Allen's turn to go on, Rudy, in the welter of things, absent-mindedly put his hand in his inside pocket where he had kept the *old*, forbidden, missing brother script and reading from it, said, "Well, Gracie, have you found your missing brother yet?"

Immediately, the sound engineers, following Royal's instructions, turned the program off the air. Things were hurriedly explained to Rudy. He got the *new* script and the program went back, with the Burns and Allen skit starting fresh and with no mention of the missing brother. The program had been off the air from ten to fifteen seconds. The comedians were flustered. They were unable to deliver their lines up to par. They were worried stiff. What would the listeners think about the break in the broadcast? Would they imagine the comedians had uttered something in such bad taste it had been thought necessary to turn them off? It might hurt their popularity. Things looked black.

But some newspaper men had been listening to the Burns and Allen bit. They were curious. Why had the comedy team been cut off? They asked George Burns and he told them frankly. It was a swell newspaper yarn, too good to keep and it was written up. It went out over the press association wires to all parts of the country. And George Burns says that figuring by advertising lineage rates, this little mistake of Rudy's netted them about \$50,000 worth of valuable publicity. Instead of hard luck, a great break. What a surprise! Dame Radio had turned another flip flop.

YES, you never can tell what will happen in radio. Take Sam Hearn. Sam has recently won the job of star funny man on the Tasty Yeast Sunday noon show. But this was before that happened. If you listen to the Jack Benny program, it's possible Sam's given you many a mild case of hysterics. He is Mr. Schlepperman, the Jewish comic whose drolleries, with an accent have won him a firm place in the hearts of Benny fans. But you didn't know *that* was Sam Hearn? Of course not. And that was the source of disappointment.

For some time, Sam had felt he should be something to the radio listener besides Mr. Schlepperman. Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker and the rest of the regularly appearing artists on the Benny program, were called by their right names. He, alone, was under a cloak of anonymity. If it was only really known that Schlepperman was Sam Hearn, it would mean valuable publicity for him. That was Sam's complaint, mildly uttered because Sam is very grateful to Jack Benny for giving him his big radio opportunity. Jack was the first to recognize Sam's talent for Jewish comedy. *Hearn, previous to his Benny radio appearance had only played strictly rube parts in Broadway shows and vaudeville.* That gives the point to what happened.

Well, not so long ago, Jack Benny did a burlesque of the movie "The House of Rothschild" on the air. Sam took the part of the Duke of Bock-and-Lager, a hilarious role which he committed with a broad German accent.

It seems that one of the executives, in charge of the Gibson Family program, is a loyal (Continued on page 85)



Top, Jack Benny in this picture is "high-hatting" his wife, Mary Livingstone, but he gave Sam Hearn (right) his chance in radio. He's Mr. Schlepperman on the Jello program, the Jewish comic. However, it was sheer accident that gave him his opportunity. Because of that lost brother of Gracie's, Burns and Allen experienced a few seconds of shock on a certain guest appearance on Vallee's show.



The TRUE INSIDE

Take a ring-side seat and get in on the low-down of one of radio's greatest cross-country fights

By ROBERT L. REDD

BONG! goes the bell! The feud on the nation's networks swings subtly into another round.

"In this corner, ladies and gentlemen, the Pride of Hollywood—Jimmy Fidler; and in the other corner wearing the regal-purple tights of the King of Tattle—Walter Winchell."

Right now they're sparring, with Fidler taking the offensive and leading with occasional enough sarcastic punches. Those in the "know" have inferred that he's leading with the chin. Wise guys say Winchell is merely laying low for the strategical moment when he will deliver a mighty upper-cut and lay Jimmy Fidler low for all times. While another group of lookers-on say Winchell will never recognize Fidler nor use his air column to crack back at the Hollywood gossip ace. Or so it seems.

There's still an age-old feeling that it takes two to make a battle. As far as jibes on the air go, it's been a decidedly one-sided affair with Fidler wearing himself down jabbing at Winchell. But there's a story back of it all which makes the whole deal pretty interesting.

Fidler says, "When he was in Hollywood, Winchell openly insulted me on the air."

Winchell says, "I have not heard his broadcasts. What hour is he on and when?"

It all started some time ago when both feudists were writing columns. Fidler says Winchell wrote in his famous newspaper column that "there are 50,000 cows in Hollywood, including the movie stars" . . . and, that "Hollywood is a city of smellebrities."

Being of and for Hollywood, Jimmy Fidler resented the writings and in his own movie magazine column titled "Close-ups and Long-Shots," gave Walter an uncomplimentary long-shot rating with bad lighting effects for his quip at Hollywood. Thus, the honor of Hollywood was defended by Fidler.

That was the beginning . . . but, only the beginning, folks!



WINCHELL-

Thus the feud began, as most feuds do start, over the matter of honor. So help me, suh!

Last summer, a short time before his tragic death, Russ Columbo and Jimmy Fidler started a new series of programs released over an NBC network from Hollywood studios. Came the night of the opening program and in true Hollywood style, a number of famous movie stars gathered in the studio to lend their congratulations and well-wishes for success to the venture. There was Jean Harlow, many years a friend of Fidler, and Carole Lombard who at the time was helping Russ pick his songs. Not to mention others of the colony.

Just before the show went on the air Walter Winchell, who was in Hollywood on business at the time, came to Fidler and asked if he could have a few moments during the program to make an announcement regarding his Shut-In-Day Movement. He had made the worthy arrangements to send bouquets to 500,000 shut-ins, and orders had flooded in to the tune of one million. Walter wanted to explain and apologize to his radio audience if flowers were not sent as expediently as he hoped. Winchell told Fidler that he had the okeh of NBC officials, if it was agreeable to Columbo and himself. Jimmy said sure to the plot and Walter went on.

Perhaps it was because Winchell was endeavoring to make his announcement in the shortest possible time and get off the mike that made him overlook adding a brief word of congratulations to Columbo and Fidler for their new program. At least Jimmy says he proffered no words of good luck.

Fidler burned while the roamer of Broadway brought

STORY of the



Just before the battle, the time when Broadway's columnist allegedly slighted Hollywood's gossip ace. Reading from left to right, Walter Winchell, Jean Harlow in disguise, the late Russ Columbo, Carole Lombard and Jimmy Fidler.



FIDLER FEUD

his talk to a close without mentioning either Columbo or himself. It occurred to Jimmy that Walter was taking a very subtle poke at him. Nothing was said.

The following evening Winchell appeared on a Columbia network program making a similar brief announcement, only this time mentioning that on the previous night he was on a show with *Columbo and Jean Harlow*. Jimmy Fidler's name was not mentioned.

Whether it was done intentionally, or was just an oversight, only Walter Winchell knows.

WELL, Jimmy Fidler was born in the ol' south; he took the incident as an outright insult, and determined then and there to some day be important enough to take a crack back at Winchell and make it count.

An interesting side-light on the night of the Columbo-Fidler broadcast is that press pictures were taken immediately after the show. The pictures had been entirely arranged for by Fidler, so consequently he saw to grouping the people for the shot. He jockeyed them all around till he had Winchell in a favorite position next to platinum-blond Jean Harlow.

"I took the outside place," says Jimmy, "though Jean and I have been the best of friends for years and naturally, since the picture was for national newspaper release, I would have preferred standing beside her. I gave Winchell that spot out of courtesy."

Evidently Winchell didn't like the picture or something. Anyway he called the broadcasting studio offices later and tried to secure the negatives. Since they were his own pictures, Fidler had the negatives. But Walter never called

Jimmy. Maybe he figured it didn't matter so much after all. Then again, maybe he realized Fidler wouldn't give them up in any case.

It's well to include at this point a comment made by Winchell a short time ago referring to Jimmy Fidler.

"All I know about Fidler is that two years ago he called me up at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles a few times, after writing me letters in which he seemed anxious to sell me Hollywood news. He said at the time, in one of his letters which I have, that he was getting money from Louis Sobol in New York, but that he preferred working for me. I told him that I did not pay anybody for anything. That is all I have had to do with Mr. Fidler."

In turn, Jimmy says:

"Two years ago I struck a deal with Winchell to deliver Hollywood material to him at the meagre rate of \$25.00 a week. The first week that the agreement was made nothing of vital importance happened in Hollywood; I sent in a few items and explained. Winchell wrote back saying—'if there isn't any news, make it.' I don't work that way. So I broke the connection with him. I was determined then that I would make a reputation for myself. Now that I am about to obtain my ambition, financial reward isn't my only reason for being happy."

For Walter Winchell's program see page 53—9 o'clock column; Jimmy Fidler's broadcast, 10 o'clock col.

(Continued on page 76)

Photographs made
exclusively for
RADIO MIRROR by
Ray Lee Jackson.

Elsie chose these three
charming frocks.
There's the soft black
lace evening gown with
dropped shoulders and
trimmed with pink
roses. The printed red
and black silk dress at
the right is for the less
formal occasion. Trim
and neat is Miss Hitz's
street costume of navy
blue sheer wool crepe
with white collar and
cuffs, and topped off
with blue accessories.

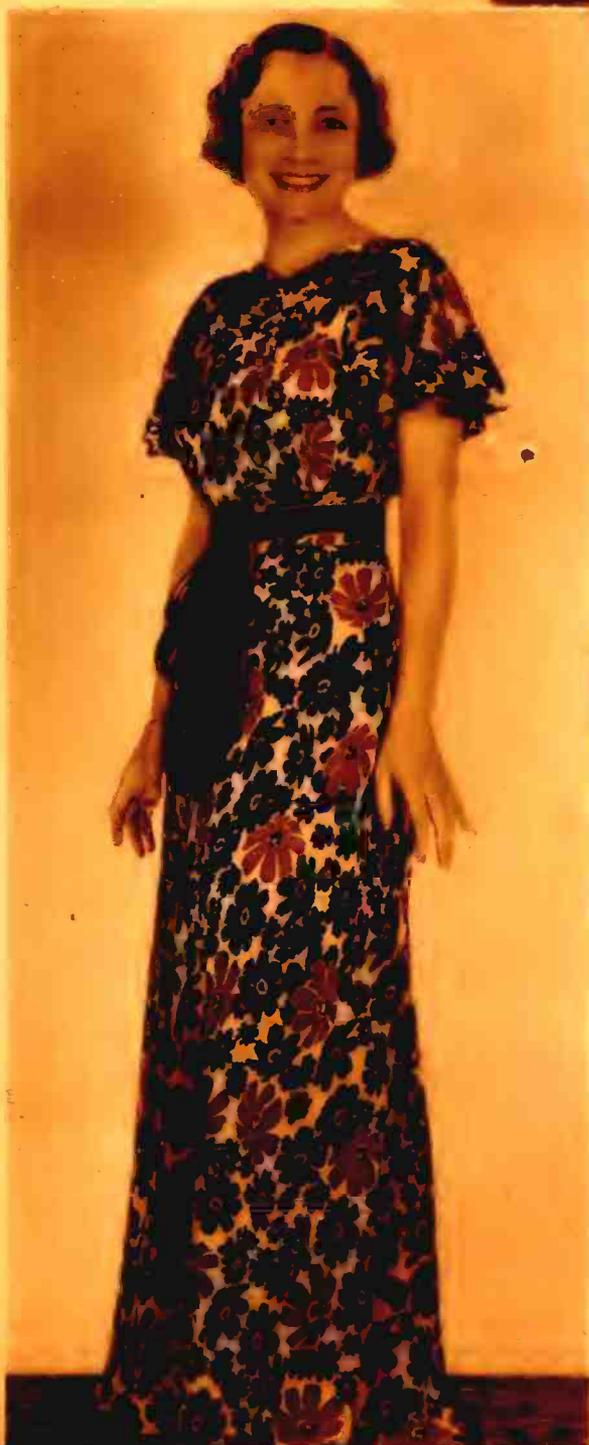


SUMMER
CLOTHES

Elsie Hitz, heroine of NBC's "Dangerous Paradise," sponsored by Woodbury's, displays her own clothes, just purchased at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York

On this page you see Miss Hitz's swimming togs. She is a fine swimmer. Her one piece black silk bathing suit is brief and form-fitting. When she feels like dressing up, Elsie dons the green taffeta suit with a white hat. When she's not in the water, there's the comfortable play-suit with blue jersey pants, white silk blouse and small white hat.

Elsie Hitz is on the "Dangerous Paradise" program. See page 53 —7 o'clock column.



"DON'T

STRU

An inspiring object lesson for those of you who think you've got to fight if you want success in the world

IF at first you don't succeed, don't struggle!" So says Everett Marshall, whose glorious baritone voice has succeeded very well indeed with millions of air fans.

It sounds surprising, doesn't it? Who ever got anywhere by not struggling? Well, there's more to it than that. When Marshall says "don't struggle," he means don't spend your life bucking your head against a stone wall, and getting all cramped up about it. He believes in taking things with a smile, and keeping on good terms with life. But he also believes in being up to par for the breaks when they come! His own life proves that his ideas are pretty sound.

Let's go back about twenty years to the strict old New England town of Worcester, Mass. A red-headed, freckle-faced kid of ten got himself a job in a grocery store, after school. He earned something like four dollars a week, and hoarded every cent, so that some day he could have singing lessons. Everett Marshall stood out from his stern New England surroundings by being completely music-struck as long as he can remember. His boyhood hero wasn't Jim Jeffries, but Enrico Caruso. His mother encouraged him in the spirit of his musical hopes, but that was the only sort of encouragement he got. Confidentially, the spirit alone doesn't carry you very far along the path of fame. Hence the job. He sorted potatoes and carried out orders, and dreamed of all he was going to do . . . "some day."

First of all, he wanted to learn Italian. There wasn't a chance in the world for lessons, so right there he put his ideas into practise. Instead of going sour on the Fate that had made him a penniless kid in a small Yankee town, he settled things his own way. In among the carrots and the onions, he lifted his voice, and sang:

*"Antonio, camphorio,
"Harmonica, O, snorio!
"Cherio,
"Beerio,
"Adio!"*

This was "Italian," and it made a tremendous effect. It was his first experience at electrifying an audience, and it proved to him that you don't need to fight an obstacle . . . you can get around it!

After the grocery store, there came a flock of other jobs, including work with an engineer and an architect, and then, when he was fourteen, someone took him along to the great annual Worcester Music Festival. Everett knew all about the splendors of the Festival, where there are famous soloists and a great chorus, but it costs money to take it in. So, after half a dozen years of waiting, someone took him. When he heard George Hamlin sing at the Festival, he knew in a flash of vision, where his own future must lie. There



Tune in on Everett Marshall's Broadway Varieties. See page 51—8 o'clock column.

before him, in a dress suit, stood the embodiment of all his dreams.

EVERETT determined then and there to get some sort of work, right in the Festival Hall. Backed up by his record in the local church choir, where he had been singing three years, he tried for a job in the chorus . . . and failed. But he wasn't the least bit crestfallen about it! If they didn't want him, that was that. No use bucking. He'd simply try something else. There was one job in the hall where they needed a kid . . . that was carrying around the

GGLE FOR FAME!"

Says EVERETT MARSHALL

BY ROSE HEYLBUT

The popular baritone believes that life is good and that a slam today may turn into a break tomorrow, but you must be prepared to meet either one with a smile!

start him on his career. He had his heart set on a famous teacher. He sought him out at once, and when he did, it was a lucky thing that Everett had worked up such a useful technic in meeting temporary failure. First, the famous gentleman told our hero that his voice wasn't anything to make loud noises about. Second, he told him there was no use in his studying for a career unless he had wads of money, and hundreds of rich, influential backers. Third, he told him he wouldn't be bothered teaching him anyway. Last, he told him "Good Afternoon!"

How did he meet this slam? He didn't buck, and he didn't pack up and go back home. He simply remembered George Hamlin, the embodiment of all his hopes, in a dress suit. So he went straight to Hamlin himself, and sang for him, and Hamlin said just the opposite of what our villain had said, above. Hamlin found Marshall's voice superb, and his all-firing ambition stimulating. He offered to teach him at once.

MARSHALL was now started on his path towards music, but he still had to work for the where-with-all to live. He sold insurance and pianos, sang in a choir, and taught music. And over the summer, he worked as boatman at the fashionable Lake Placid Club. (*Question: Can you call a singing boatman a gondolier?*) But after boating hours, he sang as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra! There he was heard by one John J. Raskob . . . remember, General Motors and the Al Smith

campaign? . . . and things began to happen.

After one season under Hamlin, Marshall was awarded a scholarship at the great Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati, and when that was over, he got a letter one day that dazzled him. It came from Mr. Raskob. It said that Raskob had been watching his progress, that he had faith in him, and was willing to send him abroad to study.

Now, study abroad was Marshall's one dream . . . but he had hoped to earn his own way. He wondered what "patronage" might do to his independence. Still, he had the chance now, and go he did, again (*Continued on page 74*)

trays of drinking cups. And he took it. It was a comedown from singing on the stage, but it was better than nothing. He could be there, to listen and observe. His first "musical" job was that of water boy. Have you ever heard him sing *Water Boy*? He puts something into that touching Negro spiritual that mighty few others can match. Maybe that's what they mean by the realistic touch? Anyhow, Everett had juggled himself inside the Hall now, and he got there without struggle or bitterness.

After eight years, he finally came to New York. He was eighteen and he had a few hundred dollars in his pocket, to

A NEW Deal in radio advertising is imminent. Straws show which way the wind blows and there are plenty of straws in the air these days. With the Federal Communications Commission cracking down on obnoxious ballyhoo of nostrums and the Canadian Radio Commission banning sales talks in Sunday broadcasts, two Governments take steps of great significance.

The hand-writing on the wall—this time boldly written by Public Opinion—was also brought sharply to sponsors' attention by the recent awards of the Women's National Radio Committee. In picking the four best broadcasts of the year they dismissed from consideration many programs otherwise meritorious because of offensive advertising material. Twenty-one women's organizations with a combined membership of 10,000,000 are affiliated with the Women's National Radio Committee—and 10,000,000 American women can't be wrong.

The committee's awards, by the way, went to NBC's General Motors'

Symphony concerts and CBS's Columbia Concert Hall programs in the musical field, and NBC's "You and Your Government" series and CBS's "March of Time" in the non-musical group.

THE editor of RADIO MIRROR recently took occasion to exalt over the ethereal performances of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The First Lady has developed into one of the deftest of broadcasters and his tribute was well merited. Perhaps you would be interested in the identity of the individual responsible for Eleanor Roosevelt's vastly improved microphone skill. He is R. Calvert Hawes, radio production manager of Henri, Hurst & McDonald, the advertising agency which handles the account of Shelby Shoes, Mrs. Roosevelt's sponsors. Mr. Hawes suggests the topics discussed and always manages to select a theme not only of public interest but one which the distinguished speaker is peculiarly qualified to discuss. He works out the continuity with her and then sees that the program is care-

fully rehearsed before Mrs. Roosevelt goes on the air. Until the advent of Mr. Hawes as coach, Mrs. Roosevelt used to broadcast without benefit of rehearsal. Because of her exalted position, it seems, nobody but Mr. Hawes had the temerity to suggest the advantage of preparation.

FEELING frisky, Ben Bernie went on an amateur program the other night—and suffered chagrin for his impetuosity. Of course, his appearance was incognito, so how were the judges to know that it was the old maestro himself? And how, Bernie, giving imitations of Bernie, ran third in the contest! But that wasn't all. One judge solemnly attested: "This fellow is better—much better—than Bernie. It's too bad the original isn't as funny as his imitator"!

THE Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, for years among the biggest spending radio advertisers, may retire from this field of exploitation with the expiration of present contracts. President S. Bayard Colgate

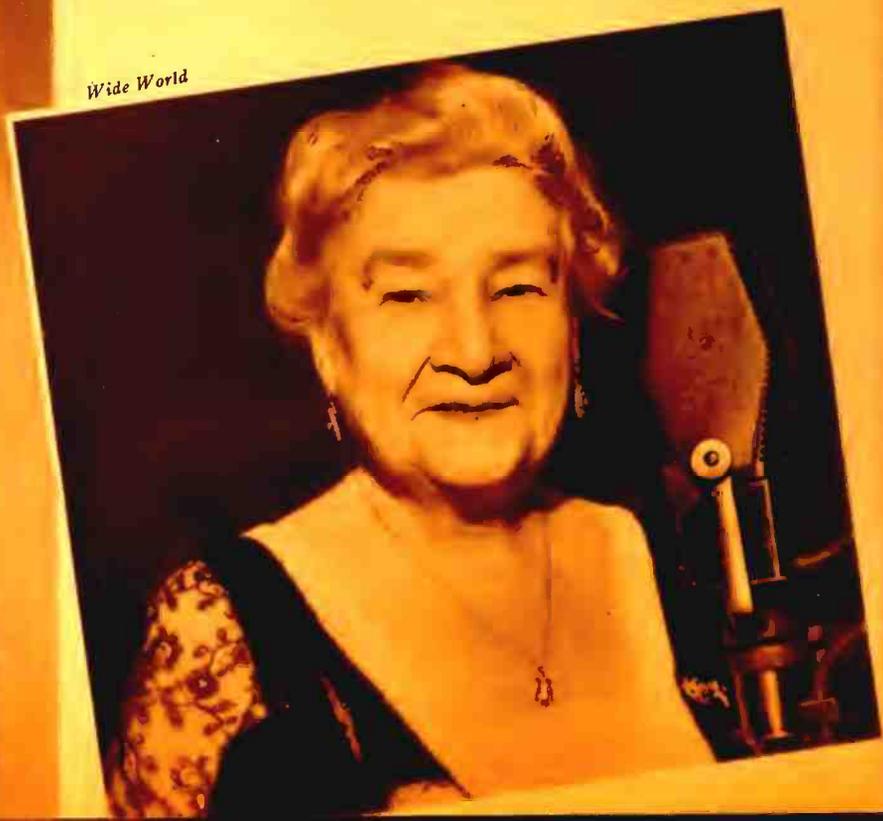
What's new on



Raphael G. Wolff, Inc.

The Countess Olga Albani's soprano voice is featured on the Real Silk "Silken Strings" program. Keeping fit is her middle name and she can really swing that racket. Below, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, as she appeared on "The First Nighter" show.

Wide World





Wide World



Left to right, just for identification, the Bing Crosby twins are being finger-printed; Lowell Thomas, as he made his first trip on the new streamlined train. Palm Springs, Calif., is the next scene. Amos 'n' Andy with Mrs. Chas. Correll, left, Mrs. Freeman Gosden, right.

by JAY
PETERS

Radio Row

has announced that his company favors magazine and newspaper advertising to radio. Currently appearing on the air waves under the aegis of the C-P-P Company are Clara, Lu 'n Em, "Music at the Haydns'" with Otto Harbach and "The House of Glass" with Gertrude Berg (nee Molly Goldberg.)

STOOGES have to watch their steps with comics. Not so long ago Teddy Bergman got to ad-libbing in a scene with Jack Pearl and the latter became confused and lost his place in the script. It happened a second time and Peter Pfeiffer did some ad-libbing himself. "Tomorrow you are going to be fired," he told Bergman. And the next day Bergman was notified he had been written out of the continuity.

Shortly afterwards a similar purging took place on the Joe Cook Silver-town Circus hour. Everett Sloane, the "Mr. Buttersnips" of that program, contributed a loud and funny laugh which almost stole the show. This was disconcerting to the featured actors and nobody, least of all Sloane, was surprised when a line in the script in

a subsequent broadcast advised him he was going to be fired from his circus job. He passed out of the picture with the very next program.

THE SOCIAL MERRY-GO-ROUND

Leonid Semionovich Veladsky has taken unto himself a wife. That doesn't mean a thing to you? Oh yes, it does. You know Leonid, etcetera, very well. Only you know him as **Leon Belasco**, the dialectic maestro of the Phil Baker program. He's a native of Odessa, Russia, and Veladsky is his right tag. He acquired the "Belasco" when Morton Downey suggested it years ago as a magic name in the American theatrical scheme of things . . . All right, you say, but who did Leon marry? His bride is Julia Bruner, stage actress last seen on Broadway in "Dinner At Eight." If your memory is good, you'll recall that this department several weeks ago told you they were altar-bound.

The **Dale Wimbrows** (he's the Mississippi Minstrel) are preparing the bassinet . . . Has **Mario Braggiotti**, the Columbia ivory tickler, succumbed to the fascinations of

Rosemary Lane? . . . **Dick Powell** has been going places and seeing things with **Olivia de Haviland**, who appeared with him in "Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . **Alice Faye**, reported estranged from Rudy, is being escorted by Vic Orsatti, Hollywood agency man . . . It's a little batoneer at the home of Hal Kemp.

Helen Zanker, who sings with the girls' glee club with Waring's Pennsylvanians, was married recently to **Art McFarland**, saxophonist with the band . . . Another wedding scheduled soon is that of **Lou Bring**, pianist, and **Frances Hunt**, soloist, with Vincent Lopez' orchestra . . . And **Maxine**, songstress with Phil Spitalny's all women's organization, is being squired by **Mel White**, of Irving Berlin's staff.

Mrs. Maud C. Kimball, wife of **Grant Kimball**, radio's Man About Town, won a verdict of \$15,000 in the New York Supreme Court for alienation of affections from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Severy. The latter is a wealthy New York manufacturer and his wife, professionally ambitious, has sung on the air under the name of **Claire Wilson**. (Cont. on page 80)

Coast-to-Coast

CHICAGO

by CHASE GILES

ROCK ISLAND, Illinois, is one city Eleanor Holm and Arthur Jarrett will always remember.

Art's orchestra has been broadcasting lately over the Columbia net work from the College Inn in Chicago. Singing with his band is Eleanor, his wife.

The two were raised within four blocks of each other in Brooklyn, New York. Yet they didn't know each other until years later when Eleanor, already possessor of many swimming championships happened to visit a New York radio studio where Art was singing.

Two years later they again met. This time it was in Hollywood where both were working in the movies. Romance blossomed and in September, 1933 they were married. The Jarretts drove east on their honeymoon.

Reaching Rock Island, Illinois, well after midnight the two went to the local hotel in search of a room. But the room clerk refused to believe they were married. They showed him letters and various identification papers. But they couldn't convince him they were really man and wife.

The result was the two tired kids got back in their car, drove to the park,

and tried to nap in the car until dawn awakened them a few hours later.

WHEN the New York musicians union recently ruled that orchestra men must be paid \$3 per broadcast, the bands in Chicago and other cities beyond that union's jurisdiction got the biggest break of all time. For all the New York orchestras stayed off the air and the networks filled the late evening time from Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Denver, St. Louis, Cincinnati and other cities.

RECENTLY Tony Wons challenged any of his listeners who cared to accept, to debate upon whether Robinson Crusoe or Napoleon was the better man. Tony wanted to champion Robinson Crusoe. He was glad to find so many letters coming in from people who would debate the point but suddenly he began looking at the addresses on the letters. They were all from points outside of Chicago, from Minneapolis, Rockford, Denver, etc., and each writer was willing to make the debate . . . if Tony would pay his fare to Chicago!

Although Tony does have quite a bit

of money put away he can't see himself doing that. All of which reminds me of the only point which Bill Hay didn't like about his vacation. Bill, who announces Amos 'n' Andy, went with them to Palm Springs, Cal., for the vacation. But he came back to Chicago looking a bit solemn.

"Oh, sure I had a grand time . . . but the cheapest room you can get out there is \$16 a day!" Imagine a Scotchman like Bill trying to enjoy that!

MRS. CORRELL, wife of Andy of Amos 'n' Andy, will remember that Palm Springs, Cal., vacation this spring for a long time. All her jewelry was stolen. Of course it was insured and of course her husband can easily afford to replace it. But some of it was keepsakes, little inexpensive memories of the days before fame and fortune and Amos 'n' Andy smiled upon the Correll household.

FOR years they'd been wanting to see what a broadcasting station looked like, said the nine Navajo Indian chiefs who recently trooped through the Columbia studios in Chicago.

(Continued on page 67)

The young radio star pictured on the left is Lucy Gillman, eight years old, who plays the part of Lucy Moran in the popular "Today's Children" programs. Below is the cast of Uncle Ezra's station E-Z-R-A. Pat Barrett, at the extreme left, portrays Uncle Ezra.



Highlights

PACIFIC

by DR. RALPH L. POWER

IF this column were giving a medal . . . which it isn't . . . for pluck and perseverance, I think it would go to twenty-three year-old, red-haired, blue-eyed Pat O'Shea for lifting himself out of the Hollywood beer garden tenor class to NBC in San Francisco.

He started on a small New York station, but without pay . . . drove a truck there . . . sang in a beer garden in Hollywood . . . did some good work on KMTR . . . ditto on the old Shell Show . . . toured with the Arnheim band and finally landed with NBC.

MIDSUMMER and the sleepy, languorous days of thought and reverie. Wonder how the public likes Bennie Walker (McLaughlin) and the NBC magazine of the air since they took the former Al Pearce afternoon spot on the Coast? Benay Venuta is known to intimates as Benay Crooks . . . wonder if it's her married, maiden, or professional name? Barbara Luddy, radio drama lady, paints the woodwork in her Hollywood hillside abode . . . to save money or because she is artistic? How do you suppose Pinky Lee and his lisp get along in New York radio circles? And where is June Pur-

cell and her uke since they leaped into the KNX limelight years ago and suddenly disappeared? How does Ted (Edward Hueson) Maxwell . . . one-time pharmacist but longtime NBC producer . . . like it in Chicago? And ditto for his wife, Bobbe Deane, radio actress? But enough of this daytime, summertime dreaming.

KEN NILES, personable young KHJ mikeman, reverses the usual procedure. Instead of handing out cigars, he accepted 'em on the recent birth of a young son. Says he has to get the baby paid for as soon as possible.

BETTY BORDEN, member of the exclusive Spinster's Club, but a radio singer for a hobby, couldn't crash the gates at the swank annual Bachelor's Ball. Her brother wouldn't invite her. So she gave him the Bronx cheer and ambled in as a vocalist with the band. She has been on NBC from Hollywood.

PEDRO GONZALES (Eugene Hawes) once of the Blue Monday Jamboree, joins KGGC with his own daily radio carousel which he calls

"Pedro's Pajamarino." How do you like that one?

True Boardman, KHJ staff spieler, breaks down and confesses he was married to Thelma Hubbard, radio drama lady, down at Tijuana, Mexico, early this year.

Baron Long, mine host at the Los Angeles Biltmore, names his new race horses after Jimmie Grier, ork leader, wife and child . . . Jimmie G., Berta and Dickie Boy.

CECIL UNDERWOOD, NBC producer in Hollywood, comes from Vienna . . . Missouri. Thelma Brown, colored bay region songster, first saw the light of day in Rome . . . Georgia. Ted White (Frederick Dodson) claims Athens . . . Georgia . . . as his home town. And Thomas Lara, KROW conductor, was born in Castilla La Nueva, where Cervantes was born.

FRANK GILL, JR., and Verna Dolores Hillie Gill . . . though married twice (Tijuana, Mexico and Hollywood) have come to the parting of the ways. Gill, be it known, has been free lancing as a radio comic and producer since leaving (*Continued on page 68*)

A popular pair is Morey Amsterdam and Mable Todd who were heard over an NBC San Francisco hookup. Right, Edna Fischer, NBC's diminutive pianist on the Coast, once played in London's famed Kit Kat Club. But she got homesick and ambled back to 'Frisco town.





Bradley said loudly, "Can you take Ginger home? . . . I think you two should have lots to say to each other."

Enchanted Lady

GINGER WALLIS had reached stardom over night and with it came love. But it was love with its tangles and its disenchantment.

It only seemed yesterday when she suddenly and bravely thrust open the gates of radio with a daring ruse that came to her on the spur of the moment, when dining with Larry at the Berkeley Hotel, where Mark Hammond was broadcasting.

The maestro's popularity ranked second only to that of Rudy Vallee himself. Mark Hammond symbolized the romance and glamor of every girl's dream lover.

Ginger Wallis had hitched her wagon to a star. A radio star. She knew that she could sing, but she could not crash those audition gates. The radio was her consuming ambition. She haunted the broadcasting studios trying to get an audition. Red-headed, young and full of ambition, Ginger saw her chance when Mark's soloist eloped, and she took it. Mark was in a spot and although Ginger had no experience, no polish, he took to her in spite of himself. There was something about her, something sweet. And the way she sang her heart out to him! He simply had to give her her chance.

The audition proved to be a success. Ginger signed up with the band, and proved that she could really sing. At last she was a success. She was Mark Hammond's new sensation. She became a new personality, guided by Mark, and her close association with him only strengthened that bond which she felt upon first meeting him.

Bradley Sonborn wanted her to sign up for the "Enchanted Lady" program. "Be a star in your own name," he

said, "instead of just being Mark Hammond's singer." But Ginger wanted to remain loyal to Mark Hammond—and besides, she loved him. The very thought of leaving Mark made her go cold all over.

It was the night they gave that benefit at Sing Sing, after which Mark drove her home. That awful accident when she could no longer hide from Mark her love for him and his realization of his love for her. It all seemed like a nightmare to her now. Her humiliation upon discovering that the man she loved was not free to marry her—was married to Del, the woman she, thought was only one of his many lady friends. She saw again Mark's reddened face as he said, "I know what you think of me, and maybe I deserve it, but try to understand my position, Ginger, I was plastered when I eloped with Del. She doesn't really want me, any more than I want her. We had to keep the

At last! Ginger learns the outcome of her gallant adventure when her great love for Mark reaches its dramatic climax

By DOROTHY BARNESLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL PFEUFER

wedding a secret on account of my contract. We'll get out of the mess somehow."

How she found her way home that night Ginger never remembered. She was through! She called Bradley and told him she'd accept his offer. The next morning she faced Mark and announced that she was leaving the show.

Ginger felt as if it was the end of one life, and the beginning of another.

"LADIES and gentlemen, we present Ginger Wallis, the 'Enchanted Lady', bringing you her romantic songs of love which express the very essence and glamour of 'Enchanted Lady' perfume."

Alone in his apartment, Mark Hammond was listening in. It was more than two months since the night Ginger dramatically quit his program. A lot of things had happened since then.

On the table was a newspaper, opened at the radio page. The editor had been conducting a poll among his readers to determine the most popular program on the air. Today's statistics showed the Bronstein hour leading all the rest. It was a bright feather in Mark's cap.

But for once Mark Hammond had been searching the radio columns for another name beside his own.

The "Enchanted Lady" program did not even get a rating.

Mark sat smoking, and listening to Ginger's voice coming over the loudspeaker. He was reminded of a chance remark made by one of the officials of WSR.

"Say, Mark, I hear that 'Enchanted Lady' thing is a flop. They're thinking of taking it off the air."

"Really?"

"I guess Ginger Wallis is feeling pretty sorry she left you. That's always the way when these kids get overambitious."

Mark did not reply. But he had thought a lot about Ginger. Only last night he saw her at a supper club with Bradley Sonborn. She looked as beautiful and brilliant as ever.

Mark had not spoken to her intimately since she quit his program. Ginger obviously avoided him, and he would not thrust himself upon her. The knowledge that she despised him, and that he deserved her scorn, still rankled.

The one episode in his life Mark Hammond regretted more than anything else was his drunken marriage to Del, and the hold she still had over him. The wife he could not acknowledge openly was an insurmountable barrier between himself and Ginger.

Unless he chose to risk the scandal of a divorce. Mark shook his head slowly. Since his quarrel with Ginger his mind had been torn between his two loves. His radio popularity—and the girl who was trying to battle her way to success without him.

Mark turned to the radio, listening to Ginger's voice with the ears of a critic. But he wouldn't have had to be a critic to know that something was wrong. Ginger's first number was a new song which she should have been able to put over with a bang. Somehow it fell flat on Mark's musical ears.

It was difficult to tell just where the trouble lay. The song lacked pep. It lacked the glamour which the "Enchanted Lady" people had sought to build up about their star. Ginger's voice lacked life. That was it, Mark decided suddenly. Her voice lacked life. Ginger was singing with her lips. He had taught her to sing with her heart.

On a strange impulse Mark leaped to his feet. He looked at his watch. Ginger's program had still twenty minutes to go. He could make the studio in fifteen, if he got a break with the traffic lights.

It was a long chance, and maybe Ginger would not thank him for taking it. Mark grimaced. He was not used to humbling himself to any girl. He was stepping out of character tonight.

AND so we bring to a close our 'Enchanted Lady' program. If you have enjoyed Miss Wallis' songs, won't you please write in and tell her so?"

Ginger moved away from the microphone. The smile with which she always faced her studio audience faded. After each of her broadcasts the announcer made the same request. But so far the fan mail had been pitifully slow coming in.

Ginger was an old enough performer to know what that meant. She hadn't clicked. The radio fans were apathetic. Even the studio audience was not as big as it should have been, and the applause was not quite spontaneous. At WSR there had always been a waiting list for tickets for the Bronstein program, and the wild clapping almost brought the Little Theatre down.

Thoughts of the Bronstein hour brought thoughts of Mark Hammond. Ginger's eyes were cloudy as she walked off the stage. It wasn't often she allowed her feelings to show in her face. But tonight she was tired.

She knew too well why her popularity was slipping. You can't sing love songs with a broken heart. She was a fool, of course, but whatever Mark Hammond was, and whatever he did, she would always love him.

One of the studio employees spoke to her. "Miss Wallis, Mr. Hammond is waiting for you."

"Mr. Hammond!" Ginger breathed unbelievably. "Mark Hammond?"

"In person, and anxious to bury the well-known hatchet." Mark's voice was startlingly close. Ginger wheeled around.

Mark said, "Let's find a corner away from all these hangers-on, so that we can talk." He took her arm and she moved unresistingly.

Mark said, "How's the program going, Ginger?"

"Well."

"Sponsor satisfied?"

"Uh-huh!"

Mark's eyes were politely doubting. "Suppose we cut out the pretense, Ginger? Something's wrong, isn't it? You're not doing your best. I heard the opening of your program tonight. That first song—"

Ginger's body stiffened with resentment. She was surprised at the harshness of her own voice.

"Did you make this trip especially to tell me that I am no good?"

Mark was taken aback. "No, Ginger. I want to help you. I heard a rumor today. Oh, never mind what it was. It just gave me the idea that things were not going so well with you. I thought that perhaps if I could coach you with your songs as I used to do that we might be able to put this program of yours over."

Ginger's lips twisted bitterly. Imagine Mark Hammond thinking that he could coach Ginger (*Continued on page 57*)

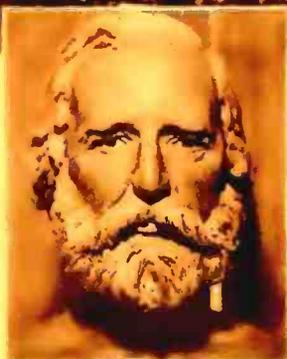
Summer music really can be made the most delightful pastime if you'll follow this fine writer's suggestions

How to Get More Fun Out of MUSIC

By
CARLETON
SMITH



Wide World



Above, the Hollywood Bowl, where thousands gather to listen to good music. Left, meet "Joe Green," famous composer. It's Giuseppe Verdi when literally translated into Italian.

A LETTER from a reader of this column came to me last week. The writer was a young girl, one who hadn't listened much to classical music until she started reading how to get more fun and enjoyment out of it in *RADIO MIRROR*.

She wrote: "It's much more fun lately to listen. But, Mr. Smith, one bad thing about it is that now, just as we're beginning to enjoy these musical programs, and get more out of them, they are going off the air. Soon the Philharmonic will be gone, and the Opera, and all the programs you've been telling us about. Maybe by next fall I'll have forgotten all about them, or lost interest."

It was a grand letter, and I enjoyed having it. But the writer was wrong when she said that all the good programs will be off the air this summer. There will be many of them. And, even though the Philharmonic and the Opera will be gone, a new, lighter, gayer, infinitely charming kind of program will take their place.

In fact, by next fall, I imagine this nice young girl will

be more fond of music than ever before. Because, summer music can be made the most delightful, romantic pastime imaginable.

This summer we'll be listening to music from the Hollywood Bowl, which is an outdoor stadium where thousands of Californians gather to listen to music beneath the stars and amid the beautiful flowers and grasses and the wonderful Hollywood trees that are the marvel of the world. Some of these concerts will be broadcast and in different parts of the country many other concerts performed in outdoor surroundings will be heard over the air such as the Lewisohn Stadium concerts from New York, the Robin Hood Dell concerts in Philadelphia, the Nippert Stadium concerts in Cincinnati, and broadcasts of the Army and Navy Bands from the banks of the Potomac in Washington.

It would be marvelous if we could actually attend these beautiful concerts, and if you are anywhere in the vicinity I should certainly advise you to do so. But, if you are not—if you are living in some small town in Indiana, or Iowa, or Minnesota—you needn't worry. Because, I'm going to tell you just exactly how to get the same thrill from them as the people who are actually attending. Perhaps you will get more of a thrill.

First of all, watch your *RADIO MIRROR* Program Guide for these broadcasts scheduled each month. Then, invest in a small car radio, if you haven't one already, or, if you haven't a car, buy the radio for some neighbor and plan to "attend" these glorious concerts together during the summer.

(Continued on page 82)

Cooking A LA

COBINA WRIGHT

By MRS.
MARGARET
SIMPSON

RADIO MIRROR's kitchen hostess, Mrs. Simpson, personally interviews the radio stars to find out what their pet dishes are. If you want to know the favorite dish of your favorite star, write to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, in care of RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Watch this department for your answers.



Cobina Wright, who is always entertaining, gives you some grand recipes for cooling summer dishes. She's on Columbia's "Your Hostess" program. Turn to page 50—3 o'clock column.

DISHES for summer entertaining?"

Cobina Wright, whose social background has made her as accomplished a hostess in private life as she is to her radio audience, smiled as she repeated the question. You have heard her on the Columbia networks, "Your Hostess" program, on Monday afternoons at 3:00 P. M. EDT.

"The answer is fairly obvious, isn't it? Something that piques the appetite, something out of the ordinary, and something cool.

"One of the first dishes that occurs to me, and it's one that I have served successfully any number of times, was taught me by the composer, Puccini, while I was visiting in Italy.

"For it you need ham, a ham that is more thoroughly smoked than the kind you usually buy. I don't know if there is an American name for this specific kind of ham, but the Virginia hams cured with hickory smoke have the flavor I mean.

"You slice this—or really, I should say, shave it. It must be cut very, very thin. And you serve it with melon. That yellow Persian melon, or for that matter, any kind of melon, very cold.

"And if melons aren't available, or for some reason you or your guests don't like them, these slim shavings of raw ham are delicious with crushed fresh grapes."

Italy made Mrs. Wright think of another dish—one that she says is good in summer or winter. It is called *gnocchi* and it is nothing more nor less than dumplings made with potatoes beaten to a fluffy lightness and combined with flour. They are more feathery and delicate than dumplings made with a straight flour pastry.

"They are shaped to look something like slightly oversized shrimps," Mrs. Wright explained. "And they are served with a white sauce. The basic recipe for this may be varied to suit your taste—seasoned with cheese for example, it is delicious."

Mrs. Wright's eyes were twinkling as she paused. "While I'm talking about Italy—I can't help thinking of something funny that happened there. I was married then to Owen Johnson, the writer and son of the American ambassador.

"We were in the country, and I had asked a number of guests to dinner. And then my staff walked out on me. There was no one to get dinner so we decided to do it ourselves, each one cooking his favorite dish.

"When I was asked what I would contribute, I said that I knew how to make something delicious. It consisted of tomatoes, pepper and onions.

"How do you cook them?" asked a doubting Thomas of a guest who didn't believe that I knew anything about the behind-the-scenes part of entertaining.

"You slice the tomatoes," I answered, "and the peppers and onions. All rather fine. And then you put them in a dish and put some water on them."

"Well, what next?" the same guest pursued. "You put them on the stove and let them do what they do." I answered firmly.

"Later I found out that I'd stewed them, but they tasted just as good when I didn't know the proper culinary term."

SUMMER entertaining isn't complete without something special in the way of a drink. And Cobina Wright had a suggestion to make about that which is simple enough.

You shave ice very thin and fill a tall, highball glass with it. And then you pour tea, or coffee, or orangeade, or anything you like over it. You sip it slowly—it's almost like eating a sherbet, Mrs. Wright said—and when you have finished you are at least twenty degrees cooler.

"That's almost enough food for a whole summer, isn't it?" Mrs. Wright laughed her infectious laugh. "But perhaps I'd better mention salads. They're so cooling!

"One of my favorites is very simple. It consists of a large bowl of water cress, washed and crisped in the refrigerator. Over this you slice cucumbers, very thin, and serve with French dressing that has had a slight acquaintance with a clove of garlic."

There are innumerable ways of making refreshing salads and cooling drinks for the hot summer days. I have several recipes that will delight your family on a particularly sweltering day. Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York.

We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Daylight Saving. Subtract two hours for Central time, three for Mountain time, four for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.

HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following two pages—into Basic, Western, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.)
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page. Follow the same procedure to locate your NBC program and station.

LIST OF STATIONS

| BASIC | SUPPLEMENTARY | COAST | CANADIAN |
|--|---|--|--|
| WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WGBW WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBK WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WBBM WHAS KMOX | WDOB KRLD WBIG KTRH KLRA WQAM WSFA WLAC WDBO WDBJ WTOC WDAE KFBK KDB WICC KFPY WPG KVOR KWKH KLZ WLBW | KOIN KGB KHJ KFRC KOL KFPY KVI | WHEC KTSJ KSCJ WSBT WMBM WBBW WWVA KFH WSJS KGGK WBRK WMT WCCO WISN WLBZ WGLC WFEA KOH KSL WORC WBT WDNC WALA KHJ CKAC CFRB |

5 P.M. 6 P.M.

4 P.M.

3 P.M.

12 NOON 1 P.M.

2 P.M.

12:00
Salt Lake City
Tabernacle: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Voice of Experience: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WNAC WGR WFBM KMBK WSPD Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KLZ WCCO KSL WWVA

12:15
The Gumps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WKBW WFBM KMBK WFBM WSPD WJSV WHAS Plus WBNS KFAB WCCO WHEC WNAC plus Coast

12:30
Romany Trail: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC and Network

12:45
Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

1:00
Church of the Air: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Concert Miniatures: Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WGR CKLW WDRCWFBM KMBK WCAU WJAS WFBL WSPD WJSV WQAM WDBO WDAE KERN KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WPG WLBZ WBRC WBT KVOR WBNS KRLD KLZ WDNC WOWO WBIG KTRH WNOX KLRA WFEA WREC WALA CKAC WDSU KOMA WCOA KOH WMHG WDBJ WHEC KTSJ WTOC KWKH KSCJ WSBT CFRB WIBX WWVA KFH WSJS WORC WKBN

1:15
Alexander Semmler: ¼ hr. Mon. WABC WCAO WMBRWQAM WDBO WSJS WDAE WGST WPG WBRK WDOD WBIG WTOC WNOX KLRA WREC WALA WDSU WCOA WMBD WDBJ

1:30
Eddie Dunstedter Presents: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and Network

2:00
Lazy Dan: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WOWO WDRC WFBM KMBK WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KOL KFPY KWG WHEC KVI WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WDBJ KSL WIBW WMT WSPD WMAS WBRK **Marie. The Little French Princess:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WNAC WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV KRLD KLZ WDSU WHEC KSL KHJ KFBK KERN KMJ KFBK KDB KWG

2:15
The Romance of Helen Trent: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WNAC WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV KRLD KLZ WDSU WHEC KSL KHJ KFRC KERN KMJ KFBK KDB KWG

2:30
Eddie Dunstedter Presents: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and Network
The School of the Air: Every school day ½ hr. Network

3:00
Symphony Hour with Howard Barlow: Sun. one hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WBBM WHK CKLW WDRCWFBM KMBK WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE KHJ WGST WPG WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT WBSN KRLD WSMK KLZ WBIG KTRH KFAB KLRA WSJS WFEA WREC WCCO WALA CKAC WLAC WDSU WCOA WDBJ WHEC KSL KWKH KSCJ WMAS WIBX WMT WNOX WKNB WKRC WDNC WIBW WTOC KOMA WHAS KGO KOH KOIN KVI KOL KGB WDOD WNOX KVOR KTSJ WSBT WHP WOC W M B G W K B W KERN WCAO WJSV KFPY

Your Hostess, Cobina Wright: Mon. 1 hr. Network

Columbia Variety Hour: Tues. 1 hr. Basic minus WNAC WKBW WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WIBW WWVA KSL Plus Canadian Plus WNOX WHP KOMA WHAC WMBG WDSU WBNS WREC WIBX

Kate Smith: Wed. 1 hr. Basic minus KMBK WKBW WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary Plus Canadian Plus WHP KOMA WDSU WBNS

4:00
National Student Federation Program: Wed. ¼ hr. Network

4:15
Curtis Institute of Music: Wed. ¾ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WHK CKLW WDRCWFBM WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV W M B R W Q A M WDBO WDAE KOIN WGST WPG WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT KVOR WBNS KRLD WSMK KLZ WDNC WBIG KTRH KLRA WFEA WREC WALA CKAC WLAC WDSU KOH WDBJ KTSJ KWKH KSCJ WSBT WMAS WIBX WMT KFH WSJS WORC WNOX WOC WKBN WKRC KGB KOL WHAS KVI WTOC KOMA WACO WNOX WDOD KDB WHP **Salvation Army Band** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

4:30
Chicago Varieties: Mon. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WKBW WGR WBBM WKRC KRNT CKLW WDRCWFBM KMBK KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WSPD WJSV W M B R W Q A M WDBO WDAE KHJ KDB WGST WPG WLBZ WBRC WDOD KVOR WBNS KRLD KLZ WBIG WHP KTRH WNOX KLRA WFEA WREC WCCO WALA CKAC WDSU W C O A W M B G WDBJ WTOC KWKH KSCJ WSBT WMAS WIBW CFRB WIBX KFH WSJS WORC KVI KFPY WBT **Science Service:** Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network

5:00
Country Church of Hollywood: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT CKLW WDRCWFBM KMBK KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WSPD WJSV W M B R W Q A M WDBO WDAE KHJ KDB WGST WLBZ WBRC WICC WDOD KVOR WBNS KRLD KLZ WBIG WHP KTRH WNOX KLRA WFEA WREC WCCO WALA CKAC WDSU KOMA WCAO WMBD WMBG WDBJ WTOC KWKH KSCJ WSBT WMAS CFRB WIBX WWVA KFH WSJS WORC WIBW KVI KFPY WBT

5:15
Og, Son of Fire: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WJAS

5:30
Crumit & Sanderson: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WGR WHK CKLW WDRCWFBM KMBK WHAS WCAU WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV WICC WBNS WDSU KOMA WHEC WMAS KTUL WIBX WWVA KFH WORC

Jack Armstrong: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus KMOX WBBM WHAS WCAO WNAC WFBL WKRC WDSU WFBM KMBK Plus WAAB WHEC WMAS

Folk Music: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WDRK WJAS WEAN WSPD WJSV WDBO WDAE KHJ WGST WPG WLBZ WICC WBT WBIG WDSU WCOA WHEC WIBX WKRC WDNC KSL KGGK WBNS WMBR KFAB WOC WTOC KVOR KTSJ WSBT KHO KOIN WBRC WHP WDOD WACO KOMA WFBL WMT KTRH KMBK KLZ KRLD WFEA KMOX WALA KLRA WREC KFH KWKH KDB WORC WFBM WQAM KSCJ KERN KEPI CKAC

5:45
Dick Tracy: ¼ hr. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Basic

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 Wile: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

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

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

6:45
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC WADC WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WBT WCCO WHEC WWVA

If you're around a radio on Sundays this hot weather and miss those New York Philharmonic Concerts, tune in at three o'clock and hear Howard Barlow conduct . . . Two hours later is a California program that brings you a popular church service . . . Still on the subject of Sunday shows, Feenacant's Amateur Hour plans to sail right through until fall.

7:00
Just Entertainment: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thu. Fri. ¼ hr. WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WHAS WCAU WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WDBO WDAE KFBK KFPY WBRB WICC WBT KVOR WBNS WOC WDNC WREC WALA WCOA KOH WMBG K TSA CFRB KTUL WIBX WSJS 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
Just Plain Bill: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WGR WCRB WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

7:30
The O'Neills: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP W H E C W M A S WWVA WORC
Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WBBM WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL CKAC CFRB

7:45
Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WHK CKLW KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV WBT WCCO WDRC WEAN KRLL KOMA WFBL WKRC

At seven now on week days is a new Wrigley quarter-hour, billed as Just Entertainment. The music is good . . . Skipping over an hour on Sundays we find Ethel Merman filling in for Eddie Cantor. She's the glamor girl straight from Broadway and don't miss the story on her in this issue . . . Kate Smith is taking a month's vacation, starting the first of June. Nothing has so far been scheduled to take her place Monday nights . . . Have you caught that new quartet with Jahnnie, the Philip Morris page boy? They broadcast every Wednesday at eight.

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 WBRB WBT KRLL KLZ KTRH KFAB KLRA WREC WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL K TSA KWKH KTUL WADC KRNT
Fray and Braggiotti: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and Network
Lavender and Old Lace: Tues. ½ 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

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 WBRB WICC WBT WOOD WBNS KRLL W S M K W D N C WOVW WBIG WHP KTRH WNOX KLRA WFEA WREC WALA WFEA WLAC WDSU WCOA WDBJ WHEC K TSA WTOC KWKH WSBT WMAS KTUL WACO WWVA KGKO WSJS WORC WKBN KRGV
Melodiana, Abe Lyman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O WCCO CFRB
Everett Marshall: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus WOVW WBT KRLL KLZ WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WIBW WCCO WEK
Leith Stevens' Harmonies: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and Network
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
Ford Symphony: Sun. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary Plus WNOX WKRE WGST WBNS WDSU W N A X W K B M WACO KTUL WIBY WOVW KWO Plus Canadian
Bing Crosby: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WOVW WBT KTUL WGST KLRA KTRH K TSA
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 WMGB KTUL WACO W N A X W K B M W I B X W K B H

9:30
The Big Show: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOVW WICC WBT WBNS KLZ KFAB WREC WCCO CKAC WDSU KSL WGST WPG WBRB KRLL WORC
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 KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL WMAS WCCO KFAB
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

Bing, Crosby, tired from a year's strenuous work, departs from the airways some time in June. It's already rumored that next fall he will come back on a NBC network. If he does, it will be his first departure from Columbia since he started on the networks . . . We aren't sure what's happened to Hollywood Hotel, but it now wins our vote as radio's most glamorous hour show. Dick Powell is really clicking as the singing master of ceremonies.

10:00
Wavne King, Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM 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 WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WOVW 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 W P G WGST WLBZ WBRB WICC WBT WOOD KVOR WBNS KRLL KLZ WDNC WKBN WBIG WHP KTRH WFAB KLRA WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WALA WSFA WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBD KOH WMBG WDBJ WHEC KSL K TSA WTOC KWKH KSCJ WMAS WIBW KTUL WIBX WACO WMT KFH KGKO WSJS WORC 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 TSA WORC WOVW
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.

Phil Spitalny is having trouble with his all-girl band again. Romance is rearing its ugly head, what with this soft, warm weather, and several of his girl musicians are threatening to trade in their horns for husbands . . . Fred Waring's show will continue until the last of July, at least. After that, Fred is tentatively planning another vaudeville tour, covering some of the towns he missed last summer . . . Have you heard Freddie Berrens' Orchestra at 11:30 on Wednesdays and Fridays?

11:00
Claude Hopkins 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
Freddie Berrens' Orchestra: Wed. Fri. WABC and Network

Rebroadcasts For Western Listeners:
11:30
The Camel Caravan: Thurs. ½ hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KVOR KOH KSL

Burns and Allen (they have well-known arranger Ferde Grufe directing the band now) move into the Jack Pearl spot at ten on Wednesdays . . . Pearl, now off the Columbia network, reputedly had spars trouble. That is, too many people tried to tell Jack what to do to be funny, when it was Jack who really knew all the time . . . Wayne King's planning a personal appearance tour in a few months. Thousands of his fans have been requesting the chance of seeing the waltz maestra in person . . . Walter O'Keefe's baby—or rather Mrs. Walter O'Keefe's baby was a boy. Which probably accounts for the strained voice in which Walter announced his programs back the last of April . . .

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|---------------------|---|---|--|--|---|--|
| BLUE NETWORK | <p>12:00 Tastycast Opportunity Matinee: Sun. ¼ hr. Network Fields and Hall: Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network</p> <p>12:15 Merry Macs: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network Genia Fonarivova, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. Network</p> <p>12:30 Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—Network</p> | <p>1:30 Sunday Forum: Sun. ½ hr. Network National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. 1 hr. WJZ and Network</p> <p>2:30 NBC Music Guild: Mon. Wed. Thurs. One hr. Network Light Opera Company: Tues. one hr. WJZ and Network</p> | <p>2:30 Lux Radio Theater: Sun. one hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ WWNC WBAP WJAX plus Coast plus WLW WJAZ KFYR WDAY KTBS WFAA KTBS W TAR CFCF</p> <p>Playlett: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and Network</p> <p>2:45 Rita Lester: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Echoes of Erin: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network</p> | <p>3:00 Radio Guild: Mon. Hour—Network Orchestra: Tues. ½ Network Castles of Romance: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network "Marco the Wanderer": Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and Network</p> <p>3:15 Sketch: Wed. ¼ hr. Network</p> <p>3:30 Sunday Vespers: Sun. hr. Network</p> | <p>4:00 Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus KSO KWCR WREN Plus Coast Plus WOAI WLW WFAA WTMJ KSTP KVOO WKY</p> <p>4:15 Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. Network Jackie Heller: Wed. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network Dorothy Page: Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network</p> <p>4:30 Temple of Song: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and Network</p> <p>4:45 General Federation of Women's Clubs: ¼ hr. WJZ and Network</p> | <p>5:00 Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTBS WBAP KPRC WOAI Your Health: Tues. ¼ hr. Network</p> <p>5:15 Jackie Heller: Tues. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network Wooley the Moth: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network</p> <p>5:30 Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR WLW</p> <p>5:45 Bob Becker's Fireside Chat About Dogs: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WMT WCKY WFIL Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL Plus W R V A WJAX CRCT WCKY WPTF WFLA CFCF WIOD</p> |
| | <p>Here are the summer changes for religious broadcasts over the blue network on Sundays: Sunday Forum, at one thirty, in place of National Youth Conference; Sunday Vespers, with Dr. Paul Scherer from 3:30 to 4:00 . . . Opportunity Matinee now presents some of the winners on Gus Edwards' amateur program over WOR . . . Hear Rita Lester any Wednesday or Friday at 2:45. You'll like her. Although this is her network debut, she is well known in musical comedy.</p> | | | | | |
| | <p>Ah! Marco the Wanderer is back with us, at three on Fridays. Remember his silver flute, back in the old days of NBC, as one of the most popular dramatic series the network ever presented? It's the same man and his adventures will thrill you all over again, young or old.</p> | | | | | |

LIST OF STATIONS

| BLUE NETWORK | | | |
|--------------|------|---------|------|
| BASIC | | WESTERN | |
| WJZ | WSYR | KSO | WPTF |
| WBAL | WHAM | KWK | WTMJ |
| WMAL | KDKA | WREN | KSTP |
| WBZ | WJR | KOIL | WWNC |
| WBZA | WENR | WGAR | WKY |
| | WGAR | | WBAP |
| COAST | | WLS | |
| KOA | KGO | KOMO | |
| KDYL | KFI | KHQ | |
| | KGW | | |

| RED NETWORK | | | |
|-------------|------|---------|------|
| BASIC | | WESTERN | |
| WEAF | WWJ | WGY | WEEI |
| WTAG | WLW | WJAR | KSD |
| WBN | WSAI | WCSH | WDAF |
| WCAE | WFBR | | WOW |
| WTAM | WRC | | WTC |
| WESTERN | | WBAP | |
| KSTP | WEBC | WKY | KVOO |
| WTMJ | KPRC | WOAI | WFAA |
| | | | KTAR |
| SOUTHERN | | COAST | |
| WIOD | WIS | WJAX | WSB |
| WFLA | WPTF | WMC | WSM |
| WWNC | WRVA | WJDX | WSMB |
| CANADIAN | | KOMO | |
| CRCT | CFCF | KHQ | KFI |
| | | KDYL | |
| | | KOA | |
| | | KGW | |

Opportunity Matinee now presents some of the winners on Gus Edwards' amateur program over WOR . . . Hear Rita Lester any Wednesday or Friday at 2:45. You'll like her. Although this is her network debut, she is well known in musical comedy.

Ah! Marco the Wanderer is back with us, at three on Fridays. Remember his silver flute, back in the old days of NBC, as one of the most popular dramatic series the network ever presented? It's the same man and his adventures will thrill you all over again, young or old.

NATIONAL

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| <p>3:00 Home Sweet Home: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—WEAF and Network</p> <p>3:15 Vic and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WLW plus KYW KFI</p> <p>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</p> <p>3:45 Dreams Come True: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW The Herald of Sanity: Fri. ¼ hr.</p> | <p>4:00 Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr.</p> <p>4:15 Carol Deis, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network</p> <p>4:30 Harry Reser's Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBR WLIT KSD WHO WCW Peaceful Valley Folks: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network</p> <p>4:45 Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO WOW</p> | <p>5:00 Kay Foster, Songs: Mon. Sat. ¼ hr. Network Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network Shirley Howard: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network N't'l Congress Parents, Teachers Program: Thurs. ½ hr. Network</p> <p>5:15 Grandpa Burton: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.</p> <p>5:30 The House By Side of Road: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WWNC WIS WPTF KPRC WKY WOAI KVOO WBAP plus WTAR KTBS WVAX KSD plus Canadian Sugar and Bunny: Thurs. ¼ hr. Alice in Orchestra: Mon. ¼ hr. Network Interview, Nellie Revell: Fri. ¼ hr. Our American Schools: Sat. ½ hr.—Network</p> <p>5:45 Nursery Rhymes: Tues. ¼ hr. Network "Lost Cabin Mine": Mon. Wed. Fri. WEAF and Network</p> |
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|---|---|---|
| <p>12:00 Masquerade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network</p> <p>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.</p> <p>12:30 University of Chicago Discussions: Sun. ½ hr. Network Merry Madcaps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Network</p> | <p>1:00 Road to Romany: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and Network</p> <p>1:15 Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WEAF and Network</p> <p>1:30 Little Miss Bab O: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF WTAG WJAR KYW WFBR WGY WBN WCAE WSAI WTAM WMAQ WEEI WCH WRC WJW WDW WDAF KSD WTC Master Music Hour: Tues. 1 hr. Airbreaks: Thurs. ½ hr.</p> | <p>2:00 Sally of the Talkies: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WJDX WSM 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</p> <p>2:30 The Carefree Carnival: Sun. ½ hr. Kitchen Party: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus Western plus Coast plus KYW KTBS KTBS Week-end Revue: Sat. one hr. WEAF and Network 2:45 Gould and Shetter, piano team: Thurs. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network</p> |
|---|---|---|

6PM. 7PM. 8PM. 9PM. 10PM. 11PM. MIDNIGHT 12

6:00 Heart Throbs of the Hills: Sun. ¼ hr. Network
U. S. Army Band: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Winnie - The - Pooh: Tues. Fri. WJZ and Network
Education in the News: Wed. ¼ hr. Network
"The Little Old Man": Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
The Jewish Program: Sat. ½ hr.

6:15 Ivory Stamp Club: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBZ WBZA
Orchestra: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

6:30 Grand Hotel: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WTMJ
 KSTP WEBC

6:45 Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. —
WJE WJAR - WLW CRCT WBZ WBZA WSYR WBAL WHAM WMAL WJAX WFLA KDKA WJR CFCF WIOD WRVA

7:00 Jack Benny: Sun. Basic Plus Western minus WWNC WBAP WLS Plus WKBF WJAX KFYR WIOD WTAR WAVE WSM WSB WSMB KVOO WFAA KTBS WSOC WDAY WMC
Amos and Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. — Basic minus KWK KWCW WREN KSO KOIL — plus CRCT WRVA WPTF WIOD WFLA WCKY

7:15 Tony and Gus: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network

7:30 Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner: Sun. ¼ hr. — Basic plus Western minus WWNC WBAP Plus Coast plus WSMB KVOO WFAA
Red Davis Series: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. — Basic minus WJR WJAR Plus Western minus WTMJ WBAP WLS Plus WJAX WIS WIOD WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB KTBS WTAR WAVE WSOC WKBF KOA KDYL WLW WFAA
Hits and Bits: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and Network
Floyd Gibbons: Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network
7:45 Dangerous Paradise: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Plus KTBS WSM WSB WFAA WKY WLW WHO

8:00 NBC String Symphony: Sun. 1 hr. WJZ and Network
Ero Crime Clues: Tues. ½ hr. — Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS
Hal Kemp Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and Network
Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr. — Basic minus WJR WJAR WENR KWK plus WLS WSM WMC WSB WAVE
Phil Cook Show Shop: Sat. ½ hr. Network

8:15 Morton Downey: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus WFI WKBF WCKY

8:30 Meredith Wilson Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. WJZ and Network
Welcome Valley, Edgar A. Guest: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WCKY WMT
House of Glass: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WJZ KWK plus WMT WCKY
Kellogg College Prom, Kutn Etting: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WFIL WCKY WMT

9:00 Melodious Silken Strings Program: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ KSTP WBAP WEBC WJAX plus WLW WIOD WAVE WSM WSB WMC WJDX WSMB WFAA KTBS KTBS
Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. ½ hr. — Basic Minus WMAL WENR WSYR KWCA plus Western minus WBAP KOMO KDYL KHQ KGW plus WSB WJAX WDAY KFYR WFAA WIS WIOD WSM WSMB WJDX KTBS KVOO WSOC WTAR WMC KTBS KPSD KTAR KPO

Red Trails: Tues. ½ hr.
Our Home on the Range, John Charles Thomas: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WIRE WMT WCKY
Death Valley Days: Thurs. ½ hr. — Basic minus WENR plus WLW WLS
Beatrice Lillie: Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

9:30 Walter Winchell: Sun. ½ hr. — Basic
Princess Pat Players: Mon. ½ hr. — Basic
Armour Hour, Phil Baker: Fri. ½ hr. — Basic plus Western minus WPTF WBAP plus Coast plus WIOD WSM WMC WSB WAPI WSMB WFAA WAVE WCKY
National Barn Dance: Sat. Hour. Basic plus WLS WKBF

10:00 Raymond Knight: Mon. 1 hr. WJZ and Network
Fibber McGee and Molly: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WFIL WCKY WMT
Jimmy Fidler: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic minus KWK plus WLIT WCKY plus coast
Town Meetings: Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ WMAL WBZ WBZA WSYR WHAM KDKA WJAR WFIL WCKY WENR KWCW KSO WREN KOIL (WPTF) WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAR

10:15 Vera Brodsky, Harold Triggs, Louis Ansbacher: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WCKY

10:30 An American Fireside: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Economic and Social Changing Order: Thurs. ½ hr. — Network
Guy Lombardo Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr.

11:00 Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Tues. ½ hr. Wed. ½ hr. Fri. ½ hr. Sat. ½ hr.

11:30 Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Tues. ½ hr. Thurs. ½ hr.

Boys and girls, hold your hats. Winnie-The-Pooh has come back of the clamorous request of kiddie listeners. Tuesdays and Fridays, now, at six over the Blue network, an adoption of A. A. Milne's books goes out over the air. . . . Joe Cook changes his hour and his network for Silvertown's Circus Nights. He is on at ten thirty over WEAF's choir of stations. . . . Did you know that Raymond Knight's delightful nonsense is once more available? He has a full hour at 10:00 on Mondays for his fans.

BROADCASTING COMPANY

6:00 Catholic Hour: Sun. ½ hr. — Network
Congress Speaks: Mon. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network
Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network
Tom Coakley Orchestra: Sat. ¼ hr.

6:15 Mid-week Hymn Sing: Tues. ¼ hr. Network

6:30 Continental Varieties: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and Network
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

6:45 Sketch: Mon. Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network
Billy and Betty: Thurs. Fri. WEAF and Network
Songfellows: Sat. ½ hr. WJAX and Network.

7:00 K-7: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and Network.

7:15 Stories of the Black Chamber: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF
 WTIC WTAG WJAR WCHS KYW WGY WBSN WCAE WTAM WSAI WMAQ

7:30 Sigurd Nilssen, basso Graham McNamee: Sun. ¼ hr. — WEAF
 WTAG WJAR WCHS WRC WGY WTAM WJW WSAI WMAQ KSD WOV WBSN
Easy Aces: Mon. Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. WEAF
 WTIC WTAG WJAR WCHS KYW WGY WBSN WCAE WTAM WSAI WMAQ WEEI WRC
Molle Minstrel Show: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBSN WFI WEEI WTIC

7:45 The Fitch Program: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WEEI WDAF plus CFCF WKBF

You and Your Government: Tues. ¼ hr.
Thornton Fisher: Sat. ¼ hr. WEAF WTIC WTAG WJAR WCHS KYW WHIO WRC WGY WBSN WTAM WJW WMAQ KSD WOV WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR WRVA WPTF WTAR WSOC WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WAVE WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB WBSN WCAE WSAI WRE WSM

8:00 Major Bowes Amateur Hour: Sun. Hour — Complete Red Network
Studebaker, Richard Himber: Mon. ½ hr. — Basic plus KVOO WKY WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WSAI plus Western minus WUAI WFAA plus Southern minus WRVA WAVE plus WKBF WIBA WDAY KFYR WSOC WTAR
One Man's Family: Wed. ½ hr. — Complete plus KTBS WCKY KFYR WDAY WIBA
Rudy Vallee: Thurs. Hour — Complete plus KFYR WDAY
Cities Service: Fri. Hour — Basic minus WMAQ plus Western plus Coast plus CRCT KOA KDYL
Lucky Strike Presents: Sat. one hr. — Basic plus Western plus Coast plus WIBA KTBS WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WAVE

8:30 Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr. — Basic plus Western minus WFAA WBAP KTAR plus Southern minus WRVA WAPI plus WDAY WKBF WIBA KFYR WSOC WTAR
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBE plus WTMJ KSTP WKY KPRC WSM WSB WMC WOAI WKBF WSMB WBSN WTIC WBAP KVOO

9:00 Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr. — Basic minus WBSN WCAE WEEI plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCF plus Coast
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ½ hr. — Basic
Ben Bernie: Tues. ½ hr. — Basic minus WDAF plus WTMJ KSTP WDAY KFYR WMC WSB WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KOA WFI KVOO
Fred Allen: Wed. Hour — Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC
Showboat Hour: Thurs. Hour — Complete Red Network
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WEEI
Radio City Party: Sat. ½ hr. Complete Red Network

9:30 American Musical Revue: Sun. ½ hr. — Complete Red Network
Music at the Haydn's: Mon. ½ hr. Complete minus WTIC WAVE KTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS
Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin: Tues. ½ hr. — Complete minus WSAI WAPI WFAA plus WIBA WSOC KGAL WDAY KTBS KFSD KTBS KFYR KGRIR WKBF
Pick and Pat: Fri. ½ hr. — Basic minus WEEI
Al Jolson: Sat. one hr.

10:00 Gibson Family: Sun. one hr. Basic plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KFYR WDAY WIBA plus Coast
Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr. — Basic plus Canadian plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KFYR WOAI WFAA KFYR WSM WMC WSB WKY
Palmolive: Tues. hour — Basic minus WFI WTIC plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus WAPI plus WDAY KFYR WSOC KGRIR KFSD KGHIL WKBF
Pleasure Island: Wed. ½ hr. — Basic plus Southern minus WAPI plus WKBF WKY KTBS WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS KVOO
Whiteman's Music Hall: Thurs. hour — Complete plus WDAY KFYR KTBS KTBS WIBA
Campana's First Nighter: Fri. ½ hr. — Basic plus Western minus KVOO WBAP KTAR plus WSMB WMC WSM WSB

10:30 Max Baer: Mon. ½ hr.
Ray Noble Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus WJAX WAVE plus Coast plus WSM WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WAVE
Circus Nights with Joe Cook: Fri. ½ hr.
Let's Dance Program: Sat. 3 hours WEAF and Network

11:00 Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Network
Reggie Childs Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr.
John B. Kennedy: Wed. ½ hr.
George R. Holmes: Fri. ¼ hr. — Network

11:15 Jesse Crawford, organist: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

11:30 Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. Network
National Radio Forum: Thurs. ½ hr. — Network

11:45 The Hoofinghams: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network

It is sod but true — Fred Allen leaves us the lost of June for a rest from radio and to act in a new Twentieth Century film, "Sing, Governor, Sing." He plays in it with Faut White-man. Maybe after that he won't poke so much fun at the movies, unless he's a big success. Then he can afford to.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Bud Howard

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

Walter O'Keefe on the Camel Caravan, wants you to know that he's the father of a new baby boy. It happened the night before this was written, right in the middle of a song on his Thursday evening broadcast.

THE Lombardos seem to be the most popular subject for discussion this month. Of course, I can't answer all your questions about them, so I've incorporated them into one answer. You may not be the one whose name appears in print on this page, but if you are one of the many who are seeking information about the Lombardos, you'll find your answer along with the others, addressed to Bernice F., Egg Harbor City, N. J. You see, Bernice's letter was the first to arrive.

Miss K. K. K., Wichita, Kansas—Billy Page who plays Jack in "One Man's Family" is sixteen years old. He was born in San Francisco on April 18. He's been the leading juvenile actor on the Pacific Coast for five years and is the recipient of enough fan mail to turn the head of a great many older persons. Away from his radio duties, he's a real boy. He has built a number of radio sets, and has a collection of airplane models designed and made by himself. He now goes under his real name—Page Gilman.

S. B. H., Greenwich, N. J.—Mildred Bailey and Wilford Robison are off the air now. They're both white.

Carl P., New Haven, Conn.—Mary Small is five feet two inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, is in her second term of high school, born May 3, 1922. Her favorite sports are tennis, roller and ice skating.

Agnes R., Wilmington, Del.—Bing Crosby has been married to Dixie Lee all of five years. To our knowledge, this is Bing's first marriage and it seems to be a happy one.

Miss Lydia S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—It really is not asking too much, Lydia. Glad to help out. Elsie Hitz was born in Cleveland, Ohio, July 21, 1902. She made her theatrical debut in New York at the age of 15. She's been here ever since, so figure it out for yourself how long she's been living in New York. Of course she has been out of the United States. One time she was ship-wrecked on a trip to Bermuda. And that's the truth, pal. There's no record of her having attended any dramatic schools. Yes, she's married—to a Mr. Jack Welch.

Bernice F., Egg Harbor City, N. J.—Now for the "Gay Lombardos." They're all married, but Leibert only recently

lost his wife. Guy doesn't sing. The singing trio is made up of Carmen Lombardo, Fred Higman and Lawrence Owen. The birthdays but not the years of the Lombardos are available. They are: Guy, June 19; Leibert, February 11; Carmen, July 16, and Victor, April 10. The men of the band do not play with any other orchestras. Fred Kreitzer is the Lombardos' able pianist as well as arranger. If you want pictures, address your letter to them in care of the National Broadcasting Co., Rockefeller Center, New York.

Gayle G., Stanton, N. Dak.—Pinky Lee who was on the Carefree Carnival which is off the air at this present writing, was a former vaudeville actor. There are no pictures of the entire cast of One Man's Family available but why don't you write to the individual members of the cast in care of the National Broadcasting Company, San Francisco, Calif.? Alice Fay is busy making pictures out Hollywood way.

Miss Lillie A. H., Chicago, Ill.—I'm sorry, Lillie. I couldn't get all the information you wanted on Marian and Jim Jordan. They both were born in Peoria, Ill. They met when they were sweet sixteen, didn't get married until Jim returned from the War. They have two children, Kathryn and Jim, Jr.

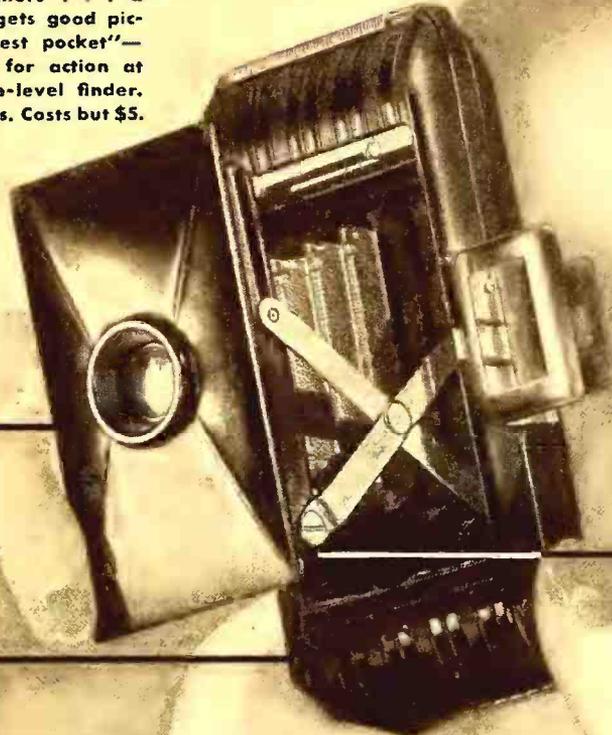
B. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—Irene Hubbard is well in her thirties. Her birthday is not available. The Showboat is the only program she's on now, but she's heard on other programs from time to time.

F. D. B., East Islip, N. Y.—The Goldbergs are no more. The creator of "The Rise of the Goldbergs," Gertrude Berg, is now back on the air in her new series, "The House of Glass." You'll find her story in this issue on page 22.

Margaret from Camden, N. J.—Yes, Myrt and Marge are really mother and daughter. Don't tell me you didn't see the picture of them with Clarence Tiffingtuffer in the June issue on page 39?

Annette M., Newark, N. J.—Jessica Dragonette is not married. What you read was just a rumor. Her sister is a very charming person who has helped her in her career since their parents died.

JIFFY KODAK V. P.—gives you the latest creation of Eastman designers . . . a smart, small camera that gets good pictures. V. P. stands for "vest pocket"—and it really fits. Opens for action at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. Takes $1\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pictures. Costs but \$5.



MODERN STYLING

EYE-LEVEL FINDER

ACTION FRONT

MOLDED CASE



JIFFY KODAK—Works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Extra smartness in its etched metal front. For $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$8. For $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$9.

BROWNIE—Old reliable of the picture-making world. The finest models ever, the Six-16 and Six-20, have the clever Diway lens for sharp pictures of near and distant subjects. Six-16 Brownie makes $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, costs \$3.75 . . . the Six-20 makes $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ -inch pictures, costs \$3.

These newer Kodak features
show what your old camera lacks



YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera—any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

Older cameras simply don't measure up to 1935 standards. Look at these new models. Check over their features. To their other fine points, add better lenses and shutters than you could ever before buy at the price.

Get behind a new Kodak or Brownie and find how skillful you really are. Your dealer has the model you want. Kodaks from \$5 up; Brownies as low as \$1. What other pastime will give you so much for so little? . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. . . . *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?



Rudolf H. Hoffmann

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!

Lou Holtz and his Sam Lapidis stories are still making them laugh on the Kraft's Whiteman Music Hall program. Paul Whiteman allowed Lou to play the drums on a recent broadcast and so helped him realize an ambition.

IT may be spring outside, and soft breezes may be blowing, but there hasn't been any softening in the temper of the letters we've been receiving this last month. Digging our way out of the avalanche of mail, we selected the following as the most pertinent, to-the-point comments. And it still goes—our offer of \$20.00 for the first prize, \$10.00 for the second, and \$1.00 each for the next five. Even if you aren't interested in the money side of the question, you must have something to say. Read these letters over, then write to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, and mail it by June 22.

\$20.00 PRIZE

How I abominate the person who says in a superior manner, "Oh, I never listen to the radio." To me he is in the same class with the man in the art gallery who remarked that he didn't see anything in the pictures.

There are so many wonderful things on the radio now that a person who cannot find something entertaining and instructive for his own needs merely shows his own ignorance or shallowness.

I do believe we should be more discriminating in the use of our radios. To turn them on and just let them go constantly, half unnoticed, is foolish. It dulls our sensibilities, and at times we then become annoyed and snap the radio off, as if it were a great offender. Our radio should not be made to compete with our bridge games and conversations, but should be listened to with courtesy. Surely we would not be so discourteous to an artist in the flesh as many of us are to an artist over the air!

To the people who are always so greatly concerned about improving radio I suggest that a campaign be started instead to "Improve the Listener."

MRS. L. K. WELLS,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

\$10.00 PRIZE

Radio is the back-bone of social life in the small town, in this small mill town there is no moving picture show, and the people have been hard hit by the depression. Yet each Saturday night, thanks to the dance programs, rugs are turned back, the radio is turned on, and the younger crowd dance.

What mother could fail to be grateful to the makers of "such and such" crackers, for making this program possible?

One first buys their product out of just pure gratitude and if it's good one continues to buy it.

There is too much criticism of radio advertising.

I know boys of eighteen and nineteen that had rather listen to Bing Crosby than go out to see the girls. What boy will hang around a pool hall when at home Guy Lombardo "is on the air."

Women in small towns were once considered "gossipy," but not now. If a Joe Penner fan tells something funny from his program, the Eddie Cantor fan tries to top it.

So I say let's be more grateful—let's not indulge in so much criticism. We are getting so much for so little.

MRS. IRVING CAMPBELL,
Brasfield, Arkansas.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I am a high school girl living in a small country village. To me the radio is the open door to the outside world.

Recently I have read and heard many criticisms of the children's programs, condemning them because they are not educational, or because they consist mainly of screaming and fighting.

In our home there are several husky young lads who would not miss Jimmy Allen, Tarzan, or Buck Rogers for even the price of an ice cream cone. They love the noisy effects and enjoy such programs far more than a serious dialogue in spite of whatever educational value it may have.

In way of suggestion—why allow popular songs to commit suicide by presenting them program after program?

LUELLA BELYEA,
Erskine, Minnesota.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I have come to the conclusion that all these multifarious dramatic serials ballyhooing the superb merits of soaps, hot drinks, and breakfast foods, are excitable and definitely harmful to adolescent children. These fantastic adventure and crime plays always come on right at meal time and quite upset both a child's digestion and the household routine. The radio should be used to enlighten and instruct and not to pervert and propagandize people. Why can't some civilized sponsor build a series of programs around travel and geography or industry to instruct as well as amuse school-age listeners? I'm certain many parents would be grateful no end and show (Continued on page 78)

Enchanted Lady

(Continued from page 47)

Wallis to success on a rival station! It was grotesque, unthinkable. Couldn't he understand that after what had happened between them they could never resume a cold, businesslike footing again? How little men knew about women's hearts!

Ginger said, "Thanks, Mark, but it's really quite unnecessary. I don't know what rumor you have heard, but I am sure it was unfounded. I am very satisfied with my performance, and so are my sponsors. Don't you think that your unflattering opinion of my program may be due to a little—er—professional jealousy?"

Her eyes were very bright as they met his. Bright with the pain of unshed tears. Mark's face flushed.

He said, "I guess we still don't speak the same language, do we, Ginger?"

"I'm afraid we never did," Ginger said quietly.

Mark shrugged his shoulders. "Okay, Ginger. May I at least take you out for supper, or a cocktail?"

"Sorry, no. I have an engagement with Bradley."

Mark's eyebrows rose. "Like that, is it?"

Ginger smiled bravely. "Like that!"

ACROSS the intimacy of a small table, Ginger and Bradley were talking.

"How was I tonight, Brad?"

Bradley said, "You were great, Ginger. You always are." But his voice did not sound convincing.

"You're a gallant liar, Brad!" Ginger Wallis said unsteadily. "I'm a flop, and you know it."

It was the first time she had admitted the truth out loud. Bradley looked shocked.

Ginger said, "I've let you down, haven't I? You thought I was going to do marvelous things, and I haven't. You see, I was right when I told you I couldn't sing without Mark Hammond. As soon as I left him I began to slip. What is the matter with me?"

A note of panic crept into her voice. "Brad, I'm scared. I don't want to be a falling star!"

There was no answer Bradley could make to that. He moved uncomfortably in his chair. After a while he said, "Look here, Ginger, do you think the struggle is worth the heartaches? Why bother about being a star, at all? Why not give the whole thing up?"

Ginger stared at him. "What a peculiar thing for you to say. Two months ago you were eager for me to be the 'Enchanted Lady.' Now you ask me to throw it up. Why?"

Bradley countered, "Have you ever thought of getting married, Ginger?"

Ginger's laugh sounded odd. "Are you proposing to me, Brad?"

"Something like that, I'm afraid."

Ginger leaned across the table, and laid her hand over his. "You're sweet, Brad, but I wonder what's at the back of all this? Why are you so anxious for me to give up my program? Is it that your firm is dissatisfied, and you want me to let go before they humiliate me by telling me they don't want me?"

Bradley avoided her wise young eyes.

"Is it?" Ginger repeated firmly.

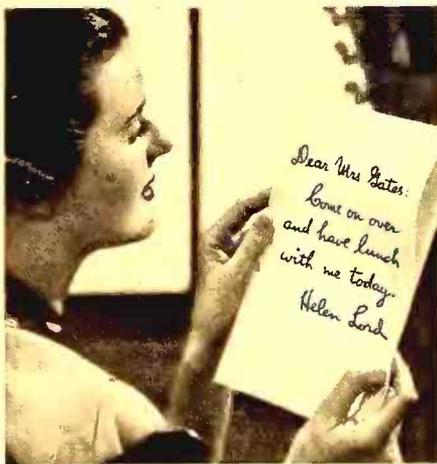
Bradley said reluctantly, "I'm sorry, Ginger. They are not going to renew your contract. The program is going off the air. I didn't want to be the one to tell you. Don't take it so hard, Ginger. There are other things in life besides fame."

HOW CAN WE TELL THAT NICE MRS. GATES
—WITHOUT HURTING HER FEELINGS?



SEE?—HER WASHES TELL SOME AWFUL TALES...BUT I DON'T WANT TO BREAK THE BAD NEWS.

LEAVE IT TO ME. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.



Dear Mrs. Gates:
Come on over and have lunch with me today.
Helen Lord

WHAT GORGEOUS LINENS, MRS. LORD! MINE AREN'T HALF SO WHITE.

I BET YOUR SOAP LEAVES DIRT BEHIND—THAT'S WHAT GIVES CLOTHES THAT TATTLE-TALE GRAY LOOK.



FEW WEEKS LATER

NOW WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA? IT'S RICHER GOLDEN SOAP WITH LOTS OF NAPHTHA IN IT! JUST SMELL!

M-M-M! NO WONDER YOU SAY IT GETS ALL THE DIRT



MY, BUT JOAN LOOKS PRETTY TODAY. THAT DRESS SHINES LIKE SNOW.

MANY THANKS TO YOU—AND FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP.



Do a little cheering of your own next washday! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and see what a gorgeous wash you get!

For Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt as "trick" soaps do. It speeds out ALL the dirt—even the deep-down kind.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for dainty things, too. Try it for silk stockings and undies. Fels-Naptha is kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some Fels-Naptha today! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1935, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!



The SUMMERTIME is the Ideal TIME TO REDUCE



... Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips **9 INCHES!**

"I read an advertisement of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial ..."

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and weight 20 pounds"

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense! Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you, too, can reduce your waist and hips without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS . . . or no cost!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

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"So that's why you asked me to marry you?"

"I happen to be very fond of you, Ginger."

"And I happen to be very fond of you, Brad. But I don't love you. We might as well be frank about it. I couldn't use marriage as an escape from failure."

"Is it Mark Hammond?" Bradley asked quietly.

The color which flooded her face was enough.

Bradley said, "He's a blind fool! A stubborn fool!"

Ginger's eyes were frankly moist.

"You're a grand person, Brad. But—"

Bradley said, "Don't try to answer me tonight. Think it over, Ginger."

The following morning Ginger received a telephone call from Lew Littell.

"Listen, Ginger, Ned Clarke, the radio editor on my paper, is organizing a monster benefit show for Saint Francis' Hospital and the Worth Street Orphans' Home. I'm to be master of ceremonies. Can I count on you doing your part?"

Lew enthused, "We're calling it, 'All-Star Night,' and we've got the Yankee Stadium. It's going to be colossal. The greatest collection of radio stars ever assembled together on any stage."

"That rather lets me out, doesn't it?"

"What's the matter, Ginger? You developing an inferiority complex? Snap out of it!"

Ginger said slowly, "Of course if you really want to add the 'Enchanted Lady' to your list of entertainers—"

Lew hesitated. "Not the 'Enchanted Lady'. We want Ginger Wallis. Listen, Ginger, Ned thinks it would be a swell idea if you and Mark Hammond teamed up together again for just this one night! You know, sort of a grand reunion for sweet charity's sake."

"Lew, you're crazy!" Ginger cried.

"Maybe I am," Lew laughed, "but I usually manage to get what I want. I want you and Mark."

"I said that I would never sing with Mark Hammond again, and I won't!"

"We all do things for charity that we wouldn't do otherwise," Lew reminded her. "It's for a good cause, Ginger. And it would be great stuff for you and Mark, too. Go over big with the fans."

"What does Mark say about it?"

"He says okay, if you're willing."

Ginger thought for a long moment. The idea of mingling with all the radio headliners appealed to her.

Ginger said, "All right then. I say okay, too."

Lew said, "Atta girl, Ginger. Now you're talking. I'll give you all the details later."

ALL-STAR Night! It seemed as though the whole of New York responded. The Yankee Stadium was jammed.

Harry Richman was there. And George Jessel. Ruth Etting, George Olsen, and Ethel Shutta. Burns and Allen. Phil Baker, Baby Rose Marie. The Boswell sisters. Mark Hammond. Ginger Wallis, making a sensational reappearance with Mark's band for this night only. There were so many stars it would be impossible to mention them all.

The show was being broadcast over one of the major networks. There were microphones, and great spotlights.

Lew Littell was in a high state of excitement, speaking to first one and then another of his stellar guests.

"Mark, you and Ginger go on next to Burns and Allen. Give 'em all you've got, boy!"

Mark found chance to whisper to Ginger. "I was afraid you wouldn't turn up. This is like old times, isn't it, being together again?"

Ginger nodded. Her heart was too full at the moment for her to speak. The impressiveness of the whole affair took her breath away.

One after another the stars did their parts, and then faded into the background. Now it was Burns and Allen taking the spotlight. Gracie harassing George with a long-winded story about her missing brother. George finally led her away.

Lew Littell took command again. "Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me the greatest pleasure to bring together tonight two of my favorite persons, Ginger Wallis, and Mark Hammond."

"I have watched both Ginger and Mark work their way to success. I was present when Ginger first asked Mark for a try-out with his band. I heard her the first time she sang on the air. A foolish quarrel separated them. Tonight they have risen above personal animosity, bringing their united talent to this great program."

"Let's give these two youngsters a great big hand. Let's show them that the radio audience wants Ginger Wallis and Mark Hammond to stay together!"

Lew Littell knew how to appeal to the sentiments of a crowd. The audience went wild. There was a lump in Ginger's throat, and she swallowed hastily. She dare not look at Mark just then.

Mark took her hand and led her to the front of the stage. The touch of his fingers ran through her like fire. They stood there bowing in the spotlight. A vast ocean of faces swam before Ginger's eyes.

Then Mark released her hand, and raised his baton. His boys swung into the rhythm of a familiar song. A song Ginger Wallis had sung more than once on the Bronstein hour. Ginger found her voice.

ALL at once it seemed as though the months which had separated them had never happened. While she sang her song Ginger forgot their quarrels and bitter words. She was conscious only that Mark was behind her, encouraging her with his presence as he used to do.

She would never appear with Mark Hammond again. But tonight she was singing her song to him, inspired with a heart and soul full of passionate love. That song was her masterpiece, and her farewell. The last vivid note died away. The audience applauded until the night rang with cheers.

Ginger's eyes were misty with emotion. If Mark had not taken her hand she would not have been able to find her way off the stage. The crowd did not realize that they had just listened to the swan song of the slender, red-headed star. Neither did Mark. That was the way Ginger wished it to be.

Ginger was through with her battle for radio fame. There were two courses open to her now. Marriage with Bradley Sonborn. Or back to the obscurity she came from. She herself did not know yet which course she would take.

All-Star Night was over. Crowds poured from the Yankee Stadium, still talking about one of the most spectacular shows ever staged.

Bradley Sonborn was waiting for Ginger. Bradley said,

"You were swell, Ginger! Simply swell!"

He meant it this time, too, but there was a heavy note in his voice.

He said, "You found yourself again tonight, Ginger, but I'm afraid I've lost you!"

"What do you mean, Brad?"

"I mean that when I saw you on that stage with Mark Hammond I knew that

you two belonged together. Your songs tonight would have thrilled the soul of a brass image. Call him Svengali or anything you like, but if Hammond can make you sing like that, there's only one place for you. I advised you once to break away from him, Ginger. I was wrong. I'm telling you now that you ought to go back."

Ginger smiled. A tired smile. "No, Brad. Our appearance together was just a gesture to appeal to the sentiments of the crowd, and it worked. That was all. We didn't say a word to each other that wasn't on the program."

Bradley shook his head slowly. He seemed about to say something else, and then checked himself. Mark Hammond was just leaving the Stadium. Mark moved as though to approach Ginger, then saw Bradley, and stopped.

Bradley said loudly, "Don't go, Hammond. I was just leaving myself. Can you take Ginger home?"

Mark looked startled. Bradley said, "I have an idea that you two should have a lot to say to each other, if you can forget your damn silly pride."

Bradley turned his coat collar up about his neck. His face looked older. "Well, good luck, Ginger!" and he was off.

"What made him say that?" Mark asked curiously.

"Maybe he thinks I need it," Ginger murmured.

Mark took her arm. "My car is just around the block. Feel like walking?"

They sat in the parked automobile. Ginger broke the strained silence.

"We really haven't anything to say to each other, have we, Mark? We've said too much already."

MARK'S face was tight and stern. "That's just the whole trouble. We've said too much. Too many of the wrong words. Ginger, I shall never be able to forgive myself for what happened at the apartment that night. I've wanted to see you again, to try to explain to you, but you were so unapproachable. I thought maybe you didn't care any more."

He waited a minute and then added. "There's just one thing I've got to tell you. It's up to you to decide whether it makes any difference. Del left for Reno today to get her divorce. Tomorrow's papers will be plastered with the news that Mark Hammond was secretly married when he was too drunk to know what he was doing, and that his wife is suing him for neglect. Luckily I have managed to keep your name out of it."

Ginger turned to him, wonder in her eyes. "But the scandal?" she murmured unbelievably. "How about your career—your contract?"

Mark laughed shortly. "I don't give a damn! Bigger men than I have lived down scandals. I'll fight this one. You were right, Ginger. There are more important things in life than a career, and the important things won't wait. I had to lose you to find that out. I had a long session with Bronstein, and my contract has been re-written. I'm sick of being a romantic idol, Ginger. I want to be a man!"

Mark's face had softened into a forgotten tenderness.

"Ginger, I love you! I want to marry you the moment I am free, if you'll have me!"

"Oh, Mark! You don't know how I've longed to hear you say that!"

She was in his arms, clinging to him as though she could never let go.

"Once before I threatened that I was going to cry. I'm afraid I'm really going to do it this time!" Ginger said happily.

THE END



"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavor. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother—lemme try a mouthful of that!"



"Say, this is swell—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No—you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off—it's mine!"



"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured—even you!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . when I'm on guard, skin irritations don't have a chance to get started! I 'slip' like satin, for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No zinc stearate—and no orris-root. And does your baby have Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream? He should!"



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The Great Radio Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 18)

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was the last to arrive. He moved forward slowly, found an empty seat, and slumped into it, his heavy body dropping with a thud.

The reporter from the *Courier* came over and sat down next to Flash.

"What're you doing here, Hanlon?" he asked. "You're no columnist."

"I hope not!" Flash said fervently. "I came here to see Sidney Abbott."

"Oh." The *Courier* man looked respectfully at Flash. Here was a man who was tasting sweet success. An ace reporter and a news commentator for ATS five nights a week.

"God, this heat's awful," Flash complained, wiping a high forehead that bulged out over bushy eyebrows. He caught sight of one of the program's sponsors, got up, and joined him.

"Hello, Watkins," he said. The sponsor turned sideways. He looked vague, then remembered.

"You're from the *Dispatch*, aren't you?" he said.

"Surely you remember me," Flash said, joking. "I'm Flash Hanlon, New York's ace reporter, the *Dispatch's* fair haired boy."

"Then you're just the man I want to see," the sponsor said importantly. "Let's go over by ourselves where we can have a little privacy."

"Sure," Flash agreed. They walked to the end of the stage, out of earshot from the other spectators.

SIDNEY waited impatiently while Gail Richard and Lee Banks rehearsed. She wished Gail would be through. Sidney wanted to talk to her.

Bobby Sharpe, wandering aimlessly off-stage, heard Flash Hanlon talking to the sponsor. Unseen, he stayed and listened. Then he hurried to Sidney, rejoicing in his bit of gossip.

"Boy, are you getting important!" he told her. "Flash Hanlon is arguing with Watkins, one of the sponsors. Have you read the afternoon paper? No? Well, the *Dispatch* ran a story about you and didn't mention Gail at all. And is the sponsor sore!"

Sidney flushed with pleasure. "You should have heard what Flash told him," Bobby went on. "He said you could never bribe a *Dispatch* reporter and that he'd print anything he thought the public wanted to read."

Sidney laughed a little at that. "I guess it's a break for me," she said. Bobby nodded.

"You know, Flash never liked Gail anyway. A few years ago, she gave him an interview. It was mostly some bunk about her going to marry an English nobleman. Just one of her practical jokes, but Flash never forgave her for it. That's probably why he printed this story about you today."

Sidney was losing interest in Bobby's recital. He was always digging up some story like this one. She stood up with a murmured excuse. Anything was better than listening to his scandal mongering. She left him talking to himself to go to her dressing room.

Upstairs a profound depression settled over her. The dressing room, a mere cubicle in its smallness and one narrow window, was stifling. She sat at the worn, battered table, staring morosely at her reflection in the dirty mirror.

"You've got to go through with it!" It was strangely quiet here. There was a menace, a foreboding in the heat. Thunder rumbled from a vast distance

over the noises of the street. Sidney heard the clattering of high heels on the iron stairway. Gail Richard was coming.

Sidney squared her shoulders. Now was the time. She would talk with Gail, tell her how she felt. At least she could be honest with her feelings. She went out and knocked at Gail's door.

"Who's there?" Gail called in peevish tones.

Sidney slipped inside, her slim, straight figure rigid against the door.

"Oh—you!" There was contempt in Gail's tones.

"Gail, I have to talk to you a few minutes."

Gail's silence was coldly discouraging. Sidney struggled to go on. It was not easy. She had to fight down an impulse to flee.

"I just wanted to tell you that I think you're being very foolish, acting the way you are."

Gail made a face of distaste. "Acting what way?"

"Always fighting with Tony, making rehearsals so hard for the rest of us, getting annoyed at the slightest provocation."

"You tend to your knitting and let me run my own affairs," Gail snapped.

"But don't you see?" Sidney pleaded. "You're walking so close to the edge. You can't always get away with it. And flirting with Lee," her breath came faster, "when you don't mean anything by it."

"How do you know what I mean?" blazed Gail.

Sidney was silent. It was hopeless. She could see that now. Gail would always be the same—cold, hard, selfish, riding over anyone who stood in the way of her career.

She turned to go. A man stood swaying in the doorway. Gail looked up at Sidney's stifled exclamation of surprise.

"Am I disturbing anyone?" the man said in slightly thick tones.

"Halsey! What are you doing here?" Gail cried.

Sidney was frightened. With his gauntness, his pale, flabby cheeks, his long white hair, this man was more like a ghost than a human being. He limped into the room, turning to Sidney.

"I don't believe we've met," he said, ignoring Gail's question.

"Miss Abbott, Professor Halsey," Gail said sullenly.

HOW do you do," the Professor said, bowing. His politeness startled Sidney. Yet it was in character with his drunken dignity.

"I hate to bother you again," he said to Gail. "but the fact is, I'm—well, right at the moment, I'm a bit pressed."

Gail sprang to her feet.

"I told you the last time I'd never give you another cent," she said bitterly. "Now get out. Do you hear? Get out!" Her husky voice ended in a scream of hate.

The Professor's eyes watered as he walked toward her.

Horror stricken, Sidney watched Gail run to her dressing table, wrench open a drawer, and grasp a small automatic. She thrust it at the man, halting him in his tracks.

"Now will you get out?" The gun, pointed at the man's heart, did not waver a hair's breadth.

Then the Professor with a snarl moved unbelievably fast. His bony right hand shot out, twisting Gail's slender wrist until she dropped the gun. He bent stiffly over, picked it up, and threw it

back in the drawer.

"Foolish woman," he commented, straightening his frayed, spotted coat.

Sidney wanted to run, to get away, but she couldn't move.

"I don't care," Gail wailed. "I'm through giving you money to get drunk on. I'm through! I haven't any more."

The Professor lost his smile. His puffed face set in harsh lines. "You think you're through, do you? Don't be too sure! We haven't seen the last of each other, Gail Richard!"

He backed warily toward the open door. "When you want to get in touch with me, I'm staying at Dell's Hotel. The number is in the phone book." He melted through the door and was gone.

Sidney's paralysis was over. She stirred, color coming back to her cheeks. Gail stood motionless, her breast heaving, in her eyes a hate Sidney was never to forget.

"I—I'm going now," Gail didn't seem to hear. Sidney ran from the room. She was suddenly cold in the burning heat of the hall.

THE lights on the marquee of the Beckwith theater twinkled merrily. On. Off. On. Proudly ATS announced in four-foot letters that this was its newest and best studio. In the lobby, people stood about chattering, putting out cigarettes, lighting fresh ones.

Lee Banks pushed his way inside, his heart pounding in the thrill of this moment. For the past two years he had announced every sport event of any importance for ATS, but this was his first assignment to announce a program sponsored by a national manufacturer.

He walked down the aisle onto the stage to greet Ramon Hernando, leader of New York's finest dance orchestra, already compared in popularity to Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. The musicians were finding their seats. They would sit, spread out fan-wise, in a half circle. Directly in front of them were three microphones, one for Gail, one for Lee, one for Bobby and Sidney.

Folding chairs had been set up in back of the center microphone for the cast. Lee found the script from which he would read his lines, walked to his chair for one last hasty glance at the announcements he would make.

The theater was filling rapidly. Though the Beckwith held two thousand people, tonight there would not be a vacant seat. Lee, now and again, glanced up, watching well dressed, chattering people file in.

As yet, Gail, Sidney, and Bobby had not appeared. Lee looked down into the glass-enclosed box at the right of the stage. He saw Tony pacing back and forth. The minute hand crept toward eight o'clock. Lee stirred impatiently. Why didn't Gail come? It was not so important if Sidney and Bobby were a few minutes late. They did not go on the air until half way through the program. But Gail was scheduled after the first musical number.

Hernando stood on a raised platform directly in front of his men. His baton, lifted high in the air, glistened in the stage lights. His head twisted back to catch the signal from the engineer in the control booth that Night Club Revue was on the air.

A red light, directly over the top of the booth, changed to green. The engineer brought his hand down with a snap. The leader's baton swooped in a circle. The program had begun! The overture swelled full and deep. A saxophone wailed. A trumpet blared.

The perspiration breaking out on his

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forehead, Lee stood at his microphone. He spoke softly, urgently.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, Night Club Revue, brought to you by the makers of America's fastest selling shaving lotion. Tonight we have the great privilege of introducing that international star of musical comedy and vaudeville—Gail Richard! But first, our theme song, 'Stardust,' played by Ramon Hernando's band."

He stopped. His fingers trembling, he wiped his face and neck with his handkerchief. *Where was Gail?* Then sharper above the dull beat of the drum, he heard a shot. Rooted to the spot, he stared over the microphone into the wings. A figure in a white evening dress swayed gently, then crumpled face forward on the stairway leading to the dressing rooms.

Lee looked about wildly. The audience, intent on the music, had not heard. Frantically he signaled the band into another chorus of the song. Running, he reached the end of the stage. He must find Tony Letour. He looked down into the control booth. Tony was gone! He ran on into the wings, halting abruptly at the foot of the stairway.

SIDNEY was bent over the figure on the steps, her face blanched with terror. "Sidney," he cried, "What is it? What's happened?"

Sidney straightened.

"Gail's been shot!" she whispered.

Together they bent over Gail. Lee turned her over. His breath caught as he saw a slow trickle of blood running from a tiny hole in her left breast. He leaned closer.

"Sidney," he said, "she's dead! Who did it?"

His stark question roused the girl. "I—I don't know. I was just leaving my room when I thought I heard a shot. I ran down and there was Gail." She shook with nervousness.

"Stay here until I come back," Lee ordered. "I'm going to look outside." In two strides he had reached the hall leading to the stage door. Silently he ran down to the door. It swung open as he pushed it. He collided with someone coming in, his momentum carrying them both outside. He caught an arm and held on. "Hey! What's the idea?" a voice protested.

Lee dropped the arm in disgust.

"Flash Hanlon!" he exclaimed. "What luck! A murder's committed and two minutes later you come."

"Murder? Who? Where?" The reporter's voice bayed like a bloodhound's on the scent.

"Wait!" Lee put a restraining hand on his arm. Down the alley a phantom form edged toward the street. "Who's there?" he called. His answer was a pounding of feet. A man made grotesque by his limping run and flowing white hair, was silhouetted against the street light at the end of the alley.

"After him!" Hanlon cried.

Lee started off with a muttered oath. His quarry glanced back over his shoulder, doubled his pace, and reached the street. Before Lee could reach him, he had leaped into a cab, and driven off.

Lee paused breathless at the curb and peered through the murk at the rear of the car. The headlights from another cab flashed on the license number. Lee tried to memorize it in the fleeting glimpse he had.

Hanlon puffed up behind him. Lee turned. "Get the number?" he asked.

"Easy—N219765," Flash said, jotting down the figures on a piece of paper.

"Okay, then, I've got to get to the broadcast," Lee said, running back to the stage door. He left Flash far behind.

Once more in the wings, Lee saw that Tony and Bobby had joined Sidney. They stood grouped about, away from the body, conversing in staccato whispers. Lee led Tony aside.

"The show's got to continue!" he said.

Tony's face had lost its ruddiness. His big hands trembled as he lifted them to straighten his tie. He shook his head. "How?" he asked stupidly.

Lee swung around to Sidney and Bobby. "Don't stand there," he said sharply. "Get out on the stage. Sing your songs. This program is still on the air!"

He took Sidney's hand, gave Bobby a light shove.

"Oh Lee, I can't! I can't go out there now," Sidney protested.

Lee's mouth set. He continued walking, holding Sidney's hand firmly in his. They appeared on the stage. The audience, not sure by now what to expect, applauded doubtfully as the band finished its fourth chorus. Lee stepped to the microphone.

"Due to circumstances out of our control," he said, "Gail Richard will not be able to appear this evening—And now, I introduce to you the soloist of Night Club Revue—Sidney Abbott!"

Sidney gripped the music stand in front of her, her eyes closed, while she sang, desperately trying to forget the horror of that moment when she had seen Gail Richard fall.

Lee left the stage again and joined Tony. "It's all right now," he whispered. "We can finish the show." He went back. Bobby was sitting by the band, mechanically tearing a cigarette into shreds. His eyes, staring at the audience, saw nothing. Lee had to shake him when it was time for him to sing the duet with Sidney.

Sirens, clearing Forty-first street of its mid-evening traffic, announced the arrival of the police.

IT was eight-thirty. The program had ended. Sidney fell limply into a chair, unable to think, overwhelmed by the tragic denouement of her first network appearance.

The others in the cast of Night Club Revue paced back and forth on the stage while the police cleared the theater of its audience.

Detective Dan Thomas of the Homicide Squad, a gray-haired, burly man in plain clothes, sat down and scratched his head. Lee stood next to him.

"So you think you know who did it?" Thomas asked.

Lee nodded. "Just as I was running from the theater, I bumped into Hanlon," he said. "We saw a man sneaking out of the alley. When I called to him, he ran. He got away in a cab, but Flash got the license number."

"What did he look like?" Thomas questioned.

"He was tall, had long white hair, ran with a funny limp," Lee described. "He must have been in the theater and was just leaving when I saw him."

Sidney, listening intently, suddenly thought of her visit to Gail's dressing room. Of the gun lying in the table drawer. She hurried to Lee's side.

"Can I see you alone a minute?" she whispered.

Thomas did not say anything when they walked up the stairs to Gail's room.

Flash came hurrying down the aisle from the lobby.

"Boy!" he whistled, "this is what I've been waiting for, for fifteen years! What a scoop story this'll be. Something that'll knock this town dead. Why it'll spread the name of Flash Hanlon all over the country. Famous vaudeville and radio

star, Gail Richard, murdered at first broadcast of Night Club Revue! And I'm going on the air with my own program at nine. Won't that knock the boys stiff!"

Thomas listened patiently. "Yes sir, on in twenty minutes. Now all you have to do is give me five minutes while I phone my paper. Be a good guy and do that for me, will you?"

The detective grunted assent. "Boy, thanks!" Flash said. "I won't forget that. Listen in to my broadcast and hear who I think did this."

Thomas stared at him with interest. "Do you think you know? How about yourself, you're a suspect too, aren't you? Why should I let you leave here?"

Flash's face sobered. "Aw now, Dan," he pleaded, "you wouldn't do that. I have to get to the studio for my broadcast."

Thomas sighed. "Okay," he agreed, "but no monkey business. I'm not through with you yet."

Flash waved and ran into the control booth. He grabbed a phone and called the offices of the *Dispatch*.

SIDNEY was more and more sure. When she switched on the light in Gail's dressing room, she hurried to the table. The drawer was open. The gun was gone!

"Lee, it's disappeared!" she exclaimed. Lee was puzzled. "What's disappeared? What are you talking about, anyway?" "There was a gun in there. I saw it this afternoon."

"You were here this afternoon?" "Yes," Sidney told him. "I'd come to talk to Gail." She told Lee of the scene with the Professor and how Gail had threatened him with a gun.

"Then it must have been that man I chased, the Professor, who killed Gail!" Lee said.

"Let's find Thomas and tell him," Sidney suggested.

Lee became thoughtful. He shook his head slowly. "Better not tell him why you came in to see Gail."

"But why not?" "Well—" There was a peculiar expression now in Lee's eyes.

Suddenly Sidney realized the significance of her past, of her work in her father's rodeo. Memories of the advertising posters flashed through her mind. Posters with her picture on them, announcing to every mid-western town in the country that no one could afford to miss "Sidney Abbott, the world's greatest girl marksman. See her in the Bar 90 Rodeo. Coming soon!"

She stepped back from Lee, fear creeping into her heart. "You—you don't think I'm guilty?" She broke off abruptly and whirled to follow Lee's gaze past her shoulder. Thomas was standing in the doorway, listening.

What had the detective heard? Does he know who killed Gail Richard? Read next month's thrilling installment in the August Radio Mirror (out June 26) and learn what happens to the cast of the ill-fated Night Club Revue.

Who Is "The Girl Who Runs Don Bestor's Life"?

She's the greatest influence in the personal and professional life of this popular orchestra leader whom you've heard with Jock Benny on the Jello program. Don't miss this interesting story in the August RADIO MIRROR, out June 26.

Every woman should 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 always have an unpleasant "armhole odor." Test this by smelling your dress tonight

EVERY sophisticated woman realizes that to be socially acceptable she must keep her underarm not only sweet *but dry*. Those who deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—soon find out to their sorrow that the easy way is *not the sure way*.

The reason is simple. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. No matter how little you perspire—some moisture is bound to collect on the armhole of your dress. And the warmth of your body brings out a stale, unpleasant odor within a few minutes after you put your dress on!

Once you realize that *nothing*, not even the most careful dry cleaning, will completely remove this musty smell, you will know why women who want to be *sure* never to offend use Liquid Odorono.

SAFE . . . ask your physician

Odorono was developed 23 years ago by a physician for his own use. *Your* physician will tell you it has no harmful effect. Women use millions of bottles yearly. It does not dry up or injure the pores of the underarm

in any way. It simply draws the pores together and diverts the underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where it can evaporate quickly without becoming offensive and embarrassing.

Examine your dress tonight

If you are not a regular Odorono user, when you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric at the armhole. You may be horrified when you realize that that is the way you smell to anyone who is close to you!

It will help you to understand why women who try short cuts to daintiness always come back to Odorono. In the end, Odorono is easier. There's no fuss and bother with shields. Odorono ends guesswork and worry scientifically and safely.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or for hurried use—to be used daily or every other day. You will want to have both in the house—for night or morning use.

Make Odorono a serious habit, and you will enjoy complete freedom from moisture, ruinous and humiliating stains and careless, untidy "armhole odor."

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to know the relief and confidence brought by Odorono, send for the two samples and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

CAREFUL WOMEN avoid all "armhole odor" in their dresses by gently closing the pores of the underarm with Liquid Odorono. Millions of bottles are used every year by women who insist on being sure.



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc. Dept. 7B5, 191 Hudson St., New York City (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for generous-sized bottles of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name _____

Address _____

● To know the comfort of keeping the underarm completely sweet and dry, mail this coupon today with 8 cents.

Pick + Pat = Molasses 'n' January

(Continued from page 33)

What is the Greatest Offense?



Unwanted Hair... GET RID OF IT!

Every trace of hair can be instantly removed, and all fears of stimulated regrowth eliminated. Don't delay any longer. Make your skin alluringly feminine—hair free, with

ZIP

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM You simply spread on and rinse off,—then marvel at this white cream which is as delightful as your choicest cold cream.

Announcing my two new creations

- **ZIP Depilatory Powder**
- **ZIP Depilatory Liquid**

both of which are delightfully fragrant and quick and simple to use.

For destroying facial hair, use ZIP—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT the only registered Epilator available for actually eliminating hair. Write for Booklet. Treatment or free demonstration at my Salon.

Madame Berthé, SPECIALIST

562 FIFTH AVE., (46th ST.) NEW YORK

Zip
Spray Deodorant

Immediately effective. Dries instantly. Effectually checks perspiration. The atomizer bottle insures your deodorant remaining fresh and sanitary.



and see these two on the stage,' he says. So the crowd, thinking we was just putting on some ballyhoo for the theayter, all files inside.

"Well, we starts to laughing and forgets we'se sore at each other. Also, we'se so worried about our outfits we stop fighting and hurry back inside, calls a tailor, and gets our poor suits patched up. We been friends ever since."

The reason for all this: to get the first lowdown story on two characters whom listeners hear and love but know little if anything about.

Perhaps when you tuned them in on Thursday night's Showboat you knew that they were really blackface Irish comedians. Probably you decided they must be negro entertainers. But when you heard them the next evening, on One-Night Stands, did you know they were one and the same cuckoo pair?

But listen to their cock-eyed story of how they met, how they entered radio, and what they are doing with their success. It was a joint interview I had with them, both talking at once, both roaring with laughter at incidents they recalled, both shooting craps at odd moments to help pass the time until their nine o'clock show.

BEFORE we go on, let me introduce Pat—Molasses if you insist—who is thirty-one, short and good looking in typically Irish fashion. He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, became a professional amateur, then joined a minstrel show in Birmingham. As a side line he played a harmonica in a church. It was but a step for him from there to vaudeville and then to New York with no job, no money, and in need of a partner.

Next, Pick—January if you must—who is just as short and blue eyed, ten years older, not quite so handsome. Pick was also an amateur of no mean ability. Joining the army, he turned his dancing ability into entertaining troops in Georgia. After that he married and formed a vaudeville team with his wife. Shortly he too landed in New York without a job, or money, and needing a male partner.

"Yup," Pat went on, "us was introduced inna automat right here in New York, and between us we scraped up enough for one good meal. Seeing as how we was looking for partners, us sat around talking. So five days later we is playing at the 125th Streeter uptown."

"Tellum 'bout buying us minstrel clothes," Pick suggested.

"Well suh, us didn't have no money for nothing but food now an' then. Our outfits was so old they was falling tight off our backs. So we goes to a store, buys the best suits you ever seen and sends 'em C.O.D. to the theayter. The manager has to pay for 'em so we can go on with the show."

"And," Pick added, "us borrowed twenty-five bucks from him besides."

So the team of Pick and Pat was launched, while not with a splash at least with a satisfied gurgle. Two weeks later, once more without jobs but now with outfits, a little torn but passable, they went down to one of New York's smaller radio stations, WOV. It was eight-thirty in the morning, and a quartet was just beginning a program.

"Us wants work," they announced to the station manager.

"Can you write a minstrel show?" the manager asked. "If you can, write it. You go on the air."

"I low soon we go on?" Pat replied.

"Half an hour. You broadcast at nine."

"Yup," Pat picked up the story, "us sat right down, wrote a show, and used that quartet that was singing. We was on the air at exactly nine. A week later the station gave us a much better hour. We got the eight-in-the-morning spot. You ever try 'n' be funny that early in the day?"

"But," Pick said, "us was heard by the manager of WOR over in Newark. He was shaving when he heard us. So he calls us up and we pile right over there. We was broadcasting for a year and a half there on sustaining."

"Then," Pat went on, "we was so good we gotta NBC contract for 52 whole weeks for a Vaseline company. And then we goes back to WOR, this time with a sponsor. And then come Showboat. Yes suh, and then—Dill's Best."

"Whoa, now you better let me talk," Pick broke in. "You is all outa breath." He talked.

"We'se never auditioned a program in our lives. Thasa fact. No sir, we just get ourselves hired and go right on the air with our act. For six years now we ain't even been five days away from each other, until last week."

Remember back about the first of April when these two were missing from their weekly broadcasts? That was the vacation they took when they didn't see each other. They were down in Florida, one on the East Coast, the other on the West Coast. They had decided to see if they could get along without each other. Of course they drove down together in Pat's car, and drove back the same way. And their wives, Pat's son, and a lot of fishing tackle went along. For atmosphere, as Pick explains.

AS a matter of fact, they even seek amusement together. Every Friday night, after the broadcast, they dust off Pat's car, pick up the families, and start off. Florida one week, Canada the next. It doesn't matter, as long as they are driving and out of town.

More often than not, on these trips, most of their time is taken up in giving benefit performances. A short time ago, while taking two days off in Canada, they were asked to perform at the wounded veteran's hospital. For nine solid hours, the two toured the hospital, stopping in every room to repeat their act for the soldiers. The next day, at another hospital not far away, they went through the same routine.

"But it's fun," Pick hastened to add. "Us even gives benefits for the governor of Pennsylvania and the governor of New Jersey. Us is important men. Tellum about that performance out on Long Island."

"Sure," Pat agreed. "It was a benefit for the policemen's charity. Pick and I, we put on our act for them. Then I run out. I'm in a hurry. I jump into my car and race to the corner. There's a sour faced cop standing there. He stops me and gives me a tag. Yes suh, just two minutes after I give a benefit show, I gets me a tag. So I just drive right back to the auditorium, find me a captain and give him the ticket. He took the ticket back to that cop who stopped me—and that was that."

And so, you have the story of Molasses 'n' January as told by Pick and Pat. The next time you hear the two working in such harmony, remember their slogan for success:

"Hey dice, come seven, come eleven!"

What Becomes of the Amateurs?

(Continued from page 26)

Jacqueline showed up for her preliminary audition, she wasn't even somebody's stenog, because she had just lost her job. She possessed something better than the ability to take dictation, however—a lovely soprano voice which brought her through the audition and to a spot on the broadcast with flying colors.

She won that week's medal, and before she left the studio the manager of the Fox Academy of Music, a moving-picture house in lower Manhattan, had signed her up for a week of personal appearances on his stage. There she made such a hit that the one-week arrangement was extended to four; and now Jacqueline is packing her trunks for an extended vaudeville tour.

The story of Susan Sage, another graduate of the Feen-a-mint program, runs along similar lines—except that Susan, who had left her home in Pittsburgh, against parental opposition, a few months before, to try her wings in New York, was completely broke when she sang on the broadcast. A coloratura soprano, she was the first contestant upon which judges and listening audience agreed. A vaudeville agent who was listening in agreed too, with the result that Susan has been singing in theaters ever since.

A different kind of success came to young Don August, only twelve years old. His appearance on the broadcast won him not only that week's medal, but free scholarships with two well known New York singing teachers.

NOT all the winning amateurs have such spectacular success, however. Take the case of Dave Brenner, a tenor to whom the judges gave the medal one week. Dave didn't go on from the broadcast to a theatrical engagement or a regular radio spot, but he doesn't look upon his vocal career as time wasted. He is a solicitor for a well known milk company, whose officials were so pleased over the publicity he got for the company that they immediately gave him a raise. P. S. He kept the job.

All these artists-in-embryo got their start on the Feen-a-mint program. How about Fred Allen's protegés? There, again, the record is encouraging.

Fred and his assistants are proudest of David Hughes. Dave is a few years less than fifty, and up to a few months ago he had spent all his life working in the slate mines near Poultney, Vermont. Every morning when he and his fellow-miners rode from Poultney to the mines, all the boys packed in together in one or two big trucks, they used to sing. Dave's high, clear, completely untrained tenor voice rang out over all the others, and when Fred Allen began to devote half of his program time to discovering new talent, all the miners chipped in to raise enough money to send Dave to New York for an audition.

He passed the audition, and went on to win the \$50 in cash and a week's engagement at the Roxy Theatre which together constitute first prize on the Town Hall program. Then he made a number of personal appearances in New England theaters, only to return to New York and capture another prize when Fred rounded up all his winning contestants and put on a program at which they competed with each other. And now this white-haired, unassuming little man is definitely set for a radio and stage career.

George Rosen, a young violinist, arrived



STEICHEN

SUMMER'S HERE! LOOK OUT FOR

"Lipstick-parching"

IT STEALS ROMANCE FROM YOUR LIPS

Baking sun and drying winds make it hard enough to keep one's lure in summer.

It's no time to risk Lipstick Parching, too! The delicate, fine skin of your lips needs special care, now. Even more than facial skin, because your lips are so much more sensitive.

Yet some lipsticks take that sensitive skin and dry and parch it. They turn kissable softness to crepe paper harshness!

How Coty Avoids Parching

Coty has really ended Lipstick Parching . . . by producing a new kind of lipstick.

Yes, it's indelible . . . and the colors are thrilling and ardent, *but it never dries or parches!* Even rough lips grow luscious and smooth under its caressing touch.

The secret? Coty's "Sub-Deb" Lipstick contains "Essence of Theohrom," a special ingredient that softens and smooths.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick—for just 50¢—in five indelible colors at drug and department stores.

NEW—Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge in natural, harmonizing colors, 50¢.

Dance to Ray Noble's music, Wed., 10:30 P. M., New York time. NBC Red Network.

Coty "SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

Stop WORRY OVER TELL TALE GRAY HAIR



*Tint It This Safe Way
Look Years Younger*

SAFELY, quickly—and at home—you can overcome the handicap of gray, faded or streaked hair. With a small brush and Brownatone, you can impart a rich, natural-appearing shade of blonde, brown or black. Look 10 years younger and retain your youthful charm.

Used and approved for over twenty-three years by American women everywhere. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction. Brownatone is dependable—guaranteed absolutely harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. You'll be happy in using—

BROWNATONE

Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Brownatone imparts a rich, beautiful shade with amazing speed. Simply "touch-up" as new gray hair appears. Easy to apply. Just brush or comb it in. Shades "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c at drug or toilet counters everywhere—always on a money-back guarantee—or

SEND THIS COUPON

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
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Please send me Test bottle of BROWNATONE,
and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to
cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.

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in New York foot-sore and weary from having hitch-hiked all the way from St. Paul, Minnesota. He wanted a chance on an amateur hour, because he knew he could make good. He was right. He is playing these days in the orchestra at the Casino de Paree, Manhattan night club.

Some of the winning amateurs, however, aren't willing to give up the security of their present jobs to follow the more glamorous, but considerably less certain, theatrical and radio path. The outstanding examples here are Joe Barry and Bill Keller, who won first prize one week with their two-piano act. They wouldn't even take time off to appear at the Roxy! You can understand why, though, when you know that Joe is auditor for Educational Pictures in Astoria, Long Island, and Bill is head linesman for the Western Union. At the time they won the prize, Bill had charge of all the wires going into Fleming-ton for the Hauptmann trial, and he just couldn't be spared for anything that would require his absence from duty during the day.

Edith Schettine, who won favor with her imitations of the voices of various well known movie stars, turned down an offer to appear on a Philadelphia station on a commercial program. She lives in New York with her father and mother, and has a secretarial job in a New York office; and although she is anxious to break into radio, she decided that home and security were preferable to a strange

town and perhaps only a few weeks' work.

Bad luck tagged the efforts of Evelyn Tarta, the talented young pianist who was a prize-winner on one of the Town Hall programs. She was all ready to appear at the Roxy when the Gerry Society, an organization for the prevention of cruelty to children, stepped in and refused to allow her to go on. Evelyn is only fifteen, and will have to wait another year before she can really begin her career.

One boy who doesn't even want to go on the radio is Joe Williams, of South Norwalk, Connecticut. Joe is a husky young fellow, a former football star, and comes from a well-to-do family. He took his audition for a lark, sang on the broadcast, and appeared at the Roxy—and then went home contented with the fun he had had. But he's head man in South Norwalk now!

So the parade of the amateurs goes on, with every now and then somebody stepping out to join the ranks of the professionals. Major Edward Bowes, who started all the amateur excitement with his weekly program over WHN, a local station in New York, has inaugurated another network broadcast along the same lines, and no doubt his efforts will give still more talented unknowns their chances to achieve success.

Not many of them will achieve it, as this record proves, but those who do will say gratefully, "Heaven be praised for amateur programs!"



Max and Al get together. Not so long ago, Max Baer made a guest appearance on Al Jolson's Shell Chateau program, and now he's the star of his own program, sponsored by the Gillette Razor Blade Corp., on Monday nights over the NBC red network.

Coast-to-Coast HighlightsChicago*(Continued from page 44)*

HAVE you heard that new (Johnson Wax) radio show on NBC called "Fibber McGee and Mollie" yet? Lots of Chicago people were very glad to hear that program announced even if it was to come from New York studios. For Fibber, who creates wild adventures around his motor car gypsying around the country, is none other than Jim Jordan. And Mollie is his wife, Marion Jordan. For years they had been plugging along in Chicago doing all sorts of character and musical programs. Smackout, Mister Twister, and the old Smith Family were some of their better known shows. But somehow they never did hit big time. Now many people are hoping their chance has come.

The Jordans are very clever at imitating many different voices. In fact on a recent broadcast series from Chicago they did so many different parts so convincingly that the program boss, not realizing two people do all the parts, assigned them to a much larger studio with the remark:

"I can't see how in the world such a crowd of people can work in that small studio you had before."

Incidentally they come from Peoria, Ill., which town also gave radio Andy of Amos 'n' Andy and Helen King, one of the three girls known as Clara, Lu and Em.

THE Howard Berolzheimer has adopted a six-weeks-old blue-eyed baby boy. Perhaps you know Mrs. Berolzheimer better as Isobel Carrothers. Or maybe she is best known to you as Lu of Clara, Lu and Em. You haven't seen much in print about this adoption because they both feel it is their own personal business and most decidedly they did not adopt the child for the publicity Lu might get out of it.

The girls were very much amused at a copy sent them of a sign which appears in the window of a Baltimore restaurant. The sign reads:

Come In and Meet
Clara, Lu and Em.

Inquiry led to the discovery that the sign refers to three waitresses in the café and not to radio's best known backyard gossips.

MARIO CHAMLEE, the famous lyric tenor, is one of a trio of famous people who hold honorary Master of Music degrees from the University of Southern California. The other two are Ignace Jan Paderewski and Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

Every time we write anything about Schumann-Heink so many of her stories come to mind . . . so many stories of hardships, childhood poverty when black bread was a blessing, the world war with her sons fighting against each other. Why, that woman's life is a shining example of courage and sustaining endeavor. She was discharged from her first contract as an opera singer with the Dresden Court opera because she married Heink, the secretary of the organization, in violation of her contract. To make matters worse he was discharged too, and the young lovers found themselves in severe financial straits for several years following their rash act. She was only eighteen years old at the time of her first marriage.

What's the matter with Me and Men?



"**H**ERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at — and I love a good time!"

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day.

Use it any time — after dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Then no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N. Y.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.

Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration



Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Pacific

(Continued from page 45)



It comes from PARIS!

All chic style starts in Paris. So does cheek style, if you use Po-Go Rouge! Hand-made and packed in France, it comes from Paris but it doesn't come high. Just 60c buys it — low in price, even though it is genuinely imported!

A touch and you'll see the difference. Its beauty lasts for hours and hours; its unusual texture goes on smoothly and is easy to blend exactly right!

Buy Paris-made Po-Go Rouge at any toiletry counter; if you can't get it, we'll serve you by mail. Guy T. Gibson, Inc., Importers, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Po-Go ROUGE

SHADES: Brique (Naturelle); Ronce (Raspberry); Vif (Bright); Cardinal (Very Bright); Saumon (Faint, for Blondes).



60c

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Women to make hooked rugs for our stores. No experience necessary. Steady work. We do the selling. Write at once. HOLLYWOOD STUDIO STORES 5334 Hollywood Blvd., Dept. 9 Hollywood, California



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Your Hair Appears Naturally Colored Gray hair and dandruff is a handicap socially and in business. For 37 years Nourishine Hair Tonic has brought happiness to many thousands by coloring dull gray streaked hair with a natural appearing youthful color. Instantly rids the scalp of dandruff accumulations and itching. Nourishine is applied like a tonic—it's safe—cannot be detected. Adds life, lustre, and youthful radiance to your hair. For better results use Nourishine Non-Acid Shampoo. At all drug or department stores. Send coupon below for booklet, "Home Care of the Hair."

NOURISHINE

Nourishine Sales Co., Dept. 75 M, 939 S. Broadway L. A., Cal. Send Nourishine Booklet, "Home Care of the Hair" Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

KHJ. The legal documents aver that the Gill parents snubbed the gal.

Juliette Dunn, charming radio soprano at KFRC, in real life Mrs. Harrison Hollway, whose hubby manages the station and does the m. c. act for the jamboree, brought suit, and the fracas will be over before this reaches print. She asks custody of Harrison, Jr., aged 5 and Kingan, three. The lady says that H. H., while entertaining lots of fans on the air, didn't prove very entertaining to her. But H. H. mutters something about too much in-laws.

AS a comeback to our notice in the Pacific Highlights of January, that Mr. Morris Webster of Station KVI is the world's youngest chain announcer, young Roy M. Shoffner of Lexington, Kentucky, claims that he is the youngest commercial announcer on any station. He's sixteen years of age and broadcasts over Station WLAP. Our hats are off to you, Roy.

HOBBIES

EDNA FISCHER, NBC piano pounder, hopes to enter her Boston bulldog, Flip, gift of a radio admirer, in a bay district dog show.

"Wyn," handling her own commercials on Frisco stations, is Winifred Louthain. Used to have her own gift shops, and likes to collect the bizarre in the gift line.

Nick Harris, who has spun detective yarns over KFI for more than ten years, raises parakeets and goldfish as a hobby.

Major Herbert O. Yardley, co-author of the "Stories of the Black Chamber" from New York to NBC, lives on a busy Hollywood street in a big apartment house, and is writing some mystery stories for RKO Pictures.

Harry A. Earnshaw, who created the "Chandu" series years ago, and who is now penning some ace number one "short stories of the air," reads country weeklies for story plots and human interest drama.

Harold Hodge, who does the "Sky-rocket Express" program for youngsters, used to be a manual training teacher in the public schools.

Charlie Wellman, KECA songster, saves samples of wallpaper and beer bottle tops.

GAYNE WHITMAN, who has been announcing the Grace Moore and the Jimmy Fidler programs from the NBC Hollywood studios, also got the mike stint announcing the Hix "Strange as it Seems" quarter hours on the coast CBS hook-up.

Hubert (Rudy) Vallee supposed to be in Hollywood-Burbank around June to do some pictures and continue his cross-country broadcasts. Known as "The pride of Westbrook, Me." out here . . . and as "Hollywood's darling" back east.

Raymond Paige has a long-time contract with the CBS Hollywood Hotel transcontinental program, and could financially afford to have the tiff that caused him to resign as music director of KHJ and the Don Lee network a few months ago.

The One-Man Show—Tom Breneman

ONE of the West Coast's outstanding radio entertainers is Tom Breneman, who broadcasts regularly over the Don Lee and CBS Northwestern networks from San Francisco under the sponsorship of Fels-Naptha. Blessed with a warm and pleasing baritone, a neat sense of comedy and an unusual insight into human nature which enables him to give deft and varied characterizations, his one-man airshows are among the highest-ranking favorites with Pacific seaboard fans.

You've heard about the mythical Midas who made everything he touched turn into gold. Well, Tom Breneman may not be quite a Midas, but certainly so far, he's managed to have Lady Luck consistently on his side.

Right from the beginning she stood there rooting for him, for Tom comes naturally by his musical talent. His mother was an accomplished concert pianist; his father the first tenor in the famous Cumberland quartet of Pennsylvania. So when Tom himself turns up with an exceptional voice, it isn't exactly a bolt from the blue.

Out on the West Coast fans hate to miss a minute of his quaint impersonations—the beloved rural character, Colonel Ezra Simpson, whose wifely troubles cause many a quiet chuckle; the characters of Tom and Wash, the station's two Negro porters; and other typically amusing personalities.

In the studio Tom Breneman may be a dozen different curious people, one after the other, but back in private life he's just a good-looking, genial six-footer, a little shy, and a mite superstitious. For instance, he wouldn't think of laying his hat on the bed, and he always knocks on wood in the approved fashion, and he'd

never light three cigarettes from one match. Maybe that's his mild concession to Lady Luck who's been on his side so long.

The Fels-Naptha program with Tom Breneman is heard every Tuesday and Thursday morning from 10:00 to 10:15 (Pacific Standard Time) over the Don Lee Network and CBS Northwestern stations.



Tom Breneman, the West Coast's popular one-man radio show, in one of his favorite rôles—Colonel Ezra Simpson.

Revealing Ethel Merman—

Radio's Glamor Girl

(Continued from page 21)

birthday, papa Zimmerman brought home Gus Edwards' newest popular song, "He's Me Pal." He called Ethel from the back yard. Pointing to the bench, he sat down with his daughter and began to play. He finished the first chorus.

"Can you sing it for me now?" he asked.

Ethel nodded happily. Throwing back her head she burst into song. She didn't miss a note or a word. And the song seemed to fit her. "It stuck, too," Ethel told me. "That was my favorite for a long, long time."

It was also the favorite of the neighbors, who dropped in often of an evening to hear that little Zimmerman girl sing. Her mannerisms, her girlish accent on the words, sent every audience of friends into a panic. In fact, it wasn't long before Ethel began to tire of performing for such small groups.

"Mother, I want to sing in public. I want to be seen." It was the first time Ethel had used that slogan, "I want to be seen," but she has never forgotten it nor stopped using it since. It is the secret of her success.

"Luckily we had a friend of the family whose husband was one of the big shots in the Knights of Columbus. She finally made all the arrangements. So they dressed me up—aged six—in a cap and boy's coat and sent me along to one of their parties. I don't remember how I did it but it was my start."

AFTER that, it was a cinch. The parents even let her sing in the church near home. In the Zimmerman family album is a clipping from one of her Sunday performances listing her vocal contribution as "Let the Lower Lights be Burning."

"Honest," Ethel asked me, "Wouldn't that kill you?"

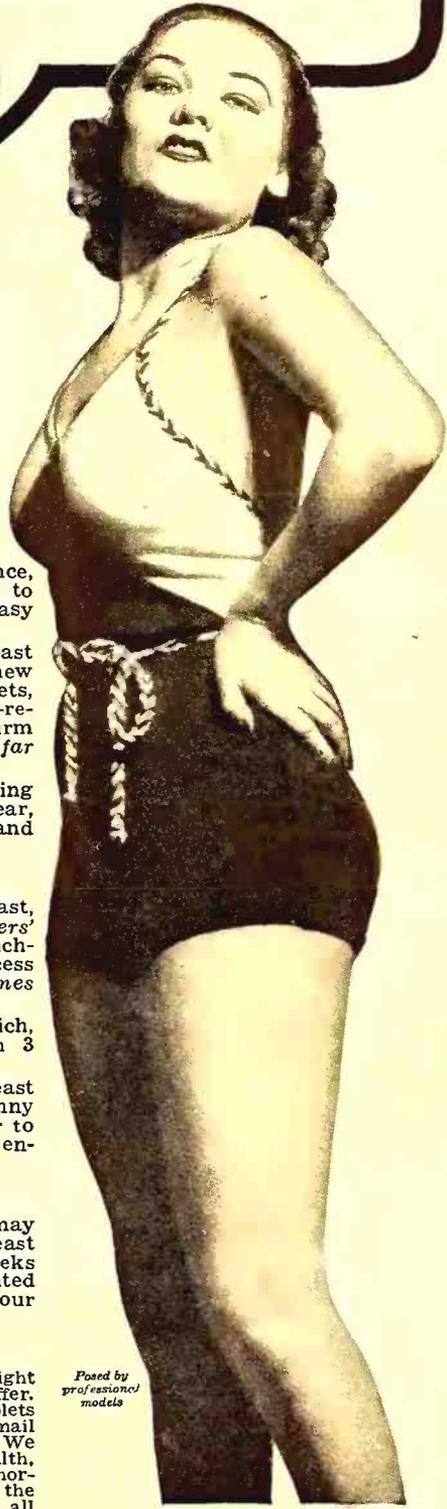
But came the World War. Near Astoria, Long Island, a soldier's camp sprang up. Every week there must be entertainment for these boys preparing to go overseas. Ethel heard about it and sought out her mother. Eagerly she announced that she wanted to do her part. Couldn't she please entertain the soldiers? And her mother, filled with patriotic duty, consented.

At the camp was a rough stage, hastily built with odds and ends of lumber. Followed, that evening, a long series of songs, speeches, playlets and dances. Little Ethel, now aged eight, was one of the last on the bill. She skipped nervously about in back of the temporary scenery, waiting for her cue. At last it came. Ethel advanced toward the audience, all the confidence of past performances gone up in smoke as she glimpsed the number of listeners. She had a new number tonight, a "Wiggley" number that she had privately rehearsed. She went into the song, hesitant, ill at ease. But the sudden outburst of cheers from the soldiers kept her going.

"I was doing my first vocal hula," Ethel explained, "and did it go over! That was the first time I ever brought down the house. Right then and there I made up my mind. It was singing for me from then on."

After the Armistice was signed, The Home Association of Astoria gave a benefit for the returning fighters. Remembering the little Zimmerman girl's success, the program committee signed her up for an-

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other performance. This time the show was held in a real New York theater. Ethel went along that night with her mother and father, who always accompanied her on the piano.

Here was a bill of professionals. Keith's had contributed one of its star comedy acts, and a stock company would appear for a brief scene in one of the year's hit plays.

"I guess I was about the only amateur on the whole bill. There I stood backstage, watching all these experienced actors getting ready. Their make-up fascinated me. I felt the lure of the stage creeping into my bones. Mother was worried. Like all good people of the time, she had been taught that stage folk were bad. She was afraid her little daughter might be contaminated by their presence."

Ethel, however, went through with her number, a character song she had made famous at home. And she was a hit. The star of the evening. She went home, her round cheeks glowing with pride and excitement. She did not notice that her mother was unusually silent and thoughtful.

"I should have known, though. Mother was already making up her mind that her eight-year-old daughter wasn't going to be a stage star. No sir, little Ethel was going to be a school teacher. Can you imagine?"

"So what did I do? So I took four years commercial study in high school and learned to be a stenographer. I didn't pay much attention to singing at school. I was so busy doing my songs at night—you know, at clam-bakes, Hallowe'en parties, ladies' aid meetings—that all I could do at school was try and keep on the honor roll."

GRADUATION from high school, which meant a nice long vacation for most of Ethel's schoolmates, meant work for the Zimmerman girl. Ethel got a job in New York as a stenographer. "In the outer office," she added.

But it was work, and Ethel liked it because several important men did business with the office. It was Ethel's job to greet these men and keep them happy while they waited for their appointments. It wasn't long before she got to know the rich manufacturer of brakes for automobiles. He was a millionaire with a flair for inventions. He decided Ethel deserved a job as secretary. She agreed.

"So I went to work for him, at a nice salary too. I guess if it hadn't been for him I'd still be pounding a typewriter some place. But he was the kind of a boss you dream about. He only came into the office once or twice a week. It sort of left me with a lot of time to kill. So I began looking around for a chance to sing. It didn't matter much what the pay was, just so I could be seen."

It wasn't as easy as Ethel makes it sound. Every spare hour from the office she haunted booking agents. Night after night she went to them, telling them that she could sing, that she wanted work. Finally in desperation one of them gave her a job singing at an Elks' smoker. The Elks liked her. She liked the Elks. She soon found herself singing two and three nights a week.

"And at ten bucks a crack, which made about thirty a week extra. But I didn't give up my job. I never knew when an Elk might get mad and then I wouldn't be singing any more."

One day Ethel had a bright idea. Her boss knew several big Broadway producers. Why not get a letter of introduction? So she sat down at her typewriter and wrote her own letter. When her boss came in she gave it to him to sign. That

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afternoon, after work, she hurried over to the theater where George White was casting his Scandals. Nervously she handed him the letter.

He looked up at her politely. "A friend's always a friend," he told her. "I can give you a job."

Ethel's heart leaped up somewhere near her teeth. "Really?" she breathed.

White nodded. "In the front row, too." "You mean the chorus?" Ethel cried. "But I'm a singer!"

White shook his head and tore up the letter. "In the front row," he repeated.

And Ethel, who had dreamed of such a chance since she was eight, turned it down. It would be singing or nothing. "Mother's warning about show people must have sunk in deeper than I thought," Ethel said. "Anyway, I just stalked out of that theater. My heart was broken, but I couldn't let anybody know."

She continued her assault on the booking offices, however, with renewed determination. Finally a woman agent who thought Ethel had promise got her two weeks at a night club called "Little Russia."

HIGH in spirits, Ethel hurried over to sign the contract. At sixty per week! But she earned it. The hours were from ten to three. At nine in the morning she was back at her office desk. And the first week at the club, Lou Irwin, successful manager, heard her. He sought her out in her dressing room.

"Interested in the movies?" he asked. "Then meet me at my office in the morning." He handed her his card and left.

Ethel was in a quandary. If she went to see him she couldn't be in the office and she might get fired. No self-respecting girl likes to get fired. In the end, she fixed it up with her boss and went to see Irwin. He rushed her into a cab which whisked them to the Warner Brothers' office. Irwin introduced her to one of the Brothers.

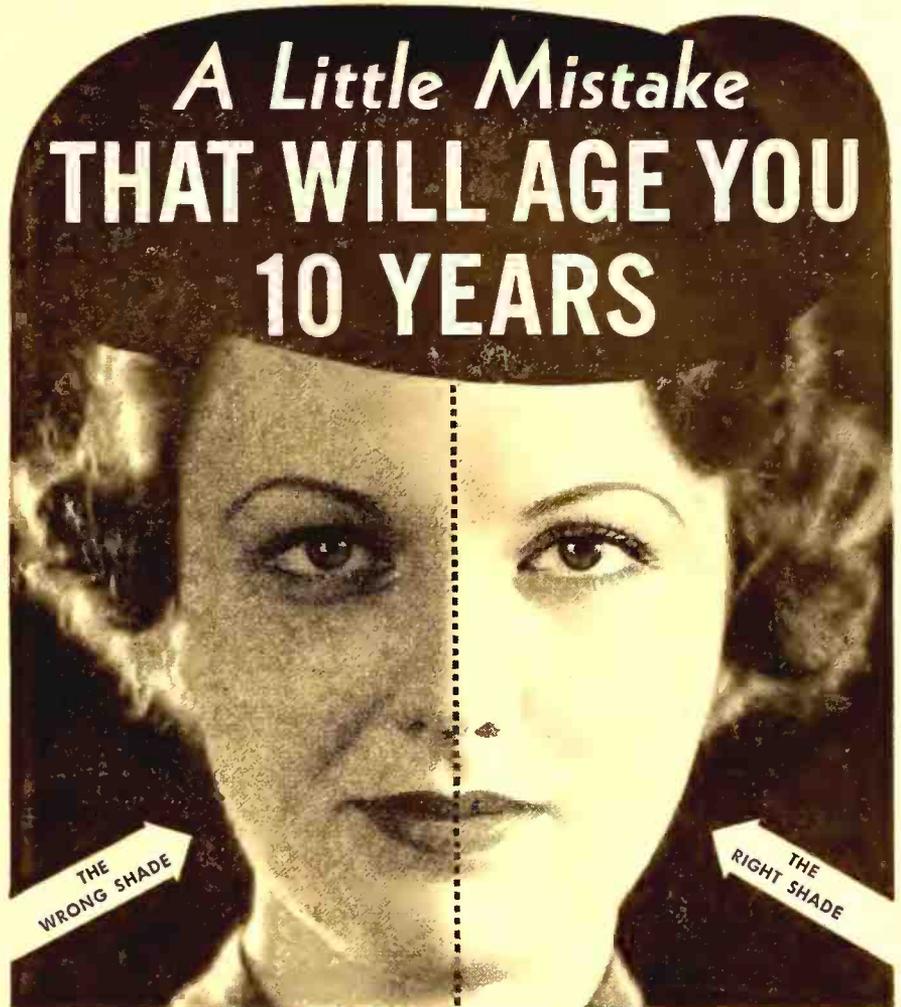
"Sing," the Brother said. Ethel sang. Four hours later her trembling fingers were signing a six months' contract.

"At two hundred per week," Ethel added, "and with options a mile long. Two hundred! I just sank back in a chair, not believing my own eyes."

Then began one of the most painful periods in Ethel's life. She had signed her contract, she was supposed to make



Snatched from the family album! Baby Ethel Merman at the age of three, seated, with her cousin, Claude Pickett.



IT MAY BE THE COLOR OF YOUR FACE POWDER!

By *Lady Esther*

Did you ever stop to think that the shade of face powder you use so confidently might be altogether the wrong one for you?

It's hard to believe that women can make a mistake in their shades of face powder or that one shade can make you look older than another. Yet, it's only too obviously true!

You know how tricky a thing color is. You know how even a slight variation in color can make a startling difference in your appearance. The same transforming effect holds true in the case of face powders. Where one shade will have positively the effect of making you look young, another will, just as decisively, make you look older—*years older than you are!*

Face Powder Fallacies

Many women look years older than they actually are because they select their face powder shades on entirely the wrong basis. They try to match their so-called "type" or coloring which is utterly fallacious. The purpose in using a shade of face powder is *not* to match anything, but to bring out what natural gifts you have. In other words, to *flatter!*

Just because you are a brunette does not necessarily mean you should use a brunette or dark rachel powder or that you should use a light rachel or beige if you are a blonde. In the first place, a dark powder may make a brunette look too dark, while a light powder may make a blonde look faded. Secondly, a brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a dark skin and vice versa. The sensible and practical way of choosing your face powder shade,

regardless of your individual coloring, is to try on all five basic shades of face powder. I say "the five basic shades" because that is all that is necessary, as colorists will tell you, to accommodate all tones of skin.

My Offer to the Women of America

"But," you say, "must I buy five different shades of face powder to find out which is my most becoming and flattering?" No, indeed! This matter of face powder shade selection is so important to me that I offer every woman the opportunity of trying all five without going to the expense of buying them.

All you need do is send me your name and address and I will immediately supply you with all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. With the five shades which I send you free, you can very quickly determine which is your most youthifying and flattering.

I'll Leave it to your Mirror!

Thousands of women have made this test to their great astonishment and enlightenment. Maybe it holds a great surprise in store for you! You can't tell! You must try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. And this, as I say, you can do at my expense.

Just mail the coupon or a penny post card and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (14) **FREE**
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 Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.
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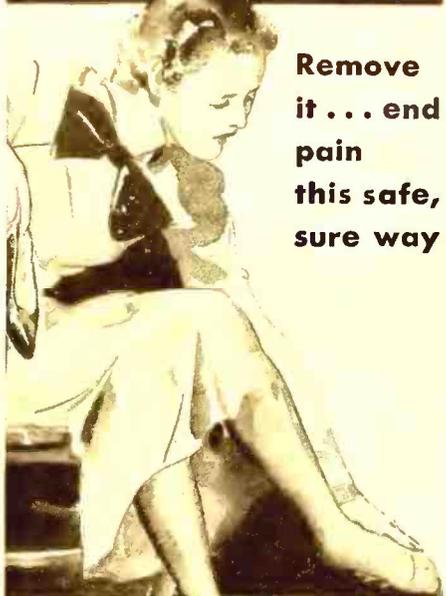
YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. 50c Leaves the skin soft and smooth. 50c the complexion fresh and clear. A Jar

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PEDS, Hollywood's shoe-hi stocking-savers have fast become the favorite summer hose of thousands! Amazing "stocking-ettes" that keep feet coolly protected from hot shoe leather—so unbearable to dainty women! Now, thousands of women, in homes and at business, wear Peds every day! Wear Peds over or under stockings too—end rubbing and friction of shoes—cut hosiery bills in HALF! End drudgery of mending toes and heels. They do not show above shoe tops.



For sale in 10c Stores, Department Stores, Shoe and Hosiery Shops. Merc. Lisle, 20c; Super-Lisle, 30c; Silk, 40c; Wool, 50c. Sizes 8-10 1/2, Suntan or White. If you cannot be supplied send coins or stamps to RICHARD PAUL, INC., Dept. K-30 Cooper Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

moving pictures, so she sat. Week after week—and this time she gave up her office job—she waited for a call. Nothing happened. Finally it got on her nerves.

"I couldn't stand it," she said. "Imagine being paid \$200 a week for not singing. And I wasn't being seen! I went to Irwin and made him get me a release. Not such a bad one, though. If I got a job some place else, I went off the Warner payroll. When I stopped working, I went back on."

"Then, just when things were really going swell, I got a sore throat. It was sore clear down to here—" she pointed to her stomach—"And I was sick. So I went to the hospital. Before I knew it, they had yanked out my tonsils.

"There I lay on a soft, comfortable cot, back, of course, on the Warner payroll, but without my tonsils. My throat got worse too. I've never been so scared in my life. What if I could never sing again? What then?"

For a week the tortured girl stayed in the hospital. Finally the doctor let her go home. But it was no better there. She must know whether her voice was lost!

"You know, I think I was born lucky. Irwin went out and got me a job singing at the Roman Pools Casino in Florida. All I had to do was sit in the hot sun and get well. I wasn't sure about my voice until my first song at the Casino. It was sheer agony at first. But the more I sang the better I was. My voice just boomed out, twice as strong as ever before."

IT was now just a short step to lasting success. Back in New York, in the spring, Ethel signed a contract to appear at the Brooklyn Paramount for one week. The one week stretched into seven. During that time she started an engagement at Valley Stream, singing every Saturday and Sunday night between pieces played by Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

This overwork, which should have led her to a nervous breakdown, led directly to her first Broadway show. Vinton Freedley, Broadway producer, saw her, listened to her, signed her for his fall show, "Girl Crazy," which was starring a little known red-head by the name of Ginger Rogers. As a last master stroke, Fate gave Ethel "I Got Rhythm" to sing. Overnight, she became the talk of the town.

Each year since then she has found another hit awaiting her.

"What about romance?" I asked her, when she had told about her success in pictures.

She shook her many curls of black hair. "When it comes to romance, I'm crazy about fox terriers," she answered, pointing to the dog who was poking his nose cautiously around the kitchen door. She would say no more.

So I had to go to friends of Ethel's, friends who are more willing to talk about the man Ethel met five years ago, the man she fell in love with—her first love. It was just after her biggest success. Many new people, important people, were introduced to Ethel every day. But none of them made any impression. And then—this man, Ethel recognized his name. It was well known in Wall Street.

It has been five years now since that first night. They are still deeply in love. But he with his hectic job, Ethel with her string of contracts stretching out ahead, can find no place for marriage. They have agreed that it would be foolish; until they have more time to make it a success, to try such an important venture.

That is why Ethel won't discuss it. Not until she thinks it is time. Then she will be glad and proud to shout her love from the house tops.

The Real Story Behind "The House of Glass"

(Continued from page 23)

poured too much of myself into them. But after all, they're just comedy. For a long time I've had the feeling that the nation needs more than that, in these troubled times; that the setting and scope of *The Goldbergs* is too limited. All they ever tried to be was a nice, everyday united family, much like my own, with its own special assortment of family jokes and squabbles. But always in the little world of the home! Now I wanted to get beyond that—right out into the sweat and grime with the workers.

As I sat at my desk here on the seventeenth floor and looked down, down, far below, to the life of wracking toil and what that life means to the great multitude of workers, I felt I wanted to give them something true and vital wrung from the heart and mind of that great old matriarch, my grandmother. Slowly the ideas began to come to me.

After I'd written the first thirteen of the series, enough to carry it for three months, I took it to NBC, who got all excited and told me they had six sponsors who wanted it right away... all I had to do was make a choice among them. We finally closed a deal with Palmolive for their once-a-week Super-suds program, for a year's trial, while the *Goldbergs* meantime were to take a flier on the regular stage. By the end of the year, if enough people should want them back, all they would have to do is to say so.

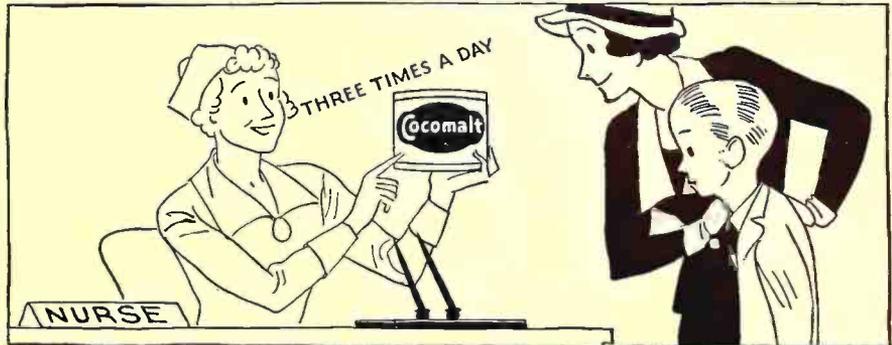
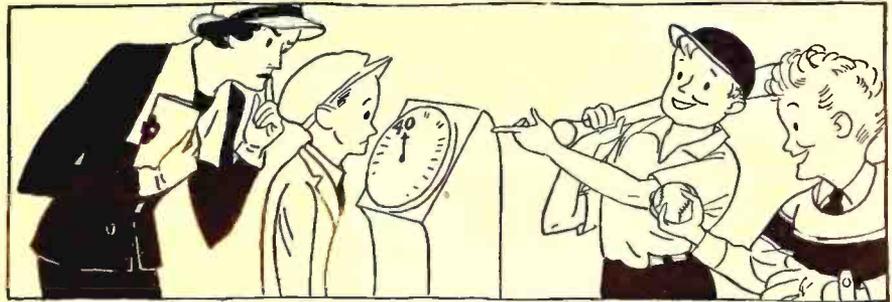
SOME people have thought Molly Goldberg over-sweet. I hardly think they'll have that feeling about Bessie Glass in the new series. She's the crisp modern exponent of efficiency—but efficiency coupled with kindness. That's her recipe for the solving of all problems, even the big, really serious ones on which human lives and fates depend.

Not much difference, is there, between one life and another, or whether the name be Weinberg or Kelly or Pasquale or plain Smith! Don't we all love and struggle and suffer and try to 'put on a front,' only to get in a jam instead and have to turn for help and comfort to those who seem to be stronger and happier—for the moment? Tomorrow they may be having their hour of breakdown and failure and turning to us for help.

No, life isn't so different in the main for the woman in mink and the girl selling glassware in the Five-and-Ten. Each of them must make good as a wife and mother, of a member of a family first and then of society, if she wants the joy of knowing herself loved and needed.

What a game fight most people are putting up these days, just to keep going! Can't you read it in their faces—often and often. Sometimes I know it by the worried look in the eyes of the Italian fruit-dealer's wife—what is she fearing? Sometimes by the extra dab of rouge the little waitress puts on her lips before she scurries away with her big, heavy tray of dishes... is she too a Millie? I can only guess the answer.

But today I know I must be getting some of the answers right, because I've been asked to write this article on how I came to write "The House of Glass." What is my prescription, your editor wants to know. I would hardly call it a prescription. It's just a mirror, in which I try to see you and you. Just folks, all of us. You and I and the family next door, trying hard to live happily.



See how Bobby's gained... how husky he's become —

since drinking milk this delicious new way

BOBBY'S mother is proud as punch—he's such a strong, sturdy youngster now. Yet how she worried a few months ago. It seemed as though she would never get him to fill out.

One day the school nurse said to Bobby's mother: "Every child needs a quart of milk a day for sturdy development. But often youngsters dislike milk. Then I recommend Cocomalt. It makes milk delicious and adds 5 food essentials that help to improve nutrition."

Bobby's mother began to give him Cocomalt in milk every day. And within two short months he had gained ten pounds.

Everyone requires proteins for developing muscle, carbohydrates for food-energy for supporting the energy demands of the body, food-calcium and food-phosphorus plus Sunshine Vitamin D for building strong bones, sound teeth. Cocomalt is a delicious food product that supplies these valuable food essentials. It greatly improves nutrition.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. Delicious HOT or COLD. Easy to serve.

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How Brunettes Can Rival Blondes IN ROMANTIC COMPLEXIONS

By Lillian Loy

At last they've discovered a way to make a brunette's complexion as alluringly beautiful as a ravishing blonde's. The secret of the perfect blonde complexion is that it is fair and clear . . . and that is what this marvelous new beautifier, Dioxogen Cream, does. . . . It makes your skin glamorously clear and fair. From the first application you see the improvement.

As you go on using this amazing beauty discovery, the texture of your skin becomes finer and finer . . . "refined" would be a better word, because all the coarseness vanishes magically. Open pores are reduced. Blackheads and whiteheads are prevented. Discolorations, lines and spots are lightened and made less visible. Sallow or muddy skin is given a live natural color.

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The secret of Dioxogen Cream is that it contains oxygen! The moment you apply this cream to your face and neck, the oxygen is released and treats your skin with its natural benefits. No other beautifier in the world contains oxygen. Try Dioxogen Cream and see the exciting effect of brunette coloring with a clear, fair and vivacious skin.

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

"Don't Struggle for Fame!"

Says Everett Marshall

(Continued from page 41)

without straining at circumstances, and with gratitude in his heart. To-day Marshall tells you frankly that he could never have made the headway he did without Raskob's assistance. Also, he tells you that "patronage" of this kind actually put him on his feet. Instead of robbing him of his independence, it strengthened his character. He knew he had to make good. He had a great debt to pay. And instead of carousing around in the arty ways of the "student's life" he worked harder than ever, learning, absorbing, and proving that Raskob's generous faith in him had not been misplaced. He studied first in London, then in Milan, and made his operatic debut in Italy, in 1926. Then, a year later, he was engaged for the great Metropolitan Opera House . . . the youngest male star ever to be given a contract there.

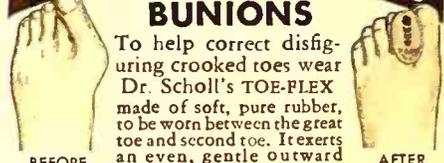
AND there something happened that very few would be frank enough to admit. Marshall found that the very bigness of the organization robbed him of scope. He felt himself moved around like a counter in a game. He had certain rôles to sing on certain nights, but outside of that, he had no contact whatever with the public itself. His opportunities were limited, he wasn't reaching people, and he began to lose his grip on himself. Further, while under contract, he couldn't sing elsewhere. Being "Marshall of the Metropolitan" actually closed doors to him! So again, instead of struggling against conditions as he found them, he settled things his own way.

During one summer vacation, he assumed the name of Robert Newell, and sang on an extensive vaudeville tour! He could have had ten times the publicity and pay, had he traded on his Metropolitan connection . . . but that was just what he didn't want to do! He wanted to come before the people entirely on his own, without the cloak of opera house glamor. He wanted to see if he couldn't reach them, make friends with them just as himself. And he made a tremendous hit! He wasn't a pawn on a chessboard. He was himself! Again he'd turned the trick of meeting Fate in his own way! When the tour was over, offers came flooding in . . . theatres wanted him, movie magnates, concert managers! And then there was some tall explaining to be done. Robert Newell wasn't Robert Newell at all! He was a Metropolitan star!

He left the "Met" now, to continue as himself. First, he entered the movies, playing opposite Bebe Daniels in *Dixiana*. Then he appeared in George White's *Scandals*. Then came seasons of starring in musical comedy and Ziegfeld's *Follies*, and then . . . radio! And in none of these fields does Marshall feel that he has lost an inch of his musical stature. He tells you that he hasn't "come down from grand opera" . . . he has simply developed himself into the sort of popular singer that the people can enjoy. He has the highest respect for the judgment of his hearers, and the highest respect for the responsibility of giving a first-rate performance. He's proud of every note into which he puts his best, and that gives pleasure. He takes his opportunities where he finds them and thinks life pretty swell.

We've talked a lot about his career, but there's more to Everett Marshall's way of meeting life than just sing-

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ing. This trick of looking at problems with a grin and settling them his own way makes him a grand human being. There's that matter of his romance . . . which, being a fundamentally decent sort of fellow, he never discusses with anyone. Anyhow, the facts are that while studying in Italy, he met a young Italian girl, and they fell in love and married. Only later did they realize that what had brought them together was not a deep congeniality, so much as the call of youth, the romantic setting of an Italian city, and the common bond of music. And when he saw that his romance wasn't all he had hoped it might be, he again refused to be embittered. He simply went his way, still believing that life is good and that a slam today may turn into a break tomorrow.

Marshall just won't struggle in the sense of beating his fists against Fate and growing bitter. He's too humanly alive for that. Since his Italian days, he has devoted himself exclusively to one lady. She is a combination of wife and mistress; she meets the demands of his every mood; she never bores him, and he can turn to her in joy and sorrow alike. This lady wears classic Greek robes and is known as the Muse of Music. She and his independence are the great loves of his life. Yes, that's the truth. Just reflect, if you doubt it, that he's been through the *Scandals*, the *Follies*, and Hollywood, with nary a blemish on his honor, nary a let-up in his ambitions, and nary a regret in his heart.

YOU'D like Everett Marshall. He stands six feet tall and has reddish . . . well, auburn hair. His eyes are clear twinkling, his shoulders are broad, and his clothes look like old London. He's perfectly sincere in everything he does. In his broadcasts, he permits no doubling for him in the spoken parts, because he feels that it kills the illusion to hear one voice talking and a different one singing. You're getting one-hundred per-cent honest sentiment when you hear him. You can see it when you watch him work. He's tense and on his toes all the time, giving the entire show the lift of his tremendous personality. He swings a fist in rhythm to the music and . . . what is unusual . . . he doesn't regulate "blasting" sounds by the distance he stands from the microphone. He regulates tone quality entirely by his own voice production. His hobbies? Golfing, fencing, and sketching. His nickname is "Red." His favorite food is a vegetable plate with plenty of red beets. He's fond of Italian cooking, and is expert at preparing it himself. He likes people.

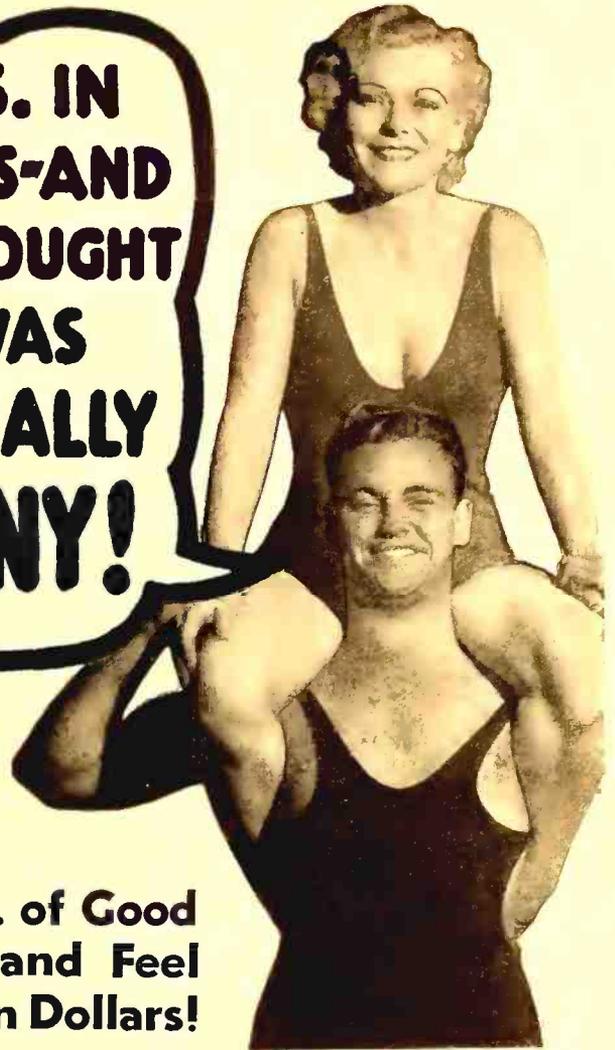
Best of all, he loves just to *be alive*. When he says, "don't struggle!" he means that life's too good to let yourself get cramped up over things . . . meet 'em with a smile, instead, and arrange your own breaks! That's what Everett Marshall does.

WIN AN IRENE RICH DRESS

How would you like to win an Irene Rich dress? Miss Rich poses exclusively for RADIO MIRROR in her brilliant new wardrobe and **HERE'S THE BEST PART OF IT—** gives away some of the most beautiful costumes. Watch for the August issue, on sale June 26.

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3 WEEKS-AND
SHE THOUGHT
SHE WAS
NATURALLY
SKINNY!**

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10 to 15 lbs. of Good
Solid Flesh and Feel
Like a Million Dollars!**



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100 jumbo size Kelpamalt Tablets four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use and may be had 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 below.

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Contain:**
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The True Story of the Winchell-Fidler Feud

(Continued from page 37)



How to wash Blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—safely!

Blonde, why put up with dingy, stringy, dull-looking hair? And why take chances with dyes and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade or darken? Wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with Blondex—safely. Blondex is not a dye. It is a shampoo made especially to keep blonde hair light, silky, fascinatingly beautiful. It's a powder that quickly bubbles up into a foamy froth which removes the dust-laden oil film that streaks your hair. You'll be delighted the way Blondex brings back the true golden radiance to faded blonde hair—makes natural blonde hair more beautiful than ever. Try it today. Sold in drug and department stores. Or get a generous trial package by sending 10c to cover mailing to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 147, 27 W. 20th Street, N. Y. C.

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"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing" writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Frances Lonsdale also has thick, wavy hair now, although at one time it was believed her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko.

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko to stimulate scalp.



Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko. Encourage new growth of hair to live on sustenance available in your own scalp. Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.

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Feuds simmer slowly. When Russ Columbo met his untimely death, a nation of radio admirers grieved that they would no longer hear the magic voice of their favorite. Of course, automatically Fidler was off the air due to the incident.

About this time, July 19, 1934, to be exact, the following item appeared in the syndicated Walter Winchell column. In Los Angeles, "The Herald-Express" carried the famous strip, so Fidler read it and took it quite seriously. As a matter of fact, half-a-dozen of Jimmy's friends who knew what was happening called him during the day to make suggestions as to what he should do about it.

The item read:
"Joan Crawford's struggle for recognition is too well known for repetition now. . . . The actress has taken plenty of punishment, however, from some of the bull dozers on the Hollywood scene, and her most recent adventure with one of them is something to get sore about. . . . A screen interviewer it is (who was so stupid as to put the threats to her in writing), the letter sent now being in the safe of her attorneys, for which hurry!"

The most recent nasty was not only contemptible, but cinch evidence to convict. . . . This probably will be done—and many of us who fashion pieces for the papers will endorse it. . . . For it is this sort of snakey member of the craft who sends a smell over the rest of us. The warning here is directed by those lads covering the New York front. . . . who are being used by the West Coasters to blackmail some of the stars. . . . The person operates this way: If a player doesn't 'play ball' vengeance comes by supplying the gullibles with fabrications about the one to be hurt. Therefore, this warning. . . . In fewer words—the New Yorkers and any others who slander Miss Crawford via this person are sure to suffer also."

THE name of the screen interviewer was not given. Fidler is a screen interviewer for magazines. He figured the "Finger" was on him!

The Winchell column on July 20, 1934, started out:

"Dear W: Who's the snake bothering Joan Crawford that way? Everybody's calling and wants to know." The column was signed that day, "Signed, Your Girl Friday's G. F."

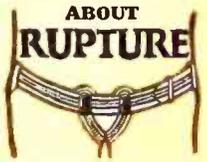
Winchell's "Daily Tattle," returned:
"Well, that's more like it. . . . I mean, about the target of that Joan Crawford paragraph the other day. . . . He sent Miss Crawford a letter of apology for 'threatening' her after she complained of a vicious crack about her; but whether her counselors will let it rest at that, I dunno, nor do I care. . . . I know this, though—every time I nail one of those birds using his magazine or newspaper connection to threaten anybody, I'll be on the other person's side."

Sounds like three fast left-hooks to a vital spot!
You see, Joan Crawford and Fidler had just had a battle royal over the release of a story pertaining to her divorce of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

That broke up a grand friendship. Just as Crawford and Fidler were together as friends a great deal up to the time of this incident, Winchell and Crawford were then seen together often in Hollywood. Shortly there appeared the

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series of paragraphs in Winchell's column directed at the certain Hollywood screen interviewer.

"Walter Winchell referred to this particular writer as a snake," comments Fidler. "Since I'm sure he referred to me, it's the first time I have ever been described so intimately and affectionately. I wrote Walter a letter immediately after reading the items and asked him to use my name in connection with his references. Needless to say, I wrote no blackmail letters to Crawford. I did write letters detailing my none too complimentary opinion of her, but making no blackmail or financial demands. I can't be bought for any amount by Crawford or anybody else. Incidentally, I always keep carbon copies of all business letters; I have copies of the Crawford 'war notes' in my files."

After that, neither Winchell nor his Girl Friday made further comment in his column about Hollywood magazine writers. Fidler's name was never printed.

"My quarrel with Walter Winchell is based entirely on the fact that he is unfair to Hollywood and Hollywood people," says Fidler. "Personally, I rarely miss his

radio programs and concede without reservation that he is a great reporter. It is not with Walter Winchell, the reporter . . . but rather with Walter Winchell, the man, with whom I find fault. He has used Hollywood at times almost maliciously. I occasionally find it necessary to, on the air, *spank* Hollywood, but always it is with the purpose of improving a condition. In other words, a mother who loves her child finds occasion to punish."

Here is the case of two great radio reporters, both loving their children. Hollywood belongs to Fidler, just as Broadway is Winchell's championing ground.

January 16, 1935, Jimmy Fidler started his second season of transcontinental Hollywood gossip programs over the NBC air lanes. On January 16, with the voice of a great instrument now at his disposal, he began delivering fast and furious full-from-the-shoulder socks at Winchell.

Again, Bong! goes the bell. Another round.

Right and left. Fidler is punching—questioning, sometimes most sarcastically, statements made by Winchell both in his radio and newspaper columns.

Walter Winchell has never mentioned

Fidler's name, either in the papers or on the air. The Gray Ghost of Broadway is known to be a most astute commentator. A nation already knows that he apparently has absolutely no fear and is a gallant fighter.

WHAT'S he waiting for, perhaps you might say? Remember, he's clever. Be reminded that some of the greatest battles of the ages were won by waiting for the psychological moment to turn on the heat. Is WW waiting for JF to spend himself? No one knows just what Winchell's plans for handling Fidler may be.

At least all Walter will say now, is: "I have no complaints about Mr. Fidler."

At least to date, from a fan's-eye view from the gallery, it's been worth the price of admission. That is, if you happened to be in the "know" of what was going on . . . *and now you are!*

It's always darkest just before the dawn. History's biggest fights have been waged at that eerie hour.

Is this the dawn for the Big Drive in the Winchell-Fidler slugging match? Well, take a ring-side seat and see for yourself.

DID YOU ENTER OUR NAME GAME CONTEST?

If so, you may be one of the big winners who will be announced in the August issue of RADIO MIRROR, on sale June 26.

Don't forget, the first prize was \$100.00, second prize \$50.00, two prizes of \$10.00 each, six \$5.00 prizes and twenty-five \$2.00 prizes.

HER KITCHEN WAS NEVER SO COOL ON WASHDAY



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"Remember the night we saw that coupon and you decided to take up an I. C. S. course? It made a new man of you, Bob. We certainly owe a lot to the International Correspondence Schools."

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way?

Don't let another precious hour pass before you find out what the I. C. S. can do for you. It doesn't cost you a penny or obligate you in any way to ask for full particulars, but that one simple little act may be the means of changing your entire life.

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Present Position.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 56)

their appreciation with their liberal patronage and I dare say even the children themselves would find it interesting and a welcome relief after a decade of heavy drama.

FRANKLIN KENNEDY,
Byron, Illinois.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Come on, Radio fans, send those penny postcards. Go to the Post Office once a week and purchase at least five cards, as I do, and send them to sponsors of the most entertaining, interesting or unusual spots on the ether. Or, if you prefer, send them to the worst, and criticize sensibly. I personally never send these raps, thinking that programs receiving little fan mail will take the hint, and enabling me to spend another penny profusely on a real love. If you honestly enjoy a program please let them know, because we have lost many topnotchers by not doing so.

Mrs. G. R. MITCHELL,
Buffalo, New York.

\$1.00 PRIZE

An answer to the Saturday Night "Bath-Taker" in the March RADIO MIRROR—What's wrong with the Street Singer (who has come back better than ever)?

Do you ever listen to "Religion in the News" by Stanley High? Have you ever heard one of the best radio presentations, Sigmund Romberg's Concert Orchestra, which program has one of America's greatest educators, William Lyon Phelps, as narrator?

Last, but not least, wouldn't even an inveterate Saturday night "Bath-Taker" be able to hear and appreciate the "Let's Dance" program with three of the best dance orchestras to be obtained, Cugat, Goodman and Murray? The latter program cannot even be accused of being filled with boring advertisements.

What more variety do you want than religion, classical and popular music?

Mrs. W. WATKINS SMITH,
Lynchburg, Virginia.

\$1.00 PRIZE

The radio in our home has one constant companion, a little nine and a half year-old girl who for the past two years has been unable to attend school or take part in out-of-door activities with other children due to a physical disability. This wonderful little instrument has become a part of her daily life. She looks forward to her daily list of programs as a blind man grasps for his cane.

Her radio day starts with Today's Children followed by Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour, Marie, little French Princess, Helen Trent, Columbia's School of the Air, Vic and Sade, Ma Perkins, Betty and Bob, Skippy, Singing Lady, Orphan Annie and Red Davis.

The real influence of these programs upon her future life and education only time will tell. But I feel sure it tends to sharpen her wits and enlarge her vocabulary.

As her Mother I wish I could thank personally the sponsors and members of each program for the sunshine they have brought into this little girl's life.

Sincerely,
Mrs. FRED F. RENNINGER,
Glenside, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

"But the lowly (?) continuity or script writer, where is he? Why is his name

"DOUBLE-QUICK" REDUCTION
during the **SUMMERTIME**

Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!
You will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches"... writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson... Hundreds of similar letters.

REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS or it will cost you nothing!
You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect, athletic carriage... supports abdominal walls... keeps digestive organs in place... greatly increases endurance.
Simply write name and address on postcard and we will send you illustrated folder and full details of our 30 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

THE WEIL COMPANY
407 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

NO DRUGS, DIET OR EXERCISE
SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES
AIDS DIGESTION AND RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

SLEEP IN SKINJOY

Beautifully Beautifying
Sleeping hours are valuable beauty hours. Golden, liquid SKINJOY—applied in a jiffy—goes right IN... vanishes from skin surface. No grease! No mess! No waste! Immediately the skin becomes cool, soothed and relaxed. Then—while you sleep—its rich, beautifying emollients nourish and stimulate the underskin, inducing a soft, smooth, silken skin texture. SKINJOY is not sold in stores. Send only 35c for 60c size Bottle. Money back if not delighted.

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IN TWELVE easy LESSONS

High school, college, or technical students who have at their command a practical, easy and efficient method of taking down lecture notes have a marked advantage over those who must set down all notes in longhand. Not only do you get far more from the lecture when it is delivered but when examination time comes a review of a word for word transcript of each lecture is the finest kind of preparation for successful passing.

Whereas it takes about two years to learn conventional shorthand methods, A. B. C. Shorthand can be mastered in from twelve to fifteen hours' study. Convince yourself of this fact by examining a copy of A. B. C. Shorthand now selling for only \$1.00 postpaid. You risk nothing, for if it does not prove to be satisfactory in every way you can return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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Money back if not satisfactory
ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
Dept. RM-7

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

never mentioned along with the players?"
—GEORGIA VALENTINE, Rochester, N. Y.

"Five years of depression but *not* of idleness. Five years of intellectual enlightenment for most of us—thanks to Radio!"
—WM. A. OLDFIELD, Montreal, Canada.

"Musical comedies on the air—the mistake of overstressing the musical background. A good plot is often interfered with by too much musical atmosphere, making it difficult to hear the dialogue."
—MRS. J. B. SHOTT, Long Beach, Calif.

"Perhaps the ambition of the radio sponsors to seek continually for something new should be lauded, but I'm of the opinion that radio listeners do not demand new stuff all the time. Why try for new ideas? Rather try and handle the old ideas better."
—MRS. MARGARET ATWELL, Annapolis, Md.

"Let's have more full length hour programs like Town Hall Tonight, The Palmolive Beauty Box, and the Showboat. Such programs present a wealth of varied entertainment capable of pleasing listeners of every type."
—NEIL GRAY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"Beatrice Lillie cannot sustain her role as comedian over a long period of time. I venture to predict that she will not remain a favorite for very long unless she makes some radical changes in her show."
—E. STEWART, Montreal, Canada.

"I do not agree with listeners who cannot appreciate Beatrice Lillie."
—HAROLD MOLYNEAUX, Southbridge, Mass.

"Something should be done about the persistent use on the part of Louis A.

Whitten on the Ed Wynn program, of the word 'inimitable.'"—N. WEST SCOTT, Chestertown, Maryland.

"I wonder if people realize that radio is making us 'music conscious.'"—OLGA WEISS, Philadelphia, Pa.

"A big oske-wa-wa for radio advertisers and a sis-bom-bah for great American radio programs."
—ROLLIN P. KING, Springfield, Ill.

"At last, something 'new and different' has 'arrived' on the air. I am speaking of the new Coty program with Ray Noble's orchestra."
—HERBERT C. ADLINGTON, Baltimore, Md.

"What I object to now is that a few, a very few stations begin the program with a wild flourish and blare of shrill trumpets that crash so loudly that it almost makes one shudder."
—MARY BELLE WALLEY, Butler, New Jersey.

"Operas to be fully appreciated must be seen in person."
—JOS. KOROSEK, Somerset, Pa.

"These so-called contests on the air are getting to be a pest. Every time we turn the radio on, somebody is 'giving away' a thousand dollars as first prize."
—ALICE E. RIDGEWAY, Nutley, N. J.

"Stop squawking about the programs you don't like because enough squawks put them off the air while many enjoy them."
—MILDRED K. CHAMBERS, Portland, Maine.

"But pet peevishness is induced by the adaptation of Daylight-wasting time by Major stations, causing a Waterloo of confusion."
—COURSIN BLACK, Phila., Pa.

Your Announcer Is:



BERT PARKS

He's CBS's youngest announcer. Was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1913. Educated at Marist and Emory University. Imitated celebrities as a child. Sang a turn in vaudeville. Is five feet, eleven inches tall. Weighs 140 pounds. Has black hair and brown eyes. Likes to play tennis and attend football games. Sings on "Dear Columbia" as well as announces on "Five Star Jones," "Jimmy, June & Jack," "Voice of Romance," and "Fascinating Facts."

"HAS DONE WONDERS FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SKIN"

Every quotation in this advertisement is a true copy from an actual letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Anna May Dales
NOTARY PUBLIC

"My Daughter Suffered for Months with a bad Eruption on her Face"



"She went to Specialists and tried Everything we heard of"



"Till Finally, seeing your Ad in Magazines, we tried Yeast Foam Tablets"



"It has done Wonders. I cannot speak too Highly of Yeast Foam Tablets"



THE story told here isn't just "advertising." Every word of it has been taken from an actual letter, one of thousands written by grateful users who have gained radiant and unblemished skin by eating Yeast Foam Tablets.

If you have any trouble with your complexion, why don't you try Yeast Foam Tablets now? They contain precious elements that help rid the body of internal poisons which are the real cause of most skin troubles. Unlike other yeast, these little tablets are good to eat and absolutely safe because they cannot ferment in the body.



Mail the coupon right away for a generous 10-tablet sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. RG7-35

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

What's New On Radio Row

(Continued from page 43)

"If you don't like it—sue me" has suddenly become the slogan of the studios. Once the belligerent attitude connoted by this phrase was conspicuous by its absence on Radio Row. All was amity and brotherly love among the kilocycle clans in contrast to conditions in other avenues of amusement endeavor. But no longer. Now, the courts are all cluttered up with suits and countersuits growing out of the disputes and dissensions, mostly monetary, of bellicose broadcasters.

Eddie Cantor is being sued by his gag writer, David Freedman, for \$250,000 for "back pay" in supplying material for his programs. Freedman asserts an oral agreement provided that he get ten per cent of the comic's radio earnings. The author admits receiving \$50,000 and wants \$250,000 more to make up 10 per cent of \$3,000,000 which he estimates Cantor acquired during the eight years of their association.

Jimmy Durante is hailed before the bar of justice in two actions. Bert Levine, a Hollywood writer, is trying to collect \$3,000 allegedly due on a contract to supply radio gags. And Morton A. Milman, a booking agent, seeks \$4,800, said amount represented as being the balance coming to him on commissions for negotiating a twenty-four week engagement at \$4,000 per week.

Walter Winchell is served with an injunction by his sponsors, the Andrew Jergens Company, preventing his endorsement of a whisky, or any other product (except, of course, their hand lotion) during the life of his broadcast contract, and is made a defendant in a \$50,000 damage action.

"Believe-It-or-Not" Bob Ripley solicits the courts to assess injuries in the sum of \$100,000 against Fred R. Ripley, of Syracuse, N. Y. He wants to enjoin the latter, program director and commentator on Station WSYR, from using the program title, "You Can Believe Ripley," maintaining this is an infringement upon the artist's cartoon title.

Lily Pons, the French soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, is made defendant in a \$50,000 action because she preferred to sing in radio instead of joining the G. Magni Operatic Company. Or, so avers Giochino Magni, who brings a breach of contract suit against the diva. At the same time G. Philip Culcasi, the agent who negotiated the Magni alleged agreement, sues Lily for \$5,000 commission on the deal.

CELEBRITIES giving autographs have to be constantly alert. Witness the experience of Jack Berger, the NBC conductor. A man called him on the phone and demanded to know when he went to work. The bandman replied he had no jobs open for anybody. "All right then, I'll sue," said the other, "because I have your written promise to put me to work." Whereupon Berger invited the man to his office to talk things over. He produced a piece of paper on which was written: "I promise to give you a job within a week," and it was signed Jack Berger. Then the maestro recalled signing the paper when ganged by autograph-seekers after a broadcast; he had signed it without examining it. So, to avoid any legal complications Berger gave the man a job doing nothing for a week and then got his signature on a receipt that prevented any lawsuit.



They Said I Couldn't Do It. But Here It Is my 1935 OFFER

WEAR A WATCH OR DIAMOND

30 Days FREE!
then Make Your Own Terms



My confidence in YOU, my confidence in my standard, dependable watches and beautiful genuine diamonds, and my confidence in business conditions cause me to make this unheard of offer. I am going to place as many watches and diamonds in the hands of men and women throughout the land as possible in 1935 NO MATTER WHAT THE SACRIFICE, because each watch and diamond will act as a salesman to sell another.

Direct-to-You, Rock Bottom Prices on Nationally Advertised Watches, Diamond Rings and Silverware

What an offer! Nationally advertised watches, diamonds, and silverware offered at lowest direct-to-you prices. For nearly a half century we have sold highest quality jewelry all over the world. And now this remarkable offer.

Send for Beautiful FREE CATALOG

Write now—a post card will do—before this offer is withdrawn and get the beautiful FREE Catalog. Select the watch or diamond you want, wear it, examine it, and then write us the terms you desire.

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797 Thomas Bldg. Topeka, Kan.
We Buy Old Gold and Sterling Silver



GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 18, 254 W. 31 St., New York

MOVIE STAR Skin



Have It in Just 5 DAYS!

HAVE dirt and exposure robbed your skin of its youthful charm? Here's thrilling news! They mar only the outer skin—a dull, dark mask that can be melted away—safely and gently! Golden Peacock Bleach Creme helps nature flake off that outer skin that makes your complexion unattractive! It dissolves the coarse, invisible particles of surface skin. In

five short days the supreme thrill is complete—a clear, fresh, satin-soft skin that looks years younger and shades whiter! All surface blemishes and freckles vanish! Relied upon by thousands to keep young-looking and alluring! Only 55c at drug stores.



Tired Eyes?

Murine cleanses and refreshes tired, irritated eyes.

For eye comfort use it daily.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Valuable booklet, "A World of Comfort for Your Eyes." Murine Co., Dept. 10, Chicago.

BROKEN-OUT, UGLY SKIN?

Amazing Help In Scientific Advance



NOT a mere cosmetic Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is real relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its astringent action refines the coarsened skin tissues. Promotes healing in burns and hurts, too. At all druggists in Liquid and Ointment forms, 30c and 60c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks

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100% Improvement Guaranteed

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

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BROUGHT TO YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME AT A REASONABLE PRICE!

The secret of the captivating beauty of movie stars! Long, dark, lustrous lashes that transform eyes into bewitching pools of iridescent fascination. Makes the eyes look larger, more brilliant, and far more expressive. Try a pair of these wonderful lashes and you will be enraptured at such magic charm so easily acquired. Quickly put on by anyone, absolutely safe, can be used again and again. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. 85c. Pair \$1.00. MITCHELL BEAUTY PRODUCTS, 4162-A Washington, St. Louis, Mo.

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SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 48c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20 inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 75c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
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THE BERNARR MACFADDEN HEALTH RESORT invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. • This resort is in Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. • If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. • All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. • A beneficent, non-profit institution. Write for information.

REMOVES HAIR

X-BAZIN CREAM

SAFELY • QUICKLY • SURELY

Simply apply—wax off

A HUNDRED YEAR OLD FRENCH FORMULA

GIANT TUBE 50¢ SMALLER TUBE 10¢

DRUG • DEPT. STORES • TEN CENT STORES

DON'T let anybody tell you Rudy Vallee is slipping. If the Fleischmann Varieties show seems to sag occasionally the fault is not wholly Rudy's. He is but one on a board of strategy which plots the program. Sometimes the entertainment isn't up to standard but that is due usually to the fact that too many masterminds are involved in the proceedings. However, they are all expert showmen and generally manage to figure out what the public wants.

Which reminds me that while Rudy's ideas are valued because of his showmanship he often has a tough time getting the board to O.K. a friend for a job. For weeks he tried to find a place for an out-of-luck actor acquaintance of his but the board always sidetracked him. Then one day Rudy came to the program conference with saddened countenance. "You gentlemen won't have to find excuses any longer for not giving my friend a job," he announced. "I just got a message that he committed suicide last night."

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS:

Jack Pearl will join the parade of radio comics back to the Broadway stage in the Fall. He will star in a comedy drama . . . Thirty-two independent stations are linked up for **Father Coughlin's** midnight series. This is the largest network the Radio Priest has yet assembled . . . **Connie Gates** is equipping herself for speaking parts by studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Xavier Cugat is arranging a national good will tour of his tango orchestra similar to that made by **Guy Lombardo** for his oil sponsor last Fall. According to present plans, Cugat will start in July, making appearances in the principal cities from coast to coast and return to New York in September . . . **Al Jolson** is preparing to produce a serious play on Broadway next season but will not appear in it himself. He will be too busy on the Warner lot in Hollywood.

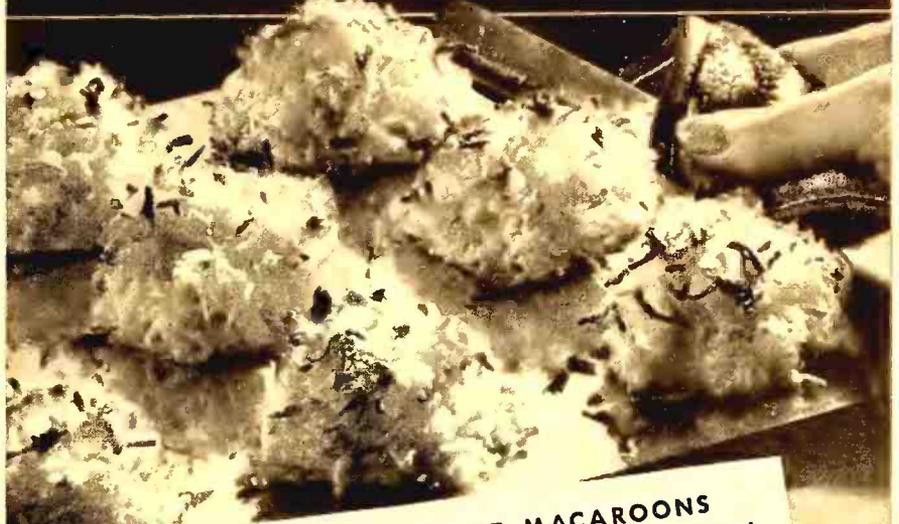
It is a long time off but already **Henry Ford** and **Chesterfield** cigarettes are bidding for the right to broadcast the World Series baseball games next October . . . NBC's **Jesters—Guy Bonham, Dwight Latham and Wamp Carlson**—appear on WOR as **The Home Town Boys**. You frequently hear them also as the voices of RKO cartoon comedies . . . **Dick Powell** is in demand at Hollywood parties for his imitations of animal sounds.

CBS is doing its share to reduce Broadway's surplus theatres. Not content with converting three former legitimate theatres into radio playhouses it is now negotiating for the fourth . . . **Junior**, the *enfant terrible* who torments **Beatrice Lillie**, is **Michael James O'Day**. He is 10 years old and radio's youngest stooge. The youngster has been broadcasting three years as one of NBC's child actors.

Mrs. Jimmy Wallington—she is the former **Anita Furman**, the dancer—is convalescing after a long siege of illness which necessitated many blood transfusions. Among NBC associates who donated their blood to the cure of Jimmy's wife were **Announcers Milton J. Cross and Charles O'Connor**, and **Don Reed**, of **Xavier Cugat's** orchestra, **Charles K. Field**, who loves to preserve his anonymity as **Cheerio**, is a cousin of the late **Eugene Field**, the poet.

Mildred Holland, 70-year-old actress who was formerly leading lady for **Augustin Daly** and a star in her own right for many years, is now **Nancy**, the old crone, in "The Witch's Tale." She succeeds **Adelaide Fitz-Allen**, radio's oldest actress removed by death last February . . . She's discovered that the world contains three rays—X-Rays, Violet Rays and **Virginia Rea**.

Speedy! Easy! Grand!

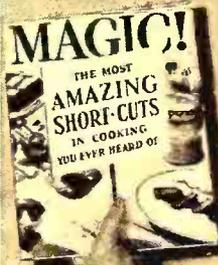


EAGLE BRAND COCONUT MACAROONS

- ½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes two dozen.

• Only 2 ingredients! A child could mix them! Yet these cookies are crispy, crunchy, coconutty marvels. Men love them! • 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! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. MG-75 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name _____
 Street _____
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(Print name and address plainly)
 You can paste this coupon on a penny postcard.



WHY STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD DON'T WANT A SPONSOR—MUCH

Here's one of the most amusing and entertaining articles you've read in a long while. It tells you just what has gone on behind the scenes in the recent careers of these swell comedians. It gives you an enlightening picture of these boys who've made such a hit in their radio burlesques on the Columbia network. In next month's RADIO MIRROR, out June 26.

The "Grand Ole Opry"

(Continued from page 15)

the flat bottoms of Tennessee.

WSM, situated in the exact center of these rural areas, has been drawing this local talent since the inception of the four-hour show. The men come into town just once a week—Saturday—get together for the gala occasion, stay up late afterwards, then make their way back to the farm, to begin the new week's labor.

That's why listeners in every other state sit before their loudspeakers on Saturday rocking and humming to the songs of The Grand Ole Opry. Such human, mellow notes strike a responsive chord.

But let's come to the colorful characters, the individuals, who make up this sparkling, enduring show.

First the most colorful, perhaps, of all—Uncle Dave Macon, known as the "Dixie Dewdrop." Just past his sixty-third birthday, Uncle Dave continues his cutting of capers before the microphone—capers which would quickly exhaust a man half his age.

Other old-timers whose names are household words in many homes throughout the land include Paul Warmack and his Gully Jumpers; George Wilkerson and his Fruit Jar Drinkers; Dr. Humphrey Bate and his Possum Hunters; De Ford Bailey, and Arthur Smith with his Dixie Liners.

Among the newcomers who have com-

manded wide following through their appearance on the Grand Ole Opry at WSM are the Delmore Brothers, Smiling Jack, and his Missouri Mountaineers, and Asher and Little Jimmie, the Singing Sizemores.

The Delmore Brothers came up from Athens, Alabama, two years ago, were presented on the Grand Ole Opry for one performance and made such a hit they've been on regularly since. During the week they farm in Athens, and every Saturday they return to WSM for the Opry. Often they bring a new composition they've beaten out to the rhythm of the plow as they worked in the fields on their farm.

Perhaps the most phenomenal feature of the entire production, however, is Asher and Little Jimmie, the Singing Sizemores. This is merely a little boy, six years old, with his Dad, singing the songs of the Hills of Kentucky. Asher and Little Jimmie have actually become national figures and their broadcast periods, three times weekly in addition to the Opry appearance, are followed by devout listeners throughout the country.

Many people have wondered how the Grand Ole Opry came to be thus christened. There are many versions, of course. Here, however, is the straight dope from none other than the Solemn Old Judge himself.

A regular feature of WSM in the early

days of the station was an hour's concert by Dr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra which was broadcast from 7 until 8 o'clock each Saturday night. Awaiting the cue to open the program one Saturday night, the Solemn Old Judge overheard Dr. Damrosch introduce a number; "While we think that there is no place in the classics for realism, nevertheless I have a manuscript here before me sent in by a young composer in Iowa depicting the onrush of a locomotive." Following the rendition of this very charming musical number, Dr. Damrosch said good evening and closed his program.

Then the barn dance came on and the Solemn Old Judge explained to the audience that the following feature would be nothing but realism and that it would be a case of "shooting them close to the ground" throughout the evening. He called on DeFord Bailey, the little colored boy, to play his harmonica and to give his realistic interpretation of the "onrushing locomotive." The contrast was so marked that the Judge was prompted to say that the barn dance, of course, could not be classed as an opera even though it was folk music, but it could be called "opry." Whereupon it was called the "Grand Old Opry." The name has stuck and is known throughout the United States and several foreign lands as such.

How to Get More Fun Out of Music

(Continued from page 48)

There isn't a small town in the whole United States that isn't within driving distance of some beautiful wooded spot, some stretch of country that is quiet, and inspiring and lovely to look at. The thing to do is to drive leisurely to that spot, park the car, tune in the concert, and hear the music in exactly the same kind of surroundings as the actual concert-goers are hearing it.

BUT you have this advantage: you are not disturbed, as every concert-goer is disturbed, by the people around you who whisper noisily, rattle their programs at the wrong moment, and stumble over your feet on their way to a better seat. You can be quiet if you wish. Or, you can take your best girl, hold her hand, and look at the moon while the greatest music in the world pours out of your loudspeaker and into your hearts. Juliet's balcony by moonlight was no more romantic than this.

Now then, what sort of music will you probably hear on these summer-time broadcasts? For the most part, the gayer, lighter, easier-to-hear classics. And certainly a lot of Verdi's music.

You know, I've always had a soft spot in my heart for Giuseppe Verdi because his name, translated into English, means "Joe Green."

So this summer, when you listen to the music of this Italian who has written so many great operas and musical compositions that he seems something of a god, just light up your cigarette and remember that his name is Joe Green. That ought to do a lot toward establishing easy and pleasant relations between you and the music and the composer.

Joe Green wrote "Aida," "La Forza del Destino," and "Trovatore," three operas that we've all heard about even if we haven't exactly heard them. He also

wrote some little known things that are very beautiful, and that we will probably want to get acquainted with, such as "Falstaff" and "Otello," two of his last operas, and two of his best.

Aside from being a composer, Joe—I mean Giuseppe—was a person. And, as a person, he was very simple and straightforward and what today is known as "a good egg." He had his troubles too. At the time he was writing all his operas and thirsting for the praise and acclaim that all great artists want, and need, Wagner was at the peak of his popularity. And Wagner overshadowed Verdi. Wagner, the German, and Verdi, the Italian, were constantly getting in each other's way.

Like so many of our great musical geniuses, Joe sprang from very humble parents who lived in a small town in Italy. I should say there were not more than 300 people in the town. Joe's father was a carpenter and he tried to raise his son to follow in his footsteps, but at a very early age, Joe showed a great love for music.

IN a neighboring town lived a rich merchant who had a flare and a love of musical talent, and quite by accident Joe met this man and persuaded him to help him. The merchant gave him a job, and paid for his entire education. He also took him into his home and treated him like a son.

It was natural that Joe should fall in love with the daughter of his benefactor, and a few years later he married Margarita Barezze, became the town organist and started composing the operas that have made his name famous all over the world.

About his personal life, his love affairs, we know little or nothing, because Joe was a discreet fellow. He seems to have fallen in love many times, usually with

the beautiful young sopranos who sang leading rôles in his operas, but there never has been a single love letter found with his name signed to it.

After his first wife's death, he married a famous prima donna, and lived with her until his death, although there are certain indications of a strong attachment to a Madame Stoltz, singer, to whom he paid great attention. His wife, however, who must have had much 20th century wisdom in her head, refused to interfere and never attempted to leave him or demand a divorce. It was better so.

And so we get "the feel" of Joe Green. An ordinary enough fellow, with faults and endearing qualities, troubles and brief moments of happiness.

About his clash with Wagner, the famous German composer who was his contemporary—Verdi felt that, although Italy loved his operas and produced them constantly, Wagner was better known throughout the world. It was true. But an interesting thing seems to be happening regarding Verdi's music, a thing that would delight the old boy if he were here to see it: Verdi's operas are now being produced in Germany more than Wagner's. Last year, Verdi's operas had 1,420 performances throughout the theatres of Germany, while Wagner trailed slightly with 1,385. Not much of a lead, but enough to delight Verdi enthusiasts.

You'll find Joe Green's compositions holding major places on summer programs this year, and it will be fun to know the background against which he composed, the circumstances of his life, and something of his character and personality as you listen.

The music of Joe Green—Giuseppe Verdi to you—is light, gay and especially melodious. Listen to it!

See you next month!

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEURS—The soft-spoken, quick-on-the-uptake Major didn't invent Amateurs, but he's made them the most popular fad since bustles. What if the "gong acts" are booked as such, and properly spaced through the program? He puts on a heck of a good show and his banter with the participants is more kindly and entertaining than the wisecrack introductions which his contemporaries rely on. The unerring Bowes showmanship is partial to Amateurs with famous or royal forbears (preferably 110-year old Princesses). And of course such naturals as the grand-opera-singing garbage collector. Winners, selected by the listeners (Bowes is the answer to a telephone company's prayer), get immediate stage engagements—and then oblivion—perhaps—until they change their names and try again.

NBC Sun. 8:00 P. M. 60 min.

AL JOLSON—It seems to me he takes his studio audience too seriously, for during the broadcast he pleads for applause by frenzied gesticulations and prearranged signals. Seems to think the forced laughter more important than the jokes. However, Al has the makings of a good show, works hard, plugs Warner Brothers at every opportunity and generously procures, or at least permits, guest talent (each week a different screen star, sport star and comedian) of such calibre as to dim his own importance. Vic Young's Orchestra, Jack Stanton and Peggy Gardner are the permanent assets.

NBC Sat. 9:30 P. M. 60 min.

JOHNNY AND HIS FOURSOME—This quartet (from "Anything Goes") is going to be mighty busy if the boys maintain the standard of originality in arrangements that has marked their first broadcasts. The commercials are a bit cleverer than the usual ciggie blurbs.

CBS Wed. 8:00 P. M. 15 min.

PATHE NEWS OF THE AIR—Mutual has scooped the larger networks on this item—an actual newsreel, consisting mainly of statements by people in the limelight. Cut and edited especially for radio from the same sound track that supplies theater noise.

MBS Mon. and Wed. 9:45 P. M. 15 min.
WLW Tue. and Thu. 7:00 P. M. 15 min.

TRUE GHOST STORIES—A short, unpretentious program, but Louis K. Anspacher's recitals will give you the creeping jitters. As an antidote, Brodsky and Triggs twist a couple of pianos around their twenty fingers.

NBC Sun. 10:15 P. M. 15 min.

HOUSE OF GLASS—Padded continuity, but the same kind of human interest material that won such a following for the "Rise of the Goldbergs." By the same author, Gertrude Berg, who again plays the lead—this time a hotel proprietress with a hard-as-glass manner but a heart of Cellophane. Billy Artzt's Orchestra.

NBC Wed. 8:30 P. M. 30 min.

HIT PARADE—You won't hear much on this program that you haven't heard before—since the big idea is to play the fifteen tunes that have already been played the most millions of times during the week. Radio could conceivably have

done without this incentive to madness, but Lennie Hayton's interpretations are better than some of the many others. And Charles Carlisle, Gogo de Lys and Kay Thompson have nice voices.

NBC Sat. 8:00 P. M. 60 min.

WELCOME VALLEY—Whether you like this sentimental hodge-podge will depend on whether you like Edgar Guest, since there are no guest stars—only Guest stars. There is something about getting out a newspaper—after everything else has been attended to.

NBC Tue. 8:30 P. M. 30 min.

I'M HAVING LUNCHEON TODAY WITH—Thomas Stix interviews some interesting personality at the Algonquin, between the olives and cocktail. Some of the personalities are more interesting off the air than on, and Stix asks a stilted list of questions, but don't let that discourage you. They may get really informal sometime and broadcast the soup course.

MBS Thu. 12:30 P. M. 15 min.

Also WOR Tue and Wed.

THE WITCH'S TALE—The new witch isn't as effective as the old one, but Alonzo Dean Cole's dramatized mystery story (sometimes in two instalments) which follows the eerie witch-and-cat prologue is more than apt to keep you awake during the program, if not all night.

MBS Thu. 10:30 P. M. 30 min.

PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE—This string quintette directed by Ralph Ginsberg is very soothing—if you happen to need a little soothing at three o'clock any Thursday.

MBS Thu. 3:00 P. M. 15 min.

BASQUE ENSEMBLE—New and old Spanish songs by a chorus and stringed instruments. Not outstanding, but slightly different.

NBC Sun. 3:00 P. M. 30 min.

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY—Announcer Harlow Wilcox laughs at them, but then he gets paid for his trouble. Personally, I don't like Marion and Jim Jordan's new characters any better than their "Smackout" ones.

NBC Tue. 10:00 P. M. 30 min.

P. S.—I listened to another Fibber broadcast after writing the above and it was better than the first one.

STORY OF MARY MARLIN—Mawkish, hysterical serial about a woman in love with her divorced husband. Program is also divorced—from NBC, but is starting life anew with Columbia.

CBS Mon.-Fri. 11:15 A. M. 15 min.

PAN-AMERICANA—String ensemble and Jose Ramirez, tenor, do popular sings with a Spanish accent. Between ze moosickal noombers zey have talk like zis. Eef it make you seek, why not twis' ze dial?

NBC Thu. 6:00 P. M. 30 min.

BANDBOX REVUE—Very pleasing musical concoction with a lot of yesterday's favorite tunes. Carl Rupp directs. Russell Neff, tenor, girls' quartette and ensemble of eight.

MBS Michigan Network, and Canadian Radio Federation Sun. 8:30 P. M. 30 min.



—it takes more than these glorious vacation days to keep me gliding along the main stream to health. I keep a sharp eye on diet, too. Shredded Wheat is my favorite breakfast because I discovered how it helps build lasting energy and strength."

Each tasty, nut-brown biscuit contains a natural balance of the vital health elements—the minerals, carbohydrates and vitamins so necessary to well-being.



SHREDDED WHEAT



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneda Seal.

"Uneda Bakers" NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

WHO ARE YOUR RADIO FAVORITES? RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY **\$250.00** IN CASH PRIZES FOR THE THIRTY-FIVE BEST ANSWERS!

*Help Us to Determine the Most Appreciated
Broadcast Offerings!*

THIS MONTH'S QUESTION

What Is Your Favorite Program on the Air?

IN answering this third and last question of the contest series you need not necessarily name the program which features either the man or the woman you named on the first two ballots. It may be that your favorite program, considered as a whole, includes neither your favorite man or woman of the airwaves. Possibly the broadcasters you like best personally appear on programs which, as a whole, you do not admire. Perhaps some program is your favorite despite the fact that it includes people whose individual performances leave you cold. Be sincere. Be candid. Only so will your ballots be prizeworthy.

Do not prepare elaborately decorated entries. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned. Results will be announced in the first available issue of RADIO MIRROR and prize checks will be mailed approximately at the time the announcement is made.

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| FIRST PRIZE | \$100.00 |
| SECOND PRIZE | 50.00 |
| TWO PRIZES, Each \$10.00..... | 20.00 |
| SIX PRIZES, Each \$5.00..... | 30.00 |
| TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES, Each \$2.00 | 50.00 |
| TOTAL, 35 PRIZES..... | 250.00 |

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will ask a question on same factor of the programs you hear in your home.
2. To compete, use the ballot provided on this page or a tracing thereof and fill in the name you select, and the reason for your choice in not more than twenty-five words.
3. Do not enter separate ballots. Wait until you have all three ballots properly filled in. When your set of three is complete send it by First Class Mail to PROGRAM ANALYSIS, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before July 12, 1935, the closing date of this contest.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of the clarity, constructiveness and logic of the reasons on all three ballots. For the best entry on this basis Radio Mirror will pay \$100.00; for the next best, \$50.00 and so through the list of 35 prizes listed on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Anyone may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

-----BALLOT NO. 3-----

RADIO MIRROR'S 1935 PROGRAM ANALYSIS

MY FAVORITE PROGRAM ON THE AIR IS

REASON FOR CHOICE

(Use Twenty-Five Words or Less)

.....
.....
.....

Your name..... Street..... City..... State.....

Were They Surprised!

(Continued from page 35)

Jack Benny fan. But for some reason, he missed hearing the "House of Rothschild" broadcast. A crony of his, however, also a Jack Benny adherent, the next day told him how funny it had been and made mention of the burlesque German nobleman who had been "simply terrific!"

And then, some weeks later, when Owen Davis took over the writing of the Gibson Family, a German character, Professor Ober, was needed. The executive remembered the German nobleman who had been "terrific." He called up the advertising agency handling the Benny program and asked them to please send over the man who played the German Duke. Shortly afterwards, Sam Hearn appeared.

"So you were the Duke?" said the executive, musingly. "Well, let's hear you read this part."

SAM did. The executive was wildly enthusiastic. "Great! You're the man I want," he said. "You're Professor Ober to life. But I want to tell you something funny. I've seen you in vaudeville and in Broadway shows doing rube parts. I didn't hear you on that "House of Rothschild" program. A friend of mine did. And if he'd told me Sam Hearn was the German Duke, I would have never had you up here to read this part. Because to me, Sam Hearn's always been just a rube comedian, and nothing else."

"Gosh!" said Sam, "And I've been kicking because no one knew who I was!"

Mad Dame Radio! What tricks she plays! Some of the good people of an Eastern city must have cussed her plenty recently, because they took one radio show too seriously. Every broadcast, the fictitious Maxwell House Showboat announces its stopping place for the following week . . . some city or town. One particular city is undoubtedly a hotbed of Maxwell House Showboat enthusiasts because when it was announced that the radio Showboat would stop there next week, some of the citizens took the announcement literally. They thought that Thursday night, the Showboat, itself, in the wood, would be hitched to their municipal pier, giving them entertainment in return for their loyalty to a cup of coffee.

And so when Thursday came, they anxiously awaited a glimpse of Cap'n

Henry, Lanny Ross and their other favorites. Of course, they didn't appear. The next day, indignant letters by the score, from disappointed Showboat customers, poured into the Benton and Bowles Advertising Agency, which produces the program.

Yes, you never can tell what tricks Dame Radio will play. For instance, how listeners will misunderstand! About a year ago, Tim Ryan and Irene Nobilette were on a show called Tim Ryan's Round-up, originating out in Los Angeles. During one broadcast, Tim started to sing "The Last Round-up," in grandiose fashion, a ditty which Irene interrupted, by wailing, as only Irene can, that then current zoological classic, "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" It was all part of the program and quite amusing. But it brought in the next day's mail an embittered letter from a woman in Oakland, California. It seems that Tim and Irene had always been favorites of hers. But no more. Last night's broadcast had queered it all. She had had a party and had tuned in on Tim and Irene to give the guests a treat. But to her horror, she had heard them mingling the foolish, worldly words and melody of "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" "with that sacred song, 'The Last Round-up!'"

DAME Radio did a flip flop on a flying trapeze, with a dive into an open pocketbook, in the case of those blackface comics, Pick and Pat (Pick Malone and Pat Padgett). Her action was not only spectacular, and completely unexpected, but costly, as well. It happened while they were broadcasting on Station WOR. Pick recited a bit of comic verse he had written. Each line of the verse consisted of a current song title, with every title dove-tailing into the one that followed it. After the recitation, Pick said, "Well, how did you like that 'pome' I wrote?"

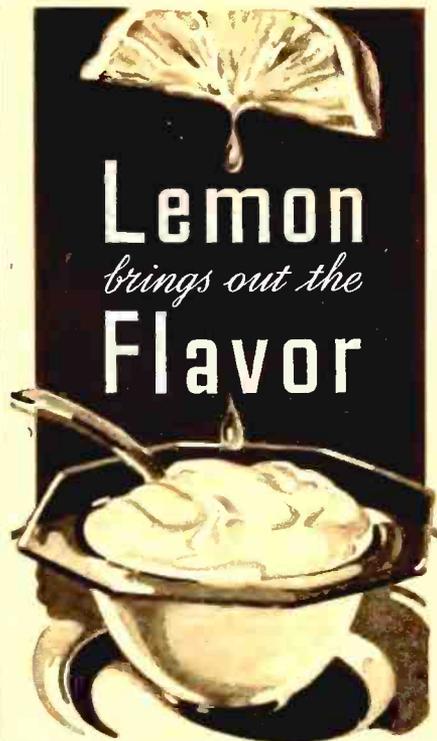
Pat, disgustedly, replied, "Terrible! Anybody that wants *that*, can have it!"

This was simply an expression of distaste. But the listeners took it as an invitation and during the following week, more than 11,000 requests for Pick's "pome" poured into WOR. It took Pick and Pat's entire salary for the broadcast to pay for printing the verse and mailing it out.

Were they surprised!

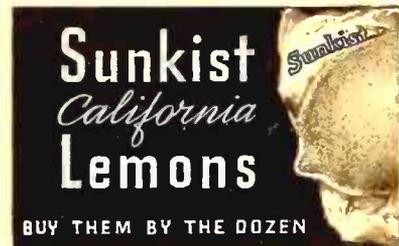


Otto Harbach, composer of the melodies heard in "Music at the Haydn's," sits in his easy chair and listens to a rehearsal of the program, which is heard over WEF and affiliated stations, Monday nights at 9:30.



USE Lemon, instead of vinegar, in your mayonnaise and other salad dressings. All famous chefs employ lemon because it brings out the hidden goodness in salad ingredients and blends them as they should be.

Try it next time. Write for *Free Booklet*, "200 Sunkist Recipes for Every Day." Sunkist, Sec. 4007-C, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif.  Copr., 1935, California Fruit Growers Exchange



"I WANT TO BE A NURSE BUT"

Like many women Mrs. A. E. wanted to be a nurse. Marriage changed her plans, but there came a time when she wished she did have a nurse's training to fall back on. As she writes: "It would have meant so much to me when I found myself with three children to support and a home to keep together. One day, in a magazine, I saw a CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING advertisement telling how hundreds of women were learning practical nursing by mail. THAT was what I wanted—so I clipped the coupon and sent it off. When the booklet came I read it through and after much thought decided to enroll. The lessons were amazingly easy to understand. While on my eighth lesson I took my first case and have been busy ever since, earning \$32 a week!"

What Mrs. A. E. has done you can do. BE A NURSE. Let CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING train you for this well-paid, satisfying profession. Use coupon now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 187, 26 N. Ashland Blvd.
Chicago, Illinois

I'd like to be a nurse. Send me free book "Opportunities in Nursing" and sample lesson pages.

Name
Address Age

YOUR CHANCE TO BE AWARDED \$1,000.00 FOR YOUR TRUE STORY

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not refrain from entering this or any True Story Manuscript Contest for fear that an amateur cannot compete successfully against professional writers. Professional writers have been singularly unsuccessful in capturing prizes in True Story Manuscript Contests.

Also, do not let the fact that True Story has been printing special feature stories of world famous characters deter you from entering. These features are specially written and have nothing to do with the contest.

FOR the best True Story submitted during the calendar month of June, 1935, TRUE STORY Magazine will award the magnificent sum of \$1,000.00.

In addition, every contest entry is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates so, even though your manuscript may fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

This special one month contest closes on June 28th, 1935. By all means take advantage of the opportunity it offers. There is no reason why you should not—every reason why you should. Simply look back over your life, select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness, write it simply and honestly and send it in. Hundreds of men and women have followed this simple formula in the past to their immense financial advantage. Hundreds more will do so in the future. You owe it to yourself to be among them.

The stories for which we are searching are now reposing untold in the minds and hearts of those who have lived them, one or more probably in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crises, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul.

Begin to Write Your Story Today

Tell it simply in your own words just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. The important thing is to speak plainly. As TRUE STORY is a magazine devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, you are justified in describing frankly and fully any situation that has happened in real life. If your story contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the \$1,000 prize.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please **always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories.** These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in this contest is that no story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are necessary to set it forth to

best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrastinate. It would be a pity, indeed, not to take full advantage of this opportunity to cash in richly on one of your life experiences if your story is really dramatic and has merit for publication. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully—they are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs, or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affecting decisions in any way.

Another thing, watch the contest page or pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then suddenly—a great new announcement. It pays to watch the contest page.

CONTEST RULES

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

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on **FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL**, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. **ENCLOSE RETURN FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN SAME CONTAINER WITH MANUSCRIPT.**

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

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

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

Name of prize winner will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

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

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we cannot accept manuscripts submitted through intermediaries.

This contest ends at the close of business, Friday, June 28, 1935.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 21C, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

NOTE: On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for us in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.

**THIS CONTEST CLOSSES
JUNE 28, 1935
Get Your Stories in on Time**

Dick Powell Tells "Why I'm Afraid to Marry"

(Continued from page 25)

his position he'll always have it, maybe he'll be president some day. And I know he is happier than I'll ever be, even if I should get to the highest spot in my line.

"I know this is a crazy business I'm in. I know that if I am to make the big money I hope to make I've got to do it in the next five years, if I'm lucky enough to last that long. And, in those five years, I can't risk another marital mistake.

"Suppose I marry a girl who is not in pictures. There are those who say this is the only solution to the Hollywood problem. All right! I'm married. For the last ten days I have worked every night until eleven or twelve o'clock. I'd scarcely see my wife at all. How do you think she'd like that, night after night, waiting until all hours for me to come home? And when I got there I'd be so dead tired I'd have to flop into bed, because I'd have to be made up and on the set at ten the next morning.

"When I'm working, until I've checked to find if the company is shooting that night, I can't tell when I'd be home. Then what happens? Don't you suppose, if I had a wife at home that I knew would be in a pet if I didn't get there when I said I would, I'd worry about it?

As you know, he's been rumored engaged or in love with any number of the town's crop of unattached charmers. First of all, there was and still is Mary

Brian. That seemed serious about a year ago. Then Mary was seen with so many other young men, that the rumor got a little faint.

IT'S known that he sends large baskets of flowers to Jean Muir, and he takes her out too. Then there's Margaret Lindsay, but it's usually to a Warner opening that they go, so that doesn't look serious. Just lately he's been seen places with a new girl on the lot, Olivia de Havilland. She's one of the girls in "Midsummer Night's Dream." But always, always there is Mary Brian and he's been seeing more than ever of her lately and up flares the old marriage rumor once more.

As long as we were about it, I thought we should find out if Mr. Powell would break down, about these gals, and if he's convinced in his own mind that there is the possibility this fear of marriage is an incurably, chronic state, or if he has plans "if and when."

So, "what about Mary?" says I. He was swell, didn't hedge a bit. "I think she's about the grandest person I know, and if I thought we could be happy I'd dash over there and ask her to marry me right now." And you know somehow that he's mighty serious and truthful, when he says that. But there are those darn "IFS" that he's afraid of.

He admits that Mary did advise him on the decoration of his new house. It's a charming California Colonial, near Joby and Dick Arlen, at Toluca Lake. But he vehemently denies that there is a nursery (as has been claimed) or that there is a room in the house that would be suitable for any such purpose. In fact, he goes so far as to say that no wife would live in the place. It is so completely the abode of a bachelor. It has only one master bedroom and that was built so definitely for a man that a woman would have none of it. Other than the servant's quarters, there is only one other bedroom and that is not large enough for the most economical woman to get half her belongings into.

It's a grand house with large living and dining rooms, tennis courts and a pool. But it's a *man's* house, he insists.

He isn't actually unhappy that he's not married. It is only that wish for companionship, that desire for building with and for someone else, that you feel makes him as intense as he is when he tells you he wishes he could be married—successfully.

So, there it is, girls. And I apologize for having been entirely wrong about his attitude at that dinner-table discussion. I add to that apology my respect for a person with courage enough to face a problem honestly and squarely.

Look What Roxy Started!

AS sponsors of "Feen-a-mint National Amateur Night" . . . we could hardly be expected to agree with Roxy's rather violent denunciation of amateur nights in your May issue. I'd like to take advantage of your invitation to answer some of his arguments.

His main argument is based on the fact that there is not one outstanding artist in the field of entertainment who got his start in an amateur hour. I am informed reliably that several of the most outstanding artists on the stage, screen and radio got their start in precisely this way, and furthermore, it is obvious beyond argument that every professional must at some time have been an amateur . . . It is my strong suspicion that at that period most all such performers are far more sympathetic toward the amateur hour idea than they are later on when they have arrived at comfortable professional salaries. . . .

Roxy further makes it a point that no amateur should be heard on the air until he has undergone a long period of training and preparation. As a matter of fact, in a program such as ours, no amateur is heard on the air until he *has* undergone a long period of training and preparation. . . .

Our program has given these people the opportunity that nobody else would give them. . . . Not all of them have made good, of course—not all of the applicants in any field make good—but a splendid percentage of them have definitely gone—through our broadcasts—from amateurs to professionals. . . .

GIFFORD R. HART,
Advertising Manager,
Health Products Corp.

Have just finished your article in the "RADIO MIRROR" about the one and only great showman, Roxy. He says to take the Amateurs off the air. Well he never

Roxy said in a recent issue of RADIO MIRROR: "Take The Amateurs Off The Air!" Here's how some of our readers feel about his views:

spoke truer words. After hearing some fine programs and singers and orchestras I can't for the life of me understand how any one can listen to that junk. If you have talent you will some day be discovered just as Roxy heard Lawrence Tibbett. Yes, it takes months and years of hard study to reach the top. . . .

MRS. E. HOFFMAN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

I have read very carefully the article by Mr. Roxy and I agree and also disagree with him. I think the Amateur Hour has its good points and bad ones.

The amateur hour does afford a chance of being heard although in a poor manner—at least a step to something where it is only the chosen few that get the opportunity. Yes, they say the time will come but in many cases it never comes.

I agree with Mr. Roxy that preparation is necessary.

MRS. MARK PARRISH,
Salina, Kansas.

In condemning amateur programs. I believe the average critic fails to take into consideration the fact that when one listens to a professional program you know it is going to be smooth and conventional. You know the exact type to expect.

With the amateur it is different. You sit in suspense, wondering just what is coming next. Will the next aspirant make some bad break, you ask yourself? Will the next one be good or the opposite?

Even though the amateur is a miserable failure, you cannot help but admire him for his "guts" in trying. And how often is one agreeably surprised? . . . That is why these amateur programs take so well with the masses.

FRANK G. DAVIS,
Springfield, Ohio.

"Take the amateurs off the air!" says Roxy. As one of the millions who listen to them, I say, no! The basic idea of amateur performance is O. K., but there should be considerable change and improvement. I believe the greatest single thing wrong with amateur programs is the fact that would-be performers are not properly auditioned before they go on the air. Select carefully all aspirants, and do away with that horrible whistle or gong. . . .

By all means the amateur programs should continue. There are many amateurs who are exceedingly good, who have no other way of being heard, and that way even if the larger stations could not use them, there may be some smaller station that might be glad to accept them and that way new talent is sure to be discovered.

MRS. B. F. SNYDER,
Lancaster, Pa.

Have just read Roxy's interview in your May RADIO MIRROR and agree with him perfectly.

There is so much good talent on the air every night in the week, why should anyone listen to untrained performers. Anyone seeking the best in entertainment would naturally turn to a program featuring artists with the proper training.

I hope to see the end of this amateur fad very soon.

MISS E. KNAPP,
Brooklyn, New York.

We regret that space prohibits our printing the many other letters that readers wrote about Roxy's statements.

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