

IS MARY PICKFORD THROUGH WITH RADIO?

★ Radio

MIRROR

MAY

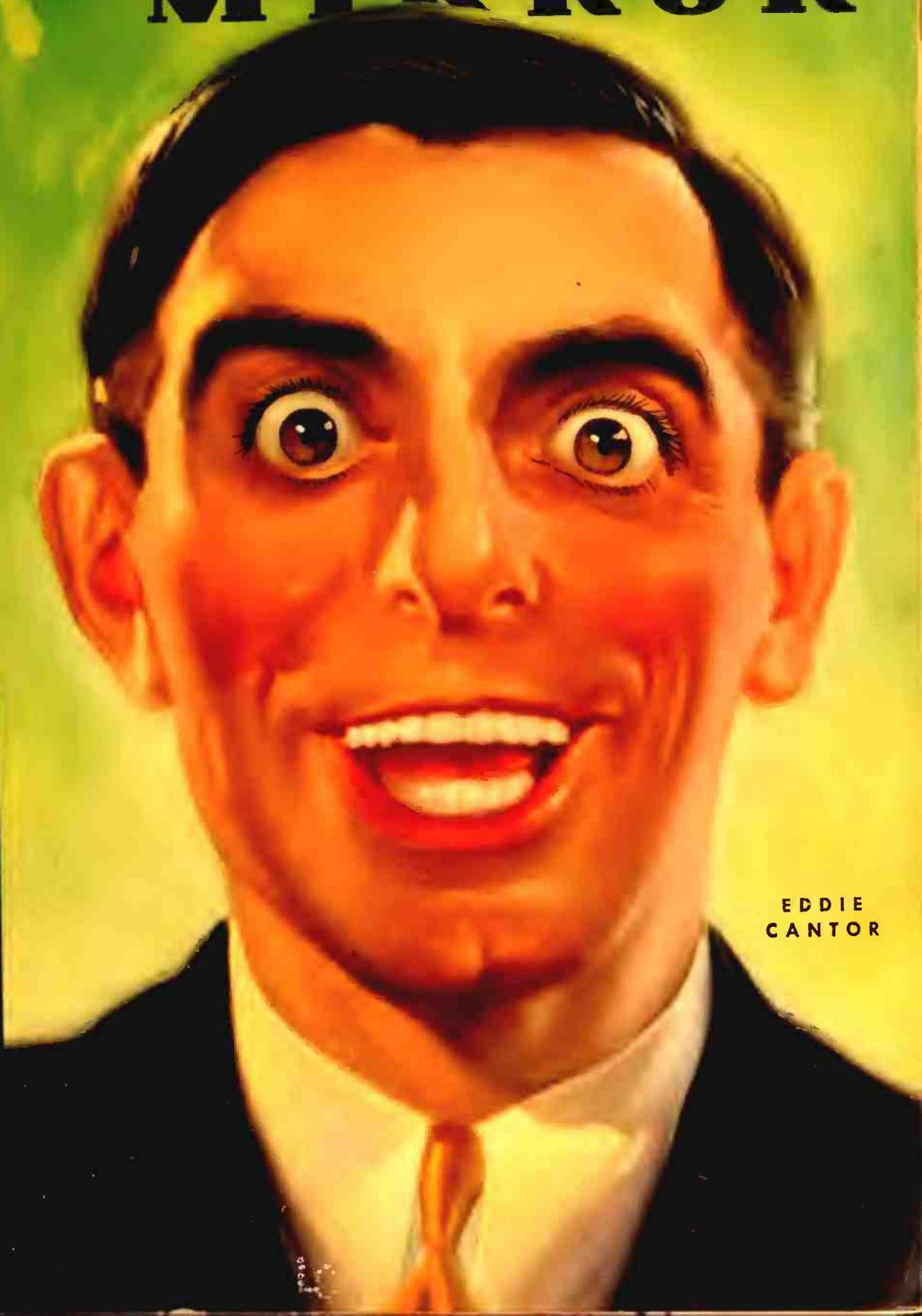


10¢

A
MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

**PROXY Says:
"TAKE THE
AMATEURS
OFF THE
AIR!"**

**How Much
MONEY
Can YOU
Make In
RADIO?**



EDDIE
CANTOR

HE8670
R10

\$1.00 NOW

brings these Sweetheart Specials

10 MONTHS TO PAY BALANCE

Presenting
The
ROYAL
ROAD
to
Romance



Both
Now Only
\$29.75
\$2.88 a month

6 CERTIFIED GENUINE DIAMONDS
KC-2 . . . Two exquisitely matched, betrothal rings of beautifully hand engraved and pierced 14K Solid White Gold, for less than you'd expect to pay for one alone! 3 certified genuine diamonds in the engagement ring and 3 matched genuine diamonds in wedding ring. Both rings now for \$29.75—only \$2.88 a month.
KC-2A Wedding Ring only \$12.50 \$1.15 a month.



The Gloriously
Beautiful **\$37.50**
"MISS NEW YORK"
\$3.65 a month

KC-12 . . . A dazzling engagement ring and a remarkable value! A most beautiful and brilliant certified genuine blue-white diamond is set in center of this exquisitely hand pierced and engraved ring of 18K Solid White Gold. The center diamond is richly enhanced by 2 matched diamonds on each side of it. \$37.50 Only \$3.65 a month.

Sweethearts of America—travelers on the "Royal Road to Romance"—this advertisement is for YOU! These outstanding values in beautiful rings and watches have been created and selected for YOU by ROYAL—AMERICA'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CREDIT JEWELERS.

LET ROYAL'S LIBERAL CREDIT HELP SOLVE YOUR MONEY WORRIES

The ROYAL organization is in tune with your thoughts. We too, have faith in the future and faith in YOU. Simply select the engagement ring or gift you wish. Send us only \$1.00 and a few facts about yourself (age, occupation, etc.) in strict confidence. No direct inquiries—no embarrassment. NO C. O. D. to pay on arrival. We ship promptly for your approval, all charges prepaid.

**10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
10 MONTHS TO PAY**

Unless you are entirely satisfied, return your selection and we'll refund your deposit cheerfully. You'll be under no further obligation. If we prove that our values defy duplication then pay the small amount stated each month.

WRITTEN GUARANTEE WITH EVERY ARTICLE

Every RING, every WATCH is sold with ROYAL'S written guarantee, backed by our 40 year reputation for fair and square dealings. Select your "Sweetheart Special" for your Sweetheart NOW and let ROYAL solve your money problems! After full trial and inspection pay only a few cents a day in 10 easy monthly payments.



Only
\$21.95
\$2.10 a month

KC-1 . . . Smart, brand new creation in 14K Solid White or Yellow Gold, square prong engagement ring at an amazingly low price! Set with a specially selected dazzling, genuine blue-white diamond. (Specify your choice of White or Yellow Gold.) Only \$2.10 a month.



Only
\$19.75
\$1.87 a month

7 GENUINE DIAMONDS

KC-5 . . . Featuring 7 expertly matched, fiery genuine diamonds in a wedding ring worthy of the loveliest of brides. Elegantly hand-engraved. 14K Solid White or Yellow Gold—specify your choice. Very special at \$19.75. Only \$1.87 a mo.



\$19.75

Sensational

WREST WATCH VALUE! \$1.87 a month

Set with 2 GENUINE DIAMONDS

KC-6 . . . One of the greatest wrist watch values of our entire career! Latest style, dainty Baguette effect wrist watch for the "lady of your heart"! Guaranteed accurate and dependable time-keeper. Set with 2 GENUINE DIAMONDS. Complete with matched link bracelet and handsome gift box. Only \$1.87 a month.

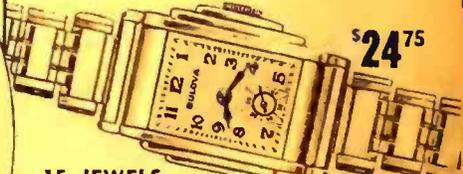


\$29.75

6 DIAMOND BAGUETTE WRIST WATCH

Only \$2.88 a month

KC-11 . . . The last word in dainty elegance, and a gorgeous wedding gift. Exquisitely engraved, slenderized Baguette Wrist Watch adorned with 6 brilliant genuine diamonds. Fully guaranteed dependable movement. New barrel-link bracelet to match. A feature value at this special price. Only \$2.88 a month.



\$24.75

15 JEWELS

BULOVA Senator \$2.38 a month

KC-10 . . . A marvelous gift for "Him"—the aristocrat of Bulova gent's wrist watches at Bulova's lowest price. Distinctively designed Bulova quality white chromium finished case. 15 Jewel B-U-L-O-V-A movement. Doubly guaranteed to give a lifetime of dependable service. Link bracelet to match. Only \$2.38 a month.

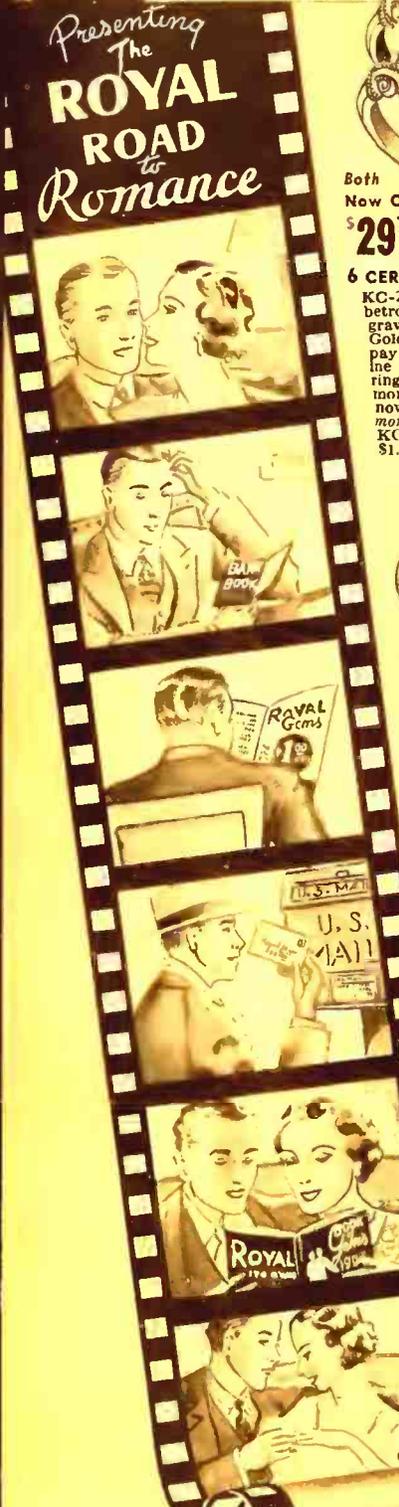


ENGAGEMENT COMBINATION DE LUXE Both Only **\$39.85**
Only \$3.88 a month

KC-14 . . . A "Sweetheart Special" to thrill the heart of your fiancée! The diamond engagement ring is one of the latest square prong creations in exquisitely hand pierced and engraved 14K Solid White Gold, set in the center with a certified, genuine blue-white diamond of unusual brilliance and 2 matched fiery diamonds on each side. The tiny, baguette effect wrist watch is one of our most popular, streamlined, white models. Fully guaranteed dependable movement. Newest link bracelet to match. Both the ring and the wrist watch, complete in luxurious gift box, for only \$39.85. \$3.88 a month.

KC-14A . . . Engagement ring only \$29.75—\$2.88 a mo.
KC-14B . . . Wrist watch only \$14.50—\$1.35 a mo.

America's Largest Mail Order Credit Jewelers



FREE!
New 32 Page Catalog

Couples engaged or about to be! Don't buy your engagement ring anywhere—cash or credit—until you see the ROYAL BOOK OF GEMS. It's FREE to Adults. Hundreds of marvelous FEATURE VALUES in genuine diamonds, standard watches and fine jewelry—all on our liberal TEN PAYMENT PLAN. Send for your copy today.

ESTABLISHED 1895

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

Address: DEPT. 51-U 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.

"A young woman writes me... I am thankful
for its satisfying comfort...
its greater security"

CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

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

How 3 improvements in Kotex solve
3 of women's most annoying problems



CAN'T CHAFE



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



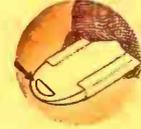
CAN'T FAIL



If moisture is allowed to concentrate it may lead to accidents. So see how the center layer of Kotex is "channeled?" That's called the "Equalizer." The channels draw moisture away from one spot, 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 patented method. This gets rid of bulky ends that show.

ABOVE everything else, women want three things in a sanitary pad! They made that very plain to me as confidante 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 the Wondersoft Kotex.

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

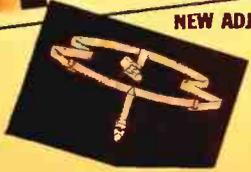
The new Kotex can't fail because of the channeled center layer. Thus moisture is distributed evenly along the entire length of the pad. Thus we increase the pad's efficiency, to avoid accident, without adding to its bulk.

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.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery... QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex.



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.

Radio MIRROR

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MAY • 1935

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BELLE LANDESMAN
ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL
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(On Sale on April 26th)

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Gladys Swarthout's Prescription for Paradise—a fascinating inside story which no man or woman must miss. . . Also, the real truth about the Bad Boy of Radio—Lawrence Tibbett. . . And: A fine new story about Lanny Ross and his mother. And many other features.

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By Stephen Grout

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These lively suds make dishwashing easier... Kind to hands, too

FOR every household cleaning task that calls for creamy, lively suds—*use Rinso!* Even in hardest water you need only a little Rinso for the thickest suds you ever saw. It's glorious to see how those suds *soak* clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling.

Marvelous for dishwashing

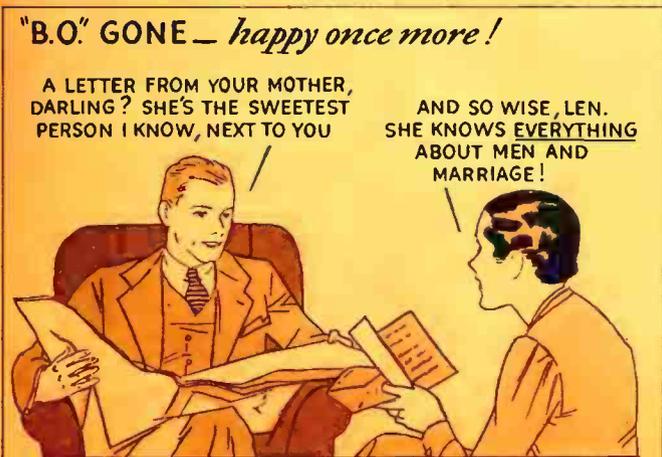
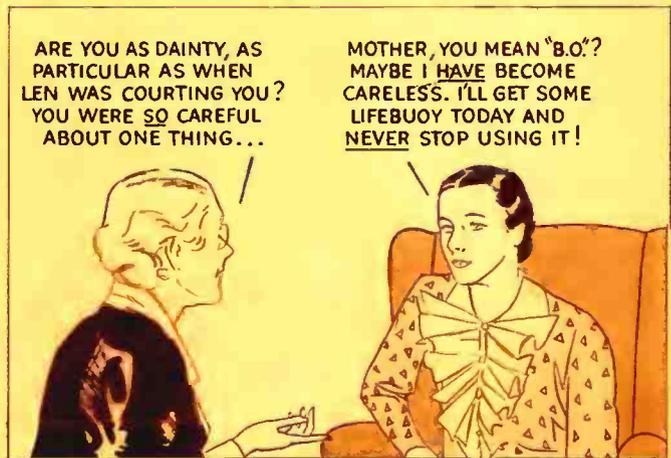
You'll say it's magic the way Rinso speeds up dishwashing. Grease goes in a twinkle; dishes come sparkling clean. And your hands are safe with Rinso. They never get that red, rough look. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 34 famous washers. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.




The biggest-selling package soap in America

WHAT YOUNG WIVES OFTEN FORGET



WHAT MAKES YOUR SKIN SO SOFT AND SMOOTH AND KISSABLE?

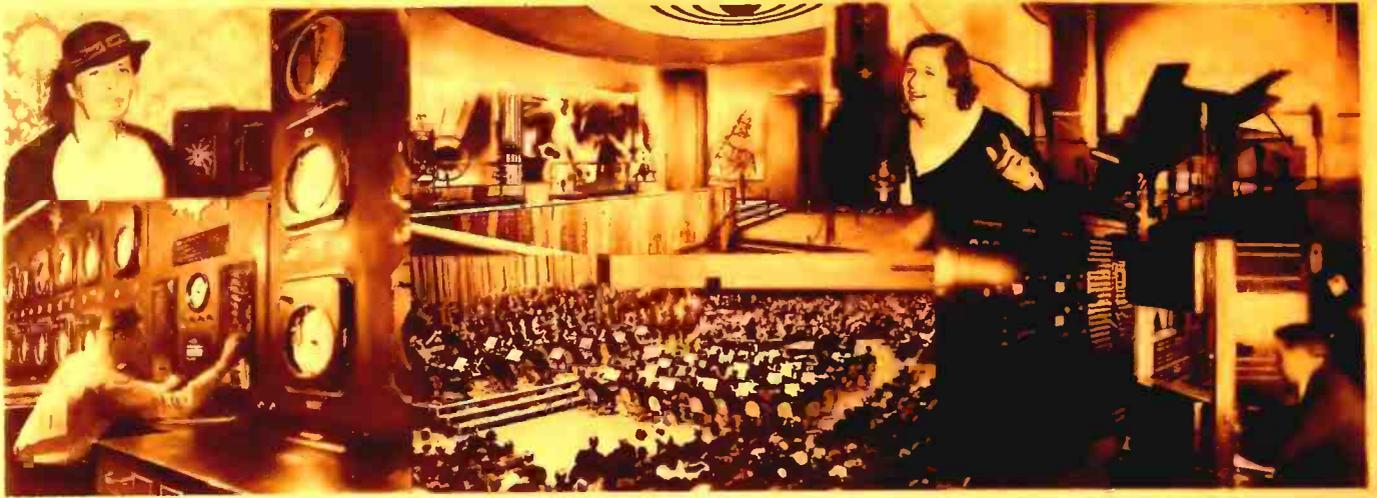
WHY, LEN, SURELY YOU KNOW MY COMPLEXION SECRET IS LIFEBOUY

"LIFEBOUY agrees with my skin," say millions. And here's the reason. Lifebuoy is actually more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps," as scientific tests on the skins of hundreds of women show. Its rich deep-cleansing lather removes impurities—clears complexions.

Regardless of weather, we perspire a *quart* daily. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It gives abundant lather in hardest water, *purifies* pores, stops "B. O." (*body odor*). Its own fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



REFLECTIONS in the radio mirror

ONE of the most significant moments in radio today is that moment in which the announcer says, "... our guest speaker, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt."

There's been a great deal of chatter about the appearance of a First Lady before the microphones as a paid attraction on behalf of a shoe manufacturer.

The chatter is a waste of time.

Mrs. Roosevelt has close to her heart the interests of certain worthy charities, one in particular. Her ability to raise a reputed \$7000 in less than fifteen minutes for the sick and suffering who benefit from these charities undoubtedly banishes from her mind any possible uncertainty about the decorum of the situation. Whether the public or a single company subsidizes such worthy and humanitarian relief, should not, and does not matter to her.

I sat a few feet from her at her most recent broadcast. Studio One at the Columbia Broadcasting ostensibly accommodates no guests but perhaps thirty of us found camp stools against two walls, waiting for an event which, in any age but this, would be worthy of impressive pomp and ceremony.

MICROPHONES hang from apparently impromptu trapezes attached to the walls and ceiling. A small studio orchestra prepares to play. Mrs. Roosevelt sits at a simple table containing the manuscript which she studies with well-concealed nervousness. She glances at the hanging mike just before her, looks around the studio quickly, speaks for a moment to the director of the program who watches the large clock attached to one wall. Three minutes of eight!

The director tells a late arrival that he may not stand. "Sit down on the floor," he says, fearing that the slightest movement in this miniature studio would be caught by the sensitive mike. The visitor finds a photographer's camera-hox to sit on.

Mrs. Roosevelt puts on her tortoise shell glasses, glancing first at the clock. She is dressed in a simple black velvet gown, set off with a striking gold pendant that hangs low from a gold chain. The orchestra director turns to look through the window of the control room behind him. The last few minutes of the preceding program are heard on the amplifier. It is almost over—and then—

WERE on the air—at the stroke of eight! The orchestra plays

softly, a simple minuet. The announcer talks into the mike, so low that I can scarcely hear him. But I catch the words... "as guest star, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt..." and then a long, high-powered sales talk for Selby Slenderized Arch Supporter Shoes.

Mrs. Roosevelt begins to talk. She speaks clearly, distinctly, in a high but well modulated voice. She turns the pages with deliberation, placing each one type-side down, on the table beside the manuscript. For eight or nine minutes she continues, never looking up from her papers. She seems unconscious of the microphone; her lips move as a singer's do when striving for perfect diction. The orchestra director has turned his head again and watches for a cue from the control room. A few moments before the conclusion of the speech, the orchestra plays the minuet again, *pianissimo*. The speech is over.

Mrs. Roosevelt sits quietly, completely immobile, looking down at the table. The orchestra stops and the announcer begins again, giving the listeners the details of the \$20,000 contest for admirers of the Selby shoe. With great deliberation, Mrs. Roosevelt removes her spectacles. Then, a moment later, she is looking around the studio—suddenly, she smiles, the smile of a charming and graceful valedictorian who has realized for the first time that her address is over and hopes it was a success.

The announcement is ended, a few bars from the orchestra—and we're off the air! Mrs. Roosevelt rises and starts for the door. The director shakes her hand. "Splendid," he says. Again, that youthful, eager smile—and the wife of the President of the United States has left the studio.

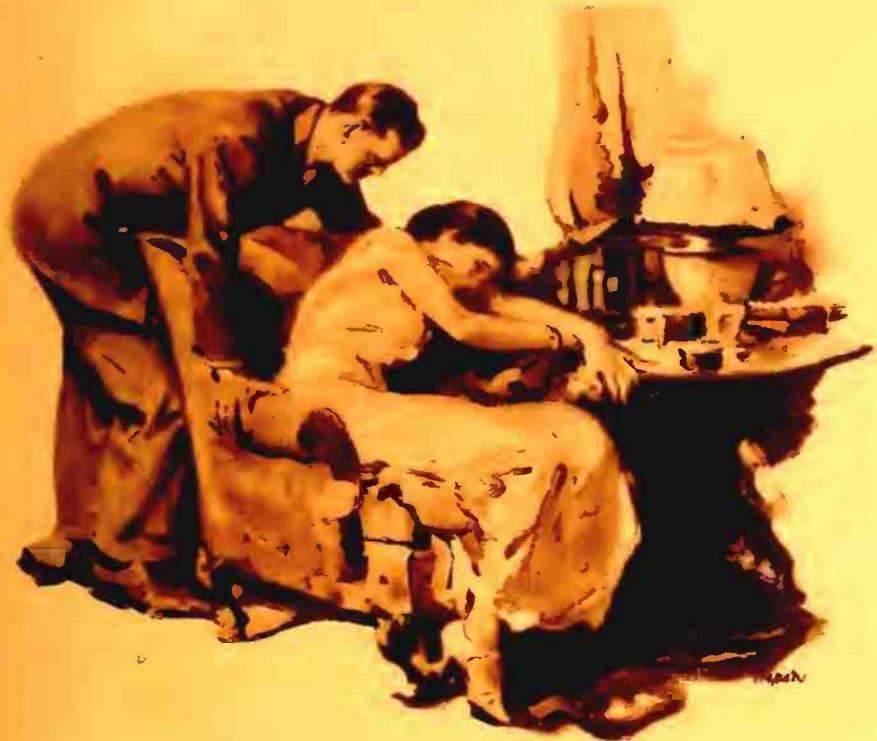
Here are my observations and impressions of a recent broadcast featuring Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Your comments and opinions on radio stars and programs are invited. Prizes for best letters are announced on page 55.

TWO stories below, in a little reception room, Mrs. Roosevelt sits patiently for the news cameramen. After the pictures are taken and the First Lady has risen to hurry to the theatre, it is discovered that one of the "hoys" has not managed to get his camera study. Patiently she returns to her chair to allow him to get his picture. She kisses a friend good-by and hurries out with a pleasant, busy smile for all of us.

Ernest V. Steyn

"She was afraid to be Happy"

A TRAGEDY OF MARRIED LIFE
SO EASY TO AVOID



"Her young husband, poor chap, was completely bewildered, worried and unhappy."

BY DR. ENCARNACIÓN TUCA
Leading Gynecologist of Barcelona



"As a girl", writes Dr. Tuca, "she was so vibrant, so lovely, so alive. Then the right man

came along and brought her romance, courtship and marriage. A few brief months of utter bliss followed, then . . . tragedy.

"She seemed to lose her loveliness overnight. Her face became worn and almost haggard. She was nervous, irritable, depressed. Her young husband, poor chap, was completely bewildered, worried and unhappy. And, though they were truly in love with each other, the stage was all set for one of those tragic and utterly needless marriage smash-ups.

"But, happily, she came to me for advice . . . came and told me all the old familiar symptoms. Her tortured nerves. Her worries. Her fears. And finally, as I knew she would, she confessed that she was 'afraid to be happy'.

"Her trouble, I told her, was so simple that it could be remedied with just two words . . . use "Lysol". I explained to her how her fears were poisoning her health and happiness. And how quickly those fears could be removed, if only she would regularly employ "Lysol" for marriage hygiene.

"I explained that "Lysol" is so reliable and gentle that it is used in that most delicate of all operations . . . childbirth. I explained that "Lysol" for feminine hygiene has had the confidence of millions of women for generations, as well as the approval of leading doctors and hospitals throughout the world.

"She took my advice, and, today it would warm your heart to see the happiness of this young couple.

"If I could only give the same sound advice to every young married woman, I am convinced most marriages would be happier and more successful."

(Signed)

DR. ENCARNACIÓN TUCA

Correct marriage hygiene is vital to your own happiness. That is why we suggest that you consider with thoughtfulness the 6 Features of "Lysol", listed below. They are the reasons why many modern hospitals and clinics, competent nurses and leading doctors recommend, as they have for almost 50 years, "Lysol" . . . for feminine hygiene.

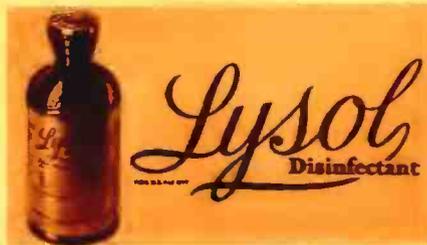
The 6 "Lysol" Features

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, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions . . . in the body (in the presence of organic matter) 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", because it is a concentrated antiseptic, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR . . . The odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use, leaving one both fresh and refreshed.
6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how much it is exposed.

Throughout your home . . . fight germs with "Lysol"

You can't see the millions of germs that threaten your family, but you must fight those invisible foes through disinfection. Use "Lysol" to disinfect handkerchiefs, towels, telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laundry, and bath room.

Lysol Hygienic Soap . . . Use this new hygienic toilet soap for hands, complexion, bath. A fine firm white soap, with the added cleansing and deodorant properties of "Lysol".



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-51
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1936, Lehn & Fine, Inc.

HARRY VON ZELL

Tells How to be a Successful Announcer

by SID PHILLIPS



ASK Columbia Broadcasting's most often heard and hardest working young announcer his rules for successful announcing, and, in three breaths, he'll tell you.

Harry von Zell works on the Camel Caravan, is heard on the March of Time, both radio and newsreel, Soconyland Sketches, Gulf Headliners, and National Amateur Night. Here's what he learned from announcing such a variety of programs:

"An announcer's chief difficulty is the tendency to get into a rut. He should never let himself be classified, unless he wants to limit himself to just one type of program.

"The best preparation for announcing is reading aloud to yourself or to someone who will listen to you, until you can read anything that you pick up in such a way as to make it sound like your own.

"Study elocution a little, but not too much or you will have a tendency to sound unnatural. You'd become an actor then, not an announcer. The only way you should be an actor is in interpreting the program you announce. It isn't your style that you put on the air, it is the style of the program that you are working on. For instance: March of Time is the driving style. Camel, on the other hand is more genial, more persuasive.

"**I**F course, certain studies are necessary. Foreign languages should be cultivated. So should a study of music. Use books that give correct foreign and English pronunciations. Be careful about this point, however.

"I personally get more kicks from listeners when I pronounce correctly than when I say something incorrectly. To avoid this I try to use current pronunciations and not the pronunciations that are pedantically accurate.

"Naturally, the thing an announcer must do is lend conviction to his programs. This ability is about 60 per cent native and 40 per cent a matter of application.

"Sometimes a program is written in such a way that it is hard for the announcer to make it sound like himself. In that case I always ask the sponsor permission to change the wording so it will be phrased my own way and become natural.

"In giving advertising material, take the listener into your confidence. Your attitude should be that of a stranger who calls on a man in his house, sits down and says what he has to say, and then quietly departs. Remember: *You can't yell them into buying!*

"Now I must go along home," Harry ended, and he did—to his young wife and five-year-old son, Kenneth Harry, on Long Island.

The GIBSON FAMILY

Pretty Sally Gibson isn't spoofing when she says she owes her lovely complexion to Ivory Soap.

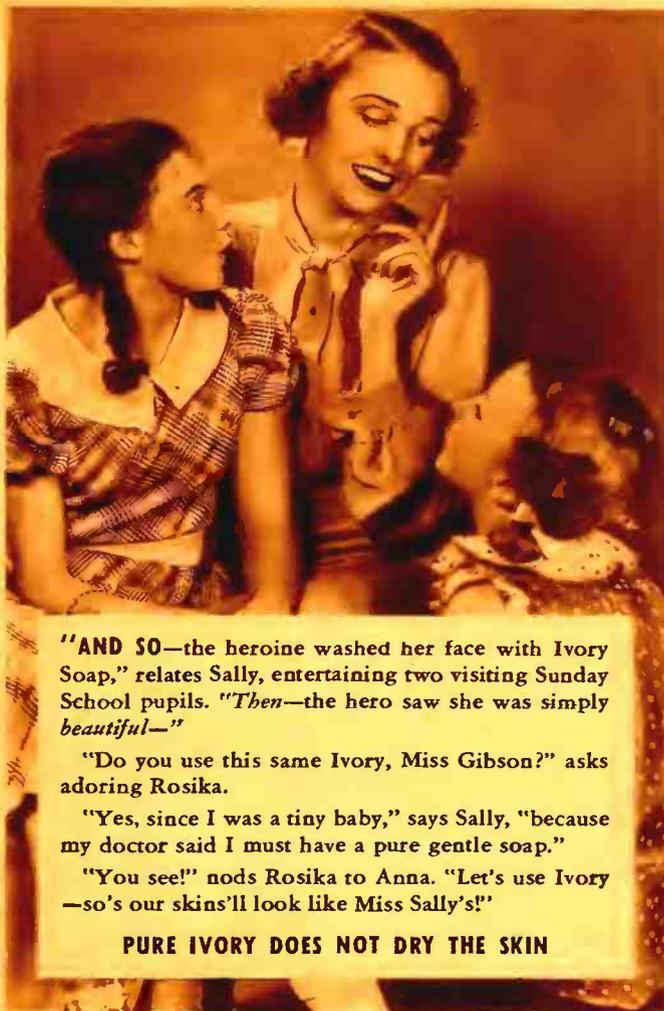
WHEN SALLY WAS A BABY she had daily baths with pure Ivory—on Doctor MacCrea's advice. And Ivory kept her sensitive skin soft and comfortable as a baby's should be.

LATER ON, in the 'teens—when Sally's friends were falling all over themselves trying out "beauty" and "complexion" soaps—Sally still clung to her pure Ivory treatments. "I like Ivory," she protested. "It's white and clean-smelling—and it leaves my skin feeling so fresh!"

AND NOW, when Sally looks into her mirror she sees a flawless Ivory complexion.

It's never too late! Start cleansing *your* face with Ivory—"the soap that is safe for a baby's skin"—

IVORY SOAP • • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



"**AND SO**—the heroine washed her face with Ivory Soap," relates Sally, entertaining two visiting Sunday School pupils. "Then—the hero saw she was simply beautiful—"

"Do you use this same Ivory, Miss Gibson?" asks adoring Rosika.

"Yes, since I was a tiny baby," says Sally, "because my doctor said I must have a pure gentle soap."

"You see!" nods Rosika to Anna. "Let's use Ivory—so's our skins'll look like Miss Sally's!"

PURE IVORY DOES NOT DRY THE SKIN



"**GEE, I THOUGHT** this was a kitchen shower," says Bobby Gibson. "Whatcha giving Miss Peters all of that Ivory for?"

"Son!" answers Mrs. Gibson, "you are not old enough to realize how a girl feels about her hands. This little bride isn't going to cry her eyes out because dish-washing gets her hands red and rough—because I'm starting her out on Ivory—and Ivory tells its own story!"

GENTLE PURE IVORY KEEPS HANDS SMOOTH



"**THIS PARTY DRESS** will make a hit at the style show!" happily sighs the buyer of "misses' dresses."

"Don't forget, Miss Marsh, to tell customers how beautifully this organdie washes with Ivory Flakes. We're advising Ivory exclusively in this Washable Summer-Fashions Show!"

"Count on me!" says Dot. "After all the teddies and stockings and silk dresses I've kept going for months by using Ivory, I'll be a grand little Ivory talker."

FINE STORES SAY, "USE PURE IVORY FLAKES"

What JANE FROMAN does with

Photo made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World

Jane Froman's on the Pontiac Program—see page 53—10 o'clock column.



HOW would you live, if you were earning Jane Froman's radio salary? Perhaps a Fifth Avenue penthouse overlooking Central Park, or maybe a Long Island estate near the Sound. But at least you'd spend the money, wouldn't you, to help make those childhood dreams come true?

Yet Jane Froman lives in a three-room apartment which is simplicity itself, and allows herself only \$25 a week spending money!

And she isn't doing this because she hates luxury or anything as obvious as that. It's because Jane is married and because she has found true marital happiness and wants it to last.

As you know, Jane is married to Don Ross, former vaudeville star and radio performer of proven merit. But Don, though his earnings are far higher than the average, does not earn as much money as does his wife. That is where the money question comes in.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Ross live as though Don were the only wage earner in the family. Expenditures for the year cannot amount to more than his earnings for the year.

"Of course we realized," Don told me, when I asked him about this, "that finances could easily overshadow our happiness, so we just figured out the best way to avoid any money problems.

"This way—living as though I alone earned the money—we immediately dropped from the wildly extravagant class, and so our expenses are brought down to what I can afford. Things like rent, food, our car, and the like, in which we both participate, are shared 50-50 in cost.

"We each have our own separate checking accounts at the bank, and when it comes time for me to pay the bills, Jane gives me a check for whatever she owes. We pay for our own clothes too."

As it happened, Don's explanation came at a time when people who knew the Rosses were beginning to wonder how professional jealousy could be kept from their lives. After all, no man, proud though he is of his wife, can ever really be happy, if he lives in the realization that he is being partially supported by her.

For Don himself, it would be especially tough sledding since it was only a short time ago that he, and not Jane, was the real wage earner.

By RUTH

her Money



Mr. and Mrs. Don Ross live as though Don were the only wage earner in the family. That's their design for living.

BACK at WLW, Cincinnati's large radio station, Don Ross was the headliner. He met Jane here, and she was just another unknown. When Don broke up with his vaudeville partner and went to Chicago to fill a singing job there in radio, Jane went along. He got her an audition at his station and she landed as a sustaining feature. Shortly afterwards, they were married.

Now all this time it had been Don with the money, Don with the reputation.

Today, with the situation reversed to the extent that Jane is earning huge annual sums, while Don has kept up his income only at its old level, money could easily be a difficulty that would eventually lead to divorce.

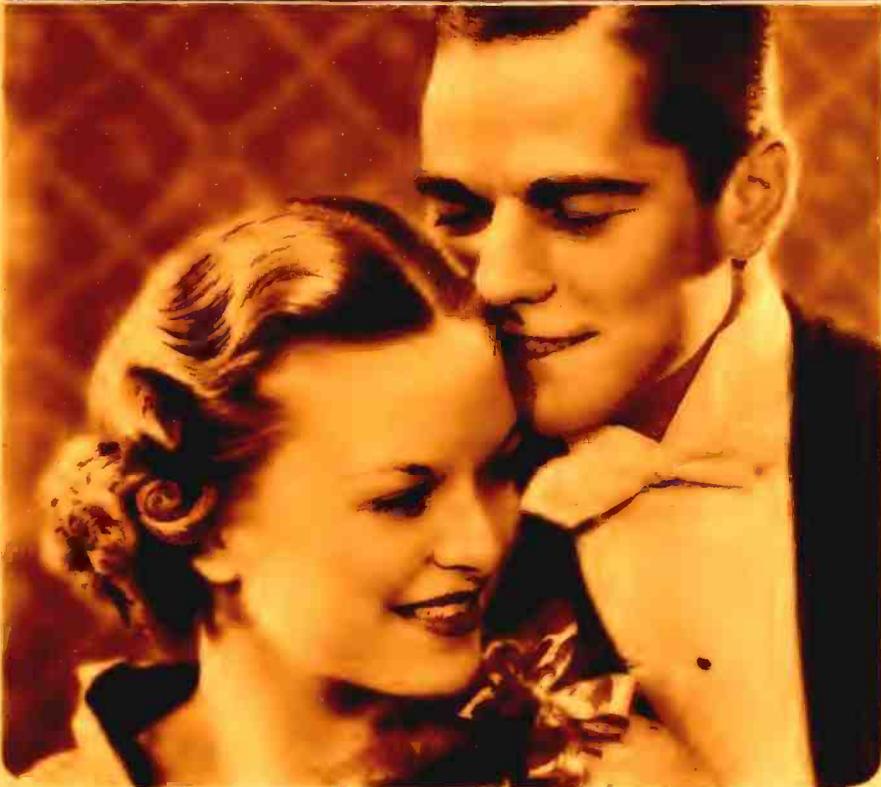
But they would seem to have the answer, this young couple, to the greatest problem of the young—money.

"Naturally," Don went on, "a large sum is left over nearly every month. This is the money that we invested in good securities and put in a safe-deposit box to which Jane and I both have a key.

"Now when we face the future, we have nothing to worry about. We know that the life of an entertainer can't last forever, and when we're old and the public forgets about us, we'll be able to go right on living as though we were still earning big salaries."

ARELL

Is your hair **ALLURING** in a "CLOSE-UP"?



Don't let dry, wispy hair or oily, stringy hair offend him. For your hair's beauty, choose the right shampoo

FOR DRY HAIR

Don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive and other fine oils. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

FOR OILY HAIR

If your hair is too oily, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—made especially for oily hair. It is gently astringent and tends to tighten up your scalp's relaxed, over-active oil glands.

Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening. Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

OLIVE OIL
for **DRY** hair



PINE TAR
for **OILY** hair



Beauty

The lovely blonde who sings with a sob in her voice (for her program see page 53—7 o'clock column), reveals some new commonsense beauty tricks for our readers this month. For advice on your beauty problems write to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope.

LET'S call on Ruth Etting. You are already acquainted with her from stories published in RADIO MIRROR. But let's ask her questions about make up and the care of the skin.

Ruth is a sweet person with a natural charm that puts a visitor at her ease immediately. And this naturalness is carried out in her make up, too. There is a difference between making up for the stage's spotlight, and making up for Nature's sunlight! It is very easy to get into the habit of overdoing the art.

But that first impression of Ruth Etting, aside from her personality, seems to make her say: "Be natural!" There's just enough rouge on those cheeks and it's in the right place, too. The eyes are made up—yes—but in such a way that their lovely blue color is accented and there are no harsh heavy tones. The color scheme works in so harmoniously with her natural blonde hair done, by the way, in the simplest manner. In fact, Ruth Etting's day by day life is a very simple one, because she makes it a practise to avoid

MAKE UP WITH RUTH ETTING

the extreme in everything, both physically and cosmetically!

"If you are born with a good skin and fairly good looks, I believe you should make the most of them," Ruth said. "Why do women make the big mistake of applying either just a spot of rouge on the cheeks or a great blob of lipstick and let it go at that? It's so simple to use those little make up tricks that help bring out the best of what we have. I have seen so many cosmetic atrocities in my travels, for which there is very little excuse these days!

"Did you ever see a painting or a picture that looked unfinished—just a dab of color here and a dab of another color there? If every woman who paints and powders would consider that she is an artist who never uses harsh colors that clash, nor applies them too heavily, there would be many more pretty pictures than those we see on canvass or paper! And fewer wallflowers!

"The blonde with a delicate alabaster type of skin can use the rouges or lipsticks with the orange tints, but the blonde whose skin has a golden tone must avoid them. It's rather surprising, but the deep red lipstick looks very well on the latter type of blonde."

Incidentally, there is a very (Continued on page 57)

No orphan sachets

STEAMED HER HAIR!

INSIDE this young lady's curly head is a lot of good, sound shopping sense. When she needed a wave, did she drop into any shop and say, "Give me a Permanent"? Yes, she did; but she added, "A Eugene Permanent, with *Eugene Sachets!*"

Many of her friends fell for "bargain waves," given with home-made or twice-used dabs of sachets, filled with Heaven-knows-what harsh chemicals . . . and all *they* got was a mop of dull frizz. But look at *her* hair. You can see its healthy lustre. You can almost feel its softness.

If your own hair is to receive similar protection, see that no

nameless, *orphan* sachets steam it . . . look for the trade-mark-of-safety . . . Eugene.

Each Eugene sachet contains the exact, scientific amount of pure waving lotion needed to turn out one perfect wave or ringlet. This gentle lotion, Eugeneol, is a secret formula, used *only* in Eugene Sachets throughout the world. Be as shrewd about buying a wave as you are in buying fashions or food . . . don't guess, don't hope, don't wish! Say to your hairdresser, "Use Eugene Sachets" . . . then read your favorite magazine while you wait for your headful of lovely, lustrous Eugene curls!

A Eugene Wave



EUGÈNE SACHETS



ONE EUGENE SACHET SENT YOU FREE.

Examine this sachet . . . acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's! We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!", a booklet of new hair styles, with information for keeping your Eugene wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Cooking

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. The popular band leader on the Frigidaire program which features Jack Pearl, knows the right kind of foods to eat. If you have any cooking problems, just write to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York

MUSIC and vitamins have their charms. Here's an orchestra leader who is a modest man at his desk and a peppy, snappy conductor at the microphone. He knows what he wants his musicians to do and they do it. At the same time, he knows what foods will produce that vital energy that communicates itself to his men. Freddie has to have a nervous system that doesn't get all tangled up when he needs it most, and a brain that is timed like a metronome—you remember, that little instrument that used to stand on the piano and tick out the time while Sonny tried to practise!

Freddie Rich doesn't like to talk about himself, but I managed eventually to get a pretty good idea of how he keeps fit to conduct the Frigidaire orchestra with Jack Pearl, and the many other Columbia programs which demand his supervision. He doesn't make his heart and liver do somersaults in order to help digest rich, heavy foods. There's a way to avoid that extra tax on the system and that additional inch or two, which make last year's clothes strain at the seams!

It doesn't sound like a martyr's existence, either! Freddie realizes that he has to eat at least one good meal a day but he is pretty careful when it comes to choosing it.

"I'm very fond of roast beef and have a special sauce prepared of melted butter and Worcestershire sauce. With it I like a baked potato and spinach. The spinach should be washed thoroughly, put in an uncovered pot without water, to cook in its own juice, and then chopped."

For breakfast he has orange juice, toast and tea. Some

time during the day he drinks a malted milk and if his work is finished at five o'clock, he has an early dinner. But if the programs carry him into an hour or two before midnight, he waits until then to eat his full meal. And once a week, he confided, he goes on a food spree—eats the highly seasoned foreign foods such as Mexican, Armenian, Italian, French, etc.

There are "Keep Off" signs for Freddie on such items as fried foods, rich sauces, coffee, salad dressings, bread and sweet deserts. It isn't a hardship for him to enjoy a salad of mixed vegetables without dressing of any kind because as he says: "I like to get the full flavor of each vegetable and this is impossible if the salad is smothered in dressing."

He has very definite ideas on what makes a good soup. His cook prepares either chicken or beef soup in this way: Cover the meat with water and put an onion with it. Cook until about three-quarters of an hour before the meat is tender. Then put in the vegetables such as carrots, string beans, peas, celery root, parsnips, celery, leak and parsley. All the greens are tied together, of course, and removed before the soup is served. When vegetables are combined with the meat at the time it is first put on to cook, they become over-done and lose their natural juices. The chicken soup should be skimmed as it simmers. When the chicken is done, remove from the soup and tie the legs together. Place in a pan with potatoes that have been par-boiled for about twenty minutes and use a little of the chicken fat. Bake until brown.

"No food of any kind that is ever prepared by

KEEPING FIT WITH FREDDIE RICH

Photo made especially for RADIO MIRROR by Bert Lawson



my cook is seasoned until it is ready to be removed from the fire and served," he said.

Since Freddie Rich does not indulge in the rich desserts, he eats stewed or fresh fruit in season and likes some puddings, such as rice puddings or frozen puddings.

And speaking of fruit, here's a good recipe for preparing a very familiar fruit, which his cook recommends:

BROILED APPLES

Select hard apples. Wash and core. Turn bottom side up and put a little water in the pan. Place the pan about three inches under a low flame. Bake until brown. Turn top side up and pour sugar in the centers. Place a little butter on top. Take out of the oven and cool. This method allows the apples to cook but they do not become soft and fall apart.

"Another dish that appeals to me," said Freddie, "is broiled steak with cole slaw. I favor haddock when I choose a fish dish, although I like all kinds of fish. Fish requires some sort of sauce and I prefer a wine sauce which is not rich. Broiled chicken livers are good, especially if I must eat very late at night. Another typical meal for me would be a fruit cocktail, lamb chops with baked potato and a vegetable salad."

And here's an interesting thing to note. Freddie Rich does not do any strenuous exercise!

Have you ever heard of a swizzle? One word means two things, according to Freddie Rich, and you can't make a swizzle without a swizzle! There's a little wooden beater with prongs on the end, used to stir a swell drink called a Swizzle. For states where such things are allowed, Freddie Rich says this is his idea of a perfect drink and the recipe follows:

SWIZZLE

1 jigger Barbados Rum or Bacardi
1 jigger Simple Syrup

Use a glass the size of an orange juice glass. Pour in the liquor and *beat* the syrup. As the syrup is poured over the liquor it is stirred vigorously with the swizzle stick until a nice, creamy foam appears. The instructions from Freddie Rich are that this be consumed immediately and methinks you won't need to be told this after you have tried one!

By the way, I have a leaflet on cocktails, punches, etc., which you can have.

Some of the other special dishes that Freddie likes and told me about are Crepes Suzette, and those frozen puddings. If you would like to have any of these recipes, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York.

Most of the letters I am receiving are not accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Won't you please enclose one with your inquiry so you and I can be sure my answer reaches you? Then, too, it will help in the matter of time. If you saw the pile of inquiries we are receiving, you would realize what a great help that envelope is.

OUR "HOPE CHEST"



**-it tells you why you shouldn't
try an untried laxative**

AT the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go... while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year... simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative... but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The way it is made... the satisfaction it gives... these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit... you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

AND... THAT "CERTAIN SOMETHING"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has*. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is... at our expense... just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

F65 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Six Delicious Favors



Photographs made exclusively
for RADIO MIRROR
by Wide World

Jello, folks! Here's the complete lineup, ready for the kick-off. Above: Jack Benny, star; Mary Livingstone, star stooge; Don Bestor, maestro; Frank Parker, soloist; Don Wilson, announcer, and the band. Another minute and the seven o'clock, Sunday night festivities will begin. Remember, all six favors, richer than ever before.



Above at the mike: Jack again, ready to catch one of Mary's winter poems and throw it out of the studio. Center, husband and wife talking it over. Right, Parker, Wilson, and Bestor in a huddle, calling for a wisecrack that will score a clean touchdown over the Benny humor.

The Critic on the Hearth

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of
the New Programs

WILLIAM A. BRADY—Is one swell raconteur. His friendly, homely chat in that engaging, unassuming voice, is a high spot on a night of high spots. The reminiscences are rich in humor, drama, and little-known sidelights on the immortals of the theatre with whom he has been associated (and I guess that includes about all of them.

CBS 10:30 P. M., Sun. 15 min.

EDDIE CANTOR—They told us Jack Benny and Fred Allen were setting the styles in comedy this year—that the others would have to change their acts from gags to skits or be lost in the shuffle. So what? So Jack Pearl changed and lost the following Baron Munchausen had—and Cantor gives us exactly the same old fast and furious type of script he always has—and tops them all in the Crosley rating after the first sample. Rubynoff and Parkyakakas are still in Eddie's hair—and on the air.

CBS 8:00 P. M., Sun. 30 min.

FAMILY HOTEL—Jack Pearl is getting some stiff competition not only from the other comedians, but from the ghost of his old character, and even against the beloved Baron, Peter Pfeiffer comes off a bad second. Maybe we'll like Peter when we know him better. Maybe when Jack Pearl knows him better—

CBS 10:00 P. M., Wed. 30 min.

IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD—True confessions of a President's Wife. Mrs. Roosevelt sets a new high for flouting sponsors. The radio protégé of a shoe company, she tells how she rides horseback, goes for auto rides, and swims, but never a word about taking a walk. Bravo!

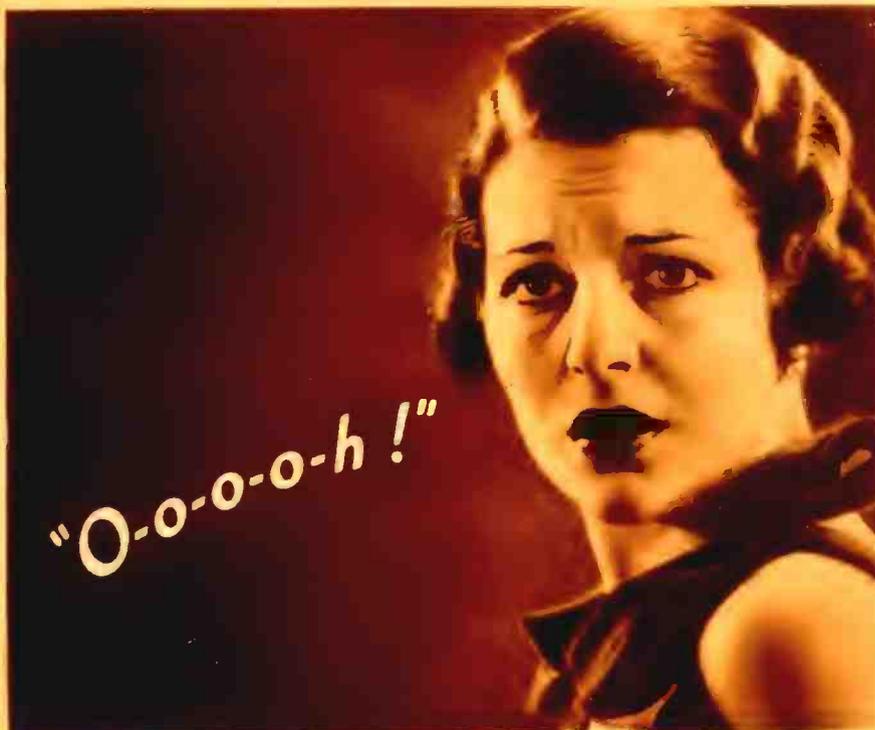
CBS 8:00 P. M., Fri. 30 min.

JACK FULTON—Take this nice ex-Whiteman crooner out on approval some morning at 10:30, ladies. If you don't like him you can exchange him for Breen and De Rose, or talks about food and children.

CBS 10:30 A. M., Mon.-Fri. 15 min.

RUTH ETTING—With Red Nichols and his ten-cent orchestra, is doing a college prom thing—using a different school for the atmospheric setting each week. Guests tie-up to the college featured—an athletic director or star, if available. Not a bad idea, but the program would look very sick without Etting. (Ruth, you'll have to devote one evening to our mutual University of Nebraska for that plug.)

NBC 7:45 P. M., Thur. 30 min.



*That hideous feeling of panic
—now ended by the new*

“CERTAIN-SAFE” MODESS

Here's news! REAL NEWS!

. . . more startling than the invention that made sanitary napkins disposable.

. . . more important than the improvements that have made napkins soft and comfortable.

Now—at last—comes a napkin that gives complete protection from embarrassing “accidents!”

It is the new “Certain-Safe” Modess—only recently perfected in the Modess research laboratories.

The secret? It lies in a combination of THREE special features. Two of these features may sometimes be found in other brands of napkins. But the third is absolutely new—and *exclusive with*

Modess. It is the combination of *all three* features that gives complete protection.

Test this three-way protection!

Just do this. Get a box of the new “Certain-Safe” Modess. (You won't risk a penny . . . see Money Back guarantee below.) Read the printed slip that you'll find in the box. Look at the diagrams shown on the slip and compare them with the napkin itself. *See and feel* the three new features that bring you dependable protection against (1) striking through; (2) tearing away; (3) incomplete absorption.

Then wear the new Modess! You'll never again feel safe or satisfied with any other napkin!

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU'RE NOT CONVINCED!



Here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear as many napkins as you need to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return the box and the remaining napkins to The Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE

Is MARY

A smile, a frown, a grimace, a pout—here they all are as only Mary can portray them. Have your pick!

MARY PICKFORD can once again take her place as an object of inspiration to women. And it is to two factors, one of which is radio, that she owes the new vitality of outlook and the new courage that once more makes her an ideal.

A little more than a year ago the woman, who over a score of seasons had been called "America's Sweetheart," faced the most heartbreaking moment of a woman's life, the time when she must acknowledge that her marriage is a failure and that divorce is inevitable.

For most women that alone is enough to ruin their lives but the case of Mary Pickford was further complicated by the fact that she also has a career, a career that she loved, and while that career might not be dead, it certainly was discouragingly dormant.

Add to these two, the darkening approach of the forties. To Mary, whom the public has always regarded as a little girl, it must have seemed as though the established pattern of her life was slipping beyond control and that there was a possibility of only emptiness of heart and hand to take its place.

It was a time to bring tears to the hardest soul but in those days of travail two things came to help Mary, her religion first, and then her engagement on the radio.

Of her religion it is not my place to tell you here. Mary herself has written of the strength her faith has given her. Her slim book, "Why Not Try God?" is now the best selling non-fiction book in this country.

BUT I can tell you here the story of what radio did for her, tell it to you as she told it to me late one afternoon of early California spring as we walked across the green and quiet lawns of Pickfair.

I had called to ask Mary quite bluntly if she were through with radio. We are old friends and knowing her program was about to go off the air, I was highly curious as to how she felt about the whole experiment and as to whether or not she intended continuing it.

We walked, as I say, across the lawns of Pickfair. Ming, Mary's tiny white Pekinese darted along beside us. We meant to talk as we walked around the sunken gardens but we were constantly interrupted. The interrupters were little knots of sightseers, all equipped with cameras, who kept appearing in the wide-open gate of Pickfair and gazing respectfully though dazedly around. And it was completely characteristic of Mary that instead of ignoring them, or having the gates locked against them, she invited them in instead, and let them, too, walk around the gardens and snap pictures of her to take back to the home town folks of Fried Egg, Ark., or Lone Cedar, Mo., or wherever they came from.

And as she gave to these adoring, plain, drab people the warmth of her charm it was impossible not to see what had happened to her during the past months. I said, "Mary, it is wonderful to see you so much happier than you were last year at this time."

She paused and gave that half-shy smile of embarrassment all we moderns feel when we speak of



Made especially for RADIO MIRROR by
United Artists

PICKFORD Through with RADIO?

religion and said, "I owe it to the Head Man above—and then to radio."

So this is what she told me.

When she went into radio, she signed only the minimum radio contract of thirteen weeks. She refused to give an option of her services for she was determined that if her radio work did not live up to her own ideal of it, she was not going to be tied to something of which she didn't approve.

At the end of her first month, however, she was willing to sign for a further thirteen weeks when the first ended.

"I discovered I was reaching a whole new audience," Mary explained, "the house-bound and the bed-ridden, a whole group of people who because of sickness or poverty or work couldn't get out for any entertainment. The letters from those listeners were among the loveliest things that have ever happened to me. Here was a new world in which pioneering could be done.

"Only one thing troubled me—the need of getting plays good enough for that audience and so written that their condensation into a half hour's time didn't spoil them. I was simply amazed to discover how good the casts were that you could pick up in an hour's time around a broadcast studio. I went on the air from various parts of the country, but whether East or Middle West or West, there was no trouble in finding excellent actors. Generally they were quite unknown, some of them were no longer young, but how they knew their jobs!

"**Y**OU can't know," said Mary, her lovely, gentle face glowing, "what happiness it brought me to be succeeding in that new medium. But as the end of my broadcasts approached I was forced to realize that we were inevitably running out of material. Why, honestly, I think in all the world's literature there aren't more than twenty-six plays with good women as their heroines. The ladies of drama and literature have all been pretty shady. I felt, too, that holding a play down to a half hour was bad. We had to cut too much. We couldn't give full-bodied characterizations or get real thoughts across.

"There is no greater secret for one's personal happiness than to know that you are bringing happiness to others," Mary said, softly. "It brings you energy, too, and I found myself in the midst of my radio work, spurred on by the encouraging letters I received from fans, finishing up a novel I had planned, finishing up a play, and reading plays for a possible stage appearance.

"My novel was bought and will be published this fall by the Vanguard Press. Charlie Chaplin came to me and

wanted to enter picture production plans with me, a merger that I believe we will make soon. I read scores of plays but as yet have not found one that suits me. I won't take a silly, worthless affair and even if I find a knockout, I won't open it in Hollywood. If I were a sportswoman, a tennis player, a swimmer, I'd come to Hollywood. But this is a daytime town and the evening things that cities force upon one for amusements have no place out here."

"You don't think much of cities."

"**F**OR brief visits, for excitement and stimulation and fun, yes, but not for living. For simple people like myself I believe there is happiness only in doing work that means happiness for others, and in looking at trees against

the sky or, as we are now, watching that full moon rise over the hills. Somehow when I watch those beautiful, deathless things I am untouched by petty things, by external changes that may happen in my life. Those are the true values," said Mary, as the depth of her feeling on the subject made her dark blue eyes swim with tears.

The sun was now gone and the quick cold of the California twilight was settling over us. We went into the house and up to Mary's bedroom. Against the deep windows the satin curtains stirred quietly but otherwise there was no sound.

"If I can get the right programme to do I will go back to radio," Mary said.

"But I *am* through with radio unless I can get something vital and new to do over it. I do believe the playlets are exhausted. Something more genuine must come along or that's that. I am so busy with so many plans that I let them come along as they seem to work out best."

That is what Mary said about her radio plans, and what she believes. But personally I do not believe her. I think she can not stay away from radio because radio wants her and because the radio public wants her. The sightseers who had come through the Pickfair gate that afternoon had not been the movie public. Each and every one of them had mentioned her radio programmes to her and the joy in their faces as they spoke of them would have moved a heart much sterner than the loving heart of Mary Pickford. This is why I say that Mary is once more an inspiration to women. As I left her standing there against the beautiful background of Pickfair, I realized that the distance she traveled from little Gladys Smith of Toronto to Mary Pickford, the star, was really no greater than the distance she has traveled from Mary Pickford, the screen star, to today's Mary Pickford, a great woman, who has forgotten herself in the service of the world.

By RUTH WATERBURY

She's off the air! Why? Is she coming back? What has radio done for her? Only Mary can give you the real answers. You'll find em here

HOW MUCH MONEY CAN

Here's the real inside story of actual radio salaries—from page boy to executive and star

By **GEORGE KENT**

IF you're a boy or girl with a yen for a radio career, drop your knitting and quit fooling with that crank-case—because here is the plain story of how much money you can make if ever you are lucky enough to get through the glittering gates into the radio heaven.

Almost a million people work daily at the job of keeping the nation's loudspeakers full and contented, and they earn anywhere from \$5 to \$25,000 per week. Plenty of office boys in small town stations earn the first figure but only one man earns the last—and he probably earns more than that. He is William S. Paley, President of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He practically owns it and if he doesn't make a million out of it then nobody ever made a million.

Between Paley and the office boy lie all the other workers in radio: stars, musicians, announcers, executives, technicians, salesmen, stenographers and clerks.

New York salaries are tops. But not so tops as you might think. Take the voices you hear most frequently, the well-trained mellow announcers' voices of the two great networks. These men average \$40 a week. A few get even less. Not long ago an NBC page boy was promoted to the job of announcer. As page he earned \$25 which is peak for that type of work in Radio City. His salary as announcer is only \$30.

A few announcers get more. Some plenty more. But if they want to get higher than \$100 weekly, they have to earn it by doing commercial programs, moving picture bits, giving testimonials for advertisements, stuff like that. Ted Husing, highest paid CBS announcer, averaged \$350 a week during 1934 but he did it via sponsored programs and by charging \$200 every time his photo appeared in an advertisement.

Graham McNamee once hauled down a sweet, weekly \$1,000 but he's a very exceptional fellow. He gets less now but it's still plenty. Why, for playing stooge to Ed Wynn he collects \$250—and that's celery in any man's garden. Bill Hay is also in a class apart gathering in a grand for announcing one program—the Amos & Andy program if you must know. A lot of folks think he's underpaid.

Prize-winner David Ross garners \$150-200; Milton Cross, \$150; Kenneth Roberts and Harry von Zell swing between \$85 and \$125 depending on the breaks. And Jimmy Wallington? He manages to score close to \$500 in the good months. Which should be enough to keep him and his dancer wife in fudge and flapjacks. The morning announcers are the low payees and do you know that out of thirty announcers on NBC's New York staff there are only a half dozen that get a regular do-re-mi higher than \$65 per week.

Photographs made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World



PAGE BOY
Average \$18 weekly

ANNOUNCER
Average \$150 weekly

FEATURED SOLOIST
Average \$225 weekly

YOU MAKE IN RADIO?

BUT this is fabulously good pay compared to what the honky-tonk announcers receive. Los Angeles, if you must have an example, pays announcers a dull average \$25 a week. Sixty bucks is peak and only two men occupy it. Pay in some stations gets as low as \$15 per. Here and there you will find announcers in smaller stations earning \$35 to \$50 weekly but if you look close you will observe that most of them play the piano, sing, solicit advertisements and do other odd jobs to earn it. The flat average for the country is \$20 and if you doubt me read where the American Federation of Labor pleaded with the NRA to make \$22 minimum pay for announcers.

One rung above the announcer and a blood relative is the news commentator. Head man here is Edwin C. Hill. For four programs a week he collects \$2,000. Add to this the money he gathers for his newsreel work, his newspaper syndicate and magazine writing and you find him earning each week \$2,700. Yet only a few years ago Ed Hill was a reporter proud of his weekly \$125.

Lowell Thomas brings home a side of bacon which is \$1,500 each week. Poor man, he also writes magazine articles and acts in the movies so that last year all he made was \$100,000. After this pair, the others are small fry. Boake Carter, who started at \$40 is pleased with his weekly \$750. Would you be pleased? (Kaltenborn asks commercial sponsors anywhere between \$250 and \$1,200 for a broadcast.

SO much for the important salaries. In the smaller stations the commentator is a local newspaper man glad to add a ten spot or perhaps twice that much to his stipend while entertaining a hope that somewhere a gold-lined ear will listen in, appreciate and bring him to the big time for

a grand a week. But even these payments are munificent when you know that the men who talk the news in Paris (France) earn from \$2.75 to \$6.65 per broadcast.

And now for the real news—the low-di-lowdown on the salaries paid to the stars.

Put down as top man Eddie Cantor. For him a weekly package containing \$10,000. This for about eighteen minutes of work or a little less than \$1,000 a minute. Yet, he didn't want the job. He would have preferred to go to Hollywood where he could have earned just as much—aye more when you count the percentage of the gate the movie moguls allow him.

Out of the ten grand Eddie has to pay Rubinoff \$1,200, Ted Husing so much, and what with an orchestra and an arranger and a this and a that, his net per week whittles down to \$7,500.

After the Cantor peak or Mt. Cantor, as you might say, the road winds downward. At first gradually as we pass by Ed Wynn and Fred Waring and Paul Whiteman and John Charles Thomas—but when these great stars are left behind, there is a sudden steep drop off and we are way down in the valley of the low salaries. These are the salaries earned by the run-of-the-mill singer and actor in radio.

If you, dreaming of a radio career, have an idea that all radio folk make Eddie Cantor salaries, forget it please. Please, for your own peace of mind.

Let us suppose you broke into radio and got a job saying a piece or singing a few choruses on a sustaining program—what do you think you'd get? The handsome sum of \$15 to \$18 a broadcast. If the program was sponsored you'd earn \$25-\$30. These are averages computed by the Actors Equity Association. (Continued on page 58)



CONDUCTOR
Average \$500 weekly

EXECUTIVE
Average \$1000 weekly

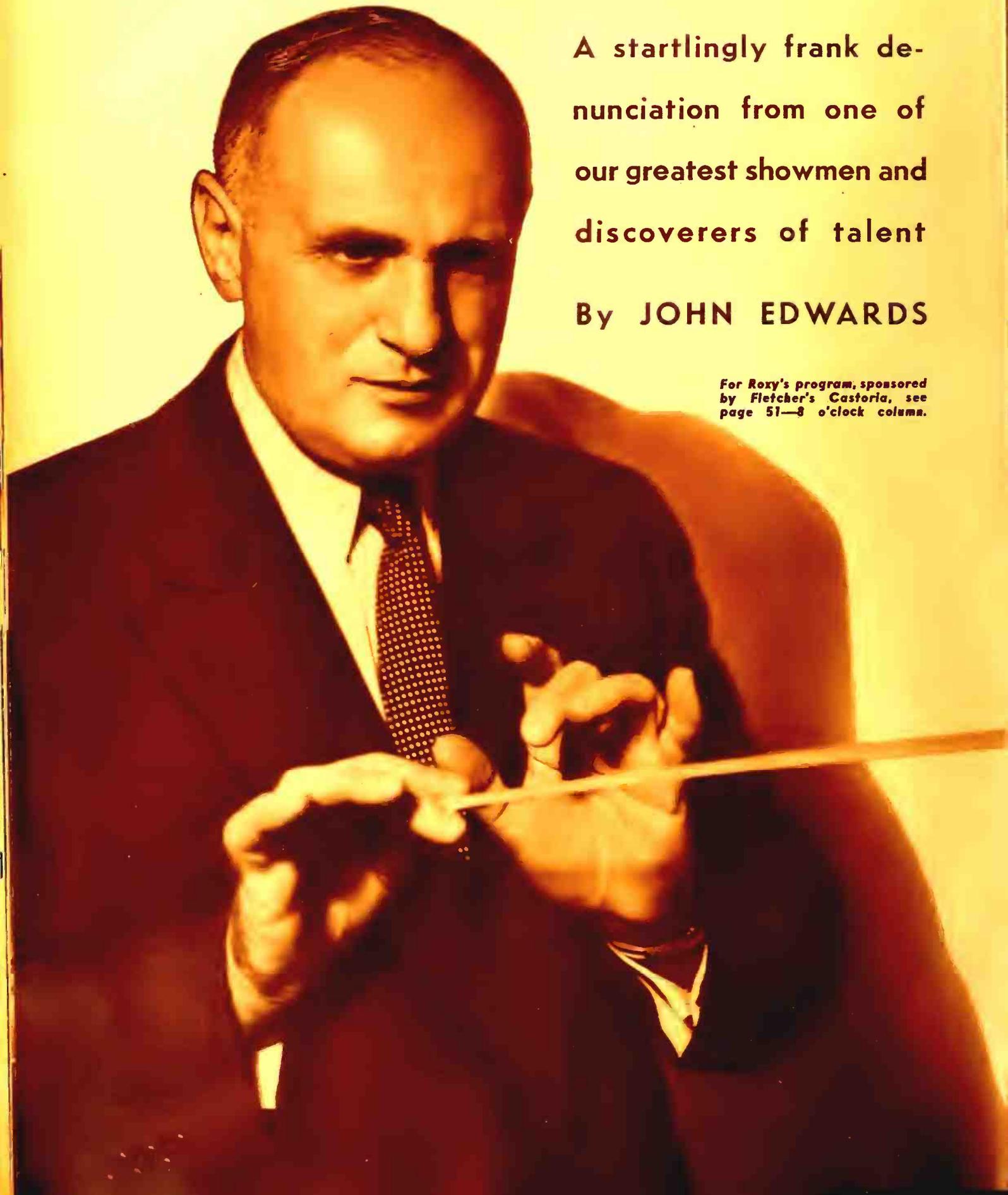
**\$10,000 for
18 minutes!**

ROXY says:

A startlingly frank denunciation from one of our greatest showmen and discoverers of talent

By JOHN EDWARDS

For Roxy's program, sponsored by Fletcher's Castoria, see page 51—8 o'clock column.



'Take the Amateurs off the Air!'

AN amateur hour is nothing short of a heathen Roman holiday, with the lions of those past carnivals having a much better chance for survival than the performers on the modern show."

America's number one showman speaking—Roxy, whose name is still aces in the show business, whose list of discovered talent probably far outranks any other man's in the country.

Roxy speaking, who, with sharp blasts of pent-up feeling, has delivered salvos of broadsides against radio's newest form of entertainment, in this exclusive interview for **RADIO MIRROR**.

His frank indictment of the amateur craze which has spread across the nation in recent months, was put forth in the hope that the illusions and dreams of many young people may not be shattered. It is startling in the evidence which he has offered.

Let him, in his own words, tell you how he feels about this new amateur idea on the air and why he considers it a threat to future talent for the stage, screen, and radio.

"The best argument I can give you to begin with," he said in the interview, "is the fact that there is not one outstanding success, to my knowledge, in the field of entertainment today who got his start in an amateur hour.

"I'd say that there is one chance in a million, or even less, that a performer heard for the first time on such a program will ever eventually find himself at the top, or close to the top.

"Of course, I know that the idea of the amateur hour is not to find new talent, but to give an entertaining feature

to the listening public. That, in itself, might be all right, but when it threatens to ruin the careers of people who have real possibilities, then it is time to call a halt.

"Stop and think a moment. Imagine the situation

an amateur faces when, for the first time in his life, he goes on a program which is heard from coast to coast by thousands of listeners.

"He hasn't had time to be properly coached. In all probability he has been auditioned only a day or two before the broadcast. No man can be at his best under such circumstances. Either he suffers the intense humiliation of getting the 'gong' or whatever is used to cut short his work, or else, if he is extremely lucky, he gets a week's theater contract as the result of his performance.

"You think, 'What's the matter with that?' I'll tell you. He goes on with his week of theater. Naturally he thinks he is on the road to success. No longer does he think it necessary to study and work and train so hard. No man in such circumstances can help feeling this way. What happens? His stage appearance over, he finds that he is no longer in demand. The fanfare about him has died

down. His talent, only a diamond in the rough, isn't enough for the big time. He goes home, disillusioned, discouraged, and puts aside his hopes."

Roxy paused a moment, then branched off, to attempt to prove his point, using instances of his own past when he found musicians and singers who showed promise.

"I remember the day out in California many years ago," he recalled, "when I heard Lawrence Tibbett singing in the chorus of a show. I called him aside and told him, 'Larry, you're too good for the chorus. Get out, find a coach, study, and when the time comes, you'll be a hit.'

"Now look at the experience in back of this Metropolitan favorite. First he learned how to sing. Then he worked in musical comedy, two, three, four shows a day. Then came more instruction, patient study, and even after that, it was a good many years before he reached the top.

"Or, more recently, while I was in Philadelphia, I happened to hear Ruth Carhart singing at a banquet. The girl was good. I could see that easily enough, yet for over two years she had been singing only periodically over local stations, doing any kind of radio work she could get mostly for nothing. When the time came for her to sing on my first Saturday night broadcast, she knew how to act in front of the mike. And I had spent weeks with her, coaching, correcting, using all my past experience as a stage manager."

HE stopped again and marshalled more arguments. We were seated at the luncheon table in the Hotel Astor, a few steps from the Columbia Playhouse where he had finished a morning rehearsal for (Continued on page 85)

EDITOR'S NOTE

RADIO MIRROR cannot take sides in the controversy which Roxy's statements may arouse. We have listened with interest and amusement to many amateur hours, notably Major Bowes on his local station (which started the cycle), Fred Allen, and Ray Perkins on their national network hours, and we have been impressed by the tact and finesse with which these difficult programs have been handled. The opinions of the great showman and discoverer of talent, Roxy, presented on these pages are not necessarily ours, but they are so frank, sincere, and provocative, that we are publishing them for your consideration. Write me at 1926 Broadway, New York, and tell me how *you* feel about it.

E. V. H.

Scoop!

Babs with the Ryan boys, long known as her "brothers." Charley, on the left, is the husband she's divorcing; right, Little Ryan, his brother.



At last—in this exclusive interview—she tells the unknown story of her secret heartbreak and the strange dilemma of Babs and her "brothers"

LISTEN," Babs Ryan said, "I'll tell you the story no one has ever heard. I'll tell you why I've left my husband to divorce him and the reason why I've left Fred Waring's radio program."

The girl whose clear, high, rhythmic voice has charmed listeners of the Pennsylvanians' show on CBS the past two years sat forward in her chair, her brown eyes darkening with the emotion which gripped her as she told me the story no one has heard until now.

When you tuned in Babs and her brothers and swayed to their singing, to their distinctive "Breezing Along with the

Breeze," you only knew that they were good. But you didn't know why they were good. You didn't know that Babs was married to one of the trio, Charley Ryan, and that it was husband and brother-in-law, not her brothers, with whom she worked in such perfect blending of voices.

No one knew that until last fall. Then Babs realized she could no longer go on with a marriage which had begun under such peculiar circumstances—fated for divorce the day it started. Then she told Fred Waring. Yet it still was a professional secret.

But since that time, peace-meal and mixed with rumors,

BABS RYAN

Confesses!

By FRED SAMMIS



items have appeared in the daily papers and magazines. Columnists have picked up here and there scraps of information, never quite complete, never wholly true. That was why I interviewed Babs Ryan—because she wanted this whole amazing story told in its entirety once and for all, to smash the rumors and half truths that have found their way into print.

Babs and Charley were married six months after the trio had formed in Chicago. She loved him then, with

all the intensity and happiness and high hopes of a girl not yet old enough to have even finished high school.

What has happened to that marriage—why it was kept a secret even from the man for whom the trio worked—and the dilemma Babs now faces as a result of her tragic love, forms radio's strangest story of heart-break.

Babs no longer can love her husband, yet the very thing that has killed her love—the trio itself—is the very thing she wants most to keep.

"Don't you see?" she explained. "For four years Charley and his brother and I have worked together. We have a library of three hundred pieces of music that we have specially arranged. Singing those songs with the trio is my only real happiness.

"Already, now that I've left Waring, I've auditioned for other programs, but never with the trio. And it's not the same. I just can't put my heart into it. That's why, really, I left Fred. When I finally decided that the marriage must end, Charley quit the program. Little Ryan, his brother, followed him the next week.

SINCE then, Waring has tried every possible arrangement for me. But it never sounded right. Fred knew it and I knew it, yet he was willing to keep me on, not sounding as good as I should, because he thought I'd be happier staying.

"The hardest thing I've ever done in my life was leaving his show. Why, he's done everything for us—coached us, given us suggestions, kept us working in wonderful harmony. But I had to leave. I couldn't stand it any longer, knowing that when I stepped to the mike, I wasn't as good as I could be.

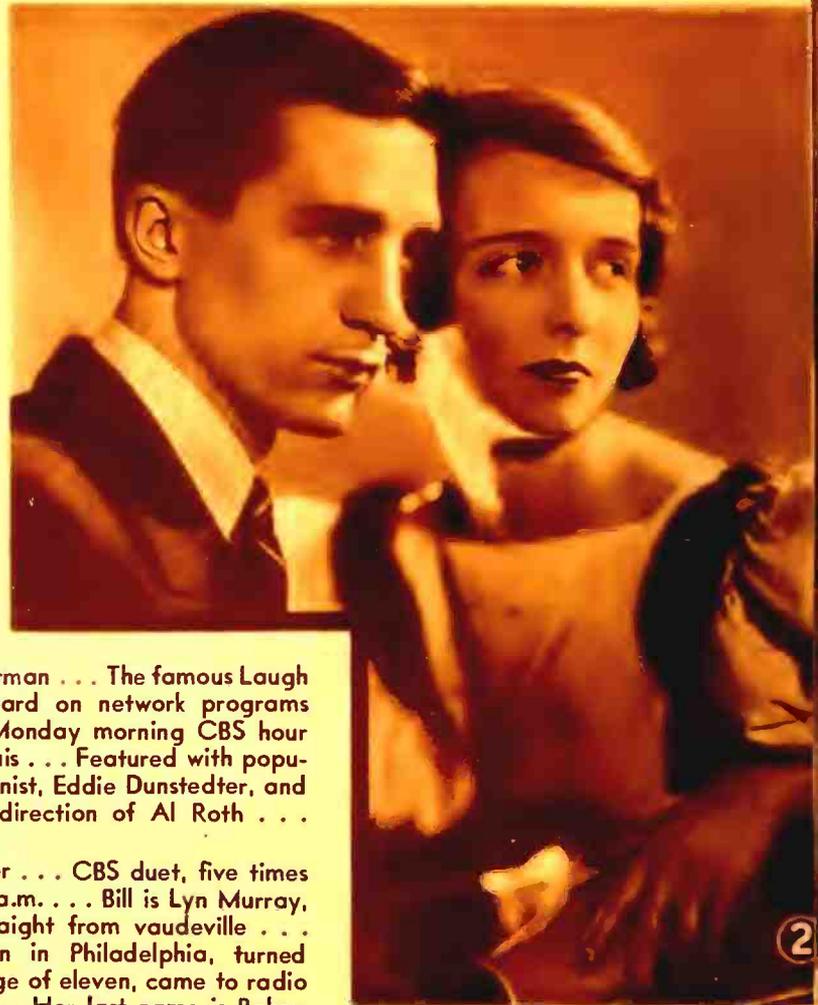
"I can't sing solo. My voice isn't good enough to carry by itself. So I had to say goodbye. I don't think Fred will try to keep me. He knows as well as I, how much better I am when I'm with the trio.

"The funny part of it is, people can't understand how I can divorce Charley and yet want more than anything else to keep the trio together. They say, 'Oh, she just wants to be near Charley. She still loves him or she wouldn't be so anxious to continue singing with him.'

"But they don't know the truth. They don't know that the trio has always been a separate business with Charley and me. When we work together it is as though we never saw each other other times. That's why the trio has been such a success and my marriage such a failure."

Confusing words? Not when you know how the trio formed and how Babs saw all her youthful dreams of perfect romance go glimmering in the days when everything should have been perfect, the days when the trio on Waring's Old Gold program became (Continued on page 70)

Pageant of the Airwaves

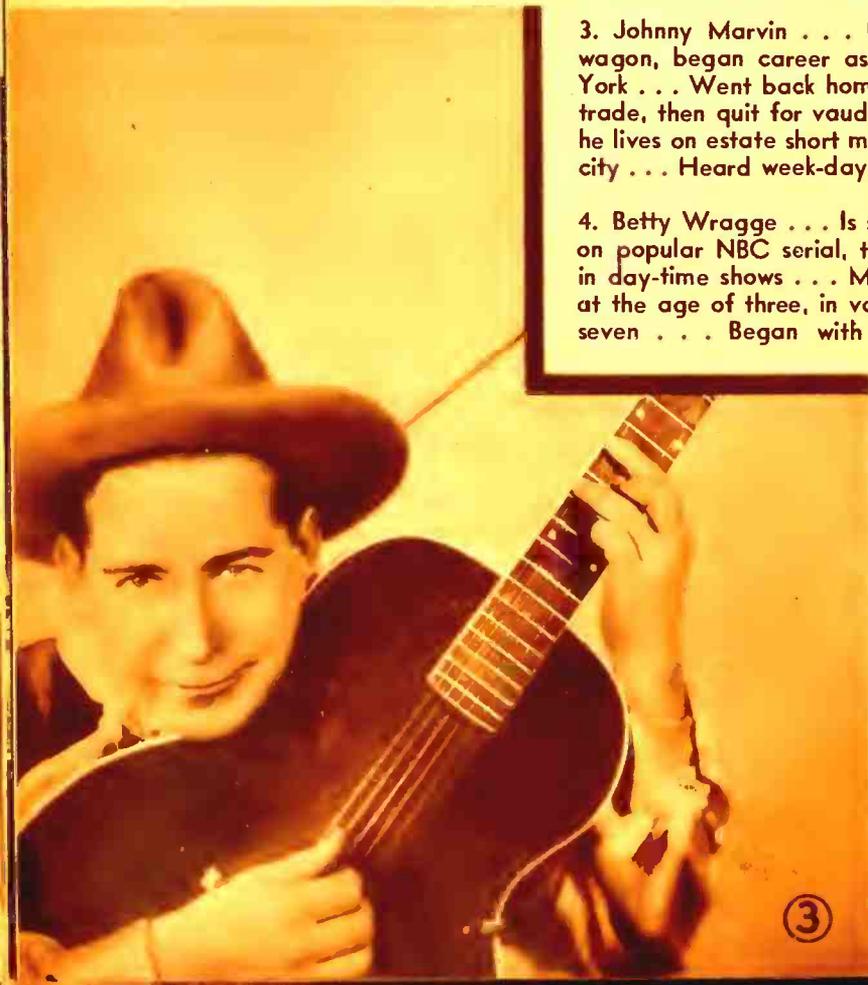


1. Pratt and Sherman . . . The famous Laugh Doctors, long heard on network programs . . . Now have Monday morning CBS hour show from St. Louis . . . Featured with popular mid-west organist, Eddie Dunstedter, and orchestra under direction of Al Roth . . .

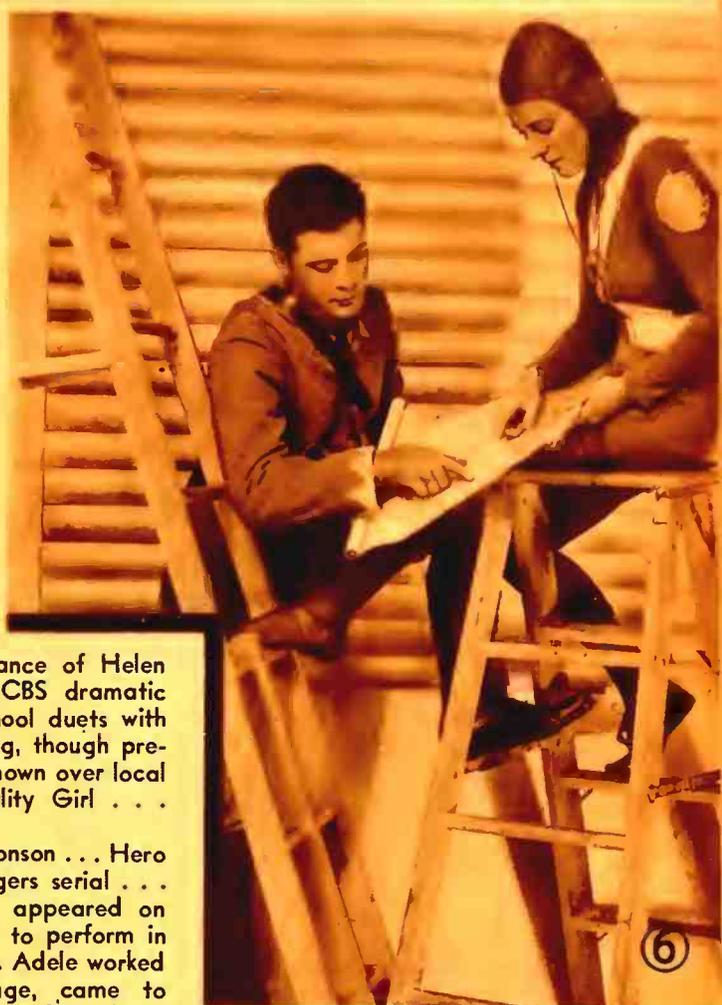
2. Bill and Ginger . . . CBS duet, five times a week at 10:15 a.m. . . . Bill is Lyn Murray, London born, straight from vaudeville . . . Ginger was born in Philadelphia, turned professional at age of eleven, came to radio two years ago . . . Her last name is Baker.

3. Johnny Marvin . . . Born in a covered wagon, began career as a barber in New York . . . Went back home, made money at trade, then quit for vaudeville . . . Married, he lives on estate short miles from New York city . . . Heard week-day mornings on NBC.

4. Betty Wragge . . . Is sister to Red Davis on popular NBC serial, takes juvenile parts in day-time shows . . . Made silent pictures at the age of three, in vaudeville at age of seven . . . Began with Raymond Knight.

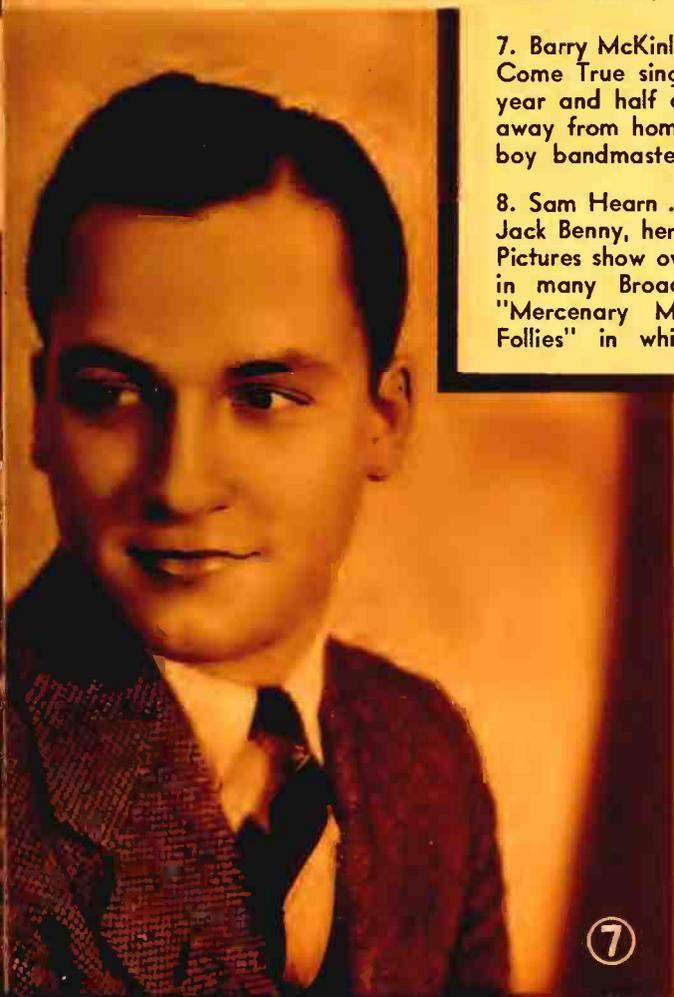


Pageant of the Airwaves



5. Virginia Clark . . . Romance of Helen Trent heroine and popular CBS dramatic artist . . . Sang in high school duets with Dick Powell . . . Can still sing, though prefers dramatics . . . Became known over local station in radio as Personality Girl . . .

6. Curtis Arnall and Adele Ronson . . . Hero and heroine of the Buck Rogers serial . . . Curtis was born in Denver, appeared on Hollywood stage, came East to perform in play with Miriam Hopkins . . . Adele worked as model, danced on stage, came to radio a short time ago on True Story hour.



7. Barry McKinley . . . NBC mid-day Dreams Come True singer . . . began over WLW year and half ago . . . Is twenty-one, ran away from home at age of 11 to become boy bandmaster of orchestra in Chicago.

8. Sam Hearn . . . Swell pose of stooge for Jack Benny, hero of Sunday noon Gigantic Pictures show over NBC . . . Sam has been in many Broadway productions such as "Mercenary Mary," "Greenwich Village Follies" in which was also Joe Penner.



7

8

6

Pageant of the Airwaves Pageant of the Airwaves



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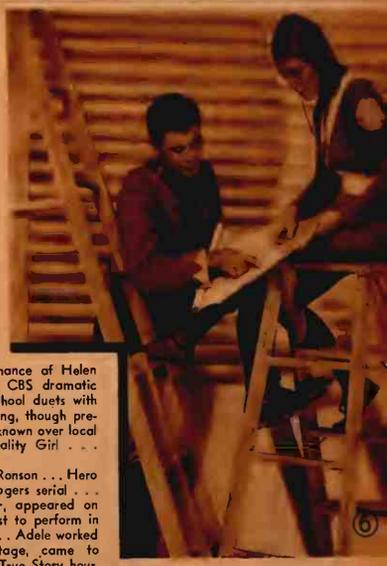
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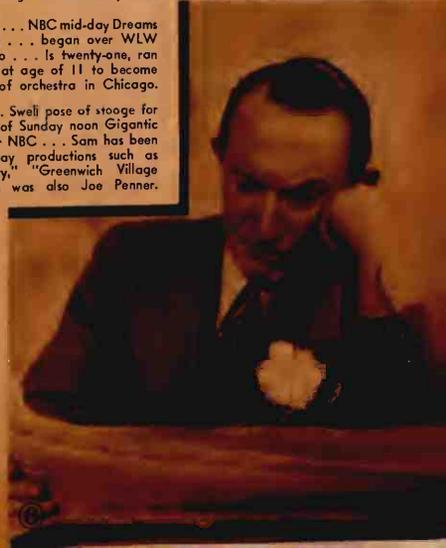
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Pageant of the Airwaves

WHY

SMILIN' ED McCONNELL

SMILES!

By
TREM TULLY

Revealing the man
behind radio's
most genial voice



"Smilin' Ed"
sponsored by
Acme White
Lead—see page
50—6 o'clock
column.

YOU'LL find it easier to understand why one of the best known voices in the Middle West is called Smilin' Ed McConnell when you read this story of a man who needs the help of six people in the morning to collect his scattered wardrobe and who practices his favorite golf shots in the bathroom before his morning shower.

For Ed McConnell, though he has won his way to the top, starring weekly on a coast-to-coast CBS hookup, and heard daily on two local programs over the Columbia station in Cincinnati, remains at heart the cheery, small town boy who wanted nothing more than a farm of his own and an opportunity to sing.

He lives, with his wife and young daughter, on a rambling estate a few miles out of town, and it is here, except for his daily trips to the studio, that he spends all his time, roaming about the many acres, more often than not with a golf club in his hand.

Ed McConnell was born and brought up in the South, in a tiny Georgia town, where his father, Dr. Lincoln McConnell, won a wide reputation as a minister of deep understanding and excellent delivery at the pulpit.

Ed's training began when he was barely old enough to hold a choir book in his hands. For years, until his boy's voice was changing he sang every Sunday in the small church. Then, as he grew up, he was promoted to choir director.

Under his father's tutelage, he found that he could compose his own songs, and today, many of the rich melodies you hear on his programs have come from McConnell's own pen. Some he has never even named, others he has had recorded that they might not be lost.

So it was that when Ed McConnell gained his first chance in radio he was prepared. Those long Sunday services through which (Continued on page 84)

Right, Myrt and Marge in the middle of a fifteen minutes at their Chicago studio . . . The men are Eugene McGillen and Jack Armstrong, the latter hero in the script for over a year, and both of them strong in supporting cast . . . The other vastly popular member of the cast, Clarence, was not available when this action shot was snapped.



Right, Vivienne Siegal and Oliver Smith in another candid camera study during their "Melodiana" show over CBS Tuesday nights . . . Vivienne, popular radio star, who now appears on NBC's Bayer program Sunday nights in place of Virginia Rea, has been signed for a permanent spot there. She is co-featured with Frank Munn . . . Oliver Smith has been in radio seven years, got his start in boyhood town of St. Louis . . . He was a boy soprano in a church choir . . .



Penthouse Party, NBC Wednesday night show, with Peggy Flynn, Mark Hellinger, Gladys Glad . . . Peggy is the red-head who sings all those songs with such dizzy interpolations of her own. She's well known on the Broadway stage from such musical comedies as "Good News" and "Sons-o-Guns" . . . Mark is the newspaper columnist who drawls with a Broadway accent and writes stories for pictures like "Broadway Bill" starring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy . . . Gladys Glad is the one-time Ziegfeld Beauty who married Mark, left him and then came back to him.



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Pageant of the Airwaves

YOUR
FAVORITE
ORGANIST



1. Fred Feibel . . . CBS early morning organist . . . 28 years old, born in New Jersey, where he still lives . . . Has an organ in his home for rehearsal.

2. Dick Leibert . . . NBC staff organist, famous as director of musical programs at the White House for Mrs. Coolidge, during Republican president's administration . . . Born in steel town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania . . . First job came in Washington, D.C.

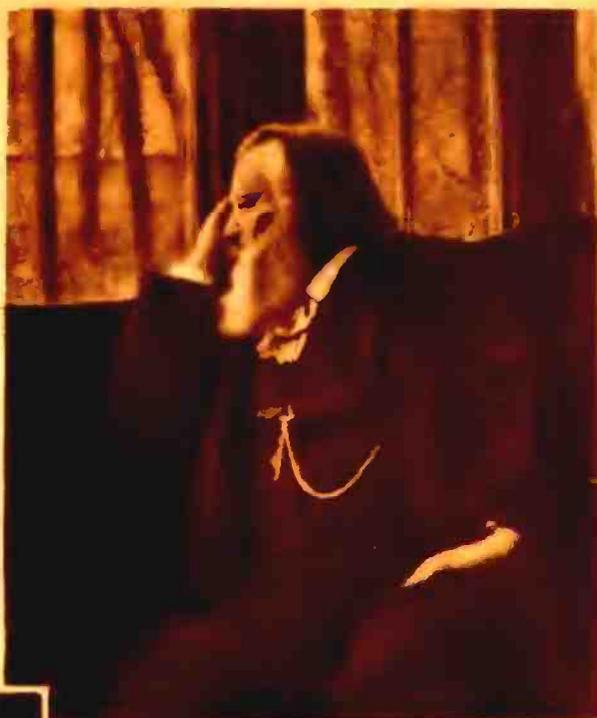
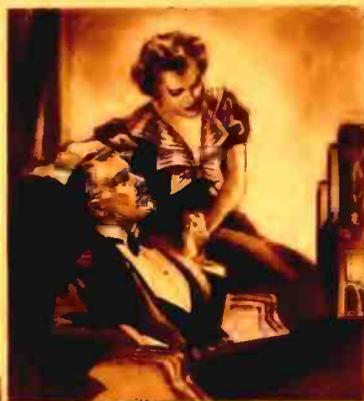
3. Lois Miller . . . She provides the background for Josephine Gibson's NBC Hostess programs at 10:00 a.m., three times a week over WEA network.

4. Ann Leaf . . . Best known of all radio organists . . . Began career by playing piano in kindergarten . . . Graduated from Omaha high school with George Givot . . . Comes from musical family.

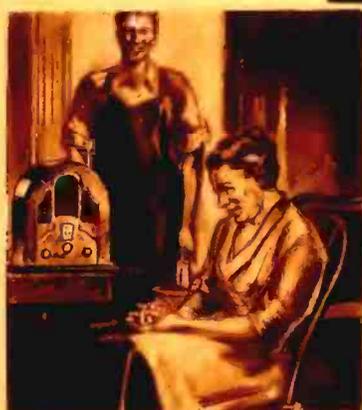
How to Get More FUN out of MUSIC

Showing you how to really enjoy the amazing musical opportunities that radio offers

By CARLETON SMITH



Brown Bros.



Never before has the great composer Johannes Brahms (above) or as great an interpreter of his work as Arturo Toscanini (left) been made so human and understandable as in this article.



WE got off to a good start last month, I think, when we decided that once we were completely relaxed and unself-conscious, we could begin to listen successfully to the symphonies and operas and concerts that we are tuning in more and more these days. That is, we could listen, expecting to hear something interesting.

This month, I want to tell you something else about this new game of ours. WE NEED TO BE PATIENT. That is, don't expect to get all there is to get out of the symphony the first time you hear it. If you feel that you've enjoyed it AT ALL, it's a good sign. Next time you tune in, you are going to like it more. And each succeeding time it will be more thrilling to you.

But there's an art to listening. We all need to think about it and to practise it. The composer can compose music for us. The performer can perform music for us. But no one can hear music for us. Yet it often seems more satisfying to talk than to listen. You know how hard it is to keep still even while some one is telling the latest gossip about Garbo or Clark Gable. . . . or a story about two of our

friends who have just eloped and have gone on their honeymoon. We want to talk and ask questions, and hear our own voices. Haven't you found it so? And aren't hostesses always looking for guests who are good listeners?

IT is twice as hard to listen to music as to conversation. The sound is vague and may not even be pleasant to our ears. And our thoughts wander. Everybody's do. I myself, after hearing literally thousands of concerts and recitals—at least eight or ten a week—spend the first half hour not listening to the music. Then I tighten up my mental processes, stop the images that are rushing through my mind—pictures of the dentist, that fellow in front with his big ears, the pretty girl I've just met, the horseback ride in the morning, the article I have to write—and finally concentrate on the music.

Sometimes I see and also hear my neighbor snoring. Many of the rich who go regularly to concerts never listen. They don't enjoy the music. They are there to be seen. They make "knowing" comments, study what to say that will be thought clever, or close their eyes and let the music soothe them to sleep.

But this is nothing new, nor is it confined to America. A hundred and fifty years ago "Papa" Haydn found the ladies of the Court sleeping through concerts of his music. And so he wrote the "Surprise" Symphony, so called because every now and then in the midst of soft and dreamy music the full orchestra gives a big boom that all but wakes up the dead.

IN listening to music on the radio, we have few of the distractions of the concert hall or the opera. We can be quiet. And, most important, we are listening because we really want to listen.

During April you are going to hear many of the works of Brahms. You will hear (*Continued on page 76*)

JOE PENNER'S

Told by his wife—
exclusively for Radio
Mirror readers—the
real truth about the
cuckoo comedian's
unusual marriage

FEW people, even in the professional world, realize that Joe and Eleanor Penner can claim the ideal romance of radio—the one Elysian love which has discovered the secret of eternal rapture. Because the Penners don't flaunt their devotion before the world. They prefer not to talk about their private life at all, but they are breaking the rule just this once so that RADIO MIRROR readers may know how they have accomplished the seemingly impossible—keeping their love as fresh and unstained through the years as it was the day they were married.

"I've never talked for publication before," Mrs. Penner told me, "except once, and that time the poor woman didn't get at all what she wanted. She had to write a story on the comic side of our marriage, and there just isn't any comic side!"

Although their marriage is six years old, they still cling to the passionate infatuation of their honeymoon. They are together every possible minute of the day and night. They will put a meal off for hours in order to have it together, and nothing can drag one of them to a party if the other can't go. Only one night out of the 2300 or so since their marriage have they been apart.

"Don't you think a married couple can see too much of each other?" I asked. "Shouldn't they plan to break up a constant association once in a while, so they won't take each other for granted?"

"If they care for each other," Mrs. Penner said, "they can have more fun together, so there's no point in doing things separately, is there? When I go to a show without Joe, I always wish he'd been there so I could discuss it with him. I know a lot of people advise 'marital vacations'. But Joe and I have grown so dependent on one another that a separation now, even for a few days, would be pretty tough."

So whenever Joe plays an out-of-town theatre date—which he does very frequently—Eleanor drops whatever she is doing and goes with him. Once, while she was accompany-



ing him on a vaudeville tour, she got word that her mother was to have an operation. Eleanor, of course, felt she should be there. *And Joe cancelled his bookings in order to go with her.* But they no sooner arrived in St. Louis than urgent telegrams ordered Joe back to New York for re-takes on a picture. Eleanor turned right around and went back with him, after making sure that her mother was in no danger. And Mrs. Vogt didn't blame her daughter for not stopping! That's how well Joe's mother-in-law likes him.

He treats Eleanor's parents exactly as he does his own. When they spend one holiday with his parents they spend another with hers. If he gives his mother a large sum of money for Christmas, he gives her mother exactly the same sum. He has talked of building a house for his folks. But in the same breath, he mentioned a house for her parents. Clever salve for a matrimonial sore-spot which many couples try to heal with friction!

"In addition to all the other things he's done for my family, Joe keeps my younger brother with us and takes

AMAZING *Romance Story*

By WELDON MELICK

"I decided I'd simply have to take the bull by the horns if I didn't want Joe to go on forever being just a pal." So says Eleanor as she describes her courtship with Penner.

him everywhere we go so that I'll always have company even when he's working."

THE first rule of successful marriage, says Mrs. Penner, is never to discuss petty family grievances with any outsider—masculine or feminine—relative, stranger or bosom friend. "Don't have any confidant—except the person you married. Minor troubles kept between yourselves are soon forgotten. But when you confide in a third party, they sympathize with you, making you feel sorry for yourself, and the wrong is magnified. You talk and think yourself into such a state of martyrdom that you'll look like a fool if you don't leave your spouse immediately. Or, after telling all your intimate secrets, you may fall out with your bosom friend. Your intimate secrets will probably be returned to you in due time, and in roundabout ways, but greatly distorted from so much repetition."

"How do you and Joe settle trifling disagreements—or don't you have any?"

"Of course we do. But they don't matter. It may be a case of not wanting to do the same thing at the same time. Instead of going our separate ways, one of us always gives in. It's no hardship—there's more enjoyment in occasionally giving up something to please the one you love than in having your own way every time."

I had heard various versions of how this unusual romance began, but I wanted to hear it from Mrs. Penner's own lips. Here it is, for the first time.

"We met in the Greenwich Village Follies of 1927. I was one of the Rockets, a group of girl dancers from St. Louis, and Joe was the second comedian. He had just come from burlesque and was a little flustered at finding himself (Continued on page 56)

For the Baker's Broadcast,
with Joe Penner, see page
53—7 o'clock column.





"It's all right, I'm not going to put that in the papers." Littell said kindly. "Some things are sacred even to a guy like me."

Follow Ginger Wallis in her fame and in the love tangle

SLIM, vibrant, and red-headed Ginger Wallis wanted to become a radio star. She had known poverty and hard knocks but she had never lost faith in her own talent. All she needed was a chance—the chance to show them what she could do. That chance came sooner than she expected. It was the night she went to the Berkeley Hotel with Larry. The night that Mark Hammond, crooner of songs and the débutantes' delight, introduced his friend, Broadway's famous columnist, Lew Littell. Lew was saying over the air, "Mark is looking for a new songbird. Here's a chance in a million for a girl with a voice—" Here was Ginger's chance! And she took it! She'd never forget the excitement of that night when she beat the blonde girl to the scene and announced that she was to be the new featured singer with Mark Hammond's band!

Crazy? That's what Mark said, but nevertheless Ginger got him in a spot where he just had to listen to her sing her poor heart out. There was a husky sweetness about her voice which tugged at Mark's emotions. Re-

luctantly he promised her a tryout.

Ginger's happiness knew no bounds. She kissed the startled Mark Hammond lightly on the lips.

He was embarrassed and said, gruffly, "If you're going to work with me, girl, remember sentiment and business don't mix!"

That night Ginger Wallis dreamed of a future—a future filled with bright hopes.

STATION WSR's Little Theatre was packed for the first of the new Bronstein Furniture Company's programs. A galaxy of stars was collected together for this important hour. Mark Hammond and his band. Bart Lester, the famous Broadway comedian. The Graham sisters. The great Strohoff, and his violin. And Ginger Wallis, the mystery girl whom Mark Hammond was introducing over the air for the first time tonight.

To Ginger it was the most crucial hour of her whole life. Just a short week since Mark notified her that her audition was successful. And in that week her world had been turned

Enchanted

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL PFEUFER

sensational rise to radio that threatened her career!

completely upside down. She felt like a different girl.

She was wearing the dress Mark's money had paid for. Black he told her to get, to make her skin look whiter, and so she had bought black: In her gratitude she would have done anything that Mark suggested. The dress was simple, and untrimmed, and clung to the graceful lines of her body. It made her look a little taller, and less tom-boyish. Ginger had spent an hour in a beauty parlor, getting her flaming red hair combed down into a smooth, sophisticated coiffure. Her face was very grave.

She hovered in the background, awaiting her turn to step before the microphone. Out on the glass-enclosed stage Mark and his boys were accompanying the Graham sisters in their Southern harmonizing.

Ginger was on fire inside with nervous excitement. She could hardly wait for her cue, and yet paradoxically she was dreading it. She was experiencing her first taste of mike terror.

THROUGH the glass walls surrounding the stage Ginger could see the audience. More than two hundred people sat there. Faces tense, ears strained. The Graham sisters delivered their songs, seemingly oblivious of the watching eyes. They had conquered their microphone terror years ago.

But Ginger, in a sudden panic, wondered if she would have the nerve to go through with the broadcast. Did every beginner feel this way? Or had she started something that was too big for her to finish? It was a frightening feeling, to find that her courage had collapsed, when she had dreamed for so long of this moment.

From nearby Ginger caught a whisper which was never intended to reach her ears. Somebody murmured,

"Funny thing for Mark Hammond to do. Putting a girl who has never sung on the air before on his biggest program. She'll probably make a fool of him."

Ginger Wallis swallowed hard. Her palms were moist, and her lips dry. She'd got to get a grip on herself. If she flopped tonight she would be letting Mark Hammond down, as well as herself. Ginger set her teeth. It was almost time now.

The Graham sisters had finished their song, and bowed away from the microphone. The band swung into a lively fox-trot, and then—

Mark was announcing, "And now I want to present to you my newest protégée, Ginger Wallis. A little girl who is going to sing love songs as you have never heard them sung before. Come, Ginger."

He was so close
that he could
have touched her.
Right then Ginger
knew that she
loved him and al-
ways would. It
was inevitable.

Lady

By DOROTHY BARNESLEY

How she walked across that stage Ginger never knew. She was trembling at the knees. She was too terribly conscious of all the faces beyond the glass walls.

Mark whispered, "Keep up your spirit, kid." And with a whimsical smile, "You'd better be good!"

She had *got* to be good. She was sending her voice out beyond her visible audience into thousands of homes.

HER voice! But where *was* her voice? The nerve strain of the past few days reached its climax. Ginger stood before the microphone. Mark raised his baton. The orchestra broke into the first few bars of her opening song. Ginger's lips parted, but nothing happened.

Nothing but an awful dryness in her throat. Her voice was gone! Ginger could sense the strained atmosphere about her. People waiting for her to sing. The orchestra repeated the prelude, marking time.

The world rocked about Ginger, and she closed her eyes in desperation. Then, just as suddenly as the terror had come to her, it disappeared. She felt a strange calm.

She forgot the microphone. She forgot her audience. A vision of Mark's face flashed before her eyes.

Mark's face stayed with her. It shut out her consciousness of everything else. Her voice came back. A bit tremulous at first, then swelling in volume as her courage rose.

Ginger sang her love songs from the soul. But actually she was not singing from the Little Theatre of WSR. She was out in an open roadster with Mark Hammond. Singing to him alone, and the stars above.

The song was ended. Consciousness of her surroundings returned. Through the glass wall she saw the faces of her audience again. Smiling faces. Hands were clapping wildly. Ginger's heart was up in her throat.

She turned to Mark. He was smiling, too. He motioned her away from the microphone. Ginger's part of the show was over. Strohoff appeared, with his violin.

Ginger seated herself in a little ante room off the stage. She could still see those clapping hands, but she would not dare to believe that she had really made a hit until Mark himself told her so.

When the broadcast was over, he found her. Ginger jumped to her feet. Her face was childishly eager. "Was I all right?" she breathed.

"All right?" Mark Hammond laughed. "Ginger, you were swell! Everybody's talking about you!"

He paused, looking deep into her passionate blue eyes.

"Ginger Wallis," he said slowly, "I believe that a new radio star has been born tonight!"

"Oh, Mark!"

He was so close that he could have touched her. For an instant something electrical played between them. Then Ginger knew that she loved him, and always would. She knew why her soul had sung tonight through her voice. From now on, whenever, and wherever she sang, her song would be for Mark.

But the handsome maestro misunderstood his lovely songbird's emotion.

Mark said easily, "This is a big moment for you, isn't

it, Ginger? Watch out it doesn't go to your pretty head!"

One of the studio attendants interrupted.

"Excuse me, Mr. Hammond. Miss Armbruster is waiting for you."

Mark said, "Thank you. I'll be right out. Sorry, Ginger, I have to rush away. You'll sleep tight tonight, now that your big ordeal is over. I know what it means, facing the mike for the first time. You'll be okay now."

That was all. Ginger followed Mark to the door. A dark, flashing girl, with a fur wrap over her silver dress, came to him and slipped her arm through his. Del Armbruster was one of the girls whose names had been linked with Mark Hammond's in the gossip columns.

Ginger felt curiously flat; her high spirits pricked like a bubble. Apart from her singing she was pathetically unimportant in Mark's life.

Of course she should have known better than allow herself to fall in love with him. He didn't want her adoration. He had even asked her not to get sentimental.

Ginger left the studio, and walked through the quiet night, alone. She had the feeling that this impulsive love of hers was not destined to bring her any great happiness.

IN six months Ginger Wallis became a sensation. She knew every thrill which comes to the unknown fighting her way to the top. Her first piece of fan mail. Mark handed it to her.

"Look, Ginger. It's a sure sign you're going to be a hit when people start writing letters to you."

The first request for her autograph by an eager girl who recognized her on the street. Meeting for the first time the celebrities of her chosen profession, and being accepted as one of them.

Six crowded months literally swept by. Ginger's fan mail was heavy now. She received numerous requests for auto-

graphs and pictures. She made personal appearances at benefits. She mingled with the stars. Those who had once been only names to her became intimate, friendly people.

Ginger had danced with Harry Richman. She went to lunch with Irene Beasley. She met Burns and Allen at a charity show. But she didn't let the glory turn her head.

Every time some shy fan wrote to her, "Miss Wallis, I think your voice is wonderful, I should like to sing over the radio, too, if I had the chance," her eyes were a bit damp, remembering herself as she used to be. You have to get to the top to realize that there is not so very much difference between a star and a nobody, after all.

Ginger wasn't walking home alone from her broadcasts any more. A new star was born, and the playboys toasted her brilliance. Lew Littell wrote in his column.

"Ginger Wallis, Mark Hammond's 'find', whose rise to success reads like a fairy tale, is Broadway's newest heart-throb. Her current escort is Bradley Sonborn. .But Ginger doesn't say 'yes,' and she doesn't say 'no'."

Picture her tonight at the opening of the Colony Club with Bradley Sonborn. A creature of polished perfection from head to foot. White evening dress molded to her like a sheath. White fur wrap. Hair like burnished red fire. A cigarette between slim fingers. A half smile touching her lips. The gamin turned into a (Continued on page 66)





WHY

Warren Hull Went Into Exile

BY ARTHUR C. JOHNSON

He's m.c. on Vick's Open House. See page 53—7 o'clock column. And Beatrice Lilly's program. Page 53—9 o'clock column.

He had no alternative but to flee from the law. Now, after four years, the truth can be told

THE program was coming to a close. The orchestra leader swung his arms in a final burst of calisthenics as he directed his men in the concluding bars of a fast stepping jazz number. Up to the microphone stepped a handsome master of ceremonies and smilingly read off the last lines of script.

"This is Warren Hull saying 'Good Night' and we'll all be with you again at this same time next Friday night."

Little did he dream that on the following Friday night he would be saying those same words in not so cheerful a note on another station, more than two hundred miles away from New York.

Suddenly, as the orchestra drifted into the program's theme song, an announcer did a strange and unheard of thing. He opened the door and entered the studio ten seconds before the control man threw the switch for the next program in an adjoining studio. Swiftly and silently he strode over to this young master of ceremonies. A few words were rapidly whispered into Warren's ear. Hull's face turned an ashen hue.

A quick movement to the control room door, a dash down

the corridor, minus hat and coat, Warren made for the elevators. A shout came from a heavy, thickset gentleman, sitting in the foyer.

"Hey, you, wait!" he commanded, struggling to his feet and awkwardly running toward Hull. Just then the elevator door opened and the young radio star rapidly spoke a few words to the operator.

"Wait, wait—going down!" yelled the portly gent. The elevator door slammed in his face.

This was the dramatic manner in which Warren Hull disappeared from Manhattan's radio row four years ago. He stayed away for three years and then came back to begin all over again.

But why, wondered his colleagues, should Warren Hull run away from New York just as he was on the brink of coast-to-coast recognition as a popular announcer and singing master of ceremonies? What was the reason for his extraordinary haste in getting away from the studio that night? Naturally, questions were asked of the announcer who broke into the studio, but he remained silent.

WAS Warren a criminal, fleeing from the law? Of course he wasn't a criminal. Anybody who knew Warren dismissed that question as being too idiotic for words. But young Hull WAS running away from the law. And now, after four years, the truth can be told.

The words which the announcer whispered into Hull's ears are these: "Say, Warren, there's a guy outside with a warrant for your arrest!"

And the reason for that warrant has been duplicated many, many times before and will continue to be duplicated many times more until some adjustment is made in New York's divorce laws. It was Alimony!

A few years before his sudden disappearance Warren Hull got married. Some time later he obtained a divorce and remarried. Because she believed him to be making a fabulous salary with his radio work, his first wife sued for more alimony. And the judge ordered the young husband to pay Wife Number One *More money than he was making a week!* There was no possibility of appeal. The court had made its decision.

Warren was caught fast. He couldn't possibly comply with the demands of the court. And failure to do so would result in his being jailed. The only possible way out was escape. And so Warren beat the sheriff to the elevator by a whisker, drove to his home in Connecticut and poured out his troubles to his charming second wife.

They moved their belongings to Boston and the young radio star found an announcing position vacant on the staff of WBZ. Warren's salary was that of a small-town shoe clerk but he was still on the air. He announced crooners and concert artists, (Continued on page 79)

Spring Clothes

With spring just making her debut, a young lady's fancy turns to fashions. Harriet Hiliard, Ozzie Nelson's songbird, chose these latest smart costumes



WILMA features this good-looking afternoon dress (upper left) of novelty weave silk, coat style, buttoned down the front. The puffed collar treatment of linen and val lace is quaint.

THE new spring coat on the left of imported smooth-finished cloth has a separate hip length cape of black galyac with an Elizabethan flared collar which is so flattering.

HARRIET looks grand in this three-piece sports ensemble (right) consisting of two-piece Navy wool suit with large pearl buttons and swagger top coat of blue and red plaid Rodier cloth.



POSED EXCLUSIVELY FOR
RADIO MIRROR
BY
HARRIET HILLIARD

Costumes by Wilma Inc.
Photos by Ray Lee Jackson



ABOVE, unusual black cloth spring suit with three-quarter swagger coat, trimmed with silver fox. The dress is simple with short sleeves, high neck, adorned with interesting clips.

THE gown on the left is of that new black cellophane lace which Miss Hilliard wears so gracefully. It's worn with a three-quarter, double-breasted coat and is fastened with rhinestone buttons.

RIGHT, another new spring evening dress of pansy print. Its molded hip-line and accentuated shirred bustline are its features. Upper left, the same dress with its mingtoy jacket, lined with pansy color satin.

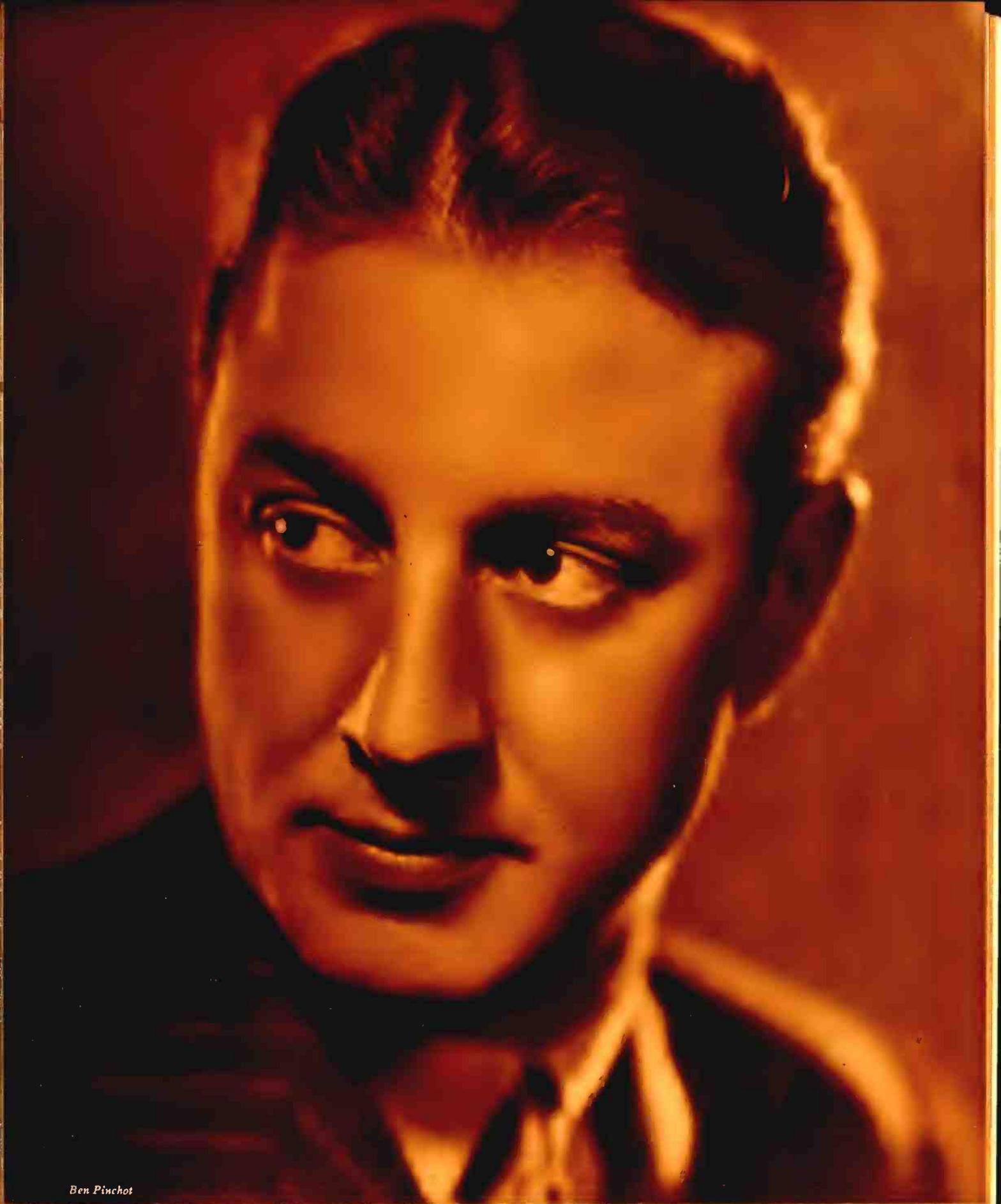




Maurice Seymour, Chicago

The titled Spanish songstress is featured on the Silken Strings program from Chicago, sponsored by Real Silk. You also have heard her pinch-hitting for Jessica Dragonette on the Cities Service concert. The Countess' greatest interest in life is her young, handsome son Guardo.

Countess Olga Albani



Ben Pinchot

Conrad Thibault

His pleasing baritone voice is always in demand. The NBC Maxwell House Showboat claimed him first. Then came other parts. And now the Columbia network has borrowed Conrad for "Club Romance," which is sponsored by the makers of Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream.

JANE PICKENS'



Phantom Friend

THIS is the story of a miraculously beautiful friendship in Jane Pickens' life, a friend whom she knew for six years—and whom she never met. Perhaps it sounds like a press agent yarn, this story of a great unselfish devotion that gave everything and asked nothing in return. But it isn't. I have known Jane Pickens for a long time, and I know that this story is true. While Paul Frank was alive I would have hesitated to tell it, but Paul is dead now, and there is no further need for me to keep secret this strange yarn of what this phantom friend meant to Jane.

Paul, an advertising executive who lived and worked in Philadelphia, first came into Jane's life when she was a student at the Curtis Conservatory of Music, and lived at the Pennsylvania League of Women Voters. Though she was ashamed to confess it, she was horribly lonely and homesick with a craving that could hardly be denied. She who all her life had lived with her loved ones on a plantation in Georgia; she who had shared all her good times and bad with her sisters, what was she doing here in a strange northern town among people who didn't know or care whether she lived or died? A dozen times she felt as if she'd like to chuck it all and go home to the warmth of the people she loved.

Then one day, when she was feeling particularly blue and depressed, her 'phone rang. "Jane?" said a cheery voice. The voice sent her spirits soaring, it was so bubbly and buoyant, as though there were a great undercurrent of happiness underneath that voice. "This is Paul," continued the voice. And went on talking gaily. Soon Jane realized that she didn't know the person who was making the call; but she couldn't resist talking on and on with that eager voice. By a funny coincidence, he had called the wrong number, and the girl he had wanted to talk to was also named Jane.

PAUL must have fallen in love, then and there, with Jane's voice! Eagerly he asked her what her second name was, and where she lived; but she laughingly refused to tell him.

A couple of days passed. Then one night Jane was awakened by the ringing of the 'phone. "This is the Fire Department," said a very gruff voice. "A fire has been reported at this house. Is this 191 Spruce Street?"

"No," said Jane, "this is 1725 Locust Street." And went to bed, still drowsy.

The next day who should call up again but Paul? "If I prove to you," he said, "that you gave me your address, will you tell me what your second name is?"

"Oh, but I'm sure I didn't give it to you," said Jane.

"Oh, yes you did," laughed Paul. "I was the Fire Department."

Shortly thereafter, Jane received a grand bottle of perfume from Paul. Almost every day, when she came home from school, Paul called Jane. For hours he would talk about every subject under the sun, and Jane found herself thrilling to the new worlds his talks opened up to her. He had traveled everywhere, and he gave her a new, fresh, buoyant viewpoint. Her homesickness vanished as if by magic. Life was filled with a strange new savor.

And still they didn't meet. Jane besieged those of her friends who knew Paul to tell her all about him. They told her how grand he was, and let

She eagerly awaited his phone calls and learned to depend upon his good advice. And yet she never even saw him!

By DORA ALBERT

it go at that. And that was as far as it went.

Though Paul called her every day, he never suggested coming to see her. And it gradually dawned on Jane that her new friend wanted things this way, and that for some reason of his own, he did not want to meet her.

But if there was anything in the world he could do for her, he offered to do it. Nothing was too much trouble. "Have you a car?" he asked her, and when she said she didn't have one, he begged her to use his. Each day he left a low rakish foreign roadster outside her school, hoping to tempt her to use it. Jane never used it, but she was touched by his thoughtfulness, as who would not have been?

Their strange friendship continued even when Jane went to Europe to study, and when she came to New York and got her start on the stage and in radio. She was never so far away that Paul's letters could not reach her. Wherever she went, suddenly her 'phone would ring, and there would be Paul telling her what he thought of her performance, advising her what songs he would like to hear her sing.

When she went out with some boy friend, Paul frequently called afterwards and took her breath away by asking, "How was So and So?" And then he'd tell her all the nice things he'd been able to find out about So and So. When she came to Philadelphia, no matter what hotel she went to, flowers always arrived at her hotel. And she would be perfectly astounded at the amazing service she got. Paul had tipped the bellboys.

FOR six years this phantom friendship went on, and never once in those six years did these two friends meet, though they talked with each other constantly. At first Jane had longed for a glimpse of him, but gradually she built up a perfect picture of him in her mind. Now she was content to have their relationship just as it was, realizing that she could never know him any better than she did already, and that to meet him could not make the bonds of their friendship any stronger than they were.

Then suddenly for a whole month Jane did not hear from him. But she wasn't unduly alarmed. After all, there'd been nothing regular about Paul's phone calls. He had called whenever the mood seized him, sometimes several times a week, and sometimes not for a whole month or so. But when Jane went to Philadelphia, Paul's home town, and still heard nothing from Paul, she began to get worried.

Then one day her 'phone rang. It was Paul's mother. In an odd, grief-stricken voice she told Jane that Paul, her Paul and Jane's Paul, had died.

"I was just going through his (Continued on page 65)

The Pickens Sisters are on the Gulf program. See page 51—7 o'clock column

WHAT'S NEW ON

IT'S back to the theatre this Fall for several radio comics. Ed Wynn and Eddie Cantor are definitely set for Broadway musicals and Jack Benny, who tried out a play last Fall which was discarded as unworthy of metropolitan presentation, has been offered the star role in still another musical comedy. Fred Allen is pondering over a proposition which, if accepted, will restore him to the legitimate stage. And another manager thinks Joe Penner is just what he needs to insure the box office success of his opus.

ARE the sponsors of Alexander Woollcott worrying

A dancer turns vocalist. Maxine Grey (below) is the featured soloist of Hal Kemp's Pennsylvania band.



Meet Ray Noble, English composer, pianist and orchestra leader. Heard on the Coty program Wednesdays at 10:30 p.m.



about the Town Crier's choice of material? Radio Row hears they are. They are anxious, report those oracles who like to traffic in inside information, because of Woollcott's predilection for off-color, or too highly sophisticated yarns.

One in particular was his episode about Katharine Cornell's cocker spaniel, Fluff. Woollcott pictured the pet as becoming so near-sighted that when his mistress emerged with him from the theater he would run up to stage-door Johnnies in the mistaken notion they were lamp posts! The Cream of Wheat people didn't think that narrative half as amusing as Woollcott did and thought it a great deal less so as letters of protest accumulated.

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS:

DESPITE reports to the contrary "The Gibson Family," the original radio musical serial whose appearance has been changed from Saturday to Sunday nights, will continue on the kilocycles until July . . . By the time you read this Conrad Thibault probably will have signed a movie contract. But instead of singing, the baritone will be assigned an important acting role.

Grace Moore got only \$25,000 for

making "One Night of Love" but she stands to make a quarter of a million dollars with "On the Wings of Song." She received a straight salary for her first picture but gets a certain guarantee plus 10 percent of the gross receipts for her new flicker. . . .

RAY DIAZ, recently appointed night supervisor of announcers at Radio City, began his career as an NBC page boy.

AMERICAN programs are steadily gaining in favor with English audiences. NBC is short-waving its Saturday morning periods for re-broadcast by the British Broadcasting Company and maybe listeners over there aren't eating them up . . . And in Germany, dance programs by Jolly Coburn, Jack Denny and Hal Kemp are keeping the Nazis up until all hours for the difference in time makes them very much an A. M. attraction.

AFTER one of his "fireside chats" President Roosevelt receives an average of 45,000 letters from listeners. No other broadcaster can compare with him when it comes to inspiring fan mail . . . A reader suggests that Charles Winninger ought

RADIO ROW

BY
JAY PETERS

Father Coughlin, considered responsible for keeping the U. S. out of the World-Court, testifying at the Monetary Conference called by Senator Elmer Thomas (seated) of Oklahoma.

Wide World



Wide World

The sea-faring gentleman is Phillips Lord, Commander of the much distressed, much criticized schooner, the "Seth Parker" which is now safely in port at Samoa.

is the secretary and general manager. If you don't think Bing Crosby, Limited, is Big Business, here are some of the enterprises it handles: A string of oil wells at Ventura, Cal. . . . A welterweight prize fighter, Freddie Steele, of Tacoma, Wash. . . . A ranch for the breeding of thoroughbred horses, located 25 miles north of San Diego . . . Interest in a fish-canning concern . . . Interest in a music publishing house . . . And promising realty holdings in various parts of the Golden State.

(Continued on page 80)

Grace Moore, whose song recitals from Hollywood are now sponsored by the Vick Chemical Co.



to make an ideal Greek dialect comedian, pointing out that he was born in Athens, Marathon County, Wis. Winninger, however, in his long career in the theatre, appears to have played every character but a Greek.

THIRTEEN year old **Mary Small**, the little girl with the big voice, is proprietor of a chain of flower stores in Baltimore. That is, she owns the business through her parents as guardians. Through them, also, she is director of a Baltimore bank. These evidences of material wealth have all come to Mary since she became a radio headliner.

RADIO Row has the jitters!

There is no question about it, all this talk about television has reduced its residents to a bad state of nerves. Rumors, wild, weird and woe-inspiring, fill the air. Catch your favorite ether entertainer off guard and you'll hear him mumbling beneath his breath. Press him for an explanation and he'll sheepishly explain:

"I was just wondering what is going to happen to *me*, when television comes."

And that's what is worrying them all: What is going to happen to them when television comes? Will they

register with the televisor, or whatever the dingus that projects the images is called, or will they be a flop? Will the whole broadcasting scheme of things be turned topsy turvy, as when the talkies came to Hollywood and chaos engulfed the film industry? Will the old timers be turned out like the silent screen favorites of the past and a brand new breed of broadcasters developed?

Stage players, too, are joyously expectant. They see the finish of the script-reading actors of today and their replacement by seasoned thespians, up in their lines and in the technique of the theatre. Wire walkers, pantomimists, magicians, acrobats, owners of animal acts, clowns and other circus performers see the portals of radio opening up to them at last after all these lean years. But, surely, television means more than transforming every studio into a variety stage and every home into a vaudeville theatre.

BING CROSBY, Limited, incorporated under the laws of both California and Delaware, is the name under which the baritone's business activities are grouped. Bing is the president and sole stockholder in the corporation and his brother, Everett,

COAST-TO-COAST

Chicago

by Chase Giles

I ALWAYS thought that actors were the most superstitious people in the world. But June Meredith, star of the Friday night "First Nighter" broadcasts over NBC networks has decided otherwise. June had been arguing about it with her friends. They couldn't agree. So she decided to try to find out.

She made up a bogus chain letter of the kind that begins, "This letter was written by a soldier on the battle fields of France." The letter went on to say that good luck would attend the recipient if he or she would copy it and send the copy to an address enclosed. The address was that of a friend of June's.

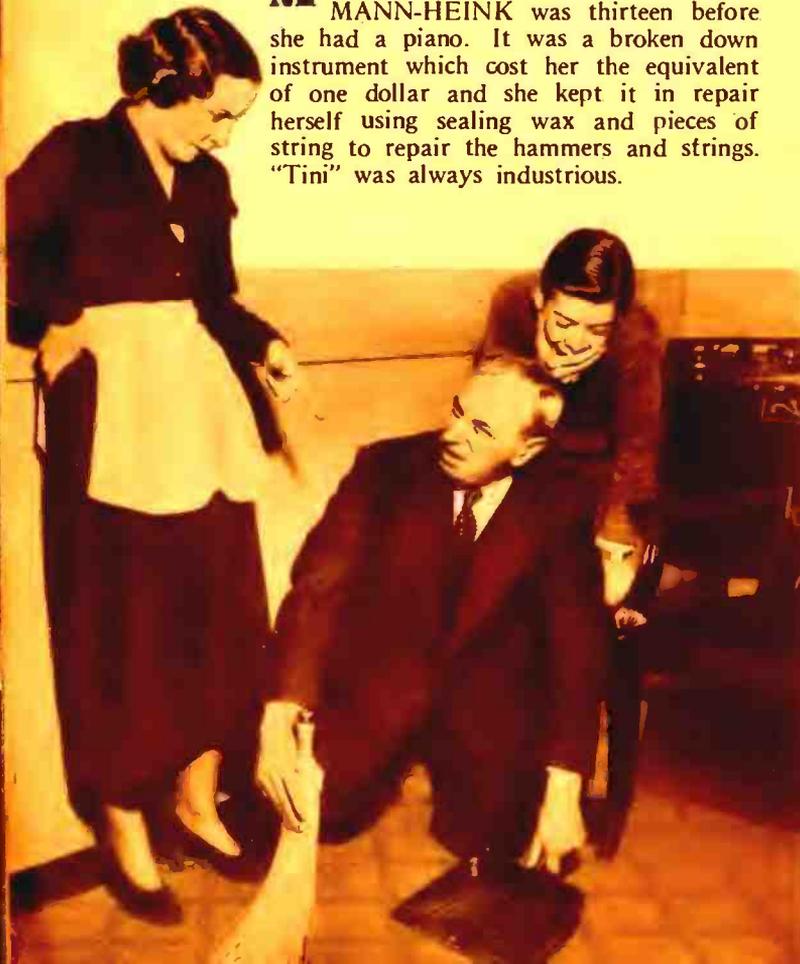
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Four football coaches, eagerly wooing lady luck, copied the letter and mailed it. Two college professors did the same thing as did two professional men but only *one* actor. The public officials refused to reply. There you have it all in a nutshell.

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The break finally came through a Chicago music publisher who kept telling his Hollywood office that Frankie was film material. And the funny part of it is that Frankie laughed not so long ago when a negro mammy, dozing beside a gas station where he stopped, suddenly woke up and said:

"White genmun, ah see yo' goin' far away. Ah sees a big crowd of people. Ah sees yo' signin' yo' name to papers. Ah sees yo' ackin in de moving pitchurs!"

When Art Van Harvey (Vic) upsets an ashtray on the floor, Bernardine Flynn (Sade) sees to it that he cleans up, to Billy Idelson's (Rush) amusement.

(Continued on page 73)

H I G H L I G H T S

Pacific

by Dr. Ralph L. Power



We bet this is the first picture you've seen of the Rev. W. B. Hogg, Hollywood's country preacher.

didn't awhile back . . . not because he had a pet peeve, but because he gave up seven teeth to his favorite dental surgeon.

WEDDING bells rang for Bob Nichols St. Valentine's Day, when the producer of the *Woman's Magazine of the Air* and *Western Farm and Home Hour* (NBC) was married to Miss Elva Kucher of Seattle. Bob used to announce up that way until he trekked to the bay district four or five years ago. Carmel . . . artists' rendezvous and locale for testimony about titian-haired evangelists, was the scene of the honeymoon.



THE Bluettes, popular harmony team, are no more. They were on the air over independent stations, and later NBC and CBS, for some six years.

Marian Peck, soprano, is working with a San Francisco law firm; Theresa Aezer, accompanist, is doing temporary work at the KFRC music (*Continued on page 74*)

HERE'S a thumbnail sketch of Cowboy Joe who hails from the twin station of KOMO-KJR up in Seattle. Many readers of this column have written in to learn his identity and something about him.

Cowboy Joe isn't a synthetic cowboy . . . drugstore variety. Neither is he exactly a real ranch hand, though he'd know how to board a hoss and roam 'round the sagebrush country.

In real life he is Hugh Poore, of Alabama. Henri Damski, music director for the stations, named him when Joe was first mate on the *Steamboat Bill* program.

Cowboy Joe, nee Hugh Poore, ambled to the coast when he was sixteen. Along came the world war and Joe fairly rocked the army barracks with songs of the wide open spaces. Later he went into the trucking business and finally into radio up north.

You can hear him on the *Rocky Mountaineers* program once a week, and every day with his own broadcast.

The guitar is the favorite of Cowboy Joe, though he can play practically any string instrument.

CARLTON E. MORSE, scripter for NBC's "*One Man's Family*," is speaking to everybody these days. He

Hugh Poore is Cowboy Joe who yippiies through your loudspeaker on stations KOMO and KJR way, way out West in Seattle.



"In the old-fashioned way." Carefree Carnival listeners, here's Rita Lane, the show's featured, fair-haired soprano from the Coast.

COAST-TO-COAST

Chicago

by Chase Giles

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(Continued on page 73)

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Meet the Artists!



2—HE TURNS OFFERS DOWN!
3—HER LIFE'S A SERIES OF ACCIDENTS!

THIS time the sponsor isn't the host . . . YOU are! Come and meet the artists. They are among the most interesting people in the world. Some of them reach you only a few times each season and for that very reason, their appearances are awaited, with keen interest. Often you wish you could hear them more frequently. (Page those sponsors, please!) And here's a chance to join the reception line, and meet them off-stage, as human beings.

1—ARTUR BODANZKY

Born in Vienna. Typically Viennese in temperament. Considered the world's greatest operatic conductor. Was taken to hear his first opera at five and wept with emotion. Begged the score for his birthday present. Spent the summer learning it. Could then play it through by heart. His family wanted him to be a doctor. Tried hard, but persisted in fainting at the sight of blood. Is courageous, but can't bear seeing people suffer. Studied the violin. Wanted to be a violinist, but was told there was no future for him. Learned many instruments. Fiddled in orchestra in Vienna Opera.

1—HE
COULDN'T
BE A
DOCTOR!

Was "spotted" there for personality and power over men. Got job as conductor of comic opera. At twenty-one, was highest paid comic opera

conductor in Vienna. And hated it! Wanted something better than comic opera. Gave up fine post to go out on tour with an ill-paying provincial grand opera troupe. When next heard of, was Director in Chief of Ducal Opera House, in Mannheim. Was brought here to prove that Wagner could be made "alive." Today Wagnerian opera is the most popular in the Metropolitan repertory!

Demands perfection in his work and hypnotizes the men into giving it to him. Has terrific temper. Scolds artists in no uncertain terms when he isn't pleased. Gets just as roused defending them when anybody else wants to scold. Is a fiend on bridge and loves horseback riding.

2—YEHUDI MENUHIN

At sixteen, he ranks among the great violinists of the world. Is a healthy, hearty, unspoiled boy. To keep him so, his parents allow him to play no more than twenty concerts a year. When those have been booked, the rest are turned down, regardless of glamor or fee. Is blessed with sensible parents. His father was a school teacher. His mother, a university graduate, speaks nine languages. The language of the Menuhin home is biblical Hebrew. When Yehudi was born, they were bitterly poor. When they went to concerts, there was no one to leave the baby with, so they took him along. Smuggled him into the top gallery. At three, he cried for a violin.

There was no money to buy him one. On his fourth birthday someone gave him a tiny toy fiddle. The tone of it didn't please him, so he stamped on it. His grandmother gave him a real violin. Six months later, he played as soloist with the

WHEN THEY APPEAR ON THE AIR IT'S A BIG



4—HIS HOBBY PAYS, TOO!

5—SINGING ARISTOCRAT!

6—A REAL FRIEND!

San Francisco Symphony. Can tune his violin by ear, without aid of a piano.

Studies and plays at home, with his parents and sisters. Loves chess and driving an automobile. Carries his driver's license in his pocket whenever he plays a concert. Loves tomato juice. As a child, was not allowed to read his own press-notices, or think himself in any way different from other children. Studies politics and economics. Wants to "grow up to be useful and help the poor." Doesn't like being stared at as a prodigy. Knows by heart every piece of classical violin music ever written. Keeps regular study hours getting an education. Practises for pleasure. Was one of the few Jewish artists invited by the Nazi government to play in Germany. Turned the bid down, in defense of his persecuted colleagues.

3—LILYPONS

The most talked-of musical personality in three continents, and gets thrilled to the fever-pitch over a new dress. Comes from the Riviera. Her life is a series of accidents. Trained as a pianist. Developed spinal meningitis at fifteen, and spent two years flat on her back. With one career blasted, tried the speaking stage, in Paris. Met with no great success. Married and retired to keep house. Her voice was discovered by accident, while singing a passage she had fumbled at the piano. Didn't believe she'd have any luck in third career, either. Sang at home just for the fun of it. Was asked to step into a performance of opera in France, and made a hit. Sang perhaps six times more, but only as guest. Never was a member of any opera company before coming to the Metropolitan. Oldest of three daughters and supports the family. Got a divorce, because her husband's work kept him in Europe while hers kept her here, and she missed a home life. Is reported about ready for a second plunge.

Knows no fear. Kept a wild Brazilian jaguar as a pet. Gets stage-fright, but works it off while singing. Weighs one hundred pounds. Her constant dread is getting thinner! Adores sports but doesn't dare go in for them—for fear of losing weight. Could live on lettuce and pickles. Hates fattening foods. Can't develop professional "temperament." Gets thrilled when people notice her. A terrifically hard worker. Thoroughly musical. Reads orchestral scores like a trained conductor. Doesn't like living in hotels. Still a little scared of the microphone. Loves mannish tailored clothes—and going to the movies.

4—TITO SCHIPA

The man you know as leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera is famous throughout Italy as the chicken king! Started the first large-scale model poultry farm in Italy. Heard by chance that the price of eggs and poultry was five times higher there than here, and determined something must be done about it. Just like that. Held conferences with Mussolini's Ministry of Agriculture. Then bought up thirty-three acres outside Rome and stocked them with American hatcheries. Wanted to make the place as much like an American farm as possible. Studied feeds and methods of poultry care. At first, the venture lost money. Today, his forty-thousand hens are, so to speak, self-supporting. Has succeeded in putting scientific poultry farming on a commercial basis, and brought prices down. Spends his vacations experimenting with chickens.

Is slim enough to look like a real romantic hero. Hates the idea of being a "matinee idol." Travels everywhere with his wife and children. Likes to play cards, and goes to four movie shows a day. His mother wanted him to be a priest. Studied two years at an Italian Seminary, and then decided: "a beautiful life . . . but not for me!" Wanted to sing. Went to a vocal master who kept him on nothing but scales and exercises for four years. Once, at a party, he sang a song . . . *O Sole Mio* . . . and was thrashed by his teacher, next day, for breaking rules. Never practises today. Loves to play piano and compose

songs. Gave Hollywood two theme songs . . . *The Gaucho* and *Ave Maria*. Carries his own brand of coffee with him all over the world. Once went on a tour of the Chicago stock yards. Has never touched red meat since. Loves to be jolly and laugh.

5—LUCREZIA BORI

Born in Andalusia, Spain. A direct descendant of the historically celebrated Lucrezia Borgia, which is her real name. Changed to Bori when her family refused to let her bring to the stage the great name of the Borgia popes and monarchs. Had no professional training. Educated at the Convent of The Sacred Heart. Is deeply religious. Spends hours in meditation, in convents and at home. Is an expert needlewoman. Before her career gave her independence, made all her own clothes. Was too poor to buy them: Made her own stage clothes, too. Sewed at night, after a day of practising, studying, and interviewing people for jobs. Still wears some of the operatic costumes she made herself. Still alters new gowns to suit her individual needs. Likes people, but isn't the party type of "good mixer." She loves books, is a great reader, mostly philosophy and history. Spends as much time as a concert tour would require, working hard for charitable causes. Lost her voice about eight years ago, and saw her career snuffed out overnight. Retired, without bitterness, to Spain, to live a country life. A year later was thrown from a donkey, and got terribly jolted. When she came to, found that her voice had returned! Has immense personality and Spanish fire. The aristocrat to her fingertips . . . by manner as well as by blood.

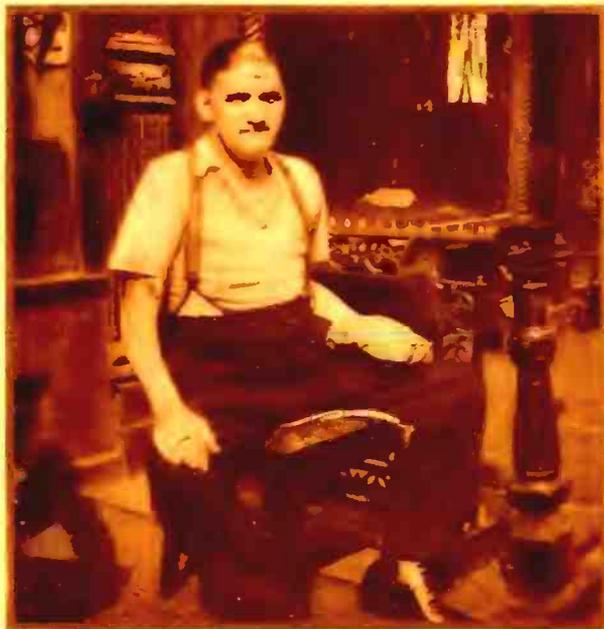
6—ELIZABETH RETHBERG

The Guild of America's Vocal Teachers awarded her a medal as "The World's Most Perfect Singer." She's a real person! Cannot learn the "professional manner". Has been known to overlook a formidable Society Leader, at a reception, to rush over to an old friend from her home town, who just arrived needing a job and looking it. Born in the rugged mountains between Saxony and Bohemia. Could sing before she could speak. At five, heard her family discussing a birth-

(Continued on page 72)

EVENT—HERE'S WHAT THEY'RE REALLY LIKE! By Rose Heylbut

What RADIO Means to a Man



Who Has NOTHING ELSE

DOWN past the Bowery, overlooking a cobblestone street on which are piled the broken and marred furniture of dispossessed tenants, two tiny rooms with dark walls and narrow windows, whose rent is paid for by the city welfare agencies, is Irving's world.

It has been twelve years since Irving walked a step, twelve more since muscular paralysis first began to creep upon him. He sits in those bare, unadorned rooms and waits for friends who may come to talk awhile or move him outside for a breath of fresh air, and for the strength to go on with his hobby.

For Irving, crippled, penniless, living in his world of dark walls and narrow windows, has projected himself into the field of radio, has identified himself with its biggest stars. He has seen these stars come to his rooms and sign his calling book. He has corresponded with them, and offered them criticism and praise.

He has even organized fan clubs for stars like Harry Richman, contributing his rooms for a meeting place and his noisy, creaking typewriter for the club's correspondence.

Tacked to the walls are hundreds of autographed pictures of screen, stage, and radio celebrities. Hundreds more are neatly stacked in albums which he thumbs through every day. On his desk is the calling book in which famous people sign their names.

They are people like Martha Boswell, Vaughn De Leath, Vera Van, Fannie Brice, Jack Pearl, Harry Richman, Betty Barthell, Billy Rose, and Ben Lyon, who have come to see Irving and learn how he has conquered life's worst tragedy, paralysis, through radio.

Irving didn't go crazy when, twelve years ago, he lost all control over the diseased legs. But as surely as he sat and brooded, his physical energy depleted, his mental faculties were weakening

under the stress of the brutal news he had received from his doctors.

He would never walk again.

Yet Irving never quite gave up while he waited and prayed for overwhelming numbness that might rob him of the knowledge that never again would he walk. And while he waited, a miracle happened, so that now though physically he is the same man that he was twelve years ago, life has been made desirable for him.

That is what radio means to a man who has nothing else.

WHEN Irving was a boy of seven, he had an accident, slight at the time, which worried neither his parents nor himself. But somehow, through a stroke of bad luck, it was the beginning of the illness which was later to make him a desperate, fear-crazed cripple.

The trouble was not apparent for months. It was over a year before a doctor was called in consultation. All this time, Irving and his mother and father were confident that he was on the road to recovery.

Then came the news from the doctor that an operation was needed, had been needed, in fact, for some time. Irving's family was not rich, but the business brought in a monthly income which allowed them to live modestly and comfortably. It was not easy, scraping together money for the first operation and the expensive hospital care afterwards.

The operation, at first (Continued on page 63)

How radio rescued one shut-in from the
brink of despair and utter loneliness
By FRED RUTLEDGE

NAME 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:

Who Is Your Favorite Man On The Air?

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

HERE is your chance to register your reaction to the programs that come into your home. Radio Mirror will pay substantial cash prizes for the best statements of opinion. This is not a popularity contest. It is more. It is a sincere campaign to find out the reasons behind radio popularity. You can aid—and at the same time your chance to win a cash award is excellent. Read the rules carefully and then write this month's nomination, together with your reasons, on the ballot as instructed. Save the ballot. Another, asking a different question will appear next month. A third will appear in the issue following. Do not enter until you have all three filled out. The man you name this month may be master of ceremonies, band man, singer, musician, actor, announcer or anyone else whose voice, artistry or personality comes to you in regular radio programs.

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will ask a question on some 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. 1 -----

RADIO MIRROR'S 1935 PROGRAM ANALYSIS

MY FAVORITE MAN ON THE AIR IS

REASON FOR CHOICE

(Use Thirty-Five Words or Less)

.....

.....

.....

Your name Street City State

12 NOON 1 P.M. 2 P.M. 3 P.M. 4 P.M. 5 P.M. 6 P.M.

BLUE NETWORK

12:00 Gigantic Pictures, Inc.: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Fields and Hall: Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:15 Bennett Sisters Trio: Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. Network
Merry Macs: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network
Genia Fonarivova, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:30 Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—Network
National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. Hour—Network

1:30 National Youth Conference: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Words and Music: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

2:00 NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs. ¾ hr. Network

Reports filter in as we race to press that Gigantic Pictures at twelve noon on Sundays is soon to be no more.

2:00 Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHAM plus WKBF
RCA Matinee: Wed. 1 hr. Network

2:15 Bob Becker's Fireside Chats About Dogs: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic

2:30 Lux Radio Theater: Sun. one hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ
WWNC WBAP WJAX plus Coast plus WLW WIBA KFYR WDAY KTBS WFAA KTBS WTAR CFCF

2:45 Echoes of Erin: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

3:00 Radio Guild: Mon. Hour—Network
Art Collins Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network
Rambler Trio: Wed. ¼ hr.
Castles of Romance: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
U. S. Marine Band: Fri. one hr. Network

3:15 Sketch: Wed. ¼ hr. Network

3:30 National Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. Network

Late in February Wallace Beery made his first appearance on the radio, and he now promises it won't be his last. He enjoyed playing the lead in "The Old Sack" so much for the Lux Radio Theater of the air that he wants to come back.

The company sponsoring this hour promises a return engagement before too long. . . . That RCA matinee on Wednesdays is, as far as we know, the first weekly hour program in the afternoon sponsored.

4:00 Jolly Coburn's Spartan Triolans: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAM WJR WGAR KWK plus WFIL WCKY WKBF
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 KPRC

4:15 Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Songs: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network

4:30 Carlsbad Presents Morton Downey: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WJR WGAR KWK
Rochester Civic Orchestra: Wed. one hr. Network
Platt and Nerman: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Bennett Sisters Trio: Fri. ¼ hr. Network

Morton Downey is finding it a little harder than he suspected, crashing back to ether fame. His quarter hour is so short, at the time when the Philharmonic is playing an CBS, that many listeners have yet to discover Morton is once more singing on the air.

5:00 Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTHS WBAP KPRC WOAI
Al Pearce and His Gang: Mon. Fri. ¼ hr. Network
Your Health: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
George Sterney Orchestra: Sat. ¼ hr.

5:15 Jackie Heller: Tues. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network
Wooley the Moth: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

5:30 Cook's Travelogue: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WFI WCKY
Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR WLW

5:45 Terhune Dog Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast
Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL Plus WRVA WJAX CRCT WCKY WPTF WFLA CFCF WIOD

Notice the new program at 5:15 (if it's still there when this issue is on the stands). It's called Wooley the Moth.

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC

WJZ
WBAL
WMAL
WBZ
WBZA

WSYR
WHAM
KDKA
WJR
WENR
WGAR

KWCR
KSO
KWK
WREN
KOIL

WESTERN

WPTF
WTMJ
KSTP
WWNC
WKY
WBAP

KPRC
WEBC
WRVA
WJAX
WFLA
WOAI

COAST

KOA
KDYL

KGO
KFI
KGW

WLS
KOMO
KHQ

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAF
WTAG
WBEN
WCAE
WTAM

WWJ
WLW
WSAI
WFBR
WRC

WGY
WJAR
WCSH
WLIT
WFI

WEEI
KSD
WDAF

WHO
WMAQ
WOW
WTIC

WESTERN

KSTP
WTMJ

WEBC
KPRC

WKY
WOAI

KVOO
WFAA

WBAP
KTAR

SOUTHERN

WIOD
WFLA
WWNC

WIS
WPTF
WRVA

WJAX
WMC
WJDX

WSB
WSM
WSMB

WAPI
WAVE

CANADIAN

CRCT

CFCF

KHQ
KDYL
KOA

COAST

KGO
KHJ
KGW

KOMO
KFI

NATIONAL

3:00 Sally of the Talkies: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WTIC plus WJDX WSMB WSM WMC WSB WAPI
Vic and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WLW plus KYW KFI

3:15 Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJAR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW—plus WKBF WSM WSB WAPI WAVE WSMB

3:30 Penthouse Serenade, Don Mario: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast
Dreams Come True: Mon. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW
Willie Bryant Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr.
Kay Foster, Songs: Fri. ¼ hr.

Immortal Dramas on Sundays is causing quite a stir around Chicago. Seems people still like to hear scenes from the Bible. . . . Berry McKinley, Dreams Came True star, once had to sleep on a park bench, waiting for a check for money to eat on. It was in Cincinnati.

4:00 Rhythm Symphony: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WCAE KSD WHO WOW plus Southern minus WWNC WIS plus Coast minus KHJ plus WBA WEBC WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KFSD WKY
Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr.

4:30 Harry Reser's Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBR WLIT KSD WHO WOW
The Jesters Trio: Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network
Arlene Jackson, songs: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
NBC Music Guild: Fri. ¼ hr.

4:45 Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO WOW
The Lady Next Door, Madge Tucker: Tues. ¼ hr.—Network

Whether you like women announcers or not, you have a good chance for a fair criticism by listening to the Woman's Radio Review (every weekday at 4:00). Claudine MacDonald is the feminine master of ceremonies. . . . Watch for the grand gallery pictures soon of Captain Tim Healy.

5:00 Sentinel Serenade: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WMC WSB WSM WAVE WTMJ WEBC KFYR WIBA plus Canadian
Kay Foster, Songs: Mon. Sat. ¼ hr. Network
Meredith Willson Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network
N't'l Congress Parliament, Teachers Program: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

5:15 Tom Mix' Ralston Shooters: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WFBR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW

5:30 The House By Side of Road: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WWNC WIS WPTF KPRC WKY WOAI KVOO WBAP plus WTAR KTHS WVAX KSD plus Canadian
Sugar and Bunny: Tues. Thurs., ¼ hr.
Alice in Orchestralia: Wed. ¼ hr. Network
Interview, Nellie Revell: Fri. ¼ hr.
Our American Schools: Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

5:45 Ivory Stamp Club Captain Tim Healy: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WLW WLIT plus WTMJ WBA KSTP WEBC
Nursery Rhymes: Tues. ¼ hr. Network

RED NETWORK

12:00 "The Story of Mary Marlin": Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WLIT plus KYW plus coast
Minute Men Quartet: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:15 Honeyboy and Sassafras: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:30 University of Chicago Discussions: Sun. ¼ hr. Network
Merry Madcaps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

1:00 Dale Carnegie: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus KSD WOC WDAF WMAQ WOW
People's Lobby: Sat. one hr.

1:15 Peggy's Doctor: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAFF WTMJ WTAG WBEI WJAR WASH WFI WFBR WGY WBEN

1:30 Little Miss Babo: Sun. ½ hr. Basic
Master Music Hour: Tues. 1 hr.
Air breaks: Thurs. ½ hr.

2:00 Immortal Dramas: Sun. ½ hr. WEAFF and network
Revolving Stage: Mon. ¾ hr.
Two Seats in the Balcony: Wed. ½ hr. Network
Temple Bells: Thurs. ½ hr.
Magic of Speech: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Metropolitan Grand Opera: Sat. 3 hrs. WEAFF and WJZ Networks, off April 1st

2:30 Swift Program: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WWJ WLIT KSD WDAF WHO WTIC
Vaughn de Leath: Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr.

6P.M. 7P.M. 8P.M. 9P.M. 10P.M. 11P.M. 12 MIDNIGHT

6:00 Heart Throbs of the Hills: Sun. ¼ hr. Network
U. S. Army Band: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Angelo Ferdinand Orchestra: Tues. Sat. ½ hr. Network
Education in the News: Wed. ¼ hr.—Network
William Lundell Interview: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Jack Berger Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. Network

6:15 Orchestra: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

6:30 Grand Hotel: Sun. Basic plus Coast plus W T M J K S T P WEBC

6:45 Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL plus WLW CRCT WJAX WFLA CFCE WIOD WRVA

More 7:00 to 8:00

7:15 Morton Downey: Tues. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBAL WSYR KWK plus WFI WKBF WCKY

7:30 Edgar A. Guest: Tues. ½ hr. Basic

7:00 Jack Benny: Sun. Basic Plus Western minus WWNC WBAP WLS Plus WKBF WIBA 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 KWCR WREN KSO KOIL — plus CRCT WRVA WPTF WIOD WFLA WCKY

7:15 Vicks with Willard Robison: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WGAR WREN
Gems of Melody: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic

7:30 Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus WWNC WBAP Plus Coast plus WSMB KVOO WFAA
Red Davis Series: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJRWGAR plus Western minus WTMJ WBAP WLS Plus WIBA WIC WIOD WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB KTBS WTAR WAVE WSOC WKBF KOA KDYL WLW WFAA

7:45 Dangerous Paradise: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Plus KTBS WSM WSB WFAA WKY WLW WHO
Ruth Etting: Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

8:00 General Motors Symphony Concert: Sun. one hr. Basic minus WENR plus WCKY
Jan Garber: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus Coast plus WLS WLW WKBF
Eno Crime Clues: Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS
Penthouse Party with Mark Hellinger: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS

Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJRWGAR WENR KWK plus WLS WSM WMC WSB WAVE
Phil Cook Show Shop: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

8:30 Carefree Carnival: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast
Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR KWK plus WLS CRCT CFCE
Lanny Ross, Log Cabin Orch.: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBZ WBZA WENR K W K plus W L S WCKY
Red Trails: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WFL WLS
The Intimate Revue: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR plus WLS

8:00 Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild: Sun. Hour—Complete except WBAP plus KFYR WDAY
Studebaker, Himber, Nash: Mon. ¼ 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. ¼ 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 minus Coast plus CRCT KOA KDYL
Swift Hour: Sat. Hour—Basic minus WHO plus Western minus KVOO WFAA KTAR plus WIBA KTBS

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 KTBS
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WEFB plus WTMJ KSTP WKY KPRC WSM WSB WMC WOAI WKBF WSMB WBN WTIC WBAP KVOO

9:00 Melodious Silken Strings Program: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ KSTP WBAP WEBC WOAI plus WLV WIOD WAVE WSM WSB WMC WJDX WSMB WFAA KTBS KTHS
Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic Minus WMAL WENR WSYR KWCA plus Western minus WBAP KOMO KDYL KHQ KGW plus WSB WIBA WDAY KFYR WFAA WIS WIOD WSM WSMB WJDX KTBS KVOO WSOC WTAR WMC KTHS KFSD KTAR KPO
Grace Moore: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WFL WCKY WKBF plus Coast
Warden Lewis E. Lawes: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLS WKBF plus Coast
Death Valley Days: Thurs. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLW WLS
Beatrice Lillie: Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and Network
Radio City Party: Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WCKY WLS plus Coast

9:30 Walter Winchell: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WLW
Princess Pat Players: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic (Continued on last col.)

9:00 Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBEN WCAE WEEL plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCE plus Coast
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WLW WFBW WRC
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 plus WKBF KGAL KTBS KFSD KGIR
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WEEI
Songs You Love: Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHO plus WTMJ WIBA WDAY KSTP WEBC KFYR

9:30 American Album of Familiar Music: Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus WVIC WAPI WAVE WEBC WBAP KTAR — plus Canadian
Music at the Haydn's with Al Goodman Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus WVIC WAVE KTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS
Ed Tynn, Eddie Duchin: Tues. ½ hr.—(Continued on last col.)

10:00 Little Jackie Heller: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic minus KWK plus WCKY WLIT
Jimmy Fidler: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic minus KWK plus WLIT WCKY plus coast
Goodrich Program: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WMAL WBZ WBZA WSYR W H A M K D K A WGAR WFL WCKY WENR KWCR KSO WREN KOIL (WPTF WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAR WSOC off 10:30)

10:15 Shirley Howard: Sun. ¼ hr.
Madame Sylvia: Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJRW plus Coast plus WTMJ WRVA KSTP WEBC WIBA WCKY

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

Burgess Meredith, Red Davis lead, is a busy young mon. He's just recently signed for three Broadway shows, something of a record.

11:00 Jack Denny Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr.
Abe Lyman Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr.
Hai Kemp Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr.
Leo Reisman Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr.
Bernie Cummins: Sat. ½ hr.

11:30 Emil Coleman Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr.
Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr.
Carl Hoff Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr.
Leo Reisman Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr.

(Continued)

John Charles Thomas: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast
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

9:45 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WFL WCKY

BROADCASTING COMPANY

6:00 Catholic Hour: Sun. ½ hr.—Network
Xavier Cugat Orchestra: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network
Tom Coakley Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr.

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

6:30 Armco Iron Master: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WTAG WJAR WCSH WEEL WVIC plus KPRC WKY WOAI WBAP KTBS KVOO
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

6:45 Billy Batchelor: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WSAI WHO WDAF WMAQ WOV
Thornton Fisher: Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WCAE WHO WDAF

As for as we know the Armco Iron Master on Sundays with Frank Simon's band will go off the air for the season shortly after the first of April. How do you like Roy Noble Wednesdays at 10:00? He's on for Coty's.

7:00 K-7: Sun. ½ hr. Orchestras: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.

7:15 Stories of the Black Chamber: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF WTIC WTAG WJAR WCSH KYW WGY WBN WCAE WTAM WSAI WMAQ
Whispering Jack Smith: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

7:30 Sigurd Nilssen, basso Graham McNamee: Sun. ¼ hr.—WEAF WTAG WJAR WCSH WRC WGY WTAM WWJ WSAI WMAQ KSD WOW WBN
Easy Aces: Mon. Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. WEAF WTIC WTAG WJAR WCSH KYW WGY WBN WCAE WTAM WSAI WMAQ WEEL WRC
Molle Minstrel Show: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBN WFI WEEL WTIC

7:45 The Fitch Program: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WEEL WDAF plus CFCE WKBF
Radio Station E-Z-R-A: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WCAE WFBW WJAR WEEL KSD WTIC

8:00 Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild: Sun. Hour—Complete except WBAP plus KFYR WDAY
Studebaker, Himber, Nash: Mon. ¼ 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. ¼ 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 minus Coast plus CRCT KOA KDYL
Swift Hour: Sat. Hour—Basic minus WHO plus Western minus KVOO WFAA KTAR plus WIBA KTBS

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 KTBS
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WEFB plus WTMJ KSTP WKY KPRC WSM WSB WMC WOAI WKBF WSMB WBN WTIC WBAP KVOO

8:00 Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild: Sun. Hour—Complete except WBAP plus KFYR WDAY
Studebaker, Himber, Nash: Mon. ¼ 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. ¼ 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 minus Coast plus CRCT KOA KDYL
Swift Hour: Sat. Hour—Basic minus WHO plus Western minus KVOO WFAA KTAR plus WIBA KTBS

8:00 Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBEN WCAE WEEL plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCE plus Coast
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WLW WFBW WRC
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 plus WKBF KGAL KTBS KFSD KGIR
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WEEI
Songs You Love: Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHO plus WTMJ WIBA WDAY KSTP WEBC KFYR

9:00 American Album of Familiar Music: Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus WVIC WAPI WAVE WEBC WBAP KTAR — plus Canadian
Music at the Haydn's with Al Goodman Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus WVIC WAVE KTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS
Ed Tynn, Eddie Duchin: Tues. ½ hr.—(Continued on last col.)

10:00 Pontiac, Jane Froman: Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus KSD KVOO WFAA plus WKYF WSOC WIBA KTHS WDAY KTBS KGIR KFSO KFYR KGHL
Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KPRC WOAI WFAA KFYR WSM WMC WSB WKY
Palmolive: Tues. hour—Basic minus WFI WTIC plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus WAPI plus WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC
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 minus WMC (at 10:30) WFAA 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

10:00 Pontiac, Jane Froman: Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus KSD KVOO WFAA plus WKYF WSOC WIBA KTHS WDAY KTBS KGIR KFSO KFYR KGHL
Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KPRC WOAI WFAA KFYR WSM WMC WSB WKY
Palmolive: Tues. hour—Basic minus WFI WTIC plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus WAPI plus WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC
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 minus WMC (at 10:30) WFAA 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 Ray Noble Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus KYW WKBF plus Coast plus WSM WMC WSB WAPI WJY WSMB WAVE
Coco Cola Program: Fri. ½ hr.
Let's Dance Program: Sat. 3 hours WEAF and Network

11:00 Larry Siry Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Network
John B. Kennedy: Wed. ½ hr.
George R. Holmes: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network
11:15 Jesse Crawford, organist: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Voice of Romance: Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network
11:30 Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Dorsey Brothers, Bob Crosby: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

(Continued)

11:00 Larry Siry Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Network
John B. Kennedy: Wed. ½ hr.
George R. Holmes: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

11:15 Jesse Crawford, organist: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Voice of Romance: Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network
11:30 Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Dorsey Brothers, Bob Crosby: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

(Continued)

Complete minus WSAI WAPI WFAA plus WIBA WSOC KGAL WDAY KTBS KFSD KTBS KFYR KGIR WKBF
Pick and Pat: Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WEEI
9:30 Gibbon Family: Sat. hour—Basic minus WHO plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KHQ KDYL KOA KFI KGW KOMO KFYR WDAY WIBA

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

James Melton, NBC tenor, appears to be getting ready for a question. Maybe he will find his answer here.



I KNOW you are still waiting patiently for the answers to your questions. Maybe you'll find yours here this month. If not, don't give up hope. The Oracle will soon get around to yours. And please, please don't be offended if you are entirely left out. The reason always is that the question has been handled before. You know, it's quite a tough job trying to dig up some of the information requested, so have a heart friends, and don't be cross with me!

Mrs. T. J. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Mrs. S., you can now inform Mr. S. that Amos and Andy make a re-broadcast at 11 o'clock, in person. There are no electrical transcriptions broadcast over the NBC networks.

Louise B. J., Osceola Mills, Pa.—I've tried my darndest to locate Joe Sanders for you, Louise, but those I've inquired from don't seem to know his whereabouts since his partner, Coon, died some time ago.

Mrs. Wm. G., Newark, N. J.—Sorry, ole pal, the identity of "The Wise Man" on station WEAJ is not to be revealed.

Miss Anne S., Bronx, N. Y.—Johnny Marvin? Why, sure, he's back on the air—daily except Sunday. 10:00 A. M., on WEAJ.

Edna R., Phila., Pa.—You've been waiting a long time for these. Haven't you? I hope you haven't given up in despair and missed out on this issue! Ben Bernie was born in good old Bayonne, New Jersey, May 21, 1893. Walter Winchell is married, and as a special offering for your patience, I'll say he has a little girl. Phil Harris' birth date is June 24, 1904.

Peter J. J., Jersey City, N. J.—Lucille Manners is a member of the National Broadcasting Company's Musical Family. She hails from your state—Newark, to be exact. She's blonde and petite and made her stage debut at the age of ten.

Mrs. T. R. F., Monterey, Calif.—Sistern, don't tell me after all these years you all don't know who's who in the Amos 'n' Andy program! Here they are: The Kingfish, Brother Crawford and Lightnin' are played by Amos, whose real name is Freeman F. Gosden. Andy, who in private life is Charles J. Correll, also plays Henry Van Porter.

M. J., St. Paul, Minn.—Of course, by this time you are well along with the troubles of Myrt and Marge. Jack Arnold is not with them this season.

"Interested" of Oakland.—Dick Powell is still master

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

of ceremonies of the "Hollywood Hotel." Shirley Bell takes the part of "Orphan Annie." Her birthday is, or I should say was, February 21. As for the year, well you know a woman won't talk.

Gordon T., North Weymouth, Mass.—The Palmolive shows are not acted out on a stage. The actors read their parts before the microphone. Paul Whiteman's birthdate is registered as April 28, 1891.

Lucille Gray.—The Lowell Thomases have only one son, their pride and joy, Lowell, Jr. He's eleven years old.

Helen J., Oakland, Calif.—At the present writing, Lennie Hayton is only on one program, and that's "Town Hall Tonight", Fred Allen's Hour of Smiles. He's American born and of Russian parentage.

Miss Pauline D., Montreal, Canada.—No, George Givot is really not a Greek. He's American born, of Jewish parents. For a picture of John Barclay, write to him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

R. N., Wisc.—Ted spells his last name H-U-S-I-N-G. His latest role is announcer on the Pebecco Tooth Paste program and stooge to Eddie (*Continued on page 65*)



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

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

COME on you violet and brick throwers! The job of choosing the prize letters is getting more complicated each month, but be assured, it only makes the task more interesting. And your criticisms—how they are appreciated! You have only to glance at the prize letters below. If yours is not amongst them, try for a prize next month. We're still paying \$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best and \$1.00 each for the next five letters selected. Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, and mail it in by April 22.

\$20.00 PRIZE

They—the critics who were supposed to know—said that she couldn't do it. Who couldn't do what? Beatrice Lillie couldn't be herself and make radio audiences like it. Her technique was wrong in so far as radio was concerned.

But thrice now I have sat in a room filled with a mixed audience, people with varied tastes in entertainment, and listened to her. Each time every person thoroughly enjoyed her comedy. Even the youngsters liked her. Some may say that her programs are not suitable for children, but I can see no harm in permitting them to listen. More power to a lady who has pepped up radio!

What every fan wants is something different. Must we be continually bored with the same songs, same jazz, same gags, same everything, just because a few individuals say that something cannot be done because it has never been

done or ever attempted before?
DALE GUHL,
New Cumberland, Pa.

\$10.00 PRIZE

Whom have we to blame for this epidemic of amateur programs? How can any sponsor think that hit-or-miss would-be artists can compete with the finished performance of nationally known professionals offered simultaneously over other stations?

I understand, of course, that new talent must be discovered, and amateurs deserve a hearing, but why must this take place over a national network and the public be made to suffer along with the performer. I say "suffer along with the performer" because I believe that to publicly discredit and ridicule any performance is cruel and extremely discouraging. I do admire the pluck of these amateurs, but that does not make me enjoy the performance of aspirants whose chief recommendation is their nerve. We listeners have a heart for the amateur, but we cannot help having ears of our own. While they are amateur artists, we are professional listeners who have been accustomed to and shall continue to expect the finished performance of professionals.

I believe, for instance, that the Town Hall Program has lost many of its former friends since Fred Allen has taken up this idea of using amateurs.

MISS WARREN OLIVER, Fordyce, Ark.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Women occupy a prominent place in radio, but they should stick to the niche best suited to their voices and talents.

Elsie Janis, our first regular (*Continued on page 64*)

Joe Penner's Amazing Romance Story

(Continued from page 31)

in a big show with famous people like Tom Howard and Irene Delroy. He was 22, the youngest of the actors, and the only unmarried one.

"You see he had an inferiority complex, which he hasn't got rid of to this day. That's why we don't go out very much, by the way. He always feels like a wet blanket in public because he knows people expect him to be the life of the party, and that just happens to be impossible for him. He isn't the hilarious type. If he seems to be in his professional work, it's only an illusion created by much study and effort.

"I WAS a wise-cracking kid of 17 when I joined the Follies. If Joe noticed me more than the other Rockets, it was because he didn't like wise-cracking girls. The first time I really became aware of him was when my roommate came home from a date raving about him.

"I had frightful visions of Eleanor Vogt sitting alone in her room all winter without even a roommate to talk to. I said to myself, 'That will never do. I've got to put a stop to it.' At the next performance, I took careful note of where and when Joe made his exits and entrances, and after that, as often as I could make my changes in time, I just 'happened' to be sitting where he'd have to say something.

"All the subsequent dates were threesomes. On a purely friendly basis. There was no hint of romance. Joe was too young and absorbed in his career to be contemplating marriage. We had both invented lurid pasts in order to put ourselves on a more sophisticated plane above sentiment. I had told him I was never going to get married—that I had seen too many people ruin their lives that way.

"At the time, that's how I really felt. But the more I saw of Joe, the more undesirable the thought of spinsterhood became. Before long, I knew I was hopelessly, exquisitely in love. But Joe was still in a brotherly mood.

"I decided I'd simply have to take the bull by the horns if I didn't want

Joe to go on forever being just a pal. But how could I change his attitude without seeming to be the aggressor?

"You must have done the right thing," I interposed, "because your name is Mrs. Penner. 'How did you go about it to arouse the interest of the one man you know you could cherish forever?'"

"Feminine strategy." Her brown eyes twinkled. "Joe had told me the kind of girl he liked but hadn't yet found—dignified, quiet, and well-groomed. I suddenly became that girl. I stopped sliding down banisters, began calling him Joseph instead of 'Big Shorty', curbed my wise-cracking tendencies, and tried to do something with my awful hair, which had earned me the nickname of 'Fuzzy'.

"I also mentioned at frequent intervals and without any provocation that I wasn't interested in marriage. This finally had the desired effect of arousing his curiosity and he wanted to know why. I gave several flimsy excuses.

"New Year's Eve was close at hand. I had made a date with someone else, but I broke it, hoping Joe would ask for one. It would be so significant, starting a New Year with him. I planned lovely things to say—not my usual wise-cracks, but profound touching things that would draw our souls together as one year merged into the other.

"But he didn't ask me for a date! I told myself it was because we were on such intimate terms that he didn't have to. He would just drop around without asking, as he usually did.

"I waited and waited, becoming glummer as the minutes passed. Libby Holman, also in the show, and Polly, my roommate, were with me, but could do nothing to cheer me up. The New Year arrived, but not Joe. I was frantic with disappointment and worry. Could he have dated someone else? He never had before. Why couldn't he at least wish me a Happy New Year? Even pals do that.

"A little after midnight, Joe non-

chalantly wandered in. My spirits rose from the depths. Nothing was wrong after all. He had come, just as I knew he would. My whole being was suffused with a glorious glow. But only for a moment. Joe's eye fell on a cigarette which I had been nervously puffing to ease my jumping senses. He delivered himself of a lecture on the evils of smoking. He said it coarsened and cheapened a girl.

He soon had me in a more miserable state than I had been while waiting for him. When he had gone, I burst into tears. I wouldn't have been so miserable had I realized that a boy doesn't take such a personal interest in a girl's habits unless there is a reason for it.

"The show closed, and Joe went to New York. I quit the Rockets and followed him. When we met in New York, I gave him a hundred reasons for being there—all of them wrong. Polly had quit and come with me. We got jobs right away at the Frivolity Club. This turned out to be a good move, because Joe disapproved of my dancing in a night club and thought something ought to be done about it.

"HE puzzled over it for a while and decided that if we got married, I wouldn't have to work. I was in Seventh Heaven. But I still pretended I wasn't interested in marriage. I wanted to be sure that he really wanted me. So I made myself wait until he had proposed the third time.

"Joe made me promise to quit doing my hair in little curls—he said he wouldn't have a wife with 'floozy hair'. I would gladly have shaved it off.

"We were married in New Jersey, and started taking our honeymoon in instalments. We would go to Atlantic City or Lakewood until we ran out of money. Then Joe would work three or four weeks in Newark and we'd be off again for as long as the money held out. We kept doing that until he signed up for a Publix tour."

And the intermittent honeymoon, between rehearsals, broadcasts, and personal appearances, is still going on.

PRIZE WINNERS RADIO MIRROR \$500.00 JUMBLED NAMES CONTEST

\$200.00 FIRST PRIZE

Faye Scott,
Peoria, Ill.

TEN \$5.00 PRIZES

Mrs. Elvera Albarello, San Leandro, Calif.; Mrs. William V. Albaugh, Baltimore, Md.; S. G. Berrynian, Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary E. Buda, Lorain, Ohio; Magdalen T. Chermushek, Stafford Springs, Conn.; Mrs. Fred J. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.; Norton R. Huennkens, West Allis, Wis.; Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor, Iowa; Emilia Raffler, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ethel M. Wurtz, Winthrop, Mass.

FIFTY \$2.00 PRIZES

Mrs. Jennie M. Barnes, Jamaica, N. Y.; Mrs. Hilda Bartlett, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. Velma R. Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Stanley Bryant, Waltham, Mass.; Harry Caden, Denver, Colo.; Elmer E. Campbell, Chestertown, Md.; Carl R. Canterbury, Moline, Ill.; Bart P. Cusick, Scranton, Pa.; Eleanor B. Fitts, Chevy Chase, Md.; Beatrice Fonos, Minneapolis, Minn.; Lillian Freas, Trenton, N. J.; Marjorie Hope, Riverside, R. I.; Mrs. E. M. Houser, Berkeley, Calif.; Carol A. Inslee, LeRaysville, Pa.; Bill Johnson, Phoenix, Ariz.; Gladys W.

FIVE \$10.00 PRIZES

Emily McC. Harvey, San Francisco, Calif.; Ave Humphrey, Palo Alto, Calif.; Albert Manski, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. J. S. McCormick, Canyon, Texas; John L. Nizinski, Dearborn, Mich.

\$100.00 SECOND PRIZE

Mrs. J. A. Scanlan,
Kansas City, Mo.

Jones, Denver, Colo.; Ruth Kantner, Peekskill, N. Y.; G. J. Kokott, Denver, Colo.; Jeannette Lachance, Quebec, Que.; Mary La Joy, Pittsfield, Mass.; Ella L. Lee, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Lucile B. LeSage, Huntington, W. Va.; Mrs. Ruth Long, Massillon, Ohio; Mary H. Lowe, Harrisburg, Pa.; Dinah Margolin, Bronx, N. Y.; Henry McDonald, San Francisco, Calif.; Anne C. Moore, Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. Howard W. Morey, Franklin, Ohio; H. A. Morton, Portland, Maine; Harvey Peake, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Barbara Peoking, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. W. E. Prather, Clifton, Texas; Herman R. Preiss, Lansing, Mich.; Mary L. Price, Baltimore, Md.; Ethel Sale, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Mrs. H. M. Saunders, Kansas City, Mo.; Elizabeth Seeman, Portage, Wis.; Mrs. E. Harry Self, Birmingham, Ala.; Ruth A. Sherman, Dumont, N. J.; Mrs. Laura M. Skakel, Johnstown, N. Y.; Mary M. Starks, Denver, Colo.; Gerald W. Steeby, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Valene Stephenson, Del Monte, Calif.; Mrs. A. H. Stewart, Youngstown, Ohio; John E. Thayer, Cambridge, Mass.; Edwin C. Vogel, Mendota, Ill.; Lila Penny Wilde, Oxford, Pa.; Mrs. Gertrude Williamson, Enid, Okla.; Belle R. Witkin, Springfield, Mass.; D. E. Woolley, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

**Make Up With
Ruth Etting**

(Continued from page 10)

good rule for applying rouge. It must be put on the face, up near the eye, well up to the temple, and toward the outside of the cheek. So many girls make the error of rubbing a round spot in the middle of each cheek. If your face is very thin, follow the same rules, but bring the color down a little further on the cheek. Use as little as possible! Always powder the face *after* you have applied the color.

"There is a perfectly marvelous mascara," Ruth said enthusiastically. "It has a cream base and comes in either brown or black. The convenient little tube is encased in a little kit with an eyelash brush. Either apply the mascara from the tube and use brush to smooth it over the lashes, or squeeze some out on the little brush and then apply. Being waterproof, it is a boon to the woman who finds weeping a help at times but who does not like its devastating effects on the complexion! And if you do forget to remove it before retiring, it will not stick or smudge. Oh, and I almost forgot—it doesn't make the lashes brittle. They remain silky and soft!"

AND here's another thing I want to show you. It's a new eye shadow that comes in the most perfect colors," Ruth Etting continued. "See the little gold flecks? They ease the problem of applying shadow for the woman who is not a past-master at that sort of thing."

Beauty experts, I learned, vary in their instructions on how to apply eye shadow. Some begin in the center of the lid and work in and others begin at the corner and work out. But do not bring the shadow out to the temple.

Ruth has a problem that so many of us must cope with—an exceedingly dry skin. The climate affects the skin's condition and when Ruth is in New York she creams her face religiously, never using soap. But when she is in California soap and water are suitable at times. Ruth told me about a very inexpensive cream that has the look and feel of a very expensive one. It is kind to the skin and made of the purest ingredients. A jar of this cream will remain sweet and fresh for a long time.

Ruth also mentioned the fact that she seldom uses vanishing creams and I can see where they might have a slightly drying effect on dry skin. If your skin is very dry, use a cream rouge instead of a cake rouge.

I could have stayed indefinitely talking about this and that to Ruth Etting. It was refreshing to have heard so much common-sense beauty advice from this star of stage, screen and radio.

There isn't room to tell you more about my visit with Ruth Etting, but I will be glad to send you the names of the cream and the mascara, and Ruth's own treatment for blackheads, if you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Joyce Anderson, in care of RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York.



**Sally is a little
gossip...and
I'm glad she is!**



"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your dolly's clothes, Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."



"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

"'Deed they can! My mommy says the little bride across the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't unstick *all* the dirt."



"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naptha, mommy says—heaps of it."

"M-m-m! So that's why Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt. I wonder if . . ."



Few weeks later: "Goody! Goody!—strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha. My washes look lots whiter now!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

LITTLE gossips *are* cute—but you would not want any grown-up gossips to see "tattle-tale gray" in your clothes.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets clothes gorgeously *white!*

Fels-Naptha, you see, is richer soap—*good golden soap!* And there's *lots of naptha* in it. When these two cleaners get busy,

dirt simply has to let go—**ALL OF IT!**

Fels-Naptha is *so gentle*, too—you can trust your daintiest silk undies to it! It's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Try Fels-Naptha in tub, basin, or machine. Get a supply at your grocer's! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO. CODE

How Much Money Can You Make in Radio?

(Continued from page 19)

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

**OVER ONE
BILLION
GLASSES
IN A YEAR**

**Hires
ROOT BEER
AMERICA'S
FAVORITE
HOME-MADE
BEVERAGE**

EVERYWHERE folks are making Hires Root Beer—the great money saver.

Think of it! One little bottle of Hires Extract makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer—all you add is water, sugar, yeast.

And how economical! 8 glasses for 5c. Think what you save!

Hires Root Beer is not only delicious, but wholesome and nutritious—The American Medical Association's Committee on Foods has accepted it. The Good Housekeeping Bureau has approved it.

Get a bottle of Hires Extract today from your dealer. Give your family a treat.

To avoid
oil flavored
imitations
insist on

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

FREE

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

The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me free bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3¢ for postage and packing. M. G.—5-35

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

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

Take a radio program like Showboat, a swell show, good people with it and behind it. What do you think the minor performers get? \$25 for each broadcast. Annette Hanshaw, who was a principal got \$250 when she was in Showboat compared to the \$500 she gets today.

If you think that's exceptional, look at Easy Aces. All but the two principals get \$10 per broadcast.

The five principals of Myrt and Marge—the stars, mind you—are under contract at \$50 to \$75 a week. The other actors who appear are engaged as they are required at \$12 to \$15 per performance.

First Nighter pays its minor performers \$25 per broadcast. The two stars get \$100 each.

Extras on Betty and Bob programs got \$5 for each broadcast. Betty and Bob got \$100 each.

AND so it goes right down the line if you are a good humdrum actor or singer—or a rising unknown. These are New York and Chicago salaries. They are lower elsewhere. Many broadcasters pay nothing for performers on sustaining programs. Philadelphia was in that class until very recently. The theory is that performers should be pleased to contribute their services gratis because they are getting experience and establishing themselves with the radio public.

Average pay in Hollywood radio stations is \$5 for a broadcast with \$15 tops. Out on the same Pacific Coast, the Don Lee network stations, affiliated with CBS, pay their actors a flat \$40 a week. But they work them in as many as ten programs a week. Which is to say, they earn it.

Well, say you, you who are young and optimistic, can't the actors turn around and play parts in other broadcasts and so pile up a pretty good weekly salary? Yes, my pretty ones, but it's easier said than done. A player who is lucky can do, theoretically, as many as twelve broadcasts a week. He rarely gets more than two. And recently advertising agencies have started binding actors and singers to exclusive contracts at \$25 to \$35 a week.

Station WMCA in New York has a stock company which puts on fifteen-minute playlets. Members of this company rehearse daily and then go on the air five days a week, each day a different drama. In addition there are Saturday and Sunday broadcasts in which they are required to appear. For this they receive \$50 a week. This for seasoned Broadway actors.

Oh well, let's get on with the rosier side of this tale of radio gold. Be comforted thinking of Amos & Andy, who together earn \$250,000 a year, a salary which goes on even when the boys are on vacation. Subtract from the sum \$52,000 for Billy Hay, their announcer.

Now gaze on Fred Waring who with

his Pennsylvanians wins ten grand for two broadcasts a week. His orchestra, his arranger and his talent cost Mr. Waring at least half that sum. Still \$5,000 is money especially if it arrives once a week.

Jack Benny—which is short for benevolent or benign—earns \$6,000 and I think he's worth it. Out of that he has to pay his wife, Mary Livingstone—but she'd get it anyway so what are you worrying about? He pays other salaries too and still has enough left over to drop a penny in the blind man's box.

Fred Allen for all his "bedlam" draws only \$3,500 both for himself and his company. And Ed Wynn may be a perfect fool but who wouldn't at \$7,500?

Let's see what some of the other clowns receive. Joe Penner, duck and all, can be taken home for \$2,500 the broadcast. For the same figure you can have Burns & Allen and Wheeler & Woolsey. We hesitate to cast Rudy Vallee with the clowns but \$2,500 happens to be his weekly figure.

Will Rogers, not so funny on the air as he is either in print or celluloid, is for all that a \$6,000 a week kilocycle rider. Block & Sully—look at them—draw \$1,500; Walter O'Keefe, \$800—and worth lots more and George Givot, still without a sponsor, gets only \$250.

I'll give you a chance to guess what singer gets most potatoes for singing on the air before I tell you his name is John Charles Thomas at \$6,000. Lawrence Tibbett, a better actor than John Charles with not nearly so beautiful a voice, earns \$4,500 and is pleased, modest lad. Of course Lanny Ross has a beautiful voice but being young he manages only \$1,000. The money he makes from movies keeps him from starving.

THERE is no space for all these radio warblers. Suffice that Ruth Etting gets \$1,200; Gladys Swarthout, \$1,000; Martha Mears \$150; Grace Hayes \$100 and with extras gets up to \$200 some weeks. Vera Van is a girl who under sponsorship and sustaining earns \$225—\$125 for the first and \$100 for the second. Tito Guizar enjoys \$150 and he should, being one of the few Mexican songsters who has survived the steam roller. And Conrad Thibault—\$500.

The biggest money maker among the singing ladies is Kate Smith who is drawing \$6,700. Five thousand of this is salary, the rest is traveling expenses and compensation for theatrical appearances she is missing while she traipses around the country. Runners-up are Lily Pons and Rosa Ponselle who each got \$3,000 a broadcast.

Paul Whiteman may be the emperor of Jazz and he may earn \$8,000 weekly, but would it surprise you if we told you he earned much less than so relatively small a potato as Nat Shilkret? This minor conductor earns the stupen-

dous sum of \$135,000 a year, almost twice as much as that of President Roosevelt. How does he do it? First, he has no orchestra of his own. He gallops from studio to studio, swings his baton and lo, he has made enough to keep five hundred orphans from the storm. He conducts for records, for spot broadcasts, for regular network programs.

Gus Haenschen, another of the less important, threw up a job which gave him \$50,000 a year with no ifs or buts. Yes, he left the World Broadcasting Company because he knew he could make more as a free lance and he's doing it.

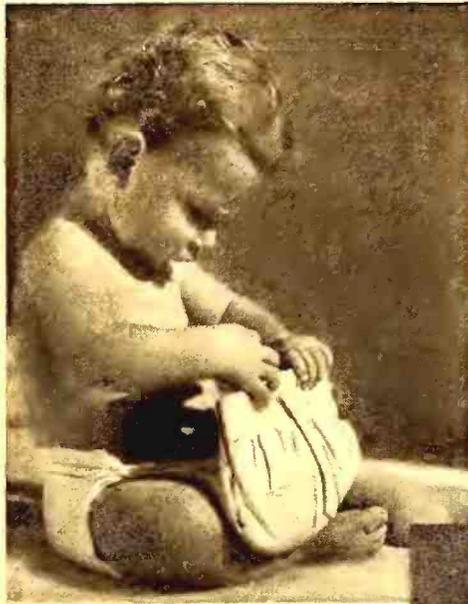
Prices paid these leaders range from the \$350 weekly earned by Freddy Rich through Ozzie Nelson at \$850, Freddy Martin at \$1,100, Glen Gray at \$1,800 to the Shilkret or Waring top. Leon Belasco, only recently, a violinist, earning \$350 sees a career ahead of him as conductor and so for the nonce swallows his pride and only \$500 a week. Ben Bernie did a lot to get Leon started and he can afford to be paternal what with his own weekly earning of \$2,500. Grier's men will play, leader and all for \$750; Vic Young for \$800 and Abe Lyman asks \$1,500—all weekly salaries.

AMOS & ANDY may be up on Mt. Everest but what they make does not help the people who play in the stories that run daily in radio. Don't harbor any big money illusions about shows like Red Davis, Dangerous Paradise, Just Plain Bill, Helen Trent's Romance and all others. Fifty to \$100 covers the principals in all of them. If any of them write their own scripts, they get an extra \$50 to \$75 for the job a week. The Goldbergs drew \$1,750 but this was for all members of the cast and for the writing of five scripts a week.

Radio salaries are curious things. A sponsor can hire all five Eton Boys at \$500 a week but he can't get the Mills Brothers for less than three times that amount, or the Revelers for less than \$2,500. The Pickens Sisters can be had for \$800 a week whereas the Boswells insist on \$1,200. Fray and Braggiotti, playing two pianos extremely well, earn \$300 a week while George Gershwin makes his sponsors extremely happy by accepting \$2,000.

One of the best business men in Radio is Mickey Mouse or should I say his manager, Walt Disney. For Mickey's first appearance he got \$3,000. Then he refused to go on again until he got \$7,000. And he got it. Oh, these Hollywoodmen are hard hearted. Kath Hepburn won \$5,000 for one twenty-minute squeak at the mike. John Barrymore ditto. Helen Hayes got \$2,500. And ditto-ditto for Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. And what did Charlie Ruggles and Walter Huston and Mary Boland get? \$2,500.

After all these figures, I suppose, the heads of all the little children in the audience, are whirling. But I hope what has been said will not give them any false ideas about the great fortunes to be made in Radio. The big salaries are the exception. Most performers



"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!"

"Look what I found! Contraction with a looking-glass! (I'm looking very well today)... And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that!... Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"



"Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder... but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie... and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why... I'm made of fine satiny Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either... Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



"WHY JEAN! How did you ever get so slim?"

... and then she revealed her secret!



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".

"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 my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

... it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

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

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

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

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 285 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

earn moderate wages, neither better nor worse than those paid in any other business.

So now, let us leave the microphones and go back to the business offices of the radio stations. The brightest figures at Radio City are the page boys. These tall, slim young fellows who look like a million dollars earn on the average \$18 each week. If you are radio bent, think twice before coming to New York for one of these jobs. They often lead to higher things but more often, not. Besides, the waiting list is long and imposing. To land one of these jobs you have to have inches, appearance, posture, manners, tact—and good references.

These page boys are to be seen standing by the reception desk. And who do you suppose sits at the desk? A receptionist, of course! This is invariably a well bred, smartly frocked, young lady under thirty who possesses good looks, a good memory and enough diplomacy for a basketful of ambassadors. For all of this she earns \$25-\$35 each week.

IN studio floors a receptionist is virtually a hostess. Her job is to boss the page boys and to know what's on foot in every one of seven studios. Not only the name of the show but who's in it, the names of the musicians, the actors, the authors, the sponsors, the reporters, etc., etc. She answers questions that come from visitors and she answers them as they come in every ten seconds over her four telephones. She has to know that Rudy Vallee will not tolerate visitors during rehearsals, that Romberg likes them, that no one is permitted to attend a John Charles Thomas broadcast.

If a girl at the reception desk is ambitious she can go far. Doris Sharpe is only one of several of these bonny information clerks who got themselves good jobs at the microphone. Several have gone ahead via the executive offices and a surprising number by way of matrimony.

For every man or woman basking in the studio limelight, either before the door or at the mike, there are at least a score who work in offices and on the machines, attending to all the clerical and technical details of broadcasting.

There are armies of file clerks, typists and adding machine operators whose average is \$15 weekly; stenographers, fast and slow, whose checks vary from \$22 to \$35; secretaries, from \$25 to \$45; bookkeepers from \$25 to \$55. The offices in which they work are like business offices anywhere. The girls transcribe their notes, present the typed letters for signature and chew gum like girls everywhere. If there is a difference it is that it is just a little bit more exciting to write a letter about and even to Bing Crosby than it is about the unpaid bills of Joe Doakes.

The studios also employ salesmen, promotion men, photographers, advertising copywriters, librarians—these people receiving the scale for their type of work, no more no less; I won't burden you with the details.

One of the most extensive departments in the New York network offices is that given over to publicity. As many as thirty trained newspaper men work in a city room atmosphere grinding out the news of radio, putting it under headlines, shooting it out to the rags and tabs of the country. Their pay is ordinary reporter's pay, ranging from a cub's \$25 to a veteran's \$75. The men who hold jobs corresponding to city editor get \$100 to \$150.

Hard by the studios are the clattering sanctuaries of the continuity department where plays are hammered into shape, where bright ideas are melted down into words, where the manuscripts sent in by writers from everywhere are read and—nine times out of ten—rejected. These play carpenters average \$75 weekly.

Payment for continuities varies from \$10 for a script for a routine 15-minute musical program to the \$500 David Freedman gets for doing the Cantor shows. For thriller scripts the price is from \$25 to \$50. Experienced script producers who are witty as well as deft get \$150 per outpouring and they often get as many as four and five a week to do.

If you have ideas and can write dialogue—go into radio. There's money in them thar towers.

The road to success via radio writing is relatively easy, at least when you examine the difficulties which attended the upward climb of the executives of Radio. There are a great many of them whose earnings swing in an arc between \$4,000 to \$10,000. Head man among NBC executives is, of course, President Merlin H. Aylesworth with his \$50,000. He is second only to Paley in earnings. Below him are Russell C. Patterson, the NBC vice-president who is the business brain of the organization. He earns \$38,000. John Royal, the NBC master of showmanship who also holds the title of vice-president, earns \$35,000. Lower down at NBC are Frank Mason, vice-president in charge of public relations, at \$25,000 and Edgar Kobak, vice-president in charge of sales at \$20,000.

THESSE are the men who sit in the chauffeur's seat of the greatest vehicle for public entertainment ever invented. The technicians, the engineers who see that all parts are oiled and working smoothly, that there is never a break in the stream of diversion, get sums ridiculously less.

According to Thomas McLean, chief of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, the pay for technicians throughout the country is \$20 a week. In New York at the network key stations it is \$40 a week. This is probably due to the fact that there are some 15,000 men available for the 2,000 jobs that exist.

Our story is almost ended. You know fairly well now what all the various jobs in Radio pay, all save one—and this I have saved for the last because it is, by and large, the most lucrative, the easiest for the average American, certainly the job with the greatest opportunities—the job of a musician.

Musicians have the advantage of a strong union which functions in every important radio city of the country. The union sees to it that its members are paid not only for broadcasts but for rehearsals and auditions as well. Actors and singers are not paid for rehearsals.

If you play a saxophone or a violin or a drum, you can earn in Radio in New York Class A stations anywhere from \$40 to \$400 a week. If you are a fair to middling player you will average about \$75 to \$100. But if you excel—and you must if you are to make the fat money—you will always be in demand and you will earn easily \$250. Better than average players are in demand by all conductors. To get them, they offer a bonus well over the union scale. You will see them in the network offices rushing around from studio to studio, from band to band—now to play under Vallee's baton and now under Whiteman's. Some men play for as many as a dozen conductors. A large number are paid a regular weekly \$250, a retainer which gives the network first call on their services. When these instrumental stars get up into the \$400 a week class, they usually step up on the platform and become conductors.

THINK seriously of these musicians. There is not a program in all Radio without music—for music is the door of the program, the curtain which rises and falls on the broadcast. Forty percent of all broadcasts are musical—and all of the men and women who play instruments in them are guaranteed splendid earnings and a brilliant future. I think music is your best bet. It is if you are willing to work like a coal passer, morning, afternoon and evening.



The "Street Singer" has returned to the air! Radio fans are thrilling again to the familiar voice of Arthur Tracy, sponsored by Dr. Scholl, noted foot authority, over WOR—the station with its new 50,000 watt transmitter.

Spring blooms the year round in Complexions that have this

Germ-free
care!



Woodbury's Creams stay lastingly germ-free, guard against Blemish, prevent Dryness, give the skin energy, fresh beauty

SPRING's fresh radiance in your face! A smooth, fine-textured skin! They'll come—and stay—when you use Woodbury's Creams.

For Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams guard against blemishes—those horrid little spots that are often tiny infections caused by germs. They contain a unique element which keeps them germ-free as long as they last. Dermatologists who have tested them agree that even thin, sensitive skins may use them without risk.

Woodbury's Cold Cream also aids in overcoming and preventing *Dry Skin*. It contains Element 576 which rouses the skin glands to work more vigorously, increasing and restoring the skin's youthful vitality and suppleness.

Woodbury's Facial Cream—a delightful foundation for powder and rouge—protects against germ-infections and blemishes, guards against raw spring winds and dust.

Each, only 50c, 25c and 10c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes.

Woodbury's *Germ-free* **BEAUTY CREAMS**



SEND TODAY FOR FOUR WOODBURY AIDS TO LOVELINESS

Enclosed find 10c. Send me the "Woodbury Loveliness Kit" containing guest size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, generous tubes of Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and 6 packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one each of the smart shades.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7453 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1935, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

Avoid imitations. Look for head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Inc., on all Woodbury products.

Do you tire easily?



no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

then don't gamble with your body

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone... if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

© S.S.S. Co.



Makes you feel like yourself again



Contests on the Air

Sunday—7:45 P.M.* NBC red. Five \$50 wrist watches (male or female)! Wendell Hall is still predicting "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," and the writers of the best jingle to the familiar tune each week** are awarded the timepieces by F. W. Fitch Co.

Sunday—8:30 P.M. CBS. \$2500 first prize! If you miss, there's 5,017 other awards. Post a 50-word letter telling "Why I Use and Like Hind's Honey and Almond Cream" (with the front of the product's carton), to Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J., before April 6.

Monday (Wed. & Fri., too)—8:15 P.M. CBS. An automobile a week! The best letter of 25 words or less stating "Why I Like Bost Toothpaste" wins a 1935 coach. Mail your entry with the "Smoker's Friend" side of the carton so as to reach Bost Toothpaste, New York, N. Y., by Thursday noon following the broadcast.

Thursday—11:30 A.M. NBC red. Ten prizes of \$10; five of \$5; and twenty-five of a dollar each week! Only 20 words, or less, revealing "Why I Use Climalene" are needed to win the cash, but be sure to inclose the designated part of the Climalene carton. Contest closes each Wednesday at midnight.

Thursday—8:00 P.M. CBS. For the ladies; five \$300 custom-made fur coats! All you need do is write a letter of not more than 100 words explaining "How I Use Linit." Send it with the side-panel of Linit package to reach Box 88., Trinity Station, New York, N. Y., by Tuesday midnight following the weekly broadcasts.

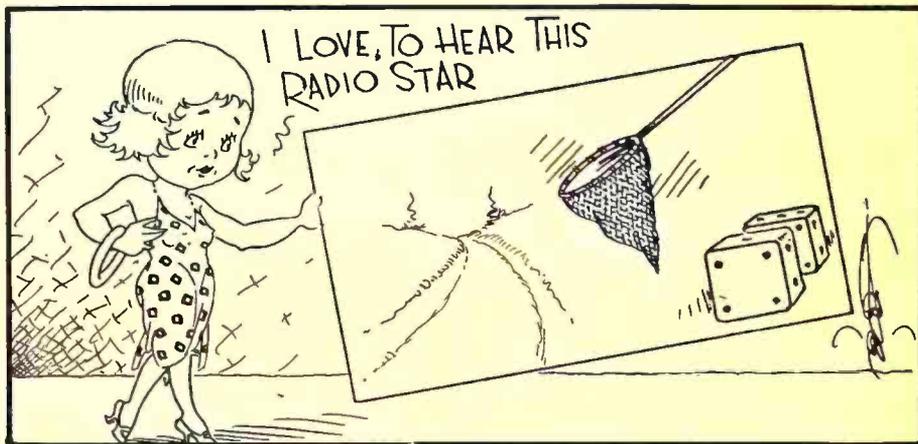
Friday—8:00 P.M. CBS. Two grand prizes: the first, \$10,000; the second, 6 pairs of shoes as long as the winner lives! Then there are weekly prizes of 6 pairs of shoes for 3 years; 6 pairs for 2 years; a half-dozen for one year; and fifty pairs, one pair to each winner. Your 50-word letter telling "Why I Like the New Selby Slenderized Arch Preserver Shoes" must be written on an entry blank supplied by the dealer and must be sent in with a sales receipt showing you've bought a pair of Selby shoes. The two most outstanding letters received during the weekly broadcasts (final closing April 22) will be awarded the grand prizes.

Friday—8:30 P.M. CBS. New radio receivers; the first valued at \$250, the second at \$100; Listen to the True Story Court of Human Relations, then give your verdict, not over 250 words. The two prizes are given weekly; entries must be received by Thursday midnight following broadcast.

Saturday—5:45 P.M. CBS. \$25 for each fascinating fact accepted! One hundred words is the right length, and you must state your source of information, as well as tell whether you own your home or rent one. Mail weekly to Delco Heat Fascinating Fact Editor, care of the station.

*Eastern Standard Time throughout.

**Week-to-week contests are subject to cancellation.



WHO IS THIS STAR?

With the letters needed to spell the names of the three things pictured above, you can spell the full name of a popular radio star and have no letters left over. You'll find the answer on page 64.

What Radio Means to a Man Who Has Nothing Else

(Continued from page 48)

pronounced successful, failed to be of any material help. A second was attempted, with as little success. And in order to pay for the second, Irving's father went into debt.

Nurses had to come to the little home. Irving spent most of his time now in bed. While his friends spent afternoons out of school playing in the public streets, Irving lay on his back, tormented with pain.

The strain of watching his son sink into his physical hell became too much for the father. Before Irving was twelve he had died. Grief-stricken, the mother clung desperately to life for the sake of her only child. But it was not long before she, too, died. Irving, lonely, sick, without a living relative, was thrown on the charity of friends.

For some time neighbors were able to keep Irving from being a burden on city relief. But the expenses of nurses, special food, and prescriptions ate away their small contributions. Irving became the ward of the city. Bravely he pleaded to be allowed to stay in the two tiny rooms which the neighbors had provided him while they could. Moved by his plight, the city granted his request.

AT first Irving thought nothing more wonderful in the world could be his than the knowledge that he was staying home. But soon he grew lonely. Boyhood pals were now men getting jobs, finding wives. No longer did they have time to drop in for a chat.

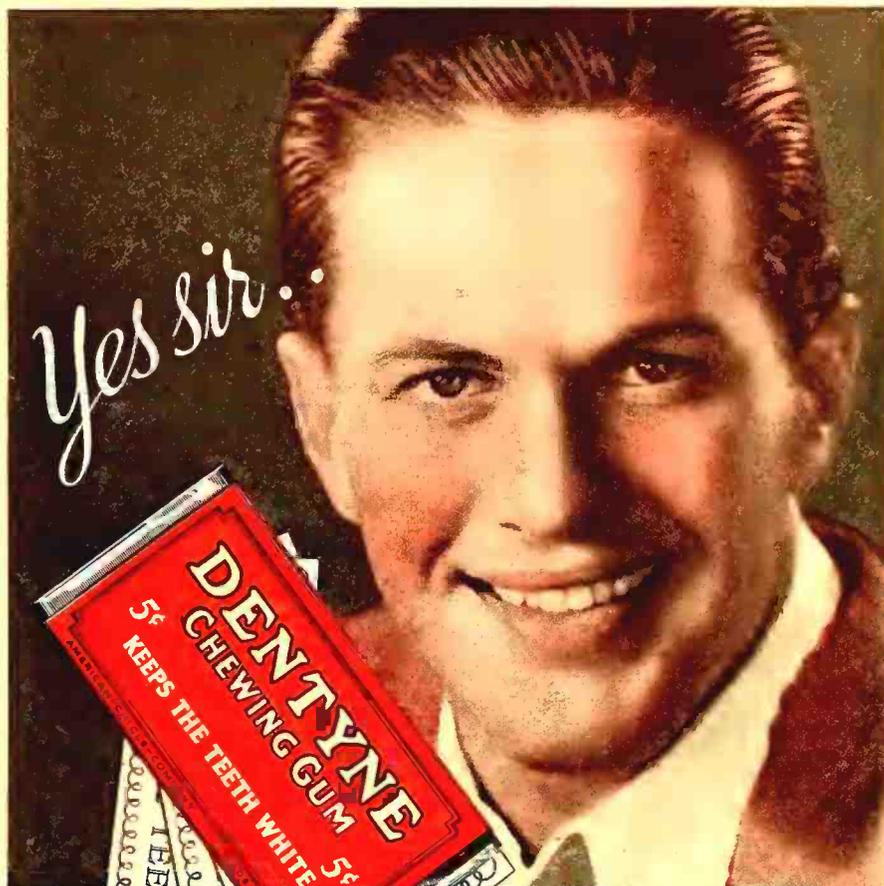
Irving brooded. Where was his incentive for living, the meaning of life, in fact? And to make matters worse, doctors told him that there was nothing more they could do for him. The pain had been relieved, but the paralysis remained.

The day that Irving, filled with fear, decided to seek the only way out for him—suicide—a friend called, bringing a small package. It was a crystal set, with earphones.

Hurriedly, he installed the instrument and handed Irving the earphones. Recordings of the popular tunes of the day were being broadcast. For Irving it was a glimpse of the outside world of which he had been robbed. . . . He lay back in bed and listened. Slowly he relaxed. Soon he was smiling. His friend left, but Irving was no longer alone.

He lives in the same apartment this spring, but now he has two radios, one in the room which holds the iron stove on which friends cook his meals, the other in the bedroom, at the head of the bed. They are the best sets his friends could buy. The most remote part of the globe lies at Irving's finger tips.

The name of the man who has nothing else but radio, is Irving Gross. His address is 189 East Second Street, New York City. He would like you to write him.



dividends in every Dentyne package

You slip a piece of Dentyne into your mouth . . . and, as you enjoy it, you are earning dividends.

AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH—Your teeth, your whole mouth, need exercise which they don't get from today's soft foods. Dentyne provides this regular vigorous exercise so necessary to general mouth health. It stimulates the salivary glands, helps the mouth clean itself, and improves the condition of the teeth.

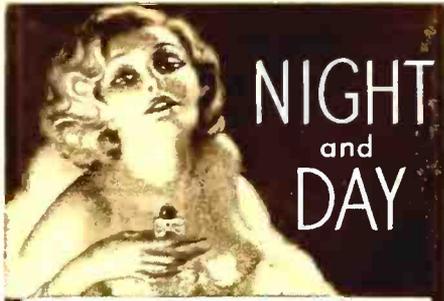
AS WELL AS A DELICIOUS GUM— You will be delighted with the flavor of Dentyne. Its fresh, stimulating spiciness makes it the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of critical people. You will like, too, the handy vest-pocket package . . . an exclusive feature with Dentyne. The shape originated with, and for many years has identified, Dentyne.

DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE • MOUTH HEALTHY

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued on page 55)



NIGHT
and
DAY

BE Irresistible

You, yes you, can become divinely irresistible. Use the lure that has always won love for famous, enchanting women...tempting, exotic perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Wear it night and day to thrill... excite senses... madden hearts... with its haunting, lasting fragrance. To make yourself even more fascinating, use all the IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS. Each has some special feature to make you exquisitely lovely. Be irresistible today...now... forever... with Irresistible Beauty Aids. Guaranteed to be pure. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

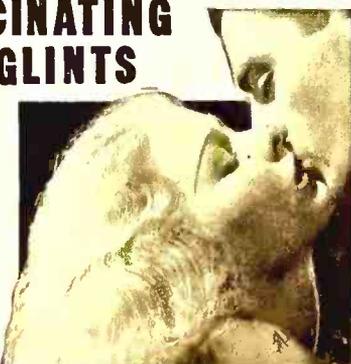


Irresistible
PERFUME AND BEAUTY AIDS • FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

"DARK-EYES"

"Swim or Cry" -- NEVER FADES OR RUNS
PERMANENT DARKENER for Eyebrows and Eyelashes
Absolutely Safe... Not a Mascara... One Application lasts 4
to 5 weeks. Trial size, 25c. Reg. size, 12 Applications, \$1.
Name.....
Address.....
"DARK-EYES" LAB., Dep. 19-E 412 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.

**FASCINATING
GLINTS**



**FOR DULL DRAB HAIR
in one shampoo**

IS YOUR hair dull, drab, uninteresting? Learn from millions of blondes the secret of their lustrous, gold-touched hair! Try their shampoo... Blondex! For thousands with dark and medium hair have found it works magic. Not a dye or bleach, Blondex is a unique shampoo-rinse that removes hair dirt, clears away all darkening, sticky film. You will be amazed at the new sheen, the new enchanting softness! One shampoo shows results. Learn now the full glory of your hair. Get Blondex today at any good drug or department store.

radio announcer, hasn't the voice timbre to make the listener relax and enjoy the program. It is too thin and strained; and one momentarily expects it to snap and go trailing off into nothingness.

"The Woman's Radio Review" is completely ruined by the highly affected voice of Claudine MacDonald. It positively gives one the jitters!

Kate Smith is okay as a "songbird" but as master of ceremonies, spoils the good impression left by her singing. Her speaking voice leaves much to be desired.

I have only orchids for Geraldine Farrar, raconteuse of the Grand Opera matinee. In a natural, well modulated, but clear voice, she gives us an intimate knowledge of music, interspersed with songs, making the opera intermission the outstanding jewel, even in a setting of magnificent gems.

Mrs. H. D. COOKSEY, Raleigh, N. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

You've heard the old saying, "There's something rotten in Denmark." That expression fits radio perfectly in one respect, and I refer to the outlandish salaries some of the radio personalities receive. I ask you, "should a radio performer get as much and in many cases more money than a college professor or a man holding down a similar position?" The answer is positively "No". When you realize the amount of time that it requires for a college instructor to reach the height of his profession and when you notice a person springing from obscurity to fame and a huge salary overnight, you must admit that things are a little out of proportion. Not only teachers, but myriads of other people, working hard to furnish the necessities and enjoyments of life, ought to be a bit sceptical of justice, social or otherwise. The star with the huge compensation, of course, does not attain success without years of hard work, but why not make things somewhat more even and reduce some of these enormous pay checks the air standouts obtain.

M. H. VAN EGMOND, Providence, R. I.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Every art, it seems, has to learn what it can, or can't do. Sometimes, it seems to be taking radio a long time to find that it can't do certain things successfully. And this seems funny, too, since it has such a wealth of suitable material. People would be satisfied, certainly, if radio would confine itself to music, plays, and the spoken voice in story, recitation, and lecture. Here you begin to smile, and say this includes everything radio uses now—but you'd be surprised!

Here are some of the things unsuited to the radio I've heard recently. First, a tap dancer. I particularly like Bill Robinson, but I like to see not hear him. Why, when there are so many fine singers and actors must Ben Bernie

pick a dancer for a radio program?

Second, I recently heard a morning program that stopped for fully five minutes to let the audience hear some prize cows moo. A rare treat, I suppose, but do we want to hear it?

Finally there are the movie stars who "appear" on programs. They don't sing, act, or say anything interesting, yet much fanfare precedes them. Their appeal, though great, depends on sight.

Mrs. H. E. BRIGGS, Detroit Lakes, Minn.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Recently my family and I did a veritable "Rip Van Winkle" into—Fairyl-land! May I tell you how?

Two years ago the depression caused us to sell all our belongings, including the best radio that money could buy, and move to a distant city to begin life anew. The three of us lived in a suite of furnished rooms, denying ourselves all the luxuries of life as we had known them.

Then one day my husband came home carrying a little second-hand table model radio. It was a Friday evening. The little radio alternately blared and whispered without a volume control. We did not care. We laughed and cried and exulted all evening with the marvelous things we were hearing over our little radio. The character and quality of the programs were so much better than we had known them. We felt that never again could we take for granted this powerful contact with the whole wide world.

Mrs. W. G. CHALLACOMBE,
St. Louis, Mo.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I feel that RADIO MIRROR and the program sponsors are doing a splendid job in bringing the radio artists into our homes. I have only two small comments to make.

The first one is that while we enjoy certain singers and artists immensely, it is apt to become a little boring or commonplace to hear them on three or four programs on the same night. I believe that such a star could hold his audience much firmer by appearing only once in an evening.

The second comment is for the sponsors. They would benefit themselves in many ways if they would be a bit more careful in choosing their program time. For example: Jack Benny and Woollcott both appearing at the same hour. It would be an enthusiastic admirer indeed who could choose between these two entertaining artists!

HOWARD KENNETH PRESTON,
Lakewood, Ohio.

**ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON
PAGE 62**

The objects are NET, DICE,
ROAD.

The star's name is Eddie Can-
tor.

Jane Pickens' Phantom

Friend

(Continued from page 41)

papers," she said, "and found some of the letters you'd written thanking him for various things he'd sent you. Paul loved you dearly."

Paul had died while making too strenuous efforts to reduce. He was overweight, and in spite of his apparent cheerfulness, it must have preyed on his mind. Perhaps it was the real explanation of why he was never very anxious for Jane to see him. He may have thought that she would be disillusioned, not realizing that having had some insight into the fineness of his mind and heart, she would still have seen him as one of the grandest men on earth.

"I have lost one of my very best friends," she told me, in a voice choked with sincerity. "If I had ever been in any kind of trouble, I would have gone straight to him, and I know he would have been proud and glad to help me."

"I can hardly realize that he is gone now. I keep expecting to hear his voice and that buoyant, bubbling humor of his, and then I suddenly realize that I will never hear it again, and it seems strange and beyond belief that Paul should be dead. Because I never met him but knew him so well, I can't accustom myself to the idea that he is gone."

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 54)

Cantor, starring on that program. Jane Froman is on the Pontiac Program over the NBC network. She's a contralto.

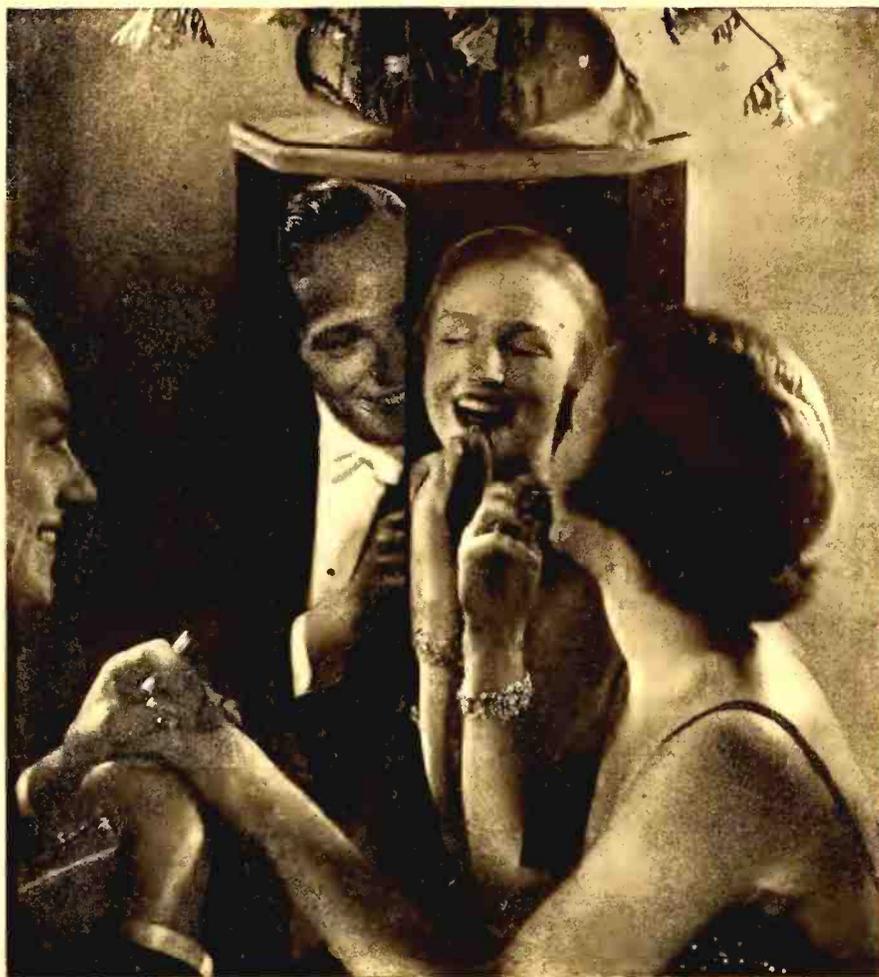
Just Blande, St. Louis, Mo.—Buddy Rogers is in Europe right now. Dick Powell can be reached at the Columbia Broadcasting Studios in Los Angeles, Calif.

Miss E. M. K., Indianapolis, Ind.—Another Bing Crosby fan! I bet Bing must get truckloads of mail. How I envy him! You can address him in care of the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, Calif.

M. L. H., Stapleton, N. Y.—Wouldn't you leave the Revelers' Quartet to work on the same program with Jack Benny? Of course you would, and I suppose that's why Frank Parker did. However, I know that Frank misses the other boys as well as they miss him.

Betty G., Lancaster, Pa.—Just address your letter to Rudy Vallee in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York. I'm sure there will be no charge if he sends you a picture.

Donald B., Omaha, Neb.—Why of course not, Donald. That wedding ceremony on the Maxwell House Showboat was only play-acting. I don't blame you for thinking so, though. It was performed so realistically.



STEIGER

Lips that Challenge love

MUST BE SOFT AND SMOOTH LIPS

This astonishing new lipstick gives ardent color...and ends "LIPSTICK PARCHING."

The most delicate skin of your face is on your lips... Yet so many lipsticks don't seem to know that... they parch and dry lips and make them look crinkly and rough. Such lips can never look inviting — no matter how much color you pack on them.

Coty has discovered the way to give your lipsexciting, truly *indelible* color... without any parching penalties. Coty's new "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is an amazing little magician. It *actually smooths and softens lips*. It gives them that warm, moist lustre that every woman envies and every man adores. That's

because Coty Lipstick contains "Essence of Theobrom"—a special softening ingredient.

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 ardent, indelible colors—at drug and department stores.

NEW—Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, in harmonizing, indelible colors, 50 cents.

Dance to Ray Noble's music, Wednesday, 10:30 P.M., EST, NBC Red Network

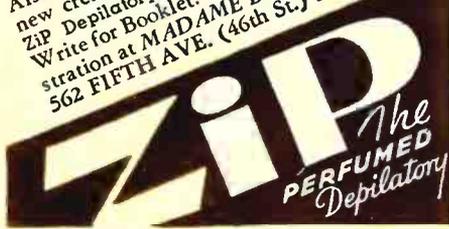
Coty "SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

Enchanted Lady

(Continued from page 34)



Every vestige 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 Depilatory Cream. It's perfumed. For destroying facial hair use the famous ZIP—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT, the only registered Epilator available for eliminating hair. Also, you will be delighted with my two new creations—ZIP Depilatory Powder and ZIP Depilatory Liquid. Fragrantly scented. Write for Booklet. Treatment or free demonstration at MADAME BERTHE, Specialist, 562 FIFTH AVE. (46th St.) NEW YORK.



35¢ BUYS A DANDY CLASS PIN
 SEND FOR NEW BIG 1935 CATALOG!
 Shows over 300 smart, up-to-the-minute pin and ring designs. Prices even less by dozen. Money back guarantee. Oldest, largest makers. Write today.
 BASTIAN BROS. CO.
 67 Bastian Building
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.
\$1.60 A BEAUTIFUL RING

Banish the Penalty of GRAY HAIR and DANDRUFF

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 itchiness. 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 big trial bottle and booklet, "Home Care of the Hair"

NOURISHINE
 Nourishine Sales Co., Dept. M-55 939 S. Broadway, L. A. Cal.
 Send Nourishine trial bottle and "Home Care of the Hair"
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

model of sophistication.

Without realizing it, Mark Hammond was very much responsible for the remarkable change in Ginger Wallis' appearance, and manner. He nodded careless approval, or disapproval, of her clothes, her speech, and her ways. And Ginger never forgot anything he told her.

Bradley Sonborn said, "You're a million miles away tonight, Ginger. It's not very flattering to me. I don't believe you've heard a word I've been saying. Come down to earth!"

"Sorry!" The half-smile deepened. "I was day-dreaming. A habit which goes back a long way with me. What were you saying, Brad?"

Bradley leaned across the table. A tall, blond man in his middle thirties.

"I was saying that I heard part of your broadcast tonight. I liked that last song especially. You know, the one about love being a dream which fades with the dawn."

"Did you?" said Ginger. "I liked it, too, but Mark didn't care for it. He thinks it doesn't suit my type. He won't let me sing it again. Mark says—"

"Mark—Mark—" Bradley said irritably. "Every other sentence you speak is a quotation of Mark Hammond. Why don't you get away from your Svengali for once, Ginger, and let yourself be yourself?"

Ginger flushed painfully. "Mark Hammond has made me what I am. I can never forget that."

Bradley toyed with his cocktail glass. "No, Ginger," he said slowly, "Mark Hammond is keeping you from where you ought to be, but you don't realize it!"

Blue eyes opened wide. "What on earth are you talking about?"

BRADLEY said, "You are the biggest feature on Hammond's program now, but he'll never let you take the credit you deserve. He is too jealous of his own name. You are Mark Hammond's protégée — Mark Hammond's discovery. You should be Ginger Wallis, a star in your own right, on your very own program! How long are you going to let yourself be subdued by Hammond?"

Ginger gasped, "I never even thought of that!" as though the very idea were treason.

"Of course you haven't," Bradley said. "Mark wouldn't let you. He wants to keep his Trilby where she is. Don't you see what I mean, Ginger? As long as you stay with Hammond and his band you will always be shadowed by his greater glory. You need to get away from him to express yourself properly. You'll never be a complete personality until you do."

"But I've never sung on the air, except with Mark. I don't believe I could sing without him."

"Nonsense! You've got talent, and nobody can take it away from you. You don't know what real success is,

yet. You've only just begun to taste it." Ginger said bewilderedly. "But I don't see what you're driving at. Where do you come in, Brad? What do you get out of telling me all this?"

Bradley said, "You know that my firm is one of the largest makers of toilet articles in America. We are getting ready to bring out an entirely new line. Perfume, powder, and every other accessory. The name of our new product is to be 'Enchanted Lady.'"

"We want to sponsor a brand new radio program to put over our 'Enchanted Lady' perfume. We want a girl with glamour, and personality, and a voice. Somebody who will embody the very spirit of our 'Enchanted Lady' preparations. Now do you begin to understand what I mean?"

Ginger was staring at him. Her mask of poised sophistication had slipped. She was the madcap redhead of six months ago, visualizing a program which represented her wildest hopes. A solo spot on the air!

"Enchanted Lady" she murmured. Bradley said, "I'm offering it to you, Ginger! You're the only girl I know who can fill the bill!"

Ginger breathed, "Oh, Brad! I—I don't know what to say. It sounds too marvelous for words!"

"And you're hesitating?" he said quietly.

For a second her eyes wavered before his. "Well, you see— there's Mark. I don't know whether—"

"Hammond again!" Bradley burst out. "Mark Hammond and his band will go right along the same as always. He picked you up the day after Frances Marsden eloped. He'll pick up another girl the day after you leave him. He's forgotten all about Frances. He'd forget about you."

"I could name half a dozen girls who might fit in with Mark Hammond's band. There's only one possible choice for our 'Enchanted Lady.'"

A SPASM of pain shot through Ginger. What Bradley said was true, and she knew it. Mark Hammond could forget about her just as easily as though she had never existed.

Bradley was offering her a chance in a million to realize her dearest wishes. The star of the "Enchanted Lady" program could achieve fame such as would never be hers if she stayed with Mark Hammond. Then why didn't she jump to accept his proposition?

The very thought of leaving Mark made her go cold all over. Bradley might make her the brightest star in radio's heaven, but Ginger knew that it would be an empty heaven without Mark Hammond.

"I—I don't know what to say," she repeated.

"You'll think it over, Ginger?" he urged.

"Yes, I will, Brad," she promised. "Really I will."

Lew Littell had banded together a host of celebrities to put on a show for

the inmates of Sing Sing prison. It was the first time Ginger had participated in an affair of that sort.

When the show was over, Littell approached her.

"Got anything new for the column, Ginger? You've made some pretty good items since the night you pulled that stunt at the Berkeley. How's the latest romance coming along? Bradley Sonborn still leading the field?"

"That isn't exactly a romance," Ginger protested.

"She didn't say yes, she didn't say no," Lew Littell grinned. "Okay, Ginger, if that's the way you want it to be."

He paused, and the grin faded from his keen face. Grey eyes searched hers for a moment.

"You're in love with Mark Hammond, aren't you?" Littell suddenly shot at her.

Ginger's face blanched.

Littell said kindly, "It's all right, kid. I'm not going to put that in the papers. There are some things sacred even to a guy like me. It's written all over your face, you know. I don't know why *he* can't see it."

"Please!" Ginger implored.

"All right. Sorry. It just struck me what a pity it is. Both of you wasting the best years of your life chasing rainbows. What you need—"

He stopped short. Mark came up. Mark said,

"Swell show, wasn't it, Lew? Ginger, don't let him pry any secrets out of you. He hasn't any mercy, you know."

GINGER felt limp with the knowledge that Lew had already discovered the one thing she most wanted to hide. Mark turned his full glance on her.

"Who's escorting you home tonight, Ginger?"

Ginger forced herself to answer flippantly, "I find myself in a tragic position. I have no escort."

"I'll take you back to town," Mark said. "Want to come, Lew?"

"Thanks, no. I have my own car."

Lew Littell lighted up a cigarette, regarding the two of them standing together. He said slowly, "Mark, I've been thinking."

"Well?"

"It would be swell publicity if you and Ginger got married!"

Mark's face went crimson. Ginger felt like dying on the spot. Mark exploded, "Lew, you're crazy!"

"Crazy, am I?" Lew grinned. "Well, it's still a good idea. Think it over."

Mark said, "Come on, Ginger. Let's go."

It was not until she was settling herself in Mark's car that she realized he was looking at her with a new interest. It occurred to her that she had not sat in his roadster since the night six months ago when she hid in the rumble seat. Actually they had scarcely been alone together since then. Their meetings had taken place amidst the bustle of the studios with his orchestra as a background. Tonight Mark Hammond seemed closer somehow.

Perhaps the same thought struck him. He said as he lit a cigarette,

PENNIES SAVED
but Dollars Lost!



All Kleinert's Dress Shields—even the most inexpensive—are guaranteed to protect your dress from underarm friction and perspiration chemicals as well as from the moisture itself. But for the ultra-fastidious woman we have designed Kleinert's Blue Label Shields—specially processed to be BOILABLE! Choose them in either cotton or silk, white or flesh color—you can boil them sweet and clean in hot soap suds and press them into shape with a warm iron.



HELEN: My new dress is all breaking away under the arms—what do you suppose is the matter?

MARY: Perhaps there are some harsh chemicals in your underarm cosmetics.



HELEN: But I have to do something about perspiration!

MARY: Do anything *else* you like but if you want to protect your dress be sure to use Kleinert's Dress Shields, too! You can get them for as little as 25c.



(Next Day)

HELEN: (sewing them in). NOW I'll be able to keep my dresses fresh and new-looking the way you do.

MARY: And if you buy Kleinert's Blue Label, you can even *boil* your dress shields in soap suds!

Kleinert's
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DRESS SHIELDS



When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can't curl • Washable • Some are pinless • From 25c to \$1.00 each For sale at all Notion Counters.

Why a corn hurts

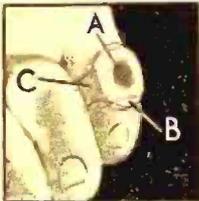


A corn is shaped like a cone, with the small end pointing into the toe. This inverted cone, under pressure from the shoe, presses against sensitive nerves, which carry pain sensations to the brain and central nervous system.

That is why a corn ruins nerves and disposition—seems to "hurt all over."

How to stop the pain

Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly, by removing pressure from the corn. The pad is soft for greatest possible comfort... yet snug-fitting enough to be unnoticed under smart shoes. Center the gentle Blue-Jay medication directly over the corn itself. The pad is held securely in place with the special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip (waterproof, soft kid-like finish, does not cling to stocking).



How to remove the corn



After the Blue-Jay has been on for 3 days, remove the pad, soak the foot in warm water, and you lift the corn right out. It is gone, never to pain you again. The Blue-Jay medication is absolutely safe... mild and gentle in its action of slowly undermining the corn.

Try Blue-Jay today. At drug and department stores—25c.

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CORN PLASTER

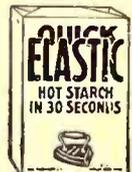
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"It's been a long time, hasn't it, Ginger?"

She said, "Yes, and I've gone a long way. We both have."

"Happy?"
"Uh-huh."

The roadster pulled away from the walls of Sing Sing. It was a cold, beautiful night.

Mark said, "You're quiet, Ginger. Are you always quiet like this? I thought those moods didn't go with red hair. It's funny, but I don't really know you, at all, do I?"

Ginger smiled to herself. "I didn't think you wanted to know me. You made that pretty plain from the start. Perhaps it is the best way. Business is business, and—well, you know what I mean."

Mark Hammond's profile was strangely tight. His eyes strayed from the road ahead to look at his companion. Out of the raw material which came into his hands six months ago had emerged a very lovely creature. Some capricious impulse caused him to remember the night when she kissed him, and the way his lips had tingled, and the startled way he had put her from him. Six months later he began to wonder whether he might have hurt her.

He shook his head bewilderedly. But the girl who kissed him was lost along with the madcap manner and the tawdry dress. This girl was polished perfection. She was everything that he had told her she must be. She wasn't the type to kiss a man for practically no reason at all. She had her feelings in check. It was very difficult to guess what she was thinking. He had made her into a model of what a girl in the public eye should be. Oddly enough he felt a sudden regret for the spontaneous charm which had been lost.

MARK said curiously, "You're not worrying about what Lew Littell said, are you? You mustn't mind Lew, you know."

Ginger said slowly, "I have never minded one of Lew's remarks yet. No, Mark. I was thinking of the publicity angle. What Lew said was typical of the lives we lead. We are dominated by publicity plans. Every thought, every act is with a view to the reactions of our public, and the increasing of our fan mail. Six months ago I thought that publicity was the most important thing in the world. Now I am beginning to wonder if we are feeding our ambition, and forgetting our souls. I mean—living for the glamour, and missing the real things in life."

Without realizing it her voice had developed a passionate intensity. Mark thought for a while before he answered.

"Is there anything real in life, besides success in one's chosen field?"

Ginger's reply was a direct challenge. "Is there?" She turned and looked him full in the eyes.

She spoke rapidly.
"You don't mean that, Mark. You know that there is. You've let yourself be blinded by ambition, and so have I. We are living for the public, but are

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we really living at all? Where are the really important things? Home life—true companionship—marriage?"

She hadn't intended to say the last word, and bit her lip sharply.

Mark's voice sounded strained. "My dear girl, when I first got out of college and decided that I was going to lead an orchestra, I met with every disappointment a man could know. I told myself then that nothing was going to stand in the way of my success. Nothing has, and nothing is going to.

They rode for a while in silence, and then Mark said.

"When I signed up with Bronstein I agreed that I should not marry as long as my contract lasted. You see, publicity has built me up into a sort of a romantic hero." He laughed. "And they are not taking any chances on spoiling my reputation."

For an instant a faint edge of bitterness distorted his voice. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"What brought all this up, anyway? It's too beautiful a night for philosophizing. Always remember, Ginger, that there is room in a lifetime for everything. But you can't have everything all at once. You and I are young, and we have our careers. There's plenty of time later for the other things."

He repeated, as though to assure himself of the fact, "Plenty of time!"

The car raced on through quiet Westchester. Ginger was so wrapped up in her thoughts that she never quite knew how the accident happened. It was as quick as a flash.

Rounding a narrow curve, and another car looming up to meet them. They learned afterward that the driver was drunk, and on the wrong side of the street. Ginger was aware of dazzling headlights plunging at them. A fierce exclamation from Mark. Her own scream of terror. Mark swerved sharply, and skidded. The car toppled over a slight embankment, and overturned.

Ginger was aware of her body lurching forward, and a terrible sensation of every muscle being wrenched. There was no further sound from Mark. She could not even see him. A darkness deeper than that of the night crushed her into oblivion.

The accident is the turning point in Ginger's and Mark's lives. The pulsating love scene and its startling climax will thrill you. Don't fail to read it in June RADIO MIRROR, out April 26.

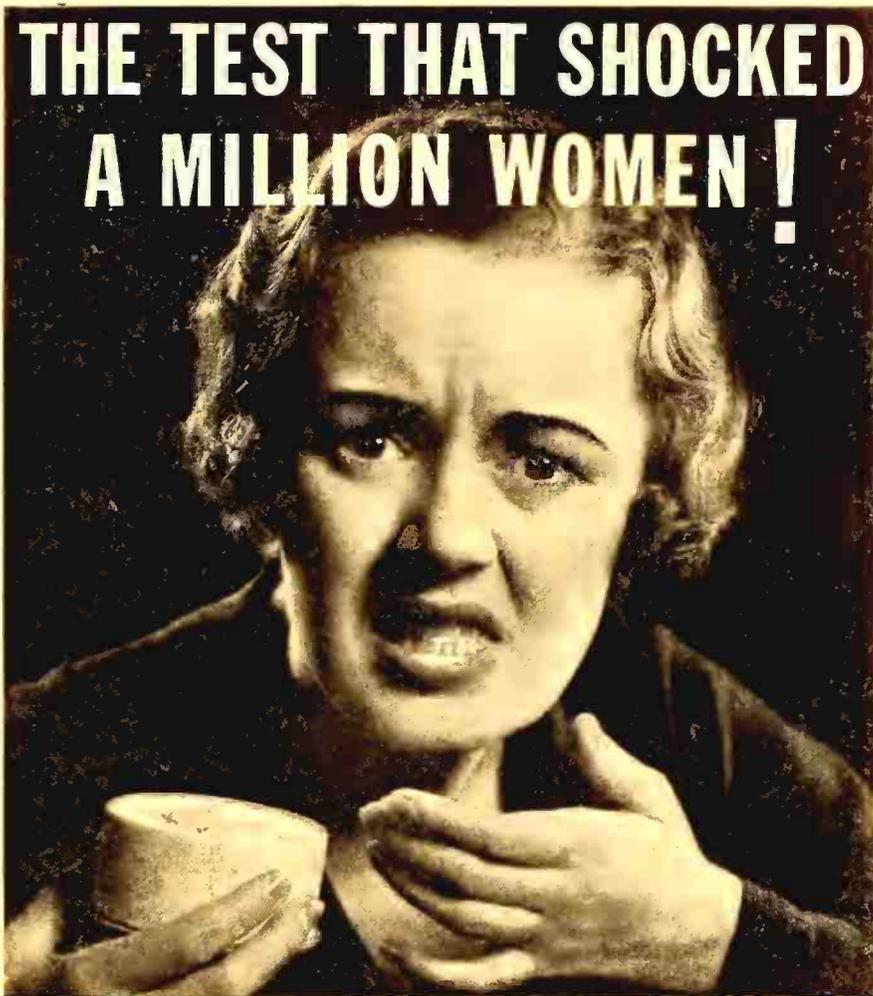
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Watch for this story



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"I Dropped the Box, I was so Horrified", Writes One Woman!

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

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Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

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There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and at Lady Esther's expense! Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is the one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.		
NAME		
ADDRESS		
CITY		
STATE		
If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.		

Scoop! Babs Ryan

Confesses

(Continued from page 23)

BIG SAVINGS...
WITH **FABRAY** FOR SHELVES



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one of the show's popular members.

As Babs told me this, seated at a tiny table in a café only a block from the rehearsal hall for the show she had just left, her hands which had been tightly gripped around a cocktail glass, unfolded and lay at rest on the checkered cloth. Already, telling the truth about what had happened, she was more relaxed.

Babs was Blanche Redwine, a senior in high school the day a friend of the family's, a woman who was a well-known figure in vaudeville, came to call at the home in Kansas City. Jokingly, Babs told the friend that she too could sing and in jest proved it.

THE woman listened, impressed with the distinctive quality of Babs' voice. Later, before she left, she took Babs aside and whispered to her a moment. "Wait until I get back to Chicago. I think I can find you a job there. I'll wire you as soon as I hear anything."

Until the day the telegram arrived she never gave it another thought.

Then this wire. It was brief and to the point. Babs should come immediately to Chicago. The woman wanted to coach her, then put her in vaudeville. With the telegram was a train ticket. Her hopes running wildly high, Babs showed the telegram to her father. Could she go?

"What!" her father exclaimed. "Quit high school before graduation? Become a show girl? Certainly not!" He said nothing more, but Babs knew it was final as far as he was concerned.

That night, long past midnight, she sneaked down the front stairs, her suitcase in one trembling hand. She had been careful to show her father only the telegram and not the train ticket.

For two months, in Chicago, Babs rehearsed, trained, studied, under tutelage of this woman. At the end of this time, she met a seasoned trouper and they formed a team. A short engagement followed, but it wasn't a success. Babs learned that her voice would never be strong enough even for duets.

Came another period of training and study back in Chicago. Then she heard that two young boys, going on seventeen and eighteen, were auditioning for a girl who could play the piano. Babs applied and was given an audition.

She played the piano, reading at sight the tricky arrangements the boys gave her. It was fun, too. She liked the younger brother, Charley. He was so nice to her, standing by her, explaining the notes over which she might stumble. Suddenly an idea came to her.

"Want me to sing a number with you?" she asked, smiling hopefully. The boys looked doubtfully at each other. Finally Charley spoke.

"Why not?" he asked, shrugging his shoulders. After all, here was the only girl they had found in fifty auditions

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You for the Opportunity to
WIN \$3,500.00

... in final prize distribution, details of which I'll mail you at once. More than \$6,000.00 cash will be awarded. Someone will get \$3,500.00 Cash—including \$1,000.00 for promptness. Send no money, just your answer—a postcard will do. Prizes duplicated in case of ties. Answers must be postmarked not later than May 31, 1935. Mail yours at once TODAY.



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Let Your Mirror Prove Results. Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald. This Different Method stops thinning out of hair, lifeless hair, itching, dandruff, threatened or increasing baldness by strengthening, prolonging the life of hair for men and women. Send your name now before it's too late for free 15-day test offer. **JUEL DENN, 207 N. Michigan F-45 Chicago, Ill**

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Tens of thousands of folks who used to suffer from miserable backaches, shoulder pains and chest congestion, now put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster and find the most soothing relief. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, sprains and strains. The beauty about Allcock's Porous Plaster is its nice glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Actually, what's happening is that it draws the blood to that spot. It treats the backache where it is. No fuss or muss, either. Allcock's is the original porous plaster. In almost 100 years no porous plaster has ever been made that goes on and comes off as easily, or that does as much good. Be sure the druggist gives you ALLCOCK'S 25c.

who could even play the piano the way they wanted.

Babs sang and the trio was formed. From the first day it was her ideas for arrangements, her suggestions, her voice that became the real business property of the three. Charley by now was in love with Babs, madly in love. Eagerly, each time they were alone, he pleaded with her to marry him. Weren't they always together anyway? Couldn't she see by now what kind of a fellow he was?

"I like you, Charley," Babs told him. "We're so very young. Why I haven't even finished high school yet. It seems so foolish to marry now."

Never did Charley give up hope. Finally, one night in desperation, Babs called her mother in Kansas City. Before she called, she brought Charley to her room. Reluctantly he agreed to abide by the mother's decision. The call went through and Babs explained the situation. Yes, she thought she loved Charley, she admitted, but they were so young. Wasn't it too soon?

The mother thought a moment, then sent her reply, firm and clear, over the wires.

"Babs, you're alone. I've never approved of your touring in vaudeville this way. Marry Charley. I know from your letters that you're making a wise choice. Then I won't be worried at all, knowing you have a husband to watch out for you."

Stunned, Babs nodded her head in mute agreement and hung up the phone. She told Charley what her mother had said.

"Darling!" he cried. "We'll be married tomorrow morning!"

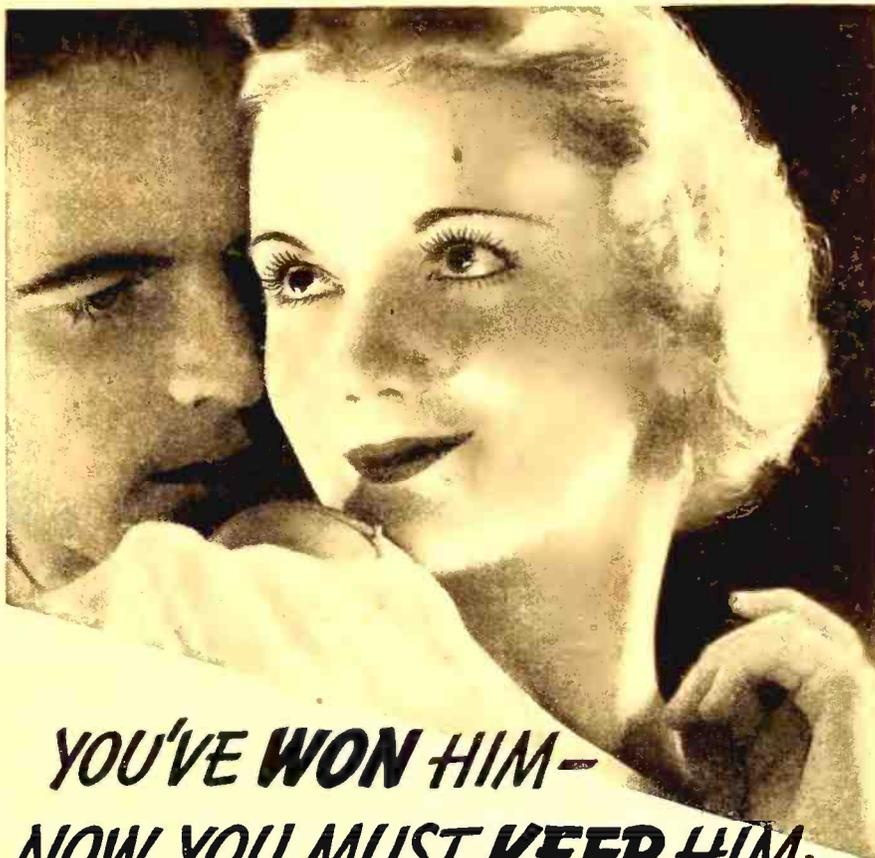
So Babs became Mrs. Charley Ryan. That night the trio put their heads together. No one but themselves, they decided, was to know that Babs had married one of her "brothers." It might hurt business.

IT wasn't long after that the trio went to Cleveland for a job and was heard by Fred Waring. The unusual style, the breaks which Babs put into the songs and made attractive with high, half squeezy notes, made a hit with Waring. He met them, found they could be put under contract, got a lawyer, some ink and a pen, and closed the deal.

Again the trio had a conference. Again they decided it would be better to keep the marriage a secret. Not even Waring was to know.

And then, just as the trio hit the long swell that rolled them to the top in popularity, Babs recognized the first storm warnings of a wrecked marriage.

Rehearsals which were all business, with Babs scolding, cajoling, scolding, and Charley snapping back, went the way rehearsals should go. At the end of long hours, songs worked out to the trio's mutual satisfaction. But the small quarrels, the arguments started in rehearsals, carried over into the hours after dinner. Charley perhaps would bring up an unsettled point. Inevitably, Babs would reply. Little controversies became enormous points on which neither would give in.



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Rush snapshot or photo—send no money—just your ring size and name on coupon. Pay postman only \$1.00 plus few cents postage when ring is delivered. Photo returned with your ring. Order blanks and complete instructions for cashing in on this money-making sensation sent free. Start collecting your big cash profits at once. Mail coupon now.

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Enclosed is photo. Please rush my Portrait Ring and complete starting equipment. Will pay postman \$1.00 C.O.D. plus few cents postage. Ring size (Photo must be only one person. Groups or 2 or 3 heads cannot be reproduced on one ring.)

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We Buy Old Gold and Sterling Silver

"It's the same old story," Babs told me. "You can't bring business into the home. Fights are bound to follow, if you do, and neither Charley nor I could help talking about the day's work at night. That started it and in the end we did nothing but bicker all the time. No love can stand up under that."

"Even now, Charley won't admit to himself that we're through with marriage, but deep down in his own heart he knows the truth. Some day he'll admit it."

"As a matter of fact," she went on, her cheeks coloring a little, "I think I'm in love right now. But he's in Florida and besides, my divorce won't go through for another five weeks. Perhaps," and her tone became wistful, "Charley will believe now that our marriage is really over."

She stood up and put out her hand in a friendly, spirited gesture.

"I'll bet you," she said, "that no matter what else happens, you'll be hearing Babs and her brothers on the radio when your story comes out in the magazine."

Meet the Artists!

(Continued from page 47)

day present for an old neighbor and decided to make one, too. On the birthday, young Elizabeth rose at six, slipped out of the house, rang the amazed neighbor's bell, sang her half a dozen Schubert songs, and returned home in time to help carry in the breakfast coffee. Was sent to Dresden at seventeen to study piano. Engaged a year later for the Royal Dresden Opera. Her father had to come from the country to sign her contract. When she first came to New York, friends engaged for her a fine pent-house apartment overlooking the river. She was terribly unhappy there! Can't stand living high up in apartments. Prefers her own house, close to the feel and the smell of the earth. Now lives in the suburbs, runs her own household, and drives her roadster herself to and from Metropolitan Opera performances! Loves horses, dogs, gardening, and all out-door sports, especially skiing. Reads a great deal, plays piano, and hates bridge. Prefers conversation! Not at all a free-and-easy mixer, but a rock-of-Gibraltar friend. Believes the secret of happiness lies, not in what you get, but in your own powers of appreciation. Grew up in Germany's hard post-war years, and still counts it a thrill to have enough to eat! Never gossips.

**GLADYS SWARTHOUT'S
PRESCRIPTION FOR PARADISE**

Anybody who wants true happiness must read this fine feature in next month's
**RADIO MIRROR
OUT APRIL 26**



**SO TIRED, SO BLUE
Till This ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative
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Coast-to-Coast HighlightsChicago*(Continued from page 44)*

dance broadcasts have been changed. You used to hear the announcer say "And now we invite you to dance with Ted Weems." One literal minded lady, with three cocktails aboard, caused that to be changed. She stopped in front of the bandstand at the Palmer House and insisted that Ted stop conducting the orchestra long enough to dance with her!

DURING rest periods while rehearsing, Tony Wons and his "House by the Side of the Road" company, listen to recordings of the previous Sunday's broadcast. They can actually hear how they sounded on the air and improve themselves that way.

WAYNE KING wants to sell his sporty Stinson cabin plane. Mrs. King feels that she should stay on the ground now, what with a child and everything. So Wayne will do his flying alone in an open cockpit airplane from now on.

ANNE SEYMOUR, star of the Grand Hotel broadcasts, has stopped in nineteen hotels named Grand Hotel in as many different cities of the world.

JACKIE HELLER, the half pint singer, almost missed a broadcast once despite his motorcycle police escort. Chicago's icy streets kept the parade down to a cautious twenty miles per hour.

COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI who prefers to be called Olga rather than Countess almost lost a pearl the other day. She dropped in to see some friends who were entertaining Eugenie Leontovich and Phil Huston of the theatre. After she had left, Phil suddenly bit on something hard. It was a pearl. Now it wouldn't have astonished Phil if he had been eating oysters. But this was marinated herring and pearls don't belong in herring. Suddenly someone remembered that Miss Albani had reached across the table to shake hands. They telephoned her. In surprise she looked at the ring on her right hand. Yes, the pearl was gone.

JOSEF KOESTNER, the Household program orchestral conductor, was all packed up to leave his German home to teach music in Budapest when a letter arrived from relatives in America suggesting he join them. He changed his tickets, kept his luggage packed and within a few hours was on his way to the United States.

AMATEUR radiophone operators got something of a surprise the other night when, after talking to a certain fellow by short-wave for several minutes, they discovered he was Vic of the popular NBC family sketch, Vic and Sade. And guess what they all

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston

announce the marriage

of their daughter

Doris

*And there almost was
no wedding to announce*



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those big little things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

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Face Lips Chin

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Name.....
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wanted to talk about: Vic and Sade. They even tried to pry information out of Vic as to what was to happen in future Vic and Sade skits, but Vic (Art Van Harvey) couldn't have told them even had he been willing. He doesn't know what's going to happen until he reaches the studio for rehearsal each day.

The station was W9SP in Forest Park Ill., owned by Harold Blough, one of Vic's friends. First Van Harvey and Blough established two-way communication with a "ham" in Syracuse. Later a fan in Watertown, S. D., was picked up, and he too became all ears when informed whom he was talking to. Finally a Cicero, Ill., operator, no longer able to restrain himself after listening to the previous conversations, broke in and called his wife to the mike so she, too, could talk to Vic.

Pacific

(Continued from page 45)

library; Meredith Gregor, third member, went back to her home in Long Beach to manage property for her mother's estate.

"TAKE your troubles to church and pray." 'Tis a gagman's dream... sort of a shot in the arm. Linn Church and Russell Pray, announcer and technician respectively at KYA in Frisco-town, are used to such wheezes concocted and dished out by the ribald and uncouth members of the announcing fraternity.

WELL, isn't this just ducky. Or is it? Seems as though the male staff of Long Beach's KFOX is banding together against that demon tobacco. Hal Nichols, general factotum; Billy Woods, juve dramatist; Jay Johnson, comedian of sorts; Foster Rucker and Lou Houston, announcers... even the entire technical force... none of 'em smoke the filthy weed, according to the publicity scribes. But, why in heck did they leave the gals out in making the survey?

CLAUDE REIMER, KHJ organist, was once a boy soprano in the choir of St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral at Syracuse, N. Y. ... later became organist there and still later was married in that church.

MYRON NEISLEY got a good break in landing at KNX, Hollywood, when NBC had its semi-annual house-cleaning some months ago and tossed out a whole flock of top-notchers. Years ago he was with the Rounders male quartet in Los Angeles before rising to network fame. Born in Abilene, Kansas, he grew up in Wakeeney, went to college in Emporia and aspired to be a chemist. But he turned to stage and later to radio as a means of artistic expression.

HOW do you like Soprano Francia White on the revamped NBC House Party? Folks in the southwest thought she was extra good the years

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C. E. Brooks, Inventor

she was on Los Angeles and Hollywood stations. And then came the big break and New York at last.

She was graduated from the Covina High school . . . studied ballet and tap dancing in the city . . . played on vodvil circuit to get to New York, but had to turn right around and come home because of illness.

A few years ago she had the prima donna part in the KFI Opera of the Air . . . sang in the famed Hollywood Bowl . . . lead soprano in Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream" presentation . . . did the Jenny Lind singing role in "The Mighty Barnum." And now the little lady is doing big-time stuff, but looks forward to coming back to the sticks and settling down on an orange grove again.

LEWIS MEEHAN, popular radio tenor of Southern California, is about to change his name from Lewis to John. The name John adds up to three, in numerology, which means "the artist." Or so they say.

JIMMIE FIDLER, NBC film chatter, is a blond, blue-eyed Southerner . . . born in St. Louis, educated in Mississippi and Tennessee. He served in the Marines during the war; sold auto accessories in Memphis; in the silent films a year or so; then publicity, and first on the air in '33 with film gossip for the Hollywood on the Air half hours.

WHAT THEY WANT TO KNOW

Answering some of the queries from readers.

Max Von L. Swarthout, music dean of the University of Southern California, is a cousin of Gladys Swarthout, of NBC Beauty Box Theatre fame.

Dick Webster, who sings and plays the violin with Jimmie Grier's Orchestra, is a brother of Vera Van, CBS songstress. Vera was born as Vera Geraldine Webster in Marion, Ohio, and did her first broadcast via KHJ on "Uncle John" Daggett's children's hour when she was twelve.

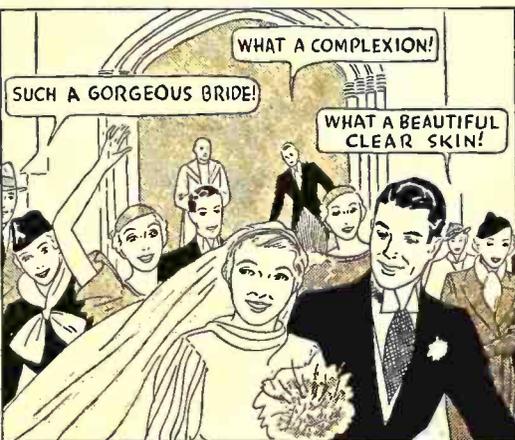
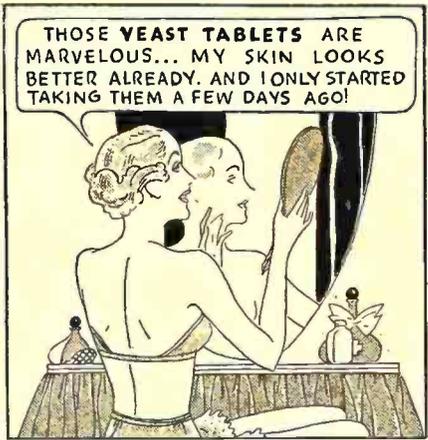
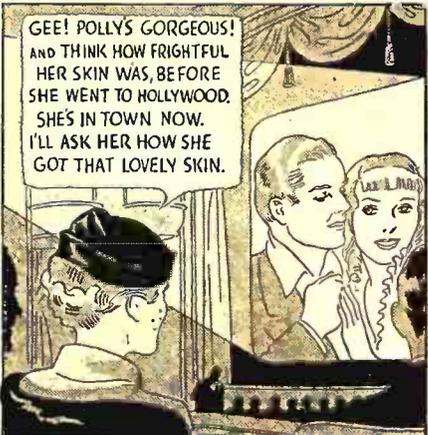
Cheri McKay, heard from Chicago with the Merry Macs, is a sister of Ben McLaughlin, with NBC in San Francisco . . . Bennie Walker on the Woman's Magazine of the Air, and so forth.

Virginia Sale, heard on some Los Angeles radio drama bits, is a sister of Chic Sale, who is now with Shellville on NBC Mondays at 9 p. m. (PST).

Gale Gordon, Los Angeles radio drama man now in New York, but who may go home soon, is really Charles Thomas Aldrich. His father, retired actor, lives on a hundred-acre estate in New York state.

I don't know whether Claude Sweeten, KFRC music head, is still sending out his autographed pictures or not. Why don't you write him in San Francisco? He sent out lots to the audience of Feminine Fancies and Jamboree programs.

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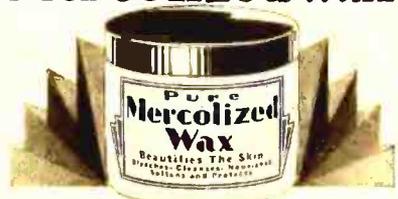
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How to Get More Fun Out of Music

(Continued from page 29)

all-Brahms concerts broadcast by the greatest symphonic group in America, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. And under the baton of the greatest conductor in the world, Arturo Toscanini.

When we speak of Toscanini as the greatest conductor of the world, we think of his marvelous memory, his concentration on every last detail of the symphony he is directing.

There are thousands of stories, many of them true, told of Toscanini's amazing knowledge of the scores he conducts. A tuba player in the Philharmonic orchestra came to him one evening in great distress just as the performance was about to begin. He had just discovered that a striking piece of mechanism had broken the lowest note of his tuba, and he was unable to sound that note. What was he to do? Toscanini reflected a minute. Then he said, "It's all right. That note doesn't occur this evening." Toscanini had reviewed three hours of music in his mind and discovered that the particular tone in question would not be played by the tuba!

And another! One time a second fiddler on a rear stand of the Metropolitan Orchestra forgot to take the mute off his violin, or was perhaps too lazy to bother for a few measures. Without turning, Toscanini said quietly: "I can not see so far, but I hear a mute somewhere on one of the second violins."

BUT to return to the composer Brahms—it will be a great help to know something about the personality behind the tremendous symphonies, the world-famous songs that Brahms wrote, and that you and I are to hear.

Remember that last month we decided that the whole trick of getting something out of "serious" music was to relax, to "take it easy," and to remember that you don't have to be a professional musician or to know anything about musical technique to appreciate these broadcasts.

So let's approach Brahms in something of the same spirit. Let's gossip a bit about him as a person, before we turn to his music. That will help us get the "feel of him."

Brahms was born at Hamburg, Germany, in 1833 and spent most of his early life there. His father was a well-known but struggling music teacher who taught him music well, but was not able to give him much in a material way.

When he was fourteen, Brahms started playing the piano in the sailors' dives and dance halls of Hamburg. And, like all romantic and imaginative boys of his age, he fell often and violently in love.

The women he fell in love with were those whom he met and saw—and they were practically all the chambermaids and "hostesses" of the dives in which

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he played the piano.

These unfortunate women often loved him in return. He was a strange lad to them, a boy none of them understood very well. Even then he was composing music and dreaming wildly beautiful dreams for himself. He spoke of his early loves in the most romantic terms, and they were flattered.

Later, his musical genius brought him to the attention of Robert Schumann, a much older and a recognized composer of the day, who acted as his "press agent," and eventually Brahms left the sordid environment of the Hamburg taverns.

But Brahms did not forget.

All his life he preferred the company of the kind of women that the world condemns, the women of the streets, the tavern "wenches."

He never married, although he briefly considered the young and lovely daughter of Robert Schumann. Instead, he spent himself emotionally with the kind of women he had first noticed and learned to love as a boy. Some of his finest symphonies, his most beautiful and spiritual songs are dedicated to the chambermaids who cleaned his rooms for him, the waitresses and bar maids who served him in the taverns, the women who solicited him on the street.

It was a strange situation—one, however, that history has often uncovered. Wasn't it Francis Thompson, the beloved Catholic poet, who wrote one of his most beautiful poems to a woman of the streets who befriended and cared for him in her own cheap little lodging when he was sick? He called her:

"..... a flower
Dropped from the budded coronal
of spring,
And thru the city streets blown
withering"

So it was with Brahms. The women he loved were to him beautiful and inspiring and lovely. The music he composed for them was written on the highest plane. It was inspired music. And you and I, listening to it over the radio this month, will be thrilled and inspired and will find no difficulty in applying it emotionally to our own most cherished loves.

HIS songs, many of which you can hear this season on the Hoover program starring Madame Schumann-Heink, on Sunday afternoons over NBC, are all written in this same pure, spiritual vein. And you will find it strange but wonderful, when you listen to them, to think of Brahms' background, and then to remember that he has composed these same songs.

Once every season the New York Philharmonic plays the Brahms First Symphony in C Minor. And the NBC Orchestra, the Detroit Symphony, the General Motors 80-piece ensemble all make it a part of their regular repertoire.

In it is the soul of Johannes Brahms crying out against the disorder, the disappointment, the emptiness of the answers that life had given to his passionate questioning. Why? Why? Why? Why? it asks—and only discord

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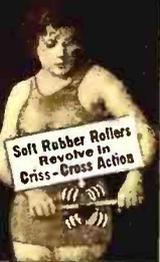
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BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

Roll Your FAT Away

With This Amazing Invention



No drugs! No salts! No starvation diets! Simply roll your FAT away—easily, safely, with the "NUWAY MASSAGER". Nothing like this amazing invention that breaks down the fatty tissues naturally with a gentle cross-cross, massaging action of its soft, double rollers. Just a few minutes use daily reduces the waist 2 to 6 inches, other fat spots in proportion.

FREE TRIAL OFFER
Write today—for Free Trial Offer! Prove the amazing fat-reducing action of the "NUWAY" by actual trial and without risking one single penny.

NUWAY COMPANY
Dept. 157, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Removes fat wherever desired. Restores nervousness.



WHO WANTS TO MARRY A GIRL?

CERTAINLY, there is a girl you want to marry! But how are you ever going to make this dream come true on the money you're making? The wonder is not new to you, is it? *Quit wondering—start acting!* Thousands of men have acted by making themselves worth more money by acquiring more training for the job at hand and the job ahead. They have gotten this training in spare time. Their very first step was mailing this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton. Why don't you do it?

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

"The Universal University" Box 2276-C, Scranton, Penna. Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

- TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES**
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 - Architectural Draftsman
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 - Contractor and Builder
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- Cost Accountant
- Accountancy and C.P.A. Coaching
- Bookkeeping
- Secretarial Work
- Spanish
- Salesmanship
- Wallpaper Decorating
- Salesmanship
- Service Station Salesmanship
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- English
- Civil Service
- Railway Mail Clerk
- Mail Carrier
- Grade School Subjects
- High School Subjects
- College Preparatory
- First Year College
- Illustrating
- Cartooning

Name.....Age.....
Street Address.....
City.....State.....
Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

and confusion seem to answer. Everywhere there is storm and stress.

But as he presses harder and more desperately against the dull wall of resistance, at last something breaks. The turmoil dies. The answer comes. An almost unbearable sweetness and consolation. Behold! This is the heart of life! This is your real self! This, Johannes Brahms, is the country of your soul!

Clear sky, singing winds, against a background of mountain and water... and in the end we climb upward, near the jagged peaks glowing in sunset splendor. It is a scene you will never forget.

In this particular symphony, tune detectives long ago found the resemblance between the melody that opens the last movement and a melody in Beethoven's great Ninth Symphony. When one of them asked him if he realized this resemblance, Brahms, by this time old and gruff, shouted back, "Yes, and the funny part of it is that every damn fool notices it!"

AND now I am wanting to tell you about the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven which opens with four great resounding and summoning notes—I had almost said cries—of which Beethoven himself said:

"So—Fate—Knocks—at the door!"
But that must wait until next time, along with a number of other interesting questions like.

What is a claque?
What is a sonata? A concerto? A prelude? A fugue?

And why is an orchestra conductor? I had promised also the answers to questions raised in last month's installment. And here they are:

The instrument in the orchestra that sobs is the violin.

The flute may be said to laugh. Also, in our jazz orchestras, the saxophone displays a distinct sense of humor.

Percussions are those instruments of the orchestra that are struck or clapped together such as cymbals or castanets. They are used as the rhythmic foundation of the orchestra. Those which fall under the percussion classification are: the kettle drum, the bass drum and side drums, the chinese drum (which resembles the Indian tom-tom), the triangle and the cymbals, the xylophone and marimba, the glockenspiel, the bells, the celeste, the gong, and the castanets and tambourines.

And still there is one question, left open from last month that cries out to be answered.

"Is it true that all good trap drummers are crazy?"

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

The Bad Boy of Radio
Describing for the first time the pranks this unusual man has perpetrated—in the June RADIO MIRROR, out April 26.



Soothe THOSE TIRED EYES!

Murine relieves and relaxes tired eyes. Removes irritating particles. Refreshing. Easy to use. Safe. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

NURSES ATTENDANTS AND OTHERS

EXPERIENCED & INEXPERIENCED MALE AND FEMALE desiring information regarding positions in hospitals, sanitariums and institutions any part of U.S. or Canada, write NOW enclosing stamp to Schart Bureau, Dept. S-46, 145 W. 45th St., New York.

BURNING PERFUME

Gives exquisite fragrance of California's flower gardens to entire home. Used like incense only better. Fascinating aroma, like blossoms, clings for hours after burning.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
3 Choice Fragrances. Reg. Value 75c **50c**

1. Rose of California. 2. Holly-wood Bouquet. 3. Love Kisses. Send only 50c (coin or stamps) for these 3 packages of Burning Perfumes (12 sticks and holder to each package). Not more than two sets to each new customer. Money back if not more than satisfied. Address Bergay Perfume Products, Dept. 2, Box 35, Station C, San Diego, Calif.



LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR

NO NOTES—NO SCALES—NO EXERCISES / COURSE COMPLETE

BE POPULAR!

If you can whistle, sing or hum—you have talent. Let a popular radio pianist train your hands in THIRTY DAYS. TEN LESSON METHOD sent postpaid for \$1.00 or pay postman \$1.99 plus postage. NOTHING MORE TO BUY. Be your own TEACHER! Results Guaranteed, according charts included. Dept. M-6

MAJOR KORD Del Rio, Texas

*DOCTOR TELLS WHAT TO DO FOR COMMON HAIR & SCALP TROUBLES

Advices Use of Real Scalp Medicine

The physician who approved this advertisement says that you need a real scalp medicine—an antiseptic counter-irritant—if you are to avoid premature baldness due to poor circulation, dandruff and scaly accumulations that choke your scalp pores.

So follow the doctor's advice—ask your druggist for an antiseptic counter-irritant—just say **JAPANESE OIL** and you'll be sure of getting the right thing.

Then massage your scalp with it every night before retiring. Keep this up faithfully—and you'll marvel at the improvement in your hair and scalp.

Delay doesn't help, so ask your druggist for Japanese Oil today. It costs but 60c a bottle; \$1.00 for Economy size.

FREE: "The Truth About the Hair," a valuable booklet full of information on how to have and to keep a good head of hair. Write now to:—

National Remedy Co., 56 W. 45th St., New York, Dept. 24-G

*This advertisement was reviewed and approved by a registered physician.

Why Screen Stars Wear lovely WILKNIT SILK HOSE

—because proofed against snags

Movie stars—Alice White and many others—choose the exclusive Wilknit. They demand wear as well as alluring beauty. Wilknit are "anti-snags." Resist rips. Triple wear. 2 pairs guaranteed to wear 3 months without holes. 4 pairs 6 months etc.

AGENTS: Astounding Profits

Pleasant work demonstrating this amazing silk hose to friends. No canvassing or experience necessary. Fanny Pope made over \$20 in two hours. Stars' pictures and complete demonstrating equipment of women's, men's and children's hose supplied. Write quick. Give hose also.

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
E-8 Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

Alice White Universal Pictures

Your Own SILK HOSE FREE!

Why Warren Hull Went Into Exile

(Continued from page 35)

blues singers and orchestras, instrumentalists and brass bands, mediocre sustaining programs and lavish commercials—from 8.00 A. M. to midnight, six days a week.

It was not long before Warren pooled his talents with that of Harry Michaels, staff pianist who could perform all kinds of difficult tricks on the keyboard. They called themselves Grin-and-Bearit and went on the air every morning at eight o'clock. The success of that team is still being talked about in Boston. They brought in more fan mail to that station than any other program had before or since.

During these three years, Warren was keeping his eye on New York. Tempting offers by the dozen were made by various advertising agencies for his services at both NBC and CBS but his hands were tied. Meanwhile negotiations continued between ex-husband's and ex-wife's attorneys. And finally the welcome news arrived. His former wife had remarried! Now he could go back to New York without being hounded by warrants for his arrest.

WARREN HULL has been on the air a little over a year making his comeback. And during this time he has established an enviable reputation as the "Jack of All Radio Trades," and radio executives all agree that he is certainly "Master" of them all. During the past twelve months his broadcasting activities have included the following roles: actor, master of ceremonies, script writer, production man, comedian, straight man, baritone soloist, sports announcer and even weather prophet. And in between microphone appearances he found time to make a series of singing movie shorts for Educational films with Sylvia Froos and the Pickens Sisters. And just recently Allen Jocelyn, master of ceremonies for Beatrice Lillie broke his leg and Warren Hull was requested to pinch-hit for him. You've been hearing his voice ever since. Meanwhile flattering offers are coming from movie producers in Hollywood to which Warren turns a deaf ear. He is quite candid in giving his reasons for refusing to become a member of Hollywood's movie set at this time.

"I'm going to wait awhile and make a name for myself in radio first. When that time comes I'll be able to command a better price from the movie outfits."

From high school theatricals in the upper New York state town of Gasport, to the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N. Y., to the chorus ranks, understudy and finally a speaking part in "The Love Song," to playing principal roles in "The Student Prince," "My Maryland," "Spring Magic," "Rain or Shine," "Follow Thru" and thence to radio—Warren Hull has had quite a career in show business.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE
THEY ONCE CALLED ME
SKINNY!



Thousands are quickly gaining
5 to 15 lbs. this new easy way

DON'T think you're "born" to be skinny and friendless. Thousands with this new easy treatment have gained 5 to 15 good solid pounds, attractive curves they never could gain before—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast for health. But this new yeast discovery in pleasant tablets gives far greater tonic results—builds health and also adds solid new flesh—and in a far shorter time!

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

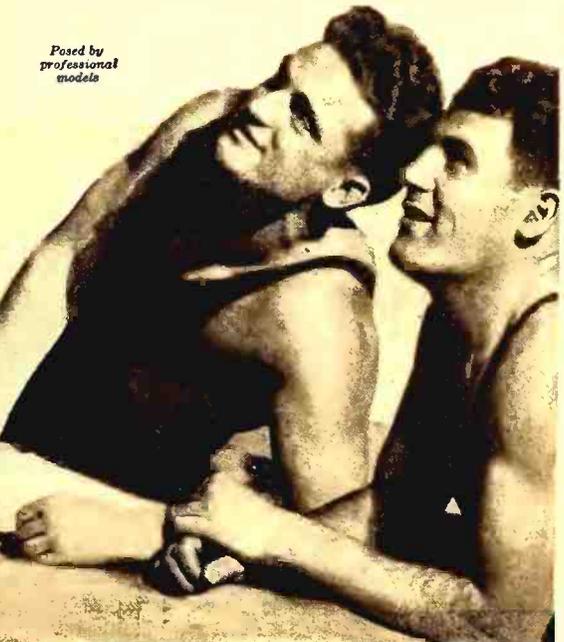
Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by
professional
models



What's New On
Radio Row

(Continued from page 43)

Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor-edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus Ω . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

In Perfect Health Now

About nine years ago I purchased one of your famous J. B. L. Cascade sets in an attempt to rid myself of suffering from intestinal troubles since it was recommended to me. Ever since the purchase I have used it constantly until now I am in perfect health and the stomach trouble forgotten. From then on I have been recommending it to every one who suffers from constipation.

I wish to take this opportunity now in thanking you for the wonderful device in restoring health, and the complete understandable instructions included in each set.

June 9, 1934.

Beth Terec,
602 W. 17th St., Cheyenne, Wyo.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, eekia, etc.

Send for this Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. 855, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE.

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. 1055, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....

Street.....

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

DE WOLFE HOPPER, after a lifetime of railroad journeys as a theatrical trouper, has taken to airplane travel like a duck takes to water. From his headquarters in Chicago he flies each week to Kansas City to act as narrator on the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra broadcast and then back again. If he has business in New York he makes the round trip by the sky route. "The more time I spend in the air, the more time I have to spend on earth," is the way Hopper explains his preference for scooting through the clouds. And Hopper has spent 77 years on earth, having reached that milestone on March 30th.

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

THE news hound who sniffs out items for this department in radio's social circles just deposited on this desk a sheaf of notes. Here are the highlights of his snoopings:

Ann St. George, whose charms are on display at New York's Hollywood Restaurant where nudes make news, is wearing a solitaire placed there by **Ted Husing**. Meanwhile, the romance between the ex-Mrs. Ted Husing and **Lennie Hayton**, the bandsman, burns brightly and the expectation is both weddings will occur in June.

SIR STORK is due in the home of **Walter O'Keefe** any minute now. The romance-finders insist **Bing Crosby's brother, Bob**, is very much interested in **Ann Heim**, also identified with the Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra. Scarcely a week passes, however, but Bob's name is linked up with a brand new gal... And **Priscilla Lane**, of the Fred Waring Lanes, is discussing a lot of things these days besides golf with **Jack Cummins**, the Cleveland golfer.

IS there a romance brewing between **Richard Maxwell** and **Mildred Lynn**?... What Radio City Music Hall executive thinks **Peg La Centra** just grand?... Wonder if it means anything that **Frank Parker** and **Patti Pickens**, of the Pickens Sisters, are so congenial?... The **Hal Kemps** are expecting a blessed event any day now—and the medico says the stork may bring twins!... They have a two-year old daughter.

THE Phil Spitalnys (he's the maestro of the all-girl band which may have some bearing on the matter) were living in different hotels when this was tapped out and of course the gossips had jumped to the inevitable conclusion... **James H. R. Cromwell** who married **Doris Duke**, the richest girl in the world, is a politico-economic

"A Woman may Marry Whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.



Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 25-E, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPOO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L.P. Valligay, Dept. 18, 254 W. 31 St., New York

Learn Photography at HOME

Make money taking pictures. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free book, Opportunities in Modern Photography, and full particulars.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 1385, 3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, U. S. A.

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED

Straight regular features! Charmingly new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna), reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polydino method. Unhappy noses, protruding ears, large lips, wrinkles, signs of age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "Facial Reconstruction" (mailed in plain wrapper).

Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 9-H, New York

WRIST WATCH

GIVEN Would you like to own this latest model rectangular wrist watch, with jeweled movement, engraved case and bracelet band to match! It's so easy to get! Just take orders for 20 useful articles. Choice of other VALUABLE GIFTS or CASH. Free booklet explains unannual plan for men, women, boys and girls. Be sure to write for it TODAY.

EMPIRE MOSE. CORP., 414 Broadway, Dept. 203, N. Y. C.

Now SILK HOSE GUARANTEED TO Wear Without Holes

SNAG PROOFED—SPOT PROOFED—RINGLESS

Guaranteed to wear without holes from 1 1/2 months to 8 months or replaced free. Chiffons and service weights. 96 styles and colors for men, women children. Not sold in stores but through representatives. Write for big opportunity. Give size.

AGENTS
Up to \$22 in a week demonstrating.
L. E. WILKIN, Employment Mgr.
Dept. E-208, Columbus, Ohio

Your Own Hose Free

THIS FRAME IS FREE

with each PHOTO or SNAPSHOT ENLARGEMENT for only 98¢

Simply send me your PHOTO or SNAPSHOT, and in about one week you will receive a Beautiful Enlargement, exactly like the original, in an Artistic 5x6 Frame as illustrated. Also \$210 Enlargement with wall frame, 98¢. SPECIAL: 11x14, 10x16, 14x20, or 16x20

Enlargements (unframed), with hand-colored Button of your Photo 99¢. Send No Money! Just pay minimum price of enlargement desired plus postage. Or remit with order and we pay postage. Original returned, and Photo free. You'll be delighted.

ALTON ART STUDIOS, Dept. 503A, 4856 N. Damen Ave., Chicago

associate of Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, the fighting radio priest.

THE Pickens Sisters and other stars grace the cast of the Broadway revue, "Thumbs Up", but the big attraction to Jerry Cooper is Dawn Greenwood, one of the eye-filling show-girls . . . Maestro Leon Navara and Violet Hamilton, of the Three X Sisters, are having heart to heart conferences . . . Piny Lee, lisping comedian of the Carefree Carnival, is preparing to join the ranks of the pram pushers . . . Abe McAlister and James Tansey, play brother and sister in "The O'Neils", but their affection for each other is something else again . . . Announcer Ted Pierson recently married the ex-Mrs. Ted Fiorito.

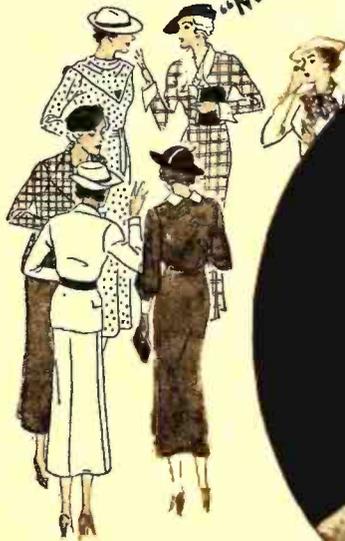
DIZZY DEAN, the pride of the St. Louis Cardinals who talks like a Ring W. Lardner character come to life, claims to have enriched his vocabulary by listening to Rudy Vallee cuss out his musicians at rehearsal. Dizzy might add further to it if he could catch in action Madame Sylvia, the former Hollywood masseuse who is now an NBC beauty expert. One of the most dynamic personalities in radio, Sylvia, when upset, is also one of the most fluent users of picturesque phrases in or out of radio. Her Swedish dialect adds a certain piquancy to her speech that commands the respect of all within sound of her voice.

HARRY RICHMAN, one of the most air-minded of the air entertainers, has been establishing amphibian records. One day at Miami, after two hours and 38 minutes in the air, he reached an altitude of 22,000 feet. Two weeks later he went aloft again and set a world's speed record for an amphibian. He flew 625 miles at an average speed of 100.5 miles an hour.

WHO says radio isn't progressing? It has now reached that stage when they throw custard pies in the studio. (You'll recall, of course, that Mack Sennett once rose to fame in the movies by discovering the comic proprieties of flying pastry.) The other broadcast, to the intense delight of the studio spectators, Eddie Cantor hurled a pie right smack into the face of "Parkyakakas." But what must have been the thoughts of Harry Einstein, who plays that role, as the gooey entrails smeared themselves over his countenance? Now he's given up a \$20,000 a year job as a dignified advertising expert to become one of Cantor's stooges.

THE Columbia Broadcasting System maintains what is known as "The Bureau of Nonexistent Persons." It is presided over by a man who spends all his time registering on cards the names of people that ain't, and to the best of his knowledge and belief, never was. At the same time he makes

"I HEARD HER SAY--"
 "MY COUSIN OUT WEST--"
 "YOU NEVER KNOW--"



Pay no attention to them .. get the real facts yourself

JUST as though it were about something of slight importance, this tossing back and forth of hearsay goes on and on—among women. "Hearsay" or "misinformation," which is it? The two words are really synonymous when this most serious subject of feminine hygiene is being discussed. Don't pay any attention to all the worthless talk. Here are the real facts.

There has been a sweeping change in the whole idea of feminine hygiene. Many women, otherwise modern, are surprisingly unaware of this. The change is in the *antiseptic*.

Zonite is safe and strong

In the field of antiseptics there is an improvement which is breathtaking in its benefit to women. Do you know *Zonite*? This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. And it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be safely allowed on the human body.

A generation ago it would have seemed incredible that an antiseptic like *Zonite* could exist. In those days the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Yet here is this marvelous *Zonite* now available to every woman in America!

Zonite is strong and Zonite is safe.

Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause any damage to sensitive tissues, never leave an area of scar tissue. On the contrary, *Zonite* is gentle and soothing in its action. Sold at all drug stores, in bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.

Zonite Suppositories Also Sold

Zonite also comes in semi-solid forms called *Zonite Suppositories* and your druggist has these for sale, at \$1.00 for a box of a dozen. *Zonite Suppositories* are dainty, white and greaseless. Each is hygienically sealed in its own glass vial.

Get the booklet, "Facts for Women." It has information of great value to women given in more detail than is possible here. Read this booklet. Pass it on to other women. It contains real facts. Mail coupon below.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
 Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
 Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below. MG-55
 Facts for Women
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home
 Name..... (Please print name)
 Address.....
 City..... State.....
 (In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)



Extra food-energy for children and convalescents

● Made as directed, Cocomalt increases the food-energy value of milk 70 per cent.

Cocomalt mixed with milk is beneficial for growing children, underweight men and women, convalescents. It helps to maintain and restore normal strength because of its special nutritional value and extra food-value. It is easily digested, quickly assimilated. Sold at all grocery, drug, department stores in air-tight cans.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. This means the product fulfills the claimed nutritional values for it, and the claims for it are truthful. Produced by an exclusive process under scientific control, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

Cocomalt

The delicious Vitamin D food-drink

PRINT YOUR PHOTO *on PAPER·FABRIC·WOOD* **DIRECT** FROM ANY NEGATIVE! RESULTS GUARANTEED! Astonishing effects with new, sensational DUO-PRINT. Reproduces beautiful, PERMANENT, WASHABLE pictures on ordinary paper, fabrics, rubber, wood, leather, etc. Takes but 4 minutes—harmless to negative.

Complete Treatment to PRINT 200 PHOTOS 50c
No dark room or special equipment. Send 50c for complete post-paid treatment to print 200 3 x 5 photos (C. & D. 65c). **OUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE PROTECTS YOU.**
DUOR CO., 1851 Washington Ave., N. Y. C.

ONLY 15¢? INCREDIBLE! **YES! AND WHAT A BEAUTY**

Amazing Value in CLOPAY 15¢ SHADES Astonishes Everyone!

WHEN you see Clopays, it's hard to believe they cost so little. So many charming colors and patterns! So durable, too—never crack, ravel or pinhole and patented creped texture makes them hang straight and roll straight. Used daily in over a million homes. Attach to old rollers in a jiffy without tacks or tools. At any "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to CLOPAY CORP., 1394 York St., Cincinnati, O.

Save Money On All Oilcloth Needs. With FABRY—Looks—Feels—Wears Like Oilcloth—Costs 1/2 to 1/3 Less. At Your Favorite 5-and-10c Store.

a memorandum of telephone numbers they haven't got and assigns them street addresses where they don't reside, or don't engage in business.

"Poor fella, he's cockeyed!" I can hear the reader exclaim at this point.

So, I make haste to explain what this is all about. The bureau does exist and does function just as related as a service for script and continuity writers. They constantly require the names, addresses and telephone numbers of fictitious persons and to make sure the names of real persons aren't used they are created by this department. By checking a synthetic name with the city directory the bureau chief determines no such person lives in town. By consulting with the telephone company he gets numbers of phones which have been discontinued or are never used. By study of the maps of the city he gets addresses of vacant lots or unimproved stretches of waterfront property.

All this is done so that when a name or an address or a phone number is given during the presentation of a sketch or drama nobody can turn around and sue the broadcasting company for damages because their name was used in vain in a program, or they were held up to public ridicule—or something.

"NO cross-word puzzles permitted to pass the portals of this studio" is the rule now in effect at the rehearsals of the Show Boat. To make sure the regulation is observed, a page stands guard to frisk anyone suspected of trying to smuggle in one of the brain-teasers. It is all because Lanny Ross, a cross-word addict of the deepest dye, neglected to respond to his cue at rehearsal the other day. Lanny was huddled in a corner and never heeded his name, although it was repeated several times. He was too engrossed trying to find a four-letter word meaning great affection, or something like that.

HAVE you ever picked up the telephone to make a call and found a radio broadcast coming in over the line? Back in the good old early days that used to happen sometimes.

But the best of the unexpected and unexplained methods of hearing broadcasting without a radio comes from Edmonton up in Canada where all Farmer Roberts has to do to hear radio is to go out to his well. For some reason that well rebroadcasts programs from stations near and far.

THE girls are certainly going places in radio these days. Geraldine Farrar started the movement when she became narrator of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. Elsie Janis was made the first feminine announcer on the NBC networks, although Mrs. Claudine McDonald has been functioning in that capacity on the Women's Radio Review for some time. Rosaline Greene added to her acting activities on several programs by becoming a narrator on another. Kate Smith

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suddenly exhibited a new phase of her ability by blossoming into a deft mistress of ceremonies. Then Fred Waring and Phil Spitalny gave the feminine movement further impetus; Waring, by adding a girls' glee club under Kay Thompson, and Spitalny, by organizing an all-women's orchestra of 32-pieces.

And now, as we gallop to press, word comes that NBC is forming still another woman's band and that nothing but women will have any part in the program—even the control engineer, the production manager and the announcer are to be femmes. And at the same time over at Columbia, Donnie Boone is assembling a third girls' orchestra and probably will be on the air with it by the time this RADIO MIRROR reaches you.

TED WEEMS is the local Dick Tracy of Chicago radioland these days. For months Chicago orchestras have been losing instruments. During off hours a clever thief would walk into the spots where the bands played. Sometimes he would claim to be an executive from the radio station picking up that spot. Sometimes he represented the orchestra leader. But he managed to get in and to convince the waiters he was on the level. Always when the boys showed up for work that night something would be missing.

Weems happened to stroll in one day. He, too, had suffered. And he became suspicious of the unknown man working around the band stand. Finally the man told the headwaiter to get the piano tuned. He represented himself as working for Weems. But Ted was standing right there and the man failed to recognize him.

That was the payoff. The man was arrested and sentenced to jail. Pawn tickets in his pockets gave the boys leads to the recovery of many instruments. They got back more than \$2,000 worth of horns and fiddles and whatnot. They found Art Weems' trumpet, Kay Kyser's drums, Dick Cole's violin and Harry Sosnik's drum among other things.

In his palmier days the thief was a drummer himself. Since turning thief he had built up quite a reputation for himself among the smaller band leaders. He would sell them cheap, the expensive musical arrangements he stole, and they of course began to think he was great stuff . . . that is, until Weems unmasked him.

IT happened in New York while Major Bowes was interviewing a foreign celebrity. The traveler came from Pisa, Italy, and the major asked him about the famous leaning tower in that fair city. The major was surprised when the man admitted he had been born in Pisa and had lived there but had never been in the tower.

Then came the retort. The interviewee started asking the interviewer the questions. Bowes admitted he had lived many years in New York, that he had seen the Statue of Liberty . . . and that he had never been in it or up it!

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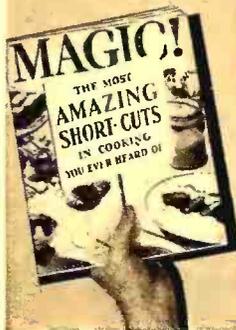


EAGLE BRAND MAGIC MAYONNAISE

- 2/3 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 1/4 cup vinegar or lemon juice
- 3/4 cup salad oil or melted butter
- 1 egg yolk
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Few grains cayenne
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes 1 1/4 cups.

- It used to take a half hour's beating and praying to make such mayonnaise! Now, even a man can stir it together. And is it good!
- But notice—this recipe calls for *sweetened condensed milk*. Don't confuse it with other forms of milk. To get the right kind, just remember to ask for EAGLE BRAND.



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THE WIFE WHO CAME BACK A \$1,000.00 Prize Winning Story

• I awoke Sunday morning with the sunlight streaming into my face. Half awake, half asleep. I studied the logs that made up the walls of the room. Events of the night before tried to crowd their way into my conscious mind. Funny, that I had dreamed of an automobile ride. Queer, that in that dream I could feel the soft strong currents of the wind upon my face.

Gradually the logs in the walls forced themselves into my consciousness. Then—suddenly—I was awake I was undressed. In a bed. I sat up, started to throw the covers off me— Facing me, seated in a huge chair, was Jim Collins, dressed only in a bathrobe.

"My cannery queen," he jeered, "on her throne."

Full realization of my shame and degradation came upon me. I lay back on the bed and sobbed— For a long time there was no other sound in that room but my hysterical sobbing.

Jim Collins had expected rage. I think he had expected to taunt and further shame me. I was too heart-sick to be angry. Between sobs I told him what the night would mean to me. Too well I knew. I could not face that crippled, helpless man. I could not sleep with my own baby son. I was not clean.

You will be stirred and fascinated by this frank and vivid revelation of a woman who sank to the very lowest depths, and then when family, beauty, honor, health, decency, all were lost, she found still within her soul that great miracle-worker—love.

May TRUE STORY Magazine

Now on Sale Everywhere A Macfadden Publication Fifteen Cents a Copy

Why Smilin' Ed McConnell

Smiles

(Continued from page 28)

he sat year after year, listening to the eloquent, persuasive sermons of his father, gave him a solid background of philosophy from which he still continues to draw for his own radio programs.

But though he was ready for radio, it was only the oddest of circumstances that brought him his chance. It was over thirteen years ago that he first walked inside a broadcasting studio, and he went in as a curious visitor taken by a friend to see the wonders of this new electrical device.

As they stood in the small, bare studio listening to a wheezy phonograph grind out a tune, the music suddenly stopped. The announcer turned to them with a grimace:

"I'm afraid that's all for awhile," he told them. "This machine's broken down again."

"Wait a minute," McConnell's friend urged. "Here's a fellow who can help you out. He's no phonograph, but he can play the piano, he can sing, and he can talk. Let him entertain while you fix up the machine."

And though Ed blinked in surprise and objected strenuously, the announcer informed the audience of the switch in programs, pushed Ed down on the piano bench, and told him to let 'er go.

ED did, and he was what they still call a hit. People who had heard his few minutes on the air even sat down and wrote in to him. It was, after that, a step by step rise with the steady growth in popularity of radio itself.

He has, through the thirteen years since his radio debut, put into practice all the theories of charity and goodwill that his father had spent so many hours discussing with him. He automatically becomes, now, a personal friend of the heads of any company which decides to sponsor him. It's partly because he knows that it is good business, mostly because he likes people.

Take a typical day in the man's life and see how successful he has been in adapting the more leisurely ways of living that were his father's to his own more busy hours.

He's up as early as the average business man, and into the bath, with a mashie or a niblick if his wife isn't watching. Then downstairs to a typical Southern breakfast—oranges, ham and eggs, hot biscuits, jelly and coffee. And he takes all the time it requires to thoroughly enjoy such a meal.

After that he goes into his office, answers personally, as much of his mail as he can, has lunch, goes through a short rehearsal, jumps into his car and is gone to the country for a full eighteen holes of golf.

At night, if Mrs. McConnell is lucky, he picks himself up from the dinner table amid much groaning, and drives them into the theater or one of the clubs to which he belongs. But though he may have been argued into going

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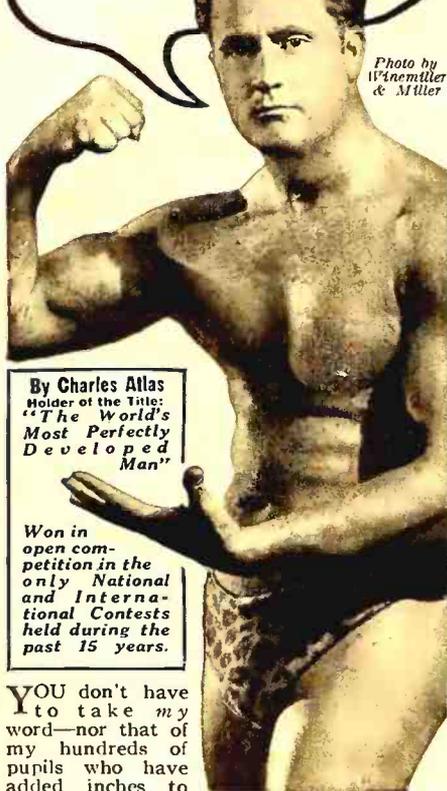


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out, he sticks to his rule of at least eight or nine hours' sleep.

To meet Ed McConnell in person is to meet the same man that you meet on the air. Kindly, frank, very informal—his color combinations of shirt and tie would put anyone at ease—he talks easily, unless it is about himself, and tries to tell you the latest story of his four-year-old daughter's startling intelligence.

In short, Ed McConnell is a man of the people, a man whose memory is terrible, who is prone to give snap judgments, is so superstitious that he will never start a new venture on Friday, and yet has become an outstanding success.

That is why Smilin' Ed McConnell has earned his nickname and why, when he goes on the air, so many listeners know they are hearing an entertainer who really belongs to them.

Roxy Says: "Take the Amateurs Off the Air!"

(Continued from page 21)

his own radio half hour. In front of him, on the table, was an announcement of his program featuring talent which had never before been heard on a major show—Ruth Carhart, Aimee Deloro, Kingsley and Chase—but evidence of what can be done with unknowns.

"Do you know," he continued, "where the amateur hour really began? Few people do, but it proves my contention. The first show of amateurs was given at Miner's, a burlesque theater down on the Bowery here in New York. It was the roughest, toughest house I've ever been in. The audience used dry batteries to throw at performers it didn't like. That was the original amateur hour. Burlesque. A laugh with a real tear behind it. Humor at its rawest.

"And I'll tell you why amateurs are willing to go through these things; why, at auditions for these new radio shows, the studios are jammed with contestants.

"It's the same strange mob psychology which works when a stage or screen matinee idol is in town. People fight to crowd in for a look at the famous person. I've seen milling crowds of men and women backstage of theaters waiting for hours in the rain in the hopes that they might catch a fleeting glimpse of some star.

"THAT'S what happens when an audition of amateur talent is broadcast. The word gets around, and people start coming. What hurts me is the fact that somewhere in these stage-struck crowds is real ability, and it never has a chance."

"But Roxy," was my first real protest, "these people with their ability, how else can they be heard, if they don't try out for amateur shows?"

"Listen," Roxy replied, and a tightly clenched fist hit the table top. His gray

(Continued on page 87)

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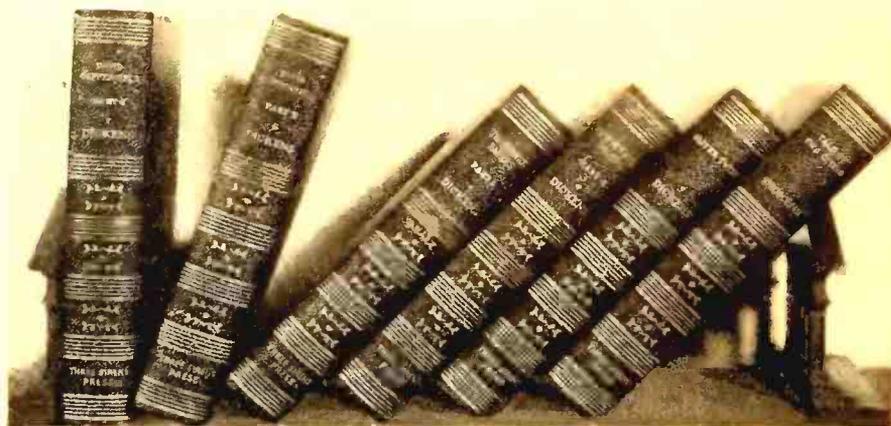
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(Continued from page 85)

eyes were hard with sincerity of purpose and his face flushed slightly.

"There has never been a time when the theater and radio has been in such crying need of new talent. If you can sing, or play, or do anything entertaining, be heard. But not on a national network. Do what singers have been doing for years. Study until you can get any kind of a job at your local station. Sing there, sing anywhere that you can without the eyes of thousands on you.

"And I'll promise you this—that if you have ability of a definite sort, you'll not go unheard very long. But wait for your chance. Don't rush it.

"I remember when Jimmy Melton came to me—only a young lad with a saxophone under his arm and a voice—just another amateur. Do you suppose for a minute that if I had put him on my program the same week he would have been a lasting success? It took months of study, months of hard work. Then he was ready. He started as he should. The result: stardom in radio and a contract for Hollywood."

Speaking was the man whose list of discovered talent probably far outranks any other's in the country. And before you come to a decision, think of this:

Today, after years of instruction and nearly as many of world success, such people as Lily Pons come to Roxy before every program and ask him if it is right. Until his okay, they never go on the air.

And remember too—this is only one man's opinion. Do you agree?

LAST Minute NEWS flashes!

Gus Haenschen, maestro of NBC's Showboat Hour and the American Musical Revue, took his first vacation from New York radio studios in ten years the middle of March. Maybe that's why he's made so much money directing . . . Lou Holtz is permanently lost to Rudy Vallee, according to the agency sponsoring Paul Whiteman. The dialect expert has been given a long time contract to appear weekly on the Whiteman Music Hall Thursday nights. That makes this hour program about the most varied on the air, what with jazz music, grand opera arias by Helen Jepson, and now the Holtz jokes . . . Lilac Time, which was dropped from its Saturday night spot on CBS has been moved to a later hour on Mondays. Already publicity agents are billing a new mystery singer for the program, only they call him the "Night Singer" accompanied by Baron Sven von Hallberg's music . . . If you've been listening to Sam Hearn on Sunday noons over the Blue network and wonder what's happening now to the program, don't despair. The sponsor, Tastyeast, is just trying to find a combination that will suit the audience. It may take weeks, but in the meantime you're getting a variety show . . . The new comedy spot of Stoopnagle and Budd on Friday nights for the present is a sustaining, presented with the good wishes of CBS, who probably also wish a sponsor would come along and sign up the two comics, so someone can pay for all that nice network time . . . Joe Cook is another comedian now on Friday nights, making the total five for that night of the week, with Phil Baker and Beatrice Lillie . . . Father Charles E. Coughlin is negotiating with his string of independent stations for time later in the summer than he originally intended to broadcast, probably past June, if his present plans carry through.

Just as EASY as it looks

to become a popular musician this delightful, simple as A-B-C way

STOP cheating yourself out of musical good times. Stop thinking that learning music is nothing but one grinding session of monotonous exercise after another . . . days, months and years of difficult technique under the thumb of a private teacher.

Take a look at the above diagram. Looks easy, doesn't it? Well, it's every bit as simple as it looks. First a note, then a letter. Plenty of clear instructions tell you how each bar is played—lots of diagram pictures show you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. Everything to make learning a joy. In fact, the U. S. School of Music has made the reading and playing of music so simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

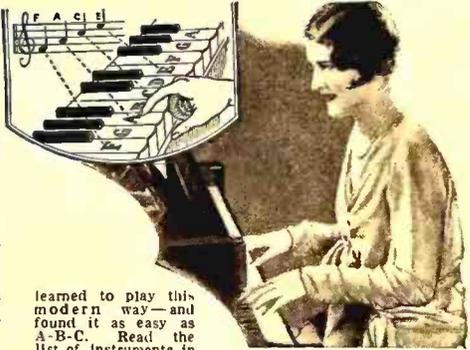
Your first thrill comes with your very first lesson. For you are given a piece with a real melody to play by actual notes. Dreamy waltzes, stirring marches, sparkling sonatas follow in short order. No standing still. You become a capable performer months sooner than you could ever expect to by the old-fashioned way. Besides, you receive all the music you need at no extra cost.

Play the "Blues" Away

How can you be content to sit around at party after party and listen to others do all the playing—see them showered with admiration, invitations—when your life-long ambition to become a popular musician is now so easy to realize?

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
or any other instrument

Experience the personal satisfaction that comes from being able to play "when," "where," and "what" you like for your own amusement and the entertainment of others. Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 700,000 people



learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. No matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. Our fascinating, illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about the remarkable method. Clip and mail this coupon today, and they will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 3065 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3065 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
Instrument.....

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... to ANY shade you Desire
... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes
Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blond hair even darker. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.
FREE 50-page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order
ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist
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Five exotic fragrances:
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... send only 27¢ in stamps (or silver) for the 5 generous size trial bottles.
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Rich with pure, imported Olive Oil—three wonderful new creams by Vi-Jon—marvelous for the skin—beautifying, nourishing—and so reasonable!
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If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar, State whether you desire Cleansing, Vanishing or Cold Cream. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c. Try them.
VI-JON LABORATORIES, 6300 Etzel Ave., St. Louis

Vi-Jon OLIVE OIL CREAMS

IF YOU HAD BEEN NANCY—

Nancy E.—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet today Mrs. E.— is making \$30 a week as a C. S. N. Graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 35 years has been training men and women, at home and in their spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. Course, endorsed by physicians, prepares for all types of nursing. Equipment included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of thousands of men and women earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how you can become self-supporting as a nurse.

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.
Name.....
City..... State..... Age.....

\$25,000.00

FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES

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.

TRUE STORY will award the almost unprecedented sum of \$25,000 for the 47 best true stories submitted during the next five months, i.e., January, February, March, April and May, 1935. The prizes range from the substantial sum of \$250 up to the munificent first prize of \$5,000. Imagine receiving \$5,000 for a story of perhaps 5,000 words—a dollar a word—a higher rate than most of the world's greatest authors ever received. And yet the chances are that some man or woman who may never have written a single word for publication will, in a few months, open an envelope and find a check for that magnificent sum in return for a story submitted in this contest.

Why not claim one of these big prizes? 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.

And remember this—TRUE STORY is *always* in the market for good true stories—is constantly buying them every month in the year. Even though your story falls slightly short of being in the prize-winning group, it will be considered for purchase at our regular rates provided we can use it.

The stories for which we are in search are now reposing untold in the minds and hearts of those who 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 can happen 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 \$5,000 first prize, the person submitting the next best story will be awarded the \$2,500 second prize, etc.

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 neces-

sary 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 unprecedented 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, but only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

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.

FORTY-SEVEN BIG CASH PRIZES

First Prize	\$5,000
Second Prize	2,500
Third Prize (5 at \$1,000)	5,000
Fourth Prize (10 at \$500)	5,000
Fifth Prize (30 at \$250)	7,500

47 Cash Prizes Totaling..... \$25,000

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.

Names of prize winners 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.

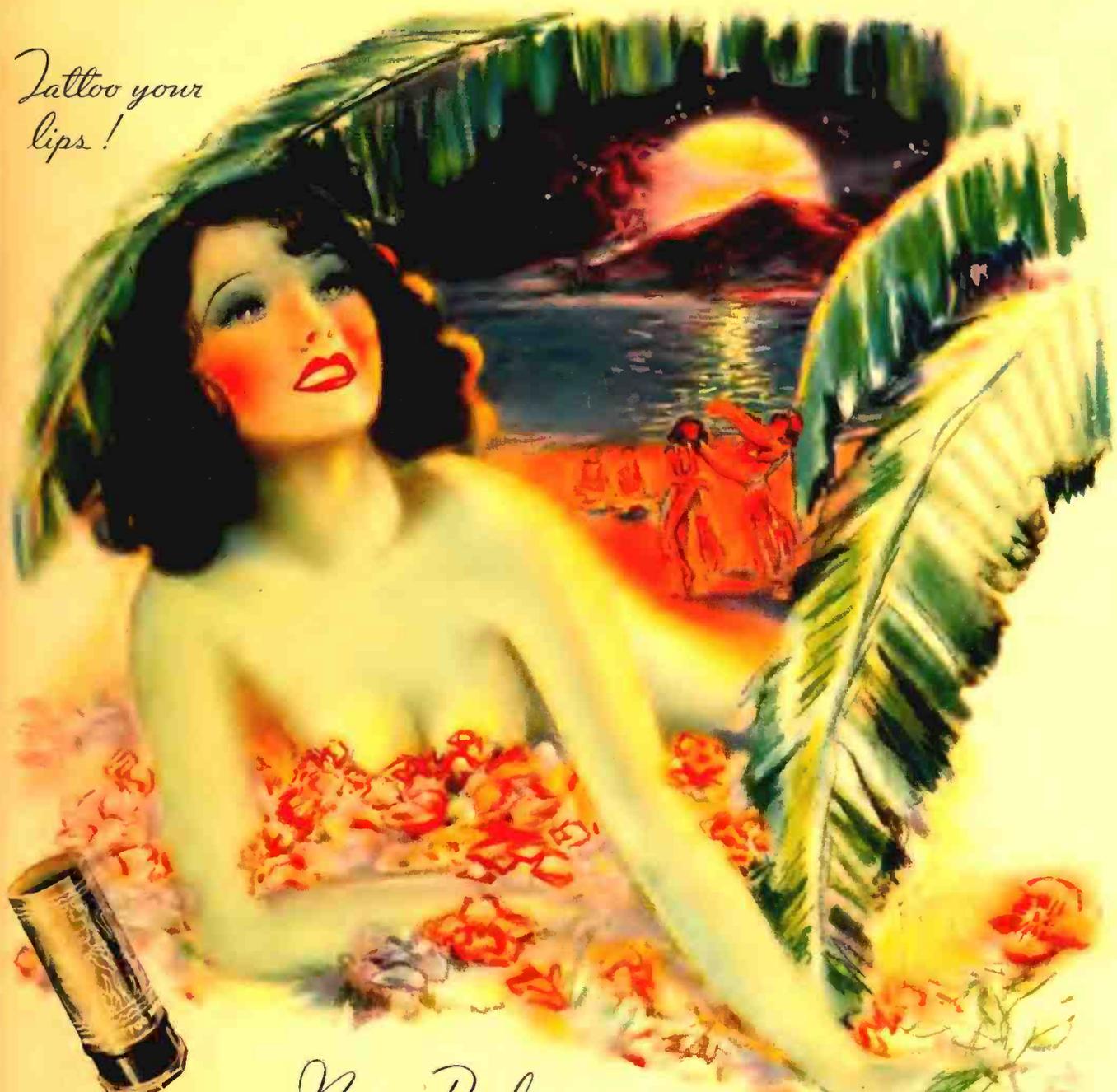
This contest ends at the close of business, Friday, May 31, 1935.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 20c,

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.

Tattoo your
lips!



... a New Red
from the South Seas

Hawaii brings you the glorious red of the wild Hibiscus flower in a really new kind of lipstick! Called TATTOO "HAWAIIAN." It's a new shade of red, unusually bright and luscious . . . almost a Chinese lacquer red, a shade that gives life, dash, and vivid individuality. It's brilliant, saucy . . . decidedly daring . . . yet not hard to wear because with all its vividness it imbues the lips with a soft, sincere, feminine warmth they have never had before. This shade has been dreamed of ever since indelible lipsticks first were made, but because it would turn purple on the lips, could not be used. Now, TATTOO, and TATTOO only, offers this stunning shade in an infinitely indelible, extremely transparent stick which positively will not turn even the least bit purplish. It can't! Only "HAWAIIAN" gives you this gorgeous new red that stays red. Go Native!

**ACTUALLY TRY IT
AT THE TATTOO
COLOR SELECTOR**

Your favorite toilet goods dealer invites you to test, on your own skin, all five shades of TATTOO at the Tattoo Color Selector, illustrated here and readily found wherever fine toilet goods are sold.

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TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"
PUT IT ON • • LET IT SET • • WIPE IT OFF • • ONLY THE COLOR STAYS



— it was ever thus
they Satisfy

Chesterfields are milder and
they certainly do taste better