

What MARRIAGE has done to LANNY ROSS

Radio MIRROR

MAY

10¢

MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

BING
CROSBY

MARY PICKFORD'S SECRETS AS HOLLYWOOD'S HOSTESS
THE REAL REASON ED WYNN CAME BACK

HE 8690
. R16

Darling...



It fell from his lips there in the moonlight . . . that beautiful word that knit their lives together. . . . The dream she had always dreamed was coming true. . . . But it might never have come true had she been a less fastidious person

. . . Sensibly, she had long realized that to win and hold a man, a girl must be attractive in *many* ways . . . that above all, the breath must be pure and sweet . . . and that Listerine, the quick deodorant, is the thing to keep it that way.

LISTERINE quickly checks halitosis (*unpleasant breath*)

Siren in Silver

ROUGH COPY

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

YOU naturally expect to see—from any lovely woman you meet—a lovely smile. (A flash of sound, white teeth. A glimpse of firm, healthy gums.)

You don't expect to see—from a lovely woman—an unlovely smile.

(An unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, tender gums.) And you shouldn't. And you needn't!

The modern dentist knows how to avoid "pink tooth brush." How to correct it. How to treat the unpleasant mouth conditions due to soft foods and lack of massage. He will tell you what to do about it. And it's very reasonable.

Too many soft foods . . . not enough hard, fibrous foods . . . and consequently not enough work to keep teeth and gums normally healthy—these are the primary reasons why "pink tooth brush" is so common nowadays.

EXERCISE KEEPS GUMS HEALTHY

So modern dental practice encourages an oral health measure that's not only effective but very easy and simple—Ipana plus massage. All you do is to put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip, and rub it into your gums. Massage them thoroughly. Do it regularly, every time

you brush your teeth. You can tell that your gums are grateful by the healthier, cleaner "feel" to them. New circulation tingles through them. They feel less lazy. More alive . . . Less sensitive.

Make this gum massage with Ipana a part of your daily routine—morning and night. And "pink tooth brush" will probably always remain a stranger to you . . . gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease probably will be just words in a book. And the new whiteness of your teeth, the new brilliance of your smile, will make you wonder why every woman isn't using Ipana plus massage.



110 12 7 X 1 1/2 38

Radio MIRROR

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR • **FRED R. SAMMIS,** EDITOR • WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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Coming in the June Issue

On Sale April 24



Do you think of Phillips Lord as a be-whiskered, gentle Seth Parker or a hardened crime buster? Then meet the real Phil Lord in June RADIO MIRROR—Phil, the incredibly smooth, Phil the super-salesman, who could sell an ice-box to an Eskimo to keep his snowballs fresh.

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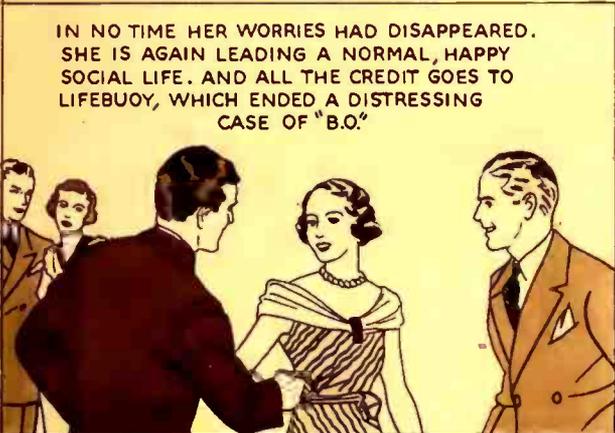
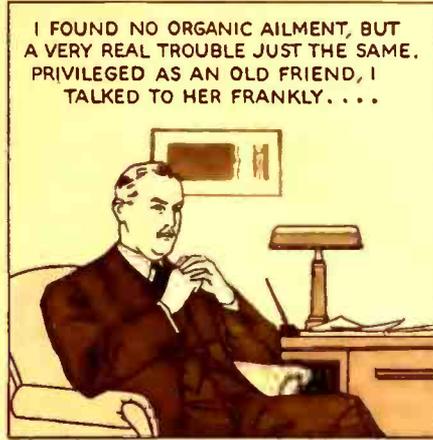
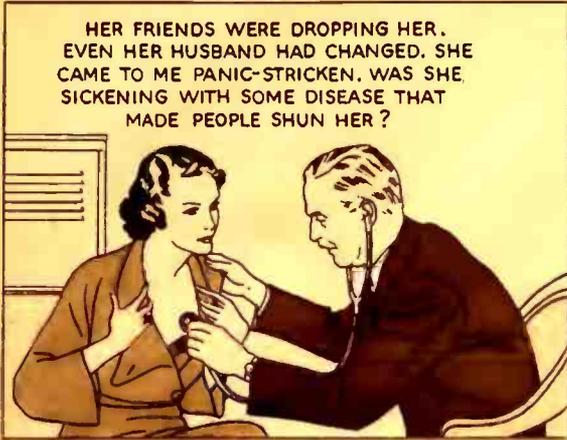
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—PORTRAIT OF BING CROSBY
BY TCHETCHET

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DOCTOR, WHY DON'T PEOPLE LIKE ME ? (True "B.O." Experience No. 673, told by a physician)



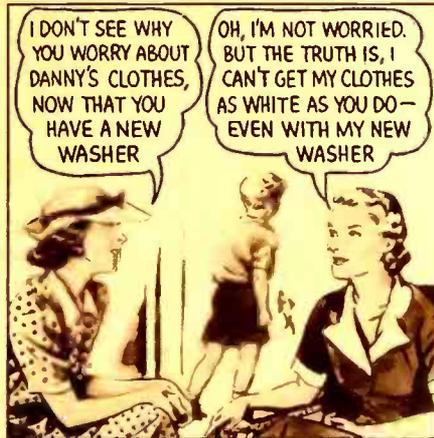
A warning to us ALL

DOCTORS, dentists, nurses, teachers—people in every profession, in every occupation have true "B.O." stories to tell. Letters by the *thousands* pour in! The letter illustrated above is from a *doctor*. It's a real warning to play safe! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Even in hardest water it gives abundant, penetrating lather. It *purifies* pores, stops "B. O." (*body odor*). Its own clean scent rinses away.

Give your complexion a treat!
Use Lifebuoy! It rids pores of impurities that coarsen the skin . . . leaves complexions fresh, clear, glowing! Yet "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

A JOY TO SEE SUCH CREAMY SUDS



"Gives thick suds—safe, economical," say these 33 famous washing machine makers

A B C	Dexter	National	Thor
American Beauty	Fairbanks-Morse	"1900"	Universal
Apex	Fairday	Norge	Westinghouse
Automatic	Faultless	One Minute	Whirldry
Barton	Gainaday	Prima	Woodrow
Bee-Vac	Haag	Rotarex	Zenith
Blackstone	Horton	Roto-Verso	
Boss	Magnetic	Savage	
Conlon	Meadows	Speed Queen	

In tub washing, Rinso gives rich suds—even in hardest water. These suds *soak* out dirt without scrubbing or boiling. Clothes come whiter and brighter—*safely*.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

HOW STARS OFFER
TIME AND TALENT
TO HELP CHARITY

REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

THERE'S no better way to gain a clear insight into the character of radio stars than to picture for you a benefit I attended in Scranton not long ago.

It was a ball to raise funds in behalf of a Jewish Home for the Friendless, and I was asked to get radio personalities to attend. The response was so whole hearted and spontaneous and the refusals so reluctant, I realized that these men and women on the air, drawing their huge weekly salaries, have not been bitten by that germ of conceit that usually goes along with success.

I'd never met Red Nichols until the afternoon we left on a special train for Scranton. And I never expected to find such a youthful, enthusiastic young man. He had brought his trio, the Songcopators, along, three of the happiest-go-lucky guys you could imagine. Across the aisle sat Vaughn De Leath, chatting with Kelvin Keech, who was to be master of ceremonies, about the songs she would sing that evening. Next to her, kidding with a home town boy who had made good as a Fred Allen Amateur and who had just finished six months on tour in an amateur vaudeville unit, was Marie De Ville. The night before she had sung on the Paul Whiteman Hour, and here she was, planning to repeat the number which had cost Paul's sponsors a very tidy sum of money for the cause of orphans. Off a little from the others, going over a script they'd written specially for this show, were two charming women who recently concluded a script show on NBC—Minnie and Maude. Their specialty is Pennsylvania Dutch accents and you can guess the hit they scored that night.

After the actual benefit show, the whole troupe left and gathered again in the night club room of a Scranton Hotel. And the crowd which followed them there was so enthusiastic that this whole gang of entertainers actually got up before a special mike and repeated their acts a second time! And it took several encores to get away.

When stars give their time and talent for charity. At a benefit in Scranton appeared (at top) Kelvin Keech; Vaughn De Leath, radio pioneer; Marie De Ville, another beautiful NBC star; and Red Nichols of the mighty trumpet before the mike.

HERE ARE MY OPINIONS—WHAT ARE YOURS? BEST LETTERS WIN PRIZES



THOUGHTS AT RANDOM

LISTENED to Bing Crosby last night and realized at last what seemed missing. And a funny thing it is, too. I missed the applause of a studio audience that you get on all the big hour shows. Not long ago I complained bitterly about that handclapping in the studio. Now when it's missing, I don't like it. Somehow that moment of applause seems to give more point to a song or a joke or an interview with someone like Charlie Ruggles.

HEARD Kate Smith talk about the trip she was going to make to Lake Placid over the weekend and heard her invite everyone listening to meet her there to drink coffee. She said she meant it, too. And I couldn't help feeling how silly it was—expecting her radio audience to join her there. Who was going to pay the railroad fare and hotel bills? And who could take the time off, anyway?

ALSO found out that CBS is dicking with Walt Disney to put Silly Symphonies on the air. At first the idea appealed to me. But would the music mean anything without all the daffy gyrations on the screen that you are so used to watching? The dancing flowers, for instance? I doubt it.

IMAGINE the shock I had the other day when I learned that Alice in Wonderland was going to be broadcast very soon, only to find it was simply a press agent's pipe dream. For months I've been going around telling everyone what a natural that ought to be for a serial on the air.

AFTER hearing Beatrice Lillie (Aunti Bea to you) pinch hitting for a very sick Eleanor Powell Friday nights on the Flying Red Horse Tavern, I knew for sure that sponsors had made a mistake in not giving Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie to you) a program of her own for the whole winter.

Fred R Sammis

I WISH I COULD WEAR OFF-THE-FACE HATS!

BUT NO HAT LOOKS WELL ON TOP OF A PIMPLY FACE!



OH, DAD... YOU'RE SUCH A DARLING! NOW I CAN GET A CUTE LITTLE HAT LIKE PEGGY'S... JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW STYLISH I'LL BE!



I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE HAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW

CERTAINLY

SHE WOULD WANT A SMALL HAT... HEAVENS, WHAT A COMPLEXION

OH, DEAR... IT'S NOT A BIT NICE ON ME! IT SHOWS UP ALL MY HORRID PIMPLES!



MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION? MY SISTER GOT RID OF HER BAD SKIN WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

LATER... LOOK, MUMS—MY FACE IS ALMOST ALL CLEARED UP ALREADY. I'M GOING TO RUN OUT AND GET THAT LITTLE HAT!



IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HAS HELPED YOUR SKIN



THE NEXT WEEK
HI, THERE JERRY

GOSH, CLAIRE... IT'S SWELL TO SEE YOU... AND DON'T WE LOOK NIFTY! THAT'S ONE HONEY OF A HAT, I'LL SAY!

Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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WHAT'S NEW ON B RADIO NOW

BY JAY PETERS

MARLENE DIETRICH causes a sensation in a New York advertising agency by turning down an offer of \$75,000 for a series of four radio programs . . . Her manager decides her glamour as a cinema star would be jeopardized were she to broadcast . . . Another lady, for another reason also spurns a sponsor's gold . . . She is a Volunteer of America worker, Mrs. Lillian Ulrey, occupied with saving souls at the Bowery Mission, New York City . . . "The Angel of the Bowery," as Mrs. Ulrey is known, thumbs down a contract to sing on a national network for \$500 a week, declaring her voice "belongs to God" . . . Then turns around and sings for nothing on a minor Manhattan station because the program is projected Sunday afternoons for "sacred purposes."

Ed Wynn, after a winter's hibernation, resumes his kilocycle performances, this time as Gulliver, the Traveler . . . Other absentees, including **Mary Pickford**, **B. A. Rolfe**, **Ethel Shutta** and **George Olsen**, re-establish themselves in the parlors . . . And still another old favorite, **Jack Pearl**, goes into a huddle with a sponsor and probably will be broadcasting again before you read this . . . While **Keenan Wynn**, only son of the only **Ed Wynn**, makes his debut as a dramatic player on WMCA, one of New York's independent stations.

An astute movie producer in Hollywood—**Max Golden**, of 20th Century-Fox, to be precise—noting that serials of home life like **One Man's Family**, **the Goldbergs**, **the O'Neills**, et al., attain great popularity with the radio audience, adapts the idea to the screen. His first effort in this direction, "Every Saturday Night," clicks and he goes to work on a series of films with the same cast to be known as "Our American Family" . . . The Children's Aid Society makes a survey to determine what youngsters from eleven to sixteen years of age listen to and is startled to learn that 92 per cent of the boys and 80 per cent of the girls list adult programs as their favorites. The boys favor **Amos 'n' Andy** and detective-thrillers like **Phillips Lord's Gang Busters** while the girls prefer the comics, naming particularly **Eddie Cantor**, **Burns and Allen** and **Jack Benny**. . . . Meanwhile, **Luella S. Laidin**, of the Women's Radio Committee, announced that **Forever Young** is now the women's favorite serial.



HOLLYWOOD calls again and **Harriet Hilliard** prepares to leave **Ozzie Nelson** to his loneself in New York while she coos before the cameras in California . . . **Harriet**, recently rewarded by **RKO** with a five-year contract for her fine performance in "Follow The Fleet," will be starred in **Rupert Hughes' "Static"** . . . Meanwhile, **Ozzie**, while glorying in **Harriet's** movie success, wonders why the width of a continent must always separate him from his bride . . . And **Ann Leaf**, the little princess of the console, comes East after a year in the cinema capital and consults with the powers-that-be about her return to the air.

TWO waifs from the Cradle, famous **Evanston, Ill.**, founding home, suddenly come into a fortune of \$500,000 when **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns** establish a trust fund for their adopted son and daughter . . . Already \$250,000 has been deposited to the fund in the **Central Hanover Bank & Trust Co.**, of New York City, and the remainder will be paid in instalments by the foster-parents as they make it from their radio, stage and screen activities . . . According to the provisions of the trust, **Sandra Jean**, now a little over two years old, and **Ronald John**, going on eight months, will receive a large share of the fund when they become twenty-one . . . When **Sandra** reaches forty she will receive what remains then of her half and **Ronald** will get his when he becomes thirty-five.

SCAR SHAW, of **Columbia's Broadway Varieties**, is sued for \$50,000 damages by **Etna Ross**, former chorus girl, for injuries allegedly received in a fall down a flight of stairs in the **Savoy Theater, San Diego, Cal.**

It happened while both were on tour with the musical, "Of Thee I Sing," and was caused, according to the complainant, when **Shaw** tickled her in the ribs. The moral of this is obvious: Never tickle a chorus girl when she is standing at the head of a steep flight of steps . . . unless you're sure she's not ticklish.

Ed Wynn's stooge, and straight man on his new program is **John S. Young**, in circle. Right, the comedian in action on the opening broadcast. Get the fancy "Gulliver" suit?



Gracie Allen and **George Burns** lost no time after their return to Hollywood before saying hello to **Mary Pickford** and wishing her luck with her new air show. Below, meet **Fannie Brice**, no stranger to radio in the past but now on regularly with **Palmolive Soap's Ziegfeld Follies of the Air**

Renato Toppo



HERE ARE ALL THE
STORIES THAT MAKE
HEADLINES IN THE
DAILY RADIO DIARY

"Camay can help you to

Discover Beauty"



JOHAN MILLS, basso of the Mills Brothers, dies after a long illness and is succeeded by his father, who had been substituting for him. The younger John Mills won fame as the only man ever to successfully imitate the tuba with his vocal cords. . . . The Voice of Experience (Dr. Marion Sayle Taylor) renews his contract for two more years with the same sponsor. . . . Jane Pickens and Vivienne Segal definitely head towards the Metropolitan Opera. . . . Jan Peerce, the tenor, makes his operatic debut in Italy this summer. . . .

SHERLOCK HOLMES resumes, this time on the Mutual Broadcasting System, with Richard Gordon as the master sleuth but with a new Dr. Watson in place of Leigh Lowell, deceased. . . . Harold West is now Holmes' Baker Street confidant. . . . Ethel Shutta is robbed of a fur coat and jewels valued at \$12,000 when gunmen hold up her car in Chicago. . . . NBC obtains rights for the radio serialization of the life of that fabulous character, Lawrence of Arabia, and tries to persuade Herbert Marshall to enact the role on the air. . . . Hal Brown, one of the best musicians in radio, spends eight years in music conservatories studying theory, harmony and orchestration. A sponsor, hearing of his fine ability, offers him a guest appearance on a certain program—playing that most noble and difficult instrument—the harmonica! (Next Page)

Last year Parlyakarkus was the new sensation on Eddie Cantor's show—now it's Bert Gordon, the Mad Russian, who's madder than the hatter.

WINTER PARK, FLA.
Camay does more for one's skin than any woman has the right to expect. And it really can help you to discover beauty.
Sincerely,
(Signed) Harriette Louis
(Mrs. Paul Louis)
August 20, 1935

SHE'S as vital and glowing a young modern as you ever saw—this new Mrs. Paul Louis. And, like so many other young moderns, she has a skin as soft as her own Florida sunshine, and as smooth as those gardenias in her wedding bouquet. . . . "And *that's* the Camay touch," says Mrs. Louis.

And you'll be equally generous, once you see how very gently and mildly Camay treats *your* own skin.

Those busy little bubbles cleanse more deeply. That's why they lift, and float away, every impurity. And that rich Camay lather brings you new smoothness and softness. Don't wait another minute. Order at least a half-dozen cakes of Camay—now. The price is *very* low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women



WHAT'S NEW ON D RADIO ROW

FANNIE BRICE, star of the Ziegfeld Follies, current at the New York Winter Garden, returns to the airwaves in the etherized version of the revue which succeeds the Beauty Box Theater on Columbia. Miss Brice finds herself in excellent company with James Melton, star tenor, and Al Goodman, star maestro, and his star orchestra dominating the supporting cast. Behind the scenes preparing the continuity is that star script writer, Dave Freedman . . . Add to newcomers: Walter Woolf King, who has succeeded Osgood Perkins on the Red Horse Tavern show, and Rodney McLennan, once Marilyn Miller's leading man, who is the new tenor of Manhattan Merry Go Round . . . Paul Whiteman adds to his orchestra an electrical cello, an electrical guitar and an electrical organ. It won't be long now before the dean of modern music will be projecting a concert of modern music merely by pushing buttons and pulling levers.

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

Benay Venuta figures prominently in the nuptial news this month. She was secretly sealed last October to Dr. Ken Kelly, of Chicago, and was successful in keeping the marriage under cover so long because she wedded under her right name, Rose Crooke. Miss Venuta, to call this Rose by her other name, came to radio after a career as a night club entertainer on the Pacific Coast. She is a niece of George Cameron, publisher of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and the grand-daughter of Molly Crooke, the painter. Her maternal grandfather was a descendant of Benvenuto Cellini, the famous Italian artist, and it was by juggling a bit the syllables of his first name that she acquired her professional tag.

Another secret bride is Rosaline Greene, the speaking Mary Lou of Show Boat fame, and a favorite radio actress since she started with the Station WGY Players, of Schenectady, N. Y., in the early days of broadcasting. Miss Greene, who, by the way, has resumed her role in Lanny Ross's troupe in response to public clamor, married Joseph M. Barnett, former program director of Station WOR.

Last month this department whispered an interesting tidbit which is now publicly confirmed. It was that Jimmy Wallington, made a widower last year by the death of the former Anita Fuhrman, the dancer, after an operation for peritonitis, was preparing to take as his bride Jean Rogers, of the silver screen. The wedding is scheduled for this spring. It will be Jimmy's third trip to the altar and the first for Jean. In preparation for the event the handsome tenor has shaved off his mustache.

Off again, on again. Finnegan, describes the romance of Ted Husing and the gorgeous Ann St. George, of the night clubs. One week they are cheek to cheek and the next, they aren't. It is all very confusing . . . Joyce Lang, by the gossips



Ray Perkins' and Arnold Johnson's amateur hour is now on WOR. Here is Ray looking at his stamp album.

reported affianced to Rubinoff and his violin, says 'tisn't true . . . And Carolyn Marsh, the songbird, owns up she has been wed a year to Jose Nieto, the water polo champion.

If, and when, Buddy Rogers marries Mary Pickford, the Radio Row gossips have it, he won't reside in Pickfair, the castle Mary and Doug built in California and whence her broadcasts originate. They say Buddy is quite definite about this, having delivered what amounts to an ultimatum in the matter . . . A Pacific scout reports Irene Rich's former husband, David Blankenhorn, the socialite, and Mrs. Anita Fremault, mother of Anita Louise, are romancing.

Burgess Meredith, once the Red Davis of the airwaves, this season a big hit in the stage drama, "Winterset," and who is soon to make his movie debut, married Margaret Frueauff French, daughter of Antoinette Perry, the stage director. Margaret Perry, her stage name, a year ago on her twenty-first birthday, inherited \$700,000 from the estate of her father, the late Frank W. Frueauff, utilities man. She was divorced several months ago from Winsor Brown French, the Cleveland social registerite. And Meredith, who is all of twenty-seven now, was recently Reno-

Recently the Palmolive Hour celebrated an anniversary. Below, Jimmy Melton with Al Goodman's cake.



vated from Helen Derby, of the Montclair, N. J., Derbys.

A superior court judge in Bridgeport, Conn., has handed down a decree severing the ties that bound Roy Atwell, the stuttering radio and stage comic, to Mrs. Ethel Smith Atwell. Cruelty was the grounds.

THE cares of motherhood and microphone appearances five times weekly didn't work out satisfactorily for Clara Lu 'n' Em and they have quit the studios for a few months. Clara—she's Mrs. Louise Starkey Mead in real life—was the last of the trio to increase her household, welcoming a seven-and-a-half pound daughter a few weeks ago. Previously Lu—she's Isobel Carothers Berolzheimer to her Evanston, Ill., neighbors—adopted a baby boy and the stork brought a girl to Em—Mrs. Helen King Mitchell, her calling cards read—last August . . . And it's a boy in the home of the Fred Astaires. Mrs. Astaire is the former Phyllis Livingston Potter, New York socialite.

THE STREET SINGER ABROAD

Remember Arthur Tracy, who not so

Wide World



Gladys Swarthout used a week's holiday from pictures and radio to go to Bermuda with hubby Frank Chapman.

long ago enjoyed considerable popularity as the Street Singer? If you do, you will recall he became involved in some domestic troubles which didn't look pretty in print and the microphone moguls consigned him to the doghouse. Well, Tracy went over to England to get away from it all. And now see what happens: The cables bring news he is the highest paid foreign artist ever to appear on the London stage! Not only is Arthur appearing on the stage but he has also attained screen stardom as leading man to Anne Neagle, England's cinema queen. And in between his stage and screen engagements he sings for the British Broadcasting Company at the rate of twenty pounds sterling a minute. As result of his many activities (he also makes records) his weekly income is somewhere in the neighborhood of \$8,000.

TWO new organizations project themselves on the broadcasting horizon. They are the National Association of Radio Announcers and the Radio Artists' Benevolent Society. The networks, disposed to be jittery every time they hear of their employees banding together, cast an apprehensive eye upon the announcers' federation. They look more kindly upon the artists' league which, as its name implies, is bent on (Continued on page 67)

The most tragic triangle of all—

HUSBAND...WIFE and FEAR



Back of most marriage failures, say family doctors, is woman's fear, born of ignorance and half-truths. "Lysol" would help to prevent many such needless tragedies.

IGNORANCE of proper marriage hygiene, and the "incompatibility" it brings, is estimated to be the cause of more than half the divorces in America today.

The nervous fears of a wife...her natural reluctance to be frank about such a delicate subject...a husband's puzzled resentment. These are the rocks on which thousands of marriages crash.

How stupid—how sad—that this tragedy should go recklessly on—when there is one simple method which has earned the confidence of millions of women who use it regularly...the "Lysol" method.

There are two important properties of "Lysol" which make it valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. (1) It has an exceptional spreading quality;

it reaches germs where many ordinary methods can't reach. And, (2) it remains effective in the presence of organic matter (mucus, serum, etc.) when many products *don't work*. Yet in the proper solution, "Lysol" is dependable and harmless to sensitive tissue. So dependable and harmless, it is used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

The use of "Lysol" gives a reassuring sense of antiseptic cleanliness. But, far more important, it gives you peace of mind, free from that tension of suspense that leads to so many needless heartaches.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.

4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.

6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap... for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINE, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. RM-5
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1936, Lehn & Fine, Inc.



Lysol
Disinfectant

COAST TO COAST HIGHLIGHTS

CHICAGO

By Chase Giles

WHEN Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were interviewed in Chicago by Columbia network's Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh they offered to give autographed photos to listeners requesting them . . . result was 5,500 photos sent out at considerable expense of \$\$\$ as well as fountain pens and fingers. . . . O. E. Zehr, who recently married booful Lucille Long, Chicago radio and concert singer, was husband of the late Isabel Zehr. Isabel was the Lullaby Lady of Carnation Contented shows. On her death Margaret Gent took over the job. . . . Jan Garber was surprised when a girl fan wrote him she had complete records of every number he had broadcast for the last two years . . . Carl Hoff of New York night clubs and radio broadcasts used to work in Chicago under his real name, Hoffmeyer . . . Major Bowes reports Chicago is the only city where his amateurs when playing instruments in his stage units must join the local music union—or else. . . .

IDDITY: Girl auditioned at WCFL does a tap dance routine with her teeth . . . Just after Gladys Swarthout did

a guest job with Morgan Eastman's orchestra from Chicago. Morgan reported "She's swell to work with. She is considerate and patient and doesn't allow herself to be confused by the many little difficulties encountered in rehearsal. Many other singers would have gone to pieces more than once under the strain of a rehearsal in which we were rushed for time and in which many unexpected annoyances developed" . . . Personal appearances in Chicago's leading stores are calling Irene (Singing Lady) Wicker regularly since the first two such appearances actually jammed the stores with mothers and children . . . Her

Singing Lady is almost as popular in Europe now that it goes across the ocean by short waves . . . Rico Marchelli's prize possession is the original manuscript of a bit of music he wrote when ten years old and which was played that same year by the symphony orchestra of Santiago, Chile, where he was then living and studying violin . . . Eric Sagerquist, violinist and orchestra conductor of the Grand Hotel and First Nighter broadcasts, was born in Karlstad, Sweden . . . Constant reading of radio scripts forced Cliff Sou-bier, heavyman of radio dramas, to get glasses . . . Betty Winkler designs many of her own hats . . . Betty Lou Gerson, leading lady of First Nighter, started out in broadcasting to become a feminine villain.

JACK FULTON, the radio singer, is a third member of a New York tailoring firm making clothes for such headliners as Walter (Continued on page 74)

PACIFIC

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

SO the Mary Pickford program finally popped up on a CBS network, instead of NBC as at first announced. It comes from Pickfair, the Pickford home in Beverly Hills. Some of the short wave hounds tell me they have lately been meeting at Pickfair monthly to read scientific papers and tune in foreign stations. I understand they can use the swimming pool and make sandwiches in the butler's pantry. Reason: Miss Pickford's uncle is a member of the short wave club.

WONDER why the shake-up in cast of the coast edition of "Death Valley Days?" George Rand as the Old Ranger had returned to the West as an actor after many seasons directing stock company in New England, and entered radio a few years ago. He was succeeded as the Old Ranger by Henry Schumer, veteran of forty years on the legitimate stage. Mr. Schumer, though loved and respected for his portrayals, will have to be on the air a long while before he can capture the public's fancy as did George Rand.

KAY ELLIS could swing a mean pot-hook and curve up at the KQW studios in San Jose. But nobody knew the office steno could warble a note. That is not until Al Davina's Orchestra needed a femme singer. Time was the essential element. So Kay got the job by way of a tryout. But now she's on the air regularly.

KREG, in Santa Ana, California, has changed its call letters to KVOI. Which is a good idea, not only because the letters of KRFG were sometimes con-

Below, one of the youngest stars in the world of radio has her piano lesson. Nine-year-old Lucy Gilman's featured in NBC's Welcome Valley and Today's Children. Her teacher is Gus Van, Sinclair Minstrels interlocutor.



Dorothy Williams, left, brunette contralto with KOMO, Seattle, began her career as a singing usherette. Countess Olga Albani, above, stars on Sunday's Life is a Song;



fused with KGER, but also because KVOE fits in with slogan, "Voice of the Orange Empire."

SID GOODWIN, new NBC night program supervisor in San Francisco, is no relation to Bill Goodwin, production head of KIHJ in Los Angeles. Sid was on KGW, Portland, for six years before going to 'Frisco. Bill has been with KIHJ for five of his twenty-six years.

DON AVERY, KROW newsman, was born in Iowa and graduated with his B. A. degree from Simpson College in '29.

LOUISE was a maid in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Paige for some time. You know Maestro Paige, of course, as music director for the CBS Hollywood Hotel. But now when you go to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bull it is Louise who answers the doorbell. Sportscaster Bull is on the KMTR staff. Seems as though not only talent but talent's stooges change station affiliations once in awhile.

NOW that NBC has the red and blue networks on the coast, KJR in Seattle blossoms forth with an idea. KJR, by the way, is a sister station of KOMO. They would like to wear blue or red shirts depending on the network they are performing on. And, to show they don't take the gag too seriously, they say "Ridiculously simple or simply ridiculous."

WELL, well and a couple more wells. Seems as though Bill Bird, radio editor of a Pasadena news sheet and heard on the air once in a while, was christened as William N. MacBird. I don't know why he shortened it. But I don't blame Patsy Flick, gag writer for Jolson over the air, for asking to have his name fixed as Pat C. Flick.

MOST of "the show must go on" stories are a pain in the neck. But here is one that brings a lump to the throat. Bill Royle was at the hospital to see his young son who was desperately ill. The lad died. Leaving his wife there, Capt. Royle hopped a taxi and went over to NBC in Hollywood first to act in three transcriptions of Charlie Chan, the cast of which was waiting for him, and then immediately to go on the Shell Chateau as a guest artist. Good old trouper that he is, you couldn't sense the tragedy as he depicted his various roles over the air. If medals were available, my guess is that the former NBC actor, now free lancing, would get his without question.

WRITE your own caption for this. Over at KFI Charlie Wellman, blues exponent, has organized a "Music Goes Round and Around Club" . . . while Announcer Bud Hiestand has formed an "Anti-Music Goes Round and Around Club."

AT KFWB in Hollywood and on Agua Caliente and Tijuana stations it was Terry La Franconi singing. Then the wiry, tooth-brush-mustached tenor went to Italy to see the old folks. Now he is in New York with NBC as Terri Franconi.

CROSS the name of Hal Bratsberg, NBC announcer in 'Frisco, off the list of bachelors. He is engaged to Marguerite Connell, of Seattle. Both went to the University of Washington, though Miss Connell previously was at the American School in Shanghai while her parents lived in the Orient. (Continued on page 76)



THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference, all laxatives are alike!"

THE LADY above made a mistake. A grave mistake . . . yet lots of people make it. She said, "What's the difference—all laxatives are alike." And that's where she was wrong!

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—weary. . . . Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective . . . and who doesn't every now and then? . . . don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not!

You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a *correctly timed* laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset, disturbed, nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've

taken a laxative—except for the complete relief you enjoy.

Another thing . . . Ex-Lax will never embarrass you with ill-timed after-effects.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real pleasure to take, not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a still more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. F 76

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time



By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

From the world's most famous chefs, the French, Leo Reisman learned to blend the flavor of food just as he blends the tones of his band. See p. 56 for his program, sponsored by Philip Morris.

IT'S EASY TO GET HARMONY INTO
YOUR MEALS IF YOU USE LEO
REISMAN'S FAVORITE RECIPES

THERE'S RHYTHM IN COOKING

I WISH all of you could have been with me the other day to hear Leo Reisman's interesting comments on food. Like many artists, Mr. Reisman prefers Continental cooking.

"Not the complicated dishes which many people believe characteristic of Continental chefs," he explained, "but those which by subtleties of cooking and seasoning retain and heighten the natural flavors. For instance, I do not care for the way the French cook steaks—I prefer a simply broiled steak, with only its own juices for a sauce—but if the average good French chef were to apply the same principles to broiling steak that he does to broiling chicken over the coals, his steak would be a symphony.

"You know, food is like music," he went on. "The main ingredient is the melodic theme, the spice serves, as do occasional dissonant chords in a musical composition, to emphasize the theme, creating balance and harmony. To carry the comparison further, unseasoned food is monotonous and unsatisfying, but properly seasoned it is as stimulating as the rhythmic beat of good orchestral music."

An interesting theory, certainly, and one which is borne out by the recipe for one of Mr. Reisman's favorite dishes, lobster with tomato sauce, for the sauce, although it contains a variety of highly flavored ingredients, reveals the true lobster flavor, and is as exciting as one of Mr. Reisman's own dance rhythms.

LOBSTER IN TOMATO SAUCE

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 cold boiled lobster (half a lobster per person) or | 1 small bottle pimiento stuffed olives |
| 1 can lobster | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 3 medium onions, quartered and sliced | 1 tablespoon flour |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 1 teaspoon sugar |
| 1 can tomatoes | ½ teaspoon salt |
| | ¼ teaspoon paprika |
| 1 tablespoon wine vinegar | |

Simmer onions and garlic in butter until translucent and just beginning to brown. Turn flame low, add salt, pepper and flour, and stir to smooth, brown paste. Run tomatoes through a strainer, add sugar and add slowly to paste, stirring to avoid lumping. Sauce should be of the consistency of thin white sauce. Add vinegar and sliced olives, then lobster, and heat lobster through, being careful to keep pieces intact. Serve with spaghetti with brown butter-sauce, to which a few drops of lemon juice have been added, and grated or Parmesan cheese.

Mr. Reisman thinks no one cooks vegetables as well as the French, and here is a recipe for peas and scallions which I am sure you will like.

PEAS AND SCALLIONS, FRENCH STYLE

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 quart new peas | 1 bunch scallions in half-inch slices |
| 2 tablespoons chicken fat | |

Boil the peas in salted water to cover for ten minutes. In the meantime, simmer the scallions in the chicken fat until they begin to brown. Drain the peas and add them to the scallions. Dust on a little flour and sugar and white pepper to taste, and cook until the peas are tender. If too dry, add a little of the water in which the peas were boiled.

Creamed chicken forms the basis for another of Mr. Reisman's favorite dishes, in which, again, a couple of new flavors are found.

CREAMED CHICKEN A LA REISMAN

To a medium white sauce, add, for every cup of milk used, one-half teaspoon of curry powder, one-half cup chopped sweet pickle and one-quarter cup tomato pulp—there should be only tomato enough (*Continued on page 80*)

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

THIS WORLD OF SCIENCE may be educational, but it is positively not dull. These dramatized stories of man's scientific discoveries and conquests have more concentrated romance and 24-carat thrills than a thousand fabricated Buck Rogers and Flash Gordons. Keep your pencils handy—you'll want to remember some of the amazing figures given out. No textbook dares to be as entertaining as these excerpts from scientific history, but if you can listen to one of the broadcasts without getting interested in the subject dealt with, you're a freak of nature yourself. You get the dope from the most authoritative sources, with the choicest bits dramatized. George Sylvester Viereck oils the works. In addition, Graham McNamee spiels a newsreel of the latest accomplishments in science which alone is worth tuning in for.

NBC Sat., 10:30 P. M., 30 min.

PARTIES AT PICKFAIR can develop into a hit program, when the guests melt the icicles in their spines and start throwing things. At present the affair rattles around the big Beverly Hills cabino getting in its own hair. Mary explains (or is it an apology?) that nobody knows what's going to happen. That's all right—provided something does happen. Eddie Horton and an anonymous youngster who must have been Eddie Cantor's recent discovery worked hard to save the premiere from collapsing. They were the only voices heard, except Mary, an unfunny "cousin," the butler, a fictitious romantic couple, and the ork leader. Al Lyons does right by the baton, but a discordant note is the glib mention of famous names who are supposed to be present but aren't. Don't kid us, Mary. We don't care if only two people come to your parties—if they're as genuine as Horton and Bonecrusher Bobby.

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

GULLIVER THE TRAVELER—Ed Wynn, the only radio comic who can transcend a bad script, is back without his horse or Graham, but otherwise with the same formula as of yore. Some of the gags aren't so bad, either, and what with Lennie Hayton's Orchestra, the King's Merry Men, a girls' chorus, and stooge John S. Young, the new Gulliver ought to travel far. The sponsor is a Stout Fella for giving away samples of his product (Plymouth cars) for prize-winning letters, without making you tear off the top of the Chrysler Building to mail in with your entry.

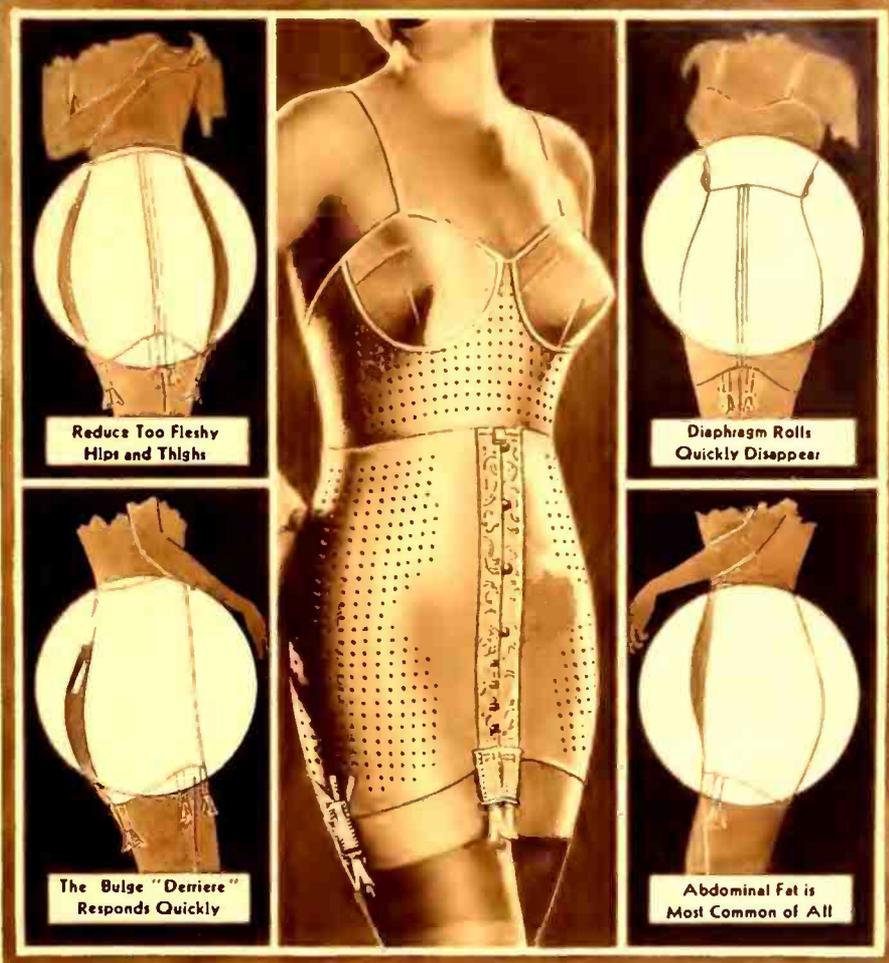
CBS Thurs., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

A TALE OF TODAY—The Princess Pat Players have given up their justly renowned plays for a continued story. Why, I don't know, though Patricia Gordon once told me Hollywood was swiping her best writers. She has one good one left, evidently, for this family story seems to have the elements necessary to qualify it for wide popularity. It started with growing pains and young love, and the rivalry of two sisters over a naive but attractive youth who doesn't realize what it's all about. The production sounds natural and promising.

NBC Mon. 9:30 P. M., 30 min.
(Continued on page 97)

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!



Reduce Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches In 10 Days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at just the spots where surplus fat has accumulated—nowhere else!

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

MASSAGE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" Writes Miss Healy!

"Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing. . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon now!



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 285, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

OVERNIGHT

I LOST THAT DIZZY
AND BILIOUS FEELING



TODAY I FEEL
LIKE A MILLION!

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!

When I went to bed last night, I felt dizzy and bilious. So I tried the FEEN-A-MINT 3-minute way that I've been reading about. I just chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars. What a difference from the harsh, griping action of old-fashioned "all-at-once" cathartics! It's good for the children too. They love its fresh, minty chewing-gum taste. And don't forget—FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. Ask your druggist for FEEN-A-MINT today—15c and 25c a box.

Slightly higher in
Canada.



THE
3
MINUTE WAY

THREE MINUTES
OF CHEWING MAKE THE

difference!

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY ?



PUT THE STARS ON
THE SPOT OR HEAP
THEM WITH PRAISE
BUT JOIN THE FUN

That old-fashioned gallant, Phil Baker, shows us how he wooed and won Agnes Moorehead of his radio program.

IN a recent poll conducted by the New York *World-Telegram*, to determine who are today's leading radio entertainers, the radio editors throughout the country had their say. Jack Benny headed the list of their favorite comedians, Guy Lombardo scored as leading dance maestro and Lawrence Tibbett got their vote for the most popular classical singer, etc. We are wondering how these selections measured up to yours. And, lest you forget, we pay \$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best and \$1.00 each for the next five selected. Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and mail it not later than April 25.

Here are this month's winners:

\$20.00 PRIZE GUESSING 'EM RIGHT

That Hit Parade Saturday evening is grand entertainment, and here's an idea for your readers to get an extra kick out of it—that is, if the idea appeals. Anyway, it affords us a lot of fun—the four of us, husband, two kiddies and myself. Before the program starts, each writes down his or her opinion of what the first five hits will be and in what order they will appear in popularity. At the close of the program, the one who has guessed the most correctly is the winner, and continues to enjoy the next program. However, the one who misses the most selections clears off the dinner table and washes the dishes; the one with the next poorest record dries the dishes, and the third poorest guesser sweeps up the kitchen!

MRS. E. H. MAYER,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

\$10.00 PRIZE A PROBLEM FOR TELEVISION

I am very much worried to hear that

television will soon come from around the corner. It has been trying enough to have to listen to lengthy commercials but how will we poor radio listeners feel when the announcer pokes a package of his product into our face and then goes on with his delightful commercial? Personally, I dread that day. Don't you?

JOSEPH CROUGHWELL,
New York, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE NOT SO LAZY

I delight in showering bouquets. It's good business and profitable too. However, get this straight, I just cannot in the case of Lazy Dan. A beautiful program, beautiful singing, but oh my! Whoever in this whole world heard a negro talk in such swift staccato? For that matter, no one has heard any lazy person of any color talk in such swift energetic tones.

The title "Lazy Dan" and the character portrayed are at such variance that I wonder that someone hasn't written in about it.

Why not change the character to a real honest-to-goodness "Lazy Dan" or change the title?

MRS. VIRGIL LOVELACE,
Indianapolis, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE A CALL FOR EARMUFFS

Remember the fall of 1932 when the air was filled with politics? Every station that you tuned in you could hear, "Senator Whoosis is about to speak for Candidate Whatsis."

Well, the campaign of 1936 is on and once again we hear the political battle of words and voices.

In June, the radio will bring us the Conventions. Then will come the fall and the big battle.

This year radio will play a greater

part in politics than it did in 1932. I believe many voters will be influenced by the kind of speakers, speeches and programs that they hear and which are presented by the political parties. The day when a political speaker addressed only a street corner crowd is over. Now the whole nation is addressed at one time. There'll be big fireworks over the radio in 1936.
Miss VIOLA M. ROTH Bronx, New York.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A WORD TO THE WISE

I think radio audiences should consider who sponsors the programs. If you really enjoy a program and listen to it regularly, you should be loyal enough to buy the product it advertises and insure your favorite staying on the air.

I listen to Wayne King's orchestra and I use Lady Esther face powder. I also listen to Jack Benny and therefore use Jello. I buy Chase & Sanborn coffee because of Major Bowes. There are other programs I listen to regularly and I buy their products too.

Advertising is expensive and we should help cover the expense if we tune in on a certain program, rather than buy a product made by a company who does not advertise on the radio or who sponsors a program to which we do not listen.

ELEANOR ROSE, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A DINER'S PLEA

Can't something be done to hold all parts of a program down to the same measurement of decibels? Many of the best programs are on at our dinner hour. The radio is in the living room, and if we adjust the tone to suit the play, we are roared out of the house by the music, or the announcer, or both.

If we turn the volume down to fit the music or the shouts of the announcer, we miss part of the play; if we try to keep both at the right point, someone of the family misses part of his dinner. Can't somebody do something?

PHILLIS MORDEN, Portland, Oregon.

\$1.00 PRIZE

MEXICO VOTES LAMOUR

I think it will be of some interest to you to know what we radio people from a foreign country think of your programs and stars. We understand your music and rhythm because we use the same and sometimes sing your latest hits. From the many songstresses we hear we pick up Dorothy Lamour as the number one. She reaches the tops of popularity among the younger set. Then comes Frances Langford. Kate Smith is also a favorite. We like to hear Fred Waring and the Pickens Sisters. Dick Powell is our favorite singing male star.

ALFRED F. LENSKIN,
Tampico Tamaulipas, Mexico.

HONORABLE MENTION

WE STAND CORRECTED

I would like to express my opinion in regard to the comments on the program once known as Your Lover appearing in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR in the story "Do Women Rule Radio?" In the first place, there are many types of women. Some can get nothing but the wrong impression on any subject. Then in all fairness, lots of others have only a higher and deep understanding and would not even think of writing letters that wouldn't be fit to be read. At least your remarks about the artist triumphantly laying the

(Continued on page 73)



JITTERY?

It's upsetting to every woman—that haunting fear of embarrassment. It hampers you at work or at play.

And yet—there's no excuse for "accident panic" now. The new Modess is *certain-safe*. It's one sanitary pad that can't betray you!



HAVE YOUR FUN WITHOUT A FEAR!

It stays safe—it stays soft—the new Modess.

No striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. No chafing—the edges stay dry. Wear blue line on moisture-proof side away from body—and sure protection is yours!



End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

WHAT MARRIAGE HAS DONE TO

Lanny Ross

By JOHN EDWARDS

IN next November 25th, a Sunday afternoon, Lanny Ross will make his first appearance in New York's Town Hall as a concert artist. In January, 1937, he will make his second.

Thus will a new career begin. And an old one end.

There lies the answer to what marriage has done to Lanny Ross. The answer, but not the story leading up to it, the story of the nine months that have already passed since the July day he and Olive White were married.

Lanny Ross has grown up and—unless you who listen to him act quickly—he is going to change his personality.

When I called Olive for an appointment with Lanny, I was curious, wondering what I might find when I met him. You see him so seldom now, unless you catch him going in or out a rehearsal studio of Radio City.

We met in his studio apartment high over Manhattan's East Side and sat talking near the wide, high fireplace while heavy logs crackled comfortably and sent long shadows dancing against the walls.

Lanny frowned and turned to Olive. "Have you seen the pictures I had taken last week?"

She nodded. "They're for your Town Hall concert next fall."

"They make me look older, don't they?" he asked.

Olive nodded again. "That's what you wanted. That's why you went to that photographer."

Lanny smiled agreement and spread his feet out over the rough hewn natural wood floor.

"That's something you don't know about," he said. "But let's go upstairs and I'll tell you more."

I followed up the curving staircase that led to

the second floor of the duplex penthouse, down a hall carpeted in heavy rugs, into Lanny's bedroom which faces south. From the windows, far below, you could catch all the twinkling lights of lower New York. In the distance, the beacon light on the Empire State Building flashed slowly on and off. Directly down an elevated crept along like a toy train.

"Yes," Lanny said, falling back on the bed, his legs dangling down over the side, "we've decided on a career for me. And it's about time. It'll make a big difference and I wish I was more sure how my listeners are going to take it.

"Maybe you can't see how my career in radio and the career I want to have are different. But they are and this is why: I'm singing on Show Boat. I'm the lead. But I'm only playing a role. A romantic role. Last year Mary Lou left the Show Boat, now she's back. I'm interested in Winifred Cecil, too. But that's all a show, a program concocted by script writers. Only the radio audience doesn't believe it.

"I'm nearly thirty years old. I've got to think of the future. All the romance that's been so successful on Show Boat has been



SCOOP! GET THE INSIDE STORY OF WHY
 THIS ROMANTIC TENOR WANTS YOU TO LET
 HIM CHANGE THE PERSONALITY YOU LOVE

fine. But sometime it's got to end. And I'd rather end it myself now than have my audience end it for me later."

He stopped and looked around the room. It was hard to believe that this was Lanny Ross's bedroom. A year ago it would have been cluttered with pants, shoes, ties thrown over the backs of chairs, towels on the priceless antique writing desk.

"You're not married, are you?" he went on. "You should be. You learn a lot. Now you don't see a lot of stuff lying all over, cluttering up everything, do you? I've learned that since Olive and I moved in here."

I thought, then, of the things Olive White had told me earlier in the afternoon, while Lanny was still at rehearsal. Of the farm they had bought and which Olive wanted to convert into a real estate where they could spend most of their time. And of how Lanny liked the cabin which was there now because he could bring his hunting and fishing parties to

Hortense Reit, Decorator



For the Maxwell House Show Boat with Lanny Ross, turn to page 56.



One of the pleasures that have been Lanny's since his marriage is his new duplex penthouse. Here are some pictures you've never seen. Left below, a view of his bedroom, which faces south; above that, the game room; left, a corner of the living room, looking north; and—above, on his farm.



it with a minimum of bother.

She had spoken of the problem they were facing. Whether they should have a permanent home in the city or build one in the country. Personally, Olive told me, she thought the country house the better choice. Singers, especially concert singers, need the quiet, the nerve soothing sight of lawn and garden and woods. And she realized that this would mean spending two or three days out of every week living in a hotel.

Then she added that Lanny had become interested in real estate as more than land on which to build. He had decided that there was a good chance the country might have mild inflation within the next year and he wanted to invest his money in something which would be sure to reflect the higher prices.

Again I realized that a year ago the last thing in the world Lanny would be worrying about was whether real estate was a good buy and whether he wanted a permanent home in the city or in the country.

All these things reflected his rapid change to a married man of the world with daily problems of the future to be faced. And it was easier to understand why he has (Continued on page 93)



REVELATIONS OF HOLLY

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

IF you were to fly over Hollywood's most famous mansion, Pickfair, you would notice that the road, as it winds to the crest of the estate, forms the shape of a great heart.

It does this entirely by accident, but not entirely without significance. Mary Pickford lives there.

There was a time when you might have pointed to the ideal romance of Hollywood—the romance of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. That romance, apparently, is gone. But the heart is still engraved on the slopes of Pickfair.

I like to think that it symbolizes the spirit of Pickfair, whose gates have welcomed and whose halls have sheltered for years guests of high and low estate. The spirit which has become part and parcel of the glamorous tradition of Hollywood.

Now at last Mary's guest lists need not be limited. Through the magic of radio she can invite the whole world to Pickfair—which is just what she hopes to do on her "Pickfair Parties" each Tuesday over Columbia on the Ice Industries program.

Pickfair has been wired especially for this program. The actual broadcasting could have come just as well from the Columbia studio in Los Angeles. But when I talked to Mary, one afternoon before Pickfair Parties went on the air, she said:

"I want everyone who listens to my program actually to be a guest at Pickfair. I want to invite the world over the air to my home."

Certainly the rich memories which linger within Pickfair's halls are strong enough to radiate anywhere, right into your own sitting room.

Memories, they are, of great kings and great commoners. Of dashing princes and distinguished plebeians. Of learned scientists and savants, political powers, explorers, artists—men and women whose names ring with the magic vibrance of fame.

All guests of Mary Pickford at Pickfair. Seeking, remembering and prizing the memory of a visit to Pickfair, which is the honor Mary Pickford is broadcasting to everyone who hears her today.

Behind the first royal visit to Pickfair, the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Alba and their entourage, is a story which has never been told. It is a story as exciting as the aura which crowns and coronets, epaulets and portfolios have bestowed upon this famous house.

Both Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks would probably scoff at it because, after all, it is a Graustarkian story of tottering thrones, clever ambassadors and revolutionists, and because neither of them knew anything about it at the time. But that's part of the story.

When Doug and Mary made their grand tour of Europe some years back, in the honeymoon days, in fact, they visited Madrid. At that time Alfonso, the Bourbon king, held the bejeweled scepter of the throne of Spain. Alfonso had been keeping his crown on his (*Continued on page 57*)



WOOD'S GREATEST HOSTESS

FASCINATING TALES

LIE BEHIND THE LA-

VISH PARTIES GIVEN

BY MARY PICKFORD!

Presenting four exclusive pictures of Pickfair—first, from the air; next, the table ready for a formal dinner; the drawing room, scene of Mary's radio broadcasts; and the sunken garden. Far right, Mary, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, with their mother standing in the center.

*Parties at Pickfair
Is sponsored by Ice
Industries; see p. 53.*



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SECRETS WE

By BILL STUART



CARMEN LOMBARDO smiled. He nodded his head. "Yes," he said, "we're clannish. We're complete within ourselves and darn glad to be that way."

And I smiled and nodded my head. I had thought so.

You see, it ties up. It fits in with what little is known about Guy Lombardo and his brothers and makes plausible the fact that there is so little known.

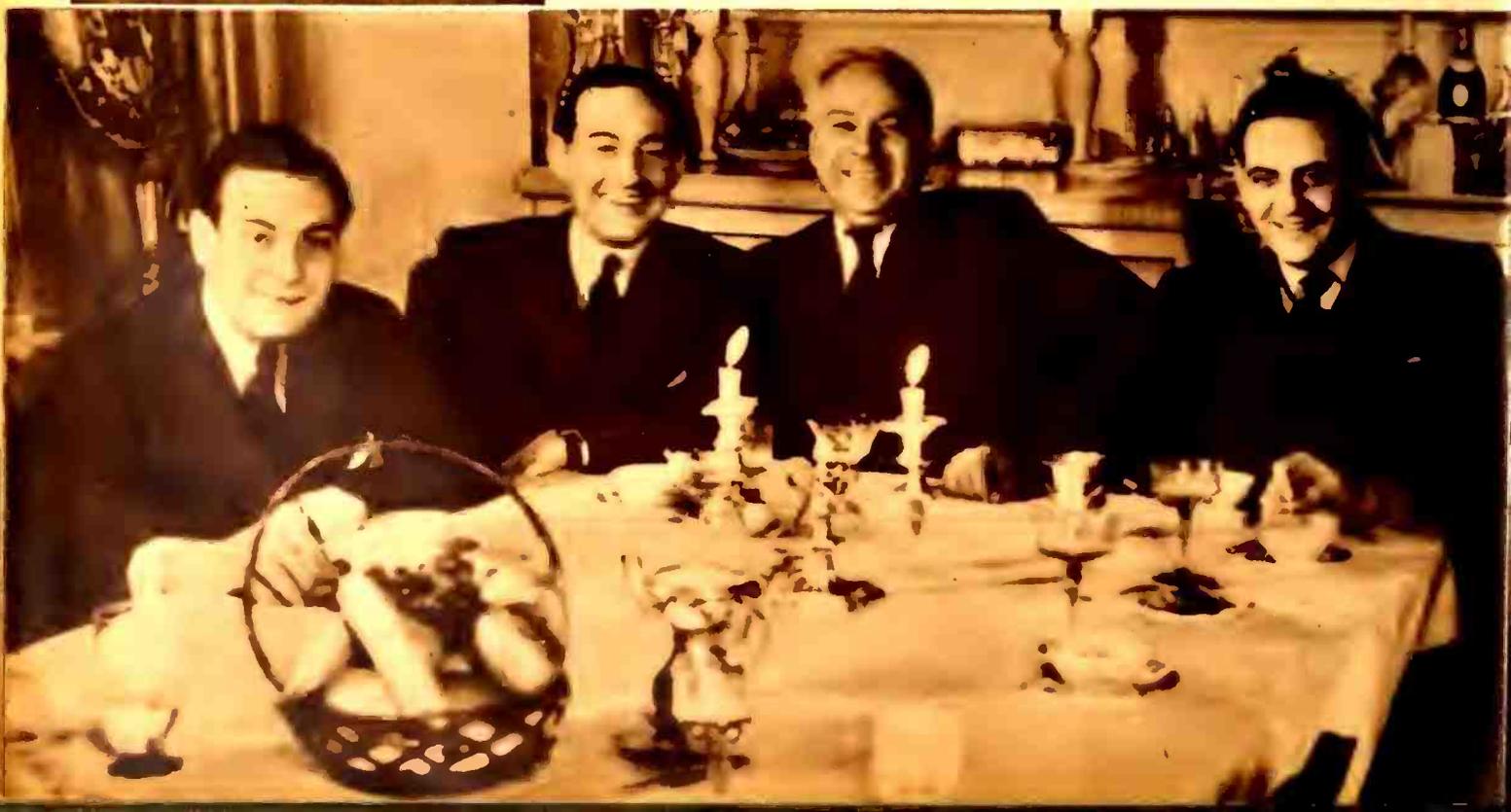
They are clannish. Their music, enchantingly smooth, unembellished by comedians or torch singers or dramatic skits, is a product of their interdependence, has, in fact, been fashioned from it. And Guy's two-months' battle to keep their brotherhood inviolate, Carmen's romance, Liebert's

tremendous victory over himself are reflections of it, too.

But, first, about the music and the Royal Canadians. They are like that bunch of kids in your neighborhood who play hockey and hooky together and who chip in to replace your window when they have driven a baseball through it. They can still point out the London, Ontario, houses in which their families live.

Guy, the violinist, Carmen, the saxophonist, and Freddie Kreitzer, the pianist, started the band more than twenty years ago. When they needed a drummer, they called in Liebert Lombardo.

They weren't much more than kids then. Liebert remembers that



HAVE NEVER TOLD

NEVER BEFORE HAVE THE LOMBARDOS REVEALED ALL THEIR FAMILY SKELETONS—THEIR HIDDEN LAUGHTER, THEIR TEARS AND ANGER!



Below, the first picture you've ever seen of the whole Lombardo family—Victor, Carmen, Guy Sr., Guy Jr., Joseph, who is the non-musical brother, and Liebert. In circle, the Lombardos and their wives yachting. Above, right, Guy is backed up by the brothers Liebert, singer Carmen and Victor.



For the Lombardos, sponsored by the Standard Oil of New Jersey, see page 53—8 o'clock.

they played a lot for school dances and for their dad's concert company. Guy, Sr., their father, was the baritone and master-of-ceremonies. He would introduce the Scotch comedian and the girl elocutionist, and when they were done, he'd shout for the orchestra. It would come tumbling out of the apple orchard back of the stand, each member from a different tree, to play his accompaniment.

"They were good concerts," Liebert says, "and good apples."

The Lombardos soon became bigger, and much better. When they wanted a guitarist, they got Francis Henry, who lived across the street, and when they needed a trombonist, they got Jim Dillon. He lived down the block. They got Freddie Higman, one of Carmen's pupils, to play a saxophone, and then took George Gowans, who lived right around the corner, to play the drums so that Liebert could take over the trumpet. Burn Davies played the third saxophone until, a little later, they took his sax away from him and gave him a tuba. He's still playing it.

The Royal Canadians left London, Ontario, with that personnel, and they've kept it (adding three men) for the past twelve years. For awhile, they tried a girl vocalist, Marion Mansfield; and again, they attempted to use Phil Regan, the tenor they found in a Columbia audition. Both were talented, but it seemed that only true Lombardos were capable of producing the true Lombardo style. They didn't fit. When Burns and Allen left their program two years ago, the Lombardo rating by the Crosley System (and the Crosley system is the radio artist's Bible) leaped from twenty points to twenty-five, so George and Gracie apparently didn't fit in, either. (George (Continued on page 61))





gladys
swarthout

Already Gladys is in her second star role in the films. Don't miss Paramount's thrilling "Give Us This Night," in which Jan Kiepura was awarded the male lead. Gladys by now is radio's most glamorous graduate to Hollywood.

Paramount

honey
chile

Tall, blonde and beautiful, Margaret Johnson is heard on the Frank Parker program Saturday nights on a CBS network. She is the not so very bright young gal from down South, who gets in the hair of Bob Hope, the show's comedian.

Bert Lawson





The Master and Mistress of Town Hall—Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa in "Three's a Crowd," the musical comedy in which they co-starred with Clifton Webb and Libby Holman in 1930. That's a chorus girl on the left.



They really dressed for the beach in 1905, when Julia Sanderson posed for this picture. After a spectacular rise from the chorus to the star's dressing room, she was singing the title role in "Fantana."

When she played Cleopatra in "Caesar and Cleopatra" in 1925, the critics said Helen Hayes made the glamorous Siren of the Nile a "pretty kitten, frisking and clawing." Now she's portraying another queen—Victoria.

Al Jolson was one of the stars of a musical comedy called "The Whirl of Society" in 1912, before he'd found out how to black up his face. The other star to whom he's making love, is the late Stella Mayhew.





*Down
Memory
Lane*

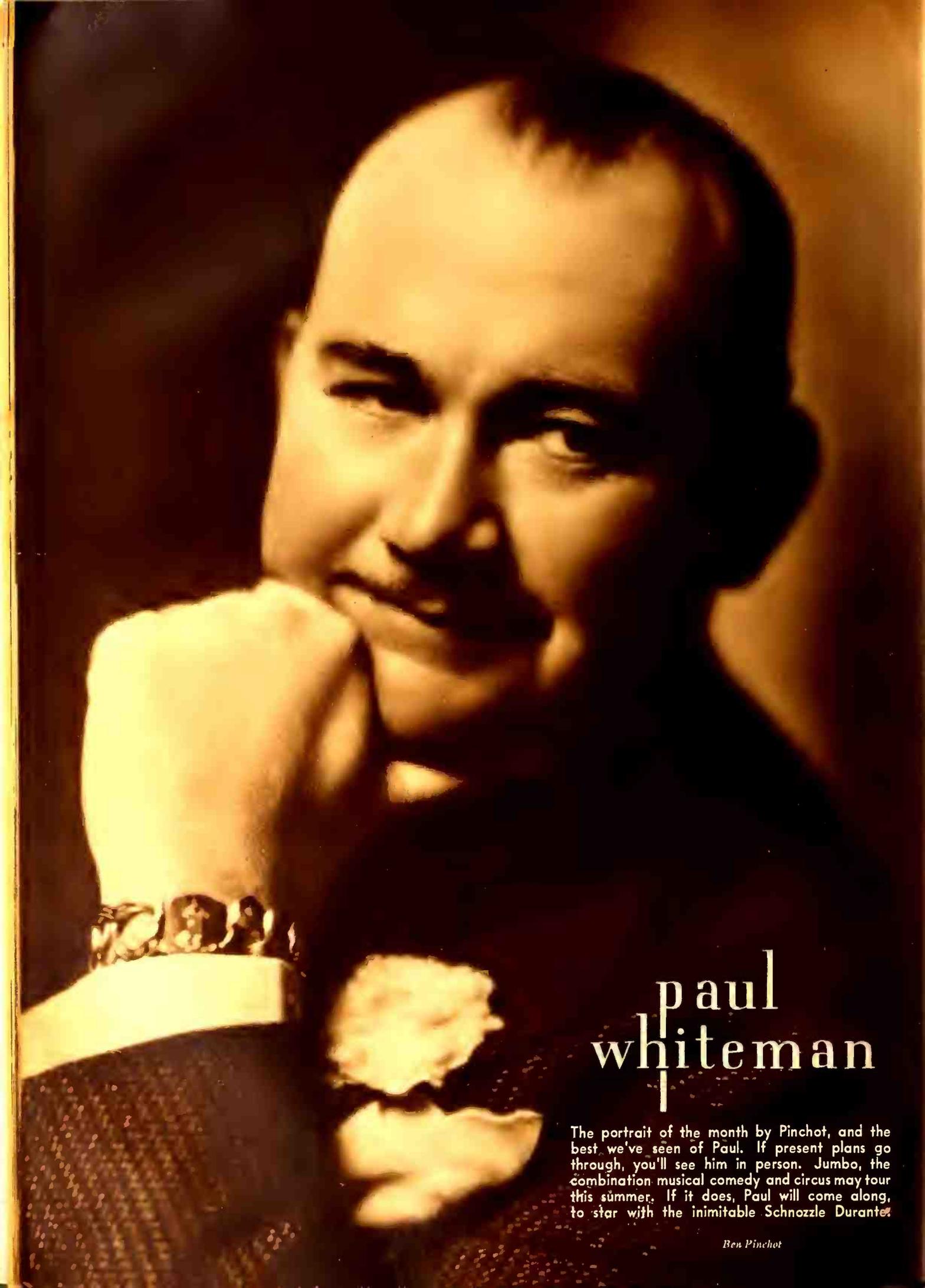
One of radio's funniest is Tom Howard, standing at the drums. This picture was taken when Tom was playing in "Smiles," a Ziegfeld show in 1930.

Paul Whiteman was a "Follies" cop in the 1924 edition of Florenz Ziegfeld's girl-and-music extravaganza. When Paul wasn't on the stage cavorting with such beauties as these he was busy directing his band.

Below, we give you Leslie Howard in "Her Cardboard Lover," a Broadway success back in 1927. He was leading man then for the late Jeanne Eagels.

Another "Follies" alumnus is Eddie Cantor of the startled eyes. The scene below is from the 1927 musical. Eddie is looking downright unhappy as Frances Upton—of stage fame—does her best to lure him.





paul
whiteman

The portrait of the month by Pinchot, and the best we've seen of Paul. If present plans go through, you'll see him in person. Jumbo, the combination musical comedy and circus may tour this summer. If it does, Paul will come along, to star with the inimitable Schnozzle Durante.

Ben Pinchot



berhardine flynn

It's hard to connect the homey program of Vic and Sade with this beautiful portrait of NBC's versatile actress who takes the role of Sade. Bernardine Flynn's dramatic start came at the University of Wisconsin a few years ago and it was the famous Zona Gale who coached her there.

Maurice Scymour

THE REAL REASON ED WYNN CAME BACK

WHEN Ed Wynn left the Fire Chief broadcasts ten months ago, he thought he was through with radio—quite through, for good and all.

Today he is back, as Gulliver the Traveler, sending his crack-brained foolishness once more through the ether and into millions of homes.

Why, after having said farewell to the air, did he return? He was financially comfortable; he was still deeply interested in the stage, where he first won success, and full of plans for his activities on it.

Because of a dream, a dream and an ideal conceived eight years ago. He didn't think then he could make that dream come true. He's not sure he can now but, with all his heart and soul, he is trying.

But before you can understand what that dream means to him, you must realize the difference between the Ed Wynn of today and the Ed Wynn of ten months ago.

Perhaps you were one of those who believed the rumors which were printed shortly after the comedian had suddenly gone off the air—that he had become too sure of his popularity as a radio attraction, had demanded a salary of \$10,000 a week from his sponsors and, failing to get it, had refused to sign another contract.

Those rumors were not true. Far from being too self-assured, Ed Wynn was convinced the public was tired of him.

Ten months ago he was tired and ill. You talked to him and found no response, and you left him with the feeling in your heart that here was a man at odds with himself and the world.

Now, he is a different man entirely. I saw him after a long afternoon which he had spent in a stuffy studio, holding auditions for an announcer and "straight man" who could act as a foil for his comedy as well as satisfy the sponsors with his reading of the commercial parts of the program. It had been a gruelling task. Ed had driven in from his Great Neck, Long Island, home, and was dressed carelessly in a baggy tweed suit. His eyes, behind their horn-rimmed glasses, were bloodshot with fatigue, and his voice was hoarse. So many times had he repeated the first page of the show. In spite of it all, he was as fresh and full of vitality as though the afternoon were just beginning.

Several times we were interrupted, to audition yet another prospective announcer, and each time Ed went back to the microphone with the same cheerful zest. Two girls, with music tucked under their arms, turned up to sing and, although they were not needed on his program, the comedian talked to them, listened when they performed, criticized and encouraged them. Then he'd come back to me, to pick up our conversation where we'd left off.

Ed Wynn has always been kind. Ten months ago he would have done all this, too—worked just as hard for his

sponsors and been just as attentive to unknown singers with no claim upon his time—but he would not have done it with the same enthusiasm and pleasure.

What had happened to give him this new, happier outlook on life?

That period of depression which marked his exit from the airwaves is far enough behind him now for him to talk about it. "I was sure the public had had enough of me," he told me. "My fan mail was holding up—it was larger, in fact, than it had ever been. But radio is such a restricted medium. All you have to work with is your voice, so naturally you can't give the variety you can on the stage. I was sure that even if the public wasn't tired of me personally, it must certainly be tired of my character, the Fire Chief. And a radio comedian is only as good as his character."

There was more to it than just that, of course. Haven't you ever felt, in your own job, that you were getting stale and perfunctory? Haven't you ever wondered, secretly, how your boss could continue to think you were worth your weekly pay check, and wished you could afford to stop for a while and recharge, as it were, your batteries of energy? If you have, think how much more someone whose job depends upon spontaneity and creative energy must suffer from this same spiritual and mental illness.

For illness was what it was. Not a physical illness, except insofar as bodily fatigue entered into it. Besides the actual work of broadcasting and rehearsing, Ed had for months been spending an average of forty-eight hours a week of intensive effort on the preparation of his scripts.

And he was being the eternal comedian. "People expect a comedian to be funny all the time," he said. "They won't allow him the same periods of seriousness, or of unhappiness, others have. For instance, I might accept an invitation to a party, then call up at the last minute and say, 'My mother-in-law is ill, and I can't' (Continued on page 72)

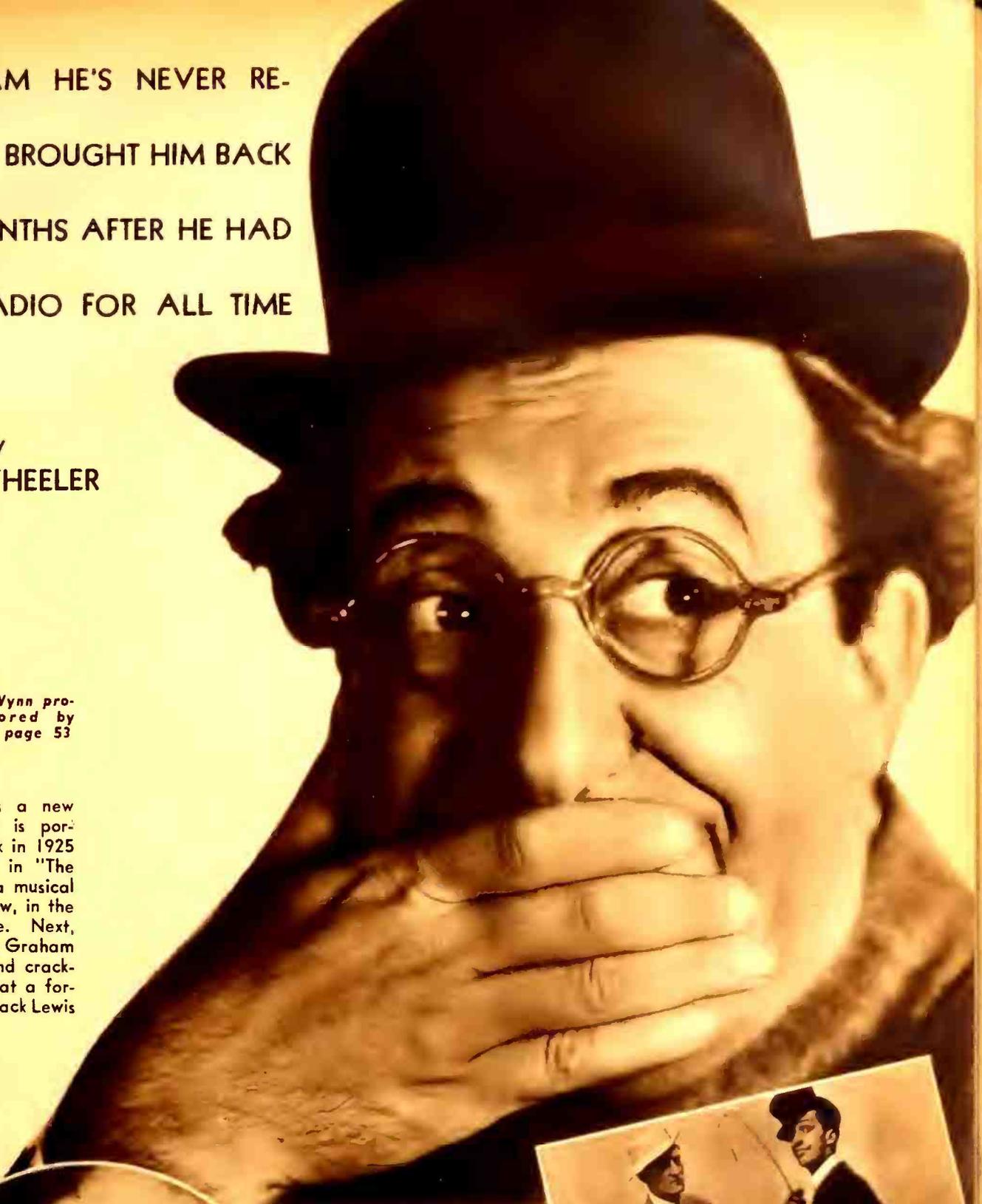


A DREAM HE'S NEVER RE-
VEALED BROUGHT HIM BACK
TEN MONTHS AFTER HE HAD
QUIT RADIO FOR ALL TIME

By
DAN WHEELER

*For the new Wynn pro-
gram, sponsored by
Plymouth, see page 53*

This year it's a new character Ed is portraying. Back in 1925 he wore kilts in "The Grab Bag," a musical comedy. Below, in the gurgling stage. Next, last year with Graham McNamee; and cracking the whip at a former partner, Jack Lewis



Why I lost the



HAVE you ever made a mistake in love, and lost a man? You're in good company. Lucy Monroe, Ramona, Gracie Allen, Adele Ronson—four of radio's most famous heartbreakers—admit that they, too, have fumbled at love affairs.

Even the most beautiful, the most brilliant of us, have a trait or two that will unfailingly discourage the marriage-bent male. To learn just which of these traits are your own, and to make them invisible to the masculine eye, is to learn love-intelligence.

So we asked these four lovely stars to tell you what they learned from romances that didn't quite come off, just to give you some short cuts from disillusion. We picked these four not only because they are among the wisest and most romantically successful in radio, but because each represents a different type, a different approach in her attitude to men.

Each promises to confess without stint how she changed from a love-gauche girl to a love-wise woman. To reveal candidly and completely the profitable failure that taught her what her particular sort of woman should never, never do with an attractive man.

If you like to think of yourself as a modern woman, tolerant, independent, wanting to act on judgment rather than impulse, and you are attracted to reserved, shy men, it is to you we dedicate Lucy Monroe's story.

Looking at the star of *Lavender and Old Lace* and the *American Album*, one cannot imagine her fumbling at the fine old feminine art of love. Lucy Monroe's personality is as lyric as the voice which has brought her such swift fame in radio. There is an air of serenity in her wide, arched brows, her clear oval face, her red-gold, wavy hair. Yet her very poise and judgment once made her hesitate and lose a lover.

Several years ago, when she was still playing small parts in Broadway revues, she used to see a good deal of a certain young man. A very dear young man, big, rangy, blond, and exceedingly shy. Sometimes she wondered why he had never made love to her.

Just about the time they began to go around together, Lucy had her first real break. Bettina Hall, whom she was understudying in "The Little Show" fell ill and Lucy sang the leading role. The hard boiled New York critics had given her enthusiastic notices, and she was sure that she was made.

Then after "The Little Show" closed, Lucy had to learn that it takes more breaks than one to make real fame. The season was opening slowly; there seemed no decent part for her. She was in the dumps.

One night she met her young man for supper at a little spaghetti restaurant in the Forties. She had had a hard day tramping about, waiting in ante rooms, defensively pulling out the notices that had once seemed a ticket to glory.

Anxiety hurt her throat so she could not swallow.



man I loved

TOLD BY

RAMONA, GRACIE ALLEN,

LUCY MONROE, ADELE RONSON

TO

GLADYS OAKS

The young man saw her need and forgot his shyness. "Look here," he cried. "With your voice and your beauty you're bound to succeed. But you're going to make it harder for yourself if you exaggerate every little discouragement!"

It was early, the restaurant almost deserted. The young man leaned toward her bent head, put his hand on her ruddy, bright hair. "Lucy," he whispered, "I've been wanting so long to say I love you. To ask you to marry me. But I thought there was so little I could give you. I've never loved a woman before. And until now you have seemed so unattainable, so far above me!"

Lucy was sure she loved him. That night she was sure she wanted to marry him.

But as the days went by she became doubtful. She was his first love. And he had so foolish an inferiority complex. He was already successful in his profession. If he would only play around with a few girls, he would learn how desirable he really was.

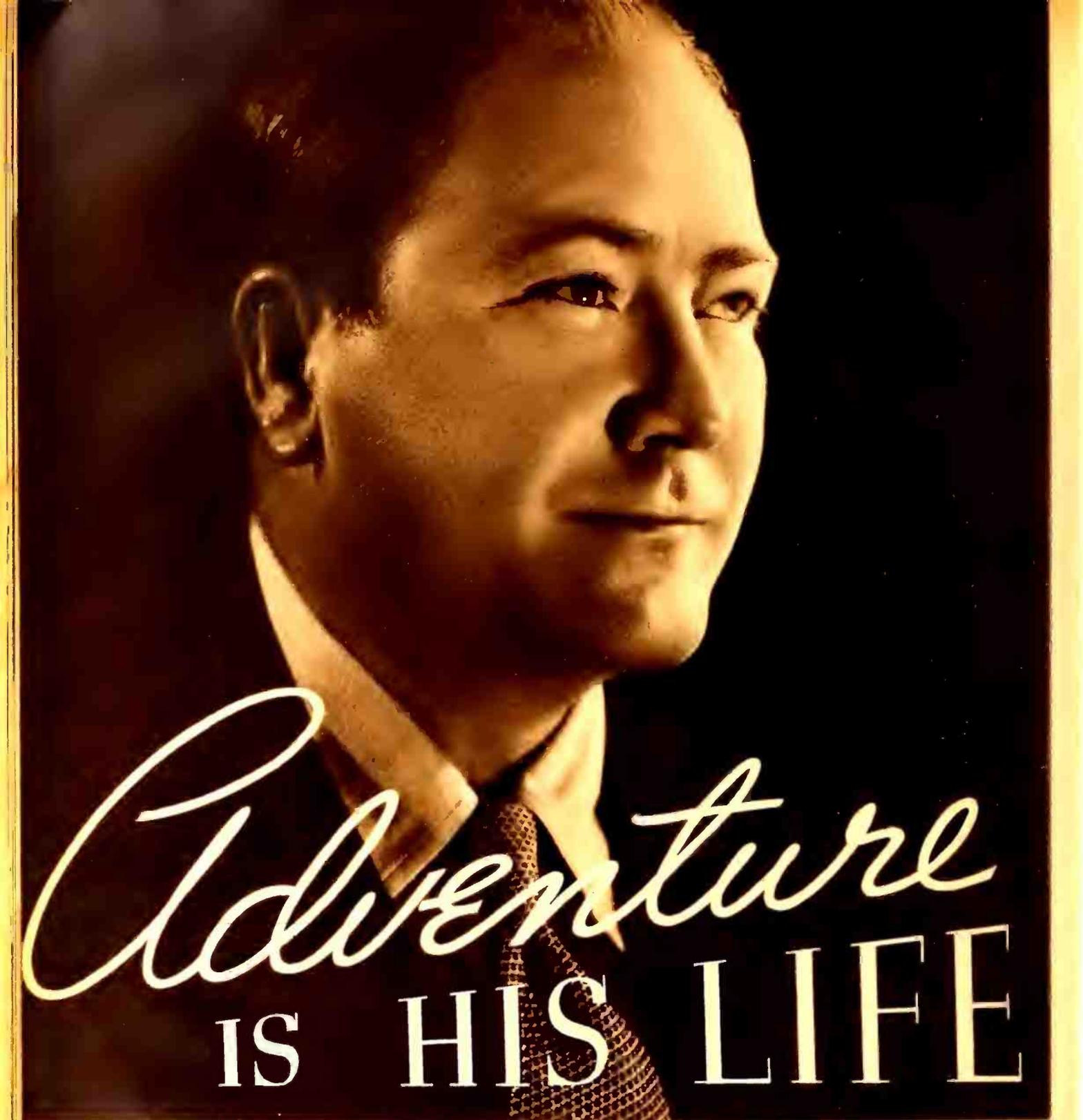
This belief of Lucy's increased when she made an instantaneous hit in opera. He kept telling her how superior she was to him.

And here is where Lucy Monroe, out of her very broadmindedness and generosity of spirit, made a mistake in love. She knows now that to have shown him her love passionately would have been the best (Continued on page 81)

Opposite page above, Lucy Monroe wanted to consider and he married another. Opposite page, below, Ramona's mother instinct killed love. Below, Gracie Allen—too tactful. Right, Adele Ronson—too easy to date.



READ FOUR DRAMATIC LESSONS IN LOVE AND LEARN TO AVOID MISTAKES THAT MIGHT BREAK YOUR HEART



Adventure IS HIS LIFE

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS WILL DO ANYTHING FOR A THRILL! READ

A HOY on board yacht "Coconut!" That baritone hail, ringing richly and resonantly above the rhythmic roar of a 120-horsepower speed boat motor, could have come from only one man in the world—John Charles Thomas, commodore of our Amelia Island Pirate Treasure Expedition's fleet.

I cast a weather eye astern of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dobyne's 90-foot "Coconut," and sure as shooting stars there was Thomas zooming by in his new "225" speedster. "Tiptoe" practically flying over Palm Beach's tropical Lake

Worth at sixty miles an hour. As he brought his thundering craft about in a hazardous but graceful starboard turn, Thomas semaphored with his left arm that he was boarding us.

"Pipe the Fleet Commander aboard," I said.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered two sailors, breaking out the gangway railing on our portside and standing by with bumpers.

Powerful engine switched off, the "Tiptoe" came in under her headway and was quickly made fast alongside. The

The famous baritone rehearses with Willie Morris, on board his yacht and right, with a friend exhibiting a prize catch. Below, a view of the island on which he's now digging for the treasure. Bottom of page, the speedboat he's going to enter in the perilous Gold Cup races this year, and in which already he's won many cups



Courtesy of Pan American Airways

next moment, John Charles Thomas, whose life outside of his many radio, operatic and concert engagements is just one adventure after another, hit the deck.

We were ready to start our search for buried buccaneer gold! Ready to sail for Amelia Island, off the coast of Florida, where we would plunge into primeval jungles that still shelter bears, wildcats, diamond-backed rattlesnakes and giant alligators—where the rumored treasure is guarded by the ghosts of Captain Kidd's murdered crew.

The adventure which had had its inception months before was about to begin.

Last winter, while I was cruising about the Florida coast in a small yacht, I became friendly with Thomas, George Dobyne, Kimbark Howell, and other members of the Palm Beach yachting set. After my return to my own Amelia Island to work on a new book, the Palm Beach yachtsmen visited me en route North in their craft.

I don't pretend to know much about music and singing. But John Charles Thomas has always been my favorite

baritone. To me, there's something warmly human as well as beautifully melodic about his voice. Personal acquaintance deepened my admiration for him as a singer into admiration for him as a man. Sun-tanned, something of a Viking, extraordinarily wide-shouldered and strong-jawed, and with a dash of the sea in his daring blue eyes, I had only to see him to know him for an adventurer.

There on Amelia Island, we talked about speed-boat racing and fishing; not your ordinary, easy fishing, but the kind that involves hour-long battles with ferocious deep-sea fish—man-eating sharks and sawfish.

Later, I found myself telling Thomas and his companions the exciting and mysterious pirate lore of Amelia Island. A queer compound of legends, traditions, and honest history surround this island of mine.

According to the story, the isle was used as a pirate base from the year 1683.

In 1701, Captain Kidd hove to in Cumberland Sound and went ashore under cover of (Continued on page 84)

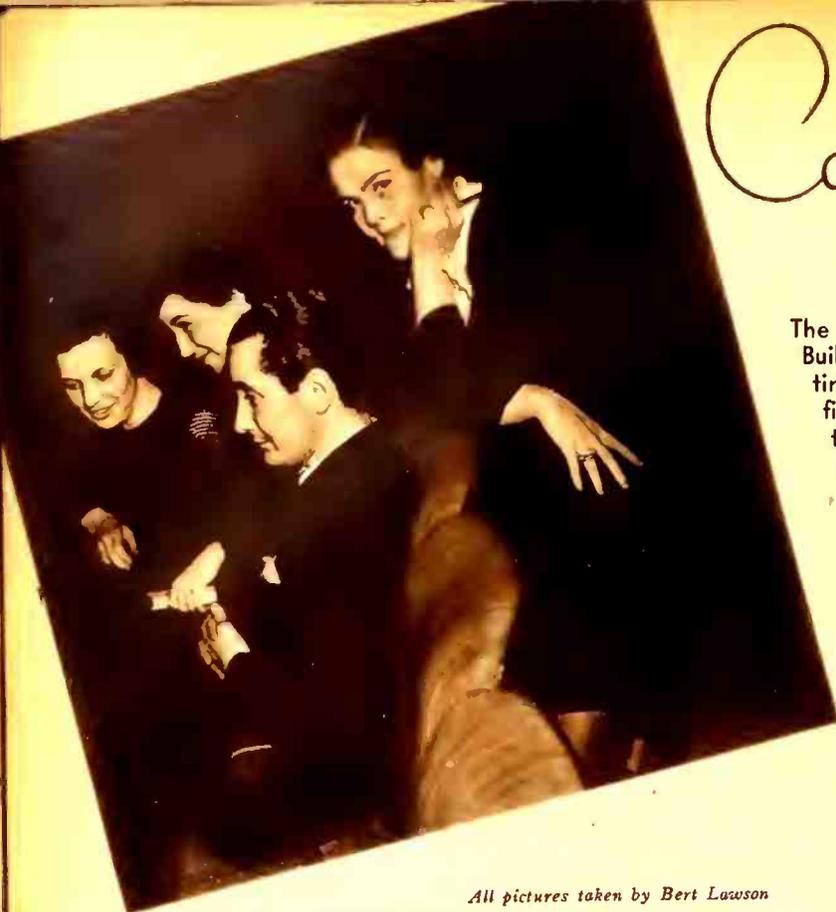
HOW HE'S SEARCHING FOR PIRATE GOLD ON A TROPICAL ISLAND



By
T.
HOWARD
KELLY

For John Charles Thomas, sponsored by Vince, see page 56—10 o'clock column.

Camera Snooping!



The man with the lens dropped into the CBS Broadcasting Building this month and look what he found: Nino Martini would be at the left, between songs at the Chesterfield rehearsal. And just below is Phillips Lord interviewing a police official on his Wednesday program, Crime Busters. Then to the left again, Andre Kostelanetz, directing his orchestra. To his right David Ross spins a bit of poetry. Below, a real candid camera study of the Voice of Experience. Lower left corner, those Musketeers, Ted Husing, Walter O'Keefe and Deane Janis, relaxing in a night club after a broadcast of Camel Caravan.

All pictures taken by Bert Lawson



MEET JACK BENNY'S TIMID TENOR

BUT IT TOOK BRAVERY TO
MARRY A GIRL WHOSE PAR-
ENTS DIDN'T LIKE TENORS

KENNY BAKER didn't have a date that Saturday evening, or he never would have gone to such a thing as a school fashion show. And even then, he wouldn't have gone, except that one of the fellows promised he'd fix him up a date with Gerry Churchill, who was taking part in the show, afterwards.

He didn't know Gerry Churchill, but he'd seen her around school—the Long Beach Junior College, in which she was a senior and he a junior. Brunette, wasn't she? Sorta cute?

Well, there wasn't anything else to do. Might as well go to the fashion show.

A fashion show's a good place at which to see—really see—a new girl, particularly if she wears clothes as well as Gerry Churchill did. Gerry appeared in sport frocks, evening gowns, tailored suits, and bathing suits; and in all of them she was undeniably sorta cute, except that to say so was a gross understatement.

After the show Kenny and his friend went backstage, and he met her. He discovered that she reached barely to his shoulder, had gray eyes, a soft voice, and a devastating effect upon his emotions.

This was in May, toward the end of the school term, when every week-end there is something doing. The big



Kenny Baker is on Jack Benny's hour, sponsored by Jello. See page 56.



Kenny Baker skyrocketed to fame after he won a radio contest last summer. Left, with Gerry, his wife and sweetheart since college days, and the third member of the Baker family, "Yowzuh."

By NORTON RUSSELL

item on the following Friday was a minstrel show, and it surely wasn't entirely an accident that Gerry happened to be the one to make Kenny up for his part in the performance. Blackface takes a long time to apply, and she didn't have time enough to make up any of the other members of the cast.

Today, both Gerry and Kenny say they'd already fallen in love, during the first few minutes after they'd met backstage at the fashion show, and I'm inclined to believe them, because after the minstrel show Kenny shamelessly ditched a date he'd had for a couple of weeks, and Gerry invited him to her house, where she made biscuits and they had biscuits and honey in the kitchen.

By the time school was closed, Kenny had asked her to marry him, blithely ignoring the (Continued on page 90)

Miracles RADIO HAS WORKED

BY
CAROLINE
SOMERS
HOYT

IF not for radio, Dan K. would be in the land of the living dead, today.

When he was released from the Buffalo State Hospital for the mentally ill, his family was jubilant. With a little patience he'd get out of his lethargy, forget the depression, and snap into his old happy self again. The last few years were a sealed book, and they'd be completely forgotten soon.

But it didn't work out that way. Dan didn't snap out of it. Every day he lay in bed, brooding over his misfortunes. The overwork that had brought on his breakdown. The crooked friend who had cheated him out of his car, his home. The three dreadful years in the land of the living dead.

The children's prattle annoyed him. His wife's solicitude was rewarded with barks, sharp retorts and complaints. When neighbors came to call he made believe he was asleep. Gradually the unhappy, unhealthy nervous tension he felt communicated itself to the rest of the household. The children became listless and subdued, like little shadows of their former selves.

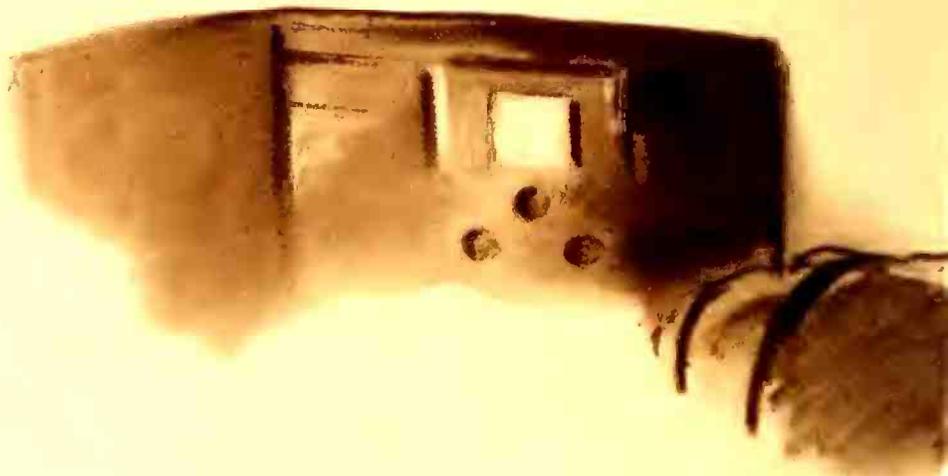
There was no help for it. He would have to go back to the hospital. Sadly, unwillingly, his wife told him that. It was impossible to keep going as they were. They would spend their Christmas together, and then. . . .

I don't have to tell you how Dan felt. If he went back again to the hospital, he knew his life was over. He would sink lower and lower, back into the tortured, raving state he had been in. He was hopeless, helpless, completely licked. His last prop had been snatched from under him. Now there was nothing to live for, nothing.

Till something unexpected happened. Relatives, knowing it would come in handy, had sent money as a Christmas gift. Now Mrs. K., being a wise woman, realized that if Dan had something to occupy his mind during the day it would keep him from brooding and he could put up a better fight to normalcy. So she bought a midget radio with the Christmas money.

The change in Dan wasn't instantaneous. He didn't leap up, full of smiles, and sing "I'm cured," when he listened in. But somehow, the radio seemed to soothe his taut nerves, to relieve the awful tension under which he labored. He began to listen for Cheerio in the morning, for Bradley Kincaid. With so many programs on the air, there was no time to think of his troubles.

Gradually, he has become stronger, steadier. You can see by the look in his eyes that he's on the mend. The children's prattle no longer annoys him. He is regaining an interest in the goings on around him. Slowly, but surely, he is fighting his way back to health. Why, the last time I heard, he was thinking of going into the ice-cream business, making the cream at home and having his youngsters deliver it.



Because of radio a man's life has been reclaimed and another home has been kept intact. As so often happens. For radio influences wives, husbands, lovers. It has even helped solve the eternal triangle problem.

THERE was one man who wrote to the Voice of Experience for guidance. Married ten years, he found himself madly in love with a girl in his office. His own wife insisted she still loved him, and refused to give him a divorce.

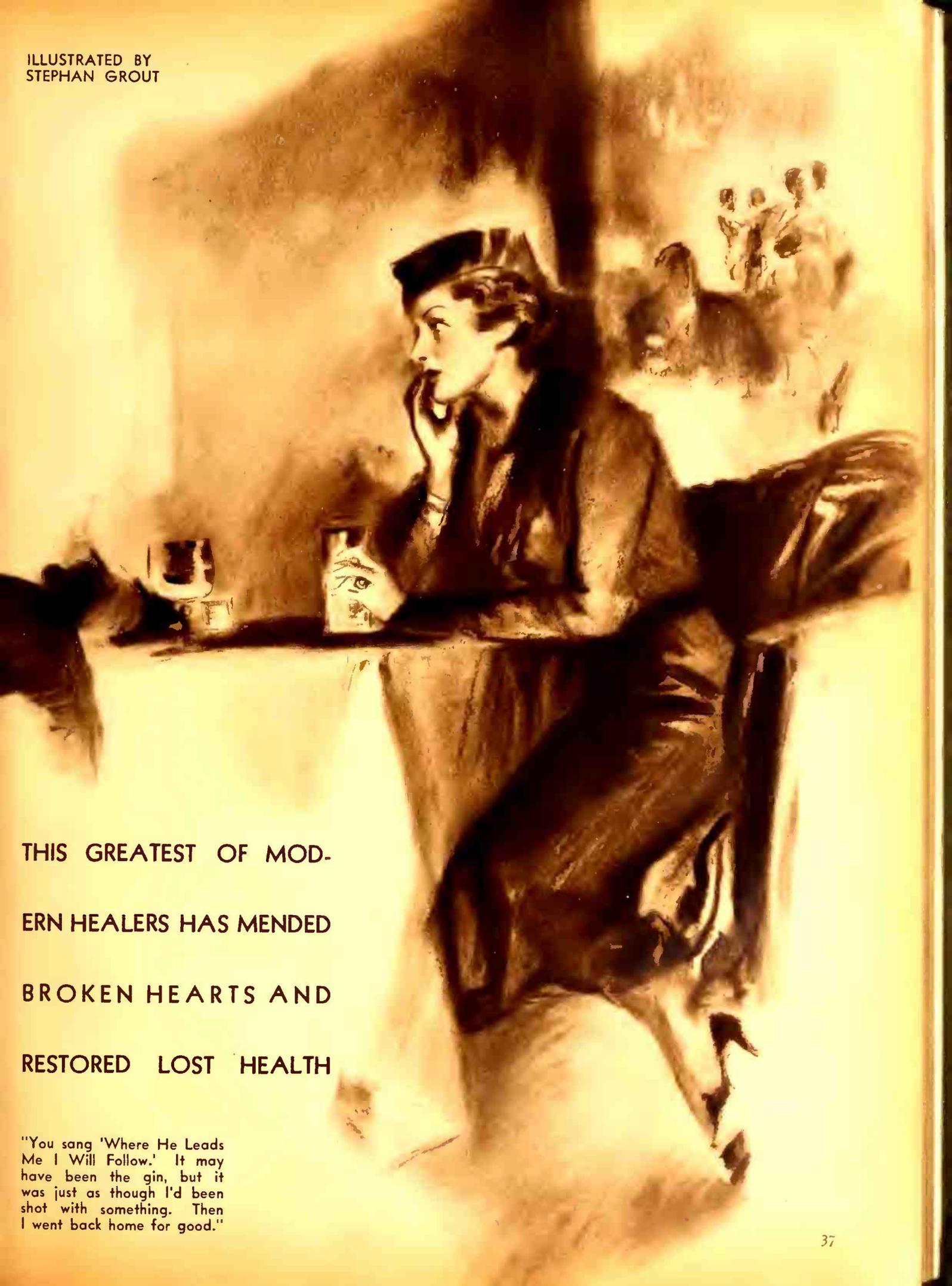
"I want to leave my wife for this other woman," the man wrote, "but it worries me because of my daughter. She loves me dearly and I love her. Since she's only seven, I feel she will learn to forget me in time. What do you think?"

The Voice of Experience answered by reading a letter he had received from a fifteen-year-old girl whose father, when that child was seven, had left his wife and daughter for another woman.

"Last Thursday night," the girl wrote, "Daddy found me in his partner's apartment. I don't have to describe the scene. He was mad as hops, threatened his partner and called me all kinds of improper names because I was fool enough to submit to his partner's desires.

"This sounded so funny coming from Daddy, and I guess I was just mad enough at being caught, so I said, 'Listen, you, who are you to say anything about my morals? Do you think I have forgotten how you treated Mother, when you had that other woman on the string? Do you think I ever forgot how you fell off the pedestal that I put you on when I fairly worshipped and (Continued on page 78)

ILLUSTRATED BY
STEPHAN GROUT



THIS GREATEST OF MOD-
ERN HEALERS HAS MENDED
BROKEN HEARTS AND
RESTORED LOST HEALTH

"You sang 'Where He Leads
Me I Will Follow.' It may
have been the gin, but it
was just as though I'd been
shot with something. Then
I went back home for good."

HIDDEN MOMENTS IN THEIR LIVES

WHILE EDDIE CANTOR SANG AND
DANCED NO ONE KNEW THAT HE
WAS UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH

THIS is the story of a man who dared death—to entertain you and me. He defied the commands of his doctor, the pleas of his friends, the advice of his family. He kept right on clowning, though he knew that each bit of comedy he put across shortened his own life.

Why did he do such a thing, you ask? What motive might any man have for jeopardizing his life?

Was it to support a family in want? No. For Eddie Cantor was a millionaire.

Was it to satisfy a life-long ambition to reach the top in the show business? Decidedly not, for Eddie Cantor was sitting securely on top, the first actor ever to be starred by Ziegfeld, to be given billing over Ziegfeld's own name.

"I did it," Eddie Cantor, the same Eddie you hear every Sunday night over the Columbia network, confided to me, "because entertaining people is all I ask of life. Unless I can keep going this way, my life isn't worth a lead nickel."

For Eddie Cantor's program, sponsored by Pebecco tooth paste, turn to page 53—seven o'clock column.

Eddie's energy and enthusiasm don't desert him before the mike. Below, with Harry "Parkyakarkus" Einstein.



By MARY JACOBS



"I'd rather die tomorrow, doing my radio and movie work, than live to be a hundred, sitting behind a desk in a sane office. You didn't know," with a toss of his rapidly graying head, "that my family had a nice silk business all set for me, did you? Nor did anyone else ever hear of it, and of the time I retired permanently from show business.

"Afterwards I realized that I'm like a race horse that is unfit for any other job." He shook his head slowly, his warm brown eyes serious and grave.

It all happened nine years ago, when Eddie was *the* "Ziegfeld Follies of 1927." I say *the* "Ziegfeld Follies" on purpose, for he was on all the time, in practically every act. As he jokingly told his friend, George Jessel, "If you want to see me in the show, come round any time. I'm always on, except for two minutes. And if Ziggy knew I was off those two minutes he'd have me selling tickets then."

All the time Eddie was clowning and dancing and kidding, he was suffering the torments of the damned. He was a chronic sufferer from pleurisy, a disease which makes breathing very painful. There wasn't a day during the six months the show was on that he wasn't in agony.

"Every time I took a deep breath," he told me, "I felt as if a couple of men were sitting on me, sticking needles into my chest."

Between scenes his personal physician, Dr. Joseph Diamond, massaged him. And while the perspiration dripped into a pool around (Continued on page 94)

pageant of the airwaves



**SUBBING FOR
JESSICA**

Lucille Manners, above, takes Jessica Dragonette's place on the Cities Service hour while the latter vacations in Florida. She first attracted NBC officials' notice while singing on a local station in her home town, Newark, N. J. . . . Right, Bob Hope, who with Honeychile is the comedy highlight of the Atlantic Family, is also a star in the current "Follies," and came to radio from vaudeville and musical comedy . . . He's married . . . Below, another vaudeville star to desert to radio is Frank Fay of Rudy Vallee's hour. He used to be a headliner at the Palace Theater; this summer he'll have his own program, sponsored by Standard Brands.

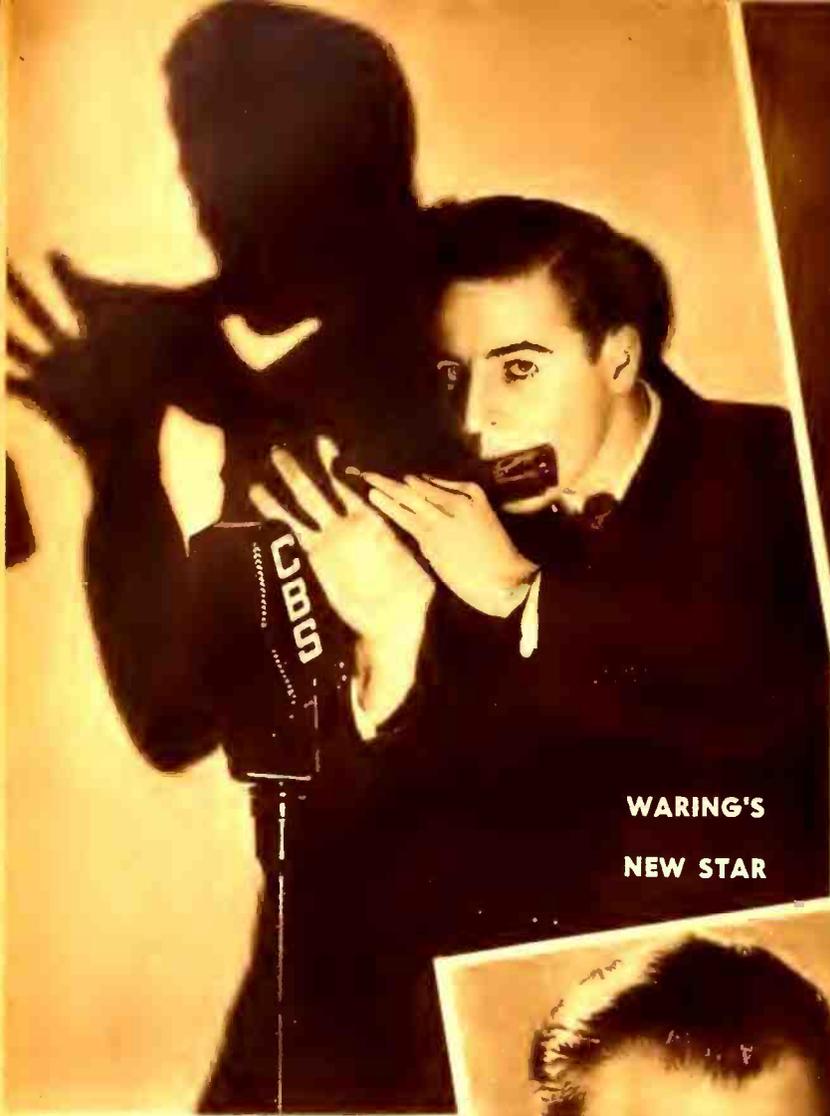


COMIC BOB HOPE

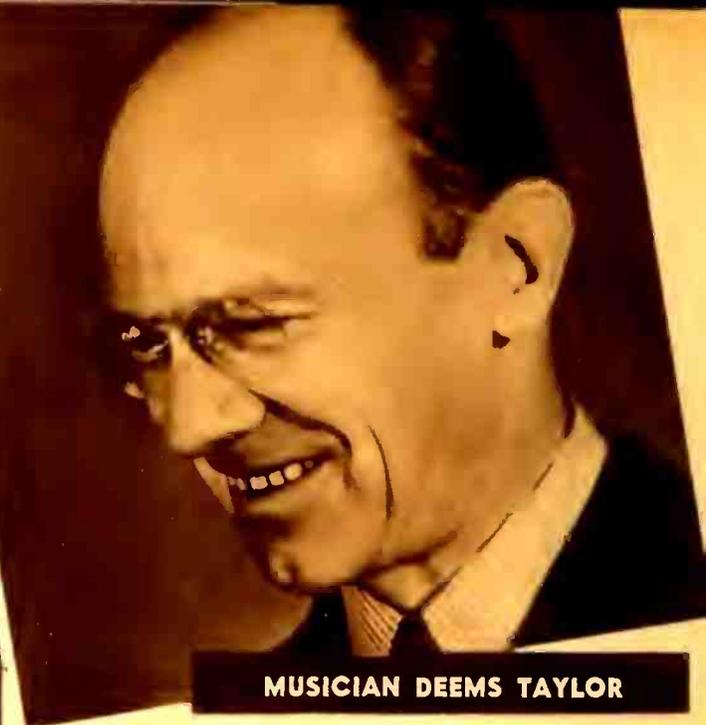
RISING STARS



FUNNYMAN FRANK FAY



**WARING'S
NEW STAR**



MUSICIAN DEEMS TAYLOR

Deems Taylor, above, studied to be an architect but is now a composer, writer, and master of ceremonies on the Swift hour. A pioneer in radio, he was on CBS' first program in 1927 . . . Left, Charles Newman, newest addition to Fred Waring's gang. He has played the harmonica ever since he can remember, came East from California last fall, and was immediately signed up by Waring. He's twenty, unmarried, serious . . . Center, Oscar Shaw, tenor star of Friday evening's, Broadway Varieties over CBS. He crashed the stage as a chorus boy, is married, plays poker and golf, raises Pekinese dogs . . . Left below, Ona Munson, heroine of The Love Doctor on the Mutual chain. She's been a musical comedy star six years, recently turned to serious drama . . . Bill Baar, below, who impersonates all the characters in NBC's Grandpa Burton series, is 24, single, fond of brunettes.



OSCAR SHAW



LOVE DOCTOR LEAD



GRANDPA BURTON IN PERSON



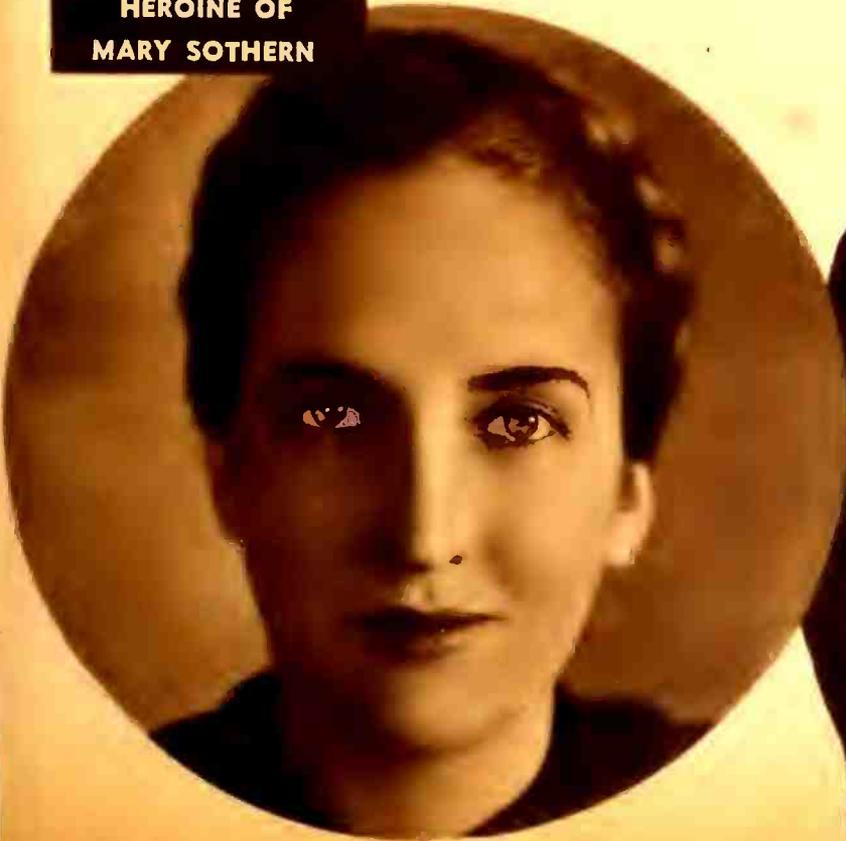
PHIL BAKER'S "BOTTLE"

pageant of the airwaves

HERE ARE A FEW GLIMPSES OF
THE ENTERTAINMENT PARADE—
CAUGHT IN PICTURE AND STO-
RY AS IT SWINGS ON ITS WAY

Harry McNaughton (above) is the real name of that perfect butler, Bottle, whom you hear Sunday nights with Phil Baker. His English accent is real—he graduated from Sussex College, England, was on the London stage in 1911, served three years in the war without injury. He came to Broadway after the Armistice, played on the stage for years before joining Baker's company . . . Below, Minabelle Abbott, star of the Life of Mary Sothern on WLW, Cincinnati, and WGN, Chicago. She failed at her first radio try, earned a living as a stenographer for four years until she succeeded in an audition for the Mary Sothern role . . . Gale Page, NBC contralto, right below, has her own sustaining program and is also heard with Fibber McGee and Molly. Born in Spokane, Washington, she came to Chicago in 1933 and broke into radio. She is the wife of a Chicago investment broker and the daughter of a bank president, but won success on her own.

**HEROINE OF
MARY SOTHERN**



SINGER GALE PAGE

AMAZING CAREER OF

Radios

By JOSEPHINE
LE SUEUR

YOU hear his voice, on coast-to-coast networks and over your local stations, oftener than that of any other radio personality.

You hear him under a dozen aliases, or under no name at all. You hear him at the beginning of every March of Time program when he says "Time marches ON!" and later throughout the narrative portions of the show. Again, you hear him on the Life Saver Rendezvous, as Hugh Conrad, on the Chevrolet program which is distributed to 384 stations by means of transcriptions, in the March of Time news reels, on spot broadcasts and sustaining shows.

His real name, Cornelius Westbrook Van Voorhis, is almost never mentioned over the air. Behind that anonymous voice, though the voice might almost be said to belong to no one, there's a story that belongs to all generations—a story full of meaning for every class of people, yet as dramatic as any romance ever written.

Remember this story, next time you listen to Van Voorhis as he announces one of his programs. Remember that here is a man born into a rich and distinguished family, raised to luxury, offered every possible advantage such a background affords, yet who found himself, while still in his early twenties, penniless and alone. He had followed his own desires, squandered a fortune by the time he was twenty-three, seen half the world—and at the end he was sitting in an ugly boarding house room with nothing to keep him company but the knowledge that he was a failure as an actor.

Van's father was a famous lawyer, the fourth in a line of jurists, two of whom had been justices of the New York Supreme Court. Van's boyhood, I suppose, was typically that of the average child of wealthy parents early in the century: tutors at home, later a fashionable prep school. There was the difference, though, that his father was lawyer for several large railroads, and



Mystery Voice

THE INSPIRING STORY
OF HOW CHANCE SAVED
A MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE
DIDN'T THINK IT WAS
WORTH ALL THE BOTHER



traveled about the country in their behalf. Van and his mother always went along on these trips.

Before he was fourteen, Van had lived in most of the large cities in the United States and Canada, and had also traveled extensively in Europe. Naturally, prep school seemed dull to him. It had been taken for granted in his family that he would later go to Harvard and study law. All Van Voorhis men studied law.

All Van Voorhis men, however, did not have the thirst to see the world which all that early traveling had instilled in young Van, nor his independent, almost unruly spirit. One incident of his school days illustrates what happened to people who tried to dictate to him. It happened at St. Johns Manlius school in Syracuse, New York, shortly after Van had enrolled. In revolt against the tradition of hazing, he locked himself in his room and dared the would-be hazers to come in after him. To prove he meant it, he also rammed a bayonet through the door.

He never did go to Harvard to study law. When prep school days were over, his family compromised with his ambition to see the world by sending him to Annapolis. This was during the later years of the war.

Restrictions, regimentation, routine, rules. Van's nature, his early life, rebelled against them all. He was completely unsuited for a naval career, and he hated it. Fortunately, due to special conditions at the close of the war, he was able to secure an honorable discharge.

Then, at the age of twenty-one, he received a legacy of \$150,000 from his grandmother.

All his young life Van had had an allowance for small expenses, the family charge accounts (Continued on page 70)



Top, Westbrook Van Voorhis and his wife and baby; right, Van, Blanche Yurka and Pedro de Cordoba; below, wearing his school R.O.T.C. uniform.





Facing the Music

LOOKS as if the current boom in the sort of music which is variously described as "swing," "hot," or "jam," really means something in national economics. A music expert in Chicago the other day sat down, let his mind travel back to the days when this type of dance music first took the country by storm, and emerged with the prediction that its popularity now means the return of prosperity.

At any rate, here's Proof No. 1 that our prophet may not be far wrong. A crop of five- and six-piece orchestras has sprung up all over the country, and is busily touring all the vaudeville and picture-house circuits. Very few of the outfits are having any difficulty in getting either bookings or big audiences. In recent years, when the public would have none of the "hot" music, small orchestras couldn't get by, and the cost of transporting big ones made touring for one of them a risky gamble. Result: fewer orchestras of any kind wandering around, less work for musicians, fewer theaters showing vaudeville and stage acts.

Maybe we're headed for the same point of view toward swing music they take over in England and France. It's serious business over there, let me tell you—Art with a capital A. Red Nichols showed me a copy of an English magazine called "Swing Music" the other day. In it was a list of every phonograph record he ever made, subdivided to show all the various names he recorded under. Red had even forgotten having made a good many of them himself. Those old records still have a healthy sale abroad, and are used as models in learned discussions of what Parisians still insist on calling "Le Jazz." In America we just like to listen and enjoy it, without worrying over its cosmic significance.

JOHNNY GREEN made his third moving picture short just before leaving Hollywood to come east with Jack Benny, and though it's the third one he's made it's the first one he's liked. He wants you to see this one, whereas in the case of the two previous efforts, he hoped you hadn't. It's one of the "Paramount Headliner" shorts, and will be released about the time you read this.

While he was in Hollywood, Johnny also teamed up with Fred Astaire to record selections from "Follow the Fleet," with Astaire doing the tap-dance honors. The "Follow the Fleet" music, you know, is by Irving Berlin, who is one of Johnny's major idols. He has always been one of Berlin's most persistent boosters, and never misses a chance to feature Berlin tunes with his orchestra. You can get Johnny's recordings of Cole Porter's "Jubilee" music now, too.

VIC ERWIN, the maestro on the NBC's Popeye program, has an all-star band if there ever was one. Three of his musicians are orchestra leaders in their own right on other radio programs—Lou Raderman, Benny Baker, and Dave Grupp; and three others are considered tops in their particular instruments—Sammy Lewis, trombonist, Alfred Evans, saxophonist, and Leo McOnville, trumpeter. The same band supplies the musical background for the Popeye movie cartoons.

The Latin invasion is on! Above left, Armita, tiny singer on CBS' Night Life in Paris show. Above, Carmen Castiglia, who is soloist for Xavier Cugat and who's Mrs. Cugat too.



WANT TO KNOW THE LATEST
DOINGS OF YOUR PET DANCE
BAND? HERE'S THE ANSWER
YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR

Raderman, off the record, is none other than Ken Woods, leader of the orchestra on Columbia's "Musical Reveries." He's a crack amateur aviator, but doesn't get much chance to indulge his hobby. A few weeks ago he ordered a \$5,000 Waco mono-plane, which was delivered at Roosevelt Field on a Sunday—a free day for Ken, and he was all eagerness to take it up for a trial spin at once. A representative of his sponsor had found out about the plane too, though, and he was on hand to warn Ken that if he went up in an untested plane his contract would thereupon go *fffft*. The sponsor was taking no chances on having its maestro killed or injured.

WANDERING MINSTRELS

DID you know that Red Nichols directs the orchestra not only on the Kellogg College Prom, for which he receives air mention, but also on the Atlantic Family on Tour show, for which he doesn't? . . . Also that Paul Whiteman's King's Men flit around over the airwaves under four different titles? You're liable to run across them in any one of four different shows. On Whiteman's own programs, of course, they're the King's Men; on the Flying Red Horse Tavern they're the Red Horsemen; on the Aspo-rub show, which is broadcast only over WJZ, New York, they're the King's Guard; and on Ed Wynn's new Plymouth half-hour, they're the King's Merry Men. Under any name, though, the personnel is the same: Ken Darby, bass and arranger, Bud Linn, top tenor, John Dodson, second tenor, and Rad Robinson, baritone. (Continued on page 85)

Above left, two Whiteman alumni meet again—Bing Crosby and Henry Busse, who now has his own band at Chicago's Chez Paree. Above, Fred Waring, Paul Whiteman, and Rubinoff, in playful mood. Right, Russ Morgan, NBC orchestra leader; below, Lennie Hayton, maestro for Ed Wynn's "Gulliver the Traveler" on Columbia.



MICROPHONE MASQUERADE

By RICHARD
WORMSER

ILLUSTRATION
BY COLE BRADLEY

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

JIMMY WHITE and Madge Summers wanted to get married, but Jimmy was only a filing clerk in the music department of the biggest broadcasting network in the world, and Madge, who was a stenographer for the same chain, wouldn't marry him until she could quit work and have a home. That's why Jimmy seized his chance to capitalize on his ability to look and sing like Hal McCabe, the famous radio tenor. Acting on a tip from the building's boot-black, Jimmy burst into the vice president's office where McCabe and his gangster-like manager were conferring. As soon as the men heard him sing and noticed the resemblance between him and McCabe, they offered him a chance to make two thousand dollars by impersonating the tenor for two weeks.



McCabe, they explained, had a sore throat and was unable to audition for a prospective sponsor, and they wanted Jimmy for the job. Jimmy agreed immediately, but soon regretted it, for the man rushed him away from the network building and put him under lock and key, without giving him a chance to tell Madge what had happened. Jake Loeb, the most friendly of his captors, and the man intrusted with the task of teaching him to impersonate McCabe, told him that the "big shot" who was paying Jimmy was none other than Maxey Corvallis, a notorious gangster. Meanwhile, the vice president had ordered Jimmy fired for intruding on the conference in his office, and the police explained his disappearance to Madge by saying he'd left town in discouragement. But in the hotel where Jimmy was hidden, he overheard Maxey hint to Jake that after Jimmy had sung for the audition it would be best to bump him off so he wouldn't talk. And Madge would never know!

TODAY," Jake Loeb said, "is your audition, Jimmy. Already I have built up the sponsors, I have told them that Hal McCabe has a new way of singing that is positively a wow. So all you have to do is sing. And if it does not work out so well, I will lamp you the signal, and you will do your silent act, singing to that phonograph record. But I do not think we will have to fake it. I think they would rather have you with the McCabe name than McCabe with his own name. Bah!" said Jake Loeb. "Sponsors, and the dear public, they do not know singing when they hear it, or they would have thrown McCabe off the air a long time ago. So now—" he broke off. He stared at Jimmy. "So you are going to have stage fright on me, Jimmy. Go lie down." The boy had turned white.

LOVE MUST FIND A
WAY—BUT JIMMY'S
WAY BRINGS CHILL-
ING THREATS OF—



Jake helped him into the other room, and made him lie down. Then he stood looking down at the boy. Jimmy nodded at the door. On the other side of it was the omnipresent Utsy. Jake closed the door and came back to the bed. "Do not be frightened," he began.

Jimmy cut him off. "Jake," he said huskily, "I heard—last night. What Maxey said about bumping me off."

Jake tried to smile. The smile turned into a gulp. He sat down on the bed with a heavy thud, and sighed. His big head bowed itself between his fat shoulders. "You think I like this, Jimmy White? You think me, Jake Loeb, is happy?"

Jimmy said: "No. I heard you, Jake. You did your best for me. You're a good guy, Jake."

Jake Loeb spread his hands wide. "A good guy? Ha, boy, I do not like this because, now, pretty sure, I will not live long. They will bump me off, too. Always I have known it, but what could I do? Vaudeville was dead, and nothing but the speakeasies and the night clubs wanted singers. And me, I don't know anything but to teach singers to sing. So I got mixed up with Maxey the Greek. I wish I had died first."

"Jake, can't we—"

"No. This is Maxey's hotel, and if we get past Utsy, which we wouldn't, there are Maxey's boys on the elevators and in the lobbies to tip him off. We would never get out. Ach, Jimmy, there is nothing. They would have killed McCabe a long time ago, but McCabe is famous, and too many people would notice he was gone. And besides, he was a gold mine. Now he has to have his throat operated on—Jimmy. You listen to me. You go through with this audition, son, and you sing. You hear me, boy? And if

they put you on the air, you sing there, too. Because as soon as you are no use to Maxey—" He snapped his fingers.

Jimmy said: "There's an out. There's gotta be a way we can get away, Jake."

"With Maxey there is never an out. Like I say, (Continued on page 63)

"A man was killed up on West End Avenue last night," Flaherty said to Madge. "Machine-gun bullets. They've identified him as Jimmy."



Harmony in Beauty

BY JOYCE ANDERSON

HOW would you feel if you were changed from blonde to brunette, or vice versa, almost overnight? For the past three months I've been interviewing blondes, brunettes and redheads of radioland, who have given you their tried and tested advice on color schemes and cosmetics to suit your type. But suppose that, for years, you had been dressing and making up to suit your particular color of hair and suddenly the color of your hair was changed—what then?

Sounds like a wild idea, doesn't it? But that's just what happened to lovely Harriet Hilliard, soloist with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra and the latest movie sensation, since her performance in "Follow the Fleet." The funny thing is that Harriet doesn't mind at all. In fact, she loves it! You see, though we've known Harriet as a blonde for several years, she was born with darker hair—not definitely brunette, but still not light enough to be classified as blonde.

"I've been wanting to go back to my natural color of hair for the past couple of years," said Harriet, "and the movies gave me the opportunity. As I became better known on the radio, it grew harder and harder to change my type, because I was known as a blonde from the start. But when I got to Hollywood and was tested with Ginger Rogers for my part in 'Follow the Fleet,' I ran into an amusing situation.

"It was this way. My hair was then almost the same color, as well as the same length, as Ginger's and there was only about an inch difference in our height. I think Ginger is just about the grandest girl I ever knew and there could never be anyone else like her, really, but we were just enough the same type on the screen that it might have been confusing in some scenes, so they decided I'd better have darker hair for the picture.

"Was I tickled! Here was the chance I'd been looking for to change my type, and all in a good cause.

So here I am, back in New York, with my original, natural coloring for the first time in years. Of course, it's still in the in-between stage at present. I wore a dark wig in the picture, and I have to use a little dye right now until my hair has all grown in to its natural, unbleached shade. As a matter of fact, I think bleached hair is going out of fashion, not only in Hollywood, where Jean Harlow has ceased to be a platinum blonde, but all over America. Bleached hair is getting to be just about as passé as last year's 'hot lick' in music.

"The whole trend today is toward naturalness in make-up. After all, what man wants to get next to a paint-pot? Women everywhere are making up more skilfully, with greater subtlety, than ever before. Eyebrow lines are becoming more natural, with less and less of that plucked, artificially arched look." Harriet's own eyebrows follow the natural line of her facial contours and she is careful to pluck out only the stray hairs that blur or distort this natural line.

"An odd thing," she continued, "is that I've found I actually have to wash my hair oftener than before. Oh, I know we all think that blonde hair needs to be washed more frequently than brunette, but I used to wash my hair once a week and that was often enough. (Continued on page 77)

This month, Harriet Hilliard tells you what it feels like to change from a blonde into a brunette overnight. Harriet's heard on the Bakers Broadcast; see page 56, 7 o'clock col.

Miss Anderson knows of a new matched make-up which helps you to correctly choose your proper cosmetics; also a swell recipe for a delightful perfumed cream which you can make at home. Address your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 E. 42nd St., New York.

The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

*Natural Digestive Action
Notably Increased
by
Smoking Camels*

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness . . . the feeling of well-being fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

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MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.
of Wilmington, Delaware

is justly proud of her charming house with its beautiful gardens — one of the historic landmarks of Delaware. Both Mr. and Mrs. du Pont are enthusiastic about yachting. And they are famous for their hospitality. Mrs. du Pont says: "I always enjoy Camels — all through the day — and during meals especially. They never seem heavy, and I like their flavor tremendously. They make the whole meal so much pleasanter. I'm a naturally nervous person. That's another reason why I prefer Camels. They never get on my nerves, no matter how many I smoke."



Mrs. du Pont, photographed recently in the luxurious Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, 65 stories above the streets of New York

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

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*

Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*

Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*

Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*

Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, *Richmond*

Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*

Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*

Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*

Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*

Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, *Chicago*

Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*



**COSTLIER
TOBACCOS!**

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

For Digestion's sake smoke Camels

"Strictly Personal..."

but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex can't chafe ... can't fail ... can't show"

Mary Pauline Callender Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"



Can't chafe

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

Can't fail

Because Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can't show

Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.



NOW 3 TYPES
OF KOTEX

All at the Same
Low Price

IN THE BLUE BOX—Regular Kotex. Ideal for the ordinary needs of most women. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular Kotex will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX—Junior Kotex. Somewhat narrower than Regular. Designed at the request of women of slight stature and younger girls. Thousands will find Junior Kotex suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX—Super Kotex. For more protection on some days it is only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

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A SANITARY NAPKIN
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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



LET THE ORACLE FIND THE ANSWERS TO YOUR QUERIES ABOUT RADIO AND ITS STARS

Here's that picture you've been waiting for! The first portrait of Vinton Haworth's new baby, posed with the adoring mother and father. Vinton plays Jack Arnold in Columbia's Myrt and Marge serial.

YOU'VE asked a lot of questions this month, and your Oracle has a lot of answers, but first here are some swell hidden facts that have come to light which you'll be interested in reading.

The Landt Trio and White, for instance, have been getting up at 6 a. m. for eight years, in order to warm up for their daily NBC 8:45 a. m. program. They use no alarm clock. Dan is the first riser and he rouses the others. Jack is the hardest to rout out of bed because he likes to go to parties and comes home late. . . . Each one of the **Pickens Sisters** has become an expert knitter. They don't like to make things for themselves but knit things for each other or for their boyfriends. . . . **Willie Morris**, new NBC soprano star, is a direct descendant of Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. . . . **Stuart Churchill**, of Columbia's Musical Reveries, worked his way through college by singing and playing drums in a band.

And now for the question box. First out of the hat is:

C. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Larry Larsen, NBC pipe organist, is a roly-poly, smiling, blue-eyed fellow. He was born August 26, 1895, in Chicago, Ill. At the age of fourteen he taught piano to a class of twenty students. Is married and has a sixteen-year-old son, Kenneth. William Bailey is red-headed and freckled. He was born in Philadelphia in 1900, single but hopeful. Height, 5 ft. 10, weight, 160.

M. D. Cole, Amsterdam, New York—She's raven-haired, vivacious and weighs only 93 pounds. That's Celia Branz. She was born in Russia in the year 1907. She loves to sing with her husband who is an accomplished pianist and composer. Her hobby is collecting books.

C. B., Baltimore, Md.—Pee Wee Hunt, trombonist and vocalist with the Casa Loma Orchestra, was born Walter Gerhardt Hunt in Mt. Healthy, Ohio, on May 10, 1907. Had ambition to be a scientist, but was shunted into syncopation. He's over six feet tall, and weighs 210 pounds. Now do you know where he got his nickname?

Candy—Frankie Masters is five-foot-ten. Has black

hair and brown eyes; was born and raised in Robinson, Ill. He's about thirty years old and is married to a very charming girl.

Marianna A., Bristol, Conn.—I can't tell you why Masquerade went off the air, Marianna. Gertrude Lamont was played by Gale Page. Gale is often heard on the Climaline Carnival program Thursdays at 10:30 a. m. She also may be heard on her own program Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:30 p. m. over the NBC network. She is a contralto and no longer takes dramatic roles. Fred Nino was played by Ted Maxwell.

Jack M., Oak Park, Ill.—Address Nancy Kelly in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York. Mary Small has just returned to the air. You can hear her over the NBC airwaves on Wednesday and Friday at 6:15 p. m.

Mrs. F. E. S., Cranston, R. I.—Lulu Belle of the National Barn Dance is temporarily off the air. She may be back on that program again by the time you read this.

C. C. C., Rochester, New York—John Charles Thomas' mother is still living. He is married, but has no children. Did you like the story about the famous singer on page 32?

S. S., Wellesley, Mass.—Lanny Ross' wife was Olive White. She's his manager and publicity director. There's no personal information available on Miss White. Conrad Thibault's wife was not an actress.

The Lawley Family, New York City, N. Y.—Aunt Pandora on the Ray Perkins Amateur Hour was played by Bess Fraleigh, free-lance dramatic actress.

Frances Marie K., Los Angeles, Calif.—You can reach James Melton in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, and if you'll watch RADIO MIRROR's pages carefully, you'll be rewarded with a picture of him in an early issue.

M. L. H., St. Louis, Mo.—Your favorite commentator, Lowell Thomas, is married and there's a Lowell, Jr. The Thomases live on their estate in Pawling, New York. Write and ask him for his picture in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Mrs. J. A. W., Collands, Va.—Bob & Kay of Today's Children are not man and wife in real life. Bob is Walter Wicker, husband of the Singing Lady, Irene Wicker. Kay is Irma Philips. Patricia Dunlap plays Kathryn Carter.

Special for Nelson Eddy Fans—If you are interested in joining the Musical Nelson Eddy Fan Club, please get in touch with its president, Ruth Sperling, 1508 East 94th Street, Brooklyn, New York.

7 P.M.

8 P.M.

9 P.M.

10 P.M.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT

12

6 P.M.

6:00
Zotos Hour of Charm Phil Spitalny's Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus supplementary plus coast, minus WEAN WGR WNAC WSPD WACO WALA WCOA WDNC WDSU WESG WMBD WQWO WSBT WSFA WSJS WSMK WTOC
Buck Rogers: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WDRC WEAN WFBM WGR WNAC WSPD plus KRLD WCCO
Benay Venuta: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Vocals by Verrill: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Frederic William Wile: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

6:15
Bobby Benson: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBM WGR WHCC WOKO
Sunbrite Junior Nurse Corps: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM WCCO WHK WJR KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT
News of Youth: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WADC WBBM WCAU WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBM WJAS WOKO KMOX WALA WBNS WBRC WDBO WFEA WHIP WIBX WICC WKBN WLBZ WMAS WMBG WMBR WORC WSFA

6:30
Smilin' Ed McConnell: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WHCC WLAC KFH KRLD minus WADC WFBM WGR WNAC WOKO WSPD KMBC KFPY KWG
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. WABC and network
Jack Armstrong: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM WCCO KFAB KMOX

6:45
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WHCC WWVA minus WGR WJSV WNAC WOKO WFBM KMBC KRNT CKLW
Renfrew of the Mounted: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WADC WBBM WDR C WFBM WJSV WKBW WNAC WSPD KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT WBNS WCCO WHCC WIBX WICC WISN WKB N WMAS WMBG WOC WREC WSMK WWVA KFH KLRA KOMA KRLD KSCJ KTUL KWKH

7:00
Eddie Cantor: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDOA WDSU WGST WHCC WICC WLAC WQWO WREC KFH KLRA KLZ KOMA KRLL KTRH KTSa KTUL KWKH minus WAAB WKBW
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic plus WBT WDAE WDBO WQAM WTOC WWVA minus WAAB WFBM WHAS WKBW KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT
The Atlantic Family: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WADO WCAO WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBM WGR WHK WJAS WNAC WOKO WBIG WBNS WBRC WBT WCOA WDAE WDBJ WDBO WHCC WHIP WIBX WICC WMAS W M B G W M B R WORC WQAM WSJS WTOC WWVA
Buck Rogers: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Rebroadcast to coast

7:15
Ted Husing and the Charioteers: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast plus WCCO CFRB minus WAAB WADC WORC WHAS WHK WJR WKBW WSPD KMBC KMOX KRNT
Kreuger's Musical Toast: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBM WGR WJSV WNAC WOKO KMBC WBIG WBT WDAE WDBJ WDBO WDNC WDDO WQAM WTOC WFEA WGST WLBZ WMAS W M B G W M B R WNOX WORC
Paris Night Life: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic minus WAAB WADC WJR WKBW WSPD KMBC plus WBT WHCC WORC

Lazy Dan: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WAAB WFBM WHAS WKBW KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT

7:30
Phil Baker and Hal Kemp's Orchestra: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus supplementary minus WAAB WBBM WKBW W M B G W M B R S P D KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT WCCO WESG WIBW WISN WMBD WMBG WNAX WOC WQWO WPG KFH KGKO KOMA KSCJ KTUL KVOR
Singin' Sam: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic plus WCCO minus WAAB WKBW KMBC

Kate Smith: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDSU WGST WISN WKBW WLBZ W M A S W M B G WMBR WWVA KRLD KTRH minus WAAB WKBW WSPD
Along Rialto Row: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

7:45
Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus KOMA KRLD WBT WCCO minus WAAB W A D C W F B M WKBW WOKO WSPD KFAB KRNT
Renfrew of the Mounted: Mo. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Rebroadcast to coast

8:00
The World Dances, Lud Gluskin: Sun. 1 hr. WABC and network
Guy Lombardo: Mon. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBM WGR WJAS WJSV WNAC WOKO WBIG WBT WDBJ WDNC WDOA WDSU WHCC WHIP WIBX WICC WLAC WLBZ W M A S W M B G WNOX WORC WPG WREC WSJS WWVA K L R A K W K H
Juan Haidrigo and His Americanos: Mon. ½ hr. WBBM WCCO WOC KFAB KMBS KRNT KSCJ
Lavender and Old Lace: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WAAB WKBW CKLW
Cavalcade of America: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WCCO WDSU WGST WLAC WMBG KRLD minus WAAB WKBW
Harv and Esther: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WMAS WSMK minus WAAB WKBW
Red Horse Tavern: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WHCC WIBW WICC WLBZ WMAS WMBD WOC WORC KFH minus WAAB WKBW
Ziegfeld Follies of the Air: Sat. 1 hr. Basic minus WAAB WADC WKBW WSPD plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDBO WGST WHCC WLAC WLBZ WMBG W M B R W O R C WQAM WREC WTOC WWL KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSa KTUL KWKH KLZ KSL

8:30
Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WGST WHCC WHIP WICC WLBZ WMAS WMBG KSCJ
Burns and Allen: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus supplementary minus WAAB WKBW
Broadway Varieties: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WGST WMAS WMBG KOMA

The pioneering period in American history is the background for "Wilderness Road," new CBS serial, daily except Saturday and Sunday at 5:15. It follows the adventures of one family as it sets out across the Allegheny mountains to Kentucky and makes a home in the wilderness. Robert Stephenson, actor and playwright, wrote the script... "Another new serial is 'Renfrew of the Mounted,' all about the Canadian mounted police, and meant primarily for the kiddies.

9:00
Ford Sunday Evening Hour: Sun. 1 hr. Entire network
Lux Radio Theater: Mon. one hr. Basic plus coast, CFRB CKAC WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDSU WGST WHCC WICC WISN WLAC WNAX WORC WQAM WREC KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSa KTUL minus WAAB WGR
Camel Caravan: Thurs. ½ hr. Entire network minus coast. WAAB WGR WCOA WESG WISN WOC WSMK WWVA KVOR
Chesterfield Presents: Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Entire network minus Canadian. WAAB WGR WESG WSBT WSMK WWVA
Hollywood Hotel: Fri. one hr. Entire network minus coast. WAAB WGR WACO WALA WBIG WCOA WDNC WDDO WESG WISN WKBW WOC WQWO WSBT WSFA WSJS WSMK WTOC WWVA KGKO

9:30
Fred Waring: Tues. ½ hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WESG WSMK WWVA WMBG
Ray Noble, Connie Boswell: Wed. ½ hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WOKO WDNC WISN WMAS WIBX WSJS WNAX WKBH KVOR
Ed Wynn: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus supplementary plus coast
California Melodies: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

One way of salvaging the political-speaker problem, this being a campaign year, has been discovered by California, which has renewed its "Public Opinion" program and turned it over to the politicians to do with as they will. Various political beliefs are represented on a different week. Monday at 10:45 is the time... Rosa Panselle's pinch-hitting for Lily Pans on the Chesterfield hour gives rise to a wander why some sponsor doesn't sign her again for an extended series. She'll be with Chesterfield until the middle of April... Along Rialto Row, formerly heard on Saturdays at 9:30, has been moved to an earlier spot, 7:30, on the same evening, while California Melodies takes the 9:30 time.

10:00
Freddie Rich's Penthouse Party: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Wayne King, Lady Esther: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WDSU WIBW KRLD coast minus WBBM WEAN WGR WNAC KRNT
Mary Pickford: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WACO WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDDO WDSU WGST WHCC W L A C W M B G W M B R W Q A M WREC WTOC KFH KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSa KTUL KWKH KFPY KFRC KGB KHI KOIN KOL KVI KLZ KSL CFRB minus WAAB WDRC WGR WSPD
Gang Busters, 'Phillips Lord: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus coast plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDBO WGST WHCC WLAC WLBZ WMBG W M B R W O J R C W O W O W Q A M WREC WTOC WWL KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSa KTUL KWKH minus WAAB WADC WEAN WGR WSPD
Alemite Hour: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus coast. WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDBO WDSU WGST WISN WLAC WMBG WNAX WOC WQAM WREC KFH KLRA KRLD KTRH KTSa KTUL minus WAAB WADC WEAN WGR WSPD
Richard Himber with Stuart Allen: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBT WCCO WGST WSBT KFH minus WEAN WGR WNAC KRNT

10:30
Understanding Opera: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
March of Time: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast, WCCO WDSU WGST KRLD minus WAAB WGR

10:45
Public Opinion: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network

The Carborundum Band has called it a season, but will be back on the airwaves for a tenth year, no doubt, next fall... And Wayne King has discontinued his Sunday night broadcast for Lady Esther. Freddie Rich's Penthouse Party has been moved up a half-hour into Wayne's former Sunday schedule, while Understanding Opera is on at 10:30, same evening... Have you listened to Fred Waring's two new discoveries, Frey Peters and Bill Marshall?

Jack Denny's Orchestra: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. WABC and network
Guy Lombardo: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network
Abe Lyman Orchestra: Wed. Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

11:30
Press Radio News: Sun. WABC and network
Isham Jones Orchestra: Sun. Thurs. WABC and network
Vincent Lopez's Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Louis Armstrong's Orchestra: Tues. Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

Rebroadcasts for Western Listeners:

11:00
Eddie Cantor: Sun. ½ hr. Coast
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM WFBM WHAS KFAB KMBC KMOX WALA WBRC WCCO WDSU WGST WLAC WREC WSFA KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH and coast
Ziegfeld Follies of the Air: Sat. 1 hr. Coast

11:15
Singin' Sam: Mon. ¼ hr. Coast
Paris Night Life: Wed. ¼ hr. Coast
Lazy Dan: Fri. ½ hr. Coast

11:30
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Coast
Pick and Pat: Mon. ¼ hr. Coast
Camel Caravan: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Coast plus KVOR
Burns and Allen: Wed. ½ hr. Coast plus KVOR

12:00
Leslie Howard: Sun. ½ hr. Coast
Richard Himber with Stuart Allen: Fri. ½ hr. coast.
Fred Waring: Tues. ½ hr. coast

After getting off to a disappointing start, Mary Pickford's Parties at Pickfair, Tuesdays at 10:00, is now building rapidly week by week to become one of radio's brighter half-hours. If you didn't like the first program—and confidentially, neither Mary nor her sponsors liked it much either—and haven't listened since, give it another try.

BLUE NETWORK	12 NOON	1 P.M.	2 P.M.	3 P.M.	4 P.M.	5 P.M.	6 P.M.
	<p>12:00 American Pageant of Youth: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBYA WCKY WMAL WSYR KDKA Simpson Boys: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network 12:15 The Sophisticates: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Genia Fonariva, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network 12:30 Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—network National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. one hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>1:30 National Youth Conference: Sun. ½ hr. network Castles of Romance: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Old Skipper: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>2:00 The Magic Key of RCA: Sun. 1 hr. Basic Blue plus entire supplementary plus CFCF Words and Music: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network Metropolitan Opera: Sat. 3 hrs. WJZ and network 2:30 NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and network Golden Melodies: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network National Congress of Parents and Teachers Association: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network Clark Dennis: Fri. ¼ hr. Network 2:45 General Federation of Women's Clubs: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>3:00 Your English: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic blue plus WLW, coast, south central, southeast, KPRC KTHS KVOO WFAA WKY WOAI KSTP WDAY WEBC WTMJ Roy Campbell's Royalists: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Nellie Revell: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Rochester Civic Orchestra: Wed. 1 hr. WJZ and network U. S. Marine Band: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>4:00 Sunday Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic blue plus northwest, coast, KVOO WOAI WFAA WKY minus WCKY WFIL WLS WMT WREN KSO</p>	<p>4:15 Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. network Gene Arnold and the Ranch Boys: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>5:00 Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr. Basic blue minus WCKY WLS Dreams of Long Ago: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network Airbreaks: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC BLUE		BASIC RED	
WJZ	WMAL	WEAF	WMAQ
WBAL	WMT	WBEN	WOW
WBZ	WREN	WCAE	WRC
WBZA	WSYR	WCSH	WSAI
WCKY	WXYZ	WDAF	WTAG
WENR	KDKA	WEEI	WTAM
WFIL	KOIL	WFBR	WTIC
WGAR	KSO	WGY	WWJ
WHAM	KWK	WHIO	KSD
WLS		WHO	KYW
		WJAR	

SUPPLEMENTARY (Used by both Red and Blue networks)

SOUTHEAST		SOUTHWEST	
WCSC	WPTF	KPRC	WBAP
WFBC	WRVA	KTBS	WFAA
WFLA	WSOC	KTHS	WKY
WIOD	WTAR	KVOO	WOAI
WIS	WWNC		
WJAX			
SOUTH CENTRAL		NORTHWEST	
WAPI	WSB	KFYR	WEBC
WAVE	WSM	KSTP	WIBA
WJDX	WSMB	WDAY	WTMJ
WMC			
CANADIAN		COAST	
CFCF	CRCT	KDYL	KHQ
		KFI	KOA
		KGO	KOMO
		KGW	KPO

RED NETWORK	<p>11:30 Major Bowes' Capitol Family: Sun. one hr. WFAF and network</p>	<p>1:00 Road to Romany: Sun. ½ hr. Network 1:15 Lucille Manners: Mon. ¼ hr. Network Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network 1:30 While the City Sleeps: Sun. ¼ hr. W E A F WBEN WCAE WCKY WHIO WIRE WMAQ W W J K G Y Larry Cotton: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network 1:45 Breen and DeRose: Sun. ¼ hr. W E A F WFBR KYW W R C W G Y NBC Music Guild: Tues. ¼ hr. network</p>	<p>2:00 Melody Matinee: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red minus WHIO WMAQ NBC Music Guild Matinee Musical: Thurs. ½ hr. The Magic of Speech: Fri. ½ hr. Metropolitan Opera: Sat. 3h rs. 2:30 Peter Absolute: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network Spitalny's Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Rhythm Octette: Tues. ½ hr. Three Scamps: Thurs. ¼ hr. 2:45 Mar-o-Oil Revue: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF WBEN WCAE WTAM W W J C R C T CFCF</p>
	<p>12:15 Honeyboy and Sassafrass: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network</p>		
	<p>12:30 University of Chicago Discussions: Sun. ½ hr. Network Merry Madcaps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. network Five Hours Back: Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF and network</p>		

<p>3:15 The Wise Man: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Continental Varieties: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>3:30 Beatrice Mack: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>3:45 The King's Jesters: Mon. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>4:00 Sunday Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic blue plus northwest, coast, KVOO WOAI WFAA WKY minus WCKY WFIL WLS WMT WREN KSO</p>	<p>4:15 Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. network Gene Arnold and the Ranch Boys: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>4:30 Design For Listening: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network Let's Talk It Over: Mon. ½ hr. WJZ and network U. S. Navy Band: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network NBC Radio Guild: Thurs. one hr. WJZ and network Ward and Muzzy and Alice Joy: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>4:45 Strolling Songsters: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>5:00 Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr. Basic blue minus WCKY WLS Dreams of Long Ago: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network Airbreaks: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>5:15 Junior Radio Journal: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Jackie Heller: Sat. ¼ hr. network</p>	<p>5:30 The Man From Cook's, Malcolm La Prade: Sun. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WENR WFIL WMAL KDKA Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WFIL WGAR WHAM WLW WMAL WSYR WXYZ CFCF CRCT KDKA Treasure Trails: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>5:45 Gabriel Heatter: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus south central Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue minus WCKY WENR WLS WMT WREN KOIL KSO KWK Albert Payson Terhune: Sat. ¼ hr. Basic blue</p>
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NATIONAL

<p>3:00 Clicquot Eskimos: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast, northwest Forever Young: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network</p>	<p>3:15 Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus coast, northwest, WLW WLS KPRC KVOO WBAP WKY WOAI KFYR minus WHIO WJAR WMAQ WSAI KSD WIBA</p>	<p>3:30 Metropolitan Opera Auditions: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE WCKY, southeast, southwest, south central, coast Vic and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus coast, WLW KPRC KVOO WBAP WKY WOAI KFYR KSTP WEBC minus WHIO WSAI</p>	<p>4:00 The Widow's Sons: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WFAF and network ½ hr.</p>	<p>4:30 Girl Alone: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network Our Barn: Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF and network</p>	<p>4:45 Grandpa Burton: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network Federation of Women's Clubs: Tues. ¼ hr. WFAF and network Betty Marlowe and Californians: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WDAF WMAQ WOW, southwest, coast Tintype Tenor: Thurs. ¼ hr. WFAF and network</p>	<p>5:00 Pop Concert: Sun. ¼ hr. WFAF and network Al Pearce and His Gang: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast American Medical Association Program: Tues. ½ hr. WFAF and network While the City Sleeps: Thurs. ¼ hr. WFAF WBEN WCAE WCKY WHIO WIRE WMAQ WWJ KGY KYW</p>	<p>5:30 Words and Music: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network Tom Mix Program: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus KSD WDAF WHO WOW WMAQ WTIC The Dansante: Tues. ½ hr. WFAF and network Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten: Sat. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW KFYR WIBA KSTP</p>	<p>5:45 Terry La Franconi: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network</p>
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Life on the Erie Canal when "The Canawl" was new is portrayed in NBC's new serial, "Peter Absolute," heard every Sunday at 2:30. It's about a boy who runs away from school and joins a troupe of strolling actors who play up and down the canal.

The new Elgin Revue, starring Eddie Dawling and Ray Daaley, famous Broadway comedians, Benny Goodman's music, and Helen Ward, singer, is scheduled to go on the air about a week before you read this. Ten o'clock Tuesday's time.

WIN BACK

*Smooth
Line-Free Skin*

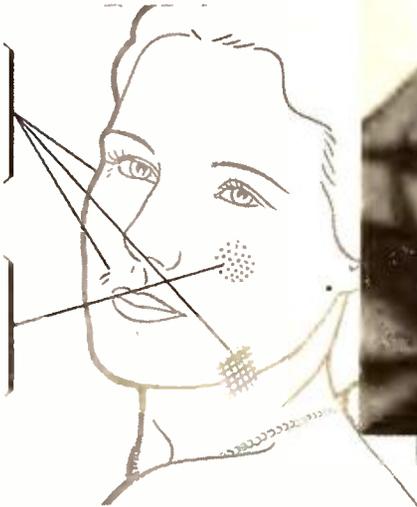
QUICKLY



Miss Isabel Parker has that exquisite but delicate type of skin which often gets lined early! "Pond's Cold Cream actually ends dryness—smooths away little lines."

**LINES,
DRY SKIN**
say: "Getting
on in years"

COARSE PORES
say: "Slim chances
for good times!"



—rouse that faulty **Under Skin**

A PRETTY skin always wins friendly glances! It's not surprising that a coarse or dull skin is the reason many a nice girl is hardly noticed. Blackheads, blemishes draw positive criticism. Men seem to think that a good skin comes naturally!

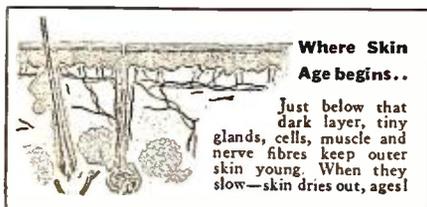
But actually that good skin is something most of us have to work for—And can win!

When lines come—blackheads, blemishes—it's a sign that *under* the skin you see, something has gone wrong.

How to reach the under tissues

Look at the diagram of the skin below. See the nerves, fibres, glands in the under layers. In your teens, these busily carry nourishment to your skin. When they slow, skin faults begin.

You've got to fight these skin faults off



...rouse that faulty underskin. And you can!—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed fine oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it softens dirt—Floats out the clogging matter.



Eleanor Gould

now Mrs. Ludlow W. Stevens, daughter of the late Jay Gould: "Even the first treatment with Pond's Cold Cream made my skin seem finer textured."

Now your pores are free! Your skin is ready for a fresh application of this youth-giving cream. Pat it in smartly. Feel the blood tingling. Your skin alive! Glowing. You have awakened that sleepy underskin!

Do this regularly—note the improvement. Color livened. Skin smoother. In time, pores refined. Lines softened.

This famous Pond's treatment does more than cleanse. It brings to skin that fresh vital look that we all call beauty . . .

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out dirt, make-up, skin secretions . . . Wipe it off! Pat in more cream briskly . . . to rouse that faulty underskin, to win back smooth, line-free skin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment—Your skin becomes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Begin at once to make your skin smooth, faultless! Mail the coupon below.

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

POND'S, Dept. E131 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Revelations of Hollywood's

Greatest Hostess

(Continued from page 18)

head by some expert balancing. There was a serious movement to knock it off. The rumblings were loud and menacing at the time Mary and Doug arrived.

Mary and Doug were on the trip to enjoy themselves, and their visit to Madrid was such as the visit of any other interested tourist. They had no thought, nor any particular wish to crash the court circles.

But a clever ambassador at Alfonso's court who must have spent his off nights at the movies, saw in their visit an important chance for a popular coup. Doug, he knew, was unusually popular in Spain. He had made "The Mark of Zorro" not long before. His dashing character in "The Gaucho" had captured the fancy of that hero-loving race. Mary, too, for years, had been the Spaniard's darling. As a honeymoon couple they were what a crap shooter would term a "natural." The Spanish look upon a love match with a sweet Latin sigh of ecstasy.

The ambassador noted the crowds which swarmed about Doug and Mary, and heard the cheers. He decided to graft this popular adoration where it would count—to the palace.

The next day Miss Mary Pickford and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks were notified by a royal messenger that His Majesty's court would be pleased to receive them.

They were nervous and perhaps a little panicky—as who wouldn't be—but they went, and the crowds cheered. And revolution was forgotten.

WHETHER or not Alfonso got his option lifted by virtue of their visit would be hard to say. He lasted several more years after that. Maybe it helped.

But from that court reception Pickfair eventually received the accolade of royalty. Mary and Doug met the Duke and Duchess of Alba, royal cousins of the King, that day at the palace in Madrid. Later, on a world tour, they came to Hollywood. And where else should they stop, but at Pickfair, the palace of their American friends, Doug and Mary?

It was quite a party. The Duke and Duchess of Peneranda, the Marquis de Vienna, Equerry to the King, the Marquis Cocilla, his son, and their children, too.

Doug and Mary practically moved out on the front lawn.

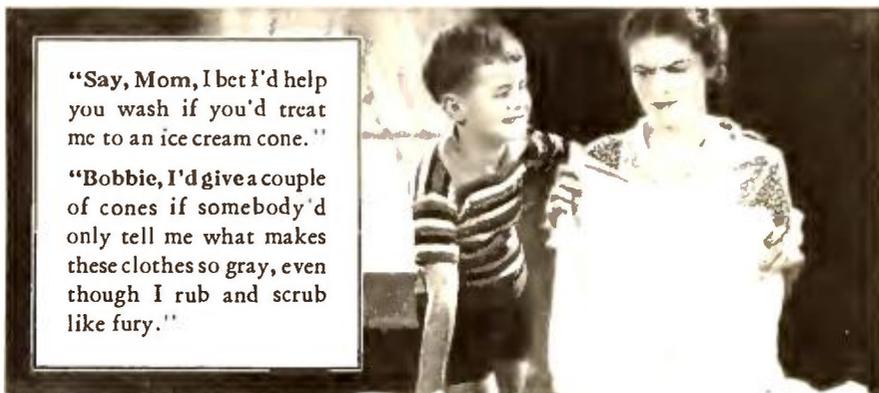
In fact, Verna, Mary's maid, was a little vexed at the whole business. Why should her mistress have to give up her nice room to foreigners and sleep where she could find room?

Pickfair was hardly prepared for entourage then. Doug had bought the estate from a wealthy sportsman who put up the original building for a hunting lodge. Deer and game birds used to abound in the canyons back of what is now Beverly Hills. Doug had remodeled it, enlarged, terraced and landscaped it and named it Pickfair for his bride.

After the Duke of Alba's party had departed, the guest house arose. It has housed practically every eminent visitor to Hollywood from that time to this. Doug and Mary didn't fancy the idea of sleeping on divans and things. And, as they had traveled extensively themselves, they knew that they were cast in the role of hosts for some time to come.

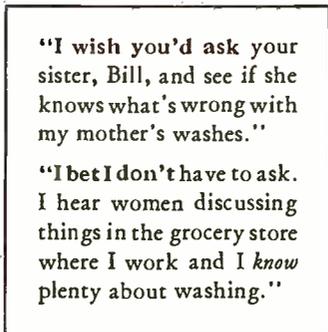
Few of the visitors to Pickfair have come as the result of an urgent invitation from Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks. Among the leisure classes of the

"I made a bet with Mom..."



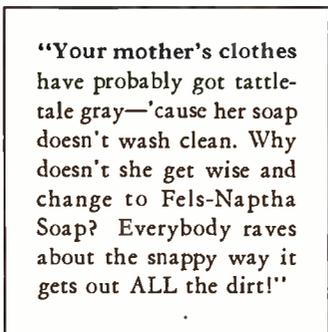
"Say, Mom, I bet I'd help you wash if you'd treat me to an ice cream cone."

"Bobbie, I'd give a couple of cones if somebody'd only tell me what makes these clothes so gray, even though I rub and scrub like fury."



"I wish you'd ask your sister, Bill, and see if she knows what's wrong with my mother's washes."

"I bet I don't have to ask. I hear women discussing things in the grocery store where I work and I know plenty about washing."



"Your mother's clothes have probably got tattle-tale gray—'cause her soap doesn't wash clean. Why doesn't she get wise and change to Fels-Naptha Soap? Everybody raves about the snappy way it gets out ALL the dirt!"



SO I TOLD MOM ABOUT FELS-NAPTHA SOAP AND GOT MY CONES

AND I GOT RID OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY! FELS-NAPTHA'S GRAND GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF NAPTHA WASH CLOTHES SO CLEAN THEY SIMPLY SHINE! I LIKE FELS-NAPTHA BECAUSE IT'S GENTLER, TOO. WONDERFUL FOR SILK THINGS! EASIER ON MY HANDS!

© 1936, FELS & CO.

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



Ann knows it pays to guard against COSMETIC SKIN

STALE rouge and powder not thoroughly removed cause Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Use cosmetics all you wish! But never go to bed without using Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes every trace of pore-choking

dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. During the day, too, before you renew your make-up, use this gentle soap to keep skin soft and smooth.



BETTE DAVIS
WARNER BROTHERS STAR

OF COURSE I USE COSMETICS! BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I HAVEN'T ANY FEAR OF GETTING COSMETIC SKIN



world, the aristocracy, who travel a great deal, there exists a certain fraternity. They all seem to know each other, or to know someone who knows someone. Most of Pickfair's titled visitors have come with a letter of introduction from some member of the elite whom Mary had met. Or else, one of her many friends among the upper strata has dropped a note, and Pickfair has extended its hospitality.

Once, of course, Pickfair gave a "command" party.

I think Mary Pickford was more excited and thrilled about that particular party than any that ever graced Pickfair. She was born a Canadian, you know, and the aide who delivered the note saying, in the formal phraseology of royal notes, that His Royal Highness would like to dine at Pickfair that evening with a party of twelve, came from a tall, slim English sailor who used to be known as Prince George. His title is the Duke of Kent now, and his brother, Edward, is King of Great Britain and Emperor of India. Then he was on a world tour aboard one of his father's battleships, which he had jumped, A. W. O. L., in Santa Barbara for a look at Hollywood.

There wasn't much time to arrange all the things Mary Pickford would liked to have arranged to receive the young prince of the house of Windsor. It was possibly the most "hurry up" party ever arranged for such an important guest anywhere. Mary was so excited that Verna was told at least three times to be sure and curtsy to His Highness and Charlie Chaplin was invited twice.

BUT her anxiety vanished when Prince George arrived. He was just like many another nice young man Mary Pickford had known. Gracious, pleasant, putting everyone at his ease.

"Don't leave me," he whispered to Mary, as she ventured from his side, "I'm more nervous than you are!"

After dinner they danced, and for a prince Mary faced the same problem which confronts her whenever any guests are entertained at Pickfair—the problem of finding eligible and attractive young men and women.

Fortunately her choice seemed to strike Prince George's fancy. He was very attentive to June Collyer, the ravishing young actress who later became Mrs. Stuart Erwin.

It will be a long time before Mary Pickford forgets that night at Pickfair. After dinner there was a little program of entertainment. On the bill were some knife throwers, whistling their keen blades through the air. It was their business not to miss, but what, oh what would happen if by some remote possibility, one should slip and somehow nick Britain's prince! If any silver threads ever peep through the golden crown of Mary Pickford's hair, she'll know where to trace them.

She worried about his being away without leave, and as they were dancing, told him so.

"Oh, I'll pay for it, all right," grinned Prince George. He did. Like any other A. W. O. L. sailor, they confined him to quarters and revoked his leaves when he went back aboard ship. But I imagine Prince George considered his party at Pickfair worth the price. Usually royalty leaves promptly at twelve, midnight. Prince George stayed at Pickfair until two.

Not all visitors to Pickfair have to get back aboard ship as did Prince George of England. That's why the guest house was built. It is a separate, one-story building, with two bedrooms, two baths and a sitting room. And when Mary Pickford says

"this is your house" conforming to an old Spanish custom, she means just that. Even distinguished guests like to be themselves once in a while.

Just recently Lady Mendl, wife of Sir Charles Mendl, of the British Embassy, was Mary Pickford's house guest. For almost a week they hardly saw one another. Both were busy. Both left notes telling where they could be reached, but neither imposed on the other's time.

Famous people know, when they stop at Pickfair, that they are in no danger of being paraded by their hostess. Mary Pickford has no social debts to pay by inflicting show off parties on her guests. They do what they like while they're at Pickfair—and they usually like it.

Lady Millicent Hawes, who has been a guest at Pickfair with her noble husband, the Duke of Sutherland, once stayed eight weeks. Lady Millicent was probably the most beautiful woman ever to stay at Pickfair. She confessed to Mary that she had never been a guest at anyone's home for longer than two weeks before. But at Pickfair, she felt so at home that thoughts of leaving seemed entirely out of place.

That's pretty much of a tribute to Mary Pickford's talents as a hostess. If there's any secret to it, it's simply consideration of her guests, making them feel at home, helping them do the things they want to do and see the things they want to see.

USUALLY she tries to find out what they like before they arrive. Pickfair has a cosmopolitan menu, and a cosmopolitan servant staff. From butler to gardener, Hungary, France, Sweden, Norway, Ireland, Japan, Russia, Germany and England are represented.

Stored away somewhere at Pickfair are two hard—very hard—beds, mute witnesses to Mary Pickford's thoughtfulness. No one has used them except the mother and father of the former Queen of Siam. They were built especially for their visit. In Siam, it seems, soft beds are out of the question. It's too hot. So Mary, to please her royal visitors, had the board numbers constructed.

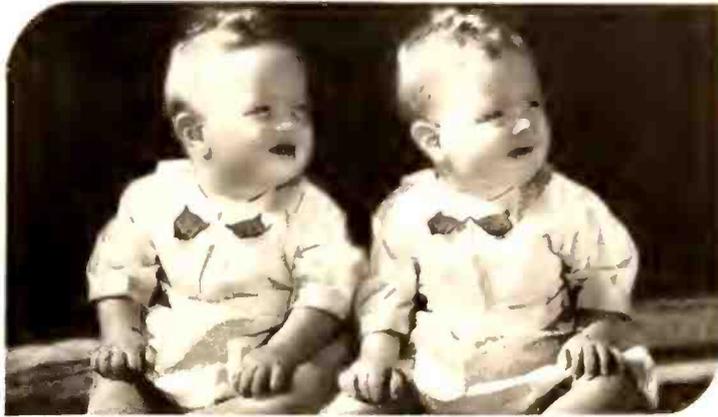
Entertainment for Pickfair's guests is always a small problem. Practically every noted foreigner who has checked in at Pickfair has had the same idea of entertainment—seeing Hollywood and meeting his favorite star. Mary has learned that seldom are they interested in meeting other local titles.

Prince William of Sweden asked timidly if it would be possible for him to meet Will Rogers. It was. The prince was very concerned because Mona Mortensen, a home girl from Sweden, hadn't had much to do in the movies. Mrs. Calvin Coolidge wanted all the latest facts about the Harold Lloyd babies. The then Prince and Princess Prajadhipok of Siam, who later became the absolute rulers of that Oriental realm, surprised Mary by being much more up on their Hollywood than she was. They knew all the latest news and gossip and, to her dismay, expected her to top it all.

Prince Prajadhipok, divine and untouchable in his own land, was a zealous modern, and his favorite country was America. His two sons were past masters at American slang. Like many another visitor to Pickfair, the Oriental potentate was initiated into the game which has been a trademark of the place for years—"Doug"—practically the same thing as badminton.

And in the fury of one match, the princess took a tumble and tore her clothes. Mary had to lend her a dress and stockings until new ones could arrive.

The royal Siamese couple never forgot



"What! Go to bed? . . . Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"



"We won't lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long. . . you'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"



"Ah-h . . . ! She's getting the Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we'll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The talc I'm made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies' skins—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!"

*Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY*

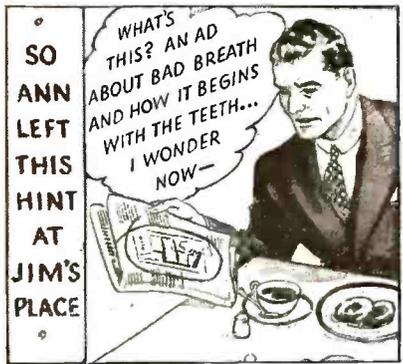


COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN! THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!



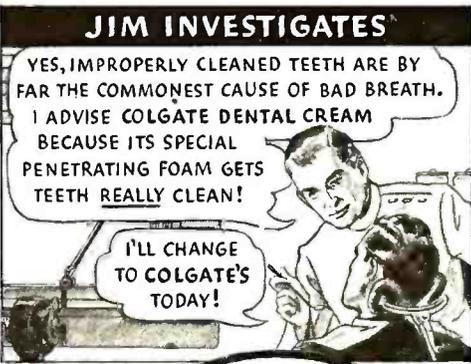
I BET I KNOW WHY HE'S STILL OUT OF A JOB!

SO DO I...BAD BREATH! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP HIM... I KNOW!



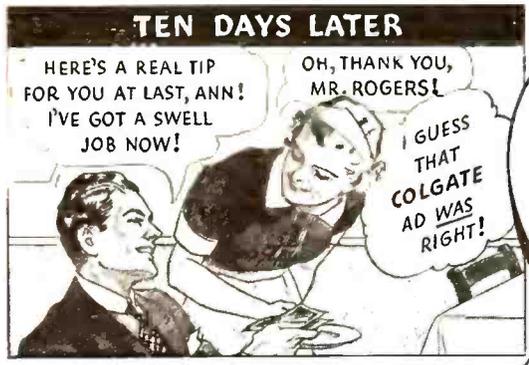
SO ANN LEFT THIS HINT AT JIM'S PLACE

WHAT'S THIS? AN AD ABOUT BAD BREATH AND HOW IT BEGINS WITH THE TEETH... I WONDER NOW—



JIM INVESTIGATES
YES, IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!

I'LL CHANGE TO COLGATE'S TODAY!

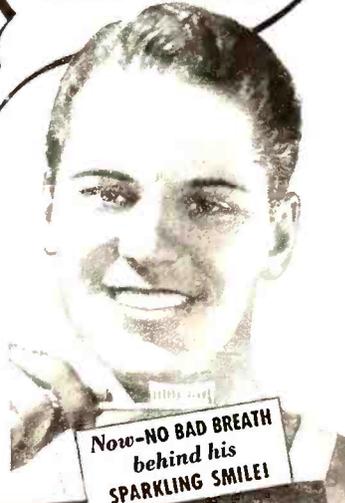


HERE'S A REAL TIP FOR YOU AT LAST, ANN! I'VE GOT A SWELL JOB NOW!

OH, THANK YOU, MR. ROGERS!

I GUESS THAT COLGATE AD WAS RIGHT!

NO OTHER TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MILLIONS realize how true this is, and use Colgate Dental Cream for real protection. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth, your gums, your tongue, with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much,
35¢



their visit to Pickfair. Later when Douglas Fairbanks passed through Siam on one of his adventure trips, he stopped at the royal palace. When Prajadhipok, then king, came to America to have a cataract removed from his eye, Mary Pickford happened to be in New York. The day before the king was to be operated on, she received a "command" invitation to tea. They sat together, just the king and queen and Mary Pickford, in their hotel suite and talked of Hollywood and of the good time they had had at Pickfair.

There are many famous people listed in the guest book at Pickfair who will probably hear Mary Pickford's Pickfair Parties over the air and think of the days when they were the guests of Hollywood's greatest hostess—Albert Einstein and his wife, and Senor Marconi, the man whose great scientific achievement makes it possible for you to be invited to Pickfair.

Once Mary sat at Marconi's right at a luncheon in Rome. Later, in an audience with Mussolini, she produced her autograph book and asked for his signature. The first page of her book was blank. She had been anticipating a chance to visit Mussolini and had purposely saved the first page for his bold pen.

Calvin and Grace Coolidge strolled through the spacious grounds of Pickfair on their visit to Hollywood. Mrs. Coolidge, smiling, talkative, admired everything, asking questions. The ex-president, with his usual taciturnity, saying possibly three words all day. Mary Pickford was appointed official hostess for the film industry during their visit.

THE late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his lady; Vittoria, the Duchess of Sermonetta, Princess Bibesco; Lord Allenby, conqueror of Jerusalem, and Lord Byng, the stalwart of Vimy Ridge; Sir Gilbert Parker, Kathleen Norris, Admiral Eberle and Colonel House are a few of the famous personages who have sampled the hospitality of Mary Pickford at Pickfair. But none has been more welcome than the invisible guests who are invited now to Mary Pickford's radio parties.

For Mary is of the people, and has always remained of the people, although she has consorted with those whom fortune has favored in the world.

On one of her trips abroad she visited Portugal, and at a public occasion was introduced to the queen mother. That royal lady took her hand and told her, "Dear Miss Pickford, I want to thank you for all the happiness you have given me. I hope you know how much you do for people like myself."

A short while later Mary felt someone take her hand again and kiss it. This time she looked to see a withered little peasant woman in rags, one arm crooked through her peddler's basket. She had worked her way through the crowds, and all she said was "Maria." That whispered word and the look in that little old woman's eyes have remained with Mary Pickford to this day. They are among her most treasured memories.

Because her heart, like the heart that is traced on the slopes of Pickfair, is large.

And it is her hope that radio will let them both be even larger.

WHAT FURNISHES THE INSPIRATION FOR THE GOLDBERGS? Watch next month for behind the scenes pictures of Mrs. Gertrude Berg

Secrets We Have Never Told

(Continued from page 21)

and Gracie are very good, too!)

The united front they present professionally is the united front they present in their private lives. It is a protection, a wall behind which they can retire, and the only times they have been deeply hurt or have suffered have been when that wall could do no good. When, to be more explicit, the others could only stand by and let one work out his own problems.

Victor's case was a great one, for it threatened, for a while, to cause the first break in the brotherhood. You caught only a faint reverberation of it when you read in the papers that Victor Lombardo had joined his brothers' orchestra. There was much more to it than that. It took Vic two months to puzzle his problem out. They were anxious months for Guy and Carm and Lieb.

Vic had been a boy when his brothers left Ontario, the kid who was always being chased away from hockey games because he would get hurt. He was thirteen. They were all over twenty. He didn't know them very well.

He stayed in London for six years. He listened to the Royal Canadians on the radio and on records; and he listened to the swing bands: Joe Venuti, Duke Ellington, the Dorseys. He decided he preferred swing bands.

WHEN he formed his own orchestra, he called it "Victor Lombardo and his Junior Orchestra" and went to town. It was hotcha and razzamataz for Vic. That, to him, was the new music. Something worth working up a sweat over.

But Mrs. Guy Lombardo, Sr., his mother, had a different idea. She wrote Guy, Jr., that if Vic had to be a saxophonist, she wanted him where her big boys could keep an eye on her little one. So, after six years, Victor journeyed off to join the Royal Canadians. He was to have a tough time of it.

The reasons are pretty easy to see, now. These famous, sophisticated brothers whose musical thoughts ran in the same smooth channel were strangers to him, and he was no less a stranger to them; he believed their sweet harmonies outdated and felt he should introduce his own swing style; they had trouble fitting him into a combination that worked perfectly as it was and had no need of him.

So, for two months, Victor, the newcomer, fought against the Lombardo style. There was a place in the brotherhood for him, but he didn't know it. Even if he had known it, it is probable that he wouldn't have wanted it.

Guy and Carm and Lieb tried hard, but at the end of that time, there was only one thing Guy could do, and it was pretty desperate. He fired Vic. And Vic, not at all daunted, quit.

It came out in the wash. The manager of the club in which the Lombardos were appearing talked to him and he returned. He also settled down. He has taken his place with the others by now. He listens to swing music, but he doesn't play it.

During Victor's apprenticeship, Carmen was certainly of great help to him. Carmen is one of the best of the country's saxophonists and certainly one of the most ingratiating of the popular singers. In spite of that, he is self-conscious and just a little afraid that he is cluttering up the air with his voice.

He gave Victor the advantage of knowl-

Now.. a Lovelier way to avoid Offending!



You are so Fragrantly Dainty

when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

FIRST it brings sweet cleanliness . . . this exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap! Its rich, deep-cleansing lather leaves no chance of unpleasant body odor.

Then, its lovely, flower-like perfume lends you added glamour. It lingers about you long after your bath . . . gives you the *fragrant daintiness* men find so adorable.

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet costs only 10¢ a cake. The same long-lasting soap

which for generations, has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ the former 25¢ size



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet



THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Grandma Says

TODAY WHEN LITTLE GIRLS GROW UP THEY
CAN STAY YOUNG LONGER BECAUSE THEY CAN GO TO THEIR
Beauty Shop WEEKLY... AND, TO HELP FACIAL MUSCLES
KEEP YOUNG THEY CAN ENJOY Double Mint GUM DAILY.



edge he gained through fourteen years of teaching the saxophone and twenty years of playing it.

His ability is one of the fundamental reasons for the Lombardo style. With Liebert's trumpet, his voice and saxophone have paced the music since the band was organized. In Cleveland, where the Royal Canadians played their first American engagement (a two-year one), he taught classes of thirty and more young men his art.

That school was a good thing. It gave the girl he married in Cleveland something to do. Kept her busy, so that the fact that she no longer moved in her own circle after their marriage wasn't of great importance to her.

Level eyed, beautiful Florence Lombardo moved in one of Cleveland's better circles until she fell in love with, and married the gay, charming Carm.

"Except for the possibility of our becoming the most popular orchestra in town, we weren't expected to amount to much," he says, "and Florence's friends were—say, unfavorably impressed with her choice. We all tried to hit it off, but it didn't work out."

She may have worried about it, but she didn't worry long. First, she took over Carm's duties as paymaster, then she took over the business details of his school. Finally, she took over the duty of being big sister to all the Lombardos. She became one of them.

The Lombardos are men cast in the same mould, unspoiled and unassuming. Liebert is like that, but he is like that more intensely than the others. As the *vibrato* of his instrument can lift the Royal Canadians to the heights of melodic sweetness, so can his moods influence the moods of his brothers. For that reason, Lieb's tragedy has been their tragedy.

HE is a complex man. He lives, does everything he does, with a tremendous burst of nervous energy. His hockey game was always the most fearless, his baseball the most daring. But one fear he had which he could not conquer: he could not drive himself into entering a darkened room. When he and his wife, Cora, went home, he stayed outside the door until she had gone ahead to turn on the lights.

When his lovely wife died last year, Lieb lost more than the person he loved best. He lost a protector. Her going left him more horribly alone than he had ever been. Life became a succession of dark rooms that had to be entered.

The first one was a terrifying experience. His vivid imagination, so capable of conjuring whole bars of music, was equally capable of tricking him with a dreadful picture of something waiting for him. But he knew he had to lick it. The second time was easier, the third easier than that—until now he can control it.

So they have their solid front again. They have brought their mother and father to a Connecticut farm within commuting distance of New York, and they spend three days a week with them.

They are clannish, and therefore their music will never really change. Because things can always grow better, it will do that. But the flair that has made their imitators so obvious and second-rate will always be there. It comes from the heart.

Have you followed the fascinating series—Hidden Moments in Their Lives. In the June issue Robert Ripley tells of the one time he came face to face with death!

Microphone Masquerade

(Continued from page 47)

that Maxey, he thinks of everything. Now, Jimmy, you shave and get dressed. In a little while there is the audition."

"Jake, if only I could stop for a minute on the way over to the building, and call my girl. She must be half crazy."

"You think the audition will be at the building? You are crazy. It will be right here in the hotel. Maxey fixed that. He does not see any reason to have anyone who might know you see you till the contract is signed. Then, he has to take his chances. But Maxey does not take extra chances. Get dressed, Jimmy White." He went back into the front room to sit with Utsy. Jimmy heard him say: "Utsy, soon it will be my birthday. On my birthday, Utsy, will you give me a present and smile or cry or something, just so your face will look a little different? Never have I been so tired of a face, Utsy."

There was no answer. Jimmy got up and started to shave. Jake was right. As long as he was valuable to Maxey, he would live. Maybe Hal McCabe's voice would be ruined forever, and he'd have to stay on, but then what of Madge? Well, maybe the famous Hal McCabe would be able to marry a stenographer. If he was famous, he would have the same grip on Maxey that McCabe had had. Maybe.

He washed his face, and put on his clothes—McCabe's clothes. He went outside. Jake was reading a tabloid, and Utsy was sitting by the door, whittling a matchstick. Sometimes he whittled matchsticks, and sometimes he just sat and stared at his hands.

JIMMY said: "I'm ready whenever you are, Jake."

Jake nodded. "You would not like a drink? That is right. It would steady your nerves, but you cannot drink and sing, too. That was McCabe's trouble. He liked liquor."

The phone rang, then. Jake picked it up, said "Yes" into it a couple of times, and set it back again. "Come on, Jimmy White. Come on and sing."

Utsy said: "Face." It was as long a speech as he ever made.

"Yeah, oh yeah," Jake answered. "Come here, Jimmy White. Now you must age twenty years." He hummed: 'His hair turned white in a single night,' as he rubbed cream into Jimmy's slick hair, put eye shadow under his eyes. "Come on then, boy. If Maxey has done his part. it will not be necessary to look too good. Come on, boy."

Utsy followed them out of the room. He followed them down the corridor to the front of the hotel; but he let them go on into Maxey Corvallis's room alone.

There were glasses and bottles around. Maxey Corvallis, Maxey the Greek, had been entertaining; his guests were gay, to say the least. Maxey introduced them: Hal McCabe and his manager Jake Loeb, and Mr. Wallace of the Wallace Manufacturing Company and his advertising manager, Mr. McLane. Jimmy felt like a boxer entering the ring.

"Go on and sing, Hal," Maxey said. "We need some sweet music."

Jimmy looked at Jake. The fat man was sweating; he kept getting between Jimmy and the sponsors, keeping the men from looking too closely at Jimmy.

"Yes, Hal, that is right," Jake said. "You sing now, so you can get back to your room. Just like a race horse, he is, gentlemen. I must put him to bed, rub him down, handle him with kid gloves."



and my husband says it's a
"MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"

"**J**OHN's fussy about food and seasonings. It's not often he gets enthusiastic. But I don't think I ever serve Franco-American Spaghetti that he doesn't say, 'This is positively the finest spaghetti I ever tasted!'"

Helps me save

"Franco-American not only costs very little itself, but helps me save on other dishes, too. It makes inexpensive cuts of meat so tasty and tempting. It combines wonderfully with left-overs. And I often have it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's the biggest help I know in planning 'economy' meals we really enjoy eating!"

Far and wide Franco-American is becoming known as "the spaghetti with

the extra good sauce." The cheese and tomato are combined in exactly the right proportions. The seasoning is so skilfully done. There's plenty of zest, but no strong over-seasoning; instead, you find a subtle blend of flavors, a delicate piquancy that delights you anew every time you taste it.

Yet a can all ready to heat and serve is usually no more than ten cents, actually less than 3c a portion. You couldn't prepare spaghetti at home for so little. Think of all the different ingredients you need for the

sauce (Franco-American chefs use eleven!), the cost of cooking them, the time and trouble it takes. It's decidedly more economical to buy Franco-American. Order several cans today.



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



What makes a girl "Click"?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

Why? What makes one girl "click" socially and another fail, when both are equally good-looking?

The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how pretty she may be.

There's really no excuse for it these days when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use it any time—*after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Use it daily, and no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM



ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

takes the odor out of perspiration

The greatest popular singer on radio; think of it."

Everybody thought of it with alcoholic gravity. Jake grabbed Jimmy's arm and piloted him to the side door; he shoved him through. There was a microphone in the middle of the room. Jake came in after Jimmy. "This will be easy, boy, there is a glass panel between the rooms, but they are too drunk to notice; we will not open it. First you will keep your mouth shut, and play Hal's theme song on the phonograph; then I will ask you to sing in your new style; then, if they want you to, play them another phonograph record to show you can still sing in your old style."

"This is a lot of trouble to go to to get killed," Jimmy said.

"Do not think of that, boy, do not think of it. Go on, now." Jake lumbered back to the other room.

Jimmy was alone, alone with the microphone. The light on the wall was out; he could hear Jake's voice coming through the loud speaker, building McCabe up. Then the voices stopped and the light on the wall went on; Jimmy put Old Black Joe on the phonograph, and let it play.

"I'm comin', I'm comin'—" There was nothing for him to do for three minutes. He looked around. There was a door to the hall, but it would be locked; no, there was a key in it.

HIS heart pumped unbearably as he went across the room. The phonograph kept on playing; they would think they heard him, no one would miss him. He could take his chances in the lobby. He twisted the key in the lock, and slowly opened the door. He stepped into the corridor and took two paces towards the elevators.

A door across the hall opened, and a man came through it. He did not say anything; he just looked at Jimmy; it was Utsy, Maxey's gunman, Jimmy's guard. He continued to stand there, saying nothing; after a moment, Jimmy went back into the room where the phonograph was playing, and closed the door.

He was just in time to switch the phonograph off; the light went out and he could hear Maxey's voice. "How you like the boy, gents? Is he a buy, or is he a sell? Huh?"

"All right," Wallace said. "Let's hear some more."

"We're going to give you a surprise," Jake said. "Hal has been working on a new style, more youthful, more what I might call zip, and I wouldn't be wrong. Let's have it, Hal."

Jimmy pulled the switch, and said, "All right. Here it goes, folks."

McLane said: "Can't we see him while he sings?"

Jake said: "Sure, sure. We just want you to get the effect it will have on your customers over the radio." The glass panel was slid back, and their faces appeared, close to it. The cigar smoke in the other room was like murky water; and the three pairs of eyes—Maxey was not looking—were like those of fish in an aquarium.

The light was turned on as Jake pulled the switch. Jimmy put an orchestra record on the phonograph; and, as the orchestra finished the introduction, started singing. This time he really sang, in his own voice, which was not unlike McCabe's. He finished. The light went off, and the babble of voices came through to him. He was a success, it seemed, he was something fancy; he was the finest singer in the world.

Well, a lot of that was liquor, but they were more enthusiastic than they had been about the record of McCabe's own voice;

maybe Jimmy was all right. Yeah, and in two weeks, when McCabe's voice was good again, he'd be dead. Dead and never to see Madge. . . .

Jake stuck his head in, and said: "Sing another. The same style you used last time."

Jimmy sang. But he couldn't help thinking how wonderful it would have been if this chance had come some other way; if Madge had been waiting to hear how the audition had come out. Now she'd never know, and after a while she'd forget about him, and marry someone else, and he'd be buried some place.

He sang again, and then Jake told him to do one in his regular style. That meant to fake it; Jimmy put on a record that was not just an orchestra, but an orchestra with Hal McCabe singing. Jimmy moved his lips in time to the singer's words. He had rehearsed to that record so often that he knew everything that was going to happen; he had spent grueling hours in the hotel room with Jake beating time for him, and Utsy sitting in a corner, saying nothing, showing no interest. It was a good fake.

JAKE said that was all. Jimmy went to the door, and rejoined the men. The cigar smoke was thicker than ever, and they had been drinking while they listened to him; he was safe. Maxey was talking: "So you're going to sign? You couldn't do better, gents, and you're getting this boy cheap. If I didn't like you, I'd hold out."

McLane shoved a contract over to Jimmy. "Sign up, McCabe. You're going to work for us."

"I sign for Mr. McCabe," Jake said quickly. "I have his power of attorney."

For a minute, Mr. Wallace looked puzzled. He looked up at Jimmy; so did everybody else. There was no mistaking what Maxey the Greek's look meant. "That's right," Jimmy said. "Jake has handled all my business since I was a kid. I'd be scared I'd spoil my luck if I signed a contract myself." Jake signed, Maxey signed, Mr. Wallace signed.

Jake took Jimmy's arm, and took him to the door. "Say good night," he hissed.

"Good night, Mr. Wallace," Jimmy said, automatically.

Maxey followed them out in the hall. From down the corridor, Utsy appeared. "Listen Maxey," Jake said, "this kid'll have to work at least another week till Hal gets over that operation. He's trained too fine, Maxey, I'm telling you he will snap, like this. He should get out, get some fresh air, see something."

Maxey the Greek was in a good humor. He said: "O. K. Utsy. Take Jake and the punk up to the hospital with you to call for Hal. I want Jake to test his voice, anyway."

"O. K." Utsy said.

Madge Summers still didn't know. The papers said that Hal McCabe had signed a contract the night before; thirteen weeks at a phenomenal figure. She had bought every paper in town, trying to figure out what that meant; but there was no more to be read than the plain facts; Hal McCabe had signed a contract. And yet she knew that Jimmy must be connected with the matter in some way.

Lunch time came, and she put on her hat, powdered her nose. But she wasn't hungry.

When she got downstairs she turned, suddenly, and went over to the building directory. Leaving the board she hesitated again; and then, biting her lip, went to the elevators. If she didn't allay this terrible worry that was gnawing away at her, inside some place, that was making her lose sleep and make stenographic er-



PHIL REGAN and EVALYN KNAPP in "LAUGHING IRISH EYES," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

SPARKLING EYES . . .

an invitation to

ROMANCE!



CREAMY MASCARA



EYE SHADOW



LIQUID MASCARA



EYEBROW PENCIL



CAKE MASCARA

SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES . . . eyes that say more than words can ever express . . . are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle . . . eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of WIXX Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Once you try WIXX you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use WIXX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WIXX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WIXX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WIXX and Liquid WIXX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WIXX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WIXX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WIXX

Eye Beautifiers

EVERY NIGHT I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP



—until I gained 12 pounds this new easy way

NOW there's no longer any excuse for thousands to remain skinny, laughed at and friendless. For hosts of people who thought they were "born to be skinny," and who never could gain an ounce before, have put on 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with this new easy treatment—in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery given them normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Why it builds up so quickly

Scientists recently discovered that no end of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Try it—guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits 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 tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional models

12 lbs., clear skin in 3 weeks

"In 3 weeks I have gained 12 pounds. I used to have pimples and blackheads, but now my friends ask me what I've done to clear my skin and put flesh on my skinny bones. I just say, 'Try Ironized Yeast'."

—Anna Looksick, Pittsburgh, Pa.

rors, and smudge letters so that she had to do them over again, she'd lose her job anyway. This could be no worse, and it might do some good. She got into the elevator.

YEAH, a young man said, Flaherty was in. Miss Summers of the stenographic department?

Flaherty came out himself, a big burly man in plain clothes. "Come on in, Miss Summers."

"You want to see me about that boy?" he asked.

She said: "Yes. He's never come home. Mr. Flaherty. I mean, his landlady says he never came for his clothes, and he's never called me up. It isn't like him. He had a little money saved; he'd hang around trying to get a job until it was all gone."

Flaherty said: "Was his money in a bank?"

"Yes. The Penny Mutual Savings. He showed me the book once."

Flaherty reached for his phone. He spoke into it too low for her to hear; it had some sort of an attachment on it. He hung up the phone and looked at her. His eyes were at once sad and freshly alert. "His dough's still in the bank," he said crisply. "That doesn't check. I never heard of anyone running away under those circumstances and not either taking his money with him or sending it to his girl."

"You'll—look for him?"
Flaherty nodded. "Yeah. I'll do what I can, and I'll get the city cops really working on it. Hey, did he ever say he was related to Hal McCabe? I mean, the resemblance, and all—"

"He wasn't. He was naturally interested in Mr. McCabe, because of the resemblance, and he said they were from entirely different parts of the country. Jimmy didn't have any relative in Maryland, where McCabe was born."

"Uh, huh."
She left. She had never said what was really on her mind; that Jimmy might have been forced to double for McCabe in some horrible gangster business. Flaherty had said, at their first meeting, in the arranger's office, that McCabe was known to associate with gamblers and racketeers.

The head stenographer called her over at four that afternoon. She looked at Madge curiously, and waited a moment before she spoke. There were all kinds of nasty thoughts in her eyes. Finally, "Captain Flaherty of the building police wants you to come to his office," she said.

Flaherty himself met her at the outer door of his office. He grabbed her elbow, and steered her into his private room. He pushed her into a chair, and said: "Miss Summers, I'm sorry this trail ended so soon. You—the Missing Persons Bureau identified James White about half an hour ago."

The cop gulped. "A man was shot down on upper West End Avenue last night. Machine gun bullets. He was so badly cut up they've had a hard time finding out who he was. They—they know now."

Madge said: "Thanks." It was queer she didn't cry, didn't feel anything but a terrible numbness inside. She heard Flaherty swear to get the men who had done this; they already had sent cops to pick up Maxey Corvallis at his hotel.

Then she fainted.

Did Jimmy's captors shoot him as he made a desperate effort to escape from them? Will Madge and Flaherty succeed in bringing his slayers to justice? You'll find the exciting answers in the climax of this fast-moving serial in next month's RADIO MIRROR, on sale April 24.

What's New On Radio Row

(Continued from page 8)

charitable deeds—the raising of funds for indigent, sick and unemployed studio associates. Jerry Cooper, the CBS baritone, is the president of the latter organization, and Carmella Ponselle and Niela Goodelle are among his enthusiastic co-workers.

The association of announcers has a different mission. It has been in process of formation since last May but only lately got beyond the talking stage. The founder is Verl Bratton, of Station WREN, Lawrence, Kans., and the New York representative is John Jaeger, of Station WNEW. The country is divided into thirteen districts with a representative in each district. The announced purpose is to obtain better working conditions for announcers but it is denied a union is being formed to enforce wage demands. Nevertheless, the broadcast barons are following developments with a wary eye.

* * *

NEW YORK suddenly became organizer conscious when two of radio's big shots, May Singhi Breen and Kate Smith, appealed to Mayor LaGuardia to lift the city's ban on hurdy-gurdies. The Ukulele Queen, with the aid of her husband and "sweetheart of the air," Peter de Rose, staged an appeal from the NBC studios. And Miss Smith, recognizing that the tunes played by the itinerant musicians on the wheezy old instruments might be offensive to delicate ears, offered to buy new records for them. As substitutes for "Sweet Rosie, O'Grady" and "East Side, West Side" she suggested Ferde Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite" and George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." Forgetting, apparently, in her enthusiasm for the movement, that the street kids, in whose name all this agitation for hurdy-gurdies is made, can't dance to those musical masterpieces.

* * *

EUGENE JELESNICK, up and coming Columbia conductor, is wrestling with a problem trying to his soul. Shall he return to Soviet Russia and become owner of property worth \$6,000,000 or shall he remain in America and become—maybe—as famous as Stokowski? The property is his by right of inheritance, having been confiscated by the government fifteen years ago when his father was killed in a Russian pogrom, but it won't be restored to him unless he agrees to abide there and promises never to send a nickel of his money out of the country. Thus, the maestro must decide between a career in America or a country estate in Russia and up to press time ambition and avarice were still fighting a no-decision battle within him.

* * *

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

The Sunday afternoon opera auditions are concluding after a series of fourteen appearances. Fifty-six aspirants will have been heard, one of whom will be rewarded with a contract to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House next season. This has been a costly program, the total sum spent by the paint sponsor approximating \$125,000. Little of that amount, however, went to the talent competing.

Norman Brokenshire, a real personality among announcers, is no longer attached to the Radio City payroll. Two other



In
Hollywood...
New York...
Chicago...
Palm Beach

GIRLS RAVE

about
MARVELOUS
the matched
MAKEUP

Keyed to the color of your eyes!

IT'S NEW... it's different... and it's sweeping the country! Everywhere girls are hurrying to look their best... in Marvelous the Matched Makeup.

It's makeup that matches... face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara in true color symphony. And it's makeup that matches *you*... scientifically keyed to your personality color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

At your drug or department store now

...guaranteed for purity by the world-famous house of Richard Hudnut... full-size packages... 55 cents each. Ask for Marvelous Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara if your eyes are blue; Parisian if your eyes are brown; Patrician if they are gray; Continental if they are hazel.

Discover Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup. Look your prettiest, and THRILL the man you like best... tonight.



SPECIAL! Drug and department stores offer at 55¢ a \$1.00-value Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit — junior sizes harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, eye shadow. Or send 55¢ to Richard Hudnut, Fifth Ave., New York City. State color of eyes — blue, gray, brown or hazel.

COPR. 1936, RICHARD HUDNUT

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

As smooth as the Swoop of a Gull



the Linit Beauty Bath provides *Instant Results*

☞ The alert girl or woman today in her quest for beauty, through the cultivation of charm, personality and good health, should not overlook the first requisite of loveliness—a *perfect skin*.

☞ The smart woman will be glad to know of this simple way to attain a beautiful skin—the way so many fastidious women of today are acquiring it.

☞ One of the most remarkable skin beauty aids is the Linit Beauty Bath. Imagine stepping into a bath as soft and luxurious as rich cream, bathing as usual and, after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

☞ To enjoy the refreshing luxury of the Linit Beauty Bath, you merely dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe. It is such a simple means of keeping the skin alluringly soft, that there is no excuse for any woman, who takes pride in her personal charm, to have anything but a clear, soft, smooth skin.

☞ Once you try Linit, you will be happy to make it the daily feature of your bath. Parents will be glad to know that Linit is a valuable aid in bathing the baby and children, for in many cases of irritation the Linit bath is most soothing to the skin.

YOUR DAINY UNDERTHINGS will be refreshed and restored to their original loveliness when laundered with Linit. Just follow the simple directions on the package.

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS



The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

departures from NBC were George Ansbro and Ellis Andrews, both of whom graduated from the uniformed staff (Ansbro is a former page and Andrews a tourist guide) to the announcer staff. Ansbro got in a jam by permitting on the air one of the Warner Brothers' prohibited songs and Andrews resigned.

Del Sharbut, Columbia mikeman, has replaced Harry Von Zell as the voice of the Pathe newsreel. The latter, now employed in the radio department of an advertising agency, is too busy in the studios to continue his motion picture work. Currently Von Zell is appearing on the Helen Hayes, Lawrence Tibbett, Phil Baker, and Fred Allen programs . . . And Frank Singiser, who resigned from NBC several months ago and who is now the newscaster for the Mutual Broadcasting System, has opened offices in downtown New York as an investment securities specialist.

If you want to know what the well-dressed baritone is wearing this spring it is an "elastic shirt collar." Never heard of such a thing? Neither had the Monitor Man until a stop-press bulletin arrived solemnly announcing: "Lawrence Tibbett wears elastic shirt collars to give him freedom of voice." Of course it may be snap judgment on our part but we can't suppress the comment that this is stretching things a bit too far.

A woman, Mrs. Anne Hummert, vice-president of the Blackett, Sample and Hummert advertising agency, has charge of over fifty important radio programs. Among them is the American Album of Familiar Music on which Frank Munn and Lucy Monroe are starred. Mrs. Hummert, a native of Baltimore, is a former newspaper woman and a graduate of Goucher College . . . Another woman, Ann Brae, former vaudeville comedienne, is Station WOR's own feminine producer. Mrs. Brae writes and produces the Broadway Bandwagon and the McIntyre Amateur Revue.

The program on which appear Eddie Dowling and his wife, the irrepressible Rae Dooley, was the program by which Roxy was planning his radio come-back when stricken in his sleep . . . Ed Wynn was anxious to have his old side-kick, Graham McNamee, serve as his stooge on the new program but couldn't arrange it because McNamee is an exclusive NBC artist, and Wynn's travels as Gulliver are being projected on CBS. That network's star, Ted Husing, was next considered but the idea was abandoned when somebody recalled that Lennie Hayton, who supplies the musical background, is married to the ex-Mrs. Husing. It might have proved an embarrassing association for the maestro and the mikeman.

* * *

WHAT has become of Annette Hanshaw?" inquires a customer. Well, the last the Monitor Man heard from Annette she was ambitious to do dramatics and declared she wouldn't return to radio unless she could act as well as sing. Finding a script meeting these requirements and a sponsor to underwrite the enterprise apparently is retarding Annette . . . The Katha Lee you hear singing on WOR is the whilom and winsome Harriet Lee, several seasons ago Radio Queen. The new moniker was selected by numerology and is supposed to spell success. Here's hoping it does.

* * *

SOME men are very sensitive about being bald. Bing Crosby is one of them. He has a barren spot he camou-

flages with a tiny toupee but won't admit it. On the other hand, George Burns, Gracie Allen's consort, wears a wig and doesn't care who knows it . . . Mary Pickford is ambitious to go to Congress and is laying plans to be nominated for Representative from her district in California.

* * *

ONLY three members of the original Connecticut Yankees remain with Rudy Vallee. They are Joe Miller (no relation to the patron saint of the radio comics), saxophonist; Harry Patten, bass; and Cliff Burwell, pianist. When organized the Connecticut Yankees were a co-operative orchestra like the Glen Gray Casa Loma outfit of today but musicians seldom are business men and that arrangement didn't last. The one business man in the group—Rudy—took over the reins and responsibility and look at him now!

* * *

HAWAII, which already has the two most westerly radio stations in the United States, will soon have the farthest-south station as well. KGU, an NBC station, and KGMB, a member of the CBS chain, are the two stations in Honolulu at present, the former being farthest west by about three blocks. Recently construction was started on KIIBC, a 250-watt station at Hilo, about 200 miles south of Honolulu, and on the same longitude as Mexico City or the southernmost tip of Cuba.

* * *

ADVICE to parents on the best way to fool your infant daughter, tendered by Morton Bowe, tenor on Ida Bailey Allen's program:

Judith Bowe had a toy dog, which she loved with all the fervor of her eighteen months. Time passed, and the dog began to show signs of wear—in fact, it got so frightfully dirty that its presence in the house was decidedly unhygienic. Mr. and Mrs. Bowe didn't dare take him away, and had no luck at all when they tried to persuade Judith to transfer her affections to a new "woof-woof."

Finally it was announced that doggie was to be given a bath in the electric washing machine. Judy protested vigorously, but doggie was popped into the machine while she watched tearfully. There was energetic business with soap chips—then some fancy sleight-of-hand on Mrs. Bowe's part and a brand new dog, an exact duplicate of the old one except that it was new, was lifted out of the machine. This was the crucial moment. Would Judy notice that her dog had two ears instead of one, a nice shiny collar, and beautiful shaggy fur—and if she did, would she swallow the tale that the machine had done it all? P.S. She didn't!

* * *

RADIO'S Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, Frederick Chase Taylor, recently filed suit in Carson City, Nevada, seeking a divorce from his wife, Mrs. Lois D. Taylor. Taylor went about the business of securing a divorce so quietly that not even Radio Row knew of his intentions, and it wasn't known in Reno that he was establishing residence there until he had filed the court action. He made good use of his time in the west, though, by creating new inventions for use when he and Budd start their new air series soon. Here's one of them: A collapsible folding sky-line for small towns, to be used when distinguished visitors are expected. "This is a peachy one," the colonel says.

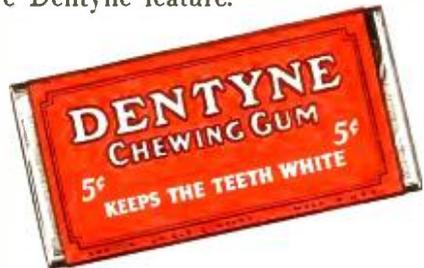
**"Dentyne's a Double Attraction
— Keeps Mouth Healthy —
Tastes Delicious"**



DENTYNE KEEPS TEETH WHITE. Our ancestors had good teeth because they ate foods that required plenty of chewing — gave teeth and gums healthful exercise. Our foods today are soft, over-refined—that's why many dentists advise chewing Dentyne. The specially firm, *chewy* consistency encourages the exercise needed for mouth health. It cleanses in a pleasant, *natural* way.

YOU'LL LIKE ITS SPICY FLAVOR! Its delicious taste alone makes a great many people Dentyne enthusiasts. It's fragrant—it's smooth—and the flavor is lasting. An excellent chewing gum in *every* way. Note the smart flat shape of the package—made to slip handily into pocket or purse — an original and exclusive Dentyne feature.

*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*



DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test



If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole

THE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm *dry*, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono.

WOMEN who want to be sure their dresses are free from "armhole odor" gently close the underarm pores with Liquid Odorono.

With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odorono's action is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Odorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Odorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 5-B-6, 191 Hudson St., New York City.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on underarm dryness.

Name _____
Address _____

Amazing Career of Radio's Mystery Voice

(Continued from page 43)

for large ones. He knew nothing of the value of money. A hundred and fifty thousand or a hundred and fifty million—they were the same to him.

For two years he spent money, thoughtlessly, recklessly, wastefully, tossing it away as though he owned an inexhaustible mine. He bought a house for himself, one for his mother, and furnished them both. He bought a boat and took trips on it. He went to Europe and sent his mother there, both of them staying in the most luxurious hotels in all the pleasure spots the Old World has to offer. He did everything you and I have dreamed of doing if we had a million.

Some months before the end of the two years his legacy lasted, he enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. I don't think he took his studies very seriously. Why should he, when he still had plenty of money, and there were so many exciting things to do when classes palled? On the other hand, acting was fun for him. He would study a line endlessly, placing the emphasis first here, then there, trying again and again for the perfect effect.

By the time he had finished his course and graduated, his legacy was gone, but this didn't worry him. With the self-confidence of youth, he was sure he'd get a job immediately and, as a matter of fact, he did. He was cast in a small part in "Sun Up," that mountain drama in which Lucille LaVerne was the star. His one line was "There ain't no rats up here, Sheriff."

"SUN UP" had a successful run, but a bit-player's salary is small, and when it finally closed Van had saved nothing to use as a reserve. Actors, unless they're stars, seldom do, and now Van was wholly an actor, an actor on his own. He'd gone against his family's wishes twice, and although there was no open break between him and his parents, his pride would not let him ask them for help.

He began "making the rounds." Now and then he found work, small parts nearly always, and in a succession of dismal dramatic flops. There is nothing interesting about any of them.

He knew, all the time, that the day was coming when he'd be forced to the realization that he was a failure, just as surely a failure as those plays he'd been in. Finally, it came—bright, crisp, green with spring. But spring, for an actor, isn't the season of hope and promise it is for the rest of us. It's the end of everything.

The play Van had been in had just closed. Producers were idle, planning nothing until fall. There simply was no work. Van sat in his room in the cheap theatrical boarding house where he lived, and added up his assets. A few dollars in cash, not enough to pay a week's rent. One business suit. One dress suit, with top hat. Assorted articles of clothing. Two old and slightly rusty pistols.

He looked at those pistols for a long time. Pawned, they'd bring perhaps two or three dollars, and when that was gone he'd be no better off than he was now. Put to use, one of them could—

The truth was, he saw now, that he had wasted his opportunities and his fortune. He had used them to purchase neither the sort of life he wanted to live—gay, exciting, active—nor even security. It was

this realization, more than the mere fact that he was broke, that drove his mind to desperation.

It could mean quitting. But it could also mean a graceful exit from a bad play, which was all life was to him right then—a bad play, illogical, awkward, mis-managed all around.

He made up his mind.

First, though, there were those few dollars to be spent. He dressed carefully, and when he left the boarding house he was a portrait of the debonair gentleman of the world, top-hatted, white-tied, ready for whatever a fine spring evening might bring.

He went to a restaurant, an expensive one, and dined in solitary grandeur. When he had paid his bill (adding a generous tip) he had just enough money left to buy a box of shells.

As he was about to leave the restaurant, he heard his name called. It was a party of friends, people he had known since childhood, and when they invited him to sit at their table, he accepted. With them was a little old lady, a stranger to him, whose face was both gentle and finely intelligent. She gave an exclamation of pleasure when he was introduced to her.

"Of course! I knew I'd seen you! Weren't you in 'Close Harmony'?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I was," Van admitted. You don't brag about being connected with anything like "Close Harmony."

I ENJOYED your performance," she told him, "particularly your voice. It was lovely. Are you working in anything now?"

"No," Van said. "The season's over."

"Had you ever thought of going into radio?" she asked. "With your voice, you should be excellent in it."

Strangely, Van never had thought of radio. "I don't know any radio people," he said. "I wouldn't even know how to go about getting a radio job."

I don't know whether Van's inner hopelessness had betrayed itself in his voice or not. But the little old lady said quietly, "I'm a very close friend of Mr. _____ manager of a local station here in New York. Would you like a note to him? He'll give you a personal audition, I'm sure."

When he went home later that evening, Van had in his pocket the promised note—and the money he had saved from dinner.

The next morning he was hired as an announcer—salary, eighteen dollars a week. A few nights later, he made his radio debut at the Silver Slipper Club, introducing to the listening audience Cab Calloway and Jimmy Durante.

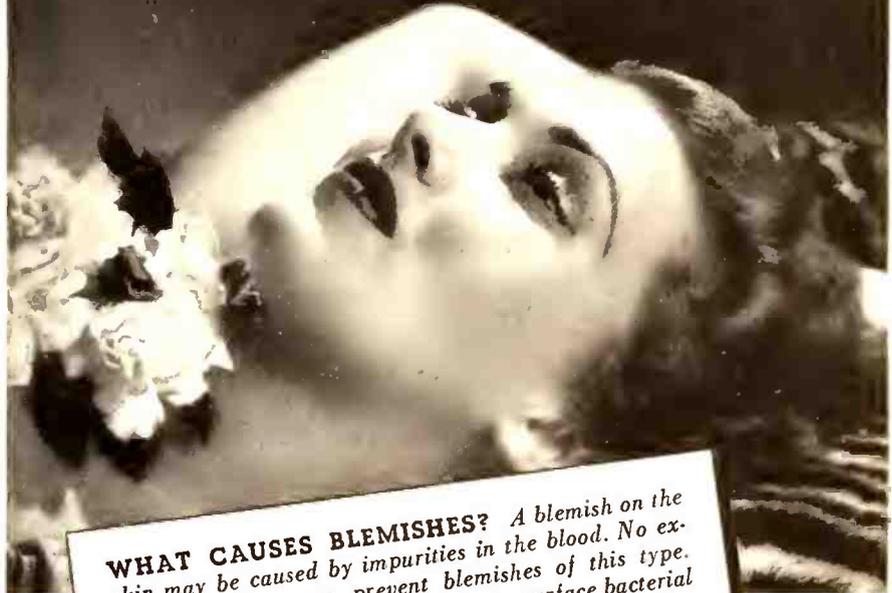
A few more nights, and he found he loved the new work. No two programs were alike; there was always something new, something interesting. He enjoyed every minute of the long hours he worked, and insatiably he applied for more and more work, at agencies and networks.

Today, that unhappy spring day is far behind. He is married, to the lovely Constance McKay, whom he first met in that same "Close Harmony" which, though no great shakes as a play, was indirectly the cause of his present success. With Nancy, their seventeen-months-old daughter, they spend week-ends on his boat, the "Constance." These week-ends constitute the only vacation Van's had for three years, but he doesn't care much. You don't, when you've found, after years of trial and error, the job you like to do.

Scientific Ingredient keeps these two Beauty Creams



Germ-Free



WHAT CAUSES BLEMISHES? A blemish on the skin may be caused by impurities in the blood. No external treatment can prevent blemishes of this type. Many blemishes, however, occur from a surface bacterial infection... when germs invade some tiny crack in the skin. Try to avoid this danger by using beauty creams that are germ-free... and stay germ-free to the very last.



HERE is one of the greatest contributions to skin beauty ever offered to American women! A luscious, soothing beauty cream that is *germ-free*.

Woodbury's Cold Cream contains a scientific ingredient which keeps it germ-free even after the jar is opened, until every bit of cream is used.

Skin beauty now doubly protected

If your skin is thin or easily infected, you'll value this protection. For Woodbury's guards those tiny, often imperceptible, breaks in the skin against the germs which cause blemishes.

And, in addition, Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to keep skin moist and supple. It contains Element 576 which aids in combating skin dryness.

Use Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream as a foundation for make-up.

50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

Guard against this hazard to your beauty

When a tiny break occurs in the skin, as from chapping or dryness, the skin's defense against germs from the outside is weakened. If germs get under the skin a bacterial infection, or germ-caused blemish, may result, as shown in the photomicrograph labelled "A".

Picture "B" is a section of clear, unblemished skin magnified many times. Germs are constantly present, even on a lovely complexion. Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams, which remain germ-free as long as they last, help to guard the skin against the attack of germs, thus greatly reducing the chances of blemish.

FREE! WOODBURY'S "LOVELINESS KIT"!

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7465 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario. Please send me free (except for mailing costs) "Loveliness Kit" containing generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, six packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, and a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1936, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

• AVOID IMITATIONS. . . Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Inc., on all Woodbury products.

1
Sam Rice

ALL READY FOR BRIDGE GUESTS... WHEN PHOEBE UPSETS BIRD SEED ON FRESHLY-VACUUMED RUG

2

SEES BRIDGE GUESTS AT GATE AND REMEMBERS VACUUM-CLEANER IS TUCKED AWAY. DASHES TO GET HER ALWAYS-HANDY BISSELL

3

THANKFUL BISSELL SAVES TIME... AND GETS DIRT FROM HIGH OR LOW-NAP RUGS BECAUSE OF ITS HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL

4

ELATED THAT BISSELL CLEANS UNDER-FURNITURE SPOTS. CAN'T-COME-OFF BUMPERS PREVENT SCRATCHING FURNITURE

5

VOWS TO ALWAYS USE BISSELL FOR DAILY QUICK CLEAN-UPS AND SAVE VACUUM-CLEANER FOR PERIODIC CLEANING

BISSELL
The really better sweeper
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Real Reason Ed Wynn Came

Back

(Continued from page 28)

come.' People would say, 'That old gag! Where does he get the idea that's funny any longer?' without ever thinking perhaps I'm really fond of my mother-in-law and unhappy because she's ill.

"I've a theory that comedians are forced to bottle their serious emotions up inside them, until at last they break out in a desire to play 'Hamlet' or some other tragic role.

"It was the same with me. I know my own limitations. I'm not an actor, only a clown. I can't pick up stage cues, and I don't know the technique of acting, so even if the public would accept me I couldn't try a serious part on the stage. If it hadn't been for the drain of radio on my time and energies, though, I could have had my emotional release from producing or directing a serious play in which others acted."

It was in this mood of depression that Ed Wynn said goodbye to the Fire Chief. Then came the rumors concerning his salary demands.

"I have never asked anyone for ten thousand dollars a broadcast," he told me. "I don't like to mention my salary for publication, because I can't believe it's anyone's business but my own, but I will say this much—it was never ten thousand dollars or even near that sum. Financially, I don't need radio. I can make my living on the stage, just as I've done for years."

CLOSE upon the heels of these rumors, however, came an indication that Ed Wynn was not through with radio—at least, that other sponsors had their own ideas on the subject. Several companies offered him new contracts.

"I couldn't have come back then, though, even if I had wanted to," he said. "It wouldn't have been fair to either my old or new sponsors to do so. I had to kill the character of the Fire Chief completely. If I had returned, even as a different character, I would still have been the Fire Chief to the public. The only thing I could do was to wait until my old character had been more or less forgotten. Besides, I still wasn't sure I should return."

That was it, really. He wasn't yet convinced that he wasn't through with radio. It took months of rest and a vacation in Europe, to bring him to the point where he could look on his life sanely—and from that saner viewpoint, realize that he had been about to let slip the one chance of realizing his greatest ambition!

It was an ambition he had not mentioned to anyone since he first conceived it, eight years ago. Then it had seemed too great a one for him or any man to achieve. Yet one man had done so in the meanwhile.

"I'm only a clown," he said, "but if I can be a fine enough clown so that when I die people will say, 'We have lost the man who gave the whole nation more humor and happiness than any other'—then my life will have been worth while.

"Eight years ago, when it first occurred to me this was an ambition to work for, I didn't think anyone could ever do it, but one man did—Will Rogers. Perhaps you'll think I'm conceited to think I could ever do the same, but I don't mean to be. It's something I would like to try, that's all.

"After I went off the air, I got to thinking. Radio, from the start, had been

BRAGS ABOUT BISSELL TO BRIDGE GUESTS...
"I use my new Bissell for quick clean-ups, saving my vacuum-cleaner for general cleaning. It's the only sweeper with the Hi-Lo brush control that automatically adjusts brush to any rug-nap. I wouldn't have an old-fashioned sweeper—the new Bissell is so much better!"
Models from \$3.95 to \$7.50.



SKIN Beauty
WITH
Mercolized Wax

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.
Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.
Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.
USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.
TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.
At drug and department stores everywhere.

WORK... "FUN AGAIN"

With Constipation Cleared Up

THE end of every day found her tired out, nervous, often with headaches. But now, thanks to Nature's Remedy, work is fun again—she feels like going to a movie or dance any night. Millions have switched to this natural all-vegetable laxative. Contains no mineral or phenol derivatives. Instead a balanced combination of laxative elements, provided by nature, that work naturally, pleasantly. Try an NR tonight. When you see how much better you feel you'll know why a vegetable corrective is best. Only 25c at all druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

THE A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Turns. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 506 S, St. Louis, Mo.

a revelation to me. Although I'd been in show business for years—thirty-four of them—I hadn't ever reached as many people as I did in one broadcast. I had been able to walk on the street without being recognized, or to go into a restaurant and have only a few people say 'Hello' to me. Once I'd become well known in radio I was recognized everywhere. Particularly by children. Gangs of kids would spot me on the street and follow me. I liked that. In all my stage work I'd never been able to reach many children, and I was glad to know that I'd found a way to bring pleasure to them as well as to adults.

"Suddenly I realized there was only one possible way of realizing my ambition of becoming the nation's jester—through radio, which reaches millions where the stage reaches hundreds. I made up my mind then to come back when the right time and opportunity showed up."

That was it, then, I realized, the thing which was responsible for the change in Ed Wynn. There is a deeper reason for his radio work now than ever before, a personal meaning in it for him, which was never there until now.

Will he ever reach the goal he set himself? Well, possibly not. But even if he doesn't, he will have had the satisfaction of trying, to the limit of his abilities, for something in which he believes fully and wholeheartedly. That's a lot.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 15)

letters he had received on the desk of the executives give an unfair impression of the artist. I don't believe that he did any such thing. Because I believe if he were to display any of the letters he received, he would have chosen them from the following: For example: the one he received from the trained nurse who wrote telling of the deep human kindness and understanding some of his radio visits brought to one of the patients—or the few simple sweet words from a little girl six years of age. Please in all fairness to the artist print these letters also. The program was on the air for at least eight months, yet you refer to only a few sentences used on one program. Please print this side of the story in your next issue.

MRS. ETHEL W. OLSON,
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

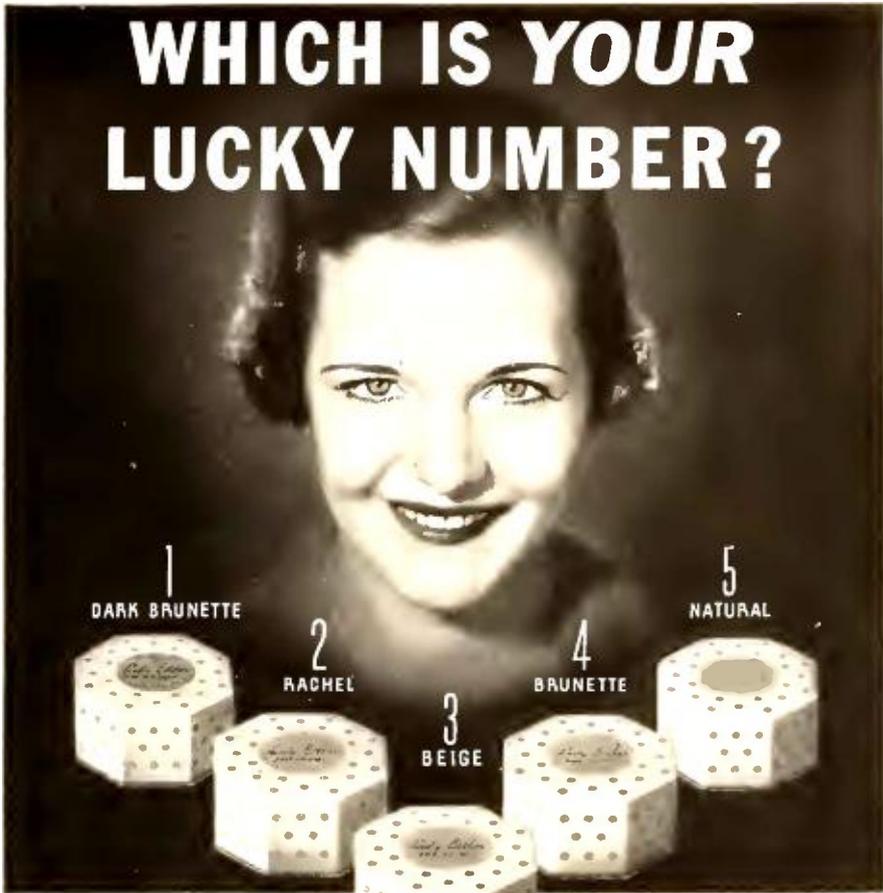
"My only peeve is why was my favorite tenor Frank Parker taken off all the Chicago stations?"—NELLIE FOREMAN, Racine, Wis.

"Conductors of amateur hours have come and gone since even before radio but none was so earnest as radio's own Major Bowes."—LLOYD MIZE, Henry, Tenn.

"It seems to me that Bing Crosby's Binger isn't Binging the same as it used to Bing before."—BILL B. DOHERTY, Providence, R. I.

"Let us not be ashamed of being the kind of person who writes postals to the radio entertainers. Let us be proud because we are that sort of appreciative people."—A PEARL McPHERSON, Chevy Chase, Md.

"Too few orchestra leaders can equal William Daly in the directing of an accompaniment which creates a substantial background without over-powering the voice of the singer."—FRANCES JACKSON, San Angelo, Texas.



You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY *Lady Esther*

Are you using the right shade of face powder for you?

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the most becoming for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (22) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 10)

CHEAMY
April
Showers
TALC



THERE'S glorious fragrance — the perfume of youth — in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite... but not Expensive

O'Keefe, Tiny Ruffner, Moss Hart and Bob Crosby . . . Anne Seymour, Grand Hotel leading lady, spent three hours snapping pictures in Chicago's night court recently only to discover she had failed to put film in the camera . . . Douglas Hope's library of theatrical history includes 3,800 volumes . . . Although a horse named Rotarian in the recent Chicago Horse Show was listed as belonging to Mills Brothers, investigation proved the owners are not radio's colored harmonists . . . Chicago's champion adult imitator of crying babies is Newcomer Betty Roesler . . . British-born H. Lester Tremayne, actor, is insuring his voice for \$100,000.

ONE of the main reasons Countess Al-bani entered the Art Institute classes in sketching and oil painting was her desire to redecorate the family home in Oak Park . . . She's married to H. Wallace Caldwell . . . Among recent visitors to Chicago's WBBM studios was Captain Bob Bartlett, noted arctic explorer . . . When Holland Engle's music slid to the floor during his rendition of "The Gentleman Obviously Doesn't Believe in Love" his improvisation was so good that not even the WBBM engineer knew what had happened until after the program . . . There's a Sam and Henry tavern on Broadway in Chicago. That's the name Correll and Gosden first used when they changed from song and patter stuff to blackface comedians on WGN. When they moved to WMAQ and later to NBC they changed to Amos 'n' Andy, WGN owning the copyright on Sam 'n' Henry. And, looking back now, it's amusing to realize how afraid the boys were their new name wouldn't catch on with the radio audience . . . Although a small Joliet, Ill., radio station started broadcasting shows direct from the prison there, the Mutual Broadcasting System's attempts to pick up the shows for network radio were frustrated . . . When the stage show "Anything Goes" arrived in Chicago Benay Venuta had succeeded Ethel Merman. And Miss Venuta, anxious to continue her radio work from Chicago, went on WBBM and Columbia from the Wrigley Building. A befuddled production man messed up the broadcast somewhat, throwing Benay into hysterical tears at his carelessness. Seems New York doesn't think the girl can carry on without their help and this production man's stupidity did too much to prove them correct . . . One day Lum and Abner broadcast an offer to give away copies of a fictitious newspaper, the Pine Ridge News, to any listeners wanting them. More than 350,000 requests were received . . . and there was no catch to it, no prizes to be won or anything of that sort.

THE weather came to the aid of Don McNeill, master of ceremonies of the Climalene Carnival, the other day. Don was featured at a radio festival at Des Moines, Iowa, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, but had to return to Chicago for the Climalene Carnival Thursday morning. He was due back in Des Moines for the matinee Thursday afternoon, however, and for two weeks he tried to persuade the air line to stop the Chicago-Omaha plane at Des Moines. This was persistently refused and finally Don bought his plane ticket to Omaha, intending to go from there to Des Moines by

auto, missing the matinee. Stiff head winds retarded the progress of the plane so much, however, that it had to stop at Des Moines for fuel and Don made the matinee on time.

MAESTRO HENRY WEBER of WGN, once youngest conductor of the Chicago Civic Opera orchestra, is driving a new car, a present from his wife, Marion Claire, the opera singer . . . Berenice Taylor, Chicago radio singer, was signally honored recently when she was called upon to sing with the Chicago opera orchestra at a musicale given by General Charles G. Dawes of Evanston and the world . . . Ransom Sherman, now the Dr. Rufus Right of the Carefree Carnival, broadcast from Chicago for a long time as one of the Three Doctors . . . Myrt of Myrt and Marge has an eighteen-year-old son, George, now attending the University of Southern California . . . Jules Herbeveaux, once a Chicago orchestra leader and now NBC production director in the same city, is an expert at amateur radio transmission and flying. He has flown planes since 1917 without a single crack-up . . . Other Chicago fliers include Noble Cain, director of the A Cappella choir, Amos 'n' Andy and Wayne King.

JACK BENNY and Mary Livingstone recently celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary. They were married in Chicago between performances of the "Little Show" in which both appeared, Jack as a star and Mary as a chorus girl. Mary fainted after the ceremony. She had changed her mind seven times that week . . . Fearing theater goers might stay home the night of President Roosevelt's broadcast, Brock Pemberton took plenty of space in Chicago newspapers to advertise the fact his show "Personal Appearance" would be delayed that night while the audience heard the president over a loudspeaker on the stage. It worked, too . . . Irma Glen is NBC's organist in Chicago at night and Larry Larsen in the daytime. During the music copyright squabble when stations feared orchestras might play barred numbers and let the stations in for suits, Irma was kept sitting at the organ nightly from nine to one so she could fill in if an orchestra went wrong and had to be cut off the air . . . Jack L. Cooper of WSBC's all Negro hour in Chicago is believed to be the only official Negro commercial announcer in the United States . . . Clare Baum, Chicago radio actor, bought a chance on an all-expense trip to Bermuda because he couldn't resist the pretty face of the girl from the women's advertising club of Chicago. His twenty five cents won the trip for him and now all he has to do is find time to take it . . . Just after she won election to Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Chicago, Betty Ito, Japanese co-ed who has been working in the Myrt and Marge shows, got a request for pictures from Cecil B. DeMille, the movie director . . . The First Nighter cast reads six different shows before its sponsor every week, in which manner is chosen the show to be broadcast.

THE ban against broadcasting names of those requesting certain tunes resulted in one unusual idea in Chicago. WBBM developed a Dawn Salute show at 6:30 a. m., on which such requests were filled regularly. But now that they can't

give the names of those requesting the numbers they have formed the fans into a club and given each a number. So now tunes are announced as requested by Number So-and-So . . . Kay Beckman, last season chosen one of the three most popular co-eds at Drake University, now writes continuity and does dramatics at WCFL . . . Mabel Todd of Al Pearce's gang and incidentally the wife of Morey Amsterdam of the same radio series, was born in Los Angeles but got her professional start with Paul Ash in Chicago theaters.

FROM the requests of the nine thousand who entered its recent tryouts for singers, WBBM listed these as the tunes most popular: "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Madame Butterfly," "I'm in the Mood for Love," "One Alone" and "Neapolitan Nights" . . . Holland Engle of WBBM is proud of his punctuality. So when, while going to the studios, his car skidded across a ditch, he rushed a wrecking crew over and still reached the studio on time . . . only trouble was he was a day ahead . . . Mike Wilkonirski, of Billy Mills' WBBM orchestra, orders and actually eats three full meals from soup to nuts at a sitting . . . Betty Winkler, Chicago radio actress, was stopped by a motorcycle cop for speeding. She pleaded necessity of reaching the studios in time for a broadcast. The cop gave her the ticket anyway and told her she could broadcast it—in the traffic court broadcasts over WBBM . . . A ball room dance team as a starring radio act was the idea Chicago NBC bosses tried to work out with Veloz and Yolanda . . . Kay Donna under her own name of Alice Cronick was singing behind a music counter in a Chicago department store when scouts discovered her and signed her to sing on the Fibber McGee

and Mollie broadcasts . . . While in Chicago for a theater date the manager of one of Major Bowes' several traveling amateur shows reported the kids in his unit hadn't missed hearing the major's broadcast in thirty-eight weeks . . . Recent eruption of the volcano Moana Loa in Hawaii made necessary speedy rewriting of Myrt and Marge scripts . . . Actual newsreel pictures prove the authenticity of Countess Olga Albani's statement that she had trained a magpie in the Brookfield (Ill.) zoo to sing certain simple tunes. Otherwise I wouldn't believe it either.

H. LESLIE ATLASS, Chicago boss of Columbia and WBBM, and his son, H. Leslie, Jr., won six places in the recent International Horse Show in Chicago . . . When Ethel Shutta went to New York to be Ben Bernie's guest star her husband, George Olsen, stopped the doings at his College Inn spot long enough to let local Shutta fans hear the broadcast over a loudspeaker . . . Gale Page, Chicago NBC singer, had to use police escorts and airplanes to sandwich Mildred Bailey's New York party into her busy broadcasting schedule . . . Amos 'n' Andy now have a real goat, the gift of an Oklahoma City boy fan.

CLIFF ARQUETTE, who is Luke Ferguson on Eddie Guest's shows and Thaddeus Cornfelder with Myrt and Marge, is the proud papa of a new son . . . Irene (Singing Lady) Wicker's song "Lullabye" is being published. Number was originally written by Irene and her pianist, Allan Grant of WGN, for personal appearances . . . Ulderico Marchelli, orchestra conductor of Fibber McGee and Mollie, has given up that first name because no one can ever spell or pronounce it. Now he's simply Rico . . . Morey Am-

sterdam of Al Pearce's gang was born in Chicago in 1908. Hence his glee when the show moved to this city.

WESLEY SUMMERFIELD who sings with the Northerners, Betty and Bob and Jack Armstrong, was once fired from his job as a chemist because his boss thought he made a better singer . . . Subsequently same boss called Wes back twice to solve chemical problems in his plant . . . Durelle Alexander of Paul Whiteman's broadcasts started her professional career at KTBS, Shreveport, La. . . Bill (Grandpa Burton) Baar once spent a terrible summer working in a motor car factory to raise funds to study the stage at Chicago's Goodman Theater. Imagine his chagrin upon spending his summer's work and returning to Chicago to learn that the Goodman people had been trying to find him all summer to present him with a scholarship.

BECAUSE kidded Announcer Harold Isbell so much about the recipes he broadcast, fans have taken to sending poor Harold aprons of every size and variety. Harold and Jack Oakie have been friends for many years . . . Herbie Kay's orchestra now travels in a new "land yacht" a special truck designed to give them comfort and speed as well as safe packing of instruments and music . . . Much of the clever comedy-music material George Olsen's band presents comes from the pens of two Olsen brothers who are members of the orchestra. But to avoid confusion with their leader they have changed their names . . . Announcer Truman Bradley was ready to quit his Columbia job for free lancing when CBS offered such a nice contract he changed his mind. He still travels to Detroit for the Ford symphony.

Melt



"POWDER CATCHERS"



Miss Geraldine Spreckels of California: "My skin is constantly exposed to wind and sun. But Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths it in a second!"

**See skin smooth—
in one application**

SKIN smooth—or all flaky? Each flake catching your powder! Each roughness standing out . . . clinging no matter what you do!

Yet it's simple to *melt off* those "powder catchers." They're just dead cells. The top of your skin that's old, dried-out . . . Melt them away with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)!

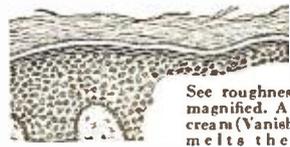
A prominent dermatologist says: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, old dried-out cells on surface skin melt away. This brings into view the new supple cells beneath. The skin is immediately smoother—texture finer, coloring improved."

It's plain to see, Pond's Vanishing Cream is more than a powder base. It actually brings skin beauty! Even the first time you use it, flaky places smooth out. Skin is softened all over!

For a smooth make-up—Use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Powder-catching

roughnesses melt into nothing. Your face shows only the smoothest, softest skin. Make-up goes on evenly!

Overnight for lasting softness— After your regular cleansing, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves your skin soft, not a bit greasy. Won't smear the pillowcase. Yet it softens your skin all night long!



What melting does

See roughnesses at top, magnified. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts them away, smooths the skin.

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. F135, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Pacific

(Continued from page 11)



HERE'S a story with a sad ending. Some of the NBC folks were at the dog races over in the bay region. One of the canines was named after the popular network serial, Winning the West. So the boys tossed the wad on the mutt. "What a hunch, what a hunch," they chanted. It had all the elements of a natural. But Winning the West jogged in last. And the gang 'phoned to the city for transportation.

DOROTHY WILLIAMS used to be one of the "singing usherettes" in a Seattle theater. Now the petite brunette contralto is a regular member of the KOMO vocal staff.

WHENEVER Jay Sims, NBC Coast announcer, goes native about all he'll need will be the proverbial fig leaf. Jay lived in the Hawaiian Islands for years before coming to the mainland and radio. But, while people here know and like him for his voice, over in the mountains of Oahu they best know him as a wild pig hunter. This, of course, was before the advent and demise of the AAA.

H. C. CONNETTE, for years with NBC as continuity editor—notably Melody Lane, but including thousands of programs—is dead. Lately he had been with a San Francisco transcription firm. In his early fifties, he wrote of happenings in the Nineties and he was unquestionably one of the three outstanding radio writers among the hundreds up and down the coast.

THERE seems to be a difference between jazz, swing and jam bands. But just what it is hasn't ever been made quite clear to me. Anyway, they say that Ellis Kimball's jam band is going over in a great big way as it plays from a remote spot to KFRC. Ellis was born in Mt. Vernon, Wash., nearly thirty years ago, went to grammar and high school in Juneau, Alaska, and then to Seattle. Vocalist with the Kimball ork is Lou Mowrey, willowy blonde gal from Texas, but who has spent most of the twenty-three years of her life in Oakland.

HENRY KRUSE, one time on KMTR, Hollywood, has gone up into the great northwest and is with KOL. His special radio forte in the south was on the programs of the fire prevention bureau.

NBC western personalities: Mason Moltzner, character actor, an old troupier and playwright, once traded a script to a women's club for a crate of cherries. . . . Molly Silva, eight-year-old Oakland lass who did a guest appearance not so long ago, has written fifty-four piano tunes of her own.

ANOTHER Horatio Alger story. Paul Keast, lyric baritone of light opera fame, has joined the staff of KHJ. Born in Philadelphia, he worked in a department store, trekked to New York on the strength of success in staging an operetta put on by the hired help at the store. He did the lead role in "The Vagabond King" a thousand times. You can hear him on the Don Lee chain.

ALTHOUGH KFVB and KTM seem to have started many present network stars off to the East and big-time broadcast, KOMA-KJR seems to be a feeding and grooming spot for the talkies. Former KOMO-KJR talent includes George Godfrey, former drama director, now in Hollywood, doing work at Republic Pictures; Don Craig, one-time station baritone, touring with the "Anything Goes" company; Roger Joseph, former drama man, with the Pasadena Playhouse; Margaret Barry, actress, free lancing; and Thomas Freebairn-Smith, ex-KOMO mikeman, announcing at KNX.

GAYLORD CARTER, who presides at the organ for some of the KHJ concerts, used to be an assistant to Milton Charles, now heard from CBS in New York. Carter was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, thirty years ago. When he was three the family moved to Kansas and when seventeen years old they came to California. He started to study law and played the organ in "grind" picture houses to pay his way. Then he switched to music as a career.

JOHAN HIX'S Strange As It Seems program on the Don Lee network twice a week, will draw a good many fans to his Strange As It Seems museum at the San Diego Exposition this summer, a continuation of last year's California Pacific International Exposition in Balboa Park.

WISH I knew the real name of "Maluba," the "native headman" in the Congo Bartlett exploration program on KNX. Nobody knows. But he takes the part well.

SEEMS as if the Three Radio Rogues, popular mimics, stopped in Hollywood long enough to be on nine programs of the syndicated Laff Parade and then were to go on tour, mebbe to Australia, though the boys were not sure.

WITH the Southern California radio drama people: Nigel de Brulier, English comic opera man, was in nearly four score silent pictures and now the talkies. Guess "House of Rothschild" was the last I saw. Johnny Gibson, as Sleepy Dolan in a former network newspaper series, did juvenile leads in stock for six years plus some personals as guest artist with Durante, Vallee and others. Frank Nelson, probably the most versatile of the younger character men, was with the Denham Stock Company in Denver a couple of years. Helen Keers, who plays prima donna roles in musical comedy, has done a few parts over the air. Eugene Eubanks came here with the Stratford-on-Avon Company years ago and was with the late Wally Reid in the days of the flicker screen. J. Donald Wilson, not to be confused with the NBC Don Wilson, used to play opposite Sarah Padden in "The Clod" and other stage creations.

JOSEPH VANCE HOYT, author of "Sequoia," big box office attraction of '35 in the picture realm, has written "Wild Glory" which has been offered to the networks. If and when it gets on the air, it is said that there will be no sound effects. It will be the real McCoy. If you hear a tiger, it will be a tiger and not a hunk of string and a chip of rosin.

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S...which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—



Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.



Harmony in Beauty

(Continued from page 48)

Now I have to wash it every three or four days, to keep it clean and shining. Very dark or very light hair is lovely just because of its color, but those of us in between need the benefit of every bit of sheen and softness of texture that we can get, so we can't take chances on oiliness or lifelessness. That means plenty of brushing, too, as well as absolute cleanliness."

Strangely enough, it has made very little difference in the color of cosmetics she wears—and for a very definite reason. Changing the color of her hair, of course, had no real effect on the color of her skin or the color of her eyes, and those are the colors on which we must depend in choosing our make-up. Of the two, naturally the most permanent is the color of the eyes. Our complexion may change with the seasons, with exposure to the sun or extreme weather conditions or with our state of health. But the color of our eyes never changes.

THAT'S where this new color harmony in cosmetics, that I want to tell you about this month, comes in. If you're one of the many who have found what looked like just the right shade of powder, just the right rouge, lipstick and eye make-up, only to find that they don't really blend properly when you have them on your face, this new system is going to be a life-saver. After all, you can't really expect to get harmony in cosmetics which you buy in different places and at different times, but when you learn that there is just one dominant color which sets the key for your make-up—the color of your eyes—and that you can get a whole set

of cosmetics blended to that one color, at a very reasonable price, doesn't that simplify your problem?

This sensible theory has been applied to four combinations, matched make-up for brown eyes, blue eyes, hazel and gray. And it works! I saw these make-ups applied to a variety of types—blue-eyed girls with golden blonde hair and with shadowy black hair, brown-eyed girls both light and dark—every type of coloring. And these matched make-ups suited each one. An odd feature was that it didn't look as though the blondes and brunettes with the same color of eyes had the same cosmetics on, because the make-up blended in so naturally with the general color effect.

The items in this matched series are priced at fifty-five cents each for full-sized packages, but for the next couple of months you'll be able to get a trial set, containing generous sizes of matched powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and mascara, for the same price—fifty-five cents—and see for yourself how well it looks on your own face. Harriet and I have both tried them and we were delighted with the results; Harriet was particularly pleased with the smooth, creamy, easy-to-apply texture of the lipstick, while I was especially enthusiastic about the mascara, which makes your lashes darker, heavier and curlier without stiffening them.

There are several other preparations in this same line, creams, lotions and nail polishes, all for the same price. Here I'd like to give you a final word of advice from Harriet, who says: "I don't know why so many girls think soap and water

is bad for their skins. The skin on your body seldom has blemishes and you use plenty of soap and water in your bath. We all know that most faces need additional cleansing and care, and I'm a firm believer in good creams and cosmetics, but I never retire at night without having washed my face—no matter what other treatment I might be giving it overnight. However, I'm always careful to get all the soap off my face before drying it."

WRITE me for more information about this new matched make-up which permits you to choose your proper cosmetics unerringly, to harmonize with the one color we are always sure of—our eyes. Did you get the other leaflets on beauty care and costume color suggestions for your type which have been offered during the past few months? If not, and if you'll send me a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query, I'll be happy to mail you Jessica Dragonette's and Benay Venuta's advice to blondes, Lily Pons' and Countess Albani's advice to brunettes, or Deane Janis' and Carol Deis' advice to redheads, as well as the information about this interesting new make-up. And I have a special treat for those of you who like to make your own creams and lotions at home—a recipe for a delightful perfumed cream based on muskmelon and cucumber, which Countess Albani's mother and grandmother used to make for their own use when Countess Olga was a little girl in Spain. Just let me know if you want it, and I'll include it with your other leaflets. Address your request to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

GUARANTEED NOT TO RUB OFF ...

New SHINOLA WHITE SHOE CLEANER

cleans and whitens instantly



READ SENSATIONAL DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

Apply New Shinola White Shoe Cleaner according to simple directions on the carton. Allow shoes to dry thoroughly . . . then finish with a clean, dry cloth, not a brush. If New Shinola rubs off, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.



BOTTLES and TUBES (Two Sizes) 25c and 10c

Miracles Radio Has Worked

(Continued from page 36)

"HER LIPS WERE REALLY ALLURING"



SAID
WARREN WILLIAM



Read why this well known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips



● We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls ... One wore the ordinary lipstick ... one, no lipstick ... and the third used Tangee. Almost at once he chose the Tangee girl. "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

WARREN WILLIAM makes the lipstick test on the set of "The Gentleman from Big Bend", a Warner Brothers Production.

Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! Instead by its magic color change principle, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to the one shade of blush rose to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** ... when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation ... there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee ... be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MAS6
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

idolized you? You were supposed to be an example for your little daughter. Now you are condemning me for walking in your footsteps."

"Two mornings later they found Daddy's body in the little kitchenette of his bachelor apartment. He had killed himself."

"Now, my friend," the Voice of Experience continued, when he had finished reading this letter over the air, "would you want your little girl, now seven, to reach the age of fifteen and face a situation similar to the one I have just read?"

"This fifteen-year-old girl has answered you better than I could. Accept her answer."

Months later this man wrote the Voice of Experience that he had followed his advice, and was darn glad he had done so!

RADIO has, sometimes, done more than a doctor could, effected a cure where medicine has failed.

A few years ago Mary L., of Hazleton, Pa., met with an automobile accident. For three months she lay in a hospital with a fractured left hip, a break and two fractures of the pelvic bone, and plenty of other injuries.

For several months after she was released she hobbled around on crutches. When her mother queried the doctors, they shook their heads sadly. Mary was making as good progress as could be expected, but they were afraid she'd be lame permanently. Nothing could be done about it.

And Mary, being a bright young woman, realized what she was up against. The radio, while it could not make up for the good times of which she was bereft, kept her from brooding. She'd sit listening to it by the hour, trying hard to forget the misery of being alone, a cripple.

Now Mary loved to dance. Somehow, it was hardest to get it into her head that her dancing days were over. One Tuesday night she sat listening to the Eskimos—remember when they were on the air? Harry Reser was leading his men in "The Cake Walk," a dance she had done as a little girl. Her feet began to move slowly back and forth in rhythm to the music. And she began to smile. Why, it felt almost like old times. . . .

When the announcer's happy voice came over the air, with "Are You From Dixie," as the next number, she couldn't restrain

herself any longer. It was like old times! She actually rose and clog-danced, her left side doing as much as her right. Suddenly she stopped short. The doctors were all wrong. She could move. She could walk! And she discovered, after the first shock of triumph was over, that it wasn't a momentary reprieve. She could walk without music. She could stand perfectly straight!

A pair of crutches are going abegging. And today Mary is a normal, happy, fun-loving girl.

I don't have to tell you that the depression has taken its toll of happiness in matrimony. Particularly has it affected young couples, sweethearts who talk and talk of getting married, but who can't see any chance when they're broke and jobless, with no prospects ahead.

Such a couple were Joe and Helen. They had been engaged for almost five years, but what with Joe's just not being able to get placed, things weren't going well. They had begun to be pretty irritable with each other, as is natural when the weary years drag on and nothing happens. Of course, they should have married long before—but how could they? You can't live on love.

In vain Helen pleaded with Joe that things would pick up. That with her behind him, cheering him on, the sledding wouldn't be half as tough. They had waited long enough. Now let them take things into their own hands. She was willing to take the chance. She'd keep her job as stenographer and somehow they'd manage. But Joe couldn't see it. Not until he had a decent job would he ask any girl to share his name. No siree. They'd just have to wait.

THEN they both listened in on Gail and Dan in Dangerous Paradise one day. Maybe you remember the sketch where Gail and Dan have quarreled bitterly over the same problem. Dan, out of work, keeps postponing their marriage. Gail, sick of the whole business, wants to end it all. Finally they make up and Dan agrees Gail is right. They will be married right away. They will take a chance.

As the program ended, Joe turned to Helen. "Maybe they're right, kid," he said. "Let's get hitched."

They did. And marriage was evidently just what Joe needed. For since their marriage he has regained his nerve, and gotten a job at a small salary.



When Ray Perkins took a group of his radio amateurs on a trip through a model bakery the bakers put them all to work rolling out pie-crust. Ray's program, the National Amateur Night, is being heard now via the Mutual Network.

Weak, Rundown Nervous, Skinny Folks!



Without Cost—Make this Amazing IODINE TEST!

Within 1 Week Sea Plant
IODINE in Kelpamalt Must Give
You Tireless Energy, Strong
Nerves, Pounds of "Stay-There"
Flesh or the Trial is FREE. . . .
It Costs You Nothing!

Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of weakness, skinniness and nervous rundown conditions. IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay weak and nervous, tired out and skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls the body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested foods into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 43½ lbs. of spinach or 1387 lbs. of lettuce.

Make this test with Kelpamalt. First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 Kelpamalt Tablets with each meal for 1 week and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Watch flattering extra lbs. appear in place of scrawny hollows. And if you don't gain 5 lbs. this very first week the trial is free. 100 Jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily means for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 172, 27-28 West 20th St., New York City.

SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor cause teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

Perhaps the hardest lot of all to bear is that of the man who has worked and striven all his life in his chosen field, and then, through no fault of his own, finds his work snatched away from him.

Not only closed forever, but with it, too, the door closes on almost every other line of endeavor.

That is what happened to Lawrence F., who as a youth was a highly cultivated musician, who studied piano and violin here and abroad.

In his late twenties a rapidly increasing deafness, which nothing availed to check or cure, gradually forced him to give up his music, and his dreams. And left a mere shell of a man, disconsolate and rebellious. Not only was he unable to play himself, but he could not hear a single note on the piano.

Then he made a discovery. As important to him as Columbus' discovery of America is to us. With earphones, Lawrence could hear over the radio. Yes, actually listen to his lovely symphonies and sonatas.

I don't have to tell you that a good part of his free evenings, when his work as an assistant bookkeeper is over, he spends with his ears glued to earphones, listening to his favorite radio programs.

PERHAPS you are one of the millions who have enjoyed Cheerio's Birthday Programs. Do you remember the broadcast in which Cheerio spoke of various people's conceptions of love and friendship? In which he said that friendship is love with the selfish element removed? And that true love is wishing for a certain person to enjoy the greatest possible good fortune, even if none redounds to oneself? And that all too often husband and wife are lovers, but not friends?

Well, Mrs. M. wrote in after that broadcast. "It certainly fitted my case," she said in part. "Just as if you had known what was happening here. My husband and I have been married a good many years, yet we have silly disagreements constantly. My husband is a generous provider. We own a comfortable home and have two children. Sometimes we do not speak to each other for days. Both of us are stubborn and strong-willed.

"This morning was our wedding anniversary, yet we quarreled bitterly. One thing led to another, and before my husband left I told him I was through, and was going to live with our married daughter. He stormed out of the house.

"Then came your Birthday Guest, with his words of love. Suddenly I saw myself as that guest would see me. It dawned on me that my love for my husband has been without friendship all these years. That I have treated friends, whom I cared for far less than for him, much better. I am going to try to eliminate that self-love and treat him in my thoughts and actions, as I would a dear friend, whom I want to please."

And a year later Cheerio received this letter. "I would be very ungrateful if I didn't write to you on the anniversary of a resolve, and let you know that a year ago I determined to cast out self-love and let that element of friendship rule in my married life. It worked splendidly. Cheerio, though I cannot say perfectly, for I guess I am far too human. However, this past year has been smoother and happier than any previous one and this morning I renewed that resolve for another year. I am happier than I believed possible for an old married woman."

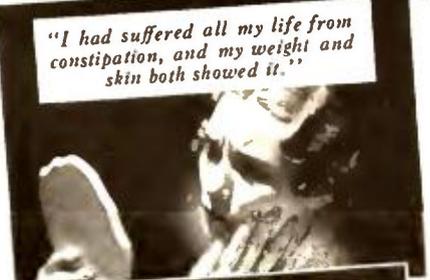
But there are other ways of keeping homes happy than by smoothing out domestic difficulties. Radio has done this by finding lost relatives, to extend a help-

COULDN'T STOP CONSTIPATION

Now Wins 18-Year Fight!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Pettibish
NOTARY PUBLIC



REAL FACTS—not claims—make up the true experience told above. For this intimate letter is one sufferer's actual story, taken from just one of the hundreds of voluntary reports telling how this pleasant, palatable yeast brought welcome relief after years of failure with other remedies.

You, like these hundreds, can end slavery to cathartics with Yeast Foam Tablets. There's no irritation, no violent flushing. A food rich in needed tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the digestive system naturally and stimulate sluggish intestines to normal healthy action. Constipation headaches and other symptoms go—your skin glows, pep returns, and you feel the surging energy of health again.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. And accept no substitute. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. R.G. 5-36

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

If Perspiration were a TIGER



— you'd jump to pro-

tect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scaring claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this surest form of perspiration protection is now the easiest also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, without any sewing, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, \$1.00 and up.



Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**DRESS
SHIELDS**



ing hand when it is most needed and so save a whole family from disintegration. Because of the radio, William B. Edmonson, father of the William Edmonson you hear as one of the Southernaires every Sunday morning at ten, is alive and happy today, enjoying a serene old age with his family around him.

Through the radio he was reunited with his long-lost sister, Mrs. Emma Thompson, who saved the day a year ago, when his own wife died, and left him ill with a family to care for.

Some forty-eight years ago, young William B. Edmonson was a gangling pickaninny in Shelbyville, Tenn. Now back in the 1880's to strike a white man, regardless of who was right, meant lynching for a Negro. In a hot-headed boy's quarrel, he struck and felled a white man.

There was just one thing to do. To flee into the friendly night before feeling would be aroused and bloodhounds set upon his trail. Young Edmonson managed to make a get-away, to bum his way to Chicago. Eventually, he settled in Spokane, married, and raised a family.

For years he longed to communicate with his younger sister back in Shelbyville. But he was afraid to take the chance. The authorities might trace the letter and extradite him, bring him back to Shelbyville to virtual death.

Finally, when he felt it was safe to write, it was too late. His sister had married and moved away; the old folks were dead. His letter was returned unopened.

Last year, the Southernaires were on the air in their regular Sunday morning programs. Among his fan mail William Edmonson discovered a letter from a woman who asked if he was the son of a William B. Edmonson, who had been raised in Shelbyville. She explained she had a long-lost brother by that name.

Investigation proved she was his father's sister, Emma. She lived in Cleveland, was married and had five children.

Immediately, she arranged to pay her brother a visit. At just that time the grim reaper began to fasten his scythe around the radio singer's mother. It was Mrs. Thompson who nursed her in her final illness; who stayed with her brother for five months, till he regained his health.

And because of radio, three young boys in Elmira, New York, have a decent, clean home, and a pleasant, devoted mother of whom they can be proud. It was listening in, quite by accident, to a Seth Parker program, to the little band of villagers singing "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow," that did the trick—and changed the course of four lives. The mother's letter to Seth Parker, which I saw myself, tells the story:

"I'm putting 'personal' on this envelope, and I hope this really gets to you. I've wanted to write to you for months, but haven't been in the right mood. I suppose you get millions of letters telling how much good your Sunday night talks (gatherings) do for people. But I think I can safely say that to no one do they mean any more than they do to me. I've been a widow for six years (Jan. 9th) and those years have been pretty bitter ones for me. I was brought up in a Methodist house and I know every hymn you sing by heart. My husband was a young college man, a highway engineer. We had four fine youngsters, lots of plans for them—and then he and one of the boys were killed by a train.

"WELL, I just went as far from the path I'd been taught to follow as I could. I bought five roadsters, each one faster than the other, neglected my boys, and went to the devil.

"The first time I heard your singing was in a night club at Niagara Falls. Somebody turned the radio to the wrong station. Anyway, you sang 'Where He Leads Me I Will Follow.' I suppose it was the gin, but I hope not, but it was just as though I'd been shot with something. I broke up the party and went home and left the crowd for good. I have a dear friend, a very religious woman, and she and I meet in her beautiful home every Sunday night to listen to your program. We are very careful not to sit where we can see each other's faces. You don't understand what an emotional outlet it is to me.

"Now I'm making a home for my boys and behaving myself. Someday, perhaps, He will say, 'Well done, thou good and trusty servant.'"

There's Rhythm in Cooking

(Continued from page 12)

to make the sauce slightly pink in color. Add cooked chicken, cut in small cubes, and heat through. While the chicken is heating, cut thin slices of ham into four-inch squares and broil, being careful to cook slowly so that they will be well done, but not too brown. Arrange ham slices on a platter, cover each with a mound of creamed chicken, dust with paprika and serve with baked or Julienne potatoes.

If your family is tired of boiled rice, try this recipe for rice milanese and watch their enthusiasm.

RICE MILANESE

- 1 cup rice
- 2 tablespoons butter or olive oil
- 1 clove garlic
- 2 cans chicken bouillon
- 2 cans tomato juice

Wash and drain the rice, then dry in a towel in the oven. When the rice is dry, brown it over a low flame in the butter or olive oil, to which the garlic clove has been added, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. When the garlic begins to brown, remove it from the pan. When the rice has become an even golden brown, stir in, a cupful at a time, the bouillon

and tomato juice, which have been heated together. The rice should absorb all of the liquid, but should be flaky, not soggy. Since this is a rich dish, it can be served without meat, but a perfect accompaniment is steamed asparagus with black butter sauce with lemon juice or a green salad with French dressing.

"Deliver me," says Mr. Reisman, "from the so-called French dressing found in so many restaurants, made with too much oil and a strong vinegar. A real French dressing, to me, is one in which the ingredients are so skillfully blended that no one of them stands out too boldly, and in which perhaps an herb or herb-flavored vinegar has been used for additional interest."

There just isn't room to go into this business of different and varied salads and dressings, but if you would like to have them I shall be glad to send them to you. Also, with the new spring vegetables coming into market, I am sure you will want to try the new vegetable recipes I have for you. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., with your request.

Why I Lost The Man I Loved

(Continued from page 31)



"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, Couldn't even Lie Down!"

WHAT a terrible affliction Piles are! What they do to you physically and mentally! The worst part about Piles is that on account of the delicacy of the subject, treatment is often neglected. Yet, there is no more dangerous trouble than Piles.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo definitely cures several valuable benefits. First, it is soothing, which relieves pain and itching. Second, it is lubricating, which makes passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce the swollen parts and check bleeding.

AHI RELIEF!

Try Pazo and see how efficacious it is! Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory.

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

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FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon. Kotalko Co., 355-Y, Station O, New York
Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name.....
Full Address.....

way to enlarge his ego. Had she held tightly to him he would have realized her love and become secure in his manhood.

But she had not yet learned her lesson in love-intelligence. So she encouraged him to play around with other attractive girls when she went on the road with her company.

His first letters told he was obeying her, trying to scrape up interest in other women. Then he wrote he had found a woman friend who was helping him. He had told her all about Lucy and she understood.

The young soprano was beginning to feel qualms at his increasing enthusiasm. And there is no doubt that even here she might have recaptured him. If she had written that she was jealous, that his interest in another girl hurt her, how he would have loved it!

When she came back to New York it was too late. The other girl had been possessive, had told him she was almost perishing for love of him. He realized, he told Lucy, that he needed such a woman as a wife. She made him feel like a god!

LUCY MONROE is the lyric type of woman, Ramona the epic. She is a tall girl whose walk and look, whose whole personality gives an impression of sweep and strength. But it is womanly strength, the power of a woman who has completely accepted her femininity. A warm earthiness.

If you find in yourself a tendency to mother men, she is your prototype. Her mistake in love is that most common to womanly women, the mistake of being deeply and obviously maternal. The mistake in romantic technique which makes every situation useful rather than glamorous to the man.

The adventure which has taught her to modify her maternalism started one night after a Paul Whiteman broadcast. A young violinist, whose name was well-known enough for her to recognize it, introduced himself. "I knew you were versatile," he cried, "but you amaze me!" For during the broadcast Ramona with unflagging, gay vitality dashes from piano to drums, from triangle to celeste. She takes the studio floor at a run to get back to the piano in time to sing her solo.

"I've never seen anyone so alive!" exclaimed the young violinist. There was a boyish quality about him which drew her. His black, strong hair. Great eyes almost childishly wide. The wonder and zest with which he tackled everything.

They were both newcomers to the city. They learned to know each other and Manhattan at the same time. They ate at foreign restaurants, danced at nightclubs, drove in an old hansom cab through the snow of Central Park. An intimate, delicious gaiety sparkled over everything they did together.

As she grew fonder of him Ramona began to fear as well as treasure this gaiety. It took so much time! Neither of them was getting anywhere with music. She had heard him play and she knew he had it in him to become a great violinist. She felt guilty that he wanted to spend every spare moment with her.

One spring night after her broadcast, they went up to her apartment for coffee. She lives near Sutton Place, and they moved the table to her terrace. Below them lay the whole grand sweep of the East River.

He sat on the floor at her feet, held her hand against his cheek. "Nothing matters

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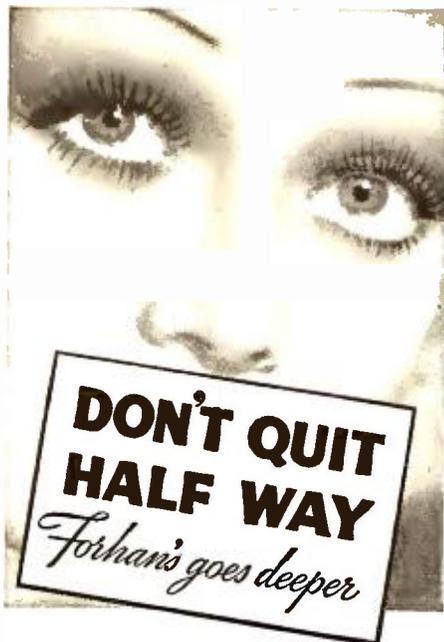
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We hope this message may bring for you the decision now to turn, to change to this modern powdered starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, they don't brown things and you get no spots or rings as with solid starches. We, The Hubinger Co., number 264, Keokuk, Iowa will send our little proof packet. Simply write for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch".

but you!" he cried. "Nothing matters but keeping this marvelous contact, letting it grow and flame!"

"But your work—"
"Can my work give me anything like this?"

She wanted the flame he spoke of, but her maternalism, her wish for his welfare, would not let her take it.

"You are too young!" she told him. "You mustn't consider a woman seriously until you are established. It would be criminal for a man of your genius!"

From that moment their relationship subtly changed. She began to take care of him, to ask about his hours of practice. She advised him to change his manager. In bad weather she cautioned him to wear his rubbers. All the prosy, maternal activities.

As a violinist he prospered. To-day his name is world famous. He considers Ramona his best friend, his ideal woman, calls her his inspiration. But he does not think of her as a sweetheart. And she has ceased to regret the glamour and gaiety that they once had in her own career and activities and friendships.

"But I know now," she says, "that there is plenty of time to mother a man after marriage. But the woman who allows her maternalism to dampen the growing ardor of a courtship will always lose her man. Or rather, she will make a friend of a lover."

IF your are so tactful, so apt to see the other fellow's side that you lean over backward to be kind, you are a temperamental sister of Gracie Allen. Perhaps after reading her story you'll decide that never will you let sympathy keep you from fighting for an attractive man. Perhaps, again, you won't.

It has often been observed that the nitwit Gracie of the Networks is the exact opposite of the sensitive, intelligent woman of Gracie's private life. But there is a bridge between the two, a link.

Every great clown has a cosmic quality of pathos, a universal wistfulness. Charlie Chaplin has it, and so has Gracie Allen. This is the quality within their personalities which gives the genius spark to their buffoonery. And there is this odd pathetic-comic quality in the little episode of how, through being too tactful, Gracie lost a man.

It was about twelve years ago, soon after Gracie had joined Larry Riley's Irish vaudeville act. George Burns was in Riley's troupe, too, and he had at once been attracted by Gracie's small, dark delicacy. But she couldn't see him for dust. All her romantic energies were turned on the blue-eyed, black-lashed tenor of the troupe.

When he got up on the stage and sang "Mother Machree" or "The Curse of an Aching Heart," Gracie would feel the shiver in her stomach that tells her she's in love. The tenor liked her, too.

The Riley act was billed in the various New York and New Jersey variety houses, and wherever it went it was accompanied by a sister act, which usually preceded it. The sisters were Swedish. Sounds of their quarreling could be heard backstage almost any time. One of them, a big blonde with curls, attached herself to Gracie.

Now, Gracie didn't particularly like the girl, but she seemed to need sympathy. So when she wasn't quarreling with her sister, she became the kind little comedienne's inseparable companion.

When the mellow-voiced Irish tenor would seek Gracie out, her Swedish friend was usually close by. Not to injure her feelings Gracie would ask her to come along.

In spite of this weighty drawback the romance progressed. As things became more serious, he suggested that they tell the Swedish girl they were interested in each other and exclude her from their meetings.

But Gracie demurred. "She has a crush on you," she said, "and we don't want to hurt her."

She made such a point about how careful they had to be because of the other girl's infatuation that the Irishman, who had his full share of conceit, began to take an interest in her.

One night the friend said to Gracie, "I wonder if you'd do something for me?"

"Of course!" answered the obliging comedienne.

The Swedish girl continued. "You know, I think J— is beginning to get interested in me. Would you stay away from us a few nights?"

"Oh, sure!" said Gracie. To this day she doesn't know what wiles were used on that poor vain, masculine Irishman. But within a few weeks the Swedish girl was flashing a solitaire.

Gracie had cried in bed more than one night, but she hadn't made a move. She saw the other girl's side too clearly, felt the other girl's need. She was too tactful.

Also, she was too proud! She felt that if a man could be led away by the first minx who flattered him, it was better to let him go.

And she still thinks she was right. "Leaving me just what I am," she says, "I'd like to see what would have happened to a girl who'd tried those tactics on George!"

TOO often what will quicken one man will slow another. That is what makes love-intelligence so tricky a requirement. Adele Ronson made her mistake with a sophisticated, self-confident man of the world. If you are attractive to that sort of man, and you are forthright and ardent and frank, you'll make the self-same mistake if you don't look out.

It happened in the days before Buck Rogers claimed her companionship and she became the daring Wilma Deering of the microphone. She was with that fine old actors' laboratory, The Provincetown Players. Between productions, a gang of them had taken a flying trip to Bermuda.

The most popular man at the Castle Harbor Hotel, where they stopped, was a well-known novelist. He not only wrote best sellers. He was handsome, a fine dancer, a brilliant conversationalist. Almost every girl in Bermuda had decided he was her dream man.

Adele Ronson was conspicuous for her absence of interest in him. She had come to Bermuda to relax. With her were some of the people she liked best. She wasn't in a mood for conquest.

Her dark, vivacious beauty reaches its height in daringly simple white evening gowns. When she was dancing one night in such an outfit, the masculine darling of Bermuda approached her. "I love your abandon when you dance," he said. "Won't you give me the next tango?"

After that first evening, he had eyes for no one but Adele. They learned the rhythmic companionship of bicycling together. They examined the exotic, flamboyant flowers that dot the paths of Bermuda. Between the blue waters and the bluer sky, she began to fall in love.

But she had so little time for him! Frequently when he phoned, she had already made an appointment with her gang. She couldn't give up these arrangements without letting them know of her infatuation. And they would have teased her unmercifully!

He changed his plans in order to sail

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ACID INDIGESTION

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THAT'S JUST HOW ALKA-SELTZER SCARES MY OLD HEAD-ACHES AWAY



HEADACHE

WE'VE HAD OUR ALKA-SELTZER AND OF COLDS WE HAVE NO FEAR

SPRING SHOWERS QUICKLY COME AND GO, ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR



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home on her boat. On shipboard she had even less time for him than she had had on shore. She had agreed to dance for the passengers one evening. On another she was recruited for a sketch. The ship's officers deluged her with attentions. Only in hard-won snatches could he enjoy the treasure of a few moments with her.

As they walked down the companion-way that led back to New York, he was pleading anxiously. "Please keep a little time open for me, Adele! Please let us have long, uninterrupted hours to share!"

And here Adele, outgoing, ardent, once aroused giving all of herself, made her mistake in love. She was too constant, too truthful, too openly attracted, too easy of access. Whenever he telephoned the voice that thrills so many over a national network was waiting to say, "Hello!" She made no appointments, dreading to miss one with him. Worse, she told him how she felt, let him see he had outrivaled all the rest of the world in her affections.

"When a conquest becomes easy," she said, dark eyes twinkling, "such a man simply loses interest. In Bermuda, fate had played into my hands. If I had continued to make myself precious, to pique him with rivalries and jealousies, he would have proposed in no time."

She paused, dark eyes thoughtful. "But you know," she concluded, "I believe it was for the best, though I was terribly hurt at the time. One would have to indulge in constant games and intrigues to hold a man like that. And games and intrigues aren't in my nature!"

So there we have one point on which all our heroines agree. Each now thinks it is better that she lost her man. Is it because the heroes of the tales were really unsuited to the temperaments of our four stars? Or is it sour grapes?



Betty Graham, heroine of NBC's serial, *Roses and Drums*, is to be married at last, in the final episodes of the popular series. Here's Helen Claire, as Betty, in her bridal gown.



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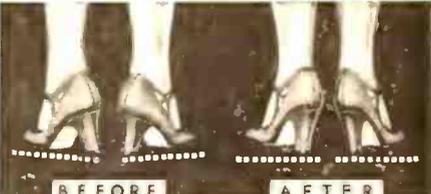
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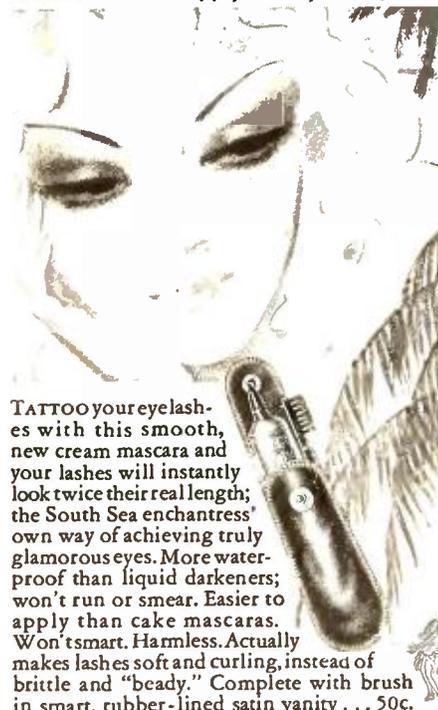
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 10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. Black Brown Blue (check color desired.)
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Adventure Is His Life

(Continued from page 33)

darkness. They say that Kidd cut his way through the tangled wilderness with a few trusted men until he found a suitable spot to bury his plunder, near a huge oak tree. He is supposed to have stationed one man in the tree with a lantern to signal the waiting crew to come to the spot, one at a time and a half-hour apart, carrying their loads of booty.

The legend has it that each sailor was murdered in cold blood as he was burying his chest. Then Kidd marked the tree with a great anchor chain and sailed away—only to be caught and hanged.

As I told all this I could see Thomas' eyes sparkle with excitement. He was in the grip of the same thrill which seizes every boy who reads "Treasure Island."

To back up this mixture of legend and history is the undeniable fact that three different caches of buried treasure have been dug up on Amelia in the last twenty-six years. The cache found near Franklinton in 1899 by two Negroes was estimated to be worth more than \$20,000. Both finders quickly disappeared, and one has not been seen or heard of since. Jan Schreeck, a white man who dug up about \$1,800 in old Spanish, English and French coins near Old Town in 1927, mysteriously dropped out of sight after his discovery. Natives have long whispered that he was terrorized by pirate ghosts.

But I believe that more treasure still lies buried than was ever found—and in a few days, as this is written, our little party will be seeking it.

As I grew to know John Charles Thomas I wondered less at the boundless energy and boyish enthusiasm with which he kept our treasure-hunting project alive during the months which followed that first conference on Amelia Island. I came to realize that adventure is his life—and the more dangerous the adventure, the better.

HAVE you ever watched speed-boat regattas wherein the drivers are stepping on the gas until their frail shells of wood and steel are hurtling over the water at from forty-five to sixty miles an hour, momentarily risking injury and death from collisions or spills? Well, behind this operatic star right now there lies a solid year of such racing.

Entering his Class E runabout, the "Myne" in a score of 1935 regattas, Thomas won every race entered except one, the President's Cup Regatta at Washington. He finished second in it.

Time and time again in this dangerous sport he has narrowly escaped death. His tightest squeeze came during the Chestertown Regatta last summer. The streaking boats, fighting for positions at the first turn, bunched up in a barrage of sound and spray. The "Myne" was rammed by a swerving craft which was later disqualified. Only expert maneuvering on the part of the famous baritone saved him from disaster.

Gunning his runabout at forty-five miles an hour, Thomas has beaten the world's record for Class E. craft.

If Thomas weren't an adventurer at heart, our "gentlemen's adventure" probably never would have been organized. I don't think he will really care a great deal if we don't find any of that treasure. What fascinates him is the excitement and the danger—for there will be danger, and he welcomes it—of looking for it.

We have just had our final conference on the after deck of the "Coconut," Thomas, George Dobyne, and I. Thomas' 90-foot yacht "Masquerader" is provisioned and ready for the 300-mile northward run from Palm Beach to Amelia. The "Coconut," Dobyne says, is awaiting sailing orders. The three other yachts of our flotilla—Kimbark Howell's 85-foot "Kimsure," Bill Berri's "Bolo," and the "Maskee," owned by the Carnegie members of our expedition—have already reported that they are shipshape and ready.

AFTER a final check-up of charts, courses, dates, weather reports and operation plans, Commodore Thomas said that we would rendezvous in Amelia's Fernandina Harbor before sunset gun of next Thursday. Then, acting as expedition chief, I set 6:30 a. m. of the following Friday as zero hour for our treasure hunting parties to invade the tangled jungles of the interior.

Within the next few days, thanks to Thomas' zeal, we may wrest Kidd's and Aury's buried gold from the ground and again raise the cry of "pieces of eight!"

But before this can be accomplished, we must invade an almost impenetrable and primeval wilderness about three square miles in area. It will be necessary to comb it, literally, with electromagnetic and radio instruments which we have secured to aid us to locate the presence of metals embedded in the earth. Our party, consisting of about fifty men, will operate like a military unit, searching a designated section of the area each day until we make a find. Although hired Negroes and available members of our expedition fleet's crew will wield picks and shovels, each member of our party has agreed to do his share of digging.

Ignoring the dubious danger of encountering pirate ghosts which Amelia natives insist guard the buried treasure, we will actually face the hazard of wild animals, rattlesnakes and huge alligators. Only a few days ago, while making some preliminary explorations in the treasure area, we shot two big diamond-backed rattlers whose bite means painful and swift death unless properly treated at once. At the same time we saw plenty of wild cat signs and numerous bear tracks.

But as John Charles Thomas says, these difficulties and dangers are all part of the spice and flavor of the one thing that makes life colorful, exciting, vital and alluring—adventure!

1935 brought Bob Burns to radio stardom. Now it's Frank Fay on whom the spotlight of fame is turned—next month RADIO MIRROR brings you a warm, revealing story about Frank's separation from Barbara Stanwyck and what he plans for the future.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 45)

COMES news of a Paul Pendarvis Club in Pittsburgh, Pa. It was organized by Miss Claire Klis, 1725 Edwards Way, Pittsburgh, and President Claire promises to answer any Pendarvis fans who write to her.

P. S. to Claire: Your letter came just as we were going to press.

THE battle of the music publishers goes on apace, with no agreement in sight as yet between Warner Brothers and the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. Meanwhile, with tunes controlled by Warners barred from the air, you may not be hearing many of the songs from two new Warner musical pictures, "Colleen" and Al Jolson's "The Singing Kid." Warners would like to have these tunes played over the air, but it can't very well make an exception of them and still refuse to let the networks play their other music without payment of an additional royalty.

Ray Noble thought of a way to get around the restriction on his theme song, "The Very Thought of You," which he wrote himself but on which Warners control the copyright. Maybe you've noticed the similarity between the first few strains of it and "By the Fireside," another product of the Noble brain. He just orchestrated it so that the opening bars sounded like the opening bars of "The Very Thought of You," and then used it for his theme song instead. Apparently there's no stopping a Briton once he makes up his mind to something.

JOSEPHINE SIMMS of Swiss, West Virginia, writes in wanting to know the names of the songs Carmen Lombardo has written. Well, here are the outstanding ones: "Footloose and Fancy Free," "Blue Nile," "Sweethearts on Parade," "Coquette," and "Snuggle on Your Shoulder." All of them jumped right into the hit classification.

ACCORDING to the New York WORLD-TELEGRAM popularity poll among radio editors, Guy Lombardo is tops among dance bands. And yet strange as it seems, when he first came to the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, he had a heart-breaking time trying to get people to dance to his music. They thought it was too slow. But he won them over; in fact, he has won the whole country to his music. Guy is a grand chap to know personally, quiet and reserved; he grows on you just like his music. And he's the soul of generosity. He has bought a lovely home for his mother and father in Greenwich, Conn., with beautiful grounds surrounding the place and a lovely pond where he has been playing hockey with his friends almost every Saturday and Sunday during the past few months. And how the home folks enjoy having him about, just like old times when Guy and the boys were tots.

HERE'S tipping you off to a brand new maestro about whom you are bound to hear sooner or later. His name is Dick Stable and he has played brilliant saxophone with Ben Bernie for a number of years. For the past three years Dick has dreamed of having his own band and now he has it and it's due to go places. Dick is one of those big, hearty, handsome fellows, as yet unmarried. You'll be hearing him.

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TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with a glamorous South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible

Tattooed lips can't chap!

Now... for lips... TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color... luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Chap-proof... actually makes lips smoother... younger... much more desirable! TATTOO! Put it on... let it set... wipe it off. Only the color stays... and it really stays... regardless. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the TATTOO Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. Then... tattoo your lips! TATTOO, \$1 everywhere.

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GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

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FRED WARING did very well with his recent theater tour, averaging around \$12,000 a week which with his radio account brought the divvy up to some \$28,000 a week—just about top money for an orchestra leader. Abe Lyman, who has six radio commercials, as well as his own night club, the Hollywood, hauls in approximately \$10,000 a week and Guy Lombardo does around eight or nine grand. It's not a bad business, if you have what it takes.

MARGARET WHITEMAN has certainly done wonders for Paul. He never has looked better in his life and has almost a sylph-like figure. You should see him riding that horse, well like a traffic cop, in the Hippodrome show "Jumbo." And Paul gives full credit to the little lady of his heart. Jacques Renard, who plays for Burns and Allen, has followed Paul's example and taken off seventy pounds recently. Jacques' whole life has been a series of stepping on and off scales. The other day some friends played a trick on him. He was very hungry after a rehearsal and rushed out with them to get a square meal. Before eating they all got weighed and one of the friends, unknown to Jacques slipped his foot on the scale while Jacques was on and pushed up his weight ten pounds. Jacques was so alarmed at this sudden spurt that he refused to eat, although he could have done justice to a nice juicy steak. Later on, his friends confessed and he just about killed them. Incidentally, Jacques is now on the Coast with Burns and Allen who are making two pictures for Paramount.

TEA LITTLE, who is the wife of Jack Little, has solved the problem of marrying a musician and having him too. She is manager of Jack's band and attends to all the business details of bookings, programs on the air, etc. She tells Jack and the boys what to wear and even buys

their uniforms and bow ties. Well, a girl knows better what looks good on a man than he does anyway and best of all, Tea can remain with Jack and see something of him on his tours.

MABEL WAYNE, who wrote "I Wanna Woo" and placed it with one of the Warner Brothers music subsidiaries, sued the latter for \$100,000 claiming her song was headed for a hit as started by Waring, Lopez and other leaders but was killed by Warner Brothers restrictions. Plenty of these suits are expected.

ODD FACTS

THE present craze with Ozzie Nelson and the boys of his band is self-made moving pictures. During band intermissions at the Lexington Hotel, the boys all go to one of the rooms and show each other the latest takes. One of the boys composed a song recently in honor of Harriet Hilliard and called it "Swing Low, Sweet Harriet" . . . Freddie Rich slipped off to Florida during the month and reported on his return he almost perished with the cold . . . The vote of the New York Musicians Union to limit orchestra leaders in the amount of work they could do, as for instance taking five of Abe Lyman's commercials and passing them around to some other leaders looking for work, was voted down . . . While Paul Whiteman and his boys were parading around the ring in "Jumbo," several chaps unobserved climbed up the ladder leading to their stand, which is perched twelve feet high and made a clean haul of the musical instruments. Fortunately most of them were recovered at pawn shops later.

JUST in case you're stepping out some evening and are wondering where to find your favorite purveyor of popular music, here is a convenient list of where they will be playing in March and early



This interesting picture of Loretta Poynton, tiny NBC actress, was taken in her Chicago home. You hear her on various dramatic air shows.

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PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
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- April. It is as complete and accurate as we can make it, but don't be surprised if some of the bands jump to other spots by the time you read this.
- Bernie, Ben—Leveggis Hotel, Boston.
 - Bestor, Don—Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, Can.
 - Busse, Henry—Chez Paree, Chicago.
 - Casa Loma—Rainbow Room, Radio City, N. Y.
 - Coakley, Tom—St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco.
 - Coleman, Emil—Hotel St. Regis, N. Y.
 - Crosby, Bob—New Yorker Hotel, N. Y.
 - Cugat, Xavier—Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles, Cal.
 - Cummins, Bernie—Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago.
 - Denny, Jack—French Casino, N. Y.
 - Duchin, Eddy—Theatre engagements.
 - Ellington, Duke—Theater engagements.
 - Goodman, Benny—Congress Hotel, Chicago.
 - Hall, George—Taft Hotel, N. Y.
 - Grier, Jimmie—Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles.
 - Harris, Phil—Netherland-Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati.
 - Henderson, Fletcher—Grand Terrace Cafe, Chicago.
 - Johnson, Johnny—Commodore Hotel, N. Y.
 - Jones, Isham—Lincoln Hotel, N. Y.
 - Kavelin, Al—Blackstone Hotel, Chicago.
 - Kemp, Hal—Pennsylvania Hotel, N. Y.
 - King, Wayne—Theater engagements.
 - Kyser, Kay—Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh.
 - Light, Enoch—Hotel McAlpin, N. Y.
 - Little, Little Jack—Lowry Hotel, St. Paul, Minn.
 - Lombardo, Guy—Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y.
 - Lopez, Vincent—Ambassador Hotel, N. Y.
 - Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
 - Messner, Dick—Park Central, Hotel, N. Y.
 - Nelson, Ozzie—Hotel Lexington, N. Y.
 - Newman, Ruby—Rainbow Grill, Rockefeller City, N. Y.
 - Olsen, George—Hotel Sherman, Chicago.
 - Osborne, Will—Blackhawk Restaurant, Chicago.
 - Reichman, Joe—Hotel Statler, Boston.
 - Travers, Vincent—French Casino, N. Y.
 - Weems, Ted—Palmer House, Chicago.
 - Whiteman, Paul—Appearing in "Jumbo" at Hippodrome, N. Y.

ABOUT THOSE QUESTIONS
 WE can't promise faithfully to answer all your questions separately, by mail, but that isn't saying we won't do our best. Sometimes we've already answered them in these columns. In asking for information, please use the coupon below:

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Kathryn is a favorite star of KMOX, St. Louis, where she tells the News Through a Woman's Eyes.

SHE'S NO LADY OF LEISURE

By JOHN MATHÆ

LOVE, as they say, plays such funny games. In Kathryn Cravens' case, it switched careers on her, right when she thought everything was all settled.

If it hadn't been for love, the blonde Mrs. Cravens wouldn't now be one of the stars of station KMOX, St. Louis; and she wouldn't have become the first woman news commentator on the air.

To start at the beginning, Kathryn wanted to be an actress and, unlike many girls who want to be actresses, she actually became one. She was born in Burkett, Texas—not a town, hardly a village—where her father was a country doctor of the old school that thought nothing of traveling miles to visit a patient. Besides, he was the village postmaster, druggist, and proprietor of the mercantile store. None of these careers appealed to Kathryn, and she left for Hollywood as soon as she was out of school.

That was in the old silent days, and Kathryn didn't have any difficulty in finding work. Before long, as Kathryn Cochran, she was riding pell-mell over the sagebrush in Wild West films. From movies she graduated to the stage, playing in various stock com-

panies as leading lady for such stars as Leo Carillo, Richard Bennett and Guy Bates Post.

With her stage career well under way, she went back to Burkett for a vacation, and hadn't any more than got her trunks unpacked before a telegram came summoning her to New York to take part in a Broadway show. And on her way to New York she stopped over in St. Louis.

Now, I don't think that stop-over in St. Louis was entirely accidental. I think that when Kathryn bought her ticket it crossed her mind with a thrill of pleasure that given sufficient advance notice of her arrival, Rutherford R. Cravens would meet her at the train.

He did.

Kathryn never got to New York, and she never appeared in a Broadway play. Instead, before her train pulled out, she had become Mrs. Rutherford R. Cravens of St. Louis, and she had given her ticket to a bewildered newsboy, added fifteen dollars, and told him to go East and make his fortune.

Kathryn's husband was a prominent St. Louis business man, with social position and wealth. Her life as his wife should have been filled with

FALLING IN LOVE MADE KATHRYN CRAVENS INTO RADIO'S FIRST WOMAN NEWSCASTER

BLONDE HAIR that turned BROWN



can be lightened 2 to 4 shades with Shampoo-Rinse

BROWNISH Blondes, want hair that's golden, radiant, alluring? Of course that's your wish. Then do what thousands of gleaming, glamorous blondes do to keep their hair soft, silky golden. Use **Blondex**. This unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one, washes the most faded, brownish blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter in just one shampoo! And **Blondex** works its wonders *Safely*, too. For it's an absolutely harmless rinse—not a harsh chemical or dye. Use **Blondex** today. Recapture that golden loveliness of childhood. Get **Blondex** today at any drug or department store.

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New **CLOPAY** Fibre Shades Durable, Decorative, Yet Cost Little to Replace When Soiled

Cincinnati, Ohio—New materials and new methods make automobiles superior to older models at a tenth the cost. Now window shade costs have been cut the same way. For only 15c each, the **CLOPAY** fibre window shade offers advantages not found in older, costlier types. **CLOPAY** shades are made of a long-wearing fibre material which will not crack, ravel or pinhole. They get dirty no faster than other shades yet are so inexpensive that they can be replaced with new ones for less than the cost of cleaning—15c each! New **CLOPAY**s attach easily to the same rollers by a patented gummed strip. Sold by 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere in plain colors and smart, decorative patterns. Send for color samples of **CLOPAY** material **FREE**. Address **CLOPAY CORP.**, 1645 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

her husband's direct hang

cocktails and bridge parties—idle, pleasant (if boring), and easy.

But at the start she told her husband she wanted to work at something that interested her completely, and he agreed not to hamper her in any way. For the twelve years of their marriage, he has kept his promise.

The only difficulty was that Kathryn couldn't find anything in St. Louis to interest her completely. For a while, she strove toward some rather vague dramatic goal, in stock and amateur theatricals; gave recitals, concerts, readings. None of them seemed quite right, until she thought of radio.

HER first effort on the air was over **KWK** in a sketch called "Handy and Mandy," which she wrote and acted by herself. Later, she joined the **KMOX** staff, where she is today, and inaugurated the first feminine news commentating program, "News Through a Woman's Eyes."

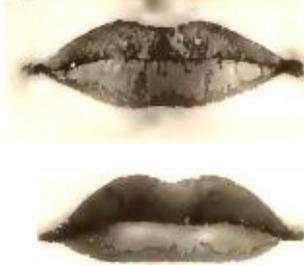
You'd have to follow her around for a day to know exactly how hard she works to prepare her fifteen-minute broadcast. Even on the stage, she was particularly good at impersonations, and now she uses that knack to add verisimilitude to her descriptions of news events, but in order to impersonate you must be on the spot where news is happening, in person. She's been known to spend a day in the midst of a gang of Negro laborers, picking cotton in the field, just to get the "feel" of their language and accent. Another time, she bought the entire stock of an Italian peanut vendor, sack by sack, while she engaged him in conversation. Still another time, she prepared a huge kettle of coffee and a hamper full of sandwiches, which she took down to the levee and passed out to sundry assorted derelicts, talking to them, and listening to them talk, meanwhile.

The result of her thorough-going method of gathering material is that she's one of the busiest news commentators on the air. And another result is that by tuning in on **KMOX** you'll believe your ears and know that women can talk and deliver news at the same time.



The pride of Ken Wood's heart is his pet Schnauzer, winner of many prizes and valued at \$5,000. Ken leads the orchestra on Columbia's Musical Revues program, thrice weekly at 12:15

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Meet Jack Benny's Timid Tenor

(Continued from page 35)

fact that he still had one more year of college and not the remotest prospect of a job. Anyway, falling in love with Gerry had crystallized a wish of his into an ambition—to be a singer. And you don't need a college education to be a singer!

"You need singing lessons, though," Gerry pointed out as she prepared to join her family in Los Angeles, fifteen miles distant from Long Beach. A former resident of Long Beach, her father had recently taken a position in Los Angeles, and Gerry had stayed behind, living with her married sister, until she had finished school.

Well then, Kenny would have some singing lessons. He got a job running a truck for a Los Angeles furniture store.

That summer was pretty terrible. Gerry was in Los Angeles with her parents, and although Kenny spent more actual time in Los Angeles than he did in Long Beach, he only saw her on weekends. Saturday nights, he'd hurry home from work, bathe and eat dinner, borrow his father's car, drive the fifteen miles to Los Angeles, spend the evening with Gerry, and drive back home for a few hours' sleep before rushing back to her on Sunday. The way Mr. and Mrs. Churchill acted wasn't any great help, either. They hadn't any objection to him personally, but they disliked singers, particularly as prospective sons-in-law.

HE studied singing all summer, and when September came, instead of returning to school, he entered the Atwater-Kent audition. He and Gerry had it all figured out. He'd win the audition and make a lot of money, and then they could get married.

Now right here is where this story jumps the track entirely. Kenny didn't win the audition; in fact, he didn't even finish. He didn't win anything.

"What did I tell you?" said Mr. and Mrs. Churchill.

If the Churchills didn't have any confidence in Kenny, though, his father had. He must be a very kind and understanding person. He suggested that Kenny let him finance the rest of his lessons. Kenny hadn't been making enough money to pay a first-rate teacher, or to take as many lessons as he needed. Why not quit that furniture-store job, he proposed, and really go to work studying music? And in February, when the new term would start, Kenny could return to school, too, and finish there.

So that is what Kenny did, and for the next few months he learned a great deal in the art of using his voice. In February, as per schedule, he re-entered college—and in March, very much not as per schedule, the country in and around Long Beach did a shimmy dance, and school closed.

"I decided I just wasn't meant to go to school," is the way Kenny explains his decision not to go back. As a matter of fact, if you remember, it was several weeks before stricken Long Beach could find time to think about re-opening its schools, and by that time Kenny had something else on his mind—that is, it was the same old thing, getting married, but it had suddenly become possible for the first time.

He had a job! He called it that, though it is doubtful if it really deserved the title. It was in a church choir, and the salary was all of nineteen dollars a month. And Gerry had agreed to marry him! Not

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entirely, perhaps, on the strength of the job, but partly because they'd waited almost a whole year already.

They had to go about it secretly—and nobody can say they didn't have time to think about what they were doing. One Saturday they drove to San Bernardino and filed the notice of intention required by California law. The next Saturday they returned to San Bernardino and got the license. The third Saturday they drove to Uplands and were married by a funny little cross-eyed minister.

There were fireworks when they got back to Los Angeles and told Mr. and Mrs. Churchill the good news. For a week Gerry didn't know whether she was going to be forgiven for marrying a singer or not, but finally she was. As for Mr. and Mrs. Baker, they invited the newlyweds to live with them until Kenny found a job which paid better than nineteen dollars a month.

That job, when it turned up, proved to be on a radio program sponsored by Chapman College, the small denominational school which the members of Paul Whiteman's King's Men quartet had attended before success came their way. Kenny was tenor in a quartet, and the college paid him nineteen dollars a week and board for himself and his wife.

While he was still on the Chapman program, Kenny almost sang at a very flossy charity concert, an open-air affair held in a Los Angeles park. He wouldn't have been paid anything for it, but he wanted to do it anyway, for the prestige. The woman who was staging the concert liked his voice, and everything was fine except that he'd have to have a tuxedo, and Kenny hadn't ever had a tuxedo in all his life.

ONCE more his father came to his rescue, and a complete evening outfit was bought. But the weather turned cold, as it sometimes does even in California, and one night when Kenny went to the park for rehearsal he had to wear his topcoat, its collar turned up around his ears. He sang with one hand in his coat pocket, to keep it warm, and the other cupped in back of his ear—a trick he had learned to gauge his tone in a large open space.

The next morning word came that the wealthy woman producer of the concert had decided against allowing Kenny to sing. His posture, she said was bad!

The tux came in handy later, though, when he went to work with a trio at the Biltmore Bowl, with Hal Roberts' band. That job lasted nine weeks.

For a year and a half, the Kenny Bakers lived an up-and-down existence. Kenny worked on the radio sometimes, sometimes at the film studios, doubling for a star who couldn't sing or in animated cartoons. He was in a quartet on the Hollywood Hotel program for a few broadcasts, and now and then on station KFWB. It was all pretty haphazard and uncertain. "We ate vegetable soup and beans for long times at a stretch," Gerry says.

Then, last summer, Eddie Duchin began holding his auditions on the Texaco program. Duchin was on tour, and in each city he visited he chose a young man and a young woman singer to appear on the program.

Kenny didn't have much faith in auditions, or in his ability to win them, but he decided to give them one more try.

The preliminary auditions were held on a Sunday evening, just after Kenny had completed a day's work at a film studio. They dragged on and on; lots of people, it seemed, wanted to be singers. Kenny sang, and they asked him to wait, so he waited. Then they decided to adjourn,



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and continue the auditions on Monday morning, and they asked Kenny to come back then.

But Kenny was supposed to be at work at nine o'clock Monday morning, and the director was a stickler for punctuality. He called up and asked if he could be a few hours late.

"You be here by ten o'clock," the director said. "Not a minute later."

Ten o'clock came, and ten o'clock went, but the auditions seemed to go on forever.

"I've got to win this," Kenny said to himself. "There's no job at the studio for me after this—probably no job at any studio." He had visions, as he sat there and waited, of production costs mounting up, of his name going down on the blacklist of those who can't be depended on.

At last they told him he could go, but to be sure to come back on Tuesday for the broadcast! He'd won!

From now on this is a pure success story. A week at the Ambassador Hotel as part of the Texaco prize, a week which lengthened into eleven; a contract with Mervyn LeRoy of the movies; a request to audition for the Jack Benny show; New York; the prospect this summer of the leading role in one of LeRoy's pictures. It goes on like that.

KENNY and Gerry had been in New York only two days when I saw them, and they were still a little confused. Kenny hadn't ever been farther from Los Angeles than Boulder Dam, where he worked one summer; and Gerry hadn't been farther than Agua Caliente. That Agua Caliente episode, however, gives a clue to why I don't think New York will have much of an effect on either of them.

It happened while Kenny was singing at the Biltmore Bowl. The man who owned the Bowl had an interest in the hotel at Caliente, too, and he sent Kenny down there to sing for a few days. Gerry went along.

"We figured that since all our expenses were being paid," Kenny told me, "we might as well have a good time, so we had our first cocktail. We wanted to have some champagne, too, but we thought perhaps our boss would get sore if we tried to include that on our expenses too. Afterwards we found out that everybody else had spent as much of the boss' money as they possibly could."

"How was the cocktail?" I asked. "Gerry made a face. "It was awful. We've never had one since, either of us."



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What Marriage Has Done

to Lanny Ross

(Continued from page 17)

begun to resent a little the still popular conception of him as a boy in his early twenties surrounded by a distinct aura of romance.

And that is where you who listen to him on the air enter into this picture of the new Lanny Ross about to embark on a concert career. It is you who have built up the Show Boat program, have insisted on the Mary Lou romance, have spoken of Lanny, have thought of him as a boy in his early twenties.

Will you accept another Lanny? It will mean thinking of him in different terms. It will mean listening to him, tuning him in, because of the mature appeal his voice holds. It will mean, as Lanny said, forgetting everything but the fact that here is a grown man wanting to entertain you with song.

Not that Lanny will desert radio. But on his future programs he will act in musical plays like "Blue Moon" which he presented back in January and he'll take character roles which require acting, not romance.

While Lanny was talking to me he mentioned Bing Crosby. I had thought of Bing, too, for there is a singer whose fans still think of him in romantic terms, though he is married and has three children. Lanny admits that Bing has been successful for years without bothering to try to change one whit. But he thinks Bing is unique, a phenomenon that can't be repeated.

SO Lanny intends to be different. intends to have a new personality. And his mind is pretty well made up. But he is wondering what his fans will think, how they will react when they read this. I know he wants you to write him.

But before you write, think a minute of how he lives today, a married man, in a duplex atop a twenty story building. Picture to yourself the living room with its shining grand piano, its deep, low-slung divans, the artistic end tables, the little bar off the entrance hall done in red, with a swinging, waist-high gate, and the beautiful, impressive dining room. Think of the upstairs, of the game room with its bagatelle boards and the card tables.

Think, too, of the farm which is to be an estate soon where he will spend a great deal of the week rehearsing and studying.

That is the new Lanny Ross you can't change. Life has furnished him all this since his marriage. Each day brings rich joys he never had before.

Which better fits this new Lanny? Show Boat romance, youth, dreams—or the stage, the concert, a singer not old because he is thirty but only a beginner because he is thirty?

I think I know what your answer will be.

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Hidden Moments In Their Lives

(Continued from page 38)

Eddie, his valet would wind strips of adhesive tape tighter and tighter around his chest. This strapping did not permit Eddie to breathe deeply, and so the pain was lessened.

"I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep," he said. "In three months I went down from 138 pounds to 118 pounds. I was a nervous wreck."

Time and again, his doctor, his family, begged him to close the show; to give up his stage career and relax; to go to a warm, dry climate, where Nature might have a chance to work a cure.

Eddie refused. At the beginning, the knowledge that the cast of one hundred men and women in the show would be thrown out of work, deterred him.

"But what good will it do these actors if you kill yourself?" his wife, Ida, pleaded. "Then they'll be out of jobs, anyway. Certainly they don't want to work if by keeping their jobs they are killing you."

"You are committing suicide slowly," his doctor told him. "If you insist upon remaining in the show, I refuse to be responsible for your health. It means sure death."

"If your crazy conscience makes you keep on acting," his lawyer said, "then at least cut down your efforts. Sing three songs instead of five. Eliminate a few dances. Don't give so much of yourself."

EDDIE only shook his head. They didn't understand. Entertaining was his life. He must do his best or he was a plain, common cheat. So day after day he plugged on, making you and me roll with laughter, while he grew whiter and more nervous.

Finally the day came when he could no longer go on. He felt he was a doomed man. And he had to close the show.

Now Eddie, who lives on nervous energy, can't remain idle even if he is ill. So his physician, lawyer and family held a conference in which they mapped out a new career for him. He would enter the silk business, where he had fine connections.

They painted a glowing picture of how happy he would be in such a business, where he'd work from nine to five and then come home and relax in the bosom of his family, with no excitement, none of the nervous tension of public life to impair his health. Finally, Eddie agreed.

"First," they told him, "you've got to go for a vacation and rest up." They shipped him off to Palm Springs, in the desert, hoping the warm, dry climate would enable him to fight off his pleurisy.

For four weeks he did nothing but rest. And Eddie Cantor almost went wild from inactivity and boredom. "For hours," he told me, "I'd walk up and down like a caged animal. I was so jealous of anyone working, it was amazing. I'd devour the New York papers for news of what was happening in the theatrical world. The doctor had told me to eat fattening foods, but I couldn't eat enough to nourish a worm."

"And for the first time in my life I was really depressed and pessimistic. With nothing but my illness to think about, it was a wonder I didn't go nuts."

Just a month after he had come to Palm Springs, Eddie decided that he couldn't stand it any longer. The more he thought of his future as a staid, sane business man, the less he liked it. Even if it meant risking his life, he would go

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back to show business. Death would be preferable to merely existing, as he was now. As he would be if he were working at something he disliked.

"The very day I came to this decision," he told me, "I packed my bags and came East." A few days later he was hard at work whipping into shape his biggest stage hit, "Whoopie."

And here is the strange part of the story. He felt grand, much better than when he was resting at Palm Springs! Once back at work, he began to eat like a growing boy. He'd send his valet out between acts for a malted milk. He gained weight and his health improved.

Not that he didn't have relapses. There was the day, for example, when his understudy, Buddy Doyle, had to substitute for Eddie, who lay at home too sick to move.

But the next day that indomitable Cantor spirit pulled him to his feet, back to work. To this day he has to watch his diet and take daily massages. On the whole, though, his health has been better since he came back to the crazy world of show business than for years.

How can that be explained? "I realized that the important thing to me was not necessarily to live a long time, but to be happy and do what I wanted, while I lived. I would rather die twelve years younger and be Eddie Cantor, the comedian, than live a hundred years longer in some dull office job."

NOW that I had realized what my comedy work meant to me, it acted as the greatest tonic on my physical condition. In other words, my mental condition conquered my physical ills. In the joy of being in the biggest success of my life I forgot my illness.

"You don't believe me? Then think of your own experience. You wake up some morning feeling terrible. Your cussed lumbago is back. Then you learn your husband has got a \$10 raise, or that Junior has won the scholarship for college. You feel swell all day, as if you were floating on air. You're in the pink of condition.

"When I keep going I feel as if I were floating on air, every minute of the day. I feel, regardless of how long or short a period I may live, that it has been worthwhile. I am doing what I love. So I truly have lived."

A New Kind of Contest

Next month **RADIO MIRROR** will bring you the details of a **DIFFERENT** contest. The June issue will carry the music to Jessica Dragonette's theme song. It's your job to write lyrics for it. Guaranteed to be fun, and if you win—**BIG CASH PRIZES!**

Barber finds old Book in Trunk. Sells it for \$4000

A small town barber discovered an old copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" in a trunk that had been unopened for years. He hoped to sell it for a few dollars. Imagine his delight when he was offered more than \$4000.00 for that one book. The American Book Mart, the largest company of its kind in the United States, will pay \$4000.00 for each copy of the same edition. They also want to buy thousands of other old books of all kinds (bibles, almanacs, old letters, etc.) and old newspapers, magazines. Many published only 5 and 6 years ago are valuable. A single book that looks worthless may bring you \$50—\$100—\$500 or even \$5000 in cash! Is there a fortune hidden in your old trunks, attic or basement? Better investigate now! Send 10c today to American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. M580, Chicago, and they will send you latest list of old books they want to buy and prices they will pay!

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A young man, visiting his home town, dropped in at a rummage sale and bought a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for 25c. A few days later he learned it was a valuable Edition and sold it for a nice big check. We offer \$100.00 cash for each copy of this edition. Have you some of the thousands of books we want to buy—IN YOUR HOME?



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On the Way to Press

THE madmen you see pictured below have made one historic broadcast of recent months when they broke up the Hollywood Hotel program. Now the sponsors of The Flying Red Horse Tavern (CBS, Friday nights) are threatening to sign Groucho, Harpo, and Chico Marx to take the place of Beatrice Lillie, who took the place of Eleanor Powell. Another possible sponsor for the lunatics is Lever Bros., for a new CBS show. Hang onto your loudspeaker if threats materialize. The mad Marx antics might blast it right out of your house.

RAY NOBLE, very recently, ended another long-term engagement at the Rainbow Room in Radio City and is now setting out on his very first personal appearance tour. For two weeks before he left town, he was jittery with nervousness. All that polished English indifference in his voice must be just a pose.

REMEMBER last Easter the swell Grand Canyon Sunrise Services? This year, Easter is April 12th, and our under cover spy in Colorado had just reported that the broadcast would be repeated. He had seen the show last year by standing on the rim of the Canyon and was pretty darn impressed by it all. So tune in.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW left New York after his two broadcasts just in time. He had stopped the wheels of progress in both Radio City and the Columbia Broadcasting Building every time he walked through the revolving doors. Women dropped their work and ran screaming to make a fuss over the kid. Finally, by the time he was rehearsing for Rudy Vallee's show, the first week in March, his aunt Cissie had to bring him in and take him out through devious back doors and hidden stairways.

DID you hear the famous broadcast Tuesday, March tenth, from a haunted house in Staten Island, New York? There's a swell sidelight that we have unearthed. An offer came from up in Harlem to produce a ghost that would talk. The agency sponsoring the program was interested until an executive brought up the question of censorship. How can you go over a ghost's script beforehand to make sure he won't say anything that might offend? You just can't commercialize ghosts to that extent.



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Dept. 26C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Critic on the Hearth

(Continued from page 13)

GANG BUSTERS—Phil Lord doesn't spare the corpses in his latest concoction. In fact there's no Seth Parker influence here except the hammered moral that crime doesn't pay anybody but Phillips H. Lord. The crimes exploited are the ones that have made Page One and the morgue—the Bonnie Parkers, Dillingers and Pretty Boy Floyds. The story thread is carried by dramatized bits and interview technique, Lord asking obvious questions of a sheriff. The dialogue is smoothly written and played and I'll bet a lot of people tune in who wouldn't be caught reading the same thing in a crime pulp. Lord follows the lead of one of these magazines in passing along "clues" to amateur sleuths about jewelry, evidence and people wanted by the police. Won't his press-agent do nip-ups if one of these broadcasted clues ever leads to an arrest!

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

THE WORLD DANCES—Why didn't someone think of this musical world tour idea before? A Viennese waltz, an Argentinian tango, a fiery Spanish dance and a gay French tune all on the same program—no two pieces from the same land. I'm glad the inspiration waited for Lud Gluskin. One of the most imaginative of leaders, he has made a study of continental tempos and can transport you to any county at will. Buddy Clark and the Cuban Chiquito do the vocals with a Lyric Trio, and the new ivory team of Fray and Baum is also featured.

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

THE OLD PUPPET MAKER—Frank Conroy, as Mr. Hinges, yarns the yearning young with salty sagas of lions, dragons, and such intriguing phantasms as Tittleberry Torridzone, Horatius Hangnail, Pomegranate Potroast and King Peter the Perfectly Terrible. This will probably cause a lot of juniors to run all the way home from kindergarten and annoy mothers who would rather listen to Tea at the Ritz.

NBC Mon., Wed., 4:45 P. M., 15 min.

NORCROSS SISTERS—There isn't another quarter-hour on your dial crammed so full of harmonizing. Martha, Ruth and Gen braid their velvety voices together, the Wullen brothers give the keyboards a twenty-fingered massage, then the whole gang incorporates and the music comes out here—

NBC Wed., 11:00 A. M., 15 min.

MUSICAL REVERIES—Nothing startling about this noontime teaser—just a tried and true formula of ingratiating melodies from Ken Woods' Orchestra and Stuart Churchill's streamlined tonsils. Orson Wells sticks in a poetic thought for the day.

CBS Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 12:15 P. M., 15 min.

THE BIRTH OF A SONG—Having neither been there at the time nor heard a dictophone record of the actual conversation, I wouldn't verify the authenticity of the occurrences in, say, 1690 A. D., which are supposed to have inspired the composition of, say, Annie Laurie. But the song-story dramatizations, as given, make nice listening.

NBC Thu., 5:30 P. M., 30 min.

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LAST MINUTE NEWS

MARY PICKFORD finished three broadcasts from New York March 24. Parties at Pickfair, via Manhattan, should have been the temporary title. Mary moved East to give her a chance to start the advertising for a picture which she is producing. . . . At the same time, the First Nighter program, Friday nights, picked up and set sail for Hollywood. Don Ameche, the leading man in these weekly playlets, is making a picture for 20th Century-Fox. Now these same film magnates are eyeing Betty Lou Gerson, playing opposite



Boake Carter, Philco's news commentator, was asked by the Army to correct a statement made over the air.

Ameche, as another screen possibility. This switch in locale necessitated Don dropping from the cast of *Grand Hotel*—temporarily, of course.

SNOONEY, the lithping stooge who's been on the *Fred Waring* shows, is getting married very soon to Paul Garrett of New York City, according to the soothsayer of the entertainment world, *Variety*. Queerest quirk of all is the fact that Garrett is public relations director for General Motors. Henry Ford's been paying Snooney (Barbara Blair) her weekly checks.

THAT maestro from Great Britain, Jack Hylton, may not return to his native land after all when he completes his CBS radio contract for Standard Oil of Indiana on April 5. His plans to head back across the water immediately after that date are being held in abeyance while negotiations go on with a new sponsor.

BOAKE CARTER, Philco's news commentator, had no less an organization than the United States Army cross at him recently, when it called upon him to "correct an impression." The impression, given by Boake on a recent broadcast of his for Philco, had to do with the burial of the late Brigadier General William Mitchell. Mr. Carter, up to the time of going to press, had refused to alter his

stand that the War Department had denied Mitchell burial in Arlington Cemetery. "No correction should be made," Boake said, "because no error was made."

NOW that you've seen Harriet Hilliard in "Follow the Fleet," starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, let it be known that Harriet and her husband Ozzie Nelson, the bandleader, have decided that no more romance stories should be written about them. Ozzie says, if you ask him, that he and Harriet want to be thought of more as a comedy team than a romantic couple. And if you heard them on the Rudy Vallee program the last week in February, you'll agree that they're giving comedy a try. Personally, we've already cast our vote for Romance. Comedians aren't created overnight. Harriet, by the way, is very soon hurrying back to Hollywood for more pictures. RKO was very impressed by her work in her debut.

HERE'S a picture of how radio works ahead of time when necessary. By the middle of February Ben Bernie had signed Pat Rooney for his St. Patrick's Day broadcast. Ben signed him up so far in advance because he was afraid all the good old Irish names would be snapped up by his competitors if he loitered.

HELEN HAYES goes off the air the last of March. It was still a secret when this was written. The agency wanted it kept quiet—perhaps because it feared that listener audiences in a serial might die out if fans knew Helen was soon to leave her broadcasts.

THERE'S a new secret way of rushing big stars out of Radio City before autograph hunters can surround and stop their favorites from making a break for freedom. From the huge eighth floor studio, the artist is whisked through darkened corridors, down a back elevator to the basement, and then underground across the street where a small exit leads to the sidewalk. Nelson Eddy used this for the first time after his guest appearance on the *General Motors Hour*.

NEW YORK CITY'S WHN had quite a celebration a week or so ago when it increased its power to 5,000 watts. They even persuaded Anning S. Prall of the Federal Radio Commission to address the station's audience, broadcasting his message from Washington. Several Congressmen joined in the greetings.

FRANCES LANGFORD is going to make a picture for M-G-M some time soon. May Robson will star and Madame Ernestine Shumann-Heink also will be in the cast. The tentative title that's been selected is just plain "Gram."

THE new Chrysler show, which was scheduled to start March 12 as we went to press, welcomes back to the airwaves one of the favorite baritones of radio, screen, and stage—Alexander Gray. Charles Hanson Towne, noted author and columnist, and heard before this on the air, is doing the story-telling and philosophizing on the program, and Mark Warnow's orchestra, assisted by a chorus of fourteen mixed voices under the direction

of Lyn Murray, supplements the Gray voice. Listen in over the Columbia chain on Thursdays at 8 o'clock.

ONE of your favorite radio funnymen of the moment, Frank Fay of Rudy Vallee's Fleischman Yeast hour, is turning author soon, with some magazine articles and stories. It ought to be easy for Frank, since he is one comedian who writes practically all of his own script. Sometimes he even writes it as he goes along during a regular broadcast, so that even Rudy and the boys in the orchestra don't really know what's coming next.

SPEAKING of radio authors, the above mentioned Boake Carter is another. He has already had one successful book published, and will have another one out early in April. Its title at present is "America Speaks!" but it may be changed before publication.

THE world of radio invaded the chapel at West Point on Sunday, March 1, when Jerry Belcher and Ruth Love were married there. Jerry, you know, is one of the two enterprising young men who grab people on the street and interview them in front of a microphone before they can run away, for NBC's *Vox Pop* show. The bride is the sister of Everetta Love, of the NBC Magazine Service department, and her brother, William Love, is a second-year student at West Point. Parks Johnson, Jerry's partner in his broadcasts, acted as best man.

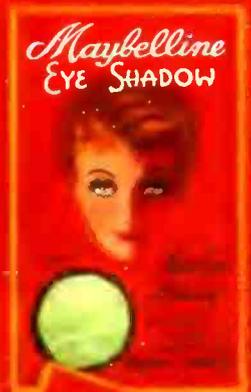
REMEMBER Mary Lewis? And did you hear her radio come-back on Ben Bernie's program March 10? She is the former Follies girl who ten years ago turned to grand opera and made a success



Al Lyons, Mary Pickford's orchestra leader on her Hollywood broadcasts, with the hostess of Pickfair herself.

of it, then retired to become the wife of Robert Hague, Standard Oil vice president. Now, after five years of non-professional life, she's making her come-back with several guest appearances scheduled to follow her Bernie engagement. She isn't going to sing anything but popular songs, however, in arrangements by Ferde Grofe.

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