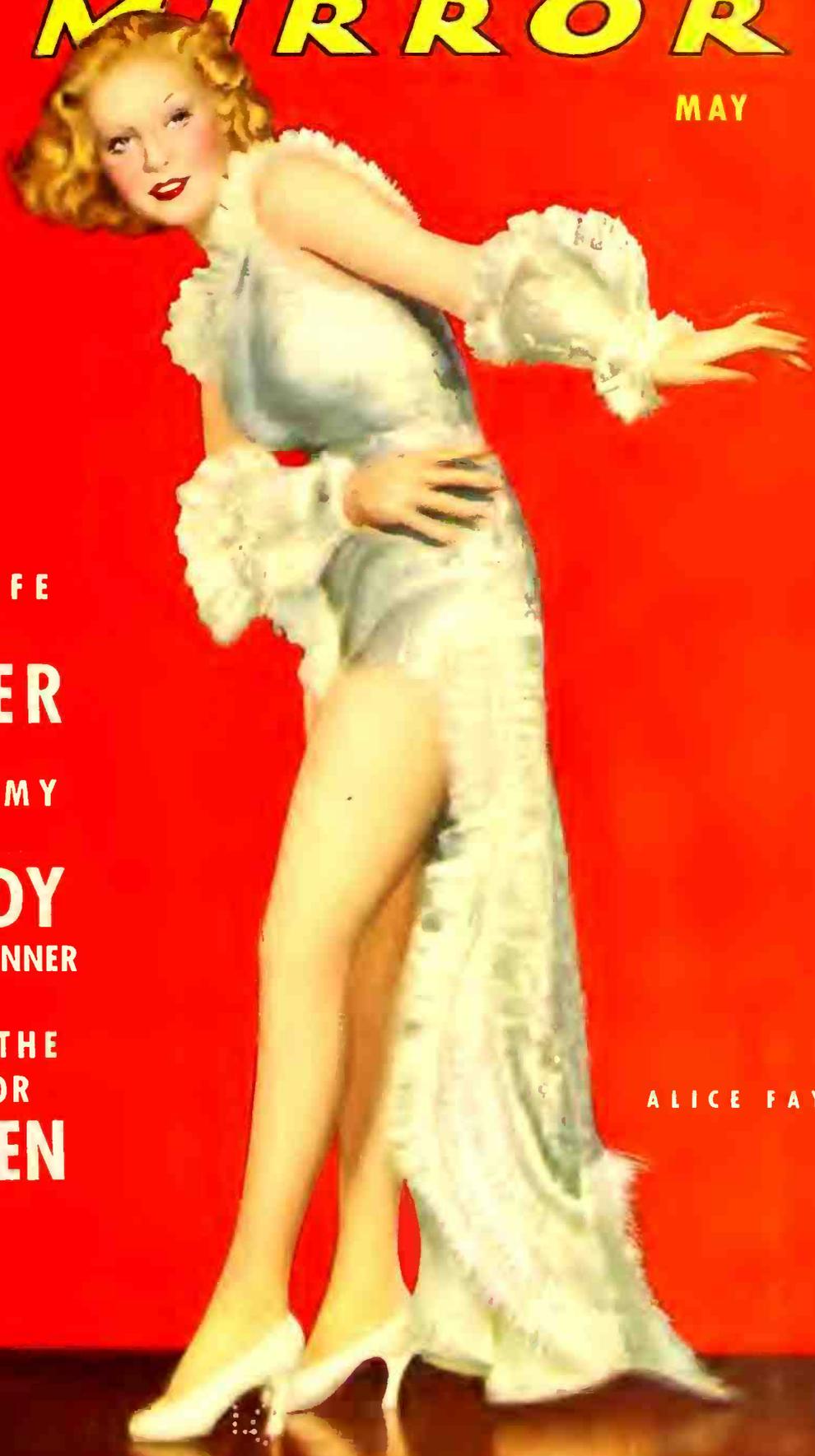


BIG CASH PRIZES - PICK AMERICA'S FAVORITE SONGS

Radio MIRROR

MAY

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



ALICE FAYE

Beginning

THE STORMY LIFE
STORY OF

PHIL BAKER

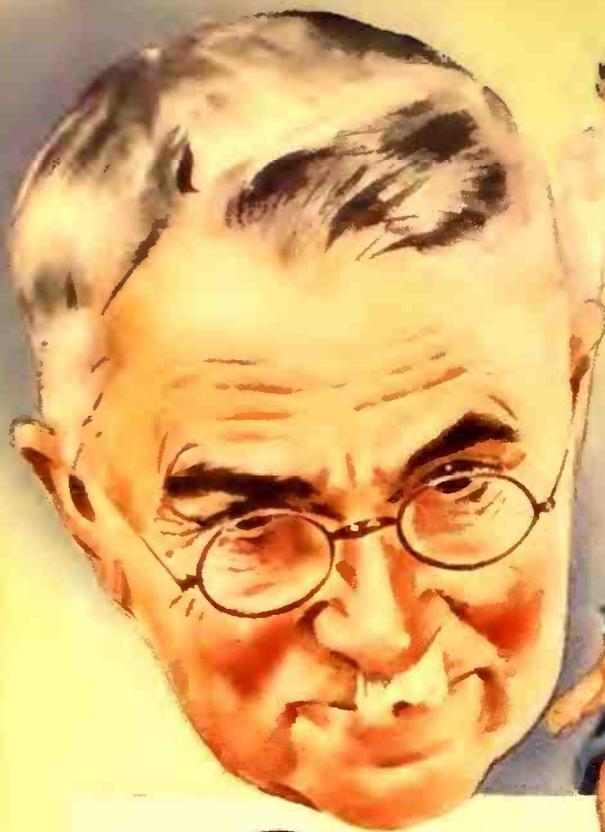
TRUE STORY OF MY
TOUR WITH

NELSON EDDY

Revealed by NADINE CONNER

STRANGE THREAT THE
FUTURE HOLDS FOR

BOBBY BREEN



Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe says:

"Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

All Reproductions Copyrighted 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

**AMERICA'S FAVORITE
TABLE SYRUP**



Rich in **DEXTROSE**—*The Food-Energy Sugar*

HE8690
.R16

**Lovely lashes demand her attention
but not a second for her tender gums**



-ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

LET her labor over her lashes until she is late for the show...let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her *dull, dingy* smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Yet she *could* have—*can* have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness...

a smile both good-looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush—knows it and *does something about it!*

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
"Pink tooth brush" is a distress signal. When you see it—*see your dentist*. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that need the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

Play safe. Even before you see that tinge of "pink," schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—*and safer!*

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste

2/3/4/38
N.W. 11/4/38

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COMING IN THE JUNE ISSUE

On Sale April 23

Who is Fred Astaire's shield against the prying eyes and tongues of Hollywood? You'll never guess, unless you read the revealing story next month . . . Also, another chapter of Phil Baker's life story, and many other sparkling features.

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COVER—Alice Faye—Painted by Tchetchet

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NO USE, MISS *Scrub-Hard,*

No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste.



Pepsodent alone among
Tooth Pastes contains **IRIUM**

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..

Pepsodent requires **NO SOAP**..
contains **NO GRIT**.. **NO PUMICE**
— *Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..

Pepsodent gently floats film away
— instead of scraping it off.
— *Thorough!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..

Pepsodent, with massage,
stimulates gums.
— *Refreshing!*



Change to

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE *containing* **IRIUM**

The modern way to
remove film and win flashing
new luster on teeth

● Attention Scrub-Hards! A thrilling new dental discovery now makes your brushing *thoroughly effective!* It steps up the cleaning power of tooth paste—removes dingy film and helps polish your teeth to a sparkling luster you never thought possible!

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—ends Scrub-Hard disappointment. It *obsoletes* the harsh abrasion of older methods—provides a smooth, gentle washing action that speedily loosens clinging film and floats it away like *magic*. Now proper brushing gets *results*—in teeth that shine with natural brilliance.

Completes the formula for beautiful teeth

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush—penetrates between teeth—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth will stay bright and feel clean much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it today!

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM



All Pepsodent now on sale
contains IRIUM.

WHAT'S NEW?

By
TONY SEYMOUR



Above, Walter Winchell, whose first movie, "Wake Up and Live," carries his feud with Bernie into film immortality.

Will Fred MacMurray remain on Hollywood Hotel or not? Many and conflicting are the rumors. At left, with Raymond Paige.

TUNE in on the NBC Red network any Sunday noon, eastern standard time, and if you listen closely you'll hear the rumble of an approaching revolution. A revolution in radio, that is.

Only a couple of weeks ago NBC turned over a weekly half hour to the Paramount studios in Hollywood, on a sustaining, non-commercial basis. Paramount, with all its vast entertainment resources to draw on, is filling that half hour as it pleases. And from a sustaining show of this sort, as I see it, it's only a step to sponsorship.

For some time, sponsors and picture studios have been trying to get together. A few months ago it was Henry Ford and M-G-M; a few weeks ago it was General Mills

and 20th Century-Fox. Warners, as reported elsewhere in *RADIO MIRROR*, has a show all ready to sell to some bank-roller. And now along comes Paramount and actually breaks the ice by putting its whole studio on the air.

* * *

The whole business of studios entering radio in a body indicates a complete right-about-face in their viewpoint. It wasn't so long ago that the movie boys were sticking out their tongues at radio, claiming that it hurt their stars at the box office to be on the air so much. Perhaps, in his modest way, Walter Winchell has had a good deal to do with this reversal of opinion. (Continued on page 73)



JOSEPHINE: *Poor Lizbeth . . . she simply hasn't any men friends.*

CAROLYN: *It's the same old trouble* . . . she can't hold her friends because she can't hold her breath.*

*For halitosis (*unpleasant breath*), there's nothing like LISTERINE

When is a Woman on the Shelf?

by SUSAN BROWN

IS it when telltale rolls of fat begin to appear in the wrong places? Is it when ugly little lines start running across a face that might have launched a thousand ships? Is it when the hair grows grey and the muscles get flabby?

Sometimes "Yes," but not always. A woman may have all of these faults but if her charm persists she is welcome, often sought after.

The thing that really puts so many women on the shelf—so many young women, mind you—is a trouble that often isn't sus-

pected at all. I speak of the condition of the breath.

Why so many women, otherwise fastidious, dare to assume their breath is without reproach is quite beyond me. Dozens of my friends offend this way, then wonder why they are out of the social swim.

Are you one of those forgotten women? I trust not. After all, is there any excuse for the breath being anything but pleasant when Listerine, the quick deodorant, is probably sitting right on your bathroom shelf, inviting regular morning and night use?



**BE POPULAR;
GET RID OF BAD
BREATH**

The insidious thing about halitosis (*unpleasant breath*) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friends won't tell you. Why risk this humiliating condition? Why guess about the condition of your breath when you know that Listerine Antiseptic, used morning and night, halts fermentation, the major cause of breath odors and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. No fastidious person neglects this pleasant morning and night precaution with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
the quick
deodorant



MORE NEWS ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

BY RUTH GERI



Above, two of the Packard program's favorite singers—Francina White and Trudy Wood—caught watching the broadcast.



Right, the tiny new star who's won acclaim on The First Nighter show this winter, Barbara Luddy. She's with Irvin S. Cobb.

Above, Chester Lauck, the Lum of Lum and Abner, Bob Burns, Don Ameche, and Norris Goff, the other half of Lum.

SPORTS writers will tell you there is nothing unusual in a phoney fight, which is exactly what this widely ballyhooed war between moving picture exhibitors and radio sponsors over the use of guest stars seems to be. The studios would have you believe the exhibitors are squawking because they claim guest star appearances by big picture people hurt the box office. The real low-down as I get it is that the studios themselves are inciting such complaints because they want to collar some of the important money for themselves.

Within two months you will see major film studios breaking out in a rash of sponsored radio programs emanating directly from the movie lots. Warner Brothers already has led the way, by sending a celluloid "audition" of Dick Powell in Movieland to New York where it was viewed by three prospective sponsors, including a cigarette concern which came back

with a definite offer. The sample program consisted of Powell as emcee, Leo Forbstein's band, the Dudley Chambers chorus of forty voices, and Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart in a scene from "Kid Galahad."

* * *

ESPRIT DE VAUDE—When Block and Sully came to Hollywood for a guest spot, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor and Burns and Allen, all of whom used to work in vaudeville with the veteran team, pitched in and helped them prepare material, constituting Hollywood's highest priced battery of gag writers.

* * *

HOUSE FOR SALE—It is a fact that Charlie Butterworth and the missus have definitely separated. The house Charlie is building in Holmby Hills will be put up for sale when it is completed.

* * *

POINTS OF VIEW—The New York gossip columnist who likes to talk about himself tells friends movie work is arduous and nerve wracking, but Irvin S. Cobb, who ought to know, contradicts with "I like to work in pictures because, although it is a little hard on the feet, it affords complete mental relaxation."

* * *

WHAT'S MERE MONEY? — Although he could make a lot more money by staying in Hollywood, Joe E. Brown loves baseball so much he's going to stay in Chicago from April to October to broadcast the ball games locally for a breakfast food concern.

* * *

PREMONITION—John Miltern, veteran Hollywood character actor, went to see "Rainbow on the River" with his friend Basil Rathbone. Miltern was so impressed by Bobby Breen's singing he said to his friend: "When I die I'd love to have that boy sing my requiem." Three days later Miltern was killed by a hit-and-run motorist—and Rathbone got Bobby to sing "Ave Maria" at the funeral!

* * *

WEDDING BELLS—Joy Hodges will marry Don Barry, of RKO, as soon as he finishes work on "The Woman I Love." He's given her an engagement gift of a pair of silver foxes. There will be a job for a preacher shortly too when Barbara Luddy and John Gibson set out to live cheaper than one. They have been shopping for a San Fernando valley homesite.

* * *

HE'S OFF!—Joe Hernandez' work in calling the races at Santa Anita over a local station landed him a CBS network job of broadcasting the \$100,000 handicap, a well-deserved tribute to the best race broadcaster your correspondent has ever heard.

(Continued on page 95)

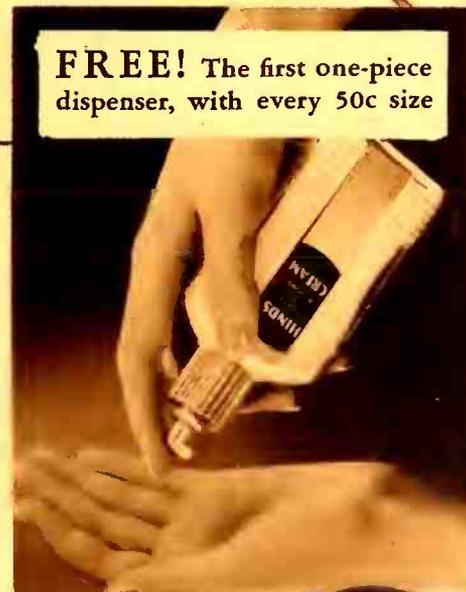


HERE comes the bride...and an adoring husband feasting his eyes on her skin. Smooth, velvety-soft...in spite of nippy winds! Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream yourself for bride-like skin. Now that it contains Vitamin D, it's better than ever—gives skin some of the benefits of sunshine. Skin feels so much softer!

**FAMOUS LOTION NOW
CONTAINS VITAMIN D...
SOOTHES CHAPPED SKIN
FASTER**

SPRING PLANTING stains, roughens skin. Use Hinds to ease that "tight" drawn feeling...change chapping into smoothness *fast*. With its Vitamin D, Hinds seems to smooth even scaly places

FREE! The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size



Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

**QUICKER-ACTING...
NOT WATERY!**

**Hinds— with Vitamin D
in it— does dry skin
a world of good!**

Now, more than ever, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soothes and softens dry, chapped, windburned skin. This beloved hand lotion, long famous for the good it does, now contains Vitamin D! This vitamin is *absorbed* by your skin... gives it some of the benefits of sunshine. Use Hinds regularly to fight cracked knuckles, chapping, rough "sandpaper hands." Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does skin more good than ever! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c.

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS



Richard Svihus and Ann Shelley, above, who play Pinkie and Joan in *One Man's Family*, carol their Easter greetings to this program's loyal fans.



Al Helfer, above, the 250-pound sports announcer at WLW, Cincinnati, is Floyd Gibbons' closest rival in rapid-fire delivery.



Indiana sports enthusiasts have learned to put their faith in the predictions of John W. Hackett, above, commentator for WOWO.

By **RUSS KING**

HOLLYWOOD: If you are a Southern Californian, you can tune in KECA's twice-weekly and KFI's once-weekly *Headlines from Home* program, and sit back while your home town news trickles through your loud speaker. News coverage for these programs is determined by the old home towns of Southern California's million out-of-staters. If news from your home town is being omitted you only have to write KECA and KFI about it, and they'll

be very happy to put some on the air as soon as they can.

Des Moines, Ia.: Not only does it pay to advertise but it pays to know what you're advertising, as Qwen McCleary, women's radio director for the Iowa Broadcasting System, learned when a local women's shop decided to go on KSO with a stylist. The shop chose Qwen for the job because she had been purchasing all her clothes there and was best acquainted with the merchandise.

Ft. Wayne, Ind: John W. Hackett, WOWO sports commentator, has added the play-by-play broadcasts of the 1937 Indiana State High School and Catholic High School basketball elimination contests to his long list of microphone accomplishments.

Coming to WOWO from Erie's WLBW in Pennsylvania, John has an enviable record in various branches of radio. The sports field, however, is his first choice for microphone fodder and his consistently accurate predictions in that field make the choice understandable.

* * *

New York: Listening to WNYC's Sunday afternoon musical program from 3:45 to 4 it is hard to believe these talented artists have never seen the notes they so expertly play. But such is the case. They can only hear them, or feel them when, with their educated fingers, they study their Braille music sheets. Through contributed funds, the National Bureau for Blind Artists hopes to present, at a professional salary, every capable blind artist to radio audiences on this weekly series.

* * *

ADVENTURE

A new National Park service venture brought about a new and interesting radio venture. A venture reminiscent of Admiral Byrd's expedition to Little America.

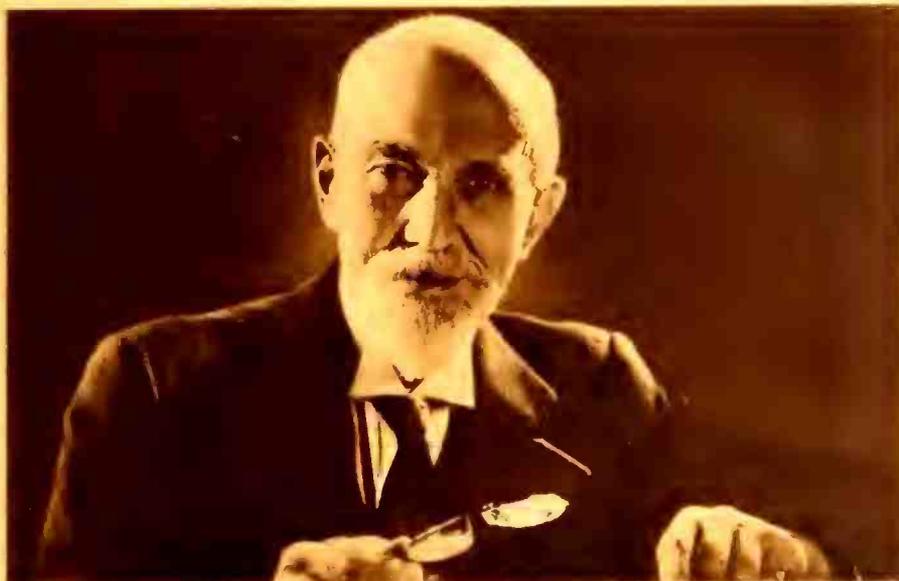
In Lake Superior, one hundred and sixty miles northeast of Duluth, Minnesota, on narrow, rugged Isle Royale, one hundred and fifteen men and two women occupy the winter camp of the national park service. These island inhabitants, who from the close of navigation in the fall until it opens in late spring would ordinarily be cut off from all communication with the outer world, can exchange messages with relatives and friends elsewhere.

And radio, of course, made it possible. The Empress Coffee Isle Royale Broadcast, a half-hour program over stations WEBC, Duluth, WMFG at Hibbing, Minn., WHLB, Virginia, Minn., short wave W9XJL, Duluth, and short wave WSHC, Isle Royale, has established a two-way communication between the island and Head of the Lakes. The program, sponsored by wholesale grocers Stone-Ordean-Wells, is heard each Sunday from 3 to 3:30 P. M., C.S.T.

Although the main purpose of the broadcast was transmission of messages and letters to and from the marooned islanders, other interesting and informative programs originate on the small isolated island.

WEBC's staff member, Frank Watson, who made periodic trips to the isle during (Continued on page 84)

How would *your* laxative rate with the doctor?



YOUR DOCTOR is your friend. He wants to help you guard your health. And he is just as careful about *little* matters affecting your welfare as he is about the more important ones.

The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry *you*. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

Consider the various points listed below. Will the laxative *you* now use meet every one of them?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

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

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this: Ex-Lax checks on *every* point! No wonder so many doctors

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

use Ex-Lax themselves and give it to their own families. For more than thirty years, mothers have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST OF EX-LAX

Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax is mild, is gentle, is thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. You'll observe that it does *not* over-act or upset you. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being.

If you have been taking nasty, druggytasting purgatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking Ex-Lax. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

-----**TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!**-----
 (Paste this on a penny postcard) P-67
 Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
 Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
 Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....Age.....
 (If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

FACING THE MUSIC

Richard Him-
ber and Stu-
art Allen



Rudy Vallee, Har-
riet Hilliard, and
Ozzie Nelson



NEWS—THEME SONGS—PERSONALITY SKETCHES—ALL THE THINGS YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE MEN WHO BRING YOU THE SWINGY RHYTHMS OF MODERN DANCE MELODIES

GIRL vocalists! To be or not to be, that is the question the country's leading radio bandmen are asking. Just recently Alabaman Hal Kemp decided to do without the services of lovely Maxine Gray. Yet Red Nichols, who never in his career hired a feminine warbler, saw the handwriting on the wall this year and hurriedly hired a girl vocalist. The Nichols' singer, Arlene Owens, got the job when she auditioned by long-distance telephone from

her home in St. Louis. Red listened to her in Cincinnati. Two of the nation's top dance bands, Guy Lombardo and Wayne King, never employ gal singers. Shep Fields, Freddie Martin, Ted Weems, Emil Coleman, Eddie Duchin, and Don Bestor second the motion. But Horace Heidt, who uses no less than five women in his setup, and Ben Pollack, George Olsen, Nat Brandwynne, George Hall and Enoch Light consider them invaluable. (Continued on page 97)

"Beauty Bath"

WHEN PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES SAY THAT ABOUT A TOOTH PASTE
YOU CAN BET IT IS!



KAREN SUNDSTROM, Swedish beauty, of New York, and 21, says "It gives teeth the flash that studios demand—a real Beauty Bath."



GRACE ROWLAND, of Virginia, says "A perfect Beauty Bath for teeth—and it gives the mouth a feeling of dewy freshness."



BERNICE GREEN, of Indianapolis, says "So many girls in the studios use Listerine Tooth Paste that I heeded their advice and use it myself."

● If their beauty fails they're out of a job . . . these radiant women of big New York commercial studios. They favor only products that have proved themselves able to foster and heighten their precious good-looks—safely. That is why so many of them use only Listerine Tooth Paste. Enthusiastically they call it their "Beauty Bath" for teeth; they've seen the startling results it achieves.

Why not for you?

Why not give your mouth that wonderful feeling of freshness . . . your teeth the radiance, flash, and brilliance that others enjoy?

Put aside the dentifrice you are now using and try Listerine Tooth Paste. You will be amazed to find how quickly—and safely—it makes the mouth feel youthful—the teeth look young, radiant, enticing.

Satin-Soft Cleansers

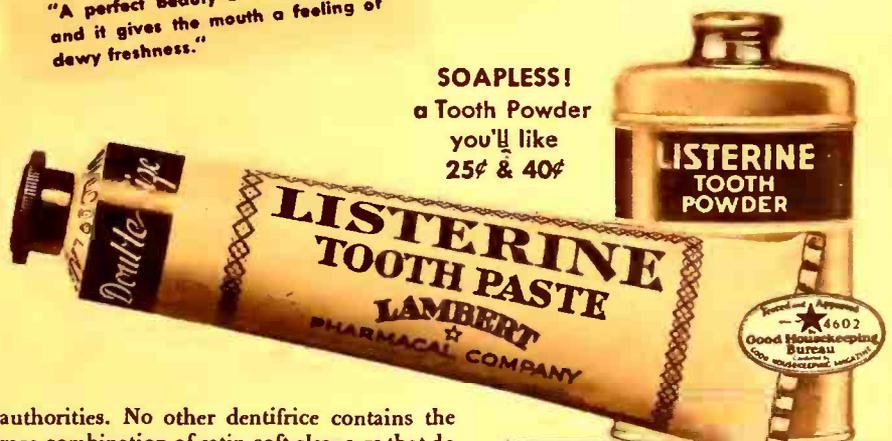
Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental

authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth paste contains the delightful fruit flavors that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Risk a quarter and try it yourself. See what a difference it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
 St. Louis, Mo.

SOAPLESS!
 a Tooth Powder
 you'll like
 25¢ & 40¢



More than 1/4 POUND
 of tooth paste in the
 double size tube · 40¢
 Regular size tube · 25¢

A Clean Face

is the secret of radiant beauty



BEAUTY authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

New kind of cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach. But its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream many times more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

Make this simple test

Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe



it off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Try it tonight. See for yourself how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store for just \$1.00.

Daggett & Ramsdell

GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

Dept. MF5

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name.....

Street.....

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

Code 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

WE want your huzzahs and your hisses, so sit down and write your viewpoints on radio and let the chips fall where they may. You'll feel better when you're finished and remember—once the letter is in the mail, it's on its way towards winning a cash prize. The best letter is awarded \$20.00, the second best gets \$10.00 and there are five additional prizes of \$1.00 each. Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., not later than April 27.

This month's winners:

\$20.00 PRIZE

IS RADIO GOING VAUDEVILLE?

The surprising mid-season changes in radio programs are causing much speculation among listeners. Certainly there are far too many sixty-minute variety shows on the air, and the effort to keep going and maintain the desired pace for an hour seems to be causing many headaches. Radio programs, like many recent films, seem to have gone vaudeville in a big way; they are just a succession of specialty acts. After listening for many weeks, I feel convinced that most of them would be twice as good if they were just half as long. In spite of the enormous sums expended by sponsors and all the advance ballyhoo last fall, programs this year are on the whole less enjoyable than in other seasons. And when I say enjoyable I speak as a listener for whom the superb singing of that distinguished artist, Nelson Eddy, represents an all-time high in radio entertainment, but who also seldom misses the inspired clowning of such stars as Eddie Cantor and Burns and Allen. In other words as a listener of varied tastes.

LYDIA KING,
Drexel Hill, Pa.

**HERE'S THE PAGE
FOR YOU READERS
WHO WANT TO EX-
PRESS YOUR OPIN-
IONS ABOUT RADIO**

\$10.00 PRIZE

HAIL TO FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY!

Where have they been all these lean years? I mean Fibber McGee and Molly. How we ever survived the depression without laughs from these incomparables is a mystery to me. Just when I was becoming so bored with the stale comedy that infested the airlines, up sprang McGee and Molly with a brand of humor that even keeps grandpa up past his bed time. I actually think it's a radio renaissance. If they're not headlining radio row soon, well, I miss my guess.

T. J. BOLEND,
Kansas City, Kansas

\$1.00 PRIZE

WHAT DOES FATHER SAY?

"What will your father say?" You never can tell what Father Barbour will say. It is because of his inconsistencies that Father Barbour appeals to me as a very human character. The ideal father of books and the movies deals out opinions and judgments that are Solomon-like in their wisdom. But this is not the father we meet every day in our own families, or in One Man's Family. Father Barbour makes mistakes. Father Barbour's judgment is not infallible but his heart's in the right place. He finds it difficult to understand his "bewildering offspring," grieves over their mistakes, and laments the demise of the ideas and ideals of his own generation. But his kindness, his unselfishness, his old fashioned philosophy and sense of discipline win the respect of this One Man's Family and of the radio audience. Long may he rule, and long may "Fanny" rule him.

MRS. HARRY KING,
Ann Arbor, Michigan
(Continued on page 72)

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

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

**If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . it will cost you nothing!**

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

You Appear Smaller at Once!

Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! 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 hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where the disfiguring fat first accumulates.

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!

The Safe, Quick Method

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 next to the body.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

Send Today for 10-Day FREE Trial Offer and Sample of Material

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 Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Make-up

**YOU CAN LEARN IT FROM
THESE YOUNG STARS OF
RADIO AND THE THEATER**



The lovely young actresses who work on the stage as well as in radio must learn how to make up for behind the footlights and on the street, besides. Above, Rita Johnson, of the CBS Workshop show.

Another Workshop actress is Elizabeth Love, left. From Jane Cowl she learned an eyeshadow trick to harmonize with her golden blonde beauty—a stage practice, but easily adaptable to your evening use.

THE actresses who work under Irving Reis on the CBS Workshop, radio's experimental drama program that tries anything from a sound picture of the characters in "Gulliver's Travels" to the sound of the human heart in a story like Poe's "Tell-Tale Heart," are versatile young ladies. Beside their radio engagements, most of them appear also on the Broadway stage, and of course they know

as much about make-up for both stage and street wear as they do about how to speak into a microphone.

Three of the loveliest are Rita Johnson, Elizabeth Love and Tanya Cherenko. Rita makes quite a distinction between the make-up she uses on the street and the one she uses for her part in George M. Cohan's play, "Fulton of Oak Falls." Off-stage, in daytime, she wears very little

Magic

By JOYCE ANDERSON

make-up, just rouge and lipstick and powder. She uses a much darker powder than do most blondes, for she knows that these fundamental cosmetics must be matched to the underlying tone of one's skin, rather than one's hair.

Behind the footlights, she wears an even darker grease paint under her powder. Carrying out this same principle, she uses black, rather than brown, eye make-up (wax, not cake mascara). And here's one trick of stage make-up magic which you might well borrow from her for your own use—a brush for your lip rouge to give you a delicately modeled line and smoothly blended texture!

Elizabeth Love has a trick with eyeshadow that she learned from Jane Cowl. It consists of using two shades, green on the lid and brown under the brow—a very successful combination (*Continued on page 85*)



Tanya Cherenko, above, also has a double career—radio and the stage. Recently she opened in a new play called "Marching Song."

CLOSE-UP, ALL RIGHT! IS MY POWDER SHOWING TERRIBLY?



YOUR FACE lighted by the bright spring sunshine! Does he see it "soft and fresh"? . . . Or "all powdery"?

The answer is in your powder!

Pond's Powder is "glare-proof." Blended to catch only the softer rays of light—never to show up "powdery." True skin tones, they give a soft look in any light.

Try Pond's for yourself—in the brightest light. In a recent inquiry among girls, Pond's got more votes than any other powder for not showing up in bright light!

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

FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

(This offer expires July 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-PE, Clinton, Conn.

Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____

Address _____



Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



Victor Moore and Helen Broderick, two of RKO's zaniest comedians, have become radio's Twin Stars and are heard now over CBS in place of Nelson Eddy.



The picture left above shows them trying to get a joke for their half hour. Helen is waiting for Victor's suggestion. Above, he gives her a good one.

LAUGH STOOGES LAUGH



Photos by Ernest A. Bachrock RADIO PICTURES

What's this? Helen comes back with another that tops Victor's. It takes him off guard and he's not so sure he likes it. Obviously, though, Helen does.

Okay, says Helen, then think up a better one yourself. Rats, snarls Victor, I just did. Will they ever be ready for their broadcast? Tune in and see.

Only 22

BUT "ON THE SHELF"

BECAUSE OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!



I'LL BET YOU'D HAVE PLENTY OF DATES, IF YOU'D JUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN! WHY DON'T YOU SEE THAT BEAUTY EXPERT EVERYONE IS RAVING ABOUT?

SHE CONSULTS FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT, PAUL OF FIFTH AVENUE

YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S DRY AND LIFELESS, AND COARSE TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR SOAP... USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, BECAUSE...



PAUL EXPLAINS WHY PALMOLIVE CORRECTS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing... gives it a special protective quality all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it... That's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Paul of Fifth Ave

NOW NO MORE LONELY EVENINGS... THANKS TO PALMOLIVE



How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

IT creeps up on you without warning... this heart-breaking "Middle-Age" Skin!

You may have a soft, smooth complexion today. Yet next month, or even next week, you may look in your mirror and find your skin dry, lifeless, coarse-looking.

So right now is the time to watch out... to take this simple precaution advised by beauty experts.

Use Palmolive Soap regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse. Its gentle, protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming

dry, old-looking; keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

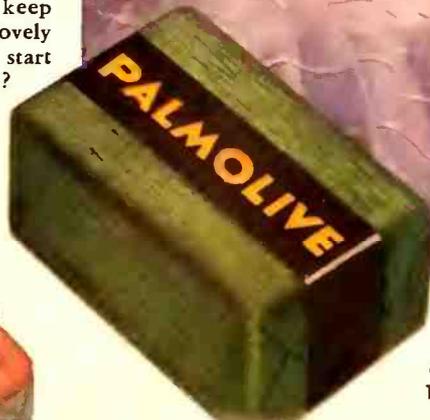
Does the soap you are now using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You know that Palmolive is made only from real beauty ingredients... a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils.

That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

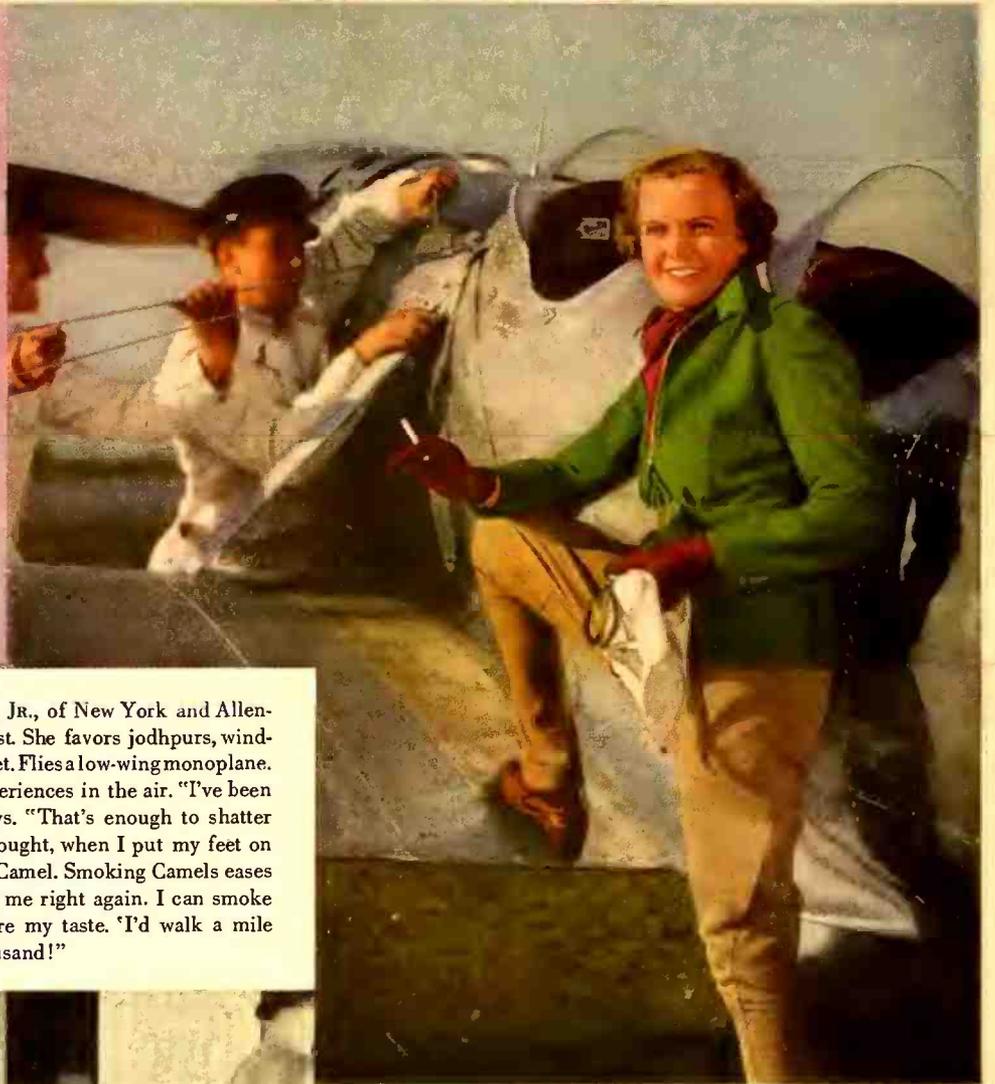
CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

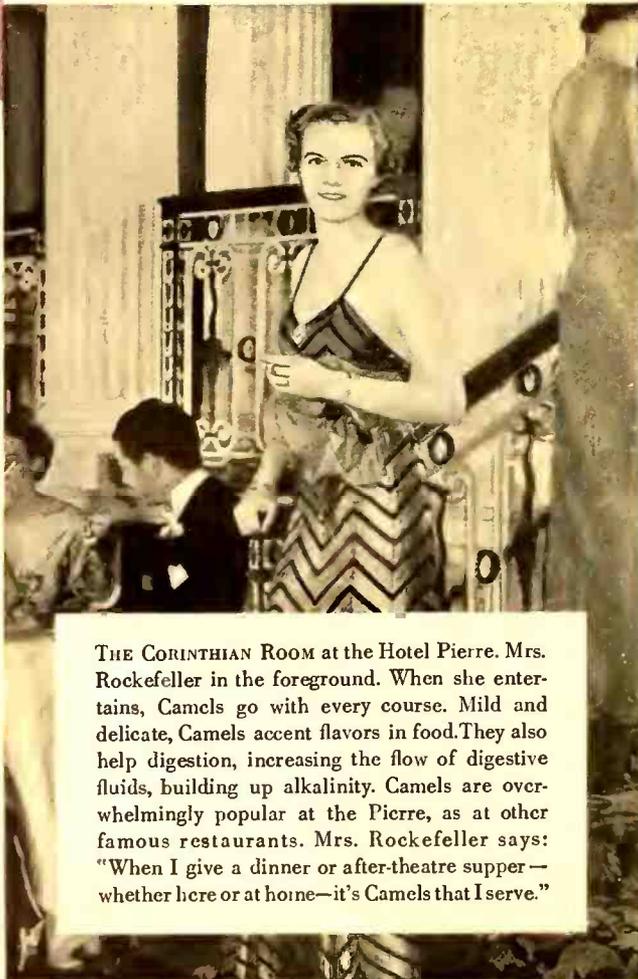


MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

**YOUNG
MRS.
ROCKEFELLER
PILOTS
A LOW-WING
MONOPLANE**



Mrs. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, wind-breaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and fly a thousand!"



THE CORINTHIAN ROOM at the Hotel Pierre. Mrs. Rockefeller in the foreground. When she entertains, Camels go with every course. Mild and delicate, Camels accent flavors in food. They also help digestion, increasing the flow of digestive fluids, building up alkalinity. Camels are overwhelmingly popular at the Pierre, as at other famous restaurants. Mrs. Rockefeller says: "When I give a dinner or after-theatre supper—whether here or at home—it's Camels that I serve."

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

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia | Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles |
| Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston | Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York |
| Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston | Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia |
| | Mrs. Chuswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia |
| Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York | Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore |
| Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago | Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena |
| | Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York |

**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE . . .
SMOKE CAMELS!**



*Costlier
Tobaccos*

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

**MARTHA RAYE'S RISE
TO STARDOM PROVES
THAT BEAUTY ISN'T
EVEN SKIN DEEP IN
THIS DAY AND AGE!**

By

DOROTHY BROOKS

LUSH tropical foliage in jungle profusion. The scarlet of the passion flower amid deep green foliage. Slim green palms. Tom toms beating eerie rhythms. Brown bare feet in a savage dance. Dim lights flickering through thatched huts. Gorgeous, breathtakingly beautiful girls in seductive grass skirts.

And threading her way through the maze of tropical vines, camera equipment, and dancers on the set of "Waikiki Wedding" in which she is starring with Bing Crosby, Martha Raye came towards me.

A prop boy, like a magician who drags rabbits from a high silk hat, produces a canvas chair from nowhere and snaps it open. Blazoned on the back in bright yellow paint is her name—**MARTHA RAYE**—in letters that big. Stars, come to watch, call breezy hellos with the deference Hollywood always shows to success.

Of all places to find beauty paying homage to talent! Hollywood, where beauty is supposed to be the open-sesame to everything desirable in the world, (Continued on page 82)

In less than one year, Martha has scored in movies and broadcasting.



**DON'T LET
HOMELINESS
BREAK YOUR HEART**

TRUE STORY OF MY TOUR WITH *Nelson Eddy*

REVEALED BY
NADINE CONNER



**DID HIS LOVELY
CO-STAR CAPTURE
NELSON'S HEART
WHEN SHE WENT
WITH HIM ON HIS
CONCERT TRIP?**

THE rumors drifted eastward almost as soon as Nelson Eddy and Nadine Conner had left Hollywood on Nelson's concert tour. That's all they were—just rumors. Nobody knew how they had started. Nobody would even guess at their truth. But still they persisted.

They might so easily be true. A handsome and romantic man, a lovely and charming girl, sharing the same interests, thrown together for long hours in the intimacy of Pullman cars while trains whisked them from one city to another, discovering together the delights of strange places and strange cities—they might, one reasoned, so easily have fallen in love.

I wondered, I half believed, myself. Had Nadine Conner captured the heart of radio's most romantic star? Had she done what no other girl has ever been able to do, penetrate the

Nelson's tops in singing, as everyone knows, and to Nadine he's tops in everything else.



By
LYNN BURR

Her co-starring engagement with Nelson meant the high point of Nadine Conner's career. Below, the famous baritone in costume for his new picture, "Maytime."

M-G-M



protecting wall which Nelson Eddy has built around his heart?

But now I have seen Nadine Conner and listened while she told me the true story of her transcontinental tour with Nelson, and I wonder no longer. Between Nelson and Nadine there is something so much deeper than adoration, something so much finer, and at the same time less tangible.

Before I tell you the story of that tour, just as she told it to me, I must give something of Nadine's own background. Knowing it, what comes later takes on new meaning.

Nadine's engagement to sing with Nelson on the Vick's Open House program, and to accompany him as he went from city to city on the concert tour which began in January, came as a sudden, glorious surprise to her.

Both of her parents were famous opera stars in their day, and all her life she has known that singing was her destiny; but success has come slowly. Radio producers in Los Angeles knew her as a dependable, cultured singer, yet until she joined the Open House cast her name was scarcely ever heard on the air, except when she made a few guest appearances on Hollywood Hotel and Bing Crosby's program.

For more than a year she was "Peggy Gardner" on the Shell Chateau, forced by the policy of the program to hide her real name under that fictional tag. Then, when the Chateau went off the air, Nadine found herself out of a job. She plunged into auditions, singing for networks and agencies, sometimes keeping several appointments a day.

When her agent rushed her into the CBS Hollywood studios for still another audition she didn't even know what program she was trying out for. She was the picture of composure as she stepped up to the microphone and waited while her accompanist riffled through his music for the right piece.

But upstairs in a private office, three men were anything but composed. Nelson Eddy was haggard and worn. Josef Pasternack, the Open House conductor, paced the floor, and the sponsor's representative chewed on a cigar. These men were tired. They were tired of sopranos. For days they'd listened, to good ones and bad ones, to loud ones and weak ones, trying to find a girl to sing duets with Nelson on the program. It seemed hopeless. The (Continued on page 86)

Strange Threat

THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR BOBBY BREEN

**A STAR AT NINE WITH HIS
FORTUNE NEARLY MADE, HE
WILL SOON FACE A CRISIS
THAT MAY END HIS SUCCESS**

By

FRANK LOVETTE

ALWAYS," Sally Breen told me, dropping her voice so that Bobby, busy on the other side of the room, wouldn't hear—"always I prayed that something good would happen for us quickly—that we'd get to Hollywood before it was too late. . . ."

Even then, when Bobby was five and a half years old, when his sister Sally realized for the first time that he had a phenomenally beautiful voice, there was that shadow on his future. Even then, there was need for haste. The shadow is larger now for the time when his voice must change is nearer.

The time when his voice changes . . . I can remember the time, in my own life, when that was funny. My parents, my teachers, everybody I knew, smiled at the ludicrous squeaks and sudden tumbles into basso-profundo my voice indulged in.

It will not be funny to Bobby Breen nor will it be funny to the thousands of fans who love his voice. For when that time comes it will take away everything he has. For a year or more there will be uncertainty and doubt, while he waits to see if destiny will give him the same chance it gave the greatest





Bobby loves baseball, but the picture at the left is a posed shot—he actually has little time to play. Above, taking a lesson on the harmonica from his friend, discoverer, and foster father, Eddie Cantor.

Photo by Harmonica Inst. of America

singer who ever lived. It's such a slim, frail hope—but on it Bobby must build all his dreams for the future.

Bobby is nine years old. Nine years old, and the possessor of a voice that must be as nearly like the voice of an angel as we will ever hear on this earth. It has brought him fame; it has brought comfort and ease to his beloved family; it has brought him the homage of glamorous grown-ups from coast to coast.

And in a few years this immeasurable treasure will be snatched from him by the processes of an inexorable nature, to be replaced by—what? No one knows. No one can tell.

No wonder Sally, his sister, was driven by a burning impatience in the days when she took the five-year-old boy on her lap for the bus ride from Montreal to Chicago because she couldn't afford two tickets. Bobby must have his chance, the world must have its chance to hear him, before it was too late!

Bobby has had his chance, and he has won—but the years are still to be reckoned with. The great question of his life remains to be answered. Will his glorious boy soprano voice mature into an equally glorious tenor? Will it be baritone, or bass? Will it be no more remarkable than the voices of any dozen competent singers you can name?

Or even less remarkable? What will the future hold?

Musical and medical history have no way of answering these questions in advance. Before the days of radio, you see, there were almost no famous child singers. Operas had no parts for them. If children possessed the potentialities of stardom, there was no chance that the world would ever know it; and the lack of reliable records from the past makes even an expert's opinion as to Bobby's future largely guesswork.

Estelle Liebling, America's foremost voice teacher, who has had such people as Galli-Curci, Jeritza, Hempel and Jessica Dragonette as her pupils, told me that not every boy who has been a great child singer develops an equally great man's voice.

"He might be a high soprano in childhood, ending up as a basso—or he might be an alto as a boy, and turn out to be a tenor," she said. "In the case of a boy like Bobby, he has the advantage of an affectionate supervision by Eddie Cantor, a great artist, and once a boy prodigy himself. The chances are he will get the right advice and the right training. But—" and she shrugged her shoulders regretfully—"his chances of coming to maturity with a voice changed to his advantage are not one in (Continued on page 58)

HOW LUCILLE MANNERS

Beautiful for Stardom

For broadcast time see
Cities Service, page 55.

LUCILLE MANNERS is living a romance that every girl, every modern woman—who is not too old to dream—thinks might come to her, like the magic ball at which Cinderella was the main attraction.

He has no name, he is neither tall nor short, blond nor brunette. For this is 1937 romance and there *is* no man, nor love interest in it.

Yet it is romance filled with the highest thrills, excitement, and adventure.

It is the romance of a new star flashing across radio's heaven, of a girl suddenly swirled out of obscurity onto a jeweled throne, queen of a full hour program heard coast to coast, the Cities Service broadcasts. It is the romance of a comparatively unknown singer chosen for stardom and then made over, from her littlest toe to the last ringlet on the top of her head, to fit the new role. The romance of being made a star in appearance as well as in name. And with every one of the glamorous, exciting trimmings.

This romance deals, not with moonlight walks and stolen kisses, but with new evening gowns designed by Dorothy Couteaur, suits, furs, hats and shoes; new make-up, new hair-dress, and new photographs. A new mode of life—the life of a star.



Just one year ago
Lucille looked and
dressed as she did
for these pictures.

WAS MADE

By
HAROLD
DESFOR

NEW CLOTHES, NEW PERSONALITY... NEW COIFFURE, NEW APARTMENT. NO MORE ROMANTIC OR THRILLING STORY THAN THIS CAN EVER BE TOLD

Lucille supplied the voice and the knowledge of music. A host of experts, men and women whose lives are devoted to making attractive women breath-takingly beautiful, supplied the finest accessories for that voice.

Four weeks before the old year was out, Cities Service decided on Lucille as the successor to Jessica Dragonette. It left two months for the magical transformation that was to lift her completely out of the life she had known into a strange, sparkling, mystifying new world.

There were so many questions to be settled. What sort of gowns was Lucille to wear? Was she wearing her hair in a style best suited to the demands of her personality? Was her figure slender in the right spots, curved in the right places?

Was she getting enough rest? Was she taking exercise of the right kind? Did she use the right shade of lipstick? What color rouge did she apply? How did she walk? How did she stand?

The number of questions, the amount of work to be (Continued on page 77)



Many new lessons in clothes were learned by this newly-made star.



Today Lucille's hair is dressed by an expert to frame her face.

Dear Diary:

THE NETWORKS' ONLY WOMAN NEWS COMMENTATOR TELLS IN HER OWN WORDS OF THE THRILL PACKED LIFE THAT IS HERS

SHE'S the feminine counterpart of Boake Carter or Lowell Thomas. She spends her days in a whirl of activity—flying around the country to wherever news is in the making, meeting the glamorous great of the

stage, politics, radio, movies, nosing out the moments of tense drama everywhere from Park Avenue to the tenements of the East Side.

She's Kathryn Cravens, golden-haired, charming, who broadcasts the News Through a Woman's Eyes three times a week on CBS—the first woman network news commentator. On the air she brings you the drama of the world about her—but what of the drama in her own life, the thrilling incidents that happen every day to a woman who reports the news?

That story—the story of Kathryn's backstage life—is even more exciting than the stories she tells on the air. What better way of reading it than to turn to the intimate pages of the diary she began keeping the day her sponsors brought her to New York from her home town of St. Louis?

Here is a week of that diary, with thrills enough for a life time packed into seven full days. It's history in the making, it's—but read it for yourself.

MONDAY—Boxes of flowers . . . long distance telephone calls . . . invitations to teas, to dinners, to luncheons . . . life has been one mad whirl here in New York. Not only am I running all over town, interviewing everyone from the Mayor to fortune tellers on the street, but I've been dashing down to Philadelphia, Washington, out to Detroit and up to Hyde Park and a few little places like that.

Tomorrow I fly to Washington to interview J. Edgar Hoover and on Wednesday Emanuel List—he's a very famous basso at the Metropolitan Opera—has invited me to tea; and in between I have broadcasts and dozens of other things to do.

It was funny the way I met Mr. List. I smiled at him the first time I saw him. I liked his round, jolly face and was amused by his evident self-assurance. He smiled back at me and I guess he would have made up some excuse to talk to me—like "Are you looking for someone? Perhaps I can help you," if Doris Doe hadn't come along and introduced us properly. It was backstage at the Metropolitan Opera House, and Doris and List were rehearsing in "Die Walkure." I wasn't supposed to be behind the scenes at all, but I managed to get in when I told the people in charge that I simply had to get the story for my broadcast.

After listening to Kirsten Flagstad at the rehearsal—and what a glorious voice she has!—I grabbed a cab back to Columbia for my 5:30 rebroadcast to the West Coast. When I came out of the studio I ran into my old friend, Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, looking very smart (*Continued on page 68*)

Nelson Howard





20th Century-Fox

Romance

OF THE MONTH

Tony Martin loves Alice Faye, the girl on the cover, which is only fitting, since they both stepped to movie success by their work in radio. Tony, or Anthony, was just another player in a San Francisco orchestra about a year ago. Then he went to Hollywood, found work in movies, and signed a contract for the Burns and Allen program, the signal for him to do more screen jobs than ever. Alice, by means of the Rudy Vallee program, has risen by leaps and bounds towards film stardom. Her latest is "Wake Up and Live," the film with Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie. Winchell, by the way, says Alice isn't sure she's ready yet for the preacher.



Paramount Photo

● If they don't become movie stars via the radio route, they become radio stars via the movie route—and that's what Fred MacMurray did. Breezy and informal, he's been keeping the fireside guests of Hollywood Hotel happy and contented ever since Dick Powell relinquished the job of host. As to his screen work, after "Champagne Waltz" and "Maid of Salem," you'll see him in "Swing High, Swing Low," co-starred with his old sparring partner, Carole Lombard. While we're on the subject of sparring partners, why wouldn't it be a good idea to team up Fred and his Hollywood Hotel heckler, Frances Langford, on the screen? The idea is Paramount's for the asking!



● Lovely Yvonne King is the youngest of the four King Sisters who make tickets to Horace Heidt's broadcasts something to be fought for. This sixteen-year-old bundle of energy had only been away from home a few months when Heidt's band moved into the New York Biltmore Hotel and scored a resounding hit which was heard all up and down Park Avenue. Now the band—and Yvonne—are signed up to stay in the Biltmore for the next two years. Incidentally, two of Yvonne's sisters are rumored engaged to two of the boys in the band—Louise to Guitarist Alvina Ray and Donna to Singer Charles Goodman. Hear Yvonne sing over CBS every Monday night.

CAN YOU PICK FAVORITE SONGS

THERE'S A FIRST PRIZE OF \$250, A SECOND PRIZE OF \$100, SIX PRIZES OF \$25 EACH, AND 25 GILLETTE RAZORS—A GRAND TOTAL OF

\$750.⁰⁰
IN PRIZES



Billy Jones and Ernie Hare

YOUR ENTRY COUPON

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

The ten songs I have listed above are, in my opinion, America's favorite songs of all time, and are therefore my votes, in the order given.

Name _____

Address _____

HERE'S a contest you won't be able to resist! Can you name America's ten most popular songs of all time? It's worth trying! First prize is \$250 in cash and there are thirty-two other prizes for runners up!

The Gillette Community Sing program wants you to choose these all-time favorites so it can include them all in a special gala program which will be broadcast after the contest closes.

All you have to do is write down the names of those songs you decide are the most popular and fill them in on the coupon provided for that purpose on these pages. Then send the list, with your name and address and a fifty-word statement on what your favorite song means to you, to the judges.

Vote for the songs you think will last the longest. Don't pick a current hit. Choose

AMERICA'S TEN OF ALL TIME?



Comedian Milton Berle



Song Leader Wendell Hall

the old favorites which have had a chance to prove their popularity, songs like "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home."

Now, for a hint. Tune in Sunday nights to any station of the Columbia Broadcasting System and listen to the Gillette Community Sing program. Hear the songs sung by Billy Jones and Ernie Hare and the others the studio audience sings under the direction of Wendell Hall. You'll be entertained by a lot of grand comedy, too, when Milton Berle steps to the microphone.

Of course, not all the songs you hear on these programs will be winners. Perhaps none will be. But listening to these old songs will remind you of others.

Best of all, the ten winning songs will be decided by your own votes! The judges will tabulate each vote sent in. That is how they will tell which ten are America's most popular songs.

CONTEST RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Gillette Safety Razor Company, Radio Mirror, and members of their families.
2. While it is not necessary to tune in the Gillette Community Sing broadcasts, hearing the old-time songs under the leadership of Wendell Hall will undoubtedly help you in preparing an entry.
3. To compete, prepare a list of the ten old songs which you prefer beyond all others. Then study your list and write in not more than fifty words, an explanation of "The song I have named that means the most to me, and why."
4. The ten most popular songs will be decided by a tabulation of the total votes of the contestants. The entry listing the greatest number of the ten most popular songs, accompanied by the most convincing statement of preference will be awarded a first prize of \$250; the entry listing the next greatest number will be awarded the second prize of \$100; and there will be six prizes of \$25 each for those next in line. Each of the twenty-five next best entries will be awarded a \$10 Gillette Razor set.
5. List your selections on the official contest coupon clipped from this page. Only lists on the official coupon will be considered. Paste the coupon on the top of the sheet on which you write your statement of preference.
6. All entries must be received on or before June 23, 1937, the closing date of this contest.
7. Send your entry by First Class Mail to Radio Mirror—Gillette Popular Song Election, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Radio Mirror after the contest closes.

THE STORMY LIFE STORY
OF A

Black Sheep



By

DAN WHEELER

Turn to page 54 for
Phil Baker's broadcast time

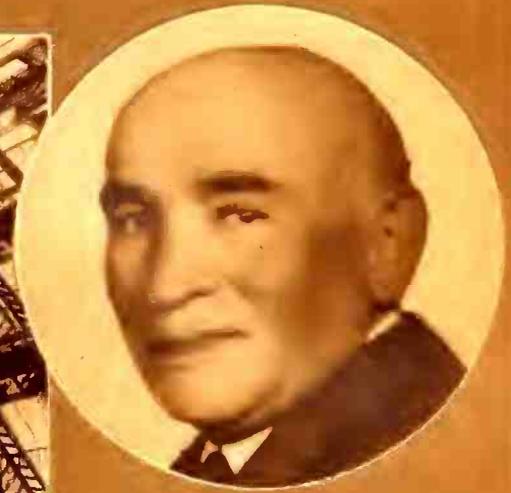
**ROUGHNECK, ROWDY, GAMBLER! THAT WAS PHIL BAKER AS A BOY—
BEGIN THIS HISTORY OF A TOUGH WHO FOUND THE RAINBOW'S END**



Phil's mother, Rebecca, feared her son was no good.



Phil knew this tenement, the middle building, as his home.



Phil's father, who fed his family on six dollars a week.

Wide World

PHIL BAKER, aged five and a half, was on his way to deliver his father's lunch. He held the bail of the battered tin bucket tightly in his fist as he stood on the curb and gazed across the twisting, savage traffic of the Bowery.

He looked, as his mother complained twice a day, exactly like a ragamuffin, a little bum. His shirt had freed itself from its confinement under the waistband of his pants. His hair, if he'd removed the shapeless cap which covered it, would have turned out to be ragged and uncombed. And his face was very dirty.

He was not a cute little boy, although he could have been, with those huge, expressive brown eyes. Even at the age of five and one-half, he was a tough little mugg. He knew how to dodge under the wheels of the lumbering horse-drawn trucks which made the Bowery impassable for more timid souls, and how to shuttle in and out between the seven or eight street-car tracks. He knew how to get his father's lunch to the shop on Bleecker Street before the bowl of hot soup that was in the pail had had time to grow lukewarm. He knew how to keep anyone from stealing the lunch from him. And those were the important things.

Simon Baker looked up from his worktable in the dark back room of the Bleecker Street shop, and smiled as he saw his son coming toward him—his only son. He hadn't realized it was lunch time; somehow, when you did his kind of work you learned to deaden your mind so it didn't watch the passage of time. You had to.

Simon was at the bottom of the fur business ladder. His job was to stand at a table for twelve hours a day, sorting the scraps of fur which came from the fashionable fur cutters uptown. Some of the pieces weren't as large as the palm of your hand; some were of queer and irregular shapes.

Simon took them all and felt them and inspected them and put them in the proper bins. Later they would be pieced together, stitch by patient stitch, into low-priced garments.

The air in the shop was stale and old, and a thin fume of mixed dust and hair rose constantly to Simon's nostrils from the fur he handled. Six dollars a week was what he earned, and on that sum Rebecca, his wife, managed somehow to feed and clothe the family—Ella, Ethel, Phil and Rose.

Simon and Rebecca didn't complain and certainly the children didn't. Their world was small, it was bounded by Stanton Street, where they lived, the Bowery, and Bleecker Street. In all its area it contained no luxuries and if your world contains no luxuries you don't miss them. Life, to Simon and Rebecca, meant simply getting along on what you earned. America hadn't precisely fulfilled all the glowing reports that had brought them from the Russian village where they were born, but perhaps it would. Perhaps it would, for the children. Perhaps Ella, or Ethel, or Phil or Rose—or all of them—could have their chance in this big country to become rich or even famous.

Dreams like this don't often come true—but for Simon and Rebecca Baker they did. They have lived to see their boy Phil grow rich and very famous; they've lived to enjoy all the luxurious homes in New York and Florida and all the trips abroad that he has been able to give them; best of all they've lived to know that he and his sisters are happy. It makes no difference to them, now, that the years of poverty took their toll—that the thin dust Simon breathed for so long has permanently affected his lungs, or that her task of keeping a tenement flat clean and four children fed, turned Rebecca into an old woman while she was still in her thirties. Those things don't (Continued on page 92)

Bob Burns

Really Talks

**A STORY THAT CAN'T
BE PRINTED OFTEN—
SO SELDOM DOES ONE
STAR REVEAL HIS AC-
TUAL FEELINGS TO-
WARD ANOTHER STAR**

**By
DICK MOOK**



Bob plays while recalling reasons for worshipping his pal Bing.

"Tell you about Bing Crosby?" Bob Burns tilted back in his chair and pulled at his pipe. A cloud of blue smoke floated towards the ceiling. He hitched his pants, put his hands in back of his head and began a story few are privileged to hear—the story of a star who worships in his heart another star with whom he shares honors on a hit program.

"Well, mister," he said, and pulled again on his pipe, "if you've got half a day to spare pull up a chair and we'll scratch the surface of the subject. If you want to cover it thoroughly come around when you have a week to kill."

* * *

WHAT "The Birth of a Nation" is to pictures, Bing is to actors. He's the epic of the profession. He is so different from what you would expect a star of his position to be that it's hard for a person who doesn't know him well to realize that the Bing they meet away from the

movie studio or broadcasting station is the real Bing.

We go down to his ranch for a week-end and it's very seldom there are any actors in the crowd. There are some fellows around there named Bill and Fred and Joe and they come over and we sit around and gab. A stranger dropping in and listening to the conversation would never know there was an actor in the crowd—although Bing and I would both take bows if anyone called us actors.

About

Bing Crosby



Bing in a moment of relaxation. Take it from Bob that the jaw-breaking words Bing uses on the Kraft Music Hall aren't just a pose. He really talks that way.

One of Bing's chief charms is that you can talk about anything in the world to him and he's interested in it. There's only one subject he won't discuss and that's Bing Crosby. You could no more get him to talk about himself than you could get some actors to talk about anything else. Occasionally when we sit around the fire at his home in Hollywood and start spinning yarns about our days in the theater—the days when he was with Whiteman and the Rhythm

Boys—Bing will tell about some of his experiences. But he'll never tell about the time he wowed 'em in Keokuk. Oh, no! He'll tell, instead, about the time he went to a town expecting to fill a theater engagement only to find it had been canceled. The manager of the theater he'd played in the week before had wired ahead that Bing had about the worst act he'd ever seen. And he'll tell about the time, in Louisville, I think it was, when he (Continued on page 80)

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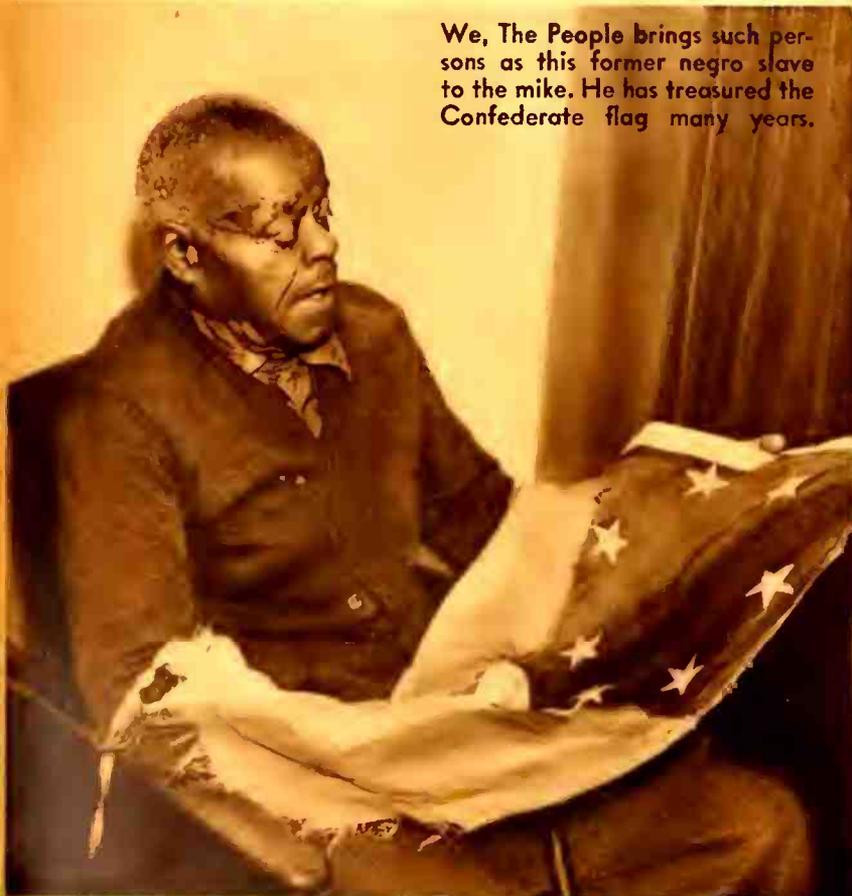
Albion Clough (with Phillips Lord, at left) came to radio because he was the world's champion woman-hater; Irene Crites, below, wanted only one thing in New York—the spread on her hotel bed.



Five

FOR FIVE

We, The People brings such persons as this former negro slave to the mike. He has treasured the Confederate flag many years.



ACTUALLY, it's likely to happen to you any minute. Tomorrow or next week, you're likely to find yourself on a streamlined train or air liner, a radio contract tucked in one pocket, liberal expense money jingling in the other, speeding towards the radio networks of New York.

You—an unknown—may find yourself being met in New York by a crowd of welcomers, being photographed, interviewed, and taken to a fashionable hotel. For three or four days you'll live the glittering life of a celebrity, wined, dined, partied, introduced to the stars of radio, rehearsed, shown the town, an important person in a very important world.

Your importance will reach its zenith the night your program goes on the air. A studio audience will be eagerly waiting. For five unspeakably thrilling minutes you'll stand at a microphone and talk about yourself while your home town and a whole nation listens. Millions of people will

Mrs. Mollie Ticklepitcher, right, came to the big city from Turniptop Ridge, Tenn., but they had to argue to get her off the Pullman because it was the first "bedded" train she'd ever seen in all of her life.



ANY DAY YOU MAY BE CHOSEN
FOR THE THRILL OF A LIFE-
TIME—A FREE TRIP TO NEW
YORK AND A COAST-TO-COAST
BROADCAST. READ HOW THIS
CAN BE A DREAM COME TRUE

By
**MARY WATKINS
REEVES**

MINUTES



Mrs. Forrest Mitchell, a Montana rancher's wife, went to sleep in Radio City and nearly missed her big broadcast.

chuckle and turn their dials up in keen absorption. The music will swell to a crashing climax and applause will roar down on you in a mammoth finale.

When the last light has been turned out in the studio, the last autograph seeker turned away from the door, and your last new acquaintance has said goodbye, you'll pick up your bags, step into a taxi and wave a goodbye to New York.

You'll have had fame for five minutes—a new, dizzy kind of fame—and you'll be on your way back, a tidy sum in your purse, a thrilling experience to relive a thousand times.

A year ago it was the Hollywood guest-star rage and the amateur epidemic. This year radio has a new fad that's spreading among its biggest programs like pink-eye in public school—*interesting unknowns*. Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public and family are having their day at the nation's microphones, and, unlike the amateurs, they're having it in a great big (Continued on page 88)



FIBBER'S FIBBING GREEK—Bill Thompson, the popular juvenile of the NBC Red network, known widely for his Nick De Popolus with Fibber McGee and Molly, is Indiana born. Bill takes his dialects so seriously, that he even learns the rudiments of the languages which he later burlesques. Once, in a sketch entitled "An International Broadcast," he spoke ten dialects! His radio career began in 1934 when he won the prize audition conducted by the Century of Progress Exposition and NBC. Just now he's busy learning Egyptian and Assyrian so he can add their dialects to his list.

JOLSON'S SILVER FOIL—Sid Silvers is five foot three and shops for his clothes in the boys' department, but he's married and has a daughter. He's one of the few stooges who ever became a star with his name in electric lights. Brooklyn born, Sid never had time to go to school in the thirty-two years of his life, but he's had a lot of fun being a foil for famous comedians like Phil Baker and Jack Benny, as well as dancing and spieling his own gags in the movies. You might remember Sid as the stooge who sat in a box and heckled Phil Baker on the stage. Now he's featured on Al Jolson's show.

PERSONALITY

LUCKY PORTLAND—Mrs. Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa to you, says she has been under a lucky star ever since the day she was born in the Oregon city whose name she bears. She admires her husband, jester for Town Hall Tonight, above all other men and prefers being on his show to continuing the stage career which she began by appearing successfully in two hits on Broadway a few years ago. The fact that she's Fred's wife, she says, is simply proof that she's lucky. Her ambition is to become a household word to radio fans, something she's already gone a long way toward accomplishing, if you judge from the delighted chuckles her cry of "Tally-ho!" evokes as she walks on to the Radio City stage.





MURINE'S DOTTY—Kay St. Germaine's the feminine half of the Johnny and Dotty team that co-stars on Mutual's popular Listen to This program. This slim, dark haired girl plays golf, rides horseback, and had pluck enough to broadcast while she was suffering from appendicitis. Kay was born in North Dakota and began her radio career as a singer in the Anson Weeks orchestra. She was later the first woman ever to sing with the Sinclair Minstrels. Last spring she left the orchestra to stay in Chicago and take up her present network job.



MURINE'S JOHNNY—Kentucky-born Jack Brooks paid his way through two years of college at the Ohio State University by singing with an orchestra. He's been entertaining people ever since, in vaudeville, movie shorts, and radio. His co-starring part as Johnny in Mutual's Tuesday night Listen to This, was his first big part on the air when he won it after auditions in 1935. Jack is a composer and pianist as well as a singer and actor; his hobbies are golf, tennis, and traveling, he is in his middle thirties, and his only pet is his wife, with whom he lives in Chicago.

CLOSE-UPS



THRILL SPECIALIST MARTIN—The producer of the thrilling real life dramas on the Philip Morris programs is Charles Martin, and although he's only twenty-six, he's known already as one of radio's most brilliant directors. As long as he can remember Charles has wanted to direct plays for a career. In radio, he was one of the authors and producers of the March of Time, and also created Five Star Final. Experienced actors admit they've learned many dramatic tricks under his guidance. He was born in New York and went to City College; and so far he's not married. He inaugurated his new series, Circumstantial Evidence, which is based on actual fact, as a part of his sponsors' new Saturday CBS program.





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PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

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SUNNY ITALY'S VIVIAN—Miss Della Chiesa's grandfather was a symphony conductor in Italy, her mother an accompanist. Vivian started her musical training when she was three, and though she's grown blonde, very pretty, and twenty-two, her big ambition is unchanged—she still wants to sing in the Metropolitan Opera Company. She made her air debut in 1935, the winner of an audition contest over hundreds of other girls. This led to a CBS contract, but a few months ago she became an NBC star, with several programs of her own over the network. In the middle of the past winter she won the coveted solo role on the Carnation program, broadcast every Monday night, and is now well on her way toward seeing her ambition come true.



PERSONALITY



BOY BARITONE EVERETT—By his announcing on NBC's Farm and Home Hour, friendly and sincere Everett Mitchell has won a host of listeners who are loyal to his five broadcasts a week on this show. Born in a Chicago suburb in 1898, he had begun his career of singing before he'd finished high school, by joining up with Billy Sunday. Later he tried the insurance business, but before he had made more than a promising start, he began singing again—this time in radio. Soon he was writing scripts and later he found himself announcing programs he sang on. He's married and sings in church on Sundays.

NBC'S PET VILLAIN—When you hear a villain sneer and laugh on an NBC script program you can bet it's Willard Waterman and nine times out of ten you'd be right. Willard is the favorite bad man of them all. He has never been late to a single one of the thousand broadcasts he's been in since he left the University of Wisconsin. He was born near the campus at Madison, and studied public speaking and music. After college, he went into a summer stock company. This led him to radio and announcing, and then into his present career of acting the part of top villain.



FROM RING TO RADIO—Handsome is twenty-four-year-old Del Casino, a young singer of whom the CBS network is very proud. He is heard on sustaining now and soon the sales department hopes to have him on a big commercial program. Del was born in Brooklyn and took to athletics as naturally as a duck to water. He won countless trophies in baseball, but boxing is his favorite. He found work in Wall Street as a runner and later as a stock loan clerk. The depression sent him to the Hollywood Restaurant Revue on Broadway. Here he waited, singing his heart out, for a break. It came the night a CBS executive found him and signed a contract. Now he's a network feature and is studying voice under a famous teacher.

CLOSE-UPS



SIX-FOOT TINY—Born in Crawfordville, Indiana, in 1899, genial Tiny Ruffner has traveled a long, rocky road to fame and his present jobs as announcer of the Gang Busters program on CBS and the Show Boat broadcasts over NBC. He was christened Edmund Birch Ruffner, proving nothing except that he is actually a full six and one-half feet tall. Tiny's been on the air over 9,000 times. In his dark past are days he spent as a radio singer, and also as a stage director and actor. His proudest achievement was getting his wife to marry him, after she'd consistently refused him for years.



NBC'S KINGSEY—Annette King was born and brought up in Illinois, which is only fitting since she is now an NBC singing star in the Chicago studios. When she was very young she was put into the church choir. She liked this type of group singing so much that when she went to college she tried out for and won a place in the chapel choir. After graduation, it seemed natural to try for a job on the air, and needing experience, she sang five times a week for a year on a small local station. Her efforts were rewarded when NBC signed her up for the Breakfast Club and other programs.



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Gang Busters'

MOST EXCITING BROADCAST

IN COMPLETE STORY FORM

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because the sponsors of Gang Busters are unable to grant the requests of thousands of listeners who have written in asking to hear the outstanding broadcasts again, RADIO MIRROR has arranged to bring these programs to you here, complete in story form.*

THE rock pile of the State Reformatory at Granite, Oklahoma, lay a hot, dusty white under the sun. Youthful figures bent over the stones, hitting them with languid strokes. They were just boys, none of them out of their teens, yet among them were many who were destined to grow up and become the gangsters—bank robbers, kidnappers, murderers—of the middle west.

One of them, who was to be a merciless, conscienceless killer, was thinking just then of nothing more important than how to get out of work. His name was Lawrence DeVol, he was sixteen years old, and he was no stranger to the Granite Reformatory. He'd already served one two-year term there, for burglary, and now he was well into his second.

He knew that he would be in and out of penitentiaries most of his life. Coldly, he realized that his would be a career of crime. He had begun stealing when he was ten; he would go on stealing until he died. Or until he was killed.

"I'm not goin' to be put to work every time I hit a Pen," he muttered to himself. "I got to fix it so I can't work

hard. These other punks—they'd be scared. But I can do it. I got to, if I don't want to be put to hard work every time they lock me up."

He laid his left ring finger over the edge of a big rock, looked at it a few seconds. Then, catching his breath, he



picked up a stone in his right hand and brought it down with all his strength on the finger—again and again, until the finger was crushed into a bloody pulp. Then he fainted.

He accomplished his purpose. They took him to the infirmary for treatment; but he could never use that finger again. For the rest of his life it was deformed, and he could not bend it. It helped get him out of working in prison. And, eventually, it led to his death.

In a way, the story of that finger typifies Larry DeVol's life. He had strength of character and intelligence enough to plan a dangerous course of action and stick to it. He planned and carried out the most audacious prison break

ever executed. He was a much more dangerous criminal than his friend, Alvin Karpis, member of the Karpis-Barker mob which kidnaped Edward Bremer. DeVol was always a killer, while Karpis was only a criminal weakling. Yet in the end, DeVol came to his death through carelessness and over-confidence—and an accident which he should have foreseen.

It was in the Hutchinson, Kansas, Reformatory that DeVol met Karpis. DeVol had been arrested for burglary in Pittsburgh, Kansas, on January 7, 1926, and he arrived at the reformatory on March 25. Karpis was already there—had been there a month. The two became good friends.

Karpis was sixteen, willing and anxious to become DeVol's pupil. As for DeVol, he was twenty-one, and considered himself a veteran of crime. Perhaps he wasn't so far wrong.

For three years DeVol and Karpis were chums in the Reformatory, and then they escaped. DeVol had smuggled a saw out of the machine shop, and one night they sawed a bar out of their cell window, and dropped down to freedom.

A month later, however, DeVol was right back in the Hutchinson Reformatory. He'd been arrested in Chicago as a suspicious character, identified by his fingerprints, and sent back. But now he'd outgrown reformatories. He was so unruly and abusive that the authorities decided to transfer him to the State Penitentiary at Lansing.

At that, he almost escaped again. While he was being moved from Hutchinson to Lansing he jumped from the
(Continued on page 99)



DeVol raised his glass as if to drink—but under its cover he drew his gun. Two shots—and one policeman lay dead.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF MEMORABLE PROGRAMS WHICH YOU'VE ASKED TO HEAR AGAIN—READ FOR THE FIRST TIME THE ACCOUNT OF LARRY DEVOL'S AMAZING CRIMES

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IN COMPLETE STORY FORM

EDITOR'S NOTE: Because the sponsors of Gang Busters are unable to grant the requests of thousands of listeners who have written in asking to hear the outstanding broadcasts again, RADIO MIRROR has arranged to bring these programs to you here, complete in story form.

THE rock pile of the State Reformatory at Granite, Oklahoma, lay a hot, dusty white under the sun. Youthful figures bent over the stones, hitting them with languid strokes. They were just boys, none of them out of their teens, yet among them were many who were destined to grow up and become the gangsters—bank robbers, kidnapers, murderers—of the middle west.

One of them, who was to be a merciless, conscienceless killer, was thinking just then of nothing more important than how to get out of work. His name was Lawrence DeVol, he was sixteen years old, and he was no stranger to the Granite Reformatory. He'd already served one two-year term there, for burglary, and now he was well into his second.

He knew that he would be in and out of penitentiaries most of his life. Coldly, he realized that his would be a career of crime. He had begun stealing when he was ten; he would go on stealing until he died. Or until he was killed.

"I'm not goin' to be put to work every time I hit a Pen," he muttered to himself. "I got to fix it so I can't work

hard. These other punks—they'd be scared. But I can do it. I got to, if I don't want to be put to hard work every time they lock me up."

He laid his left ring finger over the edge of a big rock, looked at it a few seconds. Then, catching his breath, he

picked up a stone in his right hand and brought it down with all his strength on the finger—again and again, until the finger was crushed into a bloody pulp. Then he fainted.

He accomplished his purpose. They took him to the infirmary for treatment; but he could never use that finger again. For the rest of his life it was deformed, and he could not bend it. It helped get him out of working in prison. And, eventually, it led to his death.

In a way, the story of that finger typifies Larry DeVol's life. He had strength of character and intelligence enough to plan a dangerous course of action and stick to it. He planned and carried out the most audacious prison break

ever executed. He was a much more dangerous criminal than his friend, Alvin Karpis, member of the Karpis-Barker mob which kidnaped Edward Bremer. DeVol was always a killer, while Karpis was only a criminal weakling. Yet in the end, DeVol came to his death through carelessness and over-confidence—and an accident which he should have foreseen.

It was in the Hutchinson, Kansas, Reformatory that DeVol met Karpis. DeVol had been arrested for burglary in Pittsburgh, Kansas, on January 7, 1926, and he arrived at the reformatory on March 25. Karpis was already there—had been there a month. The two became good friends.

Karpis was sixteen, willing and anxious to become DeVol's pupil. As for DeVol, he was twenty-one, and considered himself a veteran of crime. Perhaps he wasn't so far wrong.

For three years DeVol and Karpis were chums in the Reformatory, and then they escaped. DeVol had smuggled a saw out of the machine shop, and one night they sawed a bar out of their cell window, and dropped down to freedom.

A month later, however, DeVol was right back in the Hutchinson Reformatory. He'd been arrested in Chicago as a suspicious character, identified by his fingerprints, and sent back. But now he'd outgrown reformatories. He was so unruly and abusive that the authorities decided to transfer him to the State Penitentiary at Lansing.

At that, he almost escaped again. While he was being moved from Hutchinson to Lansing he jumped from the
(Continued on page 99)



DeVol raised his glass as if to drink—but under its cover he drew his gun. Two shots—and one policeman lay dead.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF MEMORABLE PROGRAMS WHICH YOU'RE ASKED TO HEAR AGAIN—READ FOR THE FIRST TIME THE RECORD OF LARRY DEVOL'S AUDACIOUS ESCAPE

HIS "SPOOK" WON'T STOP HAUNTING
**JACK
OAKIE**
By KATHERINE HARTLEY



Above, Jack and his mother return from Honolulu, where she had an even better time than he did. Left, another characteristic pose. He has many pet names for her, but the one he likes best—and so does she—is "The Spook."

For broadcast time of Jack Oakie's College, sponsored by Camel Cigarettes, please see page 54, Tuesday column.



Radio Pictures

Jack can't even read in peace nowadays because sooner or later he starts worrying about his mother. Since she made a picture with him and followed it up with a successful personal appearance, things haven't been the same. And now his bride of a year wants to go on his radio show!

JACK OAKIE'S in hot water up to his neck and it isn't going to help a bit to print this story.

The whole thing began back in 1932 and when Jack signed for his new Tuesday night radio program it got worse than ever. The tragedy of it is, life should hold so much joy for Jack. He has this program, his beautiful bride of a year and his new picture, "Toast of New York." But he has, too, the finest, swellest mother in the world.

And that is Jack Oakie's secret sorrow, the lightning that strikes twice in the same place and makes him like it, the fear that haunts him by day and keeps him awake at night. That finest, swellest mother in the world.

Her name is Mrs. Evelyn Offield. She has beautiful white hair, is plump and sixty-eight years old. To Jack, she's the Spook, or the District Attorney, or the Uptown Branch, or My Little White Mammy. No one ever looked less like a menace. When she smiles, your heart melts. When she laughs, everything is funny.

Yet the unescapable truth is, Jack Oakie has Mother trouble. He had it four years ago and now, in the spring of 1937, he has it so bad he's desperate.

The Spook is threatening to put her son Jack out of busi-

ness. She'd be on the air with him every week, she'd have a part in all his pictures, she'd even have a radio program of her own, if only Jack would be more reasonable.

Jack doesn't want any part of it. He wants his mother to sit back and enjoy the comforts he can give her now. He wants her home where he can watch over her. He remembers the long years when she had to work for her living and he wants it to be his turn (*Continued on page 62*)

**SHE'S THE SWELLEST
MOTHER IN ALL THE
WORLD, BUT SOMEHOW
SHE CAN'T SEEM TO
ACT AS JACK WANTS**



HIS "SPOOK" WON'T STOP HAUNTING

JACK OAKIE

By KATHERINE HARTLEY



Radio Pictures



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Shalimar



Emil Coleman, whose music is broadcast on a late-at-night schedule on NBC's networks, has used this melody as his theme song for seven years.

SHAL-I-MAR By THE RIV-ER SHALI-MAR

DAWN CAME IN WHILE WE WATCHED THE MOON GROW THIN

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE THAT'S ALL I EVER

PRESENTING COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC
OF EMIL COLEMAN'S EXOTIC THEME SONG,
PUBLISHED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME!

I KNEW I GAVE MY WHOLE HEART TO YOU. —

DARLING THERE WAS I BUILDING CASTLES

BY THE STREAM. ONE LAST KISS — THEN YOU SHATTERED

EVERY DREAM — YOU TOLD ME WE MUST

PART FOR — EV-ER BY THE SHAL — i — MAR



Fashions from

At home, Gladys Swarthout is a graceful hostess in a costume like the one below. They are really pajamas, but are cut so that the trousers fall into the lines of a skirt when not in motion. The chartreuse sash adds a charming contrast to the pearl gray of the pajama, with gray lacings through silver eyelets.



Spring is here—and so is the tailored suit as glamorized here by Miss Gladys Swarthout, recent star of Paramount's "Champagne Waltz" and now star of the new radio show for the Country's Leading Ice and Ice Refrigerator Companies. In the above pose, Gladys wears a gray tailored suit with a brown Rodier Linen shirt, a gray suede hat, a pouch bag to match, and brown shoes. The long inverted pleat is interesting.



The above two-piece suit can be worn way into the summer months with changing accessories. The material is a beige-tweed homespun with green, brown and beige threads. The skirt is of solid beige. A selvage edge serves as a finishing touch to the top. Gladys wears a high crown fedora in beige felt, and a brown bag.

Photographs through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

The Stars

LOVELY GLADYS SWARTHOUT RETURNS FROM HOLLYWOOD WITH A WARDROBE THAT GIVES THE SPRING SEASON A BRAND NEW MEANING

Travis Banton designed this billowing gown, below, for dinner wear. The skirt is gray-green changeable taffeta, with inverted pleats. The jacket is of a rare, rich brocade from Bianchini in Paris. The design was inspired by old Persian documents. The tiny evening bag is fashioned from the same material.



A light and dark gray study—with a dash of brown. Above, another of Miss Swarthout's new spring suits. The fabric is an imported English woolen. The panelled treatment of the skirt provides a novel type of flare, and the rounded one-button jacket is quite new. For accessories, Miss Swarthout has chosen a gray felt hat with dark gray grosgrain band, brown shirt, gloves and shoes, and tops it off with a scarf of sable skins.

For traveling, Gladys Swarthout wears a charming sports costume (above) of Indigo blue homespun striped in beige. The coat has a novel, interesting cut and Miss Swarthout's hat is an amusing version of the pancake beret in brown yarn with an under-chin strap. Brown suede pumps and sport gloves finish the costume.





Fashions from the Stars

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Photographs through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

HALLELUJAH! A NEW WAY TO A NEW FIGURE

FROM BEN BERNIE'S SISTER COMES A
MESSAGE OF HOPE TO ALL WOMEN WHO
ARE SEEKING SLENDERNESS AND BEAUTY

By JUDY ASHLEY

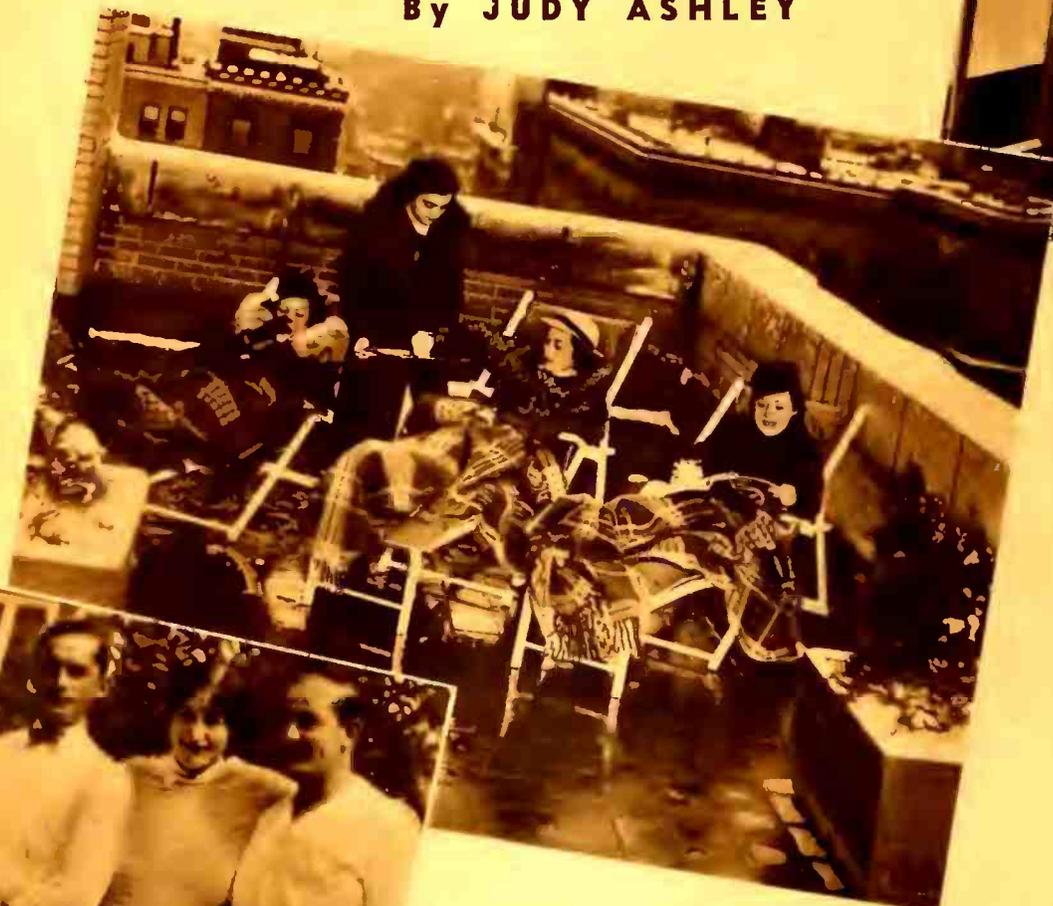


Wide World

Rose Bernie's slim figure, above, results from the simple rules she gives you in this article.

Helen Choat, Judy Johnson, and Adele Ronson refuse to let winter weather discourage them.

Left below, Rose has changed since this picture with brothers Jeff and Herman was taken.



BEN isn't the only remarkable member of the Bernie family. I realized that when I met Rose Bernie, his sister. For here is a woman who hasn't been content to bask in her brother's fame, but who has struck out for herself and demanded of life not only one career, but two. More than that, her history contains a chapter which brings new hope to every woman who is overweight, chronically tired, or burdened with more responsibilities than she can carry.

Sometimes great things happen in this world, and nobody knows about them until long after they are accomplished facts. For instance, I'll wager that few readers have ever heard of a milk reducing farm—or if they have, they've only the vaguest notion of how one operates—just as few of Ben Bernie's fans know of his sister and the wonderful (Continued on page 102)

"Worth stopping for!"



BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel... 3 rings of performers
.. clowns .. animals .. acrobats .. elephants
.. music 'n' everything! Now touring the
country. See it when it visits your city.



ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum
that aids mouth health and
helps fight mouth acidity.
"Chew with a purpose."

Most popular gum in America
is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try
our Spearmint, too,
if you enjoy a dis-
tinctive flavor!



BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating
.. doubly delightful that way!
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.



Try Beech-
Nut Candies
in your fa-
vorite flavor.
Fruit Drops,
Luster Mints, Spice or
Assorted.

You can taste the difference Quality makes



From the very first day of his life a baby lives in a SPECIAL world. Everything he gets is made especially for him.



... SPECIAL soap and powder to keep him clean and comfortable.



... SPECIAL foods to keep a youngster thriving.



... SPECIAL dental care to keep young teeth sound and straight.



... SPECIAL toys to keep the mind growing.



... And a SPECIAL laxative to keep the body healthy... Fletcher's Castoria.

What a grand start a modern youngster gets!

EVERYTHING MADE ESPECIALLY FOR HIM...EVEN TO A
SPECIAL LAXATIVE!

YES, even a special laxative.

After all, he is only a tot. His system isn't sturdy enough for the hurly-burly effects of an "adult" laxative...even when given in "smaller doses."



That is the reason why many doctors often suggest Fletcher's Castoria. For, as you know, Fletcher's Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple—made especially and *only* for children.

It couldn't possibly harm the tiniest infant system because it contains no harsh "adult" drugs...no narcotics...

nothing that could cause cramping pains.

It works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently urges the muscular movement. It is **SAFE**...mild...yet thorough.

A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.



It is also important to remember that a child should take a laxative willingly. Doctors say the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a medicine he hates can throw his entire nervous system out of order. That's why even the taste of

Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it.

More than five million mothers depend faithfully upon Fletcher's Castoria. Why not stay on the safe side and keep a bottle handy in *your* home? You can never tell when you'll need it.

You can buy Fletcher's Castoria at any drug store. Ask for the Family Size Bottle. It saves you money. *The signature Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on the red-bordered band on the box.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

**ARE YOU FUSSY ABOUT
YOUR CHILD'S FOOD?
YOU CAN CURE THIS
HEADACHE WITH THE
NEW STRAINED AND
CANNED FRUITS
AND VEGETABLES**



IT'S A CINCH TO FEED THE BABY

Listen in Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:45 a.m. over CBS to Eleanor Howe's program for valuable hints that will help you make your home attractive.

DO you have a daily battle with that ole debbil, sieve? In other words, have you a baby whose daily menu is made up of vegetables, fruits and cereals which you must run through a strainer?

If you have, you are the person Eleanor Howe is looking for.

Miss Howe, whose Eleanor Howe's Homemakers' Exchange, sponsored by the National Association of Ice Industries, you hear twice weekly over CBS, has plunged deeply into the subject of infant feeding and has come up with such valuable information that I can hardly wait to

pass it on to you. I am sure you'll find it helpful.

"The whole business of canned strained foods for babies is a fascinating one," she told me. "The first ones were put up in glass jars and sold through drugstores.

"Then came the day when a young mother said to her husband, as no doubt many of you have said, 'This business of straining vegetables every day for the baby almost has me licked. Considering the small quantity he needs daily and the length of time it takes to run them through a sieve, it's the hardest job I have. Here, try it yourself and see if you don't think it's work. (Continued on page 87)

B y M R S . M A R G A R E T S I M P S O N

RADIO MIRROR RAPID

SUNDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Church of the Air.
 NBC-Blue: Cloister Bells.
 NBC-Red: Sabbath Reveries.
- 10:30
 CBS: Romany Trail.
 NBC-Red: Music and American Youth
- 11:00
 NBC: Press-radio News.
- 11:05
 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto.
 NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano.
- 11:30
 CBS: Major Bowes Family.
 NBC-Red: The World Is Yours.
 NBC-Blue: Iodent Dress Rehearsal.
- 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: Moscow Sleigh Bells.
 NBC-Red: Paramount Stars.
- 12:30 P.M.
 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle.
 MBS: Ted Weems Orchestra.
 NBC-Blue: Music Hall of the Air
 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion.
- 1:00
 CBS: Church of the Air.
 NBC-Red: Dorothy Dreslin
- 1:30
 CBS: Poetic Strings
 NBC-Blue: Our Neighbors.
 NBC-Red: Melody Matinee.
- 2:00
 CBS: Music of the Theatre
 MBS: The Lamplighter.
 NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA.
- 2:30
 NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt mysteries.
- 3:00
 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic
 NBC-Blue: Captain Diamond.
 NBC-Red: Metropolitan Auditions.
- 3:30
 NBC-Blue: London Letter
 NBC-Red: Grand Hotel.
- 4:00
 NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers.
- 4:30
 NBC-Blue: Fishface and Figgs-bottle.
 NBC-Red: Musical Camera.
- 5:00
 CBS: Your Unseen Friend.
 NBC-Blue: We, the People.
 NBC-Red: Marion Talley.
- 5:30
 CBS: Guy Lombardo.
 NBC-Blue: Steopnagle and Budd.
 NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
 CBS: Joe Penner.
 MBS: Feenamin Program.
 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour.
- 6:30
 CBS: Rubinoff, Jan Peerce.
 NBC-Red: A Tale of Today.
- 7:00
 CBS: Columbia Workshop.
 NBC-Blue: Helen Traubel.
 NBC-Red: Jack Benny.
- 7:30
 CBS: Phil Baker.
 NBC-Blue: Dzzie Nelson, Bob Ripley.
 NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals.
- 7:45
 NBC-Red: Fitch Jingles.
- 8:00
 CBS: Moore and Broderick.
 NBC-Blue: Musical Comedy Revue.
 NBC-Red: Do You Want to be an Actor?
- 8:30
 CBS: Eddie Cantor.
 NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago.
- 9:00
 CBS: Ford Sunday Hour.
 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell.
 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
- 9:15
 NBC-Blue: Rippling Rhythm Revue
- 9:30
 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music.
- 9:45
 NBC-Blue: Edwin C. Hill
- 10:00
 CBS: Gillette Community Sing.
 NBC-Red: General Motors Symphony
- 10:30
 NBC-Blue: Romance of '76.

MONDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Betty and Bob.
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs.
- 10:15
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.
 NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins.
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
 CBS: Betty Crocker: Hymns.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45
 CBS: News.
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.
 NBC-Blue: The D'Neills.
 NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister.
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.
- 11:45
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe.
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
 CBS: The Gumps.
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15
 CBS: Ted Malone.
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
- 12:45
 CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
- 1:00
 CBS: Five Star Revue.
- 1:15
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
- 1:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories.
 NBC-Red: Neighbor Nell.
- 2:00
 CBS: Kathryn Cravens.
- 2:15
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:45
 CBS: Myrt and Marge.
 NBC-Red: Personal Column.
- 3:00
 MBS: Mollie of the Movies.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm.
- 4:30
 NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 4:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light.
- 5:00
 CBS: Junior Nurse Corps.
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over.
- 5:15
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
 CBS: Dorothy Gordon
- 5:30
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
 CBS: Wilderness Road.
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:15
 CBS: News of Youth.
- 6:30
 Press Radio News
- 6:45
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies.
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
 CBS: Ma and Pa.
 NBC-Blue: Tastyest Jesters.
 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties.
- 7:30
 CBS: Alexander Woolcott.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
 NBC-Red: Hendrick W. Van Loon.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
 NBC-Red: Fray and Braggiotti.
- 8:00
 CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall.
 NBC-Blue: Log Cabin Dude Raich.
 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
- 8:30
 CBS: Al Tolson.
 MBS: Listen to This.
 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest.
 NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00
 CBS: Al Pearce.
 MBS: Gabriel Heatter.
 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie.
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson.
- 9:30
 NBC-Red: Studebaker Champions.
- 10:00
 CBS: Wayne King.
 MBS: Famous Jury Trials.
 NBC-Red: Contented Program.
- 10:30
 NBC-Red: Krueger Musical Toast.

TUESDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Betty and Bob.
 NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs.
- 10:15
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.
 NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins.
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
 CBS: Betty Crocker: Hymns.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45
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- 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister.
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef.
- 11:45
 CBS: Eleanor Howe.
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Allen Prescott.
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- 3:45
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:30
 NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes.
 NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 4:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light.
- 5:00
 NBC-Blue: Your Health.
 NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps
- 5:15
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
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 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
 NBC-Red: Hendrick W. Van Loon.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
 NBC-Red: Fray and Braggiotti.
- 8:00
 CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall.
 NBC-Blue: Log Cabin Dude Raich.
 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
- 8:30
 CBS: Al Tolson.
 MBS: Listen to This.
 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest.
 NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00
 CBS: Al Pearce.
 MBS: Gabriel Heatter.
 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie.
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson.
- 9:30
 CBS: Jack Oakie.
 MBS: True Detective Mystery.
 NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives.
 NBC-Red: Fred Astaire.
- 10:30
 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

WEDNESDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Betty and Bob.
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs.
- 10:15
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.
 NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins.
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
 CBS: Betty Crocker: Hymns.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45
 CBS: News.
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.
 NBC-Blue: The D'Neills.
 NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister.
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.
- 11:45
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe.
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
 CBS: The Gumps.
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15
 CBS: Ted Malone.
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour.
- 12:45
 CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
- 1:00
 CBS: Five Star Revue.
- 1:15
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 1:30
 CBS: George Rector.
- 1:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories.
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell.
- 2:00
 CBS: Kathryn Cravens.
- 2:45
 CBS: Myrt and Marge.
 NBC-Red: Personal Column.
- 3:00
 MBS: Mollie of the Movies.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
 NBC-Blue: Continental Varieties.
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
- 3:45
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
 NBC-Red: Henry Busse Drch.
- 4:30
 NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 4:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light.
- 5:00
 CBS: Junior Nurse Corps.
- 5:15
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 6:30
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
 CBS: Wilderness Road.
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:15
 CBS: News of Youth.
- 6:30
 Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies.
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
 CBS: Ma and Pa.
 NBC-Blue: Tastyest Jesters.
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
 MBS: The Lone Ranger.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
 CBS: Cavalcade of America.
 NBC-Blue: Beatrice Lillie.
 NBC-Red: Dne Man's Family.
- 8:30
 CBS: Ken Murray.
 MBS: Tonic Time.
 NBC-Blue: Ethel Barrymore.
 NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00
 CBS: Nino Martin.
 NBC-Blue: Professional Parade
 NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight.
- 9:30
 CBS: Beauty Box Theatre.
- 10:00
 CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord.
 NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade.
- 10:30
 CBS: Sinclair Program.
 NBC-Red: Gladys Swarthout.

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON

PROGRAM DIRECTORY

THURSDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Betty and Bob.
 NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News.
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs.
- 10:15
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.
 NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins.
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
 CBS: Betty Crocker: Hymns.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
- 10:45
 CBS: News.
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.
 NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
 NBC-Red: Oavid Harum.
- 11:15
 CBS: East and Oumke.
 NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister.
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: Betty Moore.
- 11:45
 CBS: Eleanor Howe.
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Allen Prescott.
- 12:00 Noon
 CBS: The Gumps.
 NBC-Blue: Honeyboy and Sassafras.
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15 P.M.
 CBS: Ted Malone.
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour.
- 12:45
 CBS: Rich Man's Oarling.
- 1:00
 CBS: Jack Berch.
- 1:15
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 1:30
 CBS: George Rector
- 1:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories.
- 2:15
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:30
 NBC-Blue: Women's Clubs.
- 2:45
 CBS: Myrt and Marge.
 NBC-Red: Personal Column.
- 3:00
 CBS: Mollie of the Movies.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
- 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
 NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera Co.
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
- 4:30
 NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 4:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light.
- 5:00
 NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.
- 5:15
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 5:30
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
- 5:45
 CBS: Wilderness Road.
 NBC-Blue: Breen and DeRose.
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:30
 Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
 CBS: Mortimer Gooch.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
 CBS: Ma and Pa.
 NBC-Blue: The Stainless Show.
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
 CBS: The Lone Ranger.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
 NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
 NBC-Blue: Jean Dickenson.
- 8:00
 CBS: Broadway Varieties.
 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich.
 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert.
- 8:15
 NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam.
- 8:30
 CBS: Hal Kemp's Orch.
 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Oays.
- 9:00
 CBS: Hollywood Hotel.
 NBC-Blue: Universal Rhythm.
 NBC-Red: Waltz Time.
- 9:30
 NBC-Red: True Story Court.
- 10:00
 CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
 NBC-Blue: Jack Pearl, Cliff Hall.
 NBC-Red: First Nighter.
- 10:30
 CBS: Sinclair Program.
 NBC-Red: Pontiac Varsity Show.

FRIDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Betty and Bob.
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs.
- 10:15
 CBS: Modern Cinderella.
 NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins.
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
- 10:30
 CBS: Betty Crocker: News.
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
- 10:45
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade.
 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
 CBS: Heinz Magazine.
 NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
 NBC-Red: Oavid Harum.
- 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
- 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister.
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
- 11:45
 CBS: Or. Allan R. Dafoe.
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
 NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
 CBS: The Gumps.
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15
 CBS: Ted Malone.
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.
- 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour.
- 12:45
 CBS: Rich Man's Oarling.
- 1:00
 CBS: Five Star Revue.
- 1:15
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 1:30
 CBS: George Rector.
- 1:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories.
- 2:00
 CBS: Kathryn Cravens.
 NBC: Music Appreciation Hour.
- 2:15
 CBS: School of the Air.
- 2:45
 CBS: Myrt and Marge.
- 3:00
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
 NBC-Red: Tea Time at Morrell's.
- 4:30
 NBC-Red: Follow the Moon.
- 4:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light.
- 5:15
 CBS: Junior Nurse Corps.
- 5:15
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
 NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
- 5:30
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
- 5:45
 CBS: Wilderness Road.
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:15
 CBS: News of Youth.
- 6:30
 Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly.
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
 CBS: Mortimer Gooch.
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
 CBS: Ma and Pa.
 NBC-Blue: The Stainless Show.
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
 CBS: The Lone Ranger.
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
 NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill.
- 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter.
 NBC-Blue: Jean Dickenson.
- 8:00
 CBS: Broadway Varieties.
 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich.
 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert.
- 8:15
 NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam.
- 8:30
 CBS: Hal Kemp's Orch.
 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Oays.
- 9:00
 CBS: Hollywood Hotel.
 NBC-Blue: Universal Rhythm.
 NBC-Red: Waltz Time.
- 9:30
 NBC-Red: True Story Court.
- 10:00
 CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
 NBC-Blue: Jack Pearl, Cliff Hall.
 NBC-Red: First Nighter.
- 10:30
 CBS: Sinclair Program.
 NBC-Red: Pontiac Varsity Show.

SATURDAY

All time is Eastern Standard

- 10:00 A.M.
 CBS: Your Home and Mine.
 NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 10:05
 NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose.
 NBC-Red: Charioters.
- 10:15
 CBS: Richard Maxwell.
 NBC-Blue: Raising Your Parents.
 NBC-Red: The Vass Family.
- 10:30
 CBS: Let's Pretend.
 NBC-Red: Manhattaners.
- 10:45
 NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis.
- 11:00
 CBS: Cincinnati Conservatory.
 NBC-Blue: Madge Marley.
 NBC-Red: Our American Schools.
- 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Minute Men.
 NBC-Red: Ooc Whipple.
- 11:30
 NBC-Blue: Magic of Speech.
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef.
- 11:45
 NBC-Red: Home Town.
- 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Red: Abram Chasins.
- 12:30
 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
 NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.
 CBS: George Hall Orch.
- 1:05
 NBC-Red: Whitney Ensemble.
- 1:30
 CBS: Buffalo Presents.
 NBC-Blue: Our Barn.
 NBC-Red: Campus Capers.
- 2:00
 CBS: Dancers.
 NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Opera.
 NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo.
- 2:30
 NBC-Red: Golden Melodies.
- 2:45
 CBS: Clyde Barrie.
- 3:00
 CBS: Down by Herman's.
 NBC-Red: Walter Logan.
- 3:30
 CBS: Dept. of Commerce Series.
 NBC-Red: Week End Review.
- 4:30
 NBC-Red: Spelling Bee.
- 5:30
 CBS: Drama of the Skies
 NBC-Blue: Bill Kountz Orch.
 NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kinder-
 garten.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:05
 NBC-Blue: Nickelodeon.
 NBC-Red: Top Hatters
- 6:25
 CBS: Press-Radio News.
- 6:30
 CBS: Eton Boys.
 NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 6:35
 NBC-Blue: NBC Home Symphony
 NBC-Red: Alma Kitchell.
- 6:45
 CBS: Tito Guizar.
 NBC-Red: Religion in the News.
- 7:00
 CBS: Saturday Night Swing.
 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel.
 NBC-Red: Jimmy Kemper.
- 7:15
 NBC-Red: Hampton Institute.
- 7:30
 CBS: Carborundum Band.
 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question
 Bee.
- 7:45
 NBC-Red: Thornton Fisher.
- 8:00
 CBS: Professor Quiz.
 NBC-Blue: Ed Wynn.
 NBC-Red: Saturday Night Party
- 8:30
 CBS: Johnny Presents.
 NBC-Blue: Meredith Willson.
- 9:00
 CBS: Floyd Gibbons. Vincent Lopez.
 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell.
 NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance.
 NBC-Red: Snow Village Sketches.
- 9:30
 CBS: Your Pet Program.
 NBC-Red: Shell Show, Joe Cook.
- 10:00
 CBS: Your Hit Parade and Sweep-
 stakes.
- 10:30
 NBC-Red: Irvin S. Cobb

HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE

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

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

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

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

Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network

WABC	WIBW	WTCC
WACO	WIBX	WWL
WADC	WISN	WWVA
WALA	WJAS	KFBB
WBBM	WJNO	KFBB
WBG	WJR	KFY
WBNS	WJTV	KFPY
WBRC	WKBN	KGKO
WBT	WKBB	KGVO
WCAO	WKRC	KLRA
WCAU	WLAC	KLZ
WCCO	WLBZ	KMBC
WCOA	WMAZ	KMOK
WDAE	WMBD	KNOW
WDBJ	WMBG	KNX
WDBO	WMBR	KDH
WDNC	WMMN	KOIN
WDD	WNAH	KOL
WDR	WNBF	KOMA
WEEI	WNOX	KRLD
WESG	WOC	KRNT
WFBL	WOKO	KSCJ
WFBM	WORC	KSFO
WFEA	WOWO	KSI
WGL	WPG	KTRH
WGR	WPRO	KTSA
WGST	WQAM	KTUL
WHAS	WREC	KVI
WHCC	WSBT	KVOR
WHIO	WSFA	KWKH
WHK	WSJS	CFRE
WHP	WSPD	CKAC

Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Networks

RED NETWORK		
WBEH	WIRE	WTAG
WCAE	WJAR	WTAM
WCSH	WJAZ	WTCA
WDAF	WNAH	WVJ
WEAF	WDW	KSD
WFBR	WRC	KSTP
WGY	WSAI	KYW

BLUE NETWORK		
WABY	WGAR	WSYR
WBAL	WHAM	WTCN
WBZ	WICC	WYXZ
WBZA	WJZ	KDKA
WCKY	WLS	KDIL
WEAN	WMAL	KSO
WEBR	WMT	KVDD
WENR	WREN	KWK

SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

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

WAPI	WPTF	KGHL
WAVE	WRVA	KGIR
WBAP	WSB	KGNC
WCFL	WSM	KGD
WCOL	WSMB	KGU
WCSC	WSOC	KGW
WDAY	WSUN	KHQ
WBEC	WTAR	KJR
WFAA	WTMJ	KLO
WFBC	WVNC	KMJ
WFLA	KARK	KOA
WGL	KDYL	KOMO
WIBA	KECA	KOY
WIDD	KERN	KPRC
WIS	KEX	KTR
WJAX	KFBK	KTBS
WJDX	KFI	KTHS
WKY	KFSO	KVVO
WLW	KFYR	KWYR
WMC	KGA	CFCE
WDAI	KEBX	CRCT
WDDD	KGHF	

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



Wide World

Floyd was on vacation in Yellowstone Park when a forest fire broke out nearby. Above, as he gave up his holiday and prepared to fight the blaze.

By

NORTON RUSSELL

NEW HEADLINES AND
NEW ADVENTURES IN
MANCHURIA, SHANG-
HAI, AND ETHIOPIA
CLIMAX THIS THRILL
PACKED LIFE STORY

Conclusion

THERE Floyd was, that winter of 1931-32, in Manchuria. His job was to keep on good terms with the Japanese armies who were busy moving in upon the Chinese in that territory, whether the Chinese concerned liked it or not. Mostly they didn't, but they had no regularly constituted army to express their resentment.

Officially, the Japanese army was supposed to be advancing against the Chinese army. Actually, the advance was a series of skirmishes, with long periods of marching over frozen ground in between. The skirmishes occurred when the Japanese came across one of the bands of disorganized Chinese soldiers that roamed the territory. There was fighting going on somewhere most of the time, but no one battle was particularly important. In fact, the Japanese had already virtually established (Continued on page 66)

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF
Floyd Gibbons,
ADVENTURER



Britain's Coronation

AWAKENS NEW INTEREST IN
TITLED BRITISH BEAUTIES

*Duchesses, Countesses
Viscountesses and Ladies
guard
their Loveliness
the Pond's way*

The Duchess of Leinster
CENTER TOP

The Countess Howe
LEFT CENTER

The Viscountess Milton
LEFT BOTTOM

The Viscountess Dunwich
LEFT TOP

The Lady Barbara Gore
UPPER RIGHT

The Lady Helena Fitzwilliam
BOTTOM

WHEN BRITAIN'S great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins' beauty with Pond's. Pond's is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

Here is the method English and American beauties use:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning—(and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

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

POND'S, Dept. SRM-CE, Clinton Conn.

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937. Pond's Extract Company

Strange Threat the Future Holds for Bobby Breen

(Continued from page 23)

"LET THEM HONK!
I have to wipe
this wheel first"



Front Seat Drivers ...
Back Seat Drivers ... adopt the

KLEENEX HABIT

● It's the thing to do—keep Kleenex Tissues in the car to clean wheel and windshield, to wipe hands and greasy spots so clothes don't become soiled. . . . And during colds, the Kleenex Habit saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. Use a tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex In Every Room.
Save Steps—Time—Money

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To shape and blot lipstick . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . And keep a box in your kitchen.



No waste! No mess!
Pull a tissue—the
next one pops up
ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

five hundred thousand."

Medical opinion is no more encouraging than musical opinion. I talked to a prominent throat specialist, and he told me that during a boy's change of voice the vocal cords grow much faster than any other part of the body. It is the change in their relative size that causes the voice alteration. No one can tell in advance how much or how little the cords will grow, or what the result will be.

Sally Breen must have known years ago how small a chance there was that Bobby's voice would survive his growth to maturity. She knew that she and Bobby were like two people who have found a great treasure that must be used at once before it faded away.

THE situation has not changed—if anything, it has grown more acute. In the midst of uncertainty and doubt, Bobby is still gambling with time, gambling with his future as the stake.

It was winter when I last saw Bobby. He had come to New York to make personal appearances at the Radio City Music Hall in connection with the premiere of his latest picture, "Rainbow On the River." On his trips from his hotel to the theater he rode in a luxurious, heated limousine which had been lent to him by friends, but even in its warmth he was swathed in layer upon layer of mufflers and coats. His own doctor made daily inspections of his throat. Every possible precaution was taken against even the hint of a cold.

The truth is that Bobby can't spare a day to be ill. He can no more spare the time to be ill than he can spare it to play. Into four or five years he must crowd the earning capacity of a lifetime. That is the reason he will make as many pictures as possible from now until whatever time his voice changes, and the reason he will sing as much as possible on the air.

Other child stars in Hollywood have faced a similar problem, but never has it been so acute, or so personal, as it is in Bobby's case. Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, Madge Evans—their gangling adolescence meant only that they must wait until the awkward stage passed. But while their childhood fame came from their innocent, lovable personalities, they were all the time learning valuable lessons in acting which would stand them in good stead later on. Their knowledge of the acting profession could never be taken from them. Bobby's fame comes from his voice first of all, and all his lessons in singing and acting may be worthless if it should go.

Since this is the case, Bobby and the adults who have his career in their hands have chosen the only possible course. They must see to it that Bobby has everything that's coming to him, in fame and in money, while he can earn it. There is no danger, experts agree, that using his voice to capacity now will have any bad effect upon it after the change, as long as ordinary precautions of health are observed.

But even this course of action, necessary and obvious as it is, carries its own unique penalties. Bobby must lead as busy and full a life as any adult—busier than most. His days are taken up with

practicing, rehearsing, performing, applying make-up, studying, seeing people who simply must be seen. There's no time for the ordinary pleasures of childhood. Because of his singing and the constant necessity for rehearsal, Bobby has even less leisure time than the average child movie or radio star. All his friends and acquaintances are older than he is, naturally, and he talks to adults on terms of equality.

For all the normal interests of childhood he has substituted singing. It has become part of him, just as it becomes part of any great artist. If it is ever impossible for him to bend all his thoughts and energies in that one direction, Bobby will face a problem of adjustment that would stagger most adults.

Because he now spends all his time with adults he will find it difficult to understand and sympathize with children his own age. Because his days are now filled with work, he will find play dull and uninteresting, and childish games silly. Because he has grown used to applause, he will find life empty without it.

Knowing Bobby, I am sure he will be able to make the adjustment if it becomes necessary. But it will cause him unhappiness.

There is the one possibility, the one chance in five hundred thousand, that he will never be forced to step down from the high place his voice has won for him. One chance that, great as his voice is now, it may some day be even greater.

Enrico Caruso is the only child singer who ever grew to be a greater singer as a man. From the time he was six until he was fourteen, Caruso was much in demand as a boy contralto soloist—so much in demand that his school tuition was remitted and priests and teachers gave him all the money he needed. He won two silver medals for singing during this period, and was considered the greatest boy church singer in Naples.

IT was accident that saved his voice for the world, and that *may point the way to save Bobby Breen's!* When Caruso was fifteen, his mother died. He had loved her so devotedly that he found it impossible to sing after her death. For more than a year he did not sing a note, either privately or publicly. It was during this period of despondency that his voice changed. When finally he did sing again he was surprised to find that his voice had become a thin tenor instead of the former contralto. With increasing maturity and care, the thin tenor became the greatest tenor of all time.

It's possible that the same thing may happen to Bobby Breen, if only the warning signs of the coming change are observed in time to stop him from singing—and if only he can go through the agonizing year or so of waiting without singing a note. Throat specialists agree that the complete rest Caruso gave his voice in his sixteenth year was responsible for its beauty later on. But they do not say that such a rest *guarantees* a beautiful voice.

Perhaps the unearthly beauty of Bobby's soprano as we listen to it on the air is too precious a thing for us to enjoy for long. Or perhaps. . . ? Only the years can tell.

And still they come! Get the June issue of RADIO MIRROR for the words and music of another famous radio theme song

Do You Suffer Vitamin Shortage?

People Don't Know Whether They Get
ENOUGH VITAMINS with Their Meals—
Until Ill Health Shows It

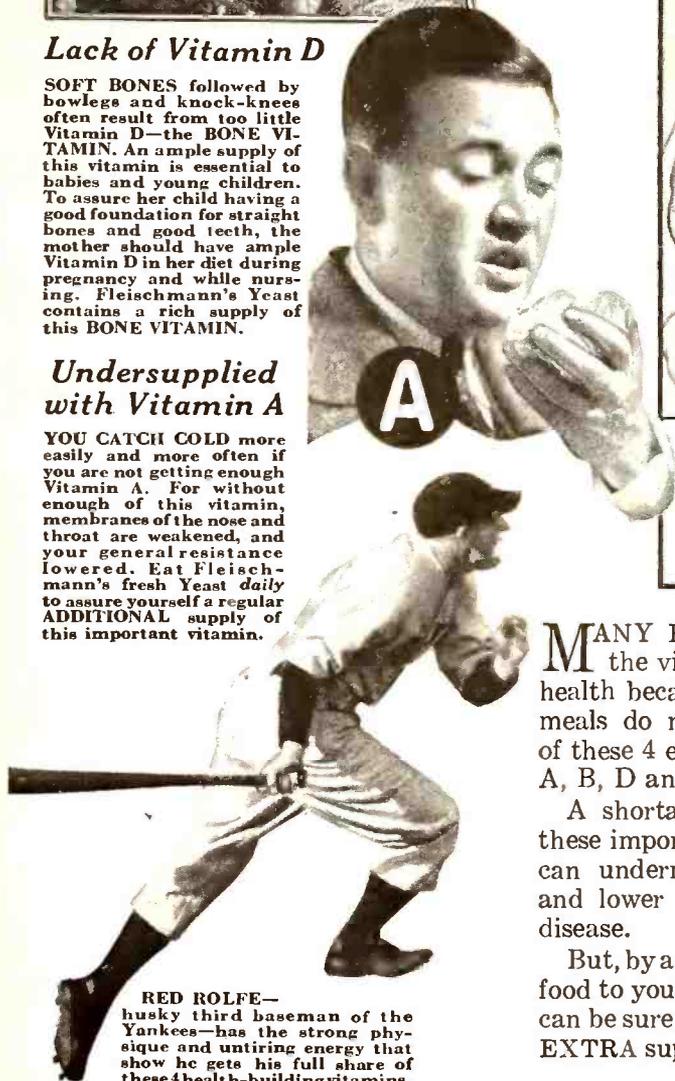


Lack of Vitamin D

SOFT BONES followed by bowlegs and knock-knees often result from too little Vitamin D—the **BONE VITAMIN**. An ample supply of this vitamin is essential to babies and young children. To assure her child having a good foundation for straight bones and good teeth, the mother should have ample Vitamin D in her diet during pregnancy and while nursing. Fleischmann's Yeast contains a rich supply of this **BONE VITAMIN**.

Undersupplied with Vitamin A

YOU CATCH COLD more easily and more often if you are not getting enough Vitamin A. For without enough of this vitamin, membranes of the nose and throat are weakened, and your general resistance lowered. Eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily to assure yourself a regular **ADDITIONAL** supply of this important vitamin.



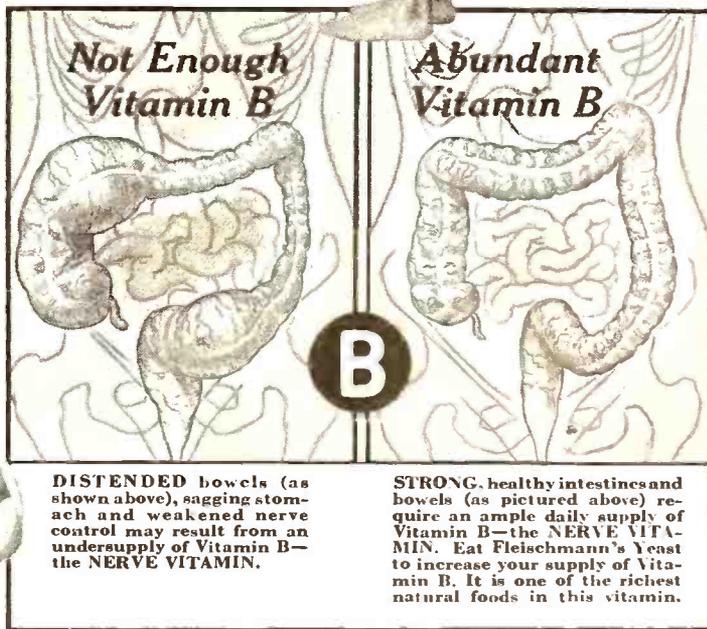
RED ROLFE—husky third baseman of the Yankees—has the strong physique and untiring energy that show he gets his full share of these 4 health-building vitamins.

But—by Adding
ONE FOOD to Your
Daily Diet, You Can Be
Sure of a **REGULAR**
SUPPLY of These
4 VITAMINS Every Day



Too Little Vitamin G means poor growth

WEAK, thin, irritable children are often found to be poorly supplied with Vitamin G—the **GROWTH VITAMIN**. Everyone needs a generous supply of this vitamin regularly to assure proper development of body tissues, and lay a foundation for good health. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes a day.



DISTENDED bowels (as shown above), sagging stomach and weakened nerve control may result from an undersupply of Vitamin B—the **NERVE VITAMIN**.

STRONG, healthy intestines and bowels (as pictured above) require an ample daily supply of Vitamin B—the **NERVE VITAMIN**. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast to increase your supply of Vitamin B. It is one of the richest natural foods in this vitamin.

MANY PEOPLE today are the victims of chronic ill health because their everyday meals do not provide enough of these 4 essential vitamins—A, B, D and G.

A shortage of even one of these important food elements can undermine your vitality and lower your resistance to disease.

But, by adding one **SPECIAL** food to your ordinary diet, you can be sure of getting a regular **EXTRA** supply of these 4 vita-

mins in addition to what your meals supply.

That one food is **FLEISCHMANN'S** fresh YEAST. It is the only natural food that furnishes such an abundant supply of all 4 of these vitamins at once.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water. Start today to build up your vitamin health this simple way. Order 2 or 3 days' supply from your grocer. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps perfectly in the icebox.



**IF YOU DON'T FIND
ALL THE INFORMA-
TION YOU WANT IN
THE STORIES ABOUT
STARS AND SHOWS,
WRITE AND ASK THE
ORACLE FOR HELP**

Raymond Johnson is one of NBC's busiest Chicago actors, but finds time to help Ruth Lyon, lyric soprano, translate a Swedish folk tune.

What ?

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ?

ORACLE NOTES—Curley Mahr is the new pianist and arranger for NBC's Landt Trio. He formerly played with Irving Aaronson's Commanders. He replaces Howard White, who died suddenly a few months ago. . . . Portland Hoffa has her hair freshly set every Wednesday a few hours prior to her broadcast with Fred Allen. . . . Sandra Burns, small daughter of Gracie Allen, is glorying in her wardrobe—just like mother's—ranging from lounging pajamas to a skiing outfit. . . . Hollywood Hotel's Frances Langford is looking over property at Lake Arrowhead for the right kind of cabin. . . .

Now, for the questions of the month—

Frances H., Berkeley, Calif.—Just write to Benny Goodman in care of the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City, New York, and see if he won't send you his picture. Billy Idelson who plays Rush in the Vic and Sade broadcasts, can be reached at the National Broadcasting Studios, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. In case you might have forgotten to purchase your copy of April RADIO MIRROR—there was a dandy picture of Billy in the scrapbook section.

Joseph Bruno, Torrington, Conn.—You gave me a big order, Joe. I didn't know which orchestras you wanted, but I picked some at random: Horace Heidt's Brigadiers, the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Avenue,

New York, N. Y.; Ozzie Nelson, in care of the Hotel Lexington, New York; George Olsen, Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill.; Henry Busse's Chez Paree orchestra, Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill.; Guy Lombardo, Hotel Roosevelt, New York City; Raymond Paige, Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th and Bixel Sts., Los Angeles, Calif.

Marie P., Phila., Pa.—The Jello maestro is Phil Harris. He was born in Indiana but lived most of his life in Nashville, Tennessee. Phil started his musical career as a drummer under his father's training . . . he's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 168 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. The theme song of the Jello program is J-E-L-L-O. Remember?

S. E. M., Ionia, Michigan—You've waited a long time, but you promised to be patient. RADIO MIRROR ran a picture of Kay Kyser in the January issue, in the Facing the Music department. As for Freddie Martin, his picture was in last month's issue. Freddie was born in Cleveland, Ohio. He became an orphan when still a baby and was placed in a foundling home in Springfield where he discovered the first indications of his flair for music.

Mrs. James L. D., Fayette, Mo.—"Vagabond Dreams Come True," the autobiography of Rudy Vallee, was not published in the pages of RADIO MIRROR.

Kenny Baker Fans, attention!—A new fan club has just been formed with the personal consent and permission of Mr. Baker. If you're interested, get in touch with Allan L. Smith, 12 Wayside Avenue, Lawrence, Mass.

Miss X. Y. Z., Youngstown, Ohio—Didn't you know that the Oracle only answers questions on the network stars? I'd love to be able to help you, but it's really impossible to keep up with all the local stars. I'm sure if you'll write to the local station in Greensburg, Pa., they'll be glad to send you any information they may have on Ray Pearl's orchestra.

Al G., Brooklyn, New York—If you want a picture of Stoopnagle and Budd, write and ask them for one, addressing your inquiry in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City; for Rudy Vallee, use the same address; Joe Penner and Ken Murray can be reached at the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

J. T. S., Buffalo, New York—Won't you write to station WKBW of your city for the information on Peggy Mann? They'll no doubt have her address.

Igor Gorin fans, attention!—Are you an Igor Gorin fan? Then get in touch with Lillian Bloom, President of the Igor Gorin Club, 822 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, New York.

Winston-Salem—Lucy Laughlin and Lucy Monroe are the same person. I guess at first Lucy wanted to make good on her own and didn't want it known that her mother was the one-time popular actress, Anna Laughlin. And then, when her mother appeared on the same broadcast program with her, she was proud and wanted every one to know that she was Anna Laughlin's daughter, Lucy Laughlin.

Nick T. F., Oneonta, N. Y.—A letter addressed to Mr. Richard Crooks, in care of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, will reach him.

Mrs. Betty McC., Phila., Pa.—I've tried to find out the whereabouts of Lawrence Goulds, but to no avail. Maybe some one who knows may read this little item and will write and tell the Oracle where he is. Such things do happen sometimes.

"SURE, 'T WAS NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT...



COPR. FELS & CO. 1937



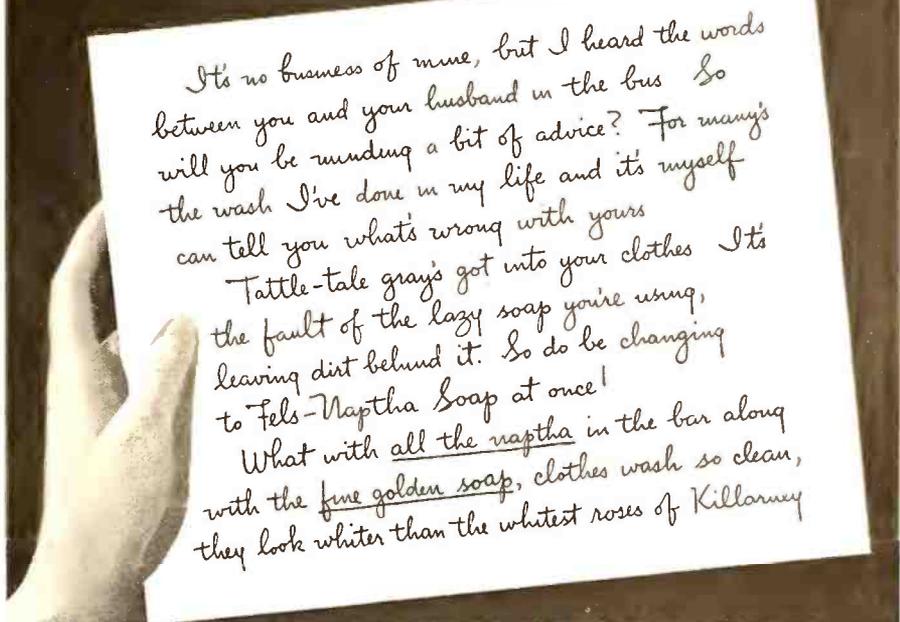
THERE YOU GO AGAIN! I WISH I'D NEVER MARRIED YOU!

DARLING, I'M SORRY. BUT I SIMPLY WON'T WEAR GRAY-LOOKING SHIRTS FOREVER!

'TIS GRIEF THE LITTLE BRIDE NEXT DOOR IS HAVING, JIMMIE. SO, LIKE A GOOD LAD, SLIP THIS NOTE BENEATH HER DOOR AND NOT A WHISPER OUT OF YOU.

I'LL KEEP MUM, MRS. CASEY

SO THE BRIDE GOT MRS. CASEY'S LETTER



It's no business of mine, but I heard the words between you and your husband in the bus. So will you be minding a bit of advice? For many's the wash I've done in my life and it's myself can tell you what's wrong with yours. Tattle-tale gray's got into your clothes. It's the fault of the lazy soap you're using, leaving dirt behind it. So do be changing to Fels-Naptha Soap at once! What with all the naptha in the bar along with the fine golden soap, clothes wash so clean, they look whiter than the whitest roses of Killarney.

AND A FEW WEEKS LATER



YOU'RE A WONDER, HONEY. THESE SHIRTS ARE SO WHITE NOW I REALLY AM "THE WELL-DRESSED MAN."

GIVE FELS-NAPTHA THE CREDIT. I WISH I COULD THANK THE WOMAN WHO WROTE ME ABOUT IT.

SURE 'TIS CLEVER I AM! AND 'TIS MYSELF THAT KNOWS IT!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Have Clearer, Lovelier Skin with these *Germ-Free* Beauty Creams

"JACK, I HAVEN'T THE HEART to go to the dance tonight. Look! A blemish!"

"DEAR, ISN'T THERE some way to prevent those pesky spots?"

"YOU LOOK GORGEOUS tonight, dear! What a lovely complexion!"

"I TRIED THE GERM-FREE Woodbury Creams. My skin's been freer from blemishes ever since."



Your skin can better resist blemishes and dryness with Woodbury's . . . and now Vitamin D in this famous Cold Cream helps keep skin youthful!

It's far easier today to have a satin-smooth complexion. You have Woodbury's Germ-free Creams, the products of skin scientists, to help you.

Fine emollients in Woodbury's Cold Cream help restore dry skin to moist freshness. And when this germ-free cream is on your face, it arrests germ-growth . . . stands guard over tiny cracks and fissures in your skin that have opened the door to the germs which cause so many blemishes.

Besides, this famous cold cream now contains Sunshine Vitamin D. In order to maintain its health and youthful vigor, your skin must take up oxygen at a rapid rate, breathe quickly. That is why Vitamin D has been added to Woodbury's Cold Cream . . . to coax new life and loveliness into "tired" complexions.

Woodbury's Facial Cream forms a flattering base for your make-up. Protects your skin, too, from wind and dust. With all their benefits to clear skin beauty, these exquisite germ-free creams are each only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢, in tubes.

Woodbury's
Germ-Free BEAUTY CREAMS

SEND for 10-PIECE COMPLEXION KIT
It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7477 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name _____
Address _____

His "Spook" Won't Stop Haunting Jack Oakie

(Continued from page 45)

to do the supporting. The Oakie pride is hot with resentment over a mother of sixty-eight who won't stay put but goes gallivanting around, causing her son all kinds of worry.

It started back in 1932. That's when Jack made his first big mistake. For a long time the Spook had been pestering him to do some picture work. She'd never done any before, but she claimed it wasn't too late to start even if she was sixty-four.

"If you come right down to it," she argued, "my hair is no whiter than Jean Harlow's. So why not?"

Jack in his innocence thought it would be fun, and when his next picture, "Too Much Harmony," came along with a white-haired mother's part in it, he asked the director, Eddie Sutherland, if the Spook could play it. Eddie agreed.

"Have her come in at noon," he told Jack. "It'll only take an hour and there's no sense in making her get up early."

The Uptown Branch walked on the set promptly at the stroke of noon. Somewhere she'd found somebody to make her up just the right way and there she was, her hair waved smartly and the correct shade of grease paint on. She looked wonderful.

But Eddie took one look at her and drew Jack aside. "She's grand," he said, "she looks swell . . . but she won't do. She looks too peppy. The mother in this picture's old and tired and your mother looks as if she were about thirty-five."

TELL her to calm down," Jack suggested.

"How you going to calm *that* down?" asked Eddie. "She couldn't look or act tired no matter how hard she tried."

Eddie finally apologized to her and said her scenes would be shot the next day. "Better come in at eight thirty with the rest of us," he said. And privately to Jack, "We'll fix her."

At eight-thirty, the Spook arrived, still dapper and full of vigor. Eddie informed her there had been a change in the schedule and it would be a long wait until her scenes. Would she mind? Of course she wouldn't. Eddie let her wait all day long. About noon she began to sag, but not enough. Finally, late in the day, she began to doze in her chair.

"Okay now, we're ready, Mrs. Oakie," Eddie snapped, all business.

The Spook blinked, meandered onto the set and went through her scenes still half asleep—giving a wonderful impersonation of a tired little old lady. She was so good they didn't have to shoot the scenes twice—which was lucky, because then she might have had time to wake up.

As it was, she was right in her stride by the time her work was done. Coming off the set, she sat down in the director's chair, with his name on it. The chair tipped and deposited the Spook on the floor. Before anyone could help her she was up, dusting herself off briskly and saying, "Humph! that chair must have thrown me just because my name wasn't on it."

With the District Attorney's fling at picture work out of the way Jack thought he could sit back and breathe easily. His troubles were just starting. Two weeks went by, and the studio told him he was to do a preview of "Too Much Harmony" on the air. Came the day set for the broadcast and Jack, all unsuspecting, was

leaving the house, when the Uptown Branch asked:

"What time are we supposed to be there?"

"What do you mean *we*?" asked Jack, a horrible suspicion clutching at his heart. "You ain't goin' no place. They don't have an audience for this show."

"But I'm going to be on it too," answered the Spook. "Call up the studio and ask them."

Sure enough, Mr. Oakie's Little White Mammy was expected at the studio. What's more, she trotted through her part like a veteran, loving it.

Worse was to come. A week later she calmly announced that she was going to New York to make a personal appearance with the picture. "It's all arranged," she said. "I told that nice man at the studio I thought I could give the picture a good boost and he said he thought I could too, if anybody could, so they're going to send me."

Jack could have started an argument, but it would have been silly. You can see for yourself it would have been silly. The Spook was going to town, and nobody was going to stop her. Having tasted this thrilling show business, she wanted more.

The train Jack put her on, headed for New York, looked like a nice, ordinary, efficient sort of train, good for a safe and quiet trip across the continent. Never were appearances more deceiving. This staid-appearing train had Maurice Chevalier aboard, and Chevalier's chief task in those days was dodging reporters who wanted to know whether or not he was going to marry Kay Francis.

AT the first stop a dozen reporters swarmed through the train until they located Chevalier. The Spook had located him long since, and by that time they were well into the middle of one of those life-long friendships you form on trains.

What about it, the reporters wanted to know—was he or wasn't he going to marry Kay Francis? At which Chevalier stuck out that under lip of his, grinned, put his arm around the Spook's shoulders, and retorted:

"Zees ees my only sweetheart!"

Then he kissed her, and somebody set off a flashlight bulb, and the picture was in every paper in the country the next day.

Publicity? The Spook rolled into New York in a blaze of Chevalier glory. She was sixty-four years old, and she'd never had so much fun in all her life.

She was at the New York Paramount Theater for two weeks as star attraction. Audiences loved her. All she did was come out and talk about her boy Jackie, only sometimes she forgot and called him Lewis because that's his real name. But it didn't make any difference. She could have gone tongue-tied and silent, and they'd still have liked her, just because she was having so much fun.

Back home in Hollywood, of course, Jack was going nuts. The telephone rang at all hours of the day and night, with agents calling from New York to tell him how terrific she was and saying, "Now, you just give me an exclusive contract with her and I can book her into Pittsburgh next week. Then we'll take her on to Philly, with a percentage of the profits . . ."

"But this is my Ma," Jack would wail. "I can't let her go traipsin' around the country like a side show . . . I don't care how good a time she's havin'. She's comin' right back home as soon as that Paramount date is over."

He sent her a series of telegrams and, reluctantly, she returned to Hollywood, getting off the train looking sheepish and pleased with herself at the same time.



I USED TO BE AT MY WIT'S END TO KNOW WHAT TO GIVE JUNIOR FOR LUNCH until I discovered Franco-American Spaghetti



Children Love This Delicious, Nourishing Dish that costs less than 3¢ a portion

APIPING-HOT plateful of Franco-American Spaghetti, a glass of milk, some fruit—there's a perfect lunch for a husky boy and a lunch to help *keep* him husky!

And so easy for you to prepare. No cooking, just heat and serve. So economical, too. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion. It would cost more to buy all your ingredients and prepare spaghetti and sauce at home.

Yet Franco-American is a regular

"millionaire's dish," as different as can be from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti, with its savory cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients. Serve it for dinner tonight in place of potatoes or have this spaghetti meal.

Savory Spaghetti Platter

In center of hot platter arrange one can heated Franco-American Spaghetti and surround it with ring of crisp bacon strips. At each end of platter put mound of cooked vegetables (peas, carrots or string beans). Serves 4. Cost (according to vegetable used), 40¢ to 50¢.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI



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



WAKE UP Mary!

It's a grand
old world
and you're
missing it



YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—and *that was that*.

WAKE UP, MARY!

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their aloneness.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with Mum!

No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm—and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If

you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum—you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration—the unpleasant odor—and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don't let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



**USE MUM ON
SANITARY NAPKINS**

Know what complete freedom from doubt and fear of this cause of unpleasantness can really mean.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"This is the end," Jack told her firmly. "No more show business for you. You don't know where to stop, and it's too hard on you."

He must have been pretty impressive, because he was able to keep her under control for a couple of years.

"But all that was pictures, and personal appearances, and now I'm in radio, so the whole thing starts over again," Jack complained to me. "See, she was an educator when she was young—she had a school of her own for eleven years, and then she taught in New York. After she stopped teaching she did go on the radio one year, for some candy manufacturers, so you can imagine how it is. She was on the radio then, and she doesn't see why she shouldn't be on it now. She just loves to get up in front of an audience or a microphone, and boy, that night she was on the program with me she was all dressed up in a white evening dress, like it was graduation night in Dixie!"

Oh, yes, the Spook has beaten down her son's determination to keep her off the air—several times she's beaten it down. The trouble is that Jack gets absolutely no cooperation from sponsors. By going to them over his head she can always get on a program. And no wonder. It may be instinct, but she knows how to make a broadcast twice as funny as it was written.

Once, according to Jack, she read her opening line into the mike, then stopped, chuckled, winked at the audience, and said, "I rehearsed that line forty times!" And in that little line she made every listener feel that this wasn't just an ordinary broadcast, but the grand adventure she felt it to be.

"I'M not gonna have her work!" Jack said. "She's worked most of her life and now it's time for her to button her mouth and let little Jackie do the larder filling."

"Anyway, she's got her clubs. They keep her busy enough. There's that one she belongs to with Joan Crawford's mother, and Jeanette MacDonald's mother, and Gene Raymond's mother and Woody Van Dyke's mother—oh, a whole passel of them and they call themselves the League of Fallen Women. Not because of what you think, but because they're always taking spills and getting their shins scraped up. I don't know exactly what the purpose of the club is except to get together and brag about their offspring. And whenever any one of their children have a picture showing, they all get together for luncheon and then go see it.

"And she's got her scrapbooks to keep. Me, I never kept a clipping about myself in my life, but she's got enough stuff saved to paper Radio City. She gets 'em from China and Japan and Europe—all over. She's got all her ex-pupils from the Scudder School in New York at work—they're all millionaires and always traveling around—sending her stuff about me from all parts of the world. Every day she spends at least an hour on those books, and she indexes them all according to pictures and programs and it really is something! Quite a clipping bureau I got . . . that Scudder School for Girls, Oakie, the debutante's delight, you know!"

And at that moment, in the doorway, stood Mrs. Jack Oakie—Venita Varden until about a year ago. Very pretty, very young, but at that moment, pouting just a little. "Jack, I've just been over to Columbia, talking to that man from the Camel agency. I was asking him what he thought about that idea of mine—you know, about going on the show with you next Tuesday night, and he said . . ."

Jack suddenly collapsed into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and

moaned, "Not you too. Pigeon! Not you!"
 "But Jack, if you let your mother do it . . . I don't see why . . ."

It seemed like a good time for me to retire. "Well, thanks for coming up," Jack said at the door. "Keep in touch with me. If anything turns up, I'll let you know." And the despairing look he cast in Venita's direction indicated that something was quite likely to turn up, and soon . . . Venita Varden, none other, on her husband's radio show!

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: Jack Oakie's College . . . On the airwaves Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m., over CBS and arch rival for your attention, with Fred Astaire's NBC stanzas . . . The new set-up with celluloid-comic Oakie started Dec. 29, replacing Rupert Hughes, who in turn succeeded the old O'Keefe-Caso Loma Caravan for one of radio's strongest sponsors, Camel cigarettes . . . The Oakie College is the only air show that uses two studio audiences, 3,000 miles away from each other . . . The main portion of course, originates in Hollywood before a real professional audience (most movie stars like to see Oakie clown anytime, anywhere and come out in regiments for the air show) and the eastern onlookers see only swingster Benny Goodman . . . The simultaneous switch you hear when Jack turns the show over to the clarinet king is the last word in engineering technique. They use a double wire line for this perfect switch-over . . . On other network shows which divide their programs in East and West, there is usually a few seconds' wait . . . When Oakie isn't talking about the show he's raving about his new bride, Venita Varden . . . Venita goes to all the rehearsals but shuns the actual broadcasts. "I listen to them home," she says, "Jack makes me nervous when I see him performing in person." On his birthday Oakie's troupe gave him a set of electric trains . . . After the show Jack rushes to a phone and calls her: "Well honey, what do I get on my report card?" She's yet to give him an "A." . . . Oakie wasn't surprised when sponsors gleefully told him radio listeners easily recognized his voice . . . "Hmph, why shouldn't they?" he asked, "I've been in 85 talkies in the last five years." . . . Although he wears a checkered cap and gown for the broadcasts as Professor Oakie, underneath this cloak Jack usually dons a red-colored sport-shirt, sneakers and slacks . . . John Hammond of the Wm. Esty ad agency has a most unusual job in connection with this program . . . He hops around the country signing the various college glee clubs and singing talent . . . He has yet to hear the actual broadcasts . . . "I'm always on a train somewhere." . . . Hammond really worries during college semester and examination weeks . . . "When they're 'cramming' they don't feel like singing, and when they have a few days off, they rush home to see the folks," explains Hammond . . . On these occasions the graduate University Glee Clubs are substituted . . . Maestro Georgie Stall gained fame as Bing Crosby's first radio orchestra leader . . . Tall, curly-haired Bill Goodwin is a favorite California announcer . . . Show & Lee, radio's only double-talk act have been together so long, in vaudeville and musical comedy, that they even dress alike, live alike . . . But recently at the Sonta Anita racetrack, the boys decided to bet on different horses. Imagine their surprise when the nags they bet on, finished in a dead heat! . . . Benny Goodman has been playing clarinet since he's been 10, rose to fame on the nation's swing tide . . . After the broadcast, the whale company tune in Al Jolson's repeat show . . . Radio is really a strange medium . . . Here's Jack Oakie portraying a university professor on a program aimed for college appeal and the comic never finished high school!



... UNTIL SHE LEARNED
 THIS LOVELIER WAY TO
 AVOID OFFENDING . . .
 FRAGRANT BATHS WITH
**CASHMERE BOUQUET
 SOAP!**

WHY RISK OFFENDING?
 Don't forget that nothing gets you "in wrong" with a man so surely as just the slightest taint of perspiration odor! So don't start "going places" until you've bathed with Cashmere Bouquet! This lovely perfumed soap keeps you so safe from fear of offending—ever!



BE FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
 That's the way you feel after your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its rich, luxurious lather is so deep-cleansing! It removes so completely every trace of body odor. You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so fragrantly dainty!

HOW GLAMOROUS YOU ARE!
 And how much more alluring—when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way! For Cashmere Bouquet's subtle perfume lingers for hours . . . gives your skin a delicate, flower-like fragrance men adore! And this wonderful soap costs only 10¢ a cake!



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for both your face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets down into each pore—removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Your skin grows clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!



NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

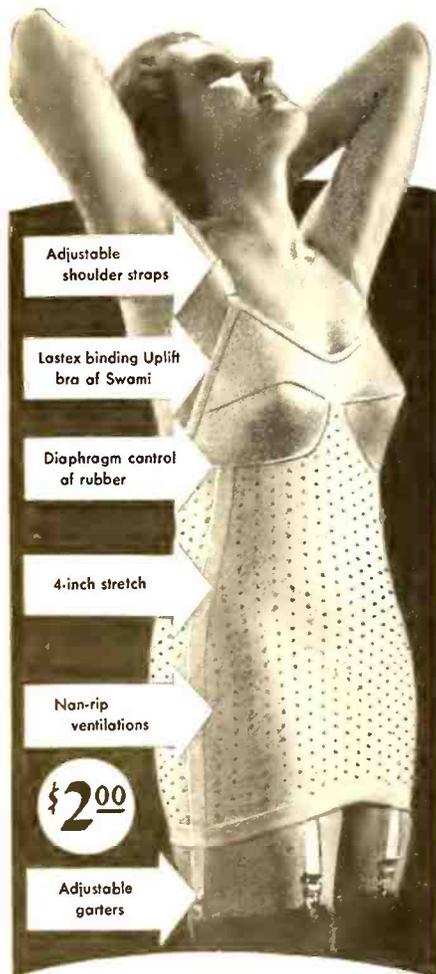
THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

The Personal History of Floyd Gibbons, Adventurer

(Continued from page 56)

"MY DEAR!
HOW THIN
YOU ARE!"

And how easily, how comfortably is such slenderness achieved with a smart *Sturdi-flex Reducer designed by Kleinert's!



• Kleinert's new "all-in-one" of Sturdi-flex rubber fabric is a marvel! ODORLESS, perforated, completely comfortable, easily washed. Uplift bra of soft firm fabric, flat Solo hose supporters, adjustable shoulder straps.

The three-piece fitted back and controlled stretch mould your figure into rounded youthful lines and adjust garment daily as your pounds melt away. If you don't find Kleinert's Sturdi-flex at your favorite Notion Counter, send us (\$2) two dollars.

To order correct size, just take bust measurement carefully. Kleinert's Sturdi-flex Reducers are sized to bust measure—every other inch from 32 to 44.

Kleinert's

485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TORONTO, CANADA . . . LONDON, ENGLAND

themselves in Manchuria.

Floyd faced danger enough, but it was a less spectacular kind of danger than that of machine guns and bombs. It came from the intense cold.

Field hospitals were full, but not only with men wounded by shells and bullets. Many of the casualties were soldiers whose arms or legs had been frozen, necessitating amputations.

Marching was torture, but sitting down at the side of the road to rest was fatal. A drowsiness attacked you, and unless a comrade forced you to your feet again, you might never wake up.

At night Floyd slept with the army in barracks where the beds were long shelves built along the walls. Steam pipes ran beneath the shelves. They didn't do any good.

Floyd's broadcast from Mukden on the morning of January 20, 1932, was the first war broadcast ever sent to America from a foreign country. It took place from a house on the outskirts of the town at six o'clock in the morning while fighting was still going on in Mukden.

THE contract with International News on which Floyd had gone to Manchuria ran out the end of January, and his news-getting duties in China were presumably over. He should have started home. Instead, he went to Shanghai, entirely upon his own responsibility. And such is the luck of the Irish that upon the very day he came up the Whangpoo River toward the city, the Japanese began to bombard the Chinese settlement, Chapei!

Things had been very quiet around Shanghai until then. There hadn't been any sign that the Sino-Japanese dispute would center there so suddenly and dramatically. The result was that Floyd got a lot of credit in the newspaper world for inside knowledge of just when and where excitement would start. He didn't deserve any credit at all. The only reason he'd gone to Shanghai instead of back to the United States was that there was a girl there he wanted to see.

The siege of Shanghai made Floyd's Manchurian weeks seem like a high school graduating class picnic. He was in a reporter's paradise, for one thing. On one side were the Japanese, on the other the Chinese, and he was in the International Settlement in the middle. He could visit either army, and when he came back to write his story he could put it on the cables without fear of censorship.

Ominously, the U. S. S. *Houston*, flagship of the United States Pacific Fleet, was standing in the river—perfectly neutral, entirely at peace with all the world while Chapei was being blown to bits. The sight of her, riding there at anchor, worried Floyd. He'd heard rumors that the Chinese were going to mine the river, and it would be so easy for one of these floating mines to bump up against the *Houston*, instead of the Japanese ships they were intended for. And if that happened, America would be drawn into the war, just as it was drawn into the Spanish-American war when the *Maine* was blown up.

He wrote several dispatches, which were published in his American papers, pleading with the Secretary of the Navy to order the *Houston* out of Shanghai before something awful happened to her. The *Houston* stayed where she was. And then, two weeks after Floyd had begun to worry about possible bombs in the river, one did go off, right under the stern of a Japanese ship, a quarter of a mile from the *Hous-*

ton. Not long after that the *Houston* cruised out of Shanghai and went on about her business.

Floyd was sitting in his hotel room one morning, banging out copy about the Sino-Japanese war, when a page boy handed him a cablegram. He opened it, stared, and then yanked the paper out of his portable. "This war is over as far as I'm concerned," he said. "Nobody back home is going to care a whoop about it any more."

The cablegram, you see, announced the tragic kidnaping of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., and Floyd was quite right—the Sino-Japanese dispute moved off the nation's front pages.

He returned to America, to a relatively quiet period of three years or so—only relatively quiet, because when Floyd is preparing a broadcast his combined home and office resemble General Headquarters during a war. Secretaries rummage in files, messenger boys arrive and depart on mysterious errands, telephones ring, and Floyd works in an obscure cubbyhole of a room until three or four in the morning.

Italy decided that the blessings of civilization should be brought to Ethiopia, and Floyd was off to see the argument. First he went to Rome, to interview Mussolini. The purpose of the interview was not so much to get information from *Il Duce* as it was to convince *Il Duce* that America wanted to be told what was happening in Ethiopia. Italy, at that time, was not allowing any foreign newspaper correspondents in the battle area.

Floyd's personal charm, of which he has plenty, worked well on Mussolini, and the result was that he preceded other correspondents into Azmara, in Eritrea, by several weeks.

But the Italian invasion of Ethiopia was too much like the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, except that here the weather was hot instead of cold. The advance of the army was less an advance than a series of skirmishes, none of them individually decisive, but adding up into the same old story—the eventual defeat of a primitive race by a modern war machine.

AFTER a few weeks of it Floyd fell ill and returned to Rome. He wasn't feeling well—nobody felt really well in Ethiopia—but he wasn't really ill. It was a diplomatic move, frankly, to get himself out of Ethiopia without raising the suspicions of the Italian officials. Naturally, while the subjugation of Ethiopia was still incomplete, censorship of news dispatches was strict, and the war office wasn't too anxious to let correspondents who had learned as much as Floyd had, out of their jurisdiction.

The illness accomplished its purpose, however, and Floyd returned to the United States—to set out again, the following summer, for Spain.

He's been in New York all winter. He hasn't been idle, by any means. First there was the Nash Speedshow, and then he added his True Adventures series every Thursday night at ten on CBS—and two weekly radio programs keep a man plenty busy.

When he's in New York Floyd lives and works in a midtown hotel. His offices occupy two large suites, and he himself lives in a third. The office suites are bare and business-like, filled with desks, filing cabinets, bundles of newspapers, and scurrying secretaries. Floyd's own apartment is filled with mementoes of countries he has visited, stories he has covered. An ash tray presented to him at West Point. A

shawl, cobweb soft, he bought in Spain. A glassed-in colony of live ants purchased at a Manhattan department store. Framed originals of the drawings which illustrated "The Red Knight of Germany" and "The Red Napoleon." In a place of honor, a portrait of Clarence Darrow, one of the particular Gibbons idols. A wicker-work footstool, handmade and sent to him by a fan he's never met.

ALL sorts of people come up to this apartment. In one day, while I was talking to Floyd, he had the following callers: a well known playwright, a newspaper woman whom Floyd addressed in terms of affectionate insult as "Sob Sister," an American business man from Spain, and a mysterious, blonde, and very beautiful German girl Floyd suspected of being high up in Nazi councils. All were his friends. He'd worked with them, played with them, done favors for them or asked them to do favors for him—somewhere, sometime, in the past.

Downstairs, in the office suites, there is activity all day long and usually far into the night. Floyd's half a dozen secretaries think nothing of working for twelve hours at a stretch. After all, they have Floyd's example in front of them. Floyd likes the True Adventures programs better than anything he has done on the air for a long time. He likes the Speedshow, too, but he was uncomfortable on it at first. "I'm no master of ceremonies," he complained. "I'm just a reporter—a story-teller!"

His has been the story of a man who represents, as nearly as any man can, the modern counterpart of the wandering troubadours of old. They went around their little world on foot, gathering news and retelling it in the form of songs. Floyd goes around his big world—though per-

haps by this time it doesn't seem so very big to him—by airplane, train, and fast motor-car, gathering news and retelling it in the form of type and brisk, clipped prose over the air. The difference is only on the surface. Down underneath, Floyd and the troubadour are the same—romantics, wanderers, restless pryers into whatever excitement is going on.

But though he's having a good time with his two radio shows, he knows and all his friends know that he's been in one place about as long as the Gibbons temperament can stand. Almost any day now, something's going to happen, somewhere in this world, that Floyd Gibbons will feel he just has to see. And when it does—ffffft!—the radio will suddenly be minus a roving Irishman.

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: Floyd Gibbons. . . Heard 10 p.m., EST on CBS every Thursday starring staccato-voiced Floyd Gibbons and sponsored by Calgate. This giant company also sponsors Jessica Draganette, Myrt & Marge, and "Gang Busters," all on CBS . . . "Hunting for Headlines" was almost rushed into production by advertising agency Bentan & Bawles. Though it sounded like a snap-judgment idea, Gibbons and the agency actually nursed the program idea for five years . . . "I've been talking about myself for eight years and I always wanted to give the other guy a chance," explains Floyd. The agency always wanted to present the ace reporter on the air, but not until they had a new idea . . . A series of conferences between B & B & Gibbons finally resulted in "Hunting for Headlines" . . . Program is designed to show that very dramatic and exciting things can happen to anyone . . . Following the current air trend, you, you and you are the stars of the show . . . Three real life adventures are presented weekly. Two are

dramatized, the third told by Gibbons . . . Flayd pays \$25 for each story used submitted by listeners. The best one used each month is rewarded with a bonus of \$250 . . . Gibbons is sale judge . . . Originally it was decided to bring the person to N. Y., along with his story. But when yarns came in from Spokane, Miami, & Puebla, the sponsors decided r.r. fare would be too expensive . . . Sa actors pinch-hit . . . All Gibbons' scripts are written on a special typewriter which has a much larger type than ordinary machines . . . Regulation typewriters are used for other actors', announcers' scripts . . . Flayd claims he must have larger type because he talks too fast . . . "I'm a newspaperman, not a radio actor," he says constantly. Another problem Flayd's lightning lingua offers is script writing. Flayd won't let anyone write his material for him. He claims his tempo is too fast for any one else to attempt . . . Rehearsals and broadcasts for "Hunting for Headlines" are unusual, informal . . . Seldom more than 25 people in audience. Most are client's friends, and contestants . . . Gibbons sits in the middle of the studio at desk. At his side is a secretary and script boy . . . The reporter wears a deep-blue shirt and battered felt hat . . . He wears the hat all through broadcast . . . As soon as Flayd enters studio, he dominates all the action, shouting directions, directing program . . . Opening night, sponsors were really worried . . . Announcer Jean Paul King was missing 10 min. before broadcast time . . . He soon sauntered in, explained he was quite used to radio premieres . . . After broadcast, winners present, step forward to Gibbons' desk, where his secretary writes out the \$25 checks, while Flayd congratulates them . . . Most of them are amazed how dramatic their adventure really was, when they have heard it portrayed on the air.

IF SHE'S COMING OVER —I'M GOING OUT!



BUT YOU PROMISED TO TEACH JEAN THAT NEW DANCE STEP. THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!

THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTH PASTE ADS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME LATELY, DOT? RAY'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTS AS IF I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!

SAY, WHY NOT TALK TO DR. MASON ABOUT BAD BREATH, JEAN?

MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN FOR YOU, JEAN!

YOU BET I HAVE! AND IN A BIG WAY!

... AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

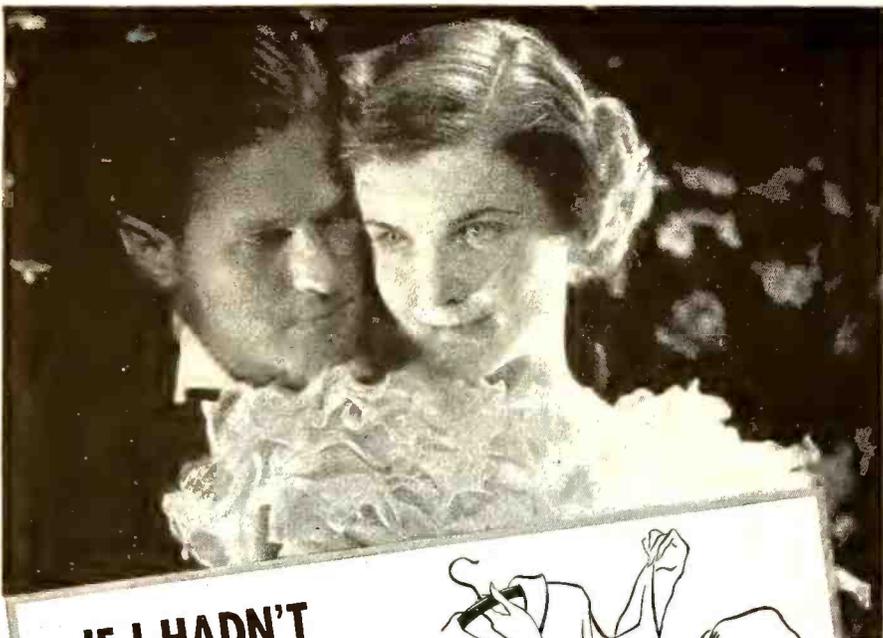
Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And tests also prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating foam*, removes the *cause*—the decay-

ing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!



20¢

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



IF I HADN'T MADE THAT "ARMHOLE-ODOR" TEST, I WOULDN'T BE HERE

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" just when you want to be most alluring!

SOMETIMES the minute you see a new man, you know he is wonderful. You meet him. You dance. It's divine. But that's all! He *can't* forgive your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm!

Don't let it happen to *you*. No matter how smartly dressed or how charming you are, you cannot expect to be socially acceptable unless that small underarm area is kept not only sweet, but *dry*.

Creams that are not made to stop perspiration cannot give the *complete* protection you need. Unless your underarm is kept absolutely *dry*, some moisture is bound to collect on your dress. You may make your-

self sweet again, but *your dress* will betray you every time you put it on.

Test your dress tonight. Many girls test the underarm by smelling it and never think of the dress! When you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may learn why many people who seemed to like you became cool and distant. You will understand why so many careful, well-groomed women take the extra time and trouble to use Liquid Odorono.

A few extra seconds make sure

There is no slapdash, quick way to complete personal daintiness. But those few minutes of waiting for Liquid Odorono to dry, while you do other little personal things, make all the difference between offending and the assurance of pleasing. Your physician will tell you Odorono is entirely safe. And there is no messy grease to get on your clothes. You are saved the expense of large cleaning bills, the waste of ruined frocks and stained coat linings.

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use. Use it daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

To double your charm, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos.

SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Company, Inc.
Dept. 5B7, 191 Hudson Street, New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Dear Diary:

(Continued from page 26)

and efficient as usual. She had just finished interviewing "Popeye" for her column in *Liberty Magazine*. We both stopped rushing long enough to have an early dinner together and to talk over old times.

Then I came back to the hotel to put on a lovely new evening gown I just bought—it's a luscious shade of blue that really does things for my eyes—and has a rhinestone spider on one of the shoulder straps. Rather a creepy idea but I must say it's dramatic . . . I was all set to go see my friends at the opera from "out front" by the time Clara Bell Walsh and her party arrived to take me to the Metropolitan. We got there early but there was already such a crush that we could hardly see the celebrities for the photographers.

A terrifying moment came for me after the first act was over. I pushed my way through the ermine wrapped dowagers and their escorts swarming toward the bar from the Diamond Horseshoe, ran down stairs, along the halls and through all the little doors that lead backstage, so that I could tell Doris how grand she sounded.

We chatted in her dressing room for a few minutes, Doris looking very unreal in her heavy make-up and false eyelashes which all looked so natural from over the footlights, and then I started back. While I was trying to find my way I suddenly heard the orchestra tuning up and it seemed to me the curtain was beginning to rise.

I SHUDDERED to think how awful it would be if the curtain really should go up, with me standing there in my evening gown in the midst of all those make-believe trees and giant German singers dressed in their strange costumes! It seemed as though I never would get to that distant exit on the other side of that enormous stage. Luckily I somehow stumbled through that incredible maze of scenery and singers and found my way out before disgracing myself and the entire cast. But I certainly had some agonizing moments before I reached our box.

After the opera we all went to Reuben's for welsh rarebit. Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Thomas were in our party. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Crooks and the Al Trahans, and Mrs. Thomas' father, George Dobyne. He had just come up from Palm Beach and spent most of the evening teasing his daughter about the sail-fishing and yachting fun she was missing by staying in New York. She's such a tiny little person, I could hardly imagine her pulling in a seven foot sailfish, but apparently that is the sort of sport she likes best. I heard her promising papa Dobyne that she and John Charles would go down to Florida in the spring and she would show everybody she hadn't forgotten how to fish—or to pilot their yacht. Well, it's almost four o'clock in the morning and time I got to bed so that I'll have a little sleep before hopping the morning plane for Washington. . . .

TUESDAY—I'm still breathless after interviewing J. Edgar Hoover, exploring the entire Federal Bureau of Investigation Building, and ending the day with dinner at Senator Hattie Carraway's house.

I think without doubt Hoover is the most interesting person I have ever talked to. He smiled across the desk when I came into his office and shook hands in a firm way that immediately makes you feel he's genuinely glad to see you. After an exchange of greetings he started talk-

ing about his favorite subject, crime prevention, and of how we should all enter the battle against crime. He talked for about two hours, and I was interested in every word he had to say. I promised to broadcast his plea that all of us combat the crime that goes on in America. Statistics prove that a crime is committed every time our clocks tick off twenty seconds!

When the interview was over and America's No. 1 G-Man went back to his job of capturing public enemies, he called a guide to take me through the building.

Up and down long corridors we walked until I felt like a regular tourist on a sightseeing expedition, except that I was getting a look into rooms that visitors usually don't see. We went through the Identification Division where hundreds of clerks were bending over endless files classifying and comparing the finger impressions of criminals. In the technical laboratory I watched an expert examining a shotgun shell under the comparison microscope. They have all sorts of scientific gadgets to use for testing everything from fabrics to hair—even X-ray equipment.

Our last stop was in the gun room, stacked with every variety of firearm, from tiny pistols to huge machine guns. My guide was a crack shot and took me to a little alley where you can shoot without danger of hitting anybody or even damaging the ceiling or floor. He pushed a button and pop, down came a target at the end of the alley. I think he said it was about thirty feet long. He picked up a revolver, and hit the bull's eye. Then the target automatically came down to us on a wire pulley. The whole performance seemed like magic.

I GOT pretty excited because I used to shoot rabbits in Texas and wanted to see if I could still aim straight. Finally my escort let me have a try—he knew I couldn't do any harm anyway. Maybe it was beginner's luck but I came so close to the center that he cried in surprise. "Gee, lady, you sure can shoot!" He gave me one gun after another and let me end up with a machine gun. You have to hold it against your hip and shoulder, it's so heavy—and then, bang, bang, bang, it shoots six hundred times in one minute!

When I looked at my watch I discovered it was nearly seven o'clock. I had spent five hours in one building.

I dashed back to the hotel and just had time to wash and dress before my Congressman brother-in-law, Ben Cravens, and his wife came to take me to dinner with them at Senator Caraway's home.

She is a sweet and very keen minded person and we had a nice chat together before dinner. I was pleased to see how devoted she and Ben were to each other. He kept calling her "My Senator," and she called him "My Congressman," and they didn't seem to have any of the antagonism you expect between a man and a woman when the woman occupies the more important position . . . I guess because they are both very swell and very bright people . . .

WEDNESDAY—Up as usual on broadcast days at 5:30 A. M. to write my script. And then at nine, off on a sad mission. I had promised Mrs. Julius Walsh that I would go with her to Bellevue Hospital to see the children she helps with charity dinners. We drove through the slum section near the river to the hospital and there visited the children's wards.

With their arms and legs in plaster casts, their faces pinched in pain, those unfortunate boys and girls tried to smile



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Millions whose minds are open to new and improved transportation are traveling the Greyhound way—and saving millions of dollars doing it! The luxurious new Super-Coaches, exclusively Greyhound, are writing a brilliant new chapter in highway travel—with special emphasis on smooth-riding comfort, time saving, and economy.

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Send this coupon to nearest Greyhound information office (listed above) for colorful booklet, "This Amazing America," with pictures and stories of 140 strange and unusual places in America. If you want rates, routes, and information on any special trip, jot down place you wish to visit on line below:

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DO YOU USE THE RIGHT SHADE OF FACE POWDER?



Beige Face Powder Made Her Look Like This!



Rachel Made Her Look Like This!

By *Lady Esther*

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder.

It's still more amazing what it does to them!

As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

A Common Mistake

The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

There is only one way to choose your shade of face powder and that is by trying on all ten basic shades. Maybe the shade you think least suited to you is your most becoming and flattering. Thousands of women have been surprised.

The Test That Tells!

I want you to see if you are using the right shade of face powder or whether you should be using some other shade. So, I offer you all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder to try on, free of charge.



Try on each of the ten shades as if you had never used face powder before. Maybe you'll make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe you'll find a shade that will completely "youthify" your appearance.

Mail the coupon today for the ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which will settle once and for all whether you are using the right shade or not.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (33)

FREE

Lady Esther, Ltd., 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

and look happy in spite of their deformities. I tried to smile back at them, but there was no stopping the lump that came into my throat. When we left I was determined to do all I could to help those brave youngsters.

Later in the day I stopped in at a tea Mrs. Walsh was giving at the Plaza. Cornelia Otis Skinner and Vincent Lopez were there and the indomitable Nellie Revell, who herself suffered from spinal trouble, but who came to the party on her own two feet and was one of the gayest persons in the room.

Emanuel List was there and the two of us had a hard time to keep from laughing at a well-meaning elderly lady who said, "Oh, Mr List, you should have been at the opera last night. It was wonderful." List had sung one of the leading roles in the opera that night!

After a while he took me and two other friends to his apartment for tea and a private recital with Fritz Kitzinger playing the piano accompaniments for him, and I felt even more important than when I had sat in the Diamond Horseshoe.

Emanuel really has a marvelous voice, and it was a special treat when he sang a negro spiritual for me—"Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen."

From List's I went over to have dinner with Paul and Margaret Whiteman and that cute little Margaret had been busy with the paint brush again. She has every piece of furniture in their suite painted white now—even the grand piano is white—and it really does look stunning. The draperies and carpet are powder blue and how they manage to keep it all so clean looking I don't know, because the coal soot in New York is almost as bad as it is in St. Louis.

WE sat around and talked about the funds Paul has raised for the Museum at Williams College, about friends in St. Louis and all sorts of things, and before we knew it, it was after midnight and we were ready to eat again—even though Paul has cut down tremendously since his marriage. We popped down to a drug store where Paul and I both had large orders of chili con carne, and I was glad to find someone else crazy about the dish that we used to have so often in Texas.

THURSDAY—Today was a real Red Letter Day—for today I met President and Mrs. Roosevelt! Believe it or not, I was mixing cider and coffee at Hyde Park and chatting gaily with Mrs. Roosevelt, Franklin (how's that for being chummy with the President?) and their pretty daughter, Anna. And then there was Fannie Hurst, looking striking as usual, Carolyn O'Day, Vincent Astor, Henry Morgenthau, Frances Perkins and a lot of people like that. I found them all very sweet and charming.

I got up early and took a ten o'clock train for Poughkeepsie because I wanted to see all I could. Around noon I was whirling up the long drive that leads to the huge stone house on the banks of the Hudson River, and feeling a bit jittery. When I met the family, though, I was completely at ease because they are the most natural and unaffected people in the world.

Mrs. Malvina Scheider, Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary, met me and took me on a tour of the grounds. We visited a new guest house that was just being finished. Workmen were busy planting trees on the terrace, but inside everything was just about ready. The cottage is two stories high and furnished with the maple reproductions made right there on the Roosevelt estate. The most modern looking

room in the house was the kitchen which glistened with all sorts of new household appliances—another evidence of the First Lady's practicality as well as her artistic sense.

After lunch I romped on the lawn with the dogs, and heard all about the state of Sarah Roosevelt's dolls from the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt . . . The whole visit was really grand fun. F. D. laughs and jokes and would probably be the most attractive man in any group, even if he wasn't President. His mother, eighty-two years old, was there, and was just as quick to laugh as her handsome son. They're certainly a marvelous family, and even though they're as unpretentious and friendly as the folks back home, it was pretty exciting being in the midst of such famous people . . .

FRIDAY—This was another crowded day, with a visit to Mayor LaGuardia and a chat with W. C. Handy, who wrote the "St. Louis Blues" and "Memphis Blues," sandwiched in between my two broadcasts.

Stanley Howe, the Mayor's good looking and gracious secretary, arranged the appointment with New York's First Citizen, and I really felt quite privileged, being taken through City Hall to meet the busiest man in town. He, like J. Edgar Hoover, is interested in the youth of America, and is always working on some new project for a playground or park or recreation center to make the city's poor boys and girls happy.

OUR talk was short as the Mayor had important matters to attend to, and I had the problem of getting uptown through Manhattan's crowded traffic, in twenty minutes. LaGuardia certainly was considerate and helped me out by putting his chauffeured limousine at my disposal so that I was able to get through in the quickest possible time.

I stopped in the midtown office of W. C. Handy . . . And I recalled my trip to Beale Street in Memphis and of how the rambling thoroughfare had looked at sundown. It was like a carnival. The air was pungent with barbecued pig and fried fish. Out of the double row of old buildings came intermingling sounds of gay laughter, of rolling drums, of saxophones moaning, trombones gliding weird notes . . . and from that Carnival land I found myself in a New York skyscraper, meeting the man who had poured out his soul in music.

Today W. C. Handy, sixty-three years old, is busy with a book about his strange life that began in a log cabin. He was going to call the story "Fighting It Out," but has since changed the title to "From Beale Street to Broadway." He played "The St. Louis Blues" for me while his daughter sang. Then he changed to a negro spiritual while his son sang in a deep baritone, "I've Heard of a City Called Heaven."

Well, it's been a busy and exciting week and I must confess I'm a bit tired after so much running around. Tomorrow I'll fly out to St. Louis and spend the weekend quietly at home, playing at being a lady of leisure for a change. Being a network commentator is very thrilling but we always have to pay a price somewhere for the good things we get. I hate being separated from Wuss (*Editor's note: Kathryn's pet name for her husband who was "the wuss one in the family."*) but the opportunity was just too good to turn down. And who knows—maybe we'll be able to have that longed-for trip to Europe this summer—and that will be fun and excitement for both of us.

"LET'S BE ON GUARD, MOTHER...

specially about my food"



Most mothers are on guard! That's why Gerber's Strained Foods for Baby are used by MORE mothers than any other brand*

● Baby is YOUR care, mother—and what pride and thought you bring to the task of keeping him happy and well!

And what pride and thought Gerber brings to the task of providing you with strained foods which make guarding this vital part of your baby's diet not merely easy—but certain!

For instance—our vegetables are grown from specially pedigreed seed in rich and scientifically prepared soil. *Home Grown!* Right under our very noses, so to speak. Which means that they are gathered at the moment of perfect ripeness; are rushed to our nearby shining show kitchens so that all food values are preserved in a high degree.

Shaker-Cooked—What It Means To Your Baby...

Special equipment takes the coarse fibres out of fruits and vegetables much better—really—than you could with a kitchen sieve. Air is excluded—temperatures are exactly right—minerals and vitamins are protected . . . And then comes the *Shaker-Cooking*

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

- STRAINED VEGETABLE SOUP—
- TOMATOES—GREEN BEANS—BEETS
- CARROTS — PEAS — SPINACH —
- APRICOT AND APPLE SAUCE—
- PRUNES—CEREAL.



method, ours exclusively. Each can, as its contents cook, is shaken 140 times a minute. The result is even, thorough cooking—fresher flavor—better color!

Your doctor will advise you on feeding your baby these fine Gerber's Strained Foods. In fact, much of the success of Gerber's is due to the recognition and support given them by the medical profession.

*According to a recent survey. Particulars on request.



Millions of mothers know this lovable, healthy and wholly fascinating Gerber Baby. This famous picture symbolizes a mother's loving care; a mother's intelligent effort; a mother's wise discrimination.

The Gerber Baby is on every can of Gerber's Strained Foods.



Your Baby Will Adore This Doll!



Made of good quality stuffed satene—boy doll in blue, girl doll in pink. Cunning and cuddly! Sent for only 10c and 3 Gerber labels. 115

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
Fremont, Michigan

(In Canada, Gerber's are grown and packed by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Check items desired: Boy Doll Girl Doll.
 Mealtime Psychology, a free booklet on infant feeding.
 Baby's Book, on general infant care, 10c additional.

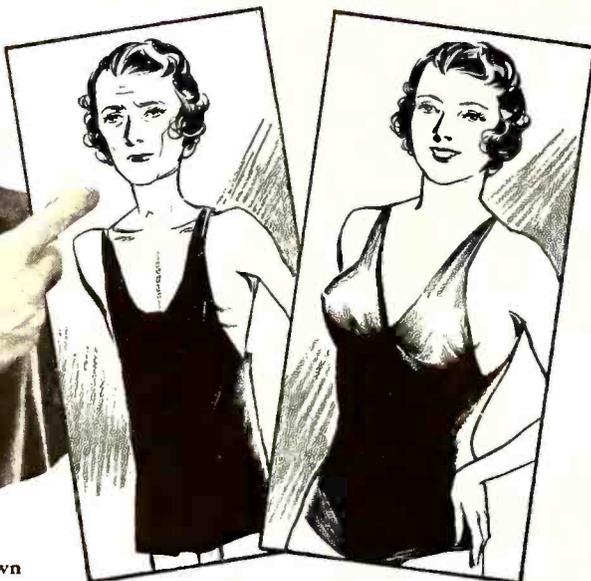
SEE THE DIFFERENCE WHEN SKINNY PEOPLE GAIN NEW POUNDS

*Well-Known Artist Shows by Dramatic
Comparison How Extra Pounds Can
Transform a Skinny, Unattractive Figure
to Normal Alluring Feminine Loveliness*



GIL CREIGHTON

One of New York's best-known
Poster Artists and Art Consultants



Why Thousands Have Gained 10 to 25 Pounds—Quick!

If you look like the picture on the left—skinny, rundown, unattractive to the other sex—don't think for a moment that your case is hopeless. Thousands of men and women who never could put on an ounce before have gained 10 to 25 pounds of good, solid flesh in a few weeks with these wonderful new Ironized Yeast tablets.

In addition to their new normal attractive curves and feminine allure, they can also boast of naturally clear skin and lovely color, new pep, new popularity and joy in life that they never knew before.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you

get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See your skin clear to natural beauty. Note new pep and energy. Soon you feel like a different person, with new charm and new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time and note the change. See if they don't aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 13)

\$1.00 PRIZE

IT'S A QUESTION OF SWING!

I am a Senior in high school and love to dance to swing music. The tempo of it would give anyone dancing feet. But, why, oh why, swing everything? Not long ago I heard a popular dance orchestra swinging some of our semi-classical numbers such as "Pale Moon" and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise." Both are beautiful numbers, but certainly are not when they are swung. Also, I heard one of the greatest bands swing a Christmas carol. Isn't that going to the extreme? Let's put swing in its place and show a little more music appreciation.

KATHLEEN BAIRD,
Peerless, Montana.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT!

These many years I've twisted my dials, hoping against hope for something different.

And when Irvin Cobb's Paducah Plantation was announced, I thought I'd found it. What a grand show it promised to be! Cobb's inimitable humor and philosophy against a background of cigar box fiddles, banjos, tin whistles and harmonicas, shufflin' feet and close harmony—and authentic negro spirituals.

But no. Just the same old thing, the same jazz band, the same jazz singers. Cobb tries bravely for atmosphere but he's licked before he starts. Plantation—night club version!

Regretfully I come to the conclusion that radio program getter-uppers are exactly like Hollywood movie producers—scared to death to risk being different.

MRS. MARIE BLAKE,
San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WON'T YOU PLEASE BE HUMAN, HELEN TRENT?

For our sake, for her sake and for goodness sake, will you who are in truth our "Vision" and our hope, instruct us how to go about it to implore Helen Trent's sponsors to employ some one to teach her how to speak. Personally, I am so wearied of hearing her catch her breath and hold it in suspense whether supposedly delighted, frightened or chagrined, that I want to shake her soundly and see if she can be made to speak as a human being would under natural circumstances.

Taught how to talk, she would be interesting but permitted to go on as she does now, she will become such a confounded bore, we all shall simply turn the dial when we hear her.

LOUISE DAUBENMEYER,
Dearborn, Michigan.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WHY ALL THE FUSS ABOUT POPEYE?

The fuss my neighbors make about the Popeye the Sailor programs brings out my temper full blast! They never let their children listen to Popeye—but I do, and here's why.

Popeye's adventures are all good, healthy fun. Popeye gets into difficulties, of course, but he always wins out before each evening's broadcast is over. There is no murder, no bloodshed, no gruesomeness.

For this reason, I think the Popeye programs are the best on the air for children.

MRS. BERNICE MEEHAN,
Indianapolis, Ind.

What's New?

(Continued from page 4)

Walter, you know, has just finished making a picture, "Wake Up and Live"—in fact, you must know it, because rarely has any picture received so much advance publicity. Publicity due entirely to Mr. Winchell and his frequent mention of the picture on his air program and his newspaper column. There ought to be a ready-made audience for that picture right now, and it hasn't even been released yet.

* * *

THE Chase and Sanborn people have settled on a variety show with Nelson Eddy as master of ceremonies for that Sunday evening hour, but it won't start until next fall. That leaves the problem of what to do with Do You Want to Be An Actor? still unsolved. As I write this, it's long past the time when the sponsors should have decided whether or not to keep the show on the air through the summer, and they still haven't made up their minds.

* * *

EVERYBODY has been wondering whether or not Fred MacMurray will remain on Hollywood Hotel as its master of ceremonies. It's still too early to be certain, but here's a prediction based on the famous old Hollywood grapevine telegraph: Fred will remain until early summer and his place will then be taken by Tony Martin. Young Anthony seems to be groomed for big things by his movie and radio bosses.

* * *

JOHAN HELD, JR. . . . Quick, class, what do you think of first when you hear that name? Right. The flapper—short skirts, rolled stockings, fuzzy hair, hat on the back of her head. She was the cartoon figure which made her creator famous. And now that her creator is a radio star, master of ceremonies on the Pontiac Varsity Show every Friday night, he swears he'll never draw another cartoon. He's sick of cartooning, says John; never liked it so very well to begin with. He may turn out a woodcut now and then, because he always enjoyed doing them, but most of his time will go into the service of radio and into other projects he's always wanted to do and never had the opportunity.

One such project is a little job for RADIO MIRROR. John still knows what makes a typical American girl, and he's going to pick one from among the scores of lovely girls in radio, and announce his choice in the pages of this magazine. John gets around a good deal, since he arrives on each campus from which a Varsity Show is broadcast four or five days before the Friday night of the broadcast itself. He meets the students, listens to auditions, arranges musical numbers, and whips the show into final shape; so naturally he has plenty of opportunity to look Miss 1937 over and see what he thinks of her.

He promised RADIO MIRROR to come back to New York in a few weeks and pick the star or starlet of radio who typifies all that's best and most beautiful in modern femininity. We have our favorite photographer tuning up his camera now to take her portrait for us to publish.

* * *

FORMAL statements flew back and forth across the telegraph wires. Bobby Breen was going to appear on the air, over NBC, in a dramatic serial called The Singing Kid, written by Mrs. Gertrude Berg. No, he wasn't! Yes, he was! No, he wasn't, because Eddie Cantor had exclu-

sive rights to his radio appearances! About that time this department's head began to swim and lose interest. The whole affair was a good illustration of one of radio's favorite tricks—to issue two sets of conflicting statements, of which, obviously, only one could be correct. NBC said that its Artists' Bureau had Bobby under contract; Bobby's manager, Sol Lesser, said it didn't. Somebody was wrong, but who? Well, in radio there's only one way to tell: as long as Bobby is heard on the Cantor show and no other, NBC is wrong; if he starts an NBC dramatic series, it's Mr. Lesser who is wrong; and if there is a sudden suit for breach of contract, they're both wrong.

* * *

IN the midst of all the excitement over the Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud, there is one ironical little fact practically everybody has missed. Some weeks before the feud started a gag writer came to Fred and asked for a job. Fred writes his own material, and couldn't use the boy, but he sent him out to Hollywood with a letter of recommendation to his friend Jack Benny. Jack hired him, and it's this gag writer who went to work a few weeks later thinking up insulting things for Jack to say about Fred.

* * *

HERE are a few things, mostly about Hollywood, we're not supposed to tell you . . . Bill Bacher, famous in radio circles for directing the old Show Boat and the present Hollywood Hotel, has been called in to lend his excellent doctoring services to Al Jolson's program, which wasn't doing so well . . . And one reason the Al Jolson program wasn't doing so well is that Sid Silvers didn't live up to his advance build-up as a super-colossal comedian . . . John P. Medbury, who used to be a radio star himself, is writing the scripts for Helen Broderick and Victor Moore . . . In spite of their frequent chores on the air, most movie stars do not listen to the radio. They aren't interested in what comes over the air, and can't be bothered to lend an ear to it. Of course, you can't entirely blame them, because they naturally look on movies as their profession and radio only a sideline, but on the other hand it does seem funny that they shouldn't take every opportunity to learn something about an industry which provides them with nice fat checks every now and then.

* * *

THEY had another television demonstration up in Philadelphia last month, but it didn't turn out very well. Maybe you read about it in the papers. Something went wrong, nobody seemed to know exactly what, and the televised images blurred and faded alarmingly. But what impressed us most was the same thing that has impressed us before—the irony of the situation. Here the public is depending for the perfection of television upon the very people who have most to lose from television—the makers of radio sets and the broadcasters of radio programs. Both sets of gentlemen would have to scurry around right smart and revise their present business setups if television should become an actual fact.

* * *

DROPPED in at Rex Chandler's workshop the other day. It's a big room in the hotel where he lives with his wife and daughter, and in it he makes all the musical arrangements for his Ford dance program on NBC. All very business-like,

"IT'S POSITIVELY AMAZING THE FUSS A MAN CAN KICK UP IF HE DOESN'T GET HIS SHREDDED WHEAT EVERY MORNING!"



You'll win big smiles from any man with those big, golden-brown Shredded Wheat biscuits. Try it!

"I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU BOYS HAD ANY SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES HANDY."



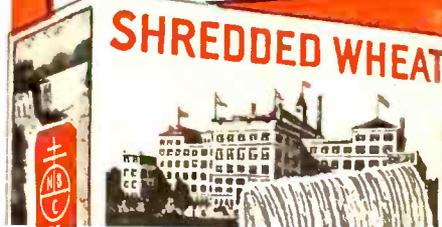
Set full sail for your grocer's right now. Shredded Wheat with strawberries is the flavor sensation of the season!

"OH YES, MADAM, SHREDDED WHEAT EVERY DAY WILL HELP MAKE HER BIG AND STRONG!"



Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat. And scientists say, "Wheat contains an excellent balance of the vital food essentials which help keep you active and alert!"

SHREDDED WHEAT



A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The Seal of Perfect Baking



Bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties

More Than a Billion Shredded Wheat Biscuits Sold Every Year

"I've found Complete
Personal Daintiness"



QUEST... for Foot Comfort



During hot weather especially, fastidious women consider Quest part of their daily toilet. It is the *positive* deodorant powder, soothing, completely effective! Try it as a foot powder, and see how Quest gives tired, perspiring feet a new lease on life as it keeps them fresh and dainty.

QUEST... after the Bath

For all-day-long body freshness, use Quest as a dusting powder, and for under-arms. It prevents perspiration offense; keeps you dainty always; yet does not clog pores or irritate the skin. And, being unscented, it cannot interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume.



QUEST... totally effective on Sanitary Napkins

This is the key test for *any* deodorant powder: Prove for yourself that Quest never fails on sanitary napkins — assures *complete* personal daintiness. Buy the large can today — only 35c at drug counters everywhere.



except that in one corner was his little daughter, busy with a handful of modeling clay. She's studying to be a sculptress, and uses her daddy's workshop for her own. And the clay was rapidly taking on a hawknosed and completely unflattering resemblance to her father . . . The whole Chandler family speak French among themselves, Mrs. Chandler being a native Frenchwoman and Rex being half French.

* * *

IF things go on like this, the poor movie stars will be forced to sneak out back of the wood shed when they want to smoke. One of the big cigarette companies, which has a network radio program, offered Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone \$5,000 each for a three-minute appearance together on the air and signed testimonials praising the cigarettes. All they had to do on the air was to say how nice the cigarettes were, which was an easy chore because they like that brand anyway. Everything was all set when M-G-M, which has Mr. and Mrs. Tone under contract, stepped in and sternly forbade them to accept the offer. Maybe it didn't want the Tones' public to get the idea that they smoked—you know how fast the least little bit of scandal gets around.

* * *

HARRIET HILLIARD stepped into a Hollywood-bound Pullman car a few weeks ago, leaving husband Ozzie Nelson and son David Ozzie to their own masculine devices in New York—and nobody was any too happy about it, either, although Harriet was looking forward to her work in RKO's "New Faces" with Milton Berle, and David Ozzie is pretty fond of the nurse who has been with him ever since he was born. Harriet won't be gone long, though, and this will be the last separation in the Nelson family for some time to come. Harriet will return this spring, she and Ozzie and the baby will spend the summer vacationing together, and then in the fall they'll all go to Hollywood together to stay. The Bakers Broadcast is moving West at that time, and Ozzie's new contract provides such a handsome raise in salary for him that he can sit back and accept or reject dance-spot offers for his band, just as he pleases.

* * *

ICAN'T see any good reason why this radio secret shouldn't be brought out into the open. The trio on Rex Chandler's Ford half-hour on NBC is the Landt Trio, well known on other programs by its own name. The Landt boys are also the composers of the song they sing on each Ford broadcast, "The Nut that Holds the Wheel," and they write the new set of lyrics for it each week. The title and lyrics of the song are humorous, but the Landts take the whole thing very seriously as a safe-driving campaign.

* * *

LANNY ROSS has a new hobby—though I don't imagine it will take so very much of his attention once that baby, due in another month or so, is born. Lanny has been reading up on two varieties of conservation, soil and game, and he's putting all he's learned into practice on his New York estate. He wants to make the estate a refuge for all the neighborhood wild life, as well as landscaping and painting it so scientifically that nobody will even dare to whisper "soil erosion" around there for hundreds of years to come.

* * *

NOBODY gets more fun out of broadcasting than Beatrice Lillie, unless it's the people who broadcast *with* Beatrice Lillie. At rehearsals in NBC's Studio 8-G, Bea goes in heavily for comfort and in-

formality—the comfort of a plain little dark dress and the informality of sitting on the edge of the orchestra platform to go over a song.

She may be Lady Peel, but title or no title, she can't help clowning. The only person whose gravity is never ruffled at a Lillie rehearsal is the sound-effects man, who takes his Art seriously and frets if he doesn't slam a door at exactly the right split-second.

Ordinary scripts, typed on white paper, have a nasty trick of getting all muddled and mixed up for Bea, so her script is pasted up on heavy manila cardboard, and she handles it as if it were a deck of huge cards.

* * *

THE elopement of Patti Pickens and Bob Simmons, late this winter, was a surprise and it wasn't. Everybody knew they'd wanted to be married for at least two years, but everybody also knew that Patti's mother still thought she was too young to marry. Anyhow, they're married now and everybody is happy, even Mrs. Pickens. They won't be able to go on a honeymoon until this summer when Bob takes a vacation from the Cities Service Concerts. Meanwhile, Patti is still studying singing and dancing, and has acquired a personal manager with the idea in mind of getting herself a real career of her own.

* * *

JUST one of the crazy things that happen in radio: Professor Quiz, who started a new sponsored program early this month (8 P. M. Saturday is the time), is a Man of Mystery. Pictures of him show him in make-up or with his face hidden by a microphone, and his real name is a carefully guarded secret. The idea, of course, is that listeners should form their own mental impression of what he looks like. Which would be all very well, except that there's always a studio audience at his broadcasts, and everybody present gets a fairly good look at him.

* * *

PROFESSOR QUIZ got his sponsor, I hear, because as a sustaining feature on CBS he was on the air at seven o'clock Sunday nights—and the sponsors figured that anybody who could compete with Jack Benny and at the same time establish a record for fan mail was worth their money.

* * *

PARKER FENNELLY is one of radio's more active gentlemen. He's Pa Baxter in the Ma and Pa sketches on CBS five times a week and Hiram in the Snow Village Sketches on NBC Saturdays, and between radio jobs he somehow found time to write a play, "Fulton of Oak Falls," which George M. Cohan bought and is presenting on Broadway to considerable hand-clapping. But Parker couldn't find time to pay much attention to the play after Cohan had taken it over. It played in Newark, just across the river, before opening in New York, but Parker decided he'd wait until it settled in Manhattan before going to see it. And it had been running in New York a couple of weeks before he dropped in one night to look it over. He gets half of the author's share of the profits (Mr. Cohan gets the other half, for doctoring the play up) but he never goes around to the theater to find out how the boxoffice receipts are stacking up. And here's another funny thing—Parker demonstrated his writing ability by turning out this and several other plays, but he doesn't write his own radio scripts.

* * *

THOSE rumors about a disagreement between Irene and Walter Wicker seem to have been exaggerated. The disagree-

MODERN NECESSITY!

—the 3-way protection that only Kotex offers!

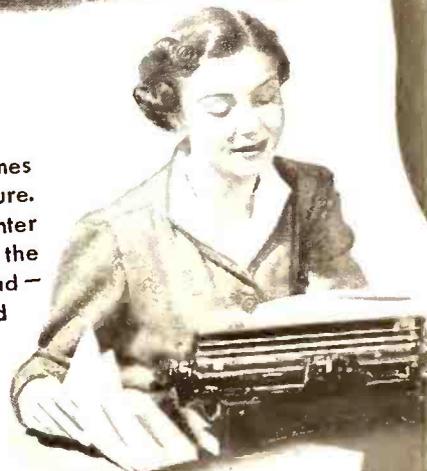
1-CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to provide lasting comfort. Sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



2-CAN'T FAIL

Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—prevents twisting and roping.



3-CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress reveals no wrinkles.



3 TYPES OF KOTEX—ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE
Regular, Junior and Super—for different women, different days.

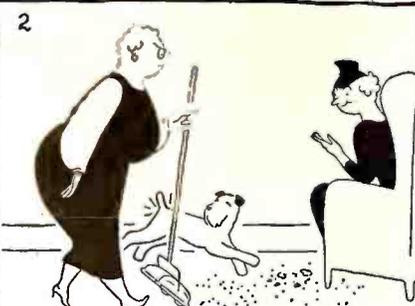
WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

1 *Lena Rue*



ARRIVING WITH GUEST, FINDS JUNIOR'S NEW PUPPY ENTERTAINING TOY RABBIT. SAWDUST EVERYWHERE.

2



VOWS PUPPY SHALL GO STRAIGHT BACK TO KENNELS. MEANWHILE, HASTENS TO TRY HER NEW BISSELL.

3



RELENTS AS BISSELL WHISKS UP DIRT. HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL ADJUSTS ITSELF TO HIGH OR LOW NAP RUGS.

4



DELIGHTED AS BISSELL EASILY REACHES UNDER FURNITURE AND STAY-ON BUMPERS PREVENT MARRING.

5

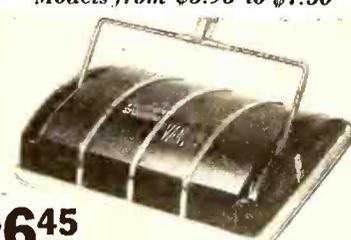


DECIDES TO USE VACUUM FOR GENERAL CLEANING AND BISSELL FOR QUICK, DAILY CLEAN-UPS. AND

6



SINGS
BISSELL'S PRAISES:
"From now on, I'll use my Bissell for quick clean-ups and save my vacuum cleaner for periodic cleaning! Bissell is the only sweeper with Hi-Lo brush control—it fully adjusts itself to any rug nap!" Ask your dealer to show you the colorful new Bissells.
Models from \$3.95 to \$7.50



\$645

BISSELL
The really better sweeper
Grand Rapids, Michigan

ment, if there is one, is between Walter and radio. He just got tired of microphones and went to Florida, where, our Everglades spy reports, he is busy writing a book. Meanwhile, Irene is very busy in New York with her Singing Lady programs. They correspond frequently and regularly, and Irene sent him pictures of herself and the two junior Wickers for a Valentine's Day present—which doesn't sound a bit like domestic arguments.

* * *

FOUND at last! The source of many a rousing sea story that's broadcast on the air. In New York, there's a home for retired seamen called Sailor's Snug Harbor, and you'd be surprised to know the number of radio stars and writers who make a practice of calling on the old salts every now and then to pick up a new yarn. It's an inexhaustible mine of maritime lore and legend, and radio is making the most of it. Not that the old sailors at Snug Harbor don't make the most of radio, too—and without any arguments over what program to tune in, either! In their big recreation room there are four large open booths—old-fashioned, high-backed benches like those in Ye Olde English Tea Room. Each booth is labeled with the call letters of one of New York's big radio stations, and supplied with a battery of earphones instead of loudspeakers. The four radios connected with the booths are left on all the time. When an old seadog wants to listen to a program coming over WABC, for instance, he sits himself down in that station's booth, slips on a pair of earphones, and listens in peace and quiet.

* * *

PHILLIPS LORD, busy microphone and loudspeaker man though he is, is like a small boy in a toy shop when it comes to choosing scripts and acts for his two radio shows, Gang Busters and We, the People. Everybody in his well-populated office works overtime to prevent him from seeing more than one good script at a time, because whenever he's faced with the problem of making a selection he wavers back and forth, unable to make up his mind, until casting directors tear their hair.

* * *

AL PEARCE is one of those long-distance commuters these days. After his Tuesday-night network program, every week, he travels out to Detroit, where his sponsor requires his services as master of ceremonies on a program on the Michigan network. This schedule places a serious handicap on Al's beloved hobbies, which we can lump under the general heading of Food—Cooking it himself, finding new and delightful places where other people cook it, and talking about it. Al's the sort of restaurant patron who likes to poke his way into the kitchen.

* * *

W. J. CAMERON, who gives those intermission talks on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, is a modest man and dislikes publicity. Not long ago a network photographer took some pictures of him and these were sent out to newspapers and magazines. It was a slip-up, the network being under the impression Mr. Cameron wouldn't mind. He did mind, though, and frantic wires were sent out to all the newspapers and magazines asking them not to use the pictures. A few days later one small country newspaper wrote back, regretting that it had already printed the picture. But, offered the editor, he'd kept all of that edition in the shop and hadn't distributed it to the subscribers. Wouldn't the radio people like to buy the whole edition at five cents a copy?

"IT'S FUN TO LOOK YOUNGER AGAIN!"



..and so easy to Safely Dint

GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

TASTE LIKE CANDY

The Sensational
MCCOY'S
Cod Liver Oil Tablets

Check Full of Vitamins "A" and "D"

Have remarkably helped many boys and girls, men and women, to

Put On Firm Flesh

3 to 7 Pounds Quickly



Starting Today Take 2 McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets after each meal. 60¢ and \$1 size—all Druggists

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

McCoy's, 544 S. Wells St., Chicago Dept. 25
Rush Free Sample of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets to

Name

Address

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

How Lucille Manners Was Made Beautiful for Stardom

(Continued from page 25)

done, was staggering to Lucille. From the first heights of exaltation, she plunged to the deepest abyss of dejection. Like any more ordinary romance, there was pain as well as joy.

There was, in the first place, the matter of clothes. Until that moment when, with shaky fingers, she had signed a contract with her sponsors, Lucille had spent practically all her time on other matters. She had, like you, or almost any woman, bought clothes when she needed them. Had reserved a few days in the fall, a few more in the spring for shopping.

WITH Lucille, it was even more difficult. Every extra dollar she ever had went for voice lessons. Never, for her, a new pair of stockings until the old developed a run. Never a new coat or hat until the papers carried news of a big sale. It all meant buying first because she had to have something, second because it was a bargain, and only third because the coat or hat or dress was so becoming she simply had to have it.

And so, as it would have happened to you, Lucille found herself with a wonderful starring contract in her pocket book and at home a very limited, hastily chosen and well worn wardrobe—dresses that had seen many seasons' wear, hats she'd never have bought if she'd had more money, all clothes she bought only because they were practical and could be worn day in and day out.

But the wheels that spin to bring the world a new star turned fast and Lucille's dejection lasted about as long as it takes two lovers to sit on opposite sides

of a bench, then come back to each other's arms.

For back at her apartment, waiting, were a living room full of those experts, all ready to wipe out Lucille's doubts, banish her fears, and—with a shout—pitch into the business at hand.

There was Betty Goodwin, NBC's Fashion Editor, a representative of the advertising agency handling the program, Eddie Senz, Paramount Pictures' ace make-up man who has been responsible for so many screen successes, and Dorothy Couteaur from Paris. There were, too, experts in graceful walking, health diets, and sane exercises.

The romance had really begun! First in order, Lucille's personality. After a look at her golden hair, lovely blue eyes, and slim figure, it did not take these experts long to decide. Henceforth, Lucille was to be an All-American girl.

With that as a foundation, the rest of the questions were no longer difficult problems. Lucille forgot her first apprehension, cast her doubts to the wind, and entered into the conference whole heartedly.

Next was the type of gowns she should choose. So that her versatility should not be strained, both severe sophisticated gowns and extremely coy gowns were taboo. Because she was young, she must not add years to her age by wearing styles that were too mature. Nor must she lose the saucy quality about her turned up nose and wide eyes. Such piquancy is lost with either slinky clothes or fussy ones.

Then came the question of photographs,

just about the most important in many ways. Already there had come to the publicity desks at NBC a flood of telegrams and letters from newspapers and magazines all over the country asking for pictures of the new Cities Service star.

Every editor was clamoring for Lucille Manners, a year ago a sustaining artist whose publicity could have been pasted up in one page of any scrapbook!

The fashion editor offered to take Lucille shopping.

"But how much will it cost?" Lucille asked. Fearfully she thought of the wardrobe a complete set of pictures would require. Dinner dresses, formal gowns, lounging pajamas, sporting outfits—all the things she had wanted so many times and had never been able to afford. After all, even stars are not paid in advance.

THE fashion editor laughed. "Don't worry about that. All sorts of shops and designers have been calling up to know if you'll pose in their clothes. Remember, you're famous now. One of New York's biggest furriers has called twice. He wants to know if you'd be kind enough to wear his newest ermine coat to your first broadcast."

"Kind enough?" Lucille whispered. A week ago she had been scanning the papers for a mid-season sale. Now people were asking her please to wear their ermine coats!

The glamor and excitement of the situation swept over her in one vast, engulfing wave. Without another pause, she

(Continued on page 79)



Popular Young Things guard against Cosmetic Skin the Hollywood way—

LOVELY girls everywhere keep their skin smooth and clear the easy Hollywood way.

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores—frees skin of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

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In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the persons submitting the two best stories will be awarded the two \$1,000 first prizes, the persons submitting the four next best stories will be awarded the \$500 second prizes, etc.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript, send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Another big true story contest next month.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT - HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Friday, April 30. Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 31C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 31C RM
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories".

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....
(Print name of state in full.)

(Continued from page 77)

took the fashion editor's arm and dashed out to the elevator.

They found in that never to be forgotten afternoon of shopping that Lucille was blessed with a perfect fashion figure. Youthful and slender, she was able to wear sleek streamlined gowns as well as fluffy, demure ones. She was tall enough to wear large prints, yet small enough to wear romantic pastel or tulle and chiffon gowns as well.

By nightfall, Lucille had her wardrobes. One for which she didn't have to pay—the one to be used for photographs. Another, more interesting one, the wardrobe she was to have permanently.

With the clothes problem settled, Lucille turned to the vastly important question of make-up. Now it was the turn of Eddie Senz, Eastern make-up director for Paramount. He has his own studio where he puts the finishing touches on the lovely models you see in magazine advertisements. No one could have been more qualified for this job. Before his brightly lighted mirrors passes a parade of celebrities.

LUCILLE was warned in advance to pay strict attention to any of Senz's advice. "If he suggests re-styling your hair," she was told, "listen to him. He's not a hair-dresser, but he designs many of his clients' coiffures. To him hair is a frame for the face, and a face is something to think about in terms of photographic angles. If he thinks the shape of your chin or forehead or nose calls for a different arrangement of your hair, believe him."

Lucille came away from this conference with her head brimming with ideas and—best of all—with a new hair style that does wonders for her. She liked it so well from the first day, that she hasn't changed a wave or a curl.

Senz, with a few deft strokes, parted her hair in the middle, brought it flat and smooth down to the temples, and then up-turned it all around her face in combed out ringlets.

If you, like Lucille, have a slightly broad jaw, you'll find this style happily becoming. But if your forehead is higher than hers, don't have the curls *on top* of your head. Senz warns you to confine them to the back and sides only.

Other pointers Lucille learned from him she feels are worth passing on to you. Don't wear much rouge if you're the fragile, blonde type. Pale rose is best for you and medium lipstick—dark rose rather than orange or purple shades. Wear light blue eyeshadow under artificial lights, but never put it any place except along the edge of your upper lid.

Always brush and re-brush your hair after it's been waved. Tight curls are never flattering and are, in the case of delicate blondes, about the worst thing possible.

If you're blonde, wear delicate flowers or bows in your hair, but never elaborate ornaments such as birds or jewels. Blonde or brunette, vary the color of your nail polish. Lucille, when she wears quite a bit of red, uses silver iridescent or mother of pearl polish to offset it.

Neither a new wardrobe, a new hair-dress, nor new make-up finished the romantic development of Lucille as a star. There was also the matter of health. Lucille thought it silly at first that anyone should be concerned. She felt wonderful. She had new sparkle in her eyes, new color in her cheeks.

The experts thought differently. So did Lucille when she finished her first week of rehearsal. All the additional work of more lessons, posing for pictures, giving

interviews left her exhausted. She saw for herself that the six or seven hours of sleep she had been getting were not enough. Now she never has less than eight and more often ten hours of sound sleep.

In the matter of food, she was already ahead of the experts. Wisely she sticks closely to a fresh vegetable diet. She has never had any reducing problem and now, upon advice of counsel, she is drinking lots of milk with her food to boost her one hundred and ten pounds a little.

Thus the basis for her stardom was established. Before she could experience any letdown, new frills to complete her were added. She must know how to walk gracefully onto the stage. Luckily, she had been hard at work on that problem since last spring when she was chosen by Cities Service to substitute for Jessica Dragonette while she was on her vacation. So in Lucille's case, it was largely a matter of polishing.

Gloriously, one last thrill, completely unexpected. Exclusively designed gowns for Lucille's Friday night broadcasts, gowns no other woman could get by hook or crook, gowns designed by many of the world's leading stylists.

Nor did Lucille suspect the problems involved in the designing of these gowns. There was the problem of color, for instance. The stage of the huge NBC studio where the broadcast takes place is hung with tangerine colored draperies. Back of the orchestra is a huge green and white Cities Service emblem. The orchestra itself provides a black and white background for the prima donna.

A red dress was out—it would have clashed with the draperies.

Solid black wouldn't do because it wouldn't show up against the background of tuxedos.

Purple was eliminated because it's too old for Lucille and not flattering to her golden hair and fair complexion.

A dress that was too tight around the diaphragm might interfere with her singing.

A stiff taffeta would make a rustling sound that would be picked up by the microphone.

A beaded gown might lose some of its beads and if these fell to the floor during a solo they would sound like rain on a tin roof.

THIS, obviously, was the time for Dorothy Couteaur, the only American woman to hold an important position with one of the greatest Paris dressmaking houses, to give advice.

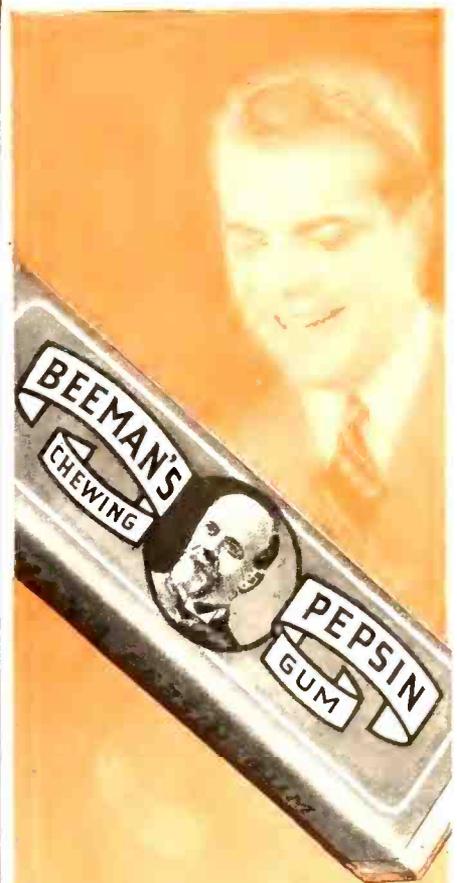
Dorothy Couteaur first visited the studio and asked Lucille to walk out on the stage as she would during a broadcast. She tested the lights, noted the background colors and then, while Lucille waited on the stage, called in her artist to make water color sketches for exclusive "Lucille Manners designs."

When the sketches were finished, they were sent to Lucille's apartment for Lucille's selection. Then she was shown samples of new fabrics—silks, satins, and velvets.

It was more like a dream than ever to the girl who had thrown up her job as a stenographer five years ago to devote herself to a career of singing, who a month before had put a new feather on an old hat so she could spend her Christmas money on more lessons.

Many gowns were finally selected. One of the first that were chosen was a blue or rayon satin. Blue matches Lucille's eyes and it doesn't clash with the studio background.

The second was a bright colored print,



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to be made along bouffant lines into a gown both gay and youthful.
"You must be careful of prints," Dorothy Couteaur warned Lucille. "They must be bright enough to show up well and yet not so bright that they will dim the brilliance of your hair."

The one they settled on for wearing during March has shades of sapphire, coral, and yellow against a black background. The edges of the bright colors are blurred as in a water color, giving the whole fabric a soft effect.

Another gown is classic simplicity—oyster white crepe with a huge bustle bow and long sash of white with brilliant bands of emerald green.

As to jewelry, Lucille has adopted the rule that she will wear as few pieces as possible. Never earrings, necklaces, or two rings at the same time. Always simple jewelry—a pair of bracelets and a clip; a ring and a clip. But never many things and never showy ones.

The last and the first of the exclusive gowns arrived a few days before Lucille's debut. The romance of preparing for stardom was nearly over. The engagement period, when everything is new and so many things happen one on top of the other, was drawing to a close.

Friday night and Lucille in a beautiful gown, a spotlight pouring down on her, a breathless audience sitting forward in their chairs in the studio, lifts her voice into song.

Her marriage to stardom has begun.

Bob Burns Really Talks About Bing Crosby

(Continued from page 35)

and Harry Baris were pulling cheesy gags instead of singing and how the manager of the theater, after warning them to cut it down, rang down the curtain in their faces when they were right in the middle of a joke. Those are the things Bing tells on himself.

Another of the things I admire most in Bing is the fact that he not only doesn't gossip himself, he hates to hear other people gossiping. More than one person who used to be a frequent visitor at Bing's home has found the Welcome mat drawn in when he arrives because all he did was put people on the pan. Bing never pans anyone. If a person has done something Bing doesn't like, Bing is through with him. And when he's through with a person, he's really through. He wants no part of him. If it's someone who hasn't done anything to Bing who's on the pan, Bing will always find a good word to say about him.

A lot of people think that because Bing has a happy-go-lucky nature that he is incapable of deep feeling. At heart he's one of the few real sentimentalists I know. And he has one of the most understanding natures you'll find anywhere. When my wife passed on I wanted to get out of town with my boy for a week and try to forget the ordeal we'd been through. So we went up to Lew Ayres house at Big Bear. When I got back to town you can imagine I was still pretty upset and I was trying, for the boy's sake, to keep my mind off it. As soon as I went into the broadcasting station, everyone began coming up and putting his arm around my shoulder, saying, "Gee, Bob, I was sorry to hear about it." Everybody but Bing. I know blamed well that down in his heart Bing was sympathizing with me just as deeply as anyone else but he happened to be understanding enough to see what I

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was trying to do. He never referred to my loss at all but started kidding with me, the way we always do with each other—just acted as though nothing had happened. He'll never know how much I appreciated that.

SPEAKING of those rehearsals, we have more fun there than any place we go. Everything is so informal. Of course, nothing *could* ever be very formal where Bing is. But we have never had a dress rehearsal. We rehearse on Thursday afternoon before the broadcast and that is all there is to it. They ask each member what time it would be convenient to rehearse. Bing stays there the whole afternoon and just rehearses the part of the program that whoever happens to be there is in. I work on my stuff by myself and never rehearse it. So even Bing doesn't know until we're actually before the mike what I'm going to say. That's why it so often happens we're both talking at once, trying to get in a word edgewise. That part is all *ad libbed* on the spur of the moment.

He kids around the place all during the rehearsal and all during the performance. That's what gives it such spontaneity.

Two of the things I never get over wondering about in connection with Bing are his flow of fancy English and his ear for music. Last week, for instance, for his old song he chose "Kalua" from an old musical called "Good Morning, Dearie." I know Bing didn't see the show and I don't believe he'd ever heard the song before. When he came to it in the rehearsal, someone gave him the lyrics and he sang it with all his boo-boo-boos as though he'd been singing it every day of his life.

And his language! Those jaw-breaker words he uses impress me—when I can

understand what he's talking about. Of course, he just does it for a gag but he never misuses a word and he never uses a word of one syllable if he can find one of four that means the same thing. If he can't find a long word he arranges the short ones in the fanciest English imaginable. I remember his mother showed me a letter Bing had written her the first time he was away from home. I think he was fifteen or sixteen at the time. He was hoping he could go back to school that fall and expressed the wish that some day he might make his mark in the world. He concluded with, "That, however, is in the laps of the Gods. One can but wait."

When we go out to shoot golf, we usually go over to his house for dinner afterwards. When we come in Dixie will ask, "Well, how did you do today?"

And Bing will come back with, "Well, my little penguin, on the first nine I shot a stylish thirty-six and on the second nine I had a svelte thirty-five."

Those week-ends I've spent on his ranch with him will live with me if I reach a thousand. We don't do anything much. Maybe go hunting for rabbits or quail or wild pigeons or whatever happens to be in season. Or we might go fishing. Lots of times we take long hikes or fool around the pastures where his brood of mares are. We don't do anything in particular but we have a swell time doing it.

You know, it's a funny thing. They apply the term "ham" to actors but there are hams in every walk of life—writers, painters, salesmen, doctors, lawyers—every line of endeavor. The guys who like to show off, be in the limelight and turn on the personality.

Bing is farthest from a ham of anyone I have ever met in my life. As I said, he won't talk about himself. He cares nothing about occupying the centre of the

stage. He can get a lot more enjoyment out of sitting back listening to someone else than he can out of having people gush over him. When he turns down photographers and when he says he doesn't care about interviews, the guy is telling the absolute truth. He doesn't.

Those horses of his are something else I can't understand about him. He's crazy about them but he rides like a sack of meal—when you can get him on a horse. Dixie tells a story about one time when he was making personal appearances somewhere up in Connecticut. She kidded him about his riding until one morning in desperation he went down with her to a riding academy, got on a horse and walked him around the paddock a couple of times and got off. "There," he said, "I guess that'll shut you up. You can very plainly see that I am a most expert equestrian." He went on back to the hotel and when Dixie came in from her ride an hour and a half later, Bing was still in the hands of a masseur.

HE has probably done more for old friends, and said less about it than anyone in Hollywood. His loyalty can only be measured by the size of his heart. He tried a long, long time ago to get me on his program. He'd heard me and thought I would add something to it. I had no name at the time and his sponsors would have none of me. So I went back to New York, played my bazooka over a broadcast, and happened to make a hit. The program was hardly over before Bing was sending wires and telephoning to his sponsors to sign me up.

He—well, anyhow, you have a rough idea of what I think of Bing Crosby. When I start talking about him I don't need a dictionary—I need a book of superlatives!

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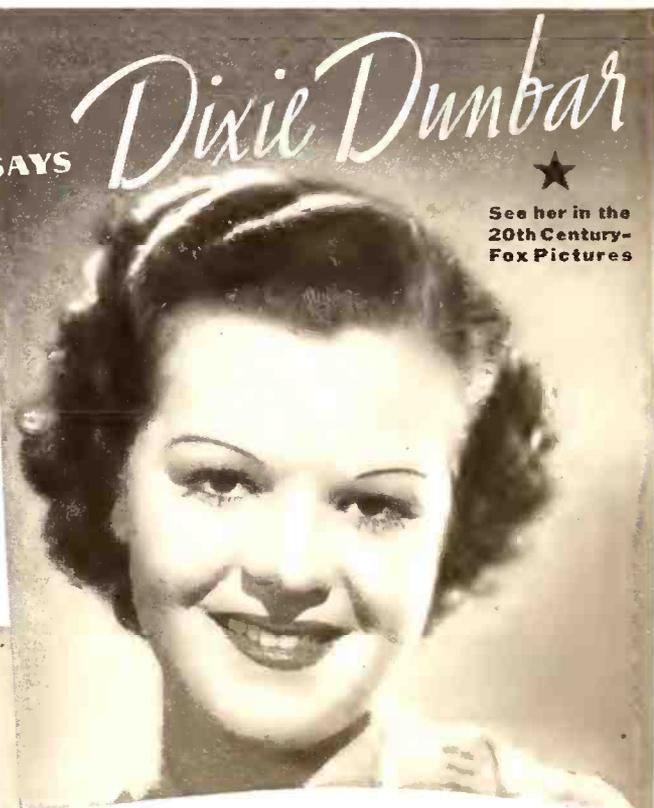
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MARVELOUS Eye-Matched MAKEUP
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Don't Let Homeliness Break Your Heart

(Continued from page 19)



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Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing an effective yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged soothing contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. *Parahydrecin* is the reason why Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

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NORFORMS

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Known to Physicians as "Vogiforms"

has capitulated to a girl who has everything but looks, whose face, frankly, if it were her fortune, would never permit her to eat three square meals a day.

Not even her best friends would call her pretty. Martha herself says she's downright homely. Yet here, in the star's chair, sat this unquestionably plain girl while all around her dozens of other girls, each more lovely than the other, went through their unimportant dance—extras on whom no one wasted a second glance, just props, like the thatched huts, the palms and the tropical flowers.

Fame, wealth, admiration—normally tributes paid to great beauty—have all fallen into Martha Raye's lap. The ugly duckling has in real life, as she did in the fairy tale, stolen a march on her swan sisters.

There is an astounding secret of success that this plain girl has found. Not without heartbreaks and moments of blackest discouragements, but with such a happy ending all the torment was more than worth the price.

It's not easy to ask anyone, especially a movie and radio star, how she found success when her outstanding characteristic is homeliness. I would resent it myself if someone asked me, except that I haven't yet found such success.

BUT Martha's large mouth grew larger in a friendly smile that ended in a rumbling laugh. "How did I put it over?" she said, "with a face like mine?"

For put it over she has. Not only is she Paramount's pet find of the year, the girl whose songs and comedy have brightened "Rhythm on the Range," "The Big Broadcast" and "College Holiday" but who is the added zest and spice that is making Al Jolson's new program over CBS on Tuesday nights the prize half hour of the spring season.

Nor is it hollow fame and fortune. On Martha's fourth finger, as she sat in her star's chair, waiting for her cue, sparkled a beautiful engagement diamond. I knew its donor, Jerry Hopper, of Paramount, one of Hollywood's prize catches. Martha has found not only enviable success in her career, she has made it all worthwhile with a love she talks about only in a whisper.

As I write this, a few weeks later, the ring is gone, the engagement officially broken because Martha's mother believes her daughter is too young to consider marriage. But Jerry and Martha, I know, are still deeply in love, even though they may not be married for some time. The ring was there when I saw her, and one day it will be there again.

Certainly, no one better than Martha has the right to say, "Don't let your homeliness break your heart." What better inspiration if you feel that too many freckles, or too long a nose, or too big a mouth is making your life miserable. If Martha has done it—and you don't need more proof to be sure she has—you can do it, too, because Martha didn't even *know* she was homely!

She didn't learn until she was fifteen, until she thought she was so grown up she tried out for a grown up part and was turned down, not because she wasn't talented but because she wasn't pretty!

"Rule one," Martha told me gravely, "for a girl who isn't beautiful is to face the fact that she isn't and then forget about it. That took me a whole year, the toughest year I ever spent, but I learned and it was the beginning of my career."

Martha was only fifteen—although a

very precocious fifteen—when she first came face to face with the appalling fact that she was definitely a homely girl. It was a bitter realization. Especially bitter because all her life she had fondly nursed a dream that one day she would be a star of the stage. Especially bitter, too, in the humiliating circumstance under which the realization came to her.

Martha was, to employ an overworked phrase, "born in a trunk." She was a child of the theater. Her parents' vaudeville act took a brief vacation while Martha first saw the light of day in Butte, Montana. It wasn't long, however, before Pete Reed and Peggy Hooper were back on the four-a-day, and infant Martha with them. She learned to toddle in the dusty backstage of numerous theaters. She lived in dingy hotels and aboard grimy trains. She took her naps on piles of scenery. What child wouldn't, under those circumstances, dream of one day seeing her name on Ziegfeld's marquee, or Hammerstein's or Belasco's? As soon as she was old enough, a part was written into her father's and mother's act for her, and she started toward her goal.

When she was fifteen, she decided it was high time she took a step closer to the Ziegfeld—or the Hammerstein or the Belasco—marquee. The act was laying off in New York, so the time was propitious. Without a word to anyone, Martha slipped out and bought an outfit of really grown-up clothes.

"I thought I looked like a certified check," she recalled. "I had one of those Eugenie hats with a feather and I figured if Earl Carroll passed me up he must be going blind."

That was the blithe spirit of the youngster who made her way into the dank, cavernous theater where impresario Carroll was casting his current "Vanities." She felt at home. She even looked pityingly at the dozen or so different girls who were there on similar errands.

HER turn came at last. She sang. It was good, and it was hot. She saw Carroll's white face respond approvingly from the blackness of the theater. But when she finished he shook his head. Show people are blunt.

"Sorry, but you don't do," the producer said. "Frankly, kid, you have the goods—but you haven't the looks. Better try some other racket."

She stumbled from the stage, and wept noisily when one of the other girls tittered.

"That nearly broke my heart," she confessed. "You know how a kid is. I'd never thought much about my looks one way or another until then. You see, I never went to school with other kids, or played with children much. I guess if I had they'd have told me, and it wouldn't have been such a shock to learn I didn't have the looks."

"But I think the thing that saved me was that crack he made about trying some other racket. That made me mad, and when you're in the state I was in, the best thing that can happen to you is to get mad. Clean through. Try some other racket! Why the guy was crazy! How could a girl who'd been brought up backstage ever try any other racket. I think I made up my mind then that I'd show him!"

At any rate, broken-hearted little Martha went back with the vaudeville act for another year. She didn't tell her mother and father of her bitter experience until a long while later. During that

year, though, she accustomed herself to the idea that she wasn't beautiful, and never would be.

"Anyhow, I figured there were a lot of people who weren't exactly beauties but who were managing to get by just the same," she said. "If they could, I could, too. I decided if I couldn't be a prima donna, maybe I could be a comic singer. Comediennes weren't supposed to be beautiful.

"And you know, by golly," she said earnestly, "just thinking and thinking and thinking about it like that must've made it happen! Anyhow, the first thing I knew, I got a break with Paul Ash in Chicago. It wasn't much, but it was a start—and I did all right."

SHE was still only sixteen when she teamed up with Benny Davis in a double act. Davis, who had been a famed single, had seen her work with Ash, and saw her possibilities, Jackie Heller, Hal LeRoy, Sonny O'Day, Buddy and Vilma Ebsen were with her in another act. That skyrocketed her, and just as in fiction story, she suddenly found her great ambition realized.

Earl Carroll, who had seen her in the act, fell all over himself to sign her for his forthcoming "Sketch Book!"

"So there," she said simply, "you are." My eyes fell once more toward the sparkling diamond.

"Oh, that," she said again. "Well, by that time I was pretty popular with men. I always got along all right with 'em anyhow. After all, any girl can if she will just be herself. Just be natural and don't worry about whether a man thinks you're pretty or not, and things will take care of themselves.

"You know, there are a lot of girls who

think they aren't popular with men because they aren't beautiful. That's baloney. The reason they're not popular with men is because they themselves are so busy *thinking* about not being beautiful they're not much fun to be with—so the men leave them alone.

"Stop and think. How many times have you seen the handsomest and most eligible man, who always runs around with the raving beauties, run off and marry some nice, plain girl who can toss a tasty meal together and who understands him?"

"Don't get me wrong. I don't mean to say that being good looking is any handicap. I guess if I'd been consulted about it, I'd be so good looking you'd have to wear smoked glasses whenever you got near me. But what I'm driving at is that being good looking is like being rich. It's nice if you are, but it isn't fatal if you're not.

"All a homely girl has to do is to be neat and dress becomingly, and not try to hide the fact that she isn't beautiful. Why call attention to your worst features by trying to hide them? For instance, wouldn't I look like a dope if I tried to paint a tiny Cupid's bow over this mouth of mine? I use as little rouge as possible, and if boy friends notice I have a mouth that's too big for my face, they must all be doggoned polite, because none of 'em ever says anything.

"Another good idea for a homely girl to remember is that if she keeps her boy friend interested enough in other matters, and keeps his mind occupied, he isn't going to have time to think much about how she looks. Personally, I think a man would rather spend his time with a good sport than with a dumb beauty. When a man takes a girl out, he takes her out to have a good time, not to look at her. It's

up to the girl to see that he does have a good time. If she's successful, she gets asked again—and I don't care how homely she is.

"And it's a cinch to make a man have a good time. It only takes a little thought. For instance, if he's the big outdoor type, you be the outdoor girl. Whether you like it or not, *act* as if you're having a whale of a good time whenever you're with him, and then he'll have a good time, too. Don't be afraid to let him know you enjoy being with him. That flatters him. However, *never, never* know more about *anything* than he does. Men like to help you. That's how Jerry and I—"

She caught herself and blushed becomingly. But it's no secret that her romance with Jerry Hopper was born on the Paramount lot. Martha was snatched from an engagement at the Trocadero and hastily cast by Norman Taurog into "Rhythm on the Range." Jerry wrote and arranged her songs. He coached her and taught her screen technique. He helped her over periods of the jitters. Martha gives him credit for her screen success.

MARTHA'S mother is afraid that marriage just now, or even a formal engagement, might upset her daughter's career. But Martha doesn't mind waiting. Jerry is handsome and popular. He is much sought after in Hollywood. That doesn't bother Martha. She isn't afraid some Hollywood beauty will steal him away from her. She knows beauty won't get you places.

"Why, take that palm tree there," she pointed to the towering trunk. "That palm tree's beautiful, all right. But you never heard of anybody marrying a palm tree, did you?"

STOP GRINNING LIKE A MONKEY, BOB - A RUN'S NO JOKE TO ME!

RUNS MEAN SKIPPING ON LUNCHES—

THAT IS TOUGH, FRAN. CAN'T YOU STOP THE THINGS?

A FEW WEEKS LATER

HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT RUNS FOR AGES!

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF LUX! IT SAVES ELASTICITY, THAT'S WHY IT CUTS DOWN ON RUNS!

The Lux Way to Cut Down Runs

- 1 Lux stockings after every wearing to remove perspiration.
- 2 Turn stockings inside out—squeeze lukewarm Lux suds through them.
- 3 Rinse in lukewarm water. Squeeze water out—never twist or wring! Then shape and dry—but *not* near heat.
- 4 Don't risk soaps containing harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may weaken elasticity—then runs may start.
- 5 Lux contains no harmful alkali. It saves elasticity—cuts down on costly runs.

LUX

Saves Stocking Elasticity...

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 9)



"You are good company now"

"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

FADED...with a sad looking skin...no pep! Millions have experienced such a sad situation...you may have to face it, too.

Overwork...worry...undue strain...colds and other human ills often take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood. Hence a run-down condition...a weakened body...a poor complexion.

If you are so unfortunate, no longer do you need to worry, as to how you may regain strength...firm flesh...restore a natural glow to your skin. Simply take a tablespoonful of S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal...and forthwith, within a shorter space of time than you probably realize, those weakened red-blood-cells will become healthier and richer.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Be good to your skin from within and your skin will be good to you. Enjoy more pep...more vigor...by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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autumn and early winter completing arrangements, is in charge of the broadcasts at Duluth. The actual broadcasting of the messages to the Isle Royalers is done by Watson and Hale Byers, WEBC's program director. On the island the broadcasts are handled by George Blair, educational director, and radio technician Louis Baranowski.

Anyone having communications for island residents is invited to send them to Duluth's station WEBC.

* * *

KHJ's HELPING HAND DEPT.

SINCE starting our own Helping Hand Department here last month we've learned what pikers we were in our own little way.

It took Hal Styles' new Help Thy Neighbor program over KHJ in Los Angeles to open our eyes. This new program, based on a sincere desire to bring unemployed men and women in contact with employers, was recently inaugurated at KHJ.

The Help Thy Neighbor program, with Hal Styles as interviewer of applicants, presents the cases of as many unemployed as time permits, and the station telephone lines are held open the entire half-hour to receive calls of those who have work to offer the applicants interviewed.

Without an audience, except for the applicants themselves, the broadcasts are conducted with understanding and no embarrassment to anyone. Living up to its name to the letter, this unusual broadcast has no age limit of applicants, no exploitation or building unfortunates up for a let-down.

Skeptics applauded it as a grand idea but, they asked, "Will it work? Will employers telephone to offer jobs?" They got their answer. Before the first broadcast was many minutes old, the case of the first man interviewed, a one-time sergeant-major of the U. S. Marines, received attention. The telephone buzzed; "Miss Cordial" answered, and there was an employer for the former service man. The same happened when a woman was interviewed a few minutes later.

Some hundred calls were received by "Miss Cordial" during the half-hour broadcast and the thirty minutes following. Employers asked not only about those heard in interviews but inquired for specialized workers. A mining engineer, a dozen carpenters, a domestic maid, and a chief cook were among those specially requisitioned. And two telephone operators received jobs answering the incoming job-offers.

But the pay-off came when radio photographer Nate Singer was about to snap a picture of the first successful applicant and Hal Styles. One of the applicants gave Singer a helping hand with the flash-bulb and the photographer asked him his name.

He told Singer and added, "I'm a photographer myself when I'm working."

"Well," answered Singer, "how would you like to go to work for me?"

"Fine."
"Okay, it's a deal, come around tomorrow morning."

That KHJ Helping Hand Department is what we call a real one.

* * *

WOWS AT WOW

TO tuner-inners of WOW at Omaha, Nebraska, 4:45 P. M. every Weekday is Millie and Tillie time. That of course isn't news to you Millie and Tillie fans but what you may not know is that these two favorites were almost childhood

friends. That may sound a little confusing, and maybe it is, but anyway it happened like this:

Violet Manning (Millie) and Jeanne Dixon (Tillie) began their dramatic work at the same place, Elitch Gardens in Denver, playing child parts in the same stock company. However, they did not meet until two years ago when a Chicago theatrical agent suggested they would make a good radio team. All the girls had to do to prove the agent a wise prophet was to accept his suggestion. Result: Millie and Tillie.

Both artists have had extensive stage experience. Violet played with Douglas Fairbanks, Ralph Bellamy and other outstanding stage personalities. Jeanne's last big stage show was "Merry-Go-Round" in Chicago.

* * *

HEAR YE!

Charleston, W. Va.: Nicholas Pagliara and D. Cleto Lochner have joined the staff of WCHS at Charleston as program director and dramatic director, respectively. They were formerly with WHEC at Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT—

In the gossip league there is no tastier dish than the one filled with the past. And being in a particularly gossipy mood let's look around and see what sort of skeletons are hiding in the closets of radio's big boys and girls.

Our first closet reveals the musical score for the original Student Prince. Whose closet? Carlton Kelsey's. He is at present a musical director at WBBM in Chicago and wrote the score years ago... Another WBBMer with a revealing closet is Jesse Pugh of the Sunbrite Junior Nurse Corps program. Jesse was at one time far, far away from a microphone. That was when he was a bank bookkeeper with over six hundred active accounts in his ledger.

Way up north in Duluth, Minnesota, is Hale Byer, WEBC's program director. That is now, but there was a time when Hale was a member of Paul Whiteman's band. And at another time, directing his own orchestra, he was the music maker for Barney Gallant's swanky New York City cafe.

Out in Cincinnati, WLW's two hundred and fifty pound sports announcer, Al Helfer, has an equally hefty past. Al has been an automobile salesman and mill crane man. In this closet we also find many life saving decorations and medals, Al acquired as a life guard in Pennsylvania... And Smilin' Ed McConnell, also a WLW favorite, once operated a 50-watt station in Orlando, Fla.

Looking in on WMAQ in Chicago, Norman Ross, Penn Newscaster, appears familiar. A peak into his past and here's the reason: Norman is none other than the world's champion swimmer of a few years back. This brawny two hundred and forty pounder at one time held all the world's records from one hundred and fifty yards to a mile. A record yet unequalled by any other world champ.

And even programs and stations have their pasts. In the May 9, 1922 issue of the Chicago *Daily News*, appearing under the heading "Tonight's KYW Program," was this paragraph:

"A musical entertainment is given daily from 8 to 9 p.m. by the radiophone to thousands of Chicagoans who have taken

up wireless telephony. The program tonight, prepared by Morgan L. Eastman, to be sent out from the Westinghouse Radiophone studio in the Edison building, follows. . . . Quaint?

Well, that was the opening broadcast of the Edison Symphony orchestra concert series, now heard over Chicago's WENR each Sunday evening. It has been broadcast regularly since and will complete fifteen years on the air in May.

And further check on the records tells us this: Morgan L. Eastman, the first conductor, has served throughout the fifteen years in that capacity.

We hope to spot more closets for you by next month.

* * *

ROMANCE, INC.

San Francisco: Following a Palm Springs honeymoon, Carlton E. Coveny, KJBS sales manager is back on the job. The bride: Miss Olive Johnson, popular Mills College graduate.

Chicago: WBBM announced George Ralston and Miss Fern Freestate were principals in a February altar march.

Incidentally, Dan Cupid seems to be working overtime on WBBM's Musical Clock program personnel. George was the tenth announcer or engineer to marry while actively connected with the program.

First was Halloween Martin, who donned the bridal veil shortly after the program's debut on KYW nine years ago.

Engineers Nick Battenberg and George Thompson, mikemen Earl Tanner and Parker Wheatley followed suit, without the veil, of course, before the program left KYW. Since the clock has been ticking off its morning music, time, and weather on WBBM, engineers Frank Lehnert and Emil Waelti and announcers Stan Thompson and Paul Dowth have used the ring.

But that's all there is, for the present at least. Paul Luther, who now shares the Musical Clock microphone with Miss Martin and Mr. Wheatley, is married, and a real four-youngster family man.

Make-Up Magic

(Continued from page 15)

with her brown eyes; this is essentially a stage practice, but you can adapt it nicely, with your own choice of tints, for glamorous evening wear. Take another tip from Elizabeth, too, when you're preparing to face a battery of brilliant lights (at a dance, for instance). On stage, she wears a grease paint with lots of rose in it because of the tendency footlights have of taking all color out of the face. She wears a darker powder than, too, for the same reason, and makes up her lips larger and brighter—with a brush. Over her grease paint base, she spreads her paste rouge, beginning close to the nose and working it in high on the cheekbones and pretty generally across the cheek. After she has powdered, she takes a powder rouge and touches it to her cheeks with a rabbit's foot.

Tanya Cherenko was in a state of first-night excitement, opening in the play, "Marching Song," but took time out to give us a few make-up tips. For her role as a Polish woman, for instance, she has to create the effect of a swarthier skin than she actually possesses—a trick that is achieved with her skillful choice of grease paint, carefully carrying out the effect by using a slightly reddish brown eye shadow instead of the green or purple she might ordinarily wear.

SHE pointed out how careful an actress has to be of her grease paint base, "Because," she said, "it can change the color of your skin entirely. It forms a sort of mask for your face, wipes out your own skin completely." But she adds that the powder can change the whole effect, if one isn't careful. In one play she appeared in last year, the characters were supposed to be quite sunburned in the second act and then normal color in the last act. This called for a quick change, and there was no time to do a complete new make-up. The thing they did was to change the hue of their powder, a deep sun tan in the second act and then a much lighter shade in the last.

One trick that many actresses use is to dust their complete make-up with talcum powder, just plain, ordinary baby's talc. This doesn't interfere with the color of the make-up, because it brushes off almost entirely. But it does dull the harsh brilliance of the cosmetics and keeps the color of the powder from changing the color of the base.

These are grand make-up tips in general, but let's look at the question of creams, powders and rouges alone for a moment. The use of these three fundamental cosmetics will either make or break your own "make-up magic." All the skill in the world can not hide the fact that your skin is not well-cared for, has been allowed to become too dry, too sallow, too oily or discolored. Soap-and-water is still a necessity for cleanliness of all skins (unless there is some condition present which requires medical attention and prescription), but this should always be supplemented by use of the proper creams.

CLEANSING cream should be used to remove all traces of cosmetics before washing your face or applying a new make-up. If your skin is oily, choose a very light-weight, quickly liquefying cleansing cream. If your skin is dry, be sure to use a good nourishing cream, as well; pat it into your skin generously, removing excess with cleansing tissues, and then leave it on overnight. If your skin is wrinkled, use a tissue cream and carefully follow the instructions on the package.

In applying creams to the face, all movements of the hands should be upward and outward—don't encourage those delicate tissues to droop or sag! "Brisk but gentle" is a good rule to follow; a hard pounding will break down the tissues you're trying to build up, and slow motion will not give your circulation the stimulation which is half the benefit of cream applications. Don't stretch the skin with your fingertips, and be extra careful around the eyes. If you're cautious about it, you can relax tired eyes wonderfully by running your well-creamed fingertips gently around the eye sockets, starting upward and outward from the nose—but be sure to keep your fingers off the eyeballs.

There are many marvelous foundation creams on the market today. You will have to decide for yourself which type you like best. Whether you choose a light one or a heavy one, moisture-proof or filmy, you should use some sort of powder base if you want your make-up to have those qualities of pearliness and permanence which are so important.

Now you're ready for your rouge. Ordinarily, this should be selected by following the color of your skin, not of your hair or eyes—with one exception. Red-haired

(Continued on page 91)



SKINNY PALE SICKLY?
"EATING ENOUGH" DOESNT PREVENT
"MAL-NOURISHMENT!"

.... Your System Can Actually Starve at a Banquet if It Isn't Getting the Minerals that Enable You to Use Food!

Thousands Report Corrections of Such Deficiencies By Using Kelpamalt—Rich Mineral Concentrate From the Sea. Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in Few Weeks. Rugged New Health—Good Resistance.

Don't be fooled by a good appetite. If you are skinny, weak, tired-out, sickly, unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength, no matter what you eat, you may actually be suffering from "Mal-Nourishment". Doctors now know that unless the food you eat contains certain minerals essential for the body's chemical processes, even a lot of food can fail to yield adequate nourishment. Digestion, in such cases, is incomplete, assimilation poor, and digested food isn't being changed to energy, strength and flesh.

In Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, minerals essential to these body processes are available in their naturally occurring form, such as assimilable iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus, and others,—all contributing to the



supply of vital minerals needed for digestion and assimilation. Most important is Kelpamalt's natural iodine (not the chemical liquid kind). It is iodine, scientists say, that is so vitally important to the health and proper functioning of blood, liver and glands. Kelpamalt is richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Thousands report they are amazed at the improvement. Kelpamalt has brought them Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks are not uncommon; new strength, new energy, better digestion and elimination. They eat better, sleep better, and almost invariably say they now feel fine. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol 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.

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True Story of My Tour With Nelson Eddy

(Continued from page 21)



DULL... LISTLESS...

● Constipation certainly had me down! I was out-of-sorts—mean to everyone. Yet the laxatives I was used to were so repulsive I just hated to take them. In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different," he said. "Give it a trial."



AND SHE'S SO HAPPY NOW!

● Thanks to delicious FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. I felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." It's the chewing that helps make FEEN-A-MINT so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in lower bowel, not in stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Write for free sample. Dept. 0-4, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE



Old Leg Trouble

Easy to use Viscose Home Method. Heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial if it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe the cause of your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

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A SHINY NOSE?



No longer need a gleaming nose embarrass you at crucial moments. NOSHINE has been created by Elizabeth Arden as a perfect powder foundation for this offending feature.

NOSHINE, two sizes, \$1 and \$2.50

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girl they wanted didn't seem to exist. Suddenly a voice came over that loud speaker, rich and clear. Just that suddenly, the girl they wanted was found.

Cautiously, they listened to her sing again and again, and with each new song their conviction strengthened. At last Pasternack went down to the studio.

"Miss Conner," he said with a smile, "we've decided you're it. How would you like to sing opposite Nelson Eddy?"

Nelson Eddy! Somehow it didn't seem true. It didn't seem possible that the one star she'd admired through all the struggling years behind her, now stood there in that room, smiling and asking her to share in his glory on the air. Her brain hardly realized she was singing, singing with him her favorite piece, "Only a Rose."

It wasn't until she had left the studio and was on her way home that she began to see all the responsibility before her, the importance of her task. At first she pinched herself to make sure she was awake—and then she started to get frightened. She could feel herself tightening up inside.

PUT yourself in her place. Suddenly she had been whirled from obscurity to a position which every girl in America would envy. Her job seemed so big. A thousand mental goblins tortured her. Suppose she couldn't measure up to Nelson's and Pasternack's requirements—suppose she failed, or her voice broke, on the first broadcast.

She was reckoning without Nelson Eddy. She was going on the assumption that he was a great star, and no more than that. She didn't know what she knows now—that he is also a kind and understanding gentleman.

"I'll never forget that first visit to Nelson's home, where the program rehearsals were always held," she told me. "The house itself sits way up on top of a mountain, overlooking Hollywood, and the Pacific ocean in the distance. It's so high that the wind blows a continual gale all the time. And that night as I stepped out of the car, the wind howling and screeching through my very bones, the stars were so close, it almost seemed like I could reach out and touch them. At my feet was Los Angeles, all of it, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, stretched out for miles as far as the eye could see, a million twinkling little lights like some great jeweler's window.

"And then suddenly the huge oak door swung open, and Nelson came running out to meet me, all smiles, like someone you know is glad to see you. He led me inside, and pushed the door shut behind him. It was then that I realized how cold and lonely it was out there, how warm and friendly it was inside, behind those strong walls and massive doors.

"As he led me into the huge living room, he put his arm carelessly around my shoulders, and a funny lump came in my throat. I suddenly realized I was no longer scared, or nervous, or worried. It was warm in there, the warmth of blazing logs in the big fireplace, the warmth of smiles from friends. There was his mother, sitting in her rocking chair by the fire. There was Mr. Pasternack, and Mr. Smith, the program director and announcer. They all seemed to tell me, without words, that I was welcome, welcome to Nelson Eddy's "open house."

"But Nelson did more than that to make me feel at home. If you think he's tops in singing, you should see him clown when

he's alone among friends. He's the best comedian I know. He was just like a small boy as he showed me around the house, and proudly brought out all his knick-knacks.

"The star attraction of the evening was a toy dog someone had given him for Christmas. There was a little house that went with it, with a special spring inside. You put the dog in the house, up against the spring, and then you make a noise, any kind of a noise. The sound vibrations release the catch inside, and the dog jumps out. In other words, if you say, "Here Fido!", out jumps 'Fido.' We were all in stitches over that thing.

"And when we started rehearsing our numbers, he continued to clown and joke, to do everything to make what we were doing seem like fun, instead of work. He'd purposely sing off pitch and make everyone laugh, trying to show me, in his own way, that if I made a mistake, no one would care. Is it small wonder that I sang better than I'd ever sung before? ... I couldn't help it.

"When we started on this nationwide tour a few weeks later, the fun really began. But once again it was Nelson who made it fun, changed it from what might have been an endless round of homesickness, into something thrilling and exciting. "You see, this is the first time I've ever been away from home in my life, and in Portland, Oregon, I was so homesick and blue I was ready to catch the first train for Hollywood. Nelson wasn't with us all the time. There were two units, his concert troupe and the radio show. Nelson made concert appearances during the week, and then met us in the next city on his schedule over Friday, Saturday, and Sunday for rehearsals and the broadcast.

"And on this Friday in Portland, Alice, my accompanist, and I were sitting up in our hotel room, alone. Both of us were so lonesome and blue and homesick, we hardly said a word.

"And suddenly we heard it! Down the hall, making the very rafters vibrate at twelve-thirty at night, came a booming voice which could only belong to one person, singing 'Ah Sweet Mystery Of Life,' at the top of his lungs! We fairly jumped out of our chairs and threw open the door!

THERE he was, with his hat on sideways and a large police badge the mayor of Portland had given him, pinned on his coat! And in each hand he had a present for us both. No, it wasn't candy, or flowers or jewelry, it was something far better than that. It was two huge bags of popcorn! Honestly, I never had a better present in my whole life.

"He had his manager and conductor with him and we ordered sandwiches and coffee and had a grand little party right there in the room. But I guess he could see I was still a little homesick, for pretty soon he slipped out. A few minutes later, the telephone rang. It was my mother! Calling from home.

"And I didn't know until later that she hadn't called me. Nelson had called her! We must have talked for a half an hour, but he paid the charges, and said nothing. That's the way he is. He doesn't want thanks when he makes someone else happy.

"After that night in Portland, our trip was one grand round of thrills and excitement. I'll never forget the night we left Portland for Salt Lake. Of course, everywhere Nelson went there were women and

girls, storming after him in an attempt to get his autograph. but that night in Portland was one of the funniest.

"We all got out of our cabs and started leisurely through the station toward our train. But not Nelson! He'd hardly gone inside when we heard a whoop, and saw them coming—women of all shapes, sizes, and ages, waving autograph books and pencils in a mad dash to get there first.

"Of course, all we did was to step aside and go on our way, but Nelson was cornered. We'd been sitting comfortably in the train for nearly fifteen minutes before he managed to make a dash for it. And he nearly broke his neck trying to jump all the steps in one leap, and lock himself in his compartment without turning the corner.

"Our gang, all together, is pretty hard-hearted, and because he knew we'd kid him, he stayed locked in for over an hour. I'd gone out on the observation platform to enjoy the sight of snow for the first time in my life—miles on miles of it. Pretty soon he came out and sat down. We talked a while, and then, to the rhythmic click-click of the wheels, we started singing.

"That's the Nelson Eddy few people know, a star who can sit out in the dark and the cold, singing just for the joy of it.

"One night we were walking down the main street of Kansas City, and stepped into a drug store for a soda. Nelson has a special pair of glasses he wears, and he can walk down the street without one person in a hundred recognizing him. But in the drug store he stepped over to buy a bottle of brillianine, and there was one little girl he didn't fool. I could see she recognized him the minute she saw him.

"Nelson knew it too, when she dropped the first bottle, but he never cracked a smile, or let on he knew that she knew him.

"Yes, there's a little devilment in him too. He had that poor girl nearly crazy, bumping into shelves and dropping bot-

tles all over the place. It's a wonder she didn't break her neck. She'd bring out a bottle, and he'd decide it wasn't what he wanted. Then she'd bring out another, only she'd drop that one, and then they'd have to start all over again. I nearly bit my lip off trying to keep a straight face.

"But he took care of everything. He had his manager slip back after we'd gone, to pay the proprietor for the broken bottles, and find out the girl's name. The next day he sent her a great big picture, and wrote across it, 'To the cutest girl in Kansas City.'

"Oh, it's been like that all across the country. Laughs, and fun, and good times. But sometimes—" Nadine's eyes clouded with a sympathy that came, I knew, from the memory of that evening in Portland—"sometimes we know that he's blue and a little homesick too. Those are the times when he slips quietly away, up to his room, and we know he's telephoning his mother, back in Hollywood."

And as Nadine finished telling me her story, I felt a little richer for having known her and a Nelson Eddy few people know. Does she love him? Yes, I guess she does, as everyone must who is close to him. Has she penetrated that wall around his heart? Yes, she has done that, too. She has done it in the only way it may ever be done, by being his friend, close and true and understanding.

For I knew, without her telling me, how close they have become to each other. Together—Nelson for the first time in many years, Nadine for the first time in her life—they have found happiness simply because neither expects anything but friendship from the other.

Nelson and Nadine both chose, long ago, the path of stardom and fame and bright lights. It's a hard, rocky, lonely path, but to them its thrills are worth all its heartbreaks. Both of them know they must travel their ways alone—yet, knowing that, they have found in each other happiness, companionship, and understanding. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is a very fine sort of "love."

It's a Cinch to Feed the Baby

(Continued from page 53)

Something ought to be done about it!

"Well, her husband took the strainer and went to work. He agreed that it was a tough job and that something should be done about it. And something was. For the husband was a canner, and he immediately began the series of experiments which enables mothers everywhere today to buy canned strained vegetables, cereals and fruits for their babies with the assurance that they are not only saving themselves time and trouble but—and to every mother this, of course, is the vital point—that they are providing for their little ones more wholesome, nutritious meals than are possible with old-fashioned methods of preparation.

"In the first place," Miss Howe went on, "there is the question of the absolute freshness of the foods your baby eats. How many of you mothers are sure that the vegetables you are giving your baby are absolutely fresh? Very few of you, unless you have back yard gardens and live in a climate where such gardens flourish the year around.

"Yet this guarantee of freshness the canners can, and do, give you. The vegetables for one of the manufacturers of canned strained foods are all grown within an hour's delivery of the plant. This means that they are picked when—and only when—they have reached the exact degree of ripeness that scientists

have determined is their most nutritive; that they are delivered to the cannery, and strained, canned and cooked before they have lost any of their goodness by exposure to the air. Why, the whole process, from picking to the canned product ready for your baby's dinner, takes only a couple of hours.

"Another condition under the control of the canner is this: Contracts for the raising of the vegetables are let only to farmers fulfilling certain requirements. This means that all vegetables are grown from tested seeds in soil which has proved its ability to produce crops of the highest quality—and which is treated to assure continued high quality—and that during the growing season crops are regularly inspected by supervisors of the canning factory.

"I wish you could visit such a cannery. It would delight you to see the hygienic conditions under which these foods are prepared. When the vegetables are delivered to the kitchens they are washed, washed and re-washed—no sand-in-spinach bugaboo here. Handling has been reduced to a minimum, and everyone taking part in the preparation and cooking is as 'germ free,' so to speak, as any doctor or nurse in a hospital operating room.

"Along about here," Miss Howe smiled, "some mother is going to ask, 'What



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If you want baby's candid opinion on Heinz Strained Foods, just include them in his diet today. Watch him register approval! Most infants seem to prefer the fresh "garden" flavor and wholesome goodness Heinz cooks in—never cooks out! Heinz uses only the finest fruits and vegetables. Strains them to smooth consistency. Valuable vitamins and minerals are preserved to a high degree. Heinz Strained Foods are priced with ordinary brands. All varieties bear the Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association's Council on Foods. Ask your dealer for a full assortment. Eleven kinds.

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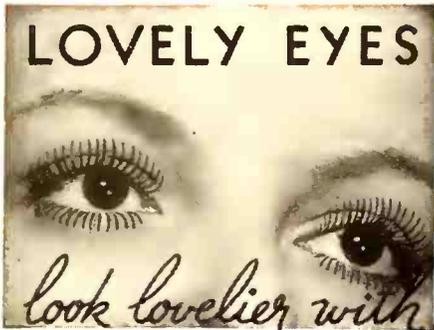
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Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Color of your hair?.....

about the loss of minerals through canning?" Well, this loss is circumvented much more effectively in a cannery than it can be by most methods used in the home.

"First there is the matter of temperature and cooking time. Throughout the entire process temperatures are scientifically maintained at the correct degree to prevent loss of vitamins, and each product is cooked the exact length of time necessary to yield the greatest nutritive values. Another important feature is that all cooking is done under steam pressure which eliminates loss by 'boiling away.' What little excess moisture remains is not poured off but is evaporated in vacuum tanks, leaving the minerals undisturbed.

"A third item of importance is that the straining is done when the vegetables are partially cooked, so that no nutritive properties are removed along with the fibrous waste. And if you think you can prepare perfectly strained vegetables at home you should just see the monel metal screens, much finer than the ordinary square-meshed sieve, in use here.

"The next question mothers bring up," said Miss Howe, "is, 'What about flavor? My baby is rather fussy and unless vegetables taste just right he won't touch them.' That, too, is a question which is answered far better in the cannery than in the home.

"For one thing, the flavor is sealed in. For the vegetables after sieving are placed for their final cooking in the identical cans which you purchase. Either over cooking or under cooking will impair flavor and here again the canner has it over the home cook, for in addition to

guarding temperature and cooking time, he cooks the canned vegetables in a rotary container which assures an equal distribution of heat during the cooking process. So don't stay away from canned foods if your baby is fussy; give them to him and watch his fussiness disappear.

"We've rather concentrated on vegetables so far," Miss Howe continued, "but the same exacting methods are used in the canning of strained cereals and fruits—with the same beneficial and flavorful results. And speaking of flavor, you will find other uses for these strained foods aside from your baby's diet. They are ideal for invalid or convalescent cookery, and for purees and desserts for the family menu. If you've never tasted creamed spinach or prune whip made from these canned strained foods you don't know how delicious they can be.

"I could go on and on, talking about these products," Miss Howe concluded, "but, to paraphrase a bit, the proof of canned, strained foods is in the eating. So do try them, for your baby's sake and your own. I am sure you will both be delighted."

If you don't already know the names of the canned strained foods I'll be glad to send them to you. Also I have a booklet giving invaluable suggestions for your baby's care and training, and a list of books for children's reading recommended by Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, both of which I am sure you will want. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Fame for Five Minutes

(Continued from page 37)

way. Radio is bringing Joe Doe and Susie Smith to Manhattan for a one-time ether appearance and Joe Doe and Susie Smith are crowding on the gravy-train. A swell time is being had by all.

"What kind of person do you have to be? How do you get your chance on the air? What do you have to do? How much will you be paid? How long can you stay in New York and who'll show you around? Will the broadcasters get your boss to let you off? How much can you spend at night-clubs? Suppose you should get mike-fright and couldn't perform at the last minute?" These are the questions listeners are asking.

It's entirely possible that you're an interesting unknown and don't realize it. Scores of five-minute stars, shocked by sudden radio offers, have found that they were brought to the attention of broadcasters through hearsay, friends, newspaper or magazine clippings. If something about you is interesting to the general public, if you have an unusually interesting job or have had an unusual experience of some kind, you're apt to be sure-fire mike material.

Most five-minute stars never dreamed they'd ever broadcast; few had ambitions in that direction. All of them have learned what it means to be lifted out of obscurity, made very famous for a very few minutes, then dropped back into obscurity again.

You can hear these stars you never heard before—and will probably never hear of again—on four of radio's outstanding shows:

Phillips Lord's We, The People which has brought to the air such personalities as a professional eater, a Confederate slave, a Grand Central Station redcap, a

dance hall hostess, a boy hobo; a dwarf, a traveling salesman, a cotton-picker, a bald-headed man, a sailor's wife, a Central Park bum, a blind woman, a lumberjack, a dying woman, a lad with enormous feet, the mother of a kidnapped child, a girl cripple.

Floyd Gibbons' Your Everyday Adventure series and Charles Martin's dramatized thrills on the Philip Morris programs present people who have experienced unusual adventures. Survivors of fires, explosions, floods, shipwrecks, earthquakes, accidents etc; heroes or heroines or people who have had their lives saved in very unique ways; people who have caught law-breakers, solved mysterious crimes, served prison terms for offenses of which they were later proved innocent, discovered gold or hidden treasure; people who have been the central characters in odd situations of coincidence.

ROBERT L. RIPLEY'S Believe-It-Or-Not presents living believe-or-nots—persons possessing unique physical or mental qualities or unusual bravery—a man who breaks rocks on his head, a man who raises rattlesnakes, a "human adding machine."

If you can match any of these, if you believe that you have a worthy contribution to make to any of the programs, write direct to Lord, Gibbons, Martin or Ripley. That's the way you get on the air. A Bedford, Indiana, housewife wanted to tell women how to hang out clothes correctly; a mother from the heart of the Ozarks wanted to give the listeners a true picture of life in the backwoods; an aged barge-hermit claimed to be a champion woman-hater. All of them were brought to New York.

TUNE IN— TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Unless you are already a listener-in on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by True Story Magazine, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

City	Station	Local Time
New York	WEAF	9:30 PM EST
Boston	WNAC	9:30 PM EST
Hartford	WTIC	9:30 PM EST
Providence	WJAR	9:30 PM EST
Worcester	WTAG	9:30 PM EST
Portland, Me.	WCSH	9:30 PM EST
Philadelphia	KYW	9:30 PM EST
Baltimore	WFBR	9:30 PM EST
Washington	WRC	9:30 PM EST
Schenectady	WGY	9:30 PM EST
Buffalo	WBEN	9:30 PM EST
Pittsburgh	WCAE	9:30 PM EST
Cleveland	WTAM	9:30 PM EST
Detroit	WWJ	9:30 PM EST
Chicago	WMAQ	8:30 PM CST
St. Louis	KSD	8:30 PM CST
Des Moines	WHO	8:30 PM CST
Omaha	WOW	8:30 PM CST
Kansas City	WDAF	8:30 PM CST
Denver	KOA	9:30 PM MST
Salt Lake City	KDYL	9:30 PM MST
San Francisco	KPO	8:30 PM PST
Los Angeles	KFI	8:30 PM PST
Portland, Ore.	KGW	8:30 PM PST
Seattle	KOMO	8:30 PM PST
Spokane	KHQ	8:30 PM PST
*Cincinnati	WLW	6:30 PM EST
**Minn.-St. Paul	KSTP	6:30 PM CST

*Sunday
**Thursday

TAKE YOUR CHOICE
OF THESE STATIONS
Every FRIDAY Night

With the rage for interesting unknowns catching on like wildfire, the broadcasters need suitable personalities and are spending vast sums of money to seek them out. So your letters are really requested and welcomed.

Officials have even gone so far as to intercede with the bosses of their prospective performers to let them off from work to make the trip. So anxious was We, The People to secure Roy Reigels, the football player who ran for the wrong goal in the Rose Bowl game a few years back they paid a substitute to take over his job while he journeyed East from California. A New Hampshire school teacher couldn't secure a leave of absence from her classes; Floyd Gibbons dramatized her adventure story anyway and mailed her a check.

From the moment you step on the train in your home town until you step off again, back safe and sound, you are the guests of the sponsor. All your expenses are paid. You may take your choice of plane or train. If you're minors you may bring a chaperone. Some programs send welcoming committees to stations and airports, others send uniformed messengers to see to it that you're safely guided through the city's confusing traffic. Room reservations are made in advance at hotels convenient to the networks.

From the moment you leave until the moment you're back you are also, frequently, the headaches of your sponsors.

MANY of those who have had fame for five minutes had never traveled before or been to a big city. A man from Texas thought the money-order that was sent him was a one-way fare and bought a round-trip ticket instead. He traveled three days and two nights without food, arriving in New York too ill to go on the air. A smalltown youth from Mississippi got lost in the railroad station, wandered about the city until nightfall looking for the right radio station, and was finally rescued by police.

Sergeant Alvin York, the greatest hero of the World War, failed to show up for his first rehearsal. Ripley wired him, asking what the trouble was. York, one of the world's bravest men, wired back: "Those were airplane tickets you sent me and I'm afraid to ride in a plane." Train arrangements were frantically made and York arrived in the nick of time.

An old lady from the backhills of Kentucky, who had never been on a pullman before, was so delighted with the luxuries of what she called a "bedded train" she flatly refused to get off the train in Grand Central. It took several attendants to lure her away with promises of even greater thrills to come.

Such incidents as these have impressed program officials with their responsibility in bringing Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public to New York. Consequently they take every precaution now to safeguard the health and well-being of their guests. Often they are even provided with constant bodyguards in the person of companion-escorts.

In addition to their all-expense trips, unknowns may earn from twenty-five to several hundred dollars for their mike appearances. Calumets' We, The People pays no fees except to New Yorkers who must be deprived of the all-expense trip. Gibbons' Your Everyday Adventure, pays twenty-five dollars and awards a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar prize for the best adventure broadcast each month. The programs headed by Charles Martin and Ripley pay varying fees in accordance with what the performer has to offer.

Schedules are so arranged that the five-minute stars will arrive in the city from

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two to four days in advance of their debuts. Several hours of each day are required for rehearsing, but the rest of the time they're free to do what they wish. Some programs allow their participants five dollars a day for meals and spending money, others allow them to sign food checks at their hotels, another throws in five dollars per evening for entertainment.

Carl Erickson, who had spent nearly all his life in prison at Salt Lake City, wanted to see the ocean. Charles Martin himself took him to Coney Island, walked with him for miles along the deserted icy boardwalk until the ex-convict had had his fill of wonderment at the tall waves.

MOLLIE TICKLEPITCHER, an elderly lady from Turnip Top Ridge, Tennessee, was curious about night clubs. Program officials entertained her royally at the swank French Casino but Mollie was not nearly so impressed with her gilded surroundings as she was by the sugar-lumps on the table being individually wrapped in paper. Commented Mollie, watching the nude floor show, "If them was my daughters I'd thrash their hides clean off!"

A young girl from the Tennessee mountain country was crazy for an orchid and a store-bought blouse. She got the orchid, complete with fern and gold ribbon; the wife of the sponsor took her to Macy's and outfitted her in a smart hat and dress.

Mrs. Irene Crites, who had never before been out of the Missouri Ozarks, wanted only one thing: the bedspread off her bed at the Waldorf. Of course she couldn't have it, but she was given another almost its duplicate.

Program officials and their assistants are kept plenty busy gratifying the requests of their visitors. Taking them sight seeing, shopping, to theaters and museums, ocean liners and automats. They'll even go so far as to help them locate forgotten relatives in Brooklyn.

At the microphone, unknowns are required to do no more than they are capable of doing. If your acting ability and intelligence is good at the first rehearsal, you'll find yourself cast in the role of *yourself* in a dramatized scene or playlet from your own life. You may read or recite a speech about yourself. Or you may be reduced to saying a mere "I'm very happy to be her. Thank you," or simply "thank you."

The Ripley show once found itself confronted with a Greek gentleman who could neither read, write nor speak English. But he could say the one word "no." Hastily the entire script was rewritten so that he'd have to say nothing except "no;" a man was stationed beside him to follow the script; when the moments came for the Greek gentleman to say "no" the man would squeeze his arm and he'd say it.

Mrs. Robert Browe, from Detroit, was making a plea for her kidnapped child who had been missing nine weeks. At rehearsals the production men gave up hope of getting her to speak her plea with expression in her voice. But when she finally began to broadcast, and the realization of what that broadcast might accomplish came over her, she sobbed and screamed her words into the microphone with all the expression of her tortured heart.

Persons who can't read or pronounce words distinctly are fairly frequent. An old Confederate slave was taught to speak his piece by heart, with a prompter standing nearby in case he should forget. Almost weekly a host of dialects must be ironed out into pronunciations the radio

audience can understand. Mike-fright gets them all to an extent, although everything is done to avoid it. In the first place, unknowns are thoroughly and sympathetically rehearsed until they can't possibly be in doubt. They're allowed to stand or sit or lean on a table at the microphone in any position they find comfortable. They wear their own everyday clothes so they won't feel ill at ease in the strangeness of a tuxedo or evening gown. Frequently, they are rehearsed before an audience to accustom them to on-lookers. Many have the support of knowing that an understudy is standing by to come to their rescue in case they fail.

And still they get mike-fright. A middle-aged lady was so overcome at hearing her childhood rescue from a shipwreck she burst into loud tears and hysteria and had to be carried out of the studio without giving her performance.

An ex-lifer from a southern penitentiary was brought all the way to New York to say a mere "Thank you" on the Philip Morris show. He opened his mouth and tried his best for several seconds to get the words out, but they wouldn't come. A radio actor had to step up quickly and say them for him.

A gentleman from Kentucky, hailed as the most rapid mathematical calculator in the world, performed his amazing wonders of addition and multiplication quite smoothly at the Ripley rehearsals. On the air he went blank, was given several more chances to do his stuff, still went blank. The mike had him so stymied he actually couldn't add two and two.

NOR is mike-fright the only item that may fizzle a performance. Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public have turned out to have just as much artistic temperament as the big-name radio stars. A Western lawyer, whose best suit had not come back from the cleaner's on time, had to be sorely prevailed upon by several frenzied program officials before he would step up to the microphone in baggy pants. A society matron staunchly refused to broadcast unless her bull terrier could sit in her lap while she did so. And what began as a friendly little head-butting session between two men with the supposedly "hardest heads in the world" turned into an honest-to-goodness fight.

Then there's the ever-present possibility that the unknowns, unaccustomed to the strict punctuality required of radio artists, may be late for the broadcast. A rancher's wife who all her life had gotten up at four in the morning and gone to bed at nightfall, fell asleep in a Radio City ladies' room after dinner and was finally found just in time to be put on the air. An unsuspecting farmer got into the hands of a shyster who kept him in hiding up until the last minute in an attempt to make Charles Martin pay a ransom or go on the air without any guest-star. Now, the broadcasters corral their talent a good six hours in advance of program time, keep them in the studio and keep an eye on them.

On the whole, however, the John Q. Publics are making pretty swell radio stars. They're willing and appreciative and serious about their jobs, they take the tedious rehearsals and the mike-fright and the thrills of their trips in their stride. It's only after they've gone back home that they can't take it—when the fan mail and congratulations stop pouring in, when their day as a local celebrity is waning, their fees are spent, and there's nobody left who can listen afresh to the story of their sensational experiences—

Then they nearly all write letters to their sponsors and beg to be invited back.

New Cook Book Ida Bailey Allen's

Mrs. Margaret Simpson, food editor of RADIO MIRROR, has selected this 196-page volume for printing in a special edition for RADIO MIRROR readers. This new cook book not only contains over 1500 recipes, but also answers all your questions on marketing, meal planning, correct table service, measuring, temperatures, diet hints, etc.

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205 E. 42nd St., New York City

(Continued from page 85)

girls usually have to make a few concessions to their vivid coloring here. Golden red hair requires rouge and lipstick in yellowish-red tones; auburn hair calls for more bluish-red shades. For other types, a safe rule to follow is: orange-red shades for golden skins, blue-red for pink-and-white or ruddy complexions, and true red for neutral, in-between complexions. But the method of application, of course, is dictated by the shape of your face and features, not the color. Analyze your features carefully, then apply these simple suggestions to your own case:

1. *Broad face.* Rouge should be placed high on the cheekbones, close to the nose (to break up the broadening highlight at the center of the face), and extended downward along the cheek to conform with the "laughter lines" of the face. In no type of face should the rouge actually extend into these laughter lines.

2. *Oval face.* Rouge should follow natural contours of the cheek, which ordinarily means a small triangle covering the cheekbone between the temple and nose and extending downward slightly.

3. *Thin face.* Rouge away from the nose and rather low on the cheek, avoiding color at the center of the face (this creates a highlight here which gives the face breadth).

4. *Heartshaped face.* Rouge high on the cheekbone and close to the nose, carrying the color well down the cheeks. Rouge should be heaviest under the eyes and near the nose.

5. *Mature face.* Blend rouge well up under the eyes and toward the temples. Hollow cheeks should never be rouged and this is particularly true of the older face. Avoid rouging all expression lines.

6. *High cheekbones.* These should be rouged to make them less prominent, but rouged lightly, so as not to attract attention to them.

7. *Prominent temples.* Rouge these delicately, too, to shadow them.

8. *Miscellaneous tricks!* A slight touch of color on the lobes of the ears will add width to the face. A suggestion of rouge on the chin shortens and broadens the face (and nicely emphasizes a dimpled chin), while just a touch of it between the nostrils will shorten a long nose. If the eyes are large and brilliant, rouge more heavily; if they are small or pale, use rouge sparingly. And always, always, be careful to blend the outer edges of your rouge pattern unobtrusively into the rest of your make-up, avoiding a harsh "ring." Cream rouge is preferred by most cosmetic experts (applied, of course, before your powder).

There's a right way to apply powder, too—very simple, but very important! It should be patted on, never rubbed in, and should be applied first to the less prominent portions of the face (such as the forehead and lower cheeks) so that not too much of it will cling to the nose and chin, which always have a tendency to look too heavily powdered if one isn't careful. Powder and eyebrow brushes are absolute necessities to whisk away unnecessary film.

There's a fascinating new gadget out these days, a miniature ivory tower which contains cream rouge, powder and two creams, each in its separate package and all interlocked together, which is only one of the grand selection of new cream, powder and rouge items I'd like to tell you about in my May leaflet. Just send a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query (please specify month desired!) to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City—and I'll be glad to send you this list of up-to-date cosmetic information.

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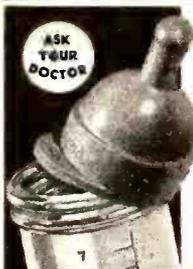
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The Stormy Life Story of a Black Sheep

(Continued from page 33)

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OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

matter. This is the story of the things that do matter—of how a boy overcame every disadvantage and handicap of his environment; of how he fought his way up from something much worse than mere poverty.

There are schools for crime all along the East Side of Manhattan Island. Any boy who lives in one of the tenement districts must either attend them or sit at home, for their only tuition fee is a desire for companionship. And Phil never liked to sit at home.

They called themselves "gangs"—the Stanton Street Gang, the Seventy-Third Street Gang, the Hunnert-n'-Eighteenth Street Gang, and Phil belonged to each of them in turn as the Baker family slowly worked its way uptown. In the summer they swam in the East River; in the winter and fall they built bonfires in gutters or under sheltered walls; in the spring they played baseball in the street; and in all seasons they ran wild and did about as they pleased.

YOU had to be tough to get along. Phil learned that on almost the first day he was old enough to go out of the house alone, and whenever he was in danger of forgetting it, a new lesson came along to remind him.

There was the time his uncle, who owned a second-hand store, gave him the baseball bat. It was the most wonderful baseball bat ever made—strong and of exactly the right weight, and hardly used at all, so that the varnish still shone over nearly all its surface. The first day he had it he took it proudly outside, for he was the only boy on the block who owned such a bat.

The rest of the gang gathered around him, admiring, looking, touching. Suddenly one of the bigger boys grabbed the bat and streaked down the street. Phil, wailing, started in pursuit, but the other boy's legs were too long. The bat was his, now.

Phil waited. He waited several days, and then, when he knew his enemy was busy somewhere else, he started to search. He looked everywhere the bat might be, in all the nooks and crannies known to small boys, and at last he found it. It had been put carefully away inside an old length of pipe which lay on the ground near the river.

Phil took the bat and started for home as fast as he could go. Never again would he bring it out into the street, not until he was big enough to fight for it and keep it.

But there was a sudden patter of feet behind him, and before he could turn the bat was snatched out of his hand.

"Gimme that bat!" said his enemy. This time the bigger boy didn't run. He stood there and waited until Phil came after his property. Then he administered a sound and thorough licking to Phil, and kept the bat. It was his by right of conquest.

Yes, you had to be ready to defend your property and your reputation as well. The gangs had no use for weaklings. When Phil was eight, Simon began to make more money—two dollars a week more—and the family moved uptown, into the Seventies. The flat was almost the same, three dark rooms opening one into the other, but the building was a little newer. And the street gang was the same, even if the boys who formed it were different.

Paddy McCarran was the leader of the gang, and Paddy was a tough guy. His

theory was that a boy had to be beaten, humiliated, and slapped into submission before he could be received into the fold. Phil soon lost count of the number of lickings he received at Paddy's hands.

In summer they all went swimming in the river. The water of the East River isn't appetizing, but it's cool. Like a lot of seals, the boys would dive in, swim a while, then crawl out to dive once more.

But Phil swam out too far, out past the gentle eddies near the shore to where the full current of the river caught him and began to drag him down toward the Battery. He screamed in terror. A white figure flashed off the dock; he could see a powerful swimmer cutting through the water toward him. He tried to hold out, keep himself afloat, but he couldn't. Water filled his mouth and nose. He went down again—and came up to find Paddy McCarran's strong arm around his neck, towing him to land.

The next day Paddy gave him another good licking for being such a fool as to swim out too far and almost drown.

Phil doesn't know, today, what ever became of Paddy McCarran. He wishes he did, because when a fellow saves your life you sort of like to keep in touch with him. He's lost track of so many of the boys who made up those gangs, but he does know that some of them are in prison.

One freezing winter day Phil stood on the river front with some of the boys. The wind cut through their thin clothes, but still they stood there, watching the slate-gray river.

"Dare you to jump in," one of the boys said to no one in particular.

No dare was ever refused in the gang. "I will if you will," the others said.

Shivering, laughing a little, they all stripped to their worn underwear, poised themselves on the edge, dived in.

The water seemed to drive all the life out of Phil's body. He gasped, floundered, and lost control of himself. Once more the river picked him up as if it had been some huge monster, but this time it slammed him against one of the big pilings a few feet from the shore, scraping him against it and tearing a long gash across his leg.

THE shock gave him strength enough to get back to land and clamber up. He was afraid to go home and tell his mother what he had done, so one of the other boys dressed quickly and ran home to sneak some adhesive tape. With this Phil partially closed the edges of the wound. Then he went home. Not for many years did he tell his mother what had happened—and he still carries the scar on his leg.

Of course, he went to school—theoretically, that is. Actually, Phil Baker was too bitter a dose for any teacher to swallow. When he wasn't playing hookey, which was most of the time, he amused himself by disrupting classroom routine. For a while Herman Bernie, Ben's brother, was Phil's classmate, and the two of them spent all their time writing each other notes and bedeviling the teacher with putty-blowers.

For a while the teachers sent notes to Phil's mother, and she would snatch an hour from her household duties to call at the school and reinstate Phil in the teachers' good graces but eventually they stopped writing to her. It didn't do any good, and only wasted both the teachers' and Rebecca's time. Phil was going to be in continual trouble, either from acting

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up in school or not being in school at all, and everybody had to make up his or her mind to that.

Phil was about nine when he happened to hear the girl next door practicing on her piano—the only piano on the block. She went over and over the same piece endlessly, wearily, and practically tunelessly. No matter how much she played it, she never learned to play it any better. It got on Phil's nerves.

"I'll bet I could play that piece as well as she can, right now," he said to his mother.

"Don't be foolish," Rebecca told him. "You've never touched a piano in your life."

No dare was ever refused in Phil's gang—and if this wasn't precisely a dare, it was as close to one as Phil's mother would ever come. Phil's answer was to go into the next flat, interrupt the girl, run his fingers over the keys a few times, and make good his boast.

After that he wanted nothing in the world so much as a piano. He might as well have wanted the Brooklyn Bridge. How could his father pay for a piano out of eight dollars a week? And for a long time nobody believed he really wanted one. It was only a childish notion; it would pass.

It didn't pass, but in the meantime Phil got himself into more and more serious difficulties. The gang had discovered the delights of dice. For hours on end a group of boys would huddle in an area-way, shooting craps. It wasn't often that any of them had pennies to gamble with; usually marbles were the stakes.

ELLA. Phil's oldest sister, knew about the crap games. She had started working when she was fifteen, as a filing clerk in an office downtown, and on her way to and from work she saw things her mother didn't. She knew that Phil spent most of his free time rolling dice, and it worried her—not for the present, but for what it might lead to. Privately she spoke to Phil, but it did no good, and at last she took drastic action. She told the policeman on the beat to put a plainclothes detective after the boys.

"They always hide the dice when they see you coming," she explained, "but a detective can catch them. This has got to be stopped, even if you have to arrest my brother."

Arrest her brother is exactly what the detective did. One day Rebecca was summoned to come to the station house and identify her son, who had been picked up with a half-dozen other boys for gambling. They took her into the room where Phil was, and the policeman said, "We're not going to arrest him, but I'll have to ask you to whip him yourself with this cane, Mrs. Baker."

Rebecca was more angry with her son than she had ever been in her life, but now as she picked up the cane and looked at the forlorn, dirty little boy, tears blurred her eyes. She tried to strike him; one or two blows fell; then she threw the cane down.

"I can't," she said ashamedly to the policeman.

The policeman glanced at her, and then at Phil. "All right," he said. "Perhaps he's been punished enough so he won't shoot any more craps."

It turned out that he was right. The sight of his mother's face, there in the station house, had been punishment enough for Phil. Shooting craps was one particular crime he never committed again.

Another thing Phil wouldn't do was to race with the other members of the gang past fruit and vegetable stalls,



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snatching oranges and apples and disappearing around the corner before the storekeeper could even identify the robbers. But he had to defend his refusal to do this against the other boys, who called him a coward and a sissy for it, and the battered condition in which he would often return home helped to increase his reputation in the family of being a boy you couldn't do anything with.

Still he wanted a piano, and at last his father agreed to get him one. It took two years to pay for that piano, and although Phil helped out when he could by earning a dollar now and then selling newspapers or running errands, only Simon and Rebecca know the full extent of the sacrifices its purchase entailed.

It was a battered old upright, and its tone and pitch would have satisfied nobody but Phil; but to him it was a wonder and a delight. He played it for hours on end. He'd listen to the tunes the organ-grinders played down in the street, and then reproduce them by ear and instinct on his keyboard.

At first they had a teacher to give him lessons. Simon was sure that even if Phil's playing sounded all right, it couldn't really be right unless a teacher had showed him how to do it. The teacher was the same one the girl next door had, and Phil's lesson always followed hers.

AFTER a month the teacher quit. Phil, he complained, would listen while he gave the girl her lesson, and would then play the whole lesson back to him without waiting for instruction.

"What do you do with a boy like that?" he asked helplessly. "I don't know—maybe some day he'll grow out of it, but now I can teach him nothing."

Possession of the piano didn't make Phil a model son, either. He still ran with the gang, he still played hookey and refused to study, and he still came home with his clothes dirty and torn. The boys on his street had a never-ending feud with the boys in the next block, and at any time this feud was apt to flare up into open and hideous warfare.

The only time all the gangs were completely at peace was once a year, on May Day. Then everybody for blocks around chipped in a dime for a party in a nearby park, with ice cream and cake and a Maypole. On these occasions Phil was always crowned king of the party, because he knew how to play the drums. That seemed to everybody to be sufficient reason for giving him the honor.

The truce never lasted long; in fact, it usually came to an end in a grand free-for-all long before the May Day sun had set.

Phil would have been a better boy, perhaps, if he hadn't been the only brother of three sisters. They criticized him, they spied on him, and they tattled on him. That was his continual complaint. In order to assert his youthful masculine independence he had to break every rule he could; he had to show his contempt for their neatness by going around dirty and ragged; he had to offset their good manners by shouting and breaking things. Any boy who has ever tried to live with three sisters will understand just what Phil was up against.

When his mother and father shook their heads and lectured him, pointing out that he was headed straight for Sing Sing, Phil would resolve to do better. But afterward, he always forgot.

The family moved uptown once more, to One Hundred and Eighteenth Street, and Phil made new friends. One of them was a little Italian boy named Zaza, and Zaza's father played a piano accordion. His piano soon took second place in Phil's

affections. He had to have an accordion. You could carry one around with you everywhere you went, instead of having to keep it at home, like a piano; and the thought of cradling the instrument in his arms, slowly opening and closing the bellows, fascinated him. Besides, there was a second-hand music store down the block that had one for sale cheap.

Well, he got the accordion, and the whole family wished he hadn't. There was good reason for its cheapness. Going full blast, it made you think you were listening to a convention of particularly depressed werewolves. The only place Phil was allowed to practice was out on the fire-escape, with the window closed. Of course the neighbors complained, but even local unpopularity was better than having him inside.

When he was twelve years old Phil left school for good, and went to work as an office-boy downtown. He was really a very bad office-boy. He hated the work, and he hated to dress up. Most of all, he hated to get his hair cut. He'd go for weeks with his hair getting longer and longer and longer until it stood out in little tufts above his ears.

At last Ella could stand it no longer. One morning while Phil was still asleep she went into his bedroom and hacked at his hair with a pair of scissors. Then she got out of the house as fast as she could.

When Phil woke up he emitted an outraged yell and burst into the kitchen. He could hardly speak, he was so angry, and he grew even angrier when the rest of the family would only laugh at him. But he went and got a haircut—a very close one, necessarily—and after that he continued to submit to barbers whenever he needed them.

There was another boy in the office where Phil worked, and he hated his job too. Together they used to read the dime novels and Western thrillers of the day. When they should have been sorting the mail, they were deep in Horatio Alger. At least, they could carry themselves in imagination away from this humdrum business of earning a few dollars a week—to wide Western plains where they astounded old-timers with their skill at shooting a gun and twirling a rope. In imagination, they could return to their families after many adventures with their pockets full of gold and silver which they would fling down in magnificent gestures.

THERE! they would say. "There's plenty more where that came from—enough to take care of all of us as long as we live."

In imagination? Well, did it have to be only in imagination? Imperceptibly, the idea was born in their minds and grew into a plan. They would run away from their jobs and their homes. Their families would be sorry for the way they had treated them; the boss would see for the first time how hard they'd worked. But it would be all for the best. They'd live lives of excitement and adventure, and return to make everybody they knew proud to speak to them.

One morning, instead of going to work, Phil and his friend boarded a freight train bound for—they didn't know where.

And so Phil was on his way—toward what goal he didn't know. He had put behind him his boyhood of rowdy playmates. Would he ever return to his home? Would his parents ever see him again? How and where would the stage claim him? Continue the deeply human life story of a boy who fought his way up against the handicaps his childhood put upon him—in the June Radio Mirror.

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Lechler's Lightning Hair Lightener is an amazing product, an antiseptic, white, creamy paste. It has many advantages over liquid preparations. You can use it to lighten the roots and scalp only. Cannot run to the ends of the hair like a liquid. Can't make the hair lifeless dry or brittle. Lightens blonde hair brown dark. Can not streak or over-bleach. Actually Beneficial to bleached hair and permanents. Used by famous stage and screen beauties for over 20 years. Harmless—guaranteed. Mailed complete with application brush for only **FREE!** With first order—36-page booklet!
"THE NEW ART OF LIGHTENING HAIR"
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REMOVES THEM
AN OINTMENT - QUICK AND EASY TO APPLY. DOES NOT SOIL STOCKINGS.
30c a jar at your Druggist's
Paste this coupon on the post card and Mail Today.
Mc 5-7
Your Name _____
Street _____
City and State _____
THE MOSS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

More News

(Continued from page 7)

MORE SCOOP—W. C. Fields will come to the airwaves as soon as his health permits him to take on the additional work. Several sponsors nibbled after the movie star was cut in from the sanitarium on a flood relief benefit program. Bill, who is anxious to leave the sanitarium, insists the doctors and nurses are keeping him there solely because he owns the only radio in the place.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST—Conrad Thibault screen tested for three days, and sang himself so hoarse he had to miss a radio program. The test was favorable—but he was asked to come back and do the singing all over again, because the mike had not been connected!

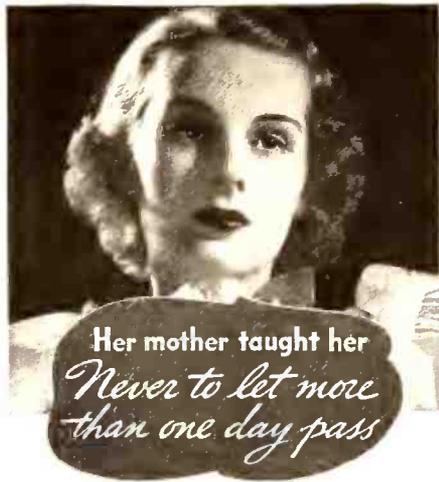
THE WORM TURNS—Friends of tiny Tommy Harris are hoping his success with his new Moonglow show marks the end of the five footer's long run of bad breaks. A protégé of Meredith Willson in San Francisco, the kid finally achieved his ambition—a call to New York. He was booked into Radio City Music Hall—but fell ill a few days before his scheduled debut. He was sick a long while, but acquired health and a radio contract at last.

H'YAH, BOYS!—Hollywood was enthusiastic in its welcome to Chester Lauck and Norris Goff (Lum 'n' Abner to you) whose pleasant, likeable personalities make them two of radio's most popular stars. There's a snigger, though, in their inauspicious arrival. They motored from the station to NBC's offices, and found a message there to call Mr. So-and-so on a local newspaper. Flattered, and expecting an interview, they called—and found it was an advertising salesman, who nicked them for \$12.20 worth of space.

JUST A HOME GIRL—In Hollywood, when a beautiful girl turns down a movie offer, that's news, so it must be worth chronicling that Ora Moore, daughter of funnyman Victor, has turned down not one, but several. She prefers to stay at home and keep house for her father, who is still grieving over his wife's death two years ago.

DIZZY WORK—Most complicated of all air shows from an engineering standpoint is that of Amos 'n' Andy, which originates from eight different points during its fifteen minutes. It comes from Palm Springs to Los Angeles to Hollywood, back to Palm Springs, to Hollywood, to Los Angeles to Palm Springs to Hollywood. Let's see you draw a diagram of that!

ODDS AND ENDS—Dorothy Page and Carlton Kadel are so much that way about each other he helped her decorate her play room . . . At a recent Hollywood party, a rich movie-radio star won all the cash in the place shooting craps . . . then lost it all the very next day at the race track . . . Elinor Harriot, who plays Ruby on Amos 'n' Andy, bunks with Louise Summa, their invaluable secretary, at Palm Springs . . . The next time you see Don Wilson ask him to tell you the Hollywood version of "When a man bites a dog, that's news." . . . If you want to find Barbara Stanwyck, go to a Victor Moore-Helen Broderick broadcast. She's always there and has been La Broderick's closest pal for years . . . The smudge pots drove Francia White in from Covina to North Hollywood . . . Honore Ame-



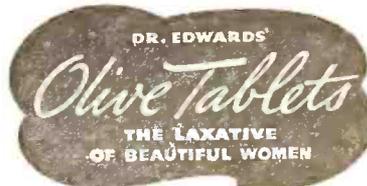
Her mother taught her
*Never to let more
than one day pass*

Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of an Ohio physician, Dr. Edwards, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.



WANTED: NEW WRITERS!

Earn while learning! Write for magazines, books, newspapers, etc. FREE literature! No obligation!
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START EARNING IN 3 DAYS

"Made \$16.50 and have finished only 3 lessons," says Mrs. Ellen V. Bailey of Pennsylvania. Decorate giftwares. We supply everything and teach you how. Easy, fascinating work—full or spare time. A big income possible every month. No selling experience needed. Thousands of Fireside members now make good money right at home. Write today for new membership plan. It is FREE. Send no money.
FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES Dept. 34-E Adrian, Mich.



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.

See for Yourself



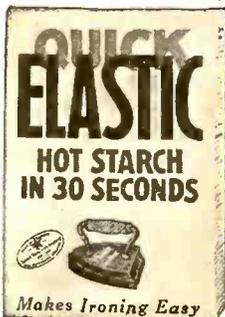
END Ironing Day DRUDGERY!



Accept FREE Offer!

We invite you *Now* to turn away from solid starch, its bother and waste of time and strength. Change to this powdered complete starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, you get no spots or rings. Get our proof packet...just write for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch".

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ELECTRICITY NEW EASY WAY TO BETTER JOBS—GOOD PAY!
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Clear enlargement, bust, full length or part group, pets or other subjects made from any photo, snapshot or tintype at low price of 49c each; 3 for \$1.00. Send as many photos as you desire. Return of original photos guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY!**

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BEAUTIFULLY FREE! To acquaint you with the HIGH quality of our work, we will frame, post further notice, all pastel colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames for your choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your photos today. Write **NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY** 31 E. MURON STREET DEPT. 720 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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Your opportunity can never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards in earlier and larger success. Free 64-Page Book *Tell How*. Write now for book you want, or mail coupon with your name and address in margin today.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Degree of LL. B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Paper Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
 Dept. 574-R Chicago

che, who incidentally goes in for a tonsillectomy shortly, took the children to Arizona to escape the flu outbreak, but after two weeks Don called them to come home because he was too lonely... Buddy Rogers will bring back an English boy and girl to sing on his radio program... Marion Talley rushing from diction lesson to diction lesson, wishes the studio would hurry up and find another movie story for her... Next local program to hit the networks will be that of Kerry Conway, "The Speech Doctor"... Mervyn LeRoy has farmed Kenny Baker out to RKO for a picture... Joe Penner still sends his wife Eleanor flowers... Jack Oakie is reducing before beginning work on Radio City Revels... The launching of Ray Paige's yacht "Prelude" was an important social event... Bea Lillie may go on the air from Hollywood when she comes here in July for a picture... Another commercial in the offing is for John Boles... Grace Hayes' son Lynn has a local program over Warner Brothers' KFVB... Phil Harris and

his orchestra go into "Turn Off the Moon" at Paramount... Tony Martin wishes Alice Faye would elope—with him, of course... Deanna Durbin wore her first long dress at "The Good Earth" preview—but the next day was caught in the control booth twirling dials every which way, just as you'd expect a thirteen-year old to do... Phil Rapp, Cantor scripter, has been hired by the Estey agency to work in an advisory capacity on the Camel Caravan... Note to the Jack Bennys' landlord: the lease won't be renewed because your tenants plan a trip to Europe... Thelma Leeds, bride of Parkyakarkas, will get a singing spot on hubby's new broadcast... Harriet Hilliard reported for work on "New Faces of 1937"... The cast of "Three on a Latch Key" at RKO sounds like a radio producer's dream, with Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, Joe Penner, Parkyakarkas and Thelma Leeds... Achoooo! Don't believe all you read about the California climate, because people do get colds out here too!

THE REVIEWING STAND

By SELECTOR

GLADYS SWARTHOUT, on the air Wednesday nights at 10:30 on NBC's Red network, is another martyr to radio's current obsession—that opera stars must be folksy and chatty as well as good singers. Give me Gladys Swarthout singing, and you can burn the house down around me. Give me Gladys Swarthout, or any other great singer, talking, and I hunt for the nearest dance band. Nobody has ever yet been able to write master-of-ceremonies dialogue for an opera star that doesn't sound inane and more than a little condescending, and I wish they'd all quit trying. Maybe you don't agree with me—maybe all the talk doesn't bother you; and if that's the case you're lucky, because when Miss Swarthout settles down to sing a song she gets out of it all the composer put in, and a little more. Frank Chapman, Miss Swarthout's husband, has his first weekly radio assignment in a long time in this series, and handles it well.

PONTIAC VARSITY SHOW, broadcast Fridays at 10:30 P. M. on the NBC Red network, has an idea which should provide a more entertaining program than the one that finally emerges. John Held, Jr., acts as master of ceremonies and presents the show from a different college campus each week, using the cream of the local talent. The trouble is that it's all too solemn. There's too much description of the noble elms of Old Studyquick U. Fine stuff for the alumni of whatever college serves as the scene for the evening's broadcast, but not very exciting for the rest of us. Most people, when they think of colleges, think of light-hearted, youthful gaiety and pep; and that's what this program needs more of. Not that it doesn't have spells when it's very, very good, but it needs more of them. More of the same quality of nonsensical giddiness which used to distinguish its famous master of ceremonies' flapper cartoons.

JOHNNY PRESENTS is the new, re-

vised, and expanded Philip Morris program. You can listen to two different Philip Morris shows now, on the NBC Red network at 8 P. M. Tuesdays, and on CBS Saturdays at 8:30. Both have Russ Morgan's music, which has become sweeter, to my notion, than it was in the old days of Ken Murray's Rinso show; both have Phil Duesy and his dependable baritone; and both have Charles Martin and his thrill stories. Martin's trying out a new kind of drama on the CBS show, using real-life episodes in which the wrong people were convicted of crimes on circumstantial evidence. Not as effective as they might be, either, because frequently the dramatizations don't explain away all the circumstances on which the leading character was convicted. However, you go on listening to the story once you've tuned it in, and I suppose that's what the sponsor wants. Outside of these holes in the dramatic department, however, the shows are tuneful and satisfying.

AUNT JENNY'S LIFE STORIES, broadcast on CBS Mondays through Fridays at 1:45 in the afternoon, is the program for you to tune in if you feel in the mood for a generous dose of emotion—and, incidentally, a no less generous dose of commercial patter, thinly disguised as dialogue. Aunt Jenny is a talkative body, always ready to tell about the troubles of all the people she has known. She starts the stories, which then fade into a dramatized version. Sometimes the stories last for two or three broadcasts, sometimes they're finished in one; but no matter how long it takes to tell them, every last heart-throb is wrung out in the process. Personally, I don't like this sort of thing much, but a lot of people do; and I have to admit that Aunt Jenny delivers the drama unsparringly. Aunt Jenny, incidentally, is one of radio's mystery women. We're asked not to tell you the name of the actress who plays her on the air.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Don't miss the hilarious story of Baron Munchausen's amazing adventures in America. The Baron wrote it himself—and you can't believe a word of it!

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 10)

Perhaps one reason Kemp and Maxine parted was that the lanky leader's cigarette show on CBS stars Kay Thompson and there was hardly room for another girl vocalist.

YOU can count on your fingers the radio talent to be found in the clerical, publicity and office divisions of the big three networks. So close and yet so far away, no outstanding ether discovery was found pounding a typewriter or licking stamps right under the noses of the talent scouts.

But a ray of light now appears in this direction. The other day, Roy Collins, a Mutual network page boy, popped up on Ed Fitzgerald's coast-to-coast program singing his own tune, "That Man Is Here Again."

Chick Webb, noted colored maestro, heard the tune, liked it, and is now featuring it on his NBC broadcasts from the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem.

The page admitted that Edgar Sampson, composer of "Stompin' At the Savoy," collaborated with him. Roy is still paging but he is serving warning here and now to Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington.

Once a year NBC lets its page boy staff broadcast a half hour show, but none of them has turned into an embryo Bob Burns or Bing Crosby.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE MAESTROS

ARNOLD JOHNSON is continually fingering his tie and rubbing his chin while conducting . . . Jimmy Lunceford's usually immobile face lights up when any of his bandboys starts "jamming." Then he shakes his extra long baton wildly . . . Guy Lombardo sways to his own music while conducting . . . Shep Fields gets the attention of his men, not by shouting or tapping his baton on the music stand, but by puckering his lips and whistling like a teamster.

SHORT SHORT STORY

RED WILLIAMS, crack but eccentric trumpet player heard with Lenny Hayton's new orchestra, had a falling out with the pint-sized maestro. "Take your notice," snapped the usually placid Hayton.

That afternoon Red slipped on the stairs of his home and sprained his finger. Lenny had to put through a hurry call for a substitute musician. Red stayed home and tuned in his boss' orchestra.

Next morning the trombonist sought Hayton out. He was sheepish and soft-voiced:

"Gee, Lenny," he said like a disciplined school boy, "Give me another chance. I didn't know we had such a terrific band!" He got the reprieve.

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

FREDDIE MARTIN plays the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles this summer, returning to the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago in the Fall . . . Kay Thompson is now the wife of Jack Jenny, ace trombonist who is heard as often as seventeen times in one week with the various radio orchestras . . . You can now hear Clyde Lucas and Hugo Mariani over Mutual from Chicago . . . Paul Ash (remember when you used to sit in the first row of



If you haven't tried my new Odorless Zip Facial Hair Remover, I can best describe it by saying that it is not caustic; it does not dry out; it comes in a jar the same as your choicest cold cream; can be used as freely on the face as on the arms, legs and body; besides, it removes hair from above and below the surface of the skin and in this way devitalizes the growth.

Zip is for sale at your favorite Toilet Goods Counter or direct from me by mail.

Send 25¢ for generous trial size jar. Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthe
SPECIALIST

562 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Also creator of ZIP DEPILOTOR CREAM and ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Zip FACIAL HAIR REMOVER

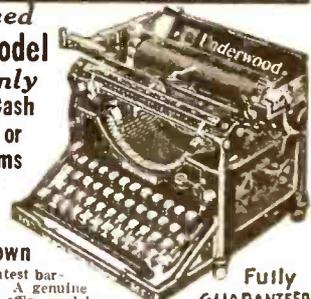
NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that— Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness. Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
719 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

Sensational BARGAINS

Guaranteed \$102.50 Model NOW Only \$44.90 Cash or on Easy Terms SMALL CARRYING CHARGE



10 Day Trial No Money Down

Positively the Greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized \$102.50 office model re-finished Underwood No. 5 for only \$44.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements including standard 4-row keyboard, backspacer, automatic ribbon reverse, shift-lock key, 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect all purpose typewriter. Completely rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

Learn Touch Typewriting Complete (Home Study) Course of the famous Van Sant speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned, given during this offer.

Money Back Guarantee

Send coupon for 10-day Trial!—If you decide to keep it pay only \$3.00 a month until \$49.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 803
Send Underwood No. 5 (F.O.B. Chicago) at once for 10-days' trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay \$3.00 a month until I have paid \$49.90 (term price) in full. For quick shipment give references and occupation
Name..... Age.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

No Matter What Your Age No Need Now to Let

Gray Hair

Cheat You



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Graysness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK FREE today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 445, 544 So. Wells St., Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S SERVICE COOK BOOK

Send 25c to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.



ON APPROVAL

WE defy you to tell this simulated gold effect ring from a \$300.00 diamond ring. Your friends will marvel at the glorious brilliancy of the magnificent full carat facsimile diamond. We gladly trust you to continue the 2 monthly \$2. payments (total \$4.) Simply send 25c. now for postage, packing, etc. No references needed. Your ring in rich Gift case

ours by RETURN MAIL. We take all the risk. STANDARD CO., Dept. 385-A, NEWTON, MASS.

Woman 85 Who Never Looked Old

If you are beginning to show signs of age, listen to the secrets of the woman 85 who never looked old.

Pauline Palmer has for years been writing articles and telling women how to erase wrinkles and other marks of age without cosmetics. Only 5 minutes a day in their own home by an easy method of facial rejuvenation that anyone can do.

Her secrets fully explained with photographs in a thrilling book sent free together with a Facial Analysis Chart also free to men or women by writing to Pauline Palmer, 1433E Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Missouri. Write before supply is exhausted.

NEW REMARKABLE POCKET RADIO

BEAUTIFUL CLEAR TONE DIRECT FROM POCKET RADIO

All one unit—just like the big sets, but weighs only 6 oz. Fits pocket easily. Tune with volume knob. Nothing to adjust. No batteries, tubes, or electric socket connections. The only moving part. Costs Nothing to Operate! Guaranteed! Brings in stations with fine tone quality. Times broadcast band. Accurately made, precisely assembled, rigidly tested, assures excellent performance. Shines last for years. Comes complete with built-in phone, with easy instructions for use in camps, office, picnics, boats, bed, etc. Listen to music, sports, radio entertainment, etc. The "Little Giant" is guaranteed—all ready to connect and tune in, thousands in use.
SEND NO MONEY! Its enjoyable radio delight you! Combines performance and economy. Get yours today. Pay postman on arrival only \$2.99 and postage of send \$2.99 (we pay postage). Order now.
Little Giant Radio Co., 1166 Diversoy Pky., Dept. 107, Chicago

Excerpts From Satisfied Users
I received radio and it works fine. . . . I am well pleased with it in every respect. I recommend it to my Little Giant to any prospective purchaser who wishes just such a little radio for personal use. It costs nothing to operate. . . . Have tried it and it works splendid. Received Midget Radio and I am pleased and kindly mail two more. (Letters on File.)



Simple Skin Care

Yet it brings satisfying results

JUST cleanse your skin thoroughly—at least **once a day**—with warm water and Resinol Soap, using a clean wash cloth made fluffy with the light, foamy lather. Enjoy its tonic-like Resinol fragrance as it gently but deeply cleanses and stimulates the tiny pores. No harsh ingredients to roughen or irritate. Rinse well and pat dry, and see how velvety soft your skin feels.

To any little pimply spot, cold sore, chapped place, or like surface irritation, apply Resinol Ointment. Its oily base enables the Resinol medication to quickly relieve the soreness and hasten healing.

All druggists sell Resinol Soap and Ointment. Start this simple skin care today and enjoy the pleasing results. Sample free. Write Resinol, Dept. 2-A, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S SERVICE COOK BOOK

Send 20c to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.



This Beautiful Lifelike PHOTO RING

NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx-like ring.

48c

Indestructible! Hand-tinted! Waterproof! 25c extra!

Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 48c we will pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. M4, 620 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WILL YOUR Eyes Thrill Him?



NEW SECRET OF CLEAR EYES

WINS THOUSANDS! Will he see red veins... or clear, bright whites? Thousands use **EYE-GENE** to clear eyes in seconds after late hours, overindulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; stainless, safe; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores; also 5 & 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

the gilded movie presentation houses just to get a better look at perfect Paul?) is attempting a comeback in New York with a new band... Teddy Wilson is the champion checker player of Benny Goodman's outfit... Tiny Wolff, swing singer with Abe Lyman's orchestra, now touring the state of Texas, tips the scales at 280 pounds. That's a lot of rhythm to carry around... Dick Ballou is the only orchestra leader who plays an oboe, and he plays it in the Arcadia Ballroom, New York, via CBS... Jimmy Lunceford, latest colored craze in the orchestra world, has left for an extensive tour of Holland, Norway, France, Denmark, England and Sweden.

SHEP FIELDS has done the unusual again. He turned down an offer to appear in the smart Hotel Plaza in New York for a lengthy road tour of ballrooms and college dances.

"I want to get out of the 'society band' aura," explained the "rippling rhythm" batoneer. "I'm playing one night stands so I can meet the people who will do me most good, the radio fans. They know a tricky arrangement or a good tune when they hear one."

Shep was formerly the debutantes' delight before he made "rippling rhythm" the envy of every glass blower in the country. But it wasn't until Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Squeedunk, Ark., heard his music that the Brooklyn lad stepped into the big money. And Mr. and Mrs. Smith's offsprings wouldn't know a Junior Prom if it hit them in the face.

CORRESPONDENCE

For Mrs. L. K. T.—You want to know about Joy Hodges, the sweet singer (as distinguished from the Penner himself) on Joe Penner's program. She was born in Des Moines on January 29, 1916, and got her first chance at the age of seventeen when she won a "beauty-singer" contest. The first prize was a trip to Chicago and an audition there with Paul Ash. Joy shattered all precedent by passing the audition with flying colors, and Paul put her to work in a Buffalo night club. From Buffalo she progressed by uneasy stages to Hollywood and Mr. Penner's show.

For Ann Marie—Ozzie Nelson himself wrote the special chorus of "Good Night, My Love," that Harriet Hilliard sang on a Bakers Broadcast several weeks ago. He writes most of the special choruses she uses, as a matter of fact. David Ozzie Nelson, who will be five months old the day this reaches the news stands, gives promise of being a husky infant. At three months he weighed fourteen pounds and had blonde hair. Ozzie's favorite song is his theme, "Loyal Sons of Rutgers;" you can write to him at his office, 1776 Broadway, New York City; and for answers to your other questions see the item about Harriet in the "What's New?" section of this issue.

For everybody who has been asking about Jan Garber—Jan is on tour now in the South and Southwest, but will return to California for his annual engagement at the Catalina Casino in June. He hasn't any radio plans right now; in fact, he's a little bit independent about radio. The reason is that his particular type of sweet music doesn't lend itself to every kind of commercial program, and he's been holding off until he gets just the proper setup. Here's the anatomy of the Garber orchestra: Violin, Jan Garber; piano, Rudy Rudisill and Douglas Roe; saxophone and clarinet, Fred Large, Jerry Large and George Fortier; saxophone and flute, Ken Large; cornet, Fritz Heilbron and Norman

Donahue; drums, Lew Palmer; trumpet, Dick White; arranger, trumpet and guitar, Don Shoup; bass horn and bass viol, Charles Ford; vocalists, Russell Brown and Fritz Heilbron.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

THERE are two newcomers in Kay Kyser's band since he replaced Ted Weems and his boys at the Trianon Ballroom in Chicago, with a Mutual wire. Nancy Nelson, Boston society charmer, has taken the job of featured girl soloist formerly held by Virginia Sims; and Harry Babbitt, a new vocal find, has Arthur Wright's old job.

Ray Noble is collecting a brand new band out in California, having disbanded his former musical group.

Ted Weems' band, as you hear it on the Fibber McGee and Molly programs on NBC, is made up of the following instrumental experts: Trombone, Ted Weems and Pete Beilman; trumpet, Art Weems and Art Winters; violin, Red Ingle and Cliff Covert; saxophone, Parker Gibbs and Dick Cunliffe; clarinet, "Rosy" McHargue; bass fiddle, "Country" Washburne; guitar, Elmo Tanner; piano, Jack O'Brien; drums, Ormond Downes; vocalist, Perry Como; whistler, Elmo Tanner.

THEME SONG SECTION

THERE'S no satisfying you people, you're that hungry for the names of theme songs. The trouble is, sometimes you want the theme songs of orchestras which aren't on the air, and those I can't supply. Here is a batch of those you've been asking for, however.

Jerry Blaine—an unpublished original by Jack Matthias.

Lennie Hayton—an unpublished original by himself.

Hal Kemp—to open his CBS show, "Let's Raise the Curtain," and to close it, "But I Miss You When Summer Is Gone." Both are by Hal himself.

Andy Kirk—"When the Real Thing Comes Along" to start, and "Clouds" to close.

Fred Astaire's Packard program—an unpublished original by the show's maestro, Johnny Green.

Mal Hallett—"Boston Teaparty."

Leo Reisman—"What Is This Thing Called Love?"

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Gang Busters' Most Exciting Broadcast

(Continued from page 43)

automobile in which he was riding with two guards, and started to run. One of the guards shot a hole in his cap, and he stopped and let himself be recaptured.

DeVol served out his minimum sentence in Lansing, and on January 6, 1930, was paroled. He knew exactly what he wanted to do. He'd heard that Alvin Karpis had joined Ma Barker and her boys, and was doing all right for himself. Why not team up with the gang? Chances were they needed another good man. He remembered the willing obedience Karpis had given him in the old Hutchinson days, and thought with satisfaction that he could probably become the leader of the Karpis-Barker mob within a few months.

For almost a year he roamed about the country, trying without success to make connections with his old pal. Karpis himself was wanted by the police, and was lying low, moving from place to place and covering his tracks as he went.

At five o'clock on the morning of November 17, 1930, DeVol, driving a stolen automobile, stopped at a gasoline station in Kirksville, Missouri.

"Just a minute, young fellow," said a voice at his elbow as he waited for the attendant to fill the car. "We'd like to ask you a couple of questions."

"Oh—excuse me," DeVol said politely, as he turned and saw two uniformed Kirksville policemen standing beside the car. "I didn't see you come up. Looking for somebody?"

TWO stores were broken into last night," the policeman said.

"Hope you catch the guys that did it." "What you doing, so early in the morning?"

"Going hunting," DeVol said carelessly. The policeman was still suspicious. "I'm sorry," he said, "but we'll have to ask you to step out of the car while we search you—and it."

"Sure," DeVol agreed. But as he reached for the catch on the door his hand slipped into a side pocket. Quick as a flash it came out again with a gun. He shot five times, killing one policeman and seriously wounding the other. Then he roared out of the station in his stolen car.

Toward the end of that year DeVol finally located Karpis and the Barkers in St. Paul. Ma Barker was the possessor of the most vicious, dangerous, and resourceful criminal brain this country has produced for many years, and with her two sons, Doc and Fred, and Karpis, she was well on her way in the career which later came to a climax in the kidnaping of Edward Bremer.

Karpis greeted his old cellmate joyfully, but Ma was dubious. To all of Karpis' praises she would only say, "I don't want anybody with us that ain't a killer."

"Don't you worry about DeVol, Ma," Karpis answered.

"I don't mean a man that kills just because he's scared," Ma said, looking straight at DeVol. "I want a man that kills for fun—to see them squirm. If you can do that, DeVol, there's a place here for you. But not if you can't."

"I told DeVol he was in," blustered Karpis, "and he's in!"

Ma's gaze was chilly. "Karpis, you may be big stuff to the police and the G-Men, but don't you go to shooting the breeze around here. I'm boss of this mob and what I say goes."

"Aw, Ma," Doc Barker said soothingly,



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"lay off of DeVol. Didn't Alvin vouch for him?" The small, sharp-eyed, red-headed woman subsided, but she kept a frowning eye on DeVol.

"We got plenty of dough, DeVol," Karpis said. "We're lyin' low now, makin' plans. If you come in, you got to remember a few things—Ma Barker is the mother of this crowd, and we don't fret her none. You taught me a lot about burglaries back in the pen, but we've graduated now. We're bank heisters, and kidnapers. You'll take orders, DeVol, not give them. And watch your drinkin'—drinkin' makes you nuts."

"Drink never done nobody any good," Ma said shortly. "It's rotgut. But we'll take you in, DeVol. For a while, anyway."

So on that basis, Larry DeVol became machine gunner, official killer, for the Barker gang. For two years he helped them terrorize the middle west, looting banks and shooting down anyone who stood in their way.

On December 16, 1932, the gang perpetrated one of the most daring robberies of modern times, when they took almost \$100,000 from the Third Northwestern National Bank in Minneapolis in broad daylight.

THE streets of the busy shopping district where the bank was located were crowded with pre-Christmas buyers on the afternoon the Barkers picked for the crime. At the curb, in front of the bank, was a glittering limousine. Beside it lounged DeVol, dressed in a chauffeur's uniform. Under his coat was a machine gun.

Two small children, a boy and a girl, ran along the street and paused to look at the big car. Then they looked at DeVol and their eyes widened. They'd seen what the grown-ups were too busy to notice.

"Gee," the little boy said, "that's a swell gun, Mister."

"Shut up and move on," said DeVol. They went up the street, turning to look back at him every few steps until they rounded the corner.

The incident made DeVol jumpy. He wished Karpis and the two Barker boys would hurry and come out of the bank. Without seeming to do so, he peered in at the door. Good. Everything was going all right. The boys had made all the customers in the bank lie down on the floor, and the employees had been herded together in the back.

A nineteen-year-old boy, a clerk in a neighboring store, passed the bank and glanced in, started to walk on. What had he seen? DeVol crept up behind the boy and pressed his gun into his back. "Hey," he said. "You better get into that bank."

The clerk turned a scared, white face toward him and started to go in the door. Just then Karpis came out.

"Keep your eye on the street," he ordered. "I'll take care of this young man. Get inside there and lie down on the floor."

The clerk obeyed, and DeVol went back to his post near the car. Suddenly he stiffened. Yes—it was a Minneapolis police car! It was coming down the street—stopping just behind the limousine! Two officers got out, looking toward the bank.

In a panic, DeVol whipped out his gun. Its spiteful chatter broke the quiet after noon hum of the busy shoppers. The two officers crumpled under the fire and fell to the pavement—one dead, the other dying. A grim smile twisted DeVol's lips. Watch them squirm!

Karpis and the two Barker boys came running out of the bank, clutching white sacks in which was the loot they had taken from the bank. All four jumped

into the car and it roared up the street.

It was later learned that the two patrolmen, both of whom were killed, had not known that the bank was being robbed. Their only information, coming probably from the two children who had seen DeVol's gun, was that something unusual was happening there.

The Minneapolis bank robbery had been so big, so sensational, that the Barker mob decided to split up for a while. DeVol remained in St. Paul, where he had an apartment. But once away from the domination of Ma Barker, he showed that he was unable to take care of himself. Two days after the holdup he got drunk and created a disturbance in another apartment in his building. The tenant of the apartment called the police to help him handle the drunk; and when the police arrived they identified the man as Larry DeVol. Later, they found his car in a nearby garage, its back seat a veritable arsenal.

DeVol was under suspicion for complicity in the bank robbery and shooting. But there was another, even more serious charge against him. He'd almost forgotten the early-morning shooting in the Kirksville service station, when two policemen had tried to search him—but the authorities hadn't forgotten it. And he'd killed only one of the two officers. The other had recovered from his wounds, and now he came to St. Paul and identified DeVol as the murderer of his fellow policeman.

DeVol knew he could be convicted of murder, and executed, in Missouri, so he pleaded guilty to robbery and murder in Minneapolis, because Minnesota has no capital punishment. He was sent to Stillwater Penitentiary for life on January 10, 1933.

And now began the cleverest, most carefully planned trick of Larry DeVol's life. It was something that he'd thought of long before, something he'd prepared for by reading and studying whenever he had a few spare hours during the last few years. In attempting it, he was pitting himself against the accumulated knowledge of every doctor and guard at the Prison. He was trying a role which would have taxed the powers of the greatest actor who ever lived. And yet—he won.

IN the cell next to DeVol was Donald Reeder, whom he had first met long before in the Lansing Prison. Together they planned their escape. Reeder was to develop simple-mindedness and DeVol was to go stark, raving crazy.

Reeder was incredulous at first. "Don't you see," DeVol patiently explained, "we'll never get out of this place, but if we can make them think we're nuts they'll send us to an asylum, and it'll be simple enough to get out of there. It ain't going to be easy. They got all kinds of tests they'll give us to prove we're sane. There ain't no guy in the last ten years who's pulled a crazy act and got away with it." "Then how can we?" Reeder asked.

"I've read all about it in psychology books. I know all the tests they'll give us, and I know what we'll have to do. Maybe it'll take two years, but we'll get out of here. I ain't going to think of one sane thing until they let me out. And I'm going to start right now!"

With a high-pitched, blood-curdling laugh, DeVol threw himself head foremost against the bars of his cell, cutting a deep gash in his forehead.

For two years DeVol, and to a lesser degree, Reeder, went through agony to prove that their minds were unbalanced. DeVol would attack guards without reason, batter his head against the wall, scratch his face until it was almost un-



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recognizable. The same determined will and willingness to endure pain that had enabled him to crush his own finger brought him through to success now. In 1935 both he and Reeder were adjudged insane and transferred to the State Hospital at St. Peter. No one in the world suspected that they were sane—their act had fooled every specialist who had talked to them.

Now DeVol planned a mass escape of the asylum inmates. He had no compunctions about letting a dozen madmen loose—he needed their help in overpowering the guards. Two of his most valuable recruits were Albert Soroko and Frank Gibson, both of them convicts who had been sent to the asylum instead of to prison.

On June 7, 1936, sixteen prisoners, at a signal from DeVol, overpowered five unarmed guards in the second floor criminal ward, beat them into submission, and locked them in a cell. Then they lowered themselves to the ground with a fire hose, scaled a ten-foot wall around the asylum, and escaped. DeVol, Reeder, Gibson and Soroko stole an automobile which stood near the gates, and fled.

The knowledge that sixteen maniacal killers were at large terrified the countryside, and the 205th Infantry was ordered to aid in the search. The dozen madmen whom DeVol had left to shift for themselves were captured easily, but DeVol and his three companions slipped through the cordon and started south, into the Ozark region.

ALREADY, though, the forces which were to bring Larry DeVol's criminal life to an end had been set in motion. On June 17th, just ten days after the escape, Phillips Lord broadcast on the Gang Busters program this warning:

"Four mad gunmen have escaped from the St. Peter, Minnesota, Asylum for the Criminally Insane and are believed to have fled to the Ozark region. The leader of the mad quartet and the most dangerous killer at large today is Lawrence DeVol, five feet, seven and three-quarter inches tall, 165 pounds, dark chestnut hair and hazel eyes. Has deformed left ring finger, cut scars on both eyebrows, gunshot wound on top of left hand, two three-inch knife scars on right arm. This man was machine gunner with Alvin Karpis. Any citizen who sees Lawrence DeVol should pretend to ignore him and then notify local police, emphasizing that he is criminally insane and armed."

Out in an Oklahoma town, the owner of a beer and soft-drink parlor was listening to that broadcast. His friends laughed when they saw him listening so attentively to the clues which Gang Busters broadcasts after each week's story. "None of them gangsters are going to show up away out here," they said.

But he continued to listen, and to commit the descriptions of criminals to his memory.

DeVol, Reeder, and Soroko roamed Kansas and Oklahoma, robbing small banks to get money (Gibson had left them to strike out for himself). The trio took ridiculous chances, instead of lying low, but luck was with them—for a while. At Attica they robbed a bank of \$1,000. They got \$300 in Little River and \$600 in Turon, Kansas.

They lost Soroko in Oklahoma City. He got drunk and went to a restaurant, where he began to use abusive language to the proprietor. The proprietor attempted to telephone for police, but Soroko stopped him, beat him badly with the butt end of his pistol, and ran out the door. In the meantime, however, a wait-



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ress had slipped out and summoned police.

Soroko met the officers face to face as he ran out of the door. He ducked back, ran through the restaurant and out the back way. They caught him in the alley—caught him with a bullet which dropped him in his tracks, dead.

DeVol and Reeder heard what had happened in time to get out of Oklahoma City. As if fate had led them, they went to the Oklahoma town where the beer-garden proprietor lived, and made their headquarters there. But now they were frightened. One of the banks they had robbed was a National Bank, and they knew that soon not only local police but Federal men as well would be on their trail.

"Just one more," DeVol counseled, "and then we'll hit for Mexico. We've got to make a really big haul—and then we can scam out of here."

Carefully they planned their getaway. They would hold up the bank the next day. They spent that afternoon going over the ground they would cover in getting out of town. By nightfall everything was set.

"Let's celebrate our last night in the United States," DeVol said. "I'm going to pick up a girl and go drink some beer."

"Not me!" Reeder declared. "I'm not going out where people can see me. I've got a friend I can go visit."

DeVol went to the one place it was fatal for him to visit—the beer parlor owned by the man who had committed his description to memory.

It was full of customers, drinking beer and singing songs. DeVol looked about him approvingly as he sat in a booth. Beside him, on the seat, was his open brief-case, and in the brief-case, where he could reach it in a flash, was a revolver. He felt perfectly safe. How all these hicks would run if they knew that Alvin Karpis' machine gunner was sitting in their midst! He caught the eye of a girl sitting alone at a nearby table, and smiled. She came over and sat down with him, and he ordered more beer.

Back of the bar, the proprietor was looking at DeVol. Five feet, seven and three-quarter inches... yes, about that tall... chestnut hair, hazel eyes... yes... cut scars on eyebrows... yes... He couldn't see the man's left ring finger. He left the bar and wandered around the room, cheerfully greeting customers, until he could look over the back of the booth at DeVol. Yes, the ring finger was mutilated—it stuck straight out from his hand and never bent as the other fingers did.

He couldn't remember the name of the man whose description tallied with this man's, but he went to the telephone and called the police station.

"Better come down and check up on him," he told the man at the desk. "I know he's somebody you want."

A few minutes later two patrolmen entered the beer parlor. A third officer was outside on the street.

In response to the proprietor's signal, the patrolmen walked over to where DeVol was sitting.

"Hello, Buddy," said one. "They'd like to talk to you over at headquarters."

The girl rose in alarm, but DeVol's expression didn't change. He looked at the officers blankly, then sighed, and said, "Well, I guess I know what you want me for."

"Okay," the patrolman said. "Come on then."

"It may be a long time before I have another glass of beer," DeVol said wistfully. "How about letting me finish it?"

"Sure," the patrolman replied good-naturedly, still unaware that he was talking to the most dangerous killer in the country. "We're not that tough with you, Buddy."

DeVol raised his glass with his left hand. In a single swift movement, he reached with his right hand for his gun beside him, whipped it out and fired twice, killing one patrolman and wounding the other.

HE ran out of the tavern and down the street, around a corner, up a block, into an alley. Behind him were other officers. Shots roared deafeningly in the narrow enclosed space. DeVol staggered, then ran out the other end of the alley and into a parked car.

They caught him in the car—shot him while he was trying to reload his revolver. It was exactly one month after his escape from the asylum.

Reeder was arrested an hour later as he fled from a hotel where he had registered under an assumed name. He confessed to the robberies he and DeVol had committed, and told police many details that helped them to piece together DeVol's criminal life.

It was a long road on which Larry DeVol set his foot the day he smashed his finger with a rock so he wouldn't have to work—a long road with its end in death. Fate, chance, coincidence—call it what you like—but that boyhood act was the first in a chain of events that brought him to an end he couldn't escape.

Halleluiah! A New Way to a New Figure

(Continued from page 50)

things she has accomplished, alone and unaided, for herself and for others.

At her farm near Harrison, New York, Rose Bernie has treated five thousand women—has rid most of them of from seven to ten pounds of excess weight in one week. She has not only done this, but in many cases has given these women new outlooks on life, new understanding of how to minimize their individual problems.

And now she has told me, so I can pass the information along to the readers of RADIO MIRROR, how any woman can, in her own home, under ordinary circumstances take off as many extra pounds of weight as she desires. Rose's system has worked like a charm not only upon herself but upon thousands of other women, and it will work for you too, given even the

minimum of self-discipline.

But first I must tell you about the milk reducing farm. Until recently I didn't know there was such a thing myself. In order to tell you how one operates and how it points the way out of your own problems, we must go back seven years in Rose Bernie's own life.

In 1930, Rose was a real estate broker in Cleveland. She was a phenomenally successful business woman, making a profit of \$25,000 a year. She was also extremely fat—as you can see by looking at the accompanying illustration, taken several years before the period of which I am telling you.

Now, many women, in her position, would have stopped worrying about overweight. She was a widow, with three children to bring up. She had no desire to

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marry again. What would have been simpler than to assure herself that she had more important things to think about than a few pounds of extra weight? That, moreover, she had no time to spare for the process of reducing?

Yet, one day, she determined to reduce, using the same regime which I will pass on to you after a while. Its basis was milk, ordinary fermented milk such as buttermilk or the Acidophilus variety. Within three months she had lost forty pounds and felt in better health and spirits than ever before in all her life. In those three months she had not neglected a single one of her responsibilities; she had not thrown her life out of gear for the sake of reducing.

Two years later she left Cleveland and came to New York, determined to begin a new career—that of doing for other women what she had already done for herself . . . and so the Bernie Milk and Health Farm at Harrison came into being.

The farm was formerly a millionaire's estate—a large, rambling mansion set in the midst of a tract of wooded land. When you are there, you feel at once as if you were miles and miles from civilization, although actually Harrison is only forty-five minutes from Grand Central Station in New York.

A guest, arriving at the farm, is first shown to one of the bright, airy rooms and told to get into some loose clothes. Those clothes, in fact, are one of the most important parts of the treatment. Slacks, lounging pajamas, shorts, even negligees—or, if no man is staying at the farm, nothing at all—are the accepted costumes. No girdles, no tight bands, nothing that can possibly interfere with free movement or with the circulation of the blood.

If you've come in a car you must be prepared to have Rose ask you for its keys. Guests have been known to weaken after a day or so at the farm and try to sneak away before their course of treatment is finished.

Another rule is that you must forget the existence of cosmetics—powder, rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow. Cleansing creams and the like, although they aren't taboo, are gently frowned upon, the idea being to give your face a complete rest.

Downstairs, you're handed a glass of milk. It isn't buttermilk, but a special fermented culture made up according to a Belgian formula. It tastes slightly nutty, and very slightly sour; and it is also rather foamy.

While you're at the farm your diet will be a glass of this culture milk every two hours, occasionally varied by a bowl of bouillon or a glass of unsweetened orange or grapefruit juice—and that's all.

Frankly, it sounds awful. I know that. Many of the guests, when they taste their first glass of milk, think it's awful, too.

"Miss Bernie," they complain, "I simply can't drink this stuff. Can't you flavor it some way to make it taste better?"

You can't flavor buttermilk or clabbered milk, and no more can you flavor the Bernie culture milk. Rose smiles and summons up all her tact and persuasiveness.

"Don't hurry," she advises. "Drink it slowly, while you're talking to me, and pretty soon you'll find it's all gone. And remember, it's going to make you slim." Then she goes on talking about something else, and eventually the unhappy patient gets the milk down in tiny sips.

If Rose sees that the milk is really upsetting a patient she will relent enough to give her a little variety in her diet. But the milk is really not distasteful, and most of the women who come to the farm are pathetically anxious to be disciplined.



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They will talk for hours on end among themselves about rich food, murmuring wistfully about how much they wish they could have something good to eat—but when the next glass of milk is brought to them they gulp it down and go on talking.

Rose told me that after the first three days of the milk diet most women begin to take it for granted and gradually lose their desire for more solid food. Indeed, after a month of dieting, it becomes a real effort to eat a hearty meal. Many women have left the farm and gone straight to the most luxurious restaurants they knew, only to find that after the second course they had no more appetite.

This is because the human stomach, as less demand is made upon it, grows smaller and unable to receive what Rose says is the unnecessarily large amount of food most people eat. Rose herself does not eat much, although she no longer places

which it was set, and this, of course, she could not duplicate in the city. But the diet, the restful days, the exercises, and the discipline were things she could give her clients even in the midst of the city's skyscrapers.

On the fourteenth floor of a building on Fifty-third Street she found a suite of rooms with a forty-foot terrace running along the entire southern exposure. The terrace is an important part of her "town farm," for on it her clients can lie and rest all day long, just as they do in the country, the only difference being that instead of the rustling of leaves and the chirping of birds they hear the muted sounds of traffic from below.

Even cold weather doesn't prevent Rose from sending her clients out on this terrace for at least a few hours. Well wrapped in furs and blankets, lying on padded deck chairs, they are as impervious to cold as if they were in a steam-heated room. For

You will need more self discipline to keep strictly to your buttermilk diet than do the women who are given the culture milk; but otherwise the results will be the same."

Rose realizes that in the familiar environment of her own home a woman may find it extremely difficult to drink buttermilk, fruit juices, bouillon, and nothing else. Hence she has hit upon a compromise which she has put into effect in her town salon. After a day of the diet her clients may return home to a reasonably hearty dinner of meat and vegetables. It is still a diet, but it's not so strict, and the woman who can't enjoy the complete relaxation the farm affords would probably be wise to modify her diet in this way.

YOUR own common sense will tell you how much food you may safely allow yourself at this evening meal, and what kind," Rose told me. "Desserts, starches, and the like are of course taboo, but broiled meats, fresh vegetables, cooked or uncooked, and fruits are excellent. Stick to the energy-producing foods, and you will find that you get nearly as good results as if you limited yourself to the milk and fruit juices.

"On the other hand, if the responsibilities of your home or business are light, and you have plenty of time for rest, you can safely go on the exclusive milk diet for a week or two at a time."

Next is the problem of rest. Eight hours of sleep every night according to Rose is the absolute minimum for the woman who is on a diet; ten is better; and twelve hours two or three times a week is best. In addition, you should get a couple of hours' rest, if not sleep, every afternoon. You may read or sew, but you should relax utterly. And if it is at all possible, take your rest in the open air.

As to exercise, Rose avoids the more strenuous varieties. A brisk walk of three miles every day is the best of all, and when Rose says "brisk," that is what she means. Don't stroll. Keep your head up and your shoulders straight. Swing your legs freely from the hips. Breathe deeply. Stride along as if you were going somewhere.

"Tennis—not too hard-fought a game of it—and golf are also good exercises. Swimming is good exercise, but it tends to develop muscles around the shoulders where you'd rather have a flattering slenderness," Rose said, adding, "The best time for your exercise, incidentally, is just before your afternoon rest period."

Rose warned me that the services of a masseuse twice a week during the dieting period are an absolute necessity. You will be losing weight too fast to do without the massage. You'll find that any registered masseuse knows her business and will do you good.

The system can be varied to suit your individual requirements, too. For instance, if you are only five pounds overweight, Rose would let you lose the whole five pounds at one stretch of dieting. If you must take off ten pounds, you would be wiser to go on the milk, or milk-and-evening meal diet, for a week; then return to three meals of non-fattening foods for another week; and then go back to the diet once more. In other words, don't overdo it. Your own strength will tell you when it's time to suspend the diet for a while. Take off a few pounds and keep them off; then take off a few more, and keep them off.

There's the regimen, the same regimen, in every respect, that Rose followed seven years ago herself. You can follow it, too—this milky way to a new figure.



Orchestra leader Enoch Light has a hobby that really means something. He collects children's books and donates them to orphanages and hospitals.

any special restriction upon her diet.

Cigarettes are not taboo, but after a week or so at the farm you begin to forget your desire to smoke. A cigarette no longer tastes so good, and you may involuntarily and without thinking about it cut down your smoking from a package to three or four cigarettes a day.

ONCE a day every guest must spend some time with the registered masseuse who is always in attendance. This is absolutely necessary, for one important reason. Strict observance of the diet causes loss of weight at an average of a pound a day, and this is too rapid a loss for the body to endure without some aid.

Without massage, the flesh grows soft and begins to sag, particularly above the abdomen, so that an apron-like fold of flabby skin is formed. Massage prevents this by keeping the body firm and resilient, even while the surplus fat is being removed.

Other than these few rules, the only "must" at the farm is that all patients are to be in bed by 9:30. The rising hour is left to their own judgment—but when you go to bed, and to sleep, at 9:30 you're pretty apt to be up and around again by 9 the next morning.

For five summers Rose operated the farm, closing it during the winter. She was successful beyond all her hopes, but she wanted a "farm" in town, too, a place where she could continue her work during the winter, and last January she opened it.

One advantage of the farm was the beautiful and peaceful countryside in

although Rose believes in rest and plenty of it, she doesn't believe in pampering oneself, and the woman who breaks a scheduled appointment because of snow or rain gets a kind but firm lecture on the error of her ways next time she sees Rose.

Here in New York, precisely the same schedule is observed for the women who come to Rose for help, except that the clients must, of course, return to their own homes at night. That is an unavoidable difference; but, when the women will undertake to get the proper amount of sleep at night and keep to the diet Rose prescribes for them, you'd be surprised to see how slight a difference it is.

I've gone into the operation of Rose's farm and her town salon rather minutely because I wanted you to see for yourselves how her reducing theories are put into practice under her own personal guidance.

Now, with all that has gone before as a background, for the woman who lives outside of New York and can't visit either Bernie establishment personally:

Rose's system, to summarize, is built upon three points: a milk diet; plenty of rest; exercise and massage.

It's true that Rose uses a special culture milk, made up according to a formula which only she possesses. However, she assured me that buttermilk, clabbered milk, or acidophilus milk is exactly as beneficial in its effects as her variety. "Sweet milk," she said, "is useless. The only difference between my culture and the varieties of fermented milk I mentioned is that mine is more palatable.

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