CONFESSIONS
of an
AUDITION WINNER
TRAVEL WITH ROOSEVELT
By BOB TROUT
Presidential announcer
**What a whirlwind money maker!**

**NEW! NOVEL! SENSATIONAL!**

**PORTRAIT RING**

**A GOLDEN HARVEST OF BIG, QUICK, EASY PROFITS**

For Men and Women

This is it! The hottest, most sensational, most gripping selling idea of the age! **THE PORTRAIT RING**—the ring that revives a beautiful old custom and brings it up to date! Men and women everywhere, rich and poor, young and old, want it to wear and to keep their whole lives long. Why? Because on this beautiful ring is permanently reproduced, in hand-tinted, life-like colors, any photo, a snapshot or picture of some loved one. Yes—reproduced clearly and sharply and made part of the ring itself so it can't rub off, come off or fade off. A tremendous hit! Men and women—even those without an hour's selling experience—are taking dozens of orders a day. Profits shower down upon them simply showing their sample Portrait Ring. And now, in your territory, YOU can cash in big, every day, with this sensational new success and make money so easily it will seem more like play than work.

A **Priceless Remembrance—Sells to Everyone**

Once women carried pictures of their loved ones in brooches; and men carried them in watch cases. Those days are gone, but the desire to keep with one always a life-like portrait of a beloved child, mother, sweetheart, father or friend is as strong as ever. Not until the amazing secret process for transferring pictures to rings was discovered, was it possible to revive this beautiful old custom and to satisfy the hunger of every human being to express again this grandest of all sentiments. How mothers and fathers will welcome this opportunity to wear a ring with the most precious setting of all—a picture of their beloved child! How happy every man and woman will be to keep alive the memory of a departed one by carrying with them always, night and day, this beautiful Portrait Ring.

**LOOK!**

**$1.00 PROFIT ON EVERY RING**

Never before has anything like this come your way. No competition from anyone—no looking for prospects (they are all around you)—no carrying a big stock or putting any money into goods. Simply showing this ring a few times a day, if you only start with your friends and neighbors, will be enough to give you an endless flow of customers. Every person who owns a Portrait Ring shows it to a friend, and soon you have an endless chain of orders. Hundreds of customers write they wouldn't take a fortune for their rings if they couldn't get others. $2.00 and even $10.00 would be a small price for the PORTRAIT RING—but the immense popularity of this startling idea has made it possible to give you this ring for the price of PAPER! *Think of it.*—and, here's the most surprising item of all—$1.00! For only $1.00 you receive a HAND-TINTED RING of the most sensational, most spectacular, most _foolproof_ style, just like the sample you have been looking at. It doesn't matter how you call it, but everyone will think it a veritable CRYSTAL BALL. If you resell for $1.00, you collect $1.00 profit! And if you resell for $2.00, you collect $1.00 profit, for the most sensational, most beautiful, _hand-tinted lifelike colors, gold setting, reproduced on every ring._

**Just Mail Coupon For Your SAMPLE HAND-TINTED RING**

You Don't Risk a Penny

We cut away all red tape, we dispense with the wasted time of sending you circulars. We want you to send for a SAMPLE RING now and the minute you take it out of the beautiful Gift Box in which it comes, you are ready to go out after the orders. Live wire men and women who sense the profit-power of the Portrait Ring will waste no time in writing letters, but will rush the coupon here for a sample ring. That's all the outfit you need. It will do all your selling for you. And we make it easy for you to obtain this sample. ABSOLUTELY FREE OF A PENNY COST under our liberal offer. Don't wait. Rush the coupon at once for the sample ring on our NO RISK plan and see for yourself what a whirlwind money-maker this is for you. ACT RIGHT NOW!
"Shock"ing
A SOCIALITE AND A
DENTIST CLASH OVER A
STALK OF CELERY

"Splendid"

But the civilized way to combat "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is IPANA and MASSAGE

"Shock"ing!" burst from a society leader. And she was shocked at this picture. Emphatically. Just as you'd be shocked by such primitive conduct at your own dinner table.

But modern dentistry disagrees sharply!

"Shock?" would respond your own dentist. "That picture's not shocking. It's a splendid, scientific lesson in the proper way to use the teeth and gums. If more people today would only chew their food as energetically as this girl, there'd be a lot fewer gum troubles in the world."

It's only too true. Today we all eat soft foods that rob our gums of health-giving work. And without regular exercise, gums become lazy... weak... tender. It's no wonder "pink tooth brush"—a cry for help from ailing gums—appears so often.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a Warning

"Pink tooth brush" is a definite warning that your gums are in an unhealthy condition. And ignored, "pink tooth brush" may swing the door wide open to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorhea.

Take care of your teeth and gums the way modern dental science urges—with Ipana and massage. Each time you clean your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Soon you'll see—and feel—a new, healthy firmness to your gums.

For Ipana is especially designed to help combat "pink tooth brush"... to help keep teeth bright... to give you a sparkling, brilliant smile.

IPANA TOOTHPASTE

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
Special Features

Frank Parker's New Year's Resolution ............................................ Hildy Cole 17
The Real Reason This Star Has Only One Program
I Travel With Roosevelt ............................................................... Bob Trout 18
The President's Announcer Brings You a Thrilling Backstage Story
Confessions of an Audition Winner .............................................. Helen Hover 20
Read What Happened to the Winner of the Hollywood Hotel Contest
Rubinoff Talks Back! .................................................................. Don Wheeler 22
Scoop! The Maestro Answers All Your Questions
The Amazing Saga of N.T.G .......................................................... Patricio Siegel 28
The Colorful Career of One of Radio's Pioneers
The Rover Boys of Radio .............................................................. Bill Stuart 30
They Risk Their Lives to Broadcast Special Events
Correspondence School Success ................................................... Katherine Hartley 32
The Postman Was Nelson Eddy's College Professor
My Advice to Brides ................................................................... Gracie Allen 36
The Famous Comedienne Tells How to Keep Your Husband Happy
Blanche Sweet's Love Story ........................................................... Adele Whitley Fletcher 41
The Inside Story of Wired Radio ................................................... Norton Russell 42
You Can Own a Radio Station ...................................................... Samuel Kaufman 45
Winter Sets the Style .................................................................. Radio's Newest Fashions in Furs
Amateurs At Life ........................................................................ Fred Sammis 48
Part Four of a Fascinating Serial of Love in the Studios

Unusual Departments

Reflections in the Radio Mirror ..................................................... The Editor's Page 4
What's New on Radio Row ............................................................. Joy Peters 8
What Do You Want to Know? ....................................................... The Oracle 10
Budget Cooking with Ida Bailey Allen ......................................... Mrs. Margaret Simpson 12
Coast-to-Coast Highlights
Chicago ....................................................................................... Chase Giles 14
Pacific ....................................................................................... Dr. Ralph L. Power 14
Facing the Music ........................................................................ John Skinner 34
Pageant of the Airwaves ............................................................... Introducing Your Favorites with Pictures and Stories 37
Beauty For Brunettes ................................................................ Joyce Anderson 49
Advice From Two of Radio's Loveliest Stars
We Have With Us ...................................................................... The Rapid Guide to All the Programs 50
What Do You Want to Say? .......................................................... 56

In the March RADIO MIRROR
On Sale January 22

"How the Pickens Sisters Get Their Men"—an intimate story going straight behind the scenes to discover the secret of popularity this beautiful trio enjoys . . . Beginning, a fascinating series, "Secret Chapters in Their Lives" which starts with an amazing, untold story about Lawrence Tibbett . . . Also, a new serial starts in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Added Attractions

Behind Closed Doors ................................................................. 7
When They Were Very Young ....................................................... 24
Pictures of the Stors Straight From the Family Album
Tracking Down the Camel Caravan ............................................... 44
Your Announcer Is Kelvin Keech .................................................. 75
Last Minute News Flashes ............................................................. 85
Read the Advice You Gave Jessica Dragonette .......................... 86
Lights Out! .................................................................................. 90
It's Jumbo! .................................................................................. 92
Riding the Shortwaves ................................................................ The Tuner-Inner 103
The Critic on the Hearth .............................................................. Weldon Melick 104

Cover
—PORTRAIT OF NELSON EDDY
BY TCHETCHE
America's FINEST LOW PRICED RUGS

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY

Write for Beautiful FREE Book in Colors, Tells How to

Save 1/2 on Rugs

DECIDE today to mail the coupon and find out for yourself how you can bring your home luxuriously up to date with Olson Reversible Broadloom Rugs for less money than you ever thought possible.

By the Olson Patented Process, we separate and reclaim the valuable wool's in your discarded rugs and clothing, merge, pour, steam, sterilize, picket, card, comb and bleach, add new wool, then repin, reyle, reweave in a week into beautiful new rugs that will enrich your home for years to come.

Olson Rugs are finer than ever!
You can't get these rugs elsewhere. They are not ordinary, thin, one-sided rugs, but deep-textured, finely woven full-bunched rugs that can be used on both sides that last twice as long at about half the cost (no pads needed).

SPECIAL SIZES to exactly fit any room, stair or hall.

You Risk Nothing
PHONE your local Railway Express or call for your handling at our expense. We do the rest. If not delighted after a week's trial, return the rest. We pay for your materials. Over two million satisfied customers. We invite your criticism. Beware of Agents. Order by mail direct.

MY OLD RUGS AND CLOTHING SAVED ME ABOUT $20

Top winners of Rug Dealing Direct With the Factory.

OLSON RUG CO.

CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

OLSON RUGS

Send Us Your Old Rugs Carpets Clothing

YOUR CHOICE of 66 famous Oriental Patterns, latest solid and two-tone colors and blends, lovely authentic Early American designs, regardless of the colors in your materials.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS

YOUR CHOICE of 66 famous Oriental Patterns, latest solid and two-tone colors and blends, lovely authentic Early American designs, regardless of the colors in your materials.

MY OLD RUGS AND CLOTHING SAVED ME ABOUT $20

OILSON RUGS

CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

OILSON RUGS

JUST fill in and mail this coupon on a 1¢ post card for the fascinating 16-page Olson book on Rugs & Home Decorating, all in actual colors.

Name:...
Address:...
Town:...
State:...

Mail to the OLSON RUG COMPANY
2800 N. CRAWFORD AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. DEPT. T-33

Copyright, 1926, Olson Rug Co.
**REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR**

**EDDIE CANTOR**—never again to spend the last five or six minutes of his half hour indulging in overwhelming sentimentality, as he did one Sunday in November when a young boy cried and sang a Christmas plea for his mother, with Eddie taking a prominent part.

Fred Waring—never again to spend close to ten minutes playing one piece of popular music. Even if it is the big moment of the show, you get bored and nervous long before the finale.

The Magic Key of RCA—to stop being so impressed with its own showmanship that it fails to give interested listeners a humanized program. Too many stars without rhyme or reason for being presented spoil what should be real entertainment.

Jack Benny—to keep Kenny Baker or someone very much like him as the soloist and to keep away from using any warmed over skits that sound too much like last year's programs. (You've been good about this, lately, Jack.)

Red Horse Flying Tavern—to make up its mind once and for all about the talent problem. It gets to be funny after a while having bulletins flying about announcing brilliant new stars every third or fourth Friday. The effort to find something good is commendable, though.

Lawrence Tibbett—never, in all the coming twelve months, to breathe one more word about American songs and their place in the music world. People might get to thinking that Lawrence had nothing else to discuss.

Major Bowes—never again, as long as the Amateur Hour continues, to let anyone sob and beat her chest over the air. No one but sadists really enjoy such goings on and besides, when tears pull votes everyone grumbles about a put-up job. This voting business, too, might be remedied some way or other. I've been told by friends that people call in saying they have votes for a party of 50. As far as can be determined the votes were accepted, though only three people were really represented.

Alexander Woollcott—to try, for at least four broadcasts, to use entirely fresh material. It is no longer amusing—only irritating—to hear the Town Crier drag out some seasonal story from the moth balls and try to work up listeners about it. You can even remember his inflections on words from the year before.

Ray Perkins—to give more auditions at hotel swimming pools for bath-tub singers.

Hollywood Hotel—to turn this program back into a musical show by not letting its drama run more than ten minutes of the hour. Movie stars are all right in their place, but Raymond Paige and Dick Powell are too good to be overshadowed by pre-views of pictures.

Fred Allen—to make more pictures as good as "Thanks a Million" and to think of some way of convincing his sponsors that he can be funny without using amateurs as stooges. It might be well, also, to think of one or two new comedy formulas, but I don't want to seem picayunish about this.

Ray Noble—to get together with his announcer in introducing the musical numbers. As it is, you're never quite sure who says what or why. Ray's voice should be as authentic as his swell music, but it isn't at present. And not because of the accent.

Camel Caravan—to think of some way to be funny both nights a week. No other program shows such inconsistency in its humor. Walter O'Keefe and company can be colossal at times, unbelievably dull at others. And for the life of me, I can't figure out why, I just know something should be done.

All orchestras—never again to feature a musical tour of New York City, with the East Side, Chinatown, my Chinatown, gay, mad 42nd Street, and hotcha Harlem the very dull highlights. This old vaudeville gag has been trotted out twice lately over my shouting protests. Good music doesn't need hackneyed stunts to put it over.

Sponsors and advertising agencies—to stop calling audiences "friends" in that INTIMATE way and to find some other means than dramatic skits with children in them to present the product.

The First Nighter Program—fine as this dramatic half hour always has been, it should henceforth resolve to forget history and stick to the present, with American characters and American settings as much as possible.

Show Boat—now that the first of the year is at hand, to stick to its earlier resolution and bring back the character of Mary Lou. There'll be interest enough in her romance with Lanny Ross and we were told that was the only reason she was dropped in the first place. So why not?

**HERE ARE MY FRANK OPINIONS—DO YOU AGREE? FOR PRIZE LETTERS SEE PAGE 56**

It may be Frank McIntyre to some people, but it's old Father Time himself to us, ticking off the fleeting minutes as another twelve months of radio starts on its way.

Fred R. Sammis
Edna had too many pimples but not for long.

NO, SIS, THUMBS DOWN ON EDNA!

I found out why Wally won't take Edna to the Stewart Dance. It's her terrible skin!

Edna, remember when I had a lot of pimples? I cleared them all up with Fleischmann's Yeast. Try it!

I knew it would work. She certainly looks happy, now.

Well, you pulled it off. I see Edna's skin is lovely and smooth again.

Only a few weeks to the Big Stewart Dance—and no one asked me yet. Of course, I couldn't go if I have all these pimples!

Why, hello, Edna! Say I know it's awfully late, but I've just decided to go to the swank Stewart Dance—go with me?

NO, I'M NOT GOING TO THE STEWART DANCE. FOR ONE THING, MY FACE.

I bet he's surprised to see my face all clear and nice.

See him stare!

WALLY

Hello, Wally

We'll just go to the Big Stewart Dance—just because!

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples. But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!

clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood
The introduction — he gives you the once over — do your eyes invite friendship?

The first date — he follows your eyes, searching for understanding, for more than friendship.

Then the fateful moment, when gazing into each other's eyes, the realization of love comes.

The proposal — the "yes" in your eyes says more than lips ever can.

At the altar — eyes meet in sacred understanding.

On the honeymoon and ever after he adores your eyes — if from the very introduction you've kept your lashes long and alluring with Winx Mascara.

The SIX STAGES OF LOVE

EYES INVITE ROMANCE if framed by long lovely lashes

Now a wonderful new way to beautify lashes — as easy as using lipstick or rouge.

Instantly EVERY girl can have the romantic eyes that men adore... thanks to the latest improvement in mascaras, based on years of experience.

An up-to-the-minute creamy mascara! Always ready! No water required! No mixing. No bother. Easier to apply. In 40 seconds your lashes look longer, darker, more luxuriant.

Creamy Winx comes in a dainty, convenient tube, handy to use anywhere, anytime. You simply squeeze a bit of Creamy Winx on a brush and apply... it's so easy.

This new Creamy Winx keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness. And, of course, this new style of Creamy Winx Mascara does not smart — it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. Absolutely harmless.

Its creamy smoothness beautifies lashes naturally, overcoming the artificial look of ordinary mascaras.

Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Winx — to try it is to abandon all others. Black, brown or blue. At all 10c toilet counters.*

Other Winx Eye Beautifiers

Winx Mascara for darkening lashes is also presented in cake and liquid — each superior in its field. For lovelier brows, use a Winx Eyebrow Pencil. For giving your eyes depth and accent, use Winx Eye Shadow.

* If new Creamy Winx is not yet on sale at your favorite store, mail coupon and 10¢ for full size tube to Rose Company, 263 West 17th St., New York City.

CHECK COLOR DESIRED O BLACK O BROWN O BLUE

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE
Behind Closed Doors

I was talking the other day to a radio script writer who was beating his head against the wall about the strange ways of censorship. One inside instance he offered had me beating my head too. In the Helen Hayes serial, the script called for Helen's discovering that she was to have a baby. The sponsor objected. It wasn't, he said, nice to have that happen over the air. So the battle began. No one but the sponsor knows whether Helen will or won't.

The day this issue of Radio Mirror went to press the officials of the agency handling the Leslie Howard show held a conference to decide whether or not to keep the famous stage and moving picture star on the air. The story of The Amateur Gentleman had just come to an end. For several weeks I had known that the sponsors felt the program wasn't succeeding in selling their product to women listeners as fast as had been expected. Later in the afternoon of that same day I received a telephone call with the definite news that a new continued script would be prepared, and Howard would continue on the air. In an aside, I also heard that there was talk of having Howard make love to a new leading lady every week. By the time you read this, you'll know and I'll know just how much truth there was in that report. All I can do now is hope the sponsors and the agency change their minds about making Leslie divide his radio affections.

Imagine complaining because you have to listen to a Metropolitan opera star, and one of the most famous personalities on the air, sing! That's exactly what Lawrence Tibbett's neighbors did. He countered by having his library sound-proofed, and now they don't have to listen to him practice.

Jerry Cooper was telling me something—what the same sort of unhappy story. Jerry used to play a saxophone for a living, and he's still pretty fond of the old thing—likes to tootle it as a hobby. Lately he's had to move out of several hotels, having been asked either to stop tootling or get out.

I was up in the NBC studios the other morning a few minutes after Edward MacHugh's broadcast, and they told me something about him which made me realize what a relentless master this broadcasting business is. He's the Gospel Singer, you know, and he goes on the air six mornings a week. Just before leaving his hotel to go to Radio City for a broadcast, he coughed violently several times and seriously strained a muscle in his side. The pain was intense, but there wasn't time to call a doctor, so he went on to the studio. You didn't realize it, listening in, but there was a man standing beside him throughout the broadcast, ready to catch him if he fainted. By the end of his fifteen minutes his face was dripping with perspiration from the effort to suppress the cough. Afterwards, he went to a hospital, spent the night there, and was strapped up so he could move around. He didn't miss a broadcast.

A few months in Hollywood, they say, change a radio star's appearance—but I know one who refused to be made over. The studio experts took Fred Allen in hand and parted his hair in the middle. When I saw him after his return to New York, though, it was once more parted on the side, the way he's always worn it.

"It's thrilling to see your skin grow...

Lovelier and

Lovelier"

Springfield, Ill.

It's thrilling to see your skin grow lovelier and lovelier—week after week—under Camay's perfect care.

Sincerely yours,

Ellen Conger Fernandez

November 2, 1935

This smiling lady is Ellen Conger Fernandez—slender, graceful and lovely to look at! But above all, she possesses a skin that meets the most trying test of a fine complexion—clear, youthful, enchanting even without a trace of make-up. And for that loveliness, she gives first and major credit to Camay.

You, too, will find—practically as soon as you start with Camay—new youthfulness and loveliness coming to your skin. You'll gradually become aware of a new smoothness, an exquisite freshness, a finer texture! This very day, convince yourself that Camay is a real and dependable beauty aid. Its price is so low you'll want to order at least a half-dozen cakes today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

Camay

The Soap of Beautiful Women
WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

By JAY PETERS

KEEP UP TO DATE ON
LAST-MINUTE NEWS,
FACTS AND FIGURES

DISCONTENT is fermenting among rank-and-file artists over the way things are breaking for them in the major studios. (The headliners are not involved, for the elite of the other as ever, are sitting pretty.) The agitation hasn't reached the surface yet, and crystallized into concrete action, but it is smoldering and threatens to burst into flame overnight. In the making is an organization, patterned after Actors' Equity, to protect the lesser people of the programs from alleged abuses in pay and treatment.

The complaint is that salaries are steadily slipping. Actors who used to receive $50 on an hour-long show say they are now getting $50, the $10 once standard on half-hour programs has been cut to $7.50, and the $25 salary on quarter-hour programs has dwindled to $15 and $10. Script writers, too, claim salary slashes. A few months ago the minimum was $50, but now it is $40 and $25. Singers are resentful over similar cuts.

Another grievance is the custom of not paying for auditions. Attention to this sore spot is directed in a letter to this department from an internationally known orchestra leader. The fact that his communication was written when the maestro was without a sponsor may have some bearing on his attitude. But the situation he complains about is real enough. Here is how he describes it:

"In radio there is nothing to protect the artist who exhausts both time and talent for the benefit of the sponsors, whose ideas of what they want are vague. In some cases these men seem to be out just to laugh, with no very serious intention of going on the air. So the weary routine of auditions for the small artists nets him exactly nothing. There should be an organization in radio that does for radio people what Actors' Equity Association does for legitimate players."

Did you know that when the announcement is made at the end of a broadcast, "This program came to you from the NBC studios in the RCA Building, Radio City," advantage is being taken of your better nature and you are being hoaxed? Officially there is no such place as Radio City. In the street map of the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, the section publicized as "Radio City" appears as Metropolitan Square.

More—much more—in anger than in sorrow a reader forwards to this column a letter pillorying Fred Allen. Maintaining the Town Hall Tonight comedian played a dirty trick upon him, he proceeds to call Mr. Allen all sorts of dirty names. Said dirty trick, according to the iret complainer, consisted of signing his autograph album with vanishing ink. The signature looked genuine enough when inscribed, explains the aggrieved one, but a couple of days later when he opened the book to show it to a friend nothing but a perfectly blank page was to be seen. While Fred Allen's name may have become invisible by design, the names his accuser calls him, also by design, remain very visible—but altogether too violent for reproduction in this fire-side companion.

However, this autograph collector, a self-acknowledged stranger to Mr. Allen, shouldn't nurse a grievance against the radio comic. He should understand that celebrities have to protect themselves against people who sometimes solicit signatures for ulterior purposes. Forgers have been known to copy names from autograph albums to checks for large amounts and persons so evil minded aren't above trying to cash them. In consequence, studio artists resort to various devices to circumvent possible criminals in groups besieging them for signatures after a broadcast. Olga Albani, for example, disguises her handwriting. Lowell Thomas prints out his name in capitals; and Rudy Vallee signs himself with so many curlicues a bank teller would promptly call a cop if anybody presented a check bearing a facsimile of it.

WHEN RADIO WAS YOUNG

Harvey Hindmeyer and Earle Tucker, radio pioneers famous as the Gold Dust Twins and still going strong as the Strolling Singers, can remember way back—

When Graham McNamee and Phil Carlin were called the "announcer twins" he...
Death claimed another star of radio when lovely Kathleen Wells, an NBC singer for the past two years, was killed November 17 in an auto crash.

cause they were partners in broadcasting sports events and their voices sounded so alike. (Carlin is now Eastern Program Director of the National Broadcasting Company and is rarely heard on the air.)

When Bertha Brainard with her Broadcasting Broadway program was the first newspaper columnist to go on the air. (Miss Brainard now is also a high executive in Radio City, being NBC's Commercial Program Manager.)

When announcers were known by letters and not by names. For instance, Milton J. Cross identified himself as "AJN." His fellow announcers then at WJZ were Tommy Cowan, Lewis Reed and Norman Brokenshire.

When Billy Jones and Ernie Hare made their microphone debut in 1922 at Station WJZ, then located in a corner of the Westinghouse Electric Company's factory in Newark, N. J. (Continued on page 57)

Alois Havrilla, below, is the 1935 winner of the American Academy of Arts and Letters' medal for radio's best diction. Awarded yearly—except in 1934—it's one of the highest honors announcers can receive.

Van Raalte says:
"IVORY FLAKES keeps
fine fabrics looking fine"

A three-minute date with Ivory Flakes will make your undies and sheer stockings wear longer! You see, if perspiration is allowed to linger, it attacks fine fabrics.

But if you think daily washings mean washed-out colors you've been using a too-strong soap! Change to pure Ivory Flakes—made from the same pure Ivory Soap that doctors advise for babies' tender skins.

Here's good advice from Van Raalte, makers of the famous Singlettes, "We heartily recommend frequent washings in cool Ivory Flakes suds for our lingerie, silk stockings and washable gloves because Ivory is pure—keeps colors and textures like new through many washings!"

CHIFFON-THIN FLAKES
OF GENTLE IVORY SOAP
99 1/2% PURE
METHINKS some of you questions have not been following Radio Mirror very religiously. So many of your queries have been covered in the feature articles published in the past issues of Radio Mirror, that the Oracle must come to the sad conclusion that you have been missing some of our numbers. However, I said I'd take care of your questions, no matter how many, so here goes!

Patrick R., Jamaica, New York— I'm sorry you had to wait so long, but your letter had to wait its turn. The story about Jessica Dragoonette's romance did appear in the February issue and was entitled "How Love Came to Jessica Dragoonette."

Freda B. W., East Orange, N. J.— Winfred Wolfe plays the part of Teddy in One Man's Family. Her picture appeared in last month's issue of Radio Mirror, the January, with a swell story on the whole show. Little Celia Babcock plays the part of Tiny on the House of Glass show. Celia was born in New Haven, Conn., May 20, 1926, and made her stage debut at the age of five in the Metropolitan Opera Company. She's proud of being a descendant of Gertrude Kellogg, distinguished actress of the 70's and leading woman of Edwin Booth and Robert Barrett.

James L. B., Kingston, New York— Helen Choate is the girl's name who plays the part of Daisy in Dangerous Paradise.

R. E. D., Sharon, Pa.— We do not have pictures of the orchestras to send you. Have you been reading "Facing the Music," the department that tells you all about orchestras and their personnel? You'll find some of your favorite bands listed with their addresses.

M. L., Bronx, New York— I think I answered this one before, but it's been quite a while back and maybe you weren't acquainted with Radio Mirror then. Lanny Ross reads and answers his own fan mail. At the present he's devoting all his time to his radio programs, but who can tell what the future may bring in the way of another picture contract. Lanny's brother Winston is about twenty-two years old and is a dramatic actor on the legitimate stage.

Lorraine M., Philadelphia, Pa.— No doubt you have been hearing Nelson Eddy on the Voice of Firestone program Mondays at 8:30 p.m. over the National Red Network. And speaking of Nelson, how did you like that story about him in this issue on page 32?

L. B., Summit, N. J.— My, my. L. B., give a fellow a chance! That was a gigantic list! Please be satisfied with just a few. Won't you? James Wallington was born in Rochester, New York, in 1907. He's six-foot-two and weighs around 200 pounds. He once studied for the ministry, but finally became an opera singer. He even tried musical comedy, and, believe it or not, later sold furniture. Jimmy is a widower, his wife having died about a year ago.

Miss H. I. H., Elizabeth, N. J.—Radio Mirror did not have a feature article on Abe Lyman. It did run an article on Frank Parker last April, entitled "Frank Parker. Radio's Best-Dressed Man." If you will send 20c with your request to the Sales Department, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, they will send you that issue. Did you read "Frank Parker's New Year's Resolution" on page 17?

Mike C., Prichard, Idaho— Mario (Loris) Cozzi was born October 28 in Florence, Italy, and is still in his thirties. He cultivated his voice in America. He's tall and good-looking, married and the daddy of a fine boy and a lovely girl. (Continued on page 101)
The Roving Reporter...

discovers the sure, safe way to reduce...

...THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE!

Reduce YOUR Waist and Hips
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
... or no cost!

Make This 10-day Test at our expense!

WOULD YOU like to have the slender, graceful figure so admired by everyone? Of course you would! Our roving reporter found that the majority of women want to be slimmer. Yet many go about it in a way that gets unpleasant, and even harmful results. Profit by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the safe Perfolastic way! You will appear smaller immediately and then, after a few days those unwanted inches actually disappear. Remember, you lose 3 pounds in 10 days... or it costs you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly
- The healthful, invigorating principle of massage is the basis of Perfolastic's great success. The special Perfolastic material is so designed that it exerts a gentle massage-like action on your flesh. With every move you make, every breath you take, this massage-like action takes away those extra inches, and with the loss of burdensome fat comes added energy and pep.

No Diet.. No Drugs.. No Exercises
- All this is accomplished without any discomfort or effort on your part. You do not have to deny yourself the good things of life. You eat what you want and take as much—or as little—exercise as you wish. Yet the extra inches disappear from waist, hips and diaphragm with a rapidity that is amazing!

Perforations Keep Your Body Cool
- The inner surface of the special Perfolastic material is soft and delightfully silky to feel next to your body. The many perforations allow your skin to breathe and moisture to evaporate without the usual sticky-corset unpleasantness. The specially designed lace-back keeps your Perfolastic fitting perfectly as the inches disappear.

MAKE THIS FREE TEST NOW!

See for yourself that Perfolastic is the sure, safe, invigorating way to reduce! Remember, it costs you nothing to try it!

P ER F O L A S T I C, Inc.
Dept. 282 41 E 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name

Address

City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.
What's the difference how many candles there are when they are on the Pastel Birthday Cake above? At right, Mrs. Allen with the Cheese Puff, which is one of her favorite budget dishes. Listen in on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 11 A.M. for her talks.

**BUDGET COOKING**

with Ida Bailey Allen

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

With the Christmas dinner a thing of the past and the New Year's horn and bells stowed away until next year, most of you no doubt are making your annual attack on the household budget problem, resolving firmly to turn over a new leaf and really economize in 1936, end forever the warfare between these contending factors the budget and appetizing, well-balanced meals.

Of all the people familiar to radio fans I could think of no one better equipped to give advice on this important topic than Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen. You have accompanied Mrs. Allen and her Budgeteers on some of their mythical trips to cities throughout the country. Last week I went with her on a make-believe journey to Denver, and on our return I had the privilege of being her luncheon guest in her New York apartment. And such a luncheon! Tomato juice cocktail, icy cold; lamb chops, mashed potatoes and peas served on individual planks; croissant rolls, as delicate and flaky as a French pastry, and for dessert a delicious Spanish cream.

Now that you know one of the menus Mrs. Allen serves in her own home I am sure you will want her own recipe for each dish, and you may have all of them, if you will write to me for them.

"What are some of my budget shortcuts? Before we get to that there is another question which should be answered. What is our greatest national waste?"

"It's indigestion," she prompted. "It is terrible to think of the great quantities of food, of the money it costs, of the time spent in its preparation, only to result in—indigestion.

"There really is no excuse for it; its elimination is only a matter of the proper combination and preparation of foods, and this can be accomplished as well on a reduced budget as with one which permits the purchase of expensive foods.

"Three cardinal things to remember in the preparation of well-balanced and inexpensive meals are: serve twice the quantity of alkaline foods as of acid—roughly speaking, this means twice the bulk of vegetables and fruits as meats; base menus on foods which are in season and attend carefully to the details of preparing and cooking—use accurate measurements and cook at the temperature specified in the recipe you are following.

"Perhaps the most difficult items to cope with on a small budget are meats and desserts. There is a belief that only the most expensive cuts of meat are tender, yet the inexpensive cuts can be transformed into pot roasts, stews, soups and ragouts which the whole family will enjoy."

For first choice, though, in savory, economical dishes, Mrs. Allen selects French Pot-au-Feu, made as follows:

(Continued on page 97)
MAKES WASHDAY EASY AS PIE

LOOK, MOTHER BOUGHT ME A LITTLE WASHBOARD AND TUB—IT'S JUST LIKE HERS!

WELL, MY MOTHER USES A WASHBOARD TO SCRUB CLOTHES.

MY MOTHER SAYS THAT'S WHAT RUINS THE CLOTHES.

SMARTY! HOW DOES YOUR MOTHER WASH HER CLOTHES THEN?

WITH RINSO! IT GIVES LOTS OF SUDS THAT SOAK OUT THE DIRT. MOTHER DOESN'T SCRUB OR BOIL AT ALL.

GOLLY! THAT SOUNDS EASY. I'M GOING TO TELL MOTHER ABOUT RINSO.

MY MOTHER ALSO SAYS RINSO IS LIKE A MAGIC WAND FOR DISHWASHING...

NEXT WASHDAY HANG UP MY DOLLY'S DRESS, TOO, MOTHER. I JUST WASHED IT IN RINSO.

MY, IT LOOKS SNOWY—JUST LIKE MY CLOTHES. RINSO CERTAINLY SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER!

NEXT WASHDAY HANG UP MY DOLLY'S DRESS, TOO, MOTHER. I JUST WASHED IT IN RINSO.

MY, IT LOOKS SNOWY—JUST LIKE MY CLOTHES. RINSO CERTAINLY SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER!

THE SUDS ARE THICK AND LIVELY—EVEN IN HARD WATER.

Rinso
THE GRANULATED SOAP
THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

BY THE WAY—DID YOU EVER READ ONE OF THOSE LIFEBOUy ADS...

I'M GETTING TO BE LIKE THAT GIRL IN THE ADS. MEN TAKE ME OUT ONCE—AND DROP ME.

So easy to offend—without even knowing it!

EVEN on the coldest winter day, don't take a chance with "B. O." (body odor). Clothing is heavier, rooms often stuffy. "B. O." is instantly noticed. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It purifies and deodorizes pores.

Kind to your complexion Lifebuoy lathers richly, cleanses deeply, tones and freshens the skin. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 15% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

BATHE WITH LIFEBOUy—AND BE SAFE
CHICAGO
By Chase Giles

Mrs. Wendell Hall, wife of the red-headed music maker, had her vacation to California suddenly interrupted when a streptococcus infection laid low their seven-year-old son in Denver. Fortunately one of the Nelson brothers (once of the Chicago radio station WIBO, the Nelson Brothers Bond and Mortgage Company) is now manager for NBC of KOA in Denver. He was able to make doctor and hospital problems less annoying.

On one of his early broadcasts this winter Robert (Believe It or Not) Ripley told the story of an opera which has not been presented for years. It is a story of a singer vocalized, "May God strike me dead!" And so many artists died suddenly and inexplicably after each performance that superstition caused the artistic world to drop the opera forever. Harry Steele, Chicago critic for one of the radio magazines (Radio Guide), had a similar experience. He was called upon to write a story on Lily Pons. Because he didn't know much about her early life he decided to call upon music authorities for information. The people he contacted were Edward Moore, music critic of a Chicago paper; Carleton Hackett, long guiding spirit in Chicago's operadom, and Herman Devries, music critic for another Chicago newspaper. He made engagements with Moore and Hackett for a certain day. But within the four days between the time he made the appointments and the day of the appointments, both men suddenly died. It stunned Harry so, that remembering Ripley's story, he never did call Devries.

Not long ago the Lum and Abner scripts put Lum in jail on a government charge. In following scripts a couple of tough guys broke open the jail and, among other things, took Lum along with them. But the Ozark philosopher managed to return the convicts to the sheriff, hoping of course that the said sheriff would let him off.

She's Joan Winters, who plays the role of Alice Ames in the popular Girl Alone drama heard over WMAQ and NBC network Monday to Friday.

Such was not the case. Lum went right back in the jail. Came a telegram which amused the boys who write and act out the parts of Lum and Abner:

I HAVE GRANTED YOU FULL AND COMPLETE PARDON.

Marion Putrell, Governor of Arkansas.

Walter Winchell broadcast the sudden death in a motor car accident of Sidney Smith, Chicago cartoonist of Andy Gump, on a Sunday night. It wasn't until the Monday morning editions went on the street that the Chicago paper for which Smith worked (The Tribune) could get the story into print. Incidentally, at Lake Geneva, swank watering spot of the midwest, and such a beautiful spot out-of-towners who have toured the world are amazed to find such a place, is a huge gilt statue of Andy Gump on the Smith estate.

Pat Barnes of the NBC networks was very pleasantly surprised the other day when Mrs. Samuel Insull, Sr., stopped him to tell him how many pleasant hours his broadcasts had given her.

THOSE PALEYS

When Smiling Ed McConnell began his Columbia series from the Chicago studios of WBBM he auditioned every pianist around the station to find one he wanted to support him. Having heard all the regulars, he stormed out of the studio wrathful that not one of them would do. A young lady, hearing his ranting, stopped him and said:

"But you haven't heard me yet!"

Ed was surprised. He decided however, that one more couldn't make much difference and so decided to hear the girl. She turned out to be exactly what he wanted. The girl is known to radio as Lee Francis, but her last name is really Paley, a name very well known within the Columbia organization, since William S. Paley is the network's head man. Perhaps it was some of that Paley acumen which inspired her to take advantage of a situation which put her on a commercial network program. (Continued on page 63)

Carlotta King hails from San Francisco. The lovely little soprano is heard on several NBC programs and can wage in many languages.

PACIFIC
By Dr. Ralph L. Power

Well, here's February again. And, of course, lots of these radio folks will be sending musical valentines.

What becomes of oboe players? Nobody seems to know. But take the case of Jack Taylor, oboe player at KHJ. He just passed the state bar examinations but will keep on playing for radio at night and run his office in the daytime.

I was telling you about little ten-year-old Barbara Jean Wong, who does bits on the Strange As It Seems, quarter-hour. She has added another characterization—a Russian youngster.

Notes from KFRC: Tom Breneman, M.C., has a daughter Gloria, aged six, and a son, Tom, Jr., aged two. Announcer Robert Bence's middle name is Vair and he went to school up in Eldorado County.

Gary Breckner, on leaving the San Diego Exposition's radio work, ambled over to KNX, where his versatility is a wonder.

Jack Dunn and his orchestra are back in the etherway with KFAC as their new spot. This twelve years since I first announced Jack when he was pianist with Anton Ladder's Louisiana Five. Wonder where the rest of the gang has drifted to?

Here and there: KMPA, Beverly Hills, has an electric moon. When the hill-hilly tribe starts its program the switch is turned on. It takes exactly sixty minutes for the moon to rise over the hill top and drift away in the clouds on the stage. Eddie Guest is still taking it on the chin. Seems as though he went to one of his NBC broadcasts in soup and fish ... all the others appearing in sweat shirts and such. KNX announcers now wear uniforms and the call letters are emblazoned on their many bosoms ... sort of like a subway guard's electric starter. Jack and Adele (Ben Hankins and Adele Walker), music team on the KFWB fun show, used to be KOMO staff artists in Seattle.

His voice has been likened to Booke Carter's and Edwin C. Hill's. He's Stephen O'Donnell, commentator over station KFWB, sponsored by Philco.
Pauline Gale, publicity lady for KMTR, is also a script writer these days and does playlets for broadcast. Once upon a time she was in the story department at Universal Pictures.

When Peggy Wilson married Meredith Willson years ago all she had to do was add an 'T' to her signature. Hubby is NBC music chief on the coast.

Hollywood's radio gets a new recruit in Betty Healy, ex-wife of the sage originator Ted Healy. She has a part in the KFWB Thursday Nite Frolic Time until along about May. She does comedy stuff.

Donald Charles McNair is the newest K11J announcer and, gather closely gals, he's single. The curly-haired Scotsman was born in Brockport, New York, educated in Buffalo grade and Los Angeles high schools. He went to college in Los Angeles and found himself in a most impeccable condition (broke, to you) and thus became a radio announcer. The lad weighs 150 pounds, stands 5 feet, 10 inches in his socks, is an amateur fisherman, a student pilot and is taking singing lessons Los Angeles' most eligible radio bachelor at this writing.

Bobbe Deane is back in Friscoometown. She has been in Chicago about a year on the Orphan Annie series. Bobbe plays most anything from crying babies to bothering old ladies over the air. They say she has as many voices over the air as the late Lon Chaney had facades on the screen. The tawny-haired radio actress in private life is the wife of Ted Maxwell, NBC producer. Maybe, by this time, she is back with the coast NBC where she starred for a half dozen years before going to the mid-west.

You'd think most of these radio announcers would get tired of talking. Some do. But not Foster Rucker, of Long Beach's KFOX. Why, the boy even talks in his sleep, according to the best available information. Now he has gone and won the Kiwanis Club oratory contest at the Monterey district convention. The high class gabfest brought him first place and (Continued on page 66)

Looking up some new plot! John Pickord and Natalie Park—Jerry Tremaine and Lois Liston of "Hawthorne House" heard Mondays at 9:30 p.m. over NBC-KPO network.

"I'm so scared"... "I don't dare dance!"... Never again need those fears haunt you. A new kind of sanitary napkin is here. Modess—the one and only napkin that is certain-safe! The napkin that stays soft—stays safe.

JOIN THE CROWD WITHOUT A FEAR!

Yes—you're truly safe—with Certain-Safe Modess. No striking through!—as with reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. Wear the blue line on moisture-proof side away from the body—and complete protection is yours.

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

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleansing! Deodorizing! (Not a contraceptive.)

(At your druggist or department store)
Fight colds where they start—in the throat—
with LISTERINE

Safe antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with sore throat and colds

DON'T go on suffering with heavy colds that undermine your strength. Don't put up with painful sore throats. Go after these conditions in the sensible, scientific way.

Kills germs in the throat
Listerine attacks the germs associated with colds and sore throat. Almost immediately after gargling it kills literally millions of them in throat and mouth, before they have a chance to enter the body.

Scientific tests in 1930-31, 1931-32 and 1934 have shown this comforting result: that those who gargled with Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-garglers.

Moreover, when Listerine users did catch cold, their colds were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

At the first sign of a cold
Start using Listerine today. As you can see, it is an intelligent precaution against cold infections. If you feel your throat getting sore, or a cold coming on, use Listerine more frequently—every 3 hours is recommended. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS
A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

10¢

-and see how it relieves Sore Throat

HONORS
For more than 50 years Listerine has had the commendation of outstanding men in the fields of medicine, bacteriology, and chemistry. In addition, it has won high awards in great Centennial Fairs, has been tested in laboratories of international repute, and today is approved by the famous Good Housekeeping Bureau of New York City.
TAKE a tip from Frank Parker. He's learned his lesson, and made a resolution.

No more work without play.

And it isn't one of those resolutions made on a bleak New Year's mornmg after. Frank's been trying the idea back of it for several months, and he knows just what he's doing when he issues his less-work ultimatum.

It wasn't long ago that Frank was the busiest tenor in radio. If you missed one of his programs, there was always another one just around the next time signal. He never turned down a chance to work.

Now you hear him just once a week, on the Atlantic Family, over the Columbia network every Saturday evening. And, Frank says, that's all you're likely to hear him, except for a very occasional guest appearance.

But let Frank tell you the whole story. He's learned a lesson that you—and you and you—should learn, too.

"I used to think I had to work every waking minute. I thought I had to rush from one program to another, and cash in on my popularity quickly. You get to thinking, in radio or the stage, that you should crowd a lifetime of work into a few frantic years, then sit back and have a good time with your earnings.

"Then it occurred to me that was exactly what a lot of people had been doing before the depression—rushing around like mad, working themselves into a nervous breakdown. And what good had it done them when the bottom dropped out of things? A big bank-roll was no assurance of safety.

"I realized that I was burning up the best years of my life, uselessly. I never had time to enjoy myself—no time to go to dances, parties, the theater; no time to read or to benefit by ordinary contacts and friendships with other people.

"There didn't seem to be much point to it all when I stopped to examine it. I realized that if I concentrated on one program, instead of spreading my energies over six or seven, my work on that one program would be much better. I could build up a solid popularity—and maybe I wouldn't have to retire after a few years, to find, perhaps, that I'd lost the ability to enjoy the money I had worked so hard to get.

"I made up my mind to try it for a few months. Last fall I signed a contract with just one program, the Atlantic Family, turning down several other offers. It worked! For the first time I'm enjoying myself and at the same time earning my living. I'd never realized how much difference a little leisure could make.

"So that's my resolution—my decision to take life easier. Though it isn't as conventional as the ones you've been making about cutting down your smoking, never losing your temper, and saving money, I think it shows just as much common sense. How about trying it?"

---

**FRANK PARKER'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION**

HE USED TO BE RADIO'S BUSIEST TENOR BUT NOW IT'S GOING TO BE LESS WORK AND A LOT MORE PLAY!

For the Atlantic Family with Frank Parker, see page 51—7 o'clock col.
RELIVE ALL THE EXCITEMENT AND GLAMOR OF A PRESIDENTIAL TRIP IN THIS VIVID BACKSTAGE STORY

You pick up your newspaper and read that tomorrow morning the President is due to arrive in Fremont, Nebraska, to address an audience of farmers. You resolve to tune in this speech, knowing that by means of your radio you figuratively can go with the nation's Chief Executive on each of his dashes from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

And you might guess that with you on this trip would be radio representatives, newspaper correspondents, and newsreel photographers, all intent on one job—to bring to a curious nation every vivid detail of the stops, the speeches, the crowds.

My share in Mr. Roosevelt's latest trip—the one which carried him from Washington, down across the southern tip of the United States to San Diego, out into the Pacific—was to see that every scheduled broadcast of his actually reached the millions of waiting listeners and to introduce him to these vast audiences.

I joined the Presidential Special at Fremont, Nebraska, for the first broadcast of the trancontinental journey. It had not been an extremely pleasant trip—traveling half across the country all alone; and in the very early hours of that Saturday morning, standing beside the small table at the railroad tracks where our equipment was set up, I felt weary and not too enthusiastic.

Clyde Hunt, Columbia's Washington engineer, had arrived before I did. Clyde doesn't have a particularly leisurely time of it on a Presidential trip. It is his job to care for all the complicated and delicate equipment needed for the broadcasts. He must test, put into good condition, and then pack, some three or four hundred pounds of portable radio paraphernalia; he must go over the great metal-and-wood speaking stand the President always uses when broadcasting, take it apart and slip it into its canvas cases, and add its three hundred pounds to his equipment. And all of this goes wherever Clyde goes, not into the baggage car, for fear something would happen to damage it and prevent a scheduled broadcast.

Incidentally, if the President of the United States should ever come to your city to make an important speech which will be broadcast, look for this speaking stand I've mentioned. It is a large, solid, black stand, with a sloping top on which a manuscript may be placed. In case of wind, there are clips to hold papers firmly, and in case of insufficient light, there is a small concealed electric globe. However, the most important feature of the speaking stand is the hollow "shelf" for microphones; in addition to all the radio stations, the microphone positions will accommodate the newsreels and the public address system which amplifies the speaker's words so that all within sight may hear. The microphones, you see, are sunk out of sight in the speaking stand, which ends the old nuisance of having a speaker half-concealed by a young forest of tall microphones on floor stands.

Clyde, as I say, was at Fremont before me, and had everything ready for the broadcast. There is always so much preparation necessary that it seems almost imperative for him to be at the broadcast point before the presidential party arrives. Yet, as you can see, it is only for the first broadcast that we can arrive ahead of time; afterward, we travel on the Presidential train, once it has caught up to us.

My spirits rose as the sun poked its way over the horizon. The number of people crushing their way to the sta-
I Travel With
ROOSEVELT
BY BOB TROUT, THE PRESIDENT'S ANOUNCER

Tion increased; bands appeared and blared away; a Secret
Service man stood quietly alongside watching with a keen
eye; soldiers tramped down the tracks to keep the crowd in
order. My stop watch ticked on.

That unmistakable ripple of excitement ran through the
crowd. Past the red brick station puffed a locomotive and
two cars—the pilot train. Immediately afterward, the
Presidential Special rolled up; the drums beat and trumpets
blared; we got the air, and weariness and lassitude vanished
for keeps.

The rear observation platform of the train’s last car
stopped in front of me. I had nothing much to do but talk
until the President walked out to deliver his important
address. Standing on the railroad ties, behind the car, I
talked. Meanwhile, we hoisted a stand microphone up on
the platform, so the President could speak from the train.

The instant that he had stopped talking, and the cheers
began, we knew from experience that the business of
the train stop was concluded; and the Special was
impatient to be rolling again. (Continued on page 72)
EXACTLY what happens when you walk off the winner of one of the biggest talent contests radio has ever staged? How much fame and glory and fortune are yours? And how much heartbreak?

Jane Williams has all the answers. And in those answers she has a story to tell to all the young hopefuls who would leave jobs in quest of a pot of gold, all the stenographers, waitresses, bank clerks who dream of radio at the rainbow’s end.

Today Jane co-stars with Phil Ducey on Wednesday evening’s Life Saver program over NBC. Fame, glory, and fortune are within her grasp because neither slights nor rebuffs nor disillusionment could flog her. "They are not hers because she won first place a little more than a year ago in the coast-to-coast Hollywood Hotel contest to find a girl who could sing opposite Dick Powell.

It is this seeming paradox that holds the key to Jane’s present success and which makes her story a vital one to every person with radio ambitions.

Late in the summer of 1934, seven girls were brought to New York—all of them finalists in their sections—to compete for an award which would give the winner a cash prize and a contract to sing on the new, expensive, much ballyhooed Hollywood Hotel hour.

Jane was the winner from the midwest. Like the six other girls she came from obscurity—a bit player on Chicago’s stages and a sustaining singer on local radio stations. Like the others, she was eager, determined to seize this great opportunity which had been offered to her.

"It’s all like a dream—those fairy tale weeks I spent in New York during the contest. A wonderful room at the St. Moritz hotel, a car at our disposal, parties, receptions, pictures, stories about us.

"And then the finals. One awful moment waiting for the announcement. Suddenly having my name called, being told that I had won. From then on, I was the center of a whirlwind of photographers and reporters, people shaking hands, showering congratulations on me, wishing me luck.”

Little wonder that from that moment, until Jane had boarded the train for California, her feet never once touched the ground. A week of sustained thrills before she was taken to the Grand Central station, handed her expense money and a ticket and congratulated one last time. Looking out the window as the train pulled slowly down the track, she saw the group of newly acquired friends wave and turn away. It all seemed like an enchanting dream.

"It’s easy now for me to see where I made my first mistake,” Jane freely admits. "Mistake, but no intimation of the grief and sorrow that lay ahead. No warning that the intoxicating excitement would soon wear off, leaving a hangover of misunderstandings and discouragements.

In those few days it took to get to California I had nothing much to do. And I thought wrong! 'You’re a success,’ I assured myself. 'You’ve arrived.' I didn’t stop to think that winning the contest over the thousands of other girls was only the beginning—that my success was still dependent on the future, on my work and my luck.”

Until that fateful morning when the train puffed to a stop at the Los Angeles terminal, Jane’s visions had been only of rainbow hues. Then, practically overnight, her whole horizon changed and the view was not pleasant.

The first intimation of disaster came as Jane stepped on the platform and waited for someone to greet her. "I’d expected some kind of reception, I guess. It was devastating to realize that I was alone, that there was not a single soul in the whole town who knew me or knew that I had arrived.”

If you’ve ever expected someone to meet you on your arrival in a strange city and been disappointed, you’ll
AUDITION WINNER

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN UNKNOWN IS PICKED TO SING ON A COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM? DOES SHE FIND FAME AND FORTUNE—OR HEARTBREAK?

know how Jane felt, what it means to find a friendly face waiting at the end of a long journey. But Jane had stepped out of her fairy-tale world into a workaday one.

There she was, a stranger in a strange land. The sudden shock, the sobering realization that the fun was over, completed the feeling of desolation that had crept over her. She hailed a cab and gave the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood as the address.

The fare was exactly $4.85—Hollywood is many expensive miles from the Los Angeles terminal, as Jane learned watching the meter tick away the meager savings she still had in her purse. Finally, the cab shuddered to a halt in front of the hotel, her bags were brought inside, she was registered. Then she hurried to call up the director of the radio program, whose name she had been given, and told him where she was.

He sounded cross and busy. “You should have stayed in Los Angeles,” he informed her. “That’s where the studio is. Why didn’t they tell you that in New York?”

So forlornly Jane checked out again, picked up her bags and made the dreary trip back—this time on a trolley car. Her money was going too fast to afford the luxury of another taxi. For the first time since she had won the contest, during that ride across Hollywood, she began to doubt her ability. Fear assailed her. For a moment she nearly fled to the station to catch the eastbound train. But she gritted her teeth, found an inexpensive hotel near the Los Angeles broadcasting studios, and settled down to wait.

WHAT happened the next day and the next? Exactly nothing. Everyone, it seemed, but Jane, had something to do until rehearsals for the program began. In all that bustling city there was no amusement for her but to take long walks along Wilshire Boulevard, to sit in the parks, look into shop windows. And never once anyone to talk to.

Only the thought that soon she would be working, that soon she would again be the contest winner on one of radio’s biggest programs and not just another unknown in Los Angeles, kept her courage from failing completely.

At last the first rehearsal day arrived. Now everything would be different. Eagerly she went to the studio. Standing in the doorway she saw Dick Powell across the room, laughing and talking. Jane started toward him, expecting to meet him. But he was surrounded by people and though he looked past them once and smiled at her in a friendly way, nobody introduced her to him.

She waited, too abashed to tell anyone who she was, lingering on the fringe of every group of co-workers, waiting for someone to recognize her. It was not until afternoon that the program director found her, took her around to meet everyone. And by then the keen edge of her joy had been completely dulled.

When the director, speaking hurriedly, told her that another girl would double for her speaking voice, failing to explain that in radio even the greatest singing stars have doubles, for speaking parts, Jane thought it was because her diction was faulty, that somehow she had already failed, flopped miserably.

When, a short time later, she was told that she would sing one song each week, not (Continued on page 99)

Left above, Jane Williams today as the star of the Life Saver show and, left, as the winner a year ago of the Hollywood Hotel Contest. All you radio hopefuls should read her dramatic story.
Dave Rubinoff and his violin, an old and very valuable Stradivarius. For his program, sponsored by Chevrolet, turn to page 54, nine o'clock column.

Ray Lee Jackson
H E had studied violin at the Warsaw Conservatory of Music—but he was earning his living by his ability to throw his violin in the air, catch it, and go on playing without missing a note.

He knew he could give people music they loved—but he was becoming known from one end of the country to the other as the stooge of Eddie Cantor.

Today, though, Dave Rubinoff can and has talked back.

"People call me 'The Mob Artist,' " he said when I saw him one Sunday afternoon four weeks after he had started the series of Chevrolet programs on which you hear him. His violin, and his orchestra every Saturday evening. "That's what I am, and I'm proud of it. Don't people have a right to hear music they can understand played in a popular way? Why should music be understood and enjoyed by just a handful of people in order to be any good?"

We were in his pent-house apartment—a luxurious place, high above New York's Riverside Drive, done in cream, silver, and brown; glass, chromium, and Iamb's wool. The furnishings all spoke of comfort, ease, and wealth, but the sight of Rubinoff, in his shirt sleeves, sitting on the floor beside a portable phonograph on which he had just finished playing back a recording of his last night's broadcast for the criticism of his brother Phil, reminded me that it takes as much hard work to become a mob artist as a select one.

It was hard, in the midst of such surroundings, to realize that a few months earlier Rubinoff had voluntarily given up one of the best positions in radio, that of featured violinist with Eddie Cantor. I knew that when he and Eddie parted company, he had had no prospects for a program of his own. I wondered what had prompted him to make this drastic move. Had he and Eddie quarreled? Had there been jealousy between them, a clash of temperaments?

Later, I asked him, and what he told me proved how life can play tantalizing tricks, promising one thing and delivering another—or, worse, giving us what we want just long enough to whet our appetites, then snatching it away again. As he told the story I began to see, too, why a man should leave a program on which he has become popular and successful, refusing to sign a contract which meant thousands of dollars to him every week.

The story really goes back a dozen years, to the time when Rubinoff came to Minneapolis, bringing with him the only weapon he had with which to earn his living, his violin. It had served fairly well so far—he had been leader of his school orchestra in Pittsburgh, where his family first settled upon coming to America from their native Russia. And with the orchestra he had made a cross-country tour.

He intended to get a job playing in a theater and earn enough money to go on studying. After a time he did get a job—as soloist on the Finkelstein and Ruben circuit, which supplied specialty acts to moving-picture houses—but his work consisted of playing the hottest of hot jazz in small neighborhood theaters, and the reason for his popularity was that he could juggle his violin as well as play it. Even if you weren't musically inclined you could have a fine time while Rubinoff was on the stage.

He kept the job, though, and went on studying, learning more about music. Some day he'd be able to hold an audience with his music, without having to resort to vaudeville tricks.

You probably are familiar with the years between then and his radio debut; you know how he left the Middle West and came to New York, conducting orchestras and playing solos in the great Broadway theaters. It looked as though the day he'd dreamed about had come—and so it had, but only until the future was ready to uncurl that other little trick it had up its sleeve.

Rubinoff's place on Broadway was secure in 1931, when he was given the job of staging a weekly radio show for Chase and Sanborn coffee. And right here is where he reminded me of something I'd forgotten.

"I began the Chase and Sanborn hour," he said. "It was a show something like the one I have now, all music—an orchestra, and solos by vocalists and me. After a while they began giving me guest stars, to make the show more elaborate, but mostly it was music. I was happy with it—I knew my music was reaching thousands of people, and from their letters I knew they were enjoying it."

Then the sponsors signed Eddie Cantor as one of the guest stars and his success on one appearance was so great that he was given a long-term contract.

EDDIE'S advent on what had been Rubinoff's program was in reality a milestone in the latter's life. It added to his fame, and also, quite by accident, it turned him into a comedian.

"One night, during a broadcast, Eddie made some kidding remark about me," Rubinoff said. "'I don't remember what it was—maybe it was 'Rubinoff always closes his eyes when he plays his violin because he's so tender-hearted he can't bear watching people suffer.' Whatever it was, it wasn't in the script, just something Eddie happened to think of and toss off. The studio audience laughed so hard that the next week some gags about me were put in the script—and that's how the feud started. It was the first radio feud—long before Winchell and Ben Bernie started theirs."

"That Rubinoff did close his eyes when he played, and did have an accent, after all his years in America, and did come from Russia, made Eddie's gaily libelous comments on him all the funnier. The script never allowed Rubinoff to get back at Eddie. Every time (Continued on page 69)

By DAN WHEELER

WHAT IS THE STORY BEHIND THE MAESTRO'S LEAVING EDDIE CANTOR TO STAR ON HIS OWN SHOW?
When They

Upper left,
why Miss Harriet Hilliard!
That's no way to look—even at
Ozzie. What would your mother say?
Upper right, that beautiful child to the
left is Joan Blaine, ribbon and all, now
starring on the Princess Pat and Mary Marlin
shows. Left, Ozzie Nelson himself, all bundled
up for an early winter. Right, Sir Launcelot
(Lanny) Ross, done up in a starched collar and
pretty darn dignified and worldly too, at the age
of nine. Lower left, Lowell Thomas, aged six,
and his mother in a pose that stirs fond mem-
ories of home. Lower right, one year old and
not enjoying herself very much is Elsie Hitz.
Dangerous Paradise heroine. Elsie's hair is
longer now, she's not half as fat, and
her voice is one of the most perfect
the microphone has found. And
no one can say she's not as
attractive!
"One milk on the house,"
thirteen-month-old Virginia Ver-rill, now a CBS star, coyly signals.
Upper right, that old maestro Dave Rubinoff without a violin, but with brother Phil and brother Charlie. Nice posing, David. Left, don't seem so bored, Frank Crumit. We know you're handsome at the age of five, but so is your dog. Right, if it isn't Bernadine Flynn and an older sister, all done up for a party. Lower left, once a comedian always a comedian. No one with a grin and a twinkle like that could be anything but funny.
Oh, it's Al Pearcel! Lower right, Amos, aged eight and Andy, aged six (months). Amos is standing outside his school in Richmond, Virginia, feeling very handsome in those short pants. But Andy probably thinks otherwise.
Upper left,
Gale Page is pretty
nearly as good looking now as
she was at the age of six months.
Upper right, ole debbil sea had Phillips
Lord (Seth Parker) in its clutches way back
when Phil was seven. Left, Gertrude Berg
was always a home girl (note the pigtails), so
why shouldn't she write about home life?
Right, watching with nonchalance while the
photographer gives him the birdie is Wendall
Hall, whose hair was even more red in those
days. Lower left, Anne Seymour gets our
vote for the cutest. Lower right, "Ah hah.
Lay off that crooner stuff, see?" pouts
master Rudy Vallee, aged five. And
the same Rudy, aged one and a
half, trying out a brand
new thumb.
Were Very Young

Upper left, to think that Sunday nights Niela Goodelle has been overheard claiming she was a homely girl. Above, grasping the silver-plated growler is Art Van Harvey—Vic of Vic and Sade to you. The age is seven. Left, the East Side fashion plate, radio's best-dressed man, master Frankie Parker, who thought high-button shoes were the nuts. Right, when Jack and Loretta Clemens see this our life will be worth a lot less than the picture. Lower left, Harry Lillis Crosby, aged nine, and just about as romantic as he is now. Bing always did have a weakness for caps. Lower right, Francia White didn't much suspect that she had a voice when this was taken, though we might from the pose.
MY visitor from out of town, head tilted back, studied the huge illuminated cabaret sign overhead at Broadway and 49th Street.

"I've heard of that 'NTG' somewhere," she said. "Hasn't he begun to broadcast lately?"

And there you have the peculiar position of Nils Thor Granlund, so much a part of the Broadway parade, so long and steadily one of its brightest lights, that his initials are enough to identify him; but known only vaguely or not at all outside of New York until recently when he became Master of Ceremonies on his own show, every Tuesday evening over NBC's Red network.

True, NTG has been broadcasting only a few months, but when he began his present series of programs he was returning to a field he pioneered long before most of today's big radio names were ready to take the crazy idea seriously. Some of them hadn't even heard of it at the time NTG was on the air for six hours a day, every day.

And as for the Amateur Hour—why, that was NTG's idea, and his was the first program of that kind ever to assault the air!

Back in 1915, NTG—only he hadn't acquired the nickname then—was press agent for the Loew Theaters. His job was to provide, and keep providing, capacity audiences for 25 houses in the chain. It occurred to him then, that if he were compelled to use people from the neighborhood now and again, in place of professional vaudeville performers, they would bring out their friends to see them. He tried the idea out and met with such instant success that it was put into effect over the entire circuit. Everywhere the "amateur night" was hailed with glee.

At first, weekly prizes were given. Then Granlund had another idea. He introduced a one-hour musical show with sixteen chorus girls and the principals all recruited from the neighborhood. This innovation too was adopted for the entire circuit.

One day, somebody told him about a new gadget called a "radio set." You talked into the thing on one end, and on the other people sitting in their homes could hear your voice. Granlund thought he'd better investigate this radio thing to which people sat listening when he wanted them to leave their homes and come to his theaters.

George Shubel, owner of the sending station, was wrestling with the problem of securing entertainment to send out over the airwaves. Entertainers were not only skeptical, but frankly unbelieving; and Shubel was not in a position to pay for talent. When Granlund offered his amateurs, Shubel received him, his offer and his performers with open arms. Granlund was not convinced that the claims made for the contraption were bona fide; but it was in his make-up to try anything and everything once at least.

"If a single guy rings that telephone. I'll believe the whole thing," he told Shubel. Over the air he requested that those listening in telephone or write him which of the amateurs on the program was best so he could arrange an award.
for the winner. Phone calls and letters came pouring in.

Convinced that the contraption was on the level, Granlund hurried with his news to his chief, "This is a marvelous thing!" he told Loew.

That grand old showman demanded to know whether his press-agent hadn't perhaps gone crazy? "If it keeps people at home like you say, it will ruin the show business! And you want me to sponsor it!"

"Just the same, Chief," Granlund insisted, "it's the coming thing in entertainment, whether you like it or not. Let's take the station, buy it or rent it. Let's put it on top of the State Theater Building, make it work for us and we'll have something!"

Loew was convinced, leased the station for ten years and put it on top of the Loew's State Building at 1690 Broadway.

"And did I have a good time!" Granlund reminisces with relish. "I hauled everybody who was anybody on Broadway into that studio and stood them up in front of the mike. 'It's a toy, I'd kid them. 'Get up here and say something and I'll show you a neat trick.' After they'd finished their stuff, I'd ask for telephone calls."

Nils Thor Granlund shipped before the mast and risked his neck in auto races before beginning the career that brought him fame. Below, auditioning one of the Broadway chorus girls whom he presents on the air every Tuesday night. At the right, rehearsing for the broadcast.

Granlund laughs when he tells how most of the stars didn't want to believe 'even when telephone calls were received.

"It's a fake. You just fix those calls yourself," Eddie Cantor insisted after his first experience before the microphone. The station was still on the air when he accused Granlund thus of playing a practical joke on him. Almost immediately the telephone rang.

"I heard you all right, Mr. Cantor and it's no fake," the caller assured him.

Cantor was not completely assured, however, until the next day's postal deliveries brought him some 9,000 letters. He believed in radio then! Even got around to the point where he begged for a chance to sing!

So did Al Jolson, George Jessel and Harry Richman.

Granlund and Richman carried on a feud in front of the mike that had listeners taking sides and sending in the sort of letters that would help the good fight along. When the two contestants ran out of names to call each other they used to cull a fresh supply of ammunition from the fan mail.

Al Jolson used the radio for talking to his wife at home in Scarsdale. He would come up to the studio between performances of whatever show he happened to be doing, and tell Mrs. Jolson that he would be detained downtown, would be home at . . . or would not be home till morning, sometimes!

Irving Berlin and Benny Davis sang all their new songs over "NTG's" radio. He introduced them all as "terrible."

"I dressed everybody down, it made people laugh. Once an audience has been made to laugh, it's in a more receptive mood and the performer benefits. Besides, it was all in fun. We in the studio enjoyed ourselves, and if anybody happened to be listening, okay. They could enjoy themselves with us."

It was his popularity which gave Granlund the nickname that has stuck ever since. Pioneer radio listeners, dinky ear-phones clamped to their heads, harassed by static and interference, couldn't understand his name. And they wanted to know it, and wrote in to the station asking for it. So he simply announced "This is NTG," which thereupon became his official title.

Even "big names" in those days received no pay for their radio work. All performers were amateurs, earning their living in some other job. One little girl came to the studio every Tuesday and Thursday for two years, rain or shine, like clockwork, doing her program for pleasure and self-expression.

She was a secretary to Caleb Bragg, famous sportsman, and getting $35 a week, Granlund said. "That was wonderful money for that time. But I thought she was good, and offered her a job in a night club I was interested in. She wouldn't take it. She was afraid she'd be a flop as a professional entertainer and then be out of a salary altogether."

Her name was Ethel Merman.

At first, entertainers had been intrigued by radio and had given their services to it gratis, or in exchange for publicity. Granlund realized that this sort of arrangement could not continue indefinitely. Besides, it was one of his tenets, as it still is, that anything acceptable in the way of entertainment should be recompensed. He wanted to pay his artists. But stations were expensive propositions to run.

To pay artists, he would first have to make a station productive of revenue. The only advertising done on NTG's station was for the Loew Theaters, so he decided to experiment with the radio as a medium (Continued on page 70).
By BILL STUART

THEY RISK THEIR LIVES TO BRING YOU THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING EVENTS AS SOON AS THEY HAPPEN

the ROVER BOYS of RADIO

IT happened one day last summer.

A raging storm had howled over New York State for two days and millions of dollars and scores of lives had been lost as the devastating floods it brought virtually wiped out village after village.

Attendants at the airport in Syracuse, New York, hearing the noise of a descending plane above the whine of the wind, rushed out on the field in a frantic effort to warn it away. The field, being resurfaced, was covered with row after row of spikes. As they did, a vivid flash of lightning revealed the plane, gleaming and ghostlike, suspended above the sharp points. Then the brief glare was gone and through the grayness they heard the desperate coughing of the ship's motor, a crash, and the ripping of fabric...

When they reached the plane, the pilot was out, examining the tail, which had been caught by one of the spikes, and congratulating his two passengers on their luck in not having turned over. But Dan Russell and Charlie Russhon weren't paying much attention. They were unloading several canvas covered packages of NBC equipment and thinking of what they would say to millions of listeners about the destruction they had witnessed.

That is about the best way for you to meet two of the Rover Boys of Radio. In action! For that is how they generally are. Their adventures in bringing the world thrilling special events make insipid the exploits of those three brothers of fictional derring-do.

It happens that Russell and Russhon, who brought spectacular word pictures of those New York floods to your loudspeaker less than an hour after their near disaster at the Syracuse airport, are with the National Broadcasting Company and work under the direction of Bill Lundell, special events chief. That doesn't mean that Columbia hasn't a similar department. Columbia has. It is under the supervision of Paul White; and some of the battles that have raged between the two great nets for scoop programs have added spice to the lives of these two men.

The announcers who do special events are good ones, chosen because they can bring drama and tragedy to your sitting room—and make it live—under the most hazardous circumstances. Imagine yourself giving, on the run, a detailed account of a bulldog chewing the seat out of your pants, and you'll get a vague idea.

The Rover Boys have never had to describe the nibbling of a bulldog at their posteriors, but that is about the only thing they haven't done. Each week they go forth without the fanfare of publicity and contribute new gray hairs to the worried heads of their insurance men and spare parts of their anatomy to hospital receiving wards. They do it blithely, with thought only to their diction, never to their safety.

Several years ago, Columbia decided it might be an ex-
cellent stunt to cover a special meeting of 25,000 Socialists at Madison Square Garden in New York City. It was, although Paul Douglass, one of the ace announcers on the Columbia staff, almost had his ears knocked off while doing the job.

Douglass, with an engineer, was setting up his equipment in the huge arena and keeping close tabs on the movements of the cheering Socialists when the great doors broke open and 3,000 wild-eyed Communists poured in, determined to break up the meeting. The cheering gave way to yelling, the smack of the chairman's gavel to the crack of heads and the crash of bodies against the rows of chairs.

Paul, his own eyes wide with excitement, went into action describing the scene. The battle surged about him as the police joined in; and though at one point he received a dizzying blow from a club, and at another he and the engineer had to do some lusty swinging themselves to protect their microphones, he finished the job all in one piece.

It was a Columbia scoop, well earned. Columbia has had a lot of them; and so has NBC. Always, the rivalry between the two is red hot. The (Continued on page 79)
It happened at the Grove Street School, in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in 1915. The gawky, gangling, overgrown boy with the ridiculous mop of golden hair was about to be expelled by the Eighth Grade teacher. The rascal had put honey in the inkwell again!

Today, honey in the inkwell. Yesterday, spit-balls. The day before, that maddening drumming on the bottom of the desk. And he thought she didn't know who was responsible! Sitting there with that perfectly straight face, except at times when he thought she wasn't looking. For months she had been giving him a "D" in deportment, but that didn't faze him. When she reminded him of this disgraceful blotch on his report card, he only remarked that all the other A's in reading, writing, 'rithmetic, even history, sorta made up for it, didn't they? Well, it had gone on long enough. A's or no A's, this young man was about
to be sent home in disgrace. The teacher had had enough.
"Nelson Eddy!" The command in her voice was not to be
denied. That young innocent stood up.
At that moment the singing teacher entered the room. She
spoke in a whisper to the Eighth Grade teacher. "Would
you let Nelson be excused for a half hour?" she asked. "We
have visitors in the singing class and I need him. He's the
only one in the lot that can really sing. Please...?"
The Eighth Grade teacher saw this as a way out of the
ordeal she had just set herself. "You can have him!" she
agreed quickly.
The surprised singing teacher beckoned to her favorite,
and, both gloating, they left the room.
This incident occurred only three weeks before gradu-
ation, and the teacher, thinking it over that evening, de-
cided that she could put up with the Eddy boy, for his
folks' sake, until then.
So, accordingly, at the age of fourteen, Nelson Eddy
received a diploma from Grammar School. It was the last
regular school he ever attended.
Shortly afterwards, Nelson's mother took him with her to
Philadelphia, to live. Nelson knew the state of the family
budget, and decided, of his own accord, that there would
not even be a high-school education for him. But what
did he care? He could make money. Hadn't he already
made a little money, singing in the choirs of various
Rhode Island Churches? True, the most he had ever re-
ceived was $7 a month, but that was something anyway.
His uncle offered him a job of telephone operator at his company, and the boy
started to work for $8 a week. In a few months he had taken on the duties of filing
clerk, as well. Later he became shipping clerk. Finally, he got himself a night job
on a Philadelphia newspaper. In turn, Nelson became a printer's devil, an obitu-
ary writer, and finally a cub reporter. From there he went to an advertising
agency, wrote copy and later took over the duties of art director.
"All this on a grammar school education
you ask?" Well, not exactly. for though Nelson had left school for ever, he didn't
stop studying, and hasn't yet. The dip-
oma from Grove Street School is not the
only diploma he has ever received. In fact,
one of Nelson's prized collections today is
a neatly bound packet of diplomas
authentic ones, by gosh, with gold seals,
and ribbons and everything. One is from
a music school which offers singing lessons,
via correspondence. Another is from an
art school which teaches drawing by mail. A third is
from a school of foreign languages. And one of them.
the strangest of all, is a diploma which Nelson drew up
for himself, and awarded to himself, in the fanciest print-
ing he was capable of reproducing!

By KATHERINE HARTLEY

Right, rehearsal at famous Lake Tahoe
on location for Nelson's newest M-G-M
picture, "Rose Marie," with director
W. S. Van Dyke and Jeannette MacDonald.
YOU'VE doubtless wondered about the sudden return to the air of many orchestras playing in New York hotels. The answer to your reasonable curiosity is that the hotels have finally capitulated to the musicians' union and decided to pay the union tax of $3.00 per player per broadcast.

Now you are able to hear over NBC and CBS networks, such orchestras as Bernie Cummins at the Hotel Roosevelt; Vincent Lopez, Hotel Ambassador; Ted Fio Rito, Hotel New Yorker; Ozzie Nelson, Hotel Lexington; Hank Halstead, Park Central Hotel; Harold Stern, Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Enoch Light, Hotel Governor Clinton.

The tax had been ruled by the union in an effort to help unemployed musicians. The hotels said no pay. The union said no play. So for many months you heard bands from other cities, many of them unknown to you before, and many of those unknown pretty good at that. Certainly it did serve to bring new orchestras to your attention and to that of network officials. The tension was really broken when the Fifth Avenue Hotel decided to pay the tax in order that Stern's orchestra might be heard over NBC. Shortly afterward, the Hotel St. Moritz decided to fall in line and permit Little Jack Little to be heard on CBS.

Unfortunately, soon after that, Little Jack fell ill from overwork, and he had to terminate his engagement. He is taking a vacation and a rest under doctor's orders. Just now, it is hard to predict when he will be back on the air.

BUDG Q. ORCHESTRANAGLE

STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD are all broken up, temporarily. But they're not mad at each other. Stoopnagle wants a rest, if you call an auto trip from New York to California a rest.

Bud Hulick doesn't want one. Consequently he's doing something he's always wanted to do. He's organizing his own popular music orchestra. Perhaps by the time this reaches you, you've already heard him on CBS. He is going to sing, at which he is quite as good as at being a funny fellow, and act as master of ceremonies. Not only may you be hearing him, but you may see him, if he happens to land near you on one of his one night stands.

The two expect to get back together as a comedy team sometime in January. Whether or not Budd will continue with the orchestra after that, remains to be seen—and heard.

Kenny for Benny

YOU understand, of course, why Michael Bartlett was replaced by young Kenny Baker as tenor of Jack Benny's program after such a short engagement. Mike had to leave the mike to work on a new motion picture assignment with Grace Moore with whom he starred in "Love Me Forever."

It is said that Phil Regan, who left New York radio studios for Hollywood movie studios, was considered for the replacement, but that his price was too high.

As a consequence, Kenny Baker, who won Eddy Duchin's Radio Open Tournament over 1,000 other contestants in Los Angeles this summer, was selected after auditions. Kenny, a native of Monrovia, California, is twenty-three. He has already appeared in two films, "The World Moves On" and "George White's Scandals."

His singing voice is described as a lyric tenor. The speaking voice is—well, anyway, it isn't his natural manner. It's all in fun.
WHEN Bob Crosby was about to start his new series on NBC, he was still so weak from an attack of pneumonia that the doctor ordered him to stay in bed. Brother Bing, hearing of it, immediately offered to take his place on the opening broadcast.

"Nothing doing," Bob said. "This is my big chance and I'm going to make good on my own."

Out of bed he popped and rushed to New York. It is characteristic of Bob that he refuses to trade on his brother's reputation.

You'll be interested in these comparative statistics on the two Crosby boys:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Bob</th>
<th>Bing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Born</td>
<td>1913</td>
<td>1904</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Height</td>
<td>Six feet</td>
<td>Five feet nine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>185 lbs.</td>
<td>165 lbs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Color eyes</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Blue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First On Air</td>
<td>Chicago, 1930</td>
<td>Los Angeles, 1927</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

with Anson Weeks' orchestra singing with Al Rinker

Frances Langford, opposite page, is winking at you from Hollywood, where she's making pictures for M-G-M. Above, a trio of maestros—Emery Deutsch and Ted Fio Rito and Ozzie Nelson. They've patched up their musicians' union difficulties, and now you can hear them on network sustaining programs. Left is Gogo DeLys, who has her own show every Thursday and Saturday evening on CBS.

WHAT THIS SPARKLING DEPARTMENT GIVES YOU

1. All the latest news and gossip about popular music and musicians.
2. The exact size and personnel of famous orchestras.
3. Inside facts about signature songs and theme songs.
4. Where your favorite radio orchestras are playing each month.
5. A chance to get your own questions about popular songs and bands answered.
PEOPLE are always writing to me saying they can tell how happy and contented George is, just by the sound of his voice on the radio, and wanting to know how in the world I have made such a great success of my marriage.

So I have decided I ought to tell everybody my secret for successful married life. There are so many young brides in the world who would be grateful for some advice from an experienced wife like me that it seems selfish to keep it all to myself.

I am sure my marriage is a success because George often says I am proof a man can get used to anything. I only hope he doesn't say that to all the girls he meets.

The reason for my success is simply this—I always have a campaign to keep George happy (sometimes I call it a system). Don't ever make your husband worry over how to be happy; he has enough other worries on his mind. Of course, maybe your husband will be unselfish, like my Georgie, and not want you to have a campaign. You mustn't let him fool you, though, because he doesn't really mean it.

At first George tried to get me not to have a campaign, but that was only because he didn't want me to worry myself. I know he loves it, because every time I stop he buys me presents. He does that so I'll start again, because he's too shy to ask me to.

One of the best ways to make your husband happy is to think up little surprises for him when he least expects them. For instance, Georgie never knows when I am going to bake a surprise layer cake for him. He loves them. I like to make layer cakes too, because that way I can cook three cakes in one pan at the same time. You know, one layer on top of the other.

Here's how I make my surprise layer cakes.

I go into the kitchen and blindfold myself—and anything I pick up I put into the cake. Then we have a double surprise, because what George finds in the cake is as much a surprise to me as it is to him. What George likes most about the cakes is that whenever he has lost things, like collar buttons, old razor blades or cuff links, he almost always finds them in my surprise layer cakes.

Of course all wives aren't good enough cooks to do that. But here is a surprise even young brides can accomplish.

I always hide the telephone in different parts of the house, so that when the phone rings George can have fun hunting for it. That takes him all over the house, and breaks the monotony.

But, just my luck, ever since I cut the telephone line so that I could hide the phone in (Continued on page 82)
Are they too hot for radio? Drew Pearson and Bob Allen, above and upper left, are the two newspaper men who wrote "Washington Merry-Go-Round," best-seller of a few years ago. Now they air their political comments on the Mutual network, 7:45 Tuesdays and Saturdays, and some of their stations carefully announce they're not responsible for what the boys say... Left, Patricia Gilmore, soloist with Enric Madriguera. She's nineteen, was born in New York, has been singing a year.
Above, Jimmy Donnelly and Janice Gilbert, the Collins children, who live next door to the O’Neills in NBC’s popular afternoon show. Jimmy’s nine, has been in radio since he could read a script. Janice, ten, specializes in imitating radio and screen stars. Left is Kay Weber, soloist with Bing Crosby’s Jimmy Dorsey band. Born in Kansas, began radio career in Denver singing with orchestras. Fritz Scheff, left below, gave up retirement to be featured in Tuesday night’s Lavender and Old Lace over CBS. A beloved star three decades ago, she was the first to sing “Kiss Me Again.” Vienna-born, she’s red-haired, vivacious. Below, Freddie Rich, maestro on Red Horse Tavern and Penthouse Party. Began playing the piano when he was six, taught music in high school, has toured Europe with his orchestra. He conducted a command performance for the King and Queen of England. Likes to play golf. Below right, Johnny Augustine, orchestra leader for Saundra Brown and Marty May on CBS, made his début at the age of five, playing a violin. Studied medicine in school, but deserted classrooms and laboratories in favor of music and the vaudeville stage.
Jimmy Dorsey, above, won the coveted job of leading Bing Crosby's orchestra on the latter's new program. He and brother Tommy organized their band in 1934, seven months later were being acclaimed on Broadway. Now they have a band apiece... Don Hix, right, is the Old Skipper whose gang of talented kids comes to you over NBC Saturdays at 1:30. Has been a newspaperman, movie director and actor, cartoonist, still writes a column for children in a Baltimore paper. His eleven-year-old daughter acts in his shows... Rachel Carlay, below, singer on Sunday nights' Manhattan Merry-Go-Round hour, was born in Brussels, went to Paris to star in the Folies Bergere and French movies, is unmarried, brunette, an excellent horseback rider... Below right, Teri Josefovits, guest pianist with Bert Stevens' orchestra, Mondays at 4:30 on NBC. He's Hungarian, came to this country as a child, has played in vaudeville and the concert stage from South America to Canada, studied under famous European teachers. You may soon hear him on his own sustaining program.
Elizabeth Love, below, is Leslie Howard's leading lady in "The Amateur Gentleman," Sundays at 8:30 over CBS. She's from Florida, got her first stage job because of her real Southern accent, is an expert swimmer. Her hobby is psychology.

Senator Fishface, above, and Professor Figgsbottle, left, are Elmore Vincent and Don Johnson when they aren't hiding behind all that shrubbery. They're the comics on NBC's Design for Listening, Sunday at 4:30 . . . Elaine Melchior, below, besides playing the role of villainess Ardala Valmar in the Buck Rogers show, is also an artists' model and painter.
THEY stood under an old gnarled tree on which apples hung October red, Blanche Sweet and Raymond Hackett; and the Justice of the Peace of that little Connecticut town, closing Raymond’s big brown hand over Blanche’s small white one, said, “I now pronounce you man and wife.”

Blanche wore a beige crepe suit with fox fur and there was a spray of those yellowish, greenish orchids pinned on her shoulder. Dorothy Gish, who has been her friend since the two began their climb in motion pictures some years ago, stood up with her. And Raymond had his brother, Albert, for his best man.

A friendship which had woven itself haphazardly through a dozen years and a romance which had grown dear through as many months came to its happy ending.

It’s curious, I think, how two lives will cross, how two people will meet, talk about a dozen things, say goodnight and part to be caught up in their own lives again. And how all this time they will be completely unaware that the patterns of their two lives swing closer and closer and that it’s only a matter of time until they will merge and blend to become one pattern happier and more complete than either in itself ever was.

That’s how it was with Blanche Sweet and Raymond Hackett.

They saw each other first at Catalina Island, off California’s coast. Raymond and two companions, after a week-end on the island, had left for San Pedro in a small boat and had had to put back when a storm came up. Raymond was concerned because the following morning he had an early call at the studio and he knew there was little chance of reaching the mainland once darkness fell. Where upon the host of the small yachting party of which Blanche was a member invited Raymond to return with them.

Blanche didn’t sit behind the canvas lashed along the side as protection against the storm on the way back. She likes the feel of the spray and the rain. And it happened Raymond does, too. They sat aft, alone, talking sometimes, sometimes silent while that gray, rainy Sunday settled into chilly darkness.

“I remember,” Blanche says now, “that I liked the way Raymond reacted to things. Frequently in answering something I said he completed my thought for me. But when we docked at San Pedro and said ‘Goodbye, be seeing you some other time perhaps,’ that was the end of it.”

The next some other time for them turned out to be a dinner party over a year later. The table was long and Blanche was only vaguely aware of a familiar face in the misty glow of the candles burning. After dinner she didn’t see him at all, for he went off to the fights with some of the men.

MONTHS lengthened into years. Raymond, reading Blanche had signed with Metro, and Blanche, reading Raymond was to play with Ruth Chatterton in “Madame X” or appear in “The Trial of Mary Dugan,” would remember the bite of spray on their cheeks and the smell of damp clothes and steamer rugs.

So it went. It was the year before they both arrived in New York to work in the theater and saw each other again. On Hollywood Boulevard this time. “There’s Raymond Hackett,” the friend driving with Blanche announced, nodding toward the young man waiting at the crossing.

After that, Raymond played with Lillian Gish on the New York stage in “No. 9 Pine Street” and “Camille.” Blanche went on a vaudeville tour. She was preparing to open in Chicago—in fact the bills advertising her appearance already were posted—when her agent telephoned he had signed her (Continued on page 61)

They met a dozen different times without knowing that there was love between them.

For Blanche Sweet’s beauty program, turn to page 50—12 o’clock col.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP LED TO THIS STAR’S RECENT MARRIAGE

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

BLANCHE SWEET’S LOVE STORY

41
THE INSIDE STORY OF WIRED RADIO

You've heard about it, talked about, maybe even read about it, but not until now have all the facts hidden by clouds of speculation and uncertainty been revealed. So, with the help of crossed fingers and a white beard, we're about to tell for the first time the whole story of broadcasting's latest trend—wired radio.

It's exciting, different, and it may soon usher in a whole new era in airwaves entertainment. It's—but you probably won't believe that it's possible for the plan to work, until you hear all the details.

Wired radio, in brief, is the following: for a certain monthly sum, you will have on tap in your home eighteen hours a day a continuous flow of three types of music of which you take your choice. It will come through a brand new loudspeaker and at no time will it be interrupted by announcements of any kind. No introductions, no advertisements, no identifications. That, my friends, is wired radio.

Practical? In Cleveland, Ohio, a goodly portion of that fair city already has been equipped with the necessary apparatus and for some time music, whole and true, has been flooding steadily into these homes, and two of the country's largest businesses are connected with this vast enterprise—the telephone companies and the electric light companies.

What artists will you hear? Imagine, if you will, lolling back in your easy chair of a cold winter's evening and hearing in succession the music of Ray Noble, Hal Kemp, Andre Kostelanetz, Glen Gray, Isham Jones, Johnny Green, Leon Belasco, Fats Waller, Louis Prima, Willard Robison, Joe Venuti, and Emil Coleman.

To this evening's entertainment there would be but one drawback—you'd have to guess whose band each one was. No identifying announcement would be made.

And what is the catch? This: it's up to you, the listening public, whether such a scheme of broadcasting

No advertising, no announcements, just a steady flow of music—that's what wired radio will offer if its plans are carried out. You may hear these stars soon on this new medium without identification. Left, Johnny Green, Gertrude Niesen; above, Hal Kemp, Glen Gray, and Ray Noble have already made many recordings.
will ever be a public institution of a sort. For, in place of sponsors who advertise their wares on the air, there will be the monthly sum charged to each and every one who uses this new plan. If you think it's worth it, then you can have it. And before long, too. In fact, according to plans disclosed to us, shortly after the first of the year, or just about the time you are reading this.

The sum? For smaller, more inexpensive types of loud-speaker, six cents a day, or roughly, two dollars a month. For the larger, easier-to-look-at speakers, fifteen cents a day or four-fifty a month.

If you're worried about initial expense, forget it. Your home will be equipped without cost to you. You will only be bothered the morning or afternoon engineers come into your living room to install the loudspeaker—one you've never seen, with several important improvements, we've been told.

This equipment you rent from the company as you rent the phone now. When you decide to discontinue the service, the company sends a man to remove the speaker. That's all. And don't worry about this interfering with your phone or light wires. That's taken care of, too, without cost to you and without a lot of electricians cluttering up your house for days on end. The mechanical side, in other words, is infinitely simple, once you make up your mind to spend that monthly sum.

WHEN the engineers leave, you will find close at hand a switch with which you can snap on one of three kinds of music. You can have the jazz music as played by the orchestras mentioned above, and many others for that matter. Or you can have the Victor Herbert type of music—you know, the kind you get in your local tea room, only better. Or third, you can have the semi-classical, the light Sunday evening music, not so heavy you can't digest it after a big evening meal.

One fact we haven't mentioned is, all this music will be electrical recordings. You know, records, played in one small studio in the center of town. Canned music, in other words, but just as good as live, if you are to believe what the engineers behind this project have to say. That's why you get all this music for so little money. The big orchestras can go right on broadcasting in New York, taking a day off now and then to make some records. For the past six months, incidentally, the companies have been building up huge stores of records of the well known stars.

There is a possibility that a few times every day you will hear the one and only voice of a person speaking. The plan is to bring short, to the point, news broadcasts every few hours.

But don't think that this is a sales talk intended to disparage or harm radio in its present form. A year ago, before these details were known, radio was trembling in its boots. It had heard of wired radio and envisioned in it some dire threat to its future happiness and security.

As a matter of fact, there will and can be very little competition between radio and wired radio. Only the present networks with their vast chain of stations and even vaster barrels of money given them by sponsors can hope to send you Major Bowes and Eddie Cantor and Phil Baker and Helen Hayes and Leslie Howard. In other words, any show that's sponsored today certainly will go right on being broadcast.

It is only for those times when you want pure, unblemished music that you will press wired radio into service. Such music is merely intended as a backdrop to your everyday home activities, something you can hear but not listen to, that won't interfere with your bridge or your reading but that will fill the room with melody.

Serious music lovers will still have to seek out the New York Philharmonic or the Ford Symphonic Hour or the General Motors Symphony. Wired radio does not intend to present any such pretentious programs. It doesn't ask, nor does it hope, that you will listen and do nothing else. You might far too soon sicken of (Continued on page 79)
TRACKING DOWN THE CAMEL CARAVAN

Starting at the top left you find the king of accent, Louis McGillicuddy Sorin and Alice Frost, stooge of many nations. Next, Walter (Hatfield) O'Keefe hushing the boos. Above, Ted Husing, football's reporter, reporting how cigarettes NEVER get your wind. Left of Ted, Casa Loma's leader, Glen Gray; left of Glen, Walter again in tux with Deane Janis. And left, Kenny Sargeant singing with musical background.
STARS YOU CAN BROADCAST
Little Jack Little
Nathaniel Shilkret
Boake Carter
Richard Leibert
Ray Heatherton
Johnny Green
Marjorie Logan
Rosario Bourdon
Loretta Lee

BY SAMUEL KAUFMAN

Broadcasting, today, is big business. However, if you are enterprising enough, you not only can enter the field, but can own your own station!

Offhand, it may seem as if we’re discussing something that runs into the tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars. Well, yes! You can spend such amounts if you want to. But, if your location is suitable, your abilities versatile and your ambitions high, you’ve got the essential ingredients to turn out an honest-to-goodness commercial station with small capital. And we’re not speaking of an amateur set-up. We mean a program plant in the same roster as WEAF, WJZ, WABC, WOR, etc.

Sounds hard to believe, eh? Well, just read on!

Your chances of success are better if you live in a small town, preferably a considerable distance from a big city. At such a rural spot you have better odds of getting a government license. Metropolitan area quotas are virtually exhausted. But in small towns the chances of getting the permit are excellent.

A few years ago, there were so many obstacles in the way of the small town station that the start of such a venture seemed a foolish undertaking. But new broadcasting procedure, advanced technical developments and most important of all, the mechanization of programs gave the small stations new leases on life.

Taking it for granted that the little transmitter must be started at limited cost, you might wonder why we mention advanced technical developments. It’s true that the latest types of equipment cost tremendous sums. But it’s such new apparatus that gives the small station owner a break in keeping his expenses down. This is the way it works out:

With the advent of high-fidelity transmitters, new types of antennae, etc., the big stations, ever on the alert to have the last word in equipment, secure the most up-to-date apparatus regardless of cost and the scrapped equipment finds its way to small stations at bargain prices. Thus, technical set-ups that originally cost big city broadcasters virtual fortunes can be procured in a used state at a tiny fraction of original price.

Practical transmitters can be purchased as low as $700. They’re not, of course, the handsome black and chrome showpieces found in a metropolitan station. But they’re efficient instruments that prove their worth when called upon to serve a limited area on low power.

And then you’ll need an operator—that is, if you’re not a licensed commercial operator yourself. On the basis of the number of operators seeking work, the chances are that you can secure an experienced technician in or near your town who could be hired at a moderate salary.

Above, illustrating the equipment on which you can play electrical transcription records of most of radio’s best known entertainers.

And now we come to the subject of headquarters. Well, they certainly can be simple enough. We recently heard of a California station located in a barn—and it supposedly had a good local following. The transmitter space can be very limited. The apparatus can be mounted on a table or desk if the units are not already on a floor rack arrangement. Quite simple forms of antennae can be used.

You would have no need for Roxyesque page boys and comely hostesses. Auditorium-sized studios need never be considered and the worry of distributing studio passes just wouldn’t exist. And the reason for this elimination of swagger and pomp is that there would be no programs that could be seen at the studio. And yet the station can boast of network-calibre programs—in some instances with the cream of NBC and CBS talent participating.

How can the little transmitter afford such talent? How can the artists’ offerings be brought to the distant town without involving costly telephone wire charges and railroad fares? The answer to both questions is electrical transcription.

The electrical transcription (Continued on page 100)
Extreme right, Florence Baker chose this leopard-cat swagger coat with its very new and smart tuxedo revers, standing collar and muff cuffs of beaver. The jaunty hat is of brown felt, with its visor of leopard-cat.

One of I. J. Fox's most stunning evening wraps is this gorgeous three-quarter length snow-white fox cape, modeled by Tania Lubov (right). The skins run lengthwise and it is topped off with a flattering shawl collar.

Tania (at the extreme left) selected the dressy black moiré caracul coat with its outstanding square sailor collar of fine silver fox. She wears a skull-cap velvet hat with flare bow. Pretty Alice Reinheart likes her novelty fur coat of Bombay lamb. The interesting details are its jabot collar and buckle fastenings at the neck and belt. Her hat's black felt with dotted nose-length veil.
Far left, Florence is all set for a week-end at Lake Placid with her traveling coat of emerald green tweed and tuxedo collar of natural lynx. Her chic Tyrolean hat is tobacco brown felt with a pert green feather atop.

Left, Miss Lubov just couldn't resist this ivory caracul evening coat with silver fox collar. Below, Alice in a shoulder cape of fox, dyed a lovely shade of pale blue with its soft satin bow tie of the same pastel coloring.

THE STARS OF THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EXHIBIT THE MOST POPULAR OF THIS SEASON'S FUR FASHIONS FROM I. J. FOX, NEW YORK

For the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by the True Story Magazine, see page 54—9 o'clock column.
All the tears that she had held back on various previous occasions in her life came brimming to her eyes.

By FRED SAMMIS

ALL Mickey knew the next few days was what she read in the daily papers. In the World-Telegram she bought Thursday noon, half way down the radio column, she caught sight of her own name.

"The guest appearance of Miss Mickey Crail (recent winner of an Uncle Jim Amateur Hour) on the Jan Parrish program Saturday night has been canceled due to ill health."

A tiny grim smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. That was the answer she didn't get from Jan last night. Not that she blamed him. He'd probably gotten up this morning with a swollen, black and blue jaw, and infinite contempt for amateurs.

"Amateurs at life," Mickey said scornfully. "that's what Tad and I have been."

Well, there went that radio stardom of hers that Uncle Jim had said didn't belong to her. Yesterday it would have meant much more, but yesterday she hadn't lost Tad so irrevocably. She lived over last night's scenes again.

In the cold light of the morning after, she couldn't see how things might have worked out differently. She knew that Tad had been angry with her because she hadn't obeyed his orders. And she also knew that she would react the same way a hundred times, even if it meant losing Tad each time. No one could treat her like a naughty child as he had done and expect anything else.

She might have gone home then and there. The reason she didn't she would not admit to herself, but it was strong enough, nevertheless, to hold her in New York. Reading the World-Telegram, Tad might see the item about her, might realize what was happening to her. Might come back, this time with sympathy and understanding of what she had been trying to do.

She clung involuntarily to that hope until Sunday noon. Then another, longer item—this one in the society section—wrote for Mickey the finale to a love story she'd been living for years without knowing it.

Underneath a two-column headline, the story began:

"Mr. and Mrs. Jerome K. Van Biddle announce the engagement of their daughter, Marion, to Mr. Tad Byron of Poughkeepsie, New York. Farther down, after a long list of the schools Marion had attended, it added:

M R. BYRON was one of the Uncle Jim Riley amateur winners a short time ago and has been offered contracts by commercial programs. Mr. Byron, however, announced yesterday his intention of entering the well known engineering firm of Shaw and O'Donnell in the near future."

"That," Mickey said, "is that," and all the tears that she had held back on various previous occasions in her life came brimming to her eyes, not this time to be denied.

There was at least the bitter consolation of having confusing points clarified. She knew now why Tad hadn't made his scheduled appearance on the novelty program. He had listened to the Van Biddles, evidently, and been convinced that engineering was, in the end, a worthier occupation than bird calling, something none of her arguments had done.

He had moved so that his guest (Continued on page 76)
Albani's skin care, more about Lily Pons' cosmetics—or help you with your own problems. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope with query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York.

There's the tiny, piquant brunette with chestnut hair personified by Lily Pons, left, who scored a hit in her film début in RKO's "I Dream Too Much." Then there's the beautiful Countess Olga Albani, below, who is the more exotic—Spanish type of beauty. Take a tip from these beautiful stars, brunettes!
We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC SUPPLEMENTARY

CHURCH OF THE AIR: Sun. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Hostess Counsel: Mon. Wed. Fri. 14 hr. KNBC plus coast. [Re-

broading to West. Eastern broadcast at 10:00 n.

George Hall's Orchestra: Tues. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Jack Shannon: Sat. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Matinee Memories: Mon. Thurs. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Nita Taylor & Pete Woolery: Fri. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Musical Footnotes: Sun. 14 hr. WABC.

Richard Chamberlain: Tues. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Sisters of the Skillet: Sun. 14 hr. Basic plus WABC.

Academy of Medicine: Thurs. 14 hr. WABC and network.


Johnny Augustine with Patti Chaplin: Sun. 14 hr. WABC and network.


Joan Monzanares brings his South American orchestra to the air for an in- diced period in the interests of the new Lincoln cor. Ex-

cept for Monzanares himself and his ac-

cordianist, Ramon Litte, the band is composed of women. Dolo-

res and the maestra are the solo-

ists, and the time is 2:30 Sundays.

3:00 Philharmonic Symphony of N. Y.: Sun. 2 hr. Entire network minus WHAS.

Tito Guizar: Sat. 14 hr. WABC and network.

3:30 Hosier Hoyt: Mon. 14 hr. WABC and network.

3:45 Tea at the Ritz: Mon. Wed. Fri. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Do You Remember: Thurs. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Mark Warnow's Orchestra: Fri. 14 hr. WABC and network.

You can travel to the stars, figurative-ly speaking, once a month this winter. Col-

umbia has scheduled four more of these shows to travel from the Hayden Planetarium

in New York, on January 1, February 1, March 1, and April 1. Famous

scientists will talk about such subjects as whether or not it will ever be possible to travel in a rocket to the moon.

Mark Warnow and his Blue Velvvet or-

chestra have moved to a 3:30 schedule on Friday afternoons for the rest of the year. A cosmic com-

pany is sponsoring Columbia's new "Tea at the Ritz" pro-

gram for three times a week at 4:45. Mar-

garet Santry, au-

thor and newspaper columnist, carries her

column in the city radio's got-to network.

Terry and Ted join in "What's on radio's youthful ad-

ventures in the new CBS children's pro-

gram, daily of 5:00. It's the tale of a

cruse in a super-auto-mobile from the

United States... Have you listened to John

Mola, budding tenor star, 5:15 Tuesdays?

3:00 Commercial Comment: Mon. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Salvation Army Band: Thurs. Fri. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Curts Institute of Music: Wed. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Vivian della Chiesa: Fri. 14 hr. WABC and network.

4:45 Chicago Varities: Mon. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Science Service: Tues. 14 hr. WABC and network.

U. S. Army Band: Fri. 14 hr. WABC and network.

3:30 Philharmonic Symphony of N. Y.: Sun. 2 hr. Entire network minus WHAS.

Tito Guizar: Sat. 14 hr. WABC and network.

Lark Long: Tues. Hour WABC and network.

The Oleanders: Thurs. 14 hr. WABC and network.

12 NOON 1PM. 2PM.

12:00 Salt Lake City Tabernacle: Sun. 14 hr. WABC and network.


Blanche Sweet Beauty Talk: Mon. Fri. 14 hr. WABC.

KMOX WJAS WBRC.

WOKO WHEC WET.


6PM.

Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WAAB WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

The Atlanta Family: Sun. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

The Atlantic Sunday Family: Sun. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

Blackstone: Mon. 14 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

Blues Jamboree: Mon. 14 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

Good Morning America: Mon. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

Newsmakers: Mon. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

Radio Mirror: Mon. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

The Atlantic: Mon. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

The Atlantic: Mon. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

7:00 Alexander Woollcott: Sun. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

7:15 Vocalists by Verrill: Mon. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

7:30 Phil Baker: Sun. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

7:45 Radio Mirror: Mon. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

The Atlantic: Mon. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

7:00 Eddie Cantor: Sun. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

8:00 Eddie Cantor: Sun. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

8:30 Leslie Howard: Sun. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

9:30 Fred Waring: Tue. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

10:00 Wayne King: Sun. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

11:00 Jack Benny: Sat. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

11:30 Pick and Pat: Mon. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

12:00 Richard Hulick with His Orchestra: Sat. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

12:30 Voice of Experience: Sat. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

11:30 Pick and Pat: Mon. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

12:00 Richard Hulick with His Orchestra: Sat. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

12:30 Voice of Experience: Sat. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

12:00 Richard Hulick with His Orchestra: Sat. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

12:30 Voice of Experience: Sat. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.

12:00 Richard Hulick with His Orchestra: Sat. 15 hr. Basic plus coast, WABC WCCO WGR WBE WABC WORC WOKO.
**List of Stations**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BASIC BLUE</th>
<th>BASIC RED</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>WMAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBAL</td>
<td>WMT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBZ</td>
<td>WREX</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBZA</td>
<td>WYPR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCKY</td>
<td>WKBZ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCTW</td>
<td>WZKZ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WENR</td>
<td>KDKA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WFIL</td>
<td>KOIL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WQAR</td>
<td>KSFO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHAM</td>
<td>KWWK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WLS</td>
<td>WLS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Supplementary (Used by both Red and Blue networks)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SOUTHEAST</th>
<th>SOUTHWEST</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WFLA</td>
<td>WFBF</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WIOD</td>
<td>WBTB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOCF</td>
<td>WABA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WIS</td>
<td>WISK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJAX</td>
<td>WJWJ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WPTF</td>
<td>WJWX</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SOUTH CENTRAL**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WAPI</th>
<th>WSB</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WAVE</td>
<td>WKCQ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJDX</td>
<td>WSMB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WMC</td>
<td>KVOO</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**COAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>KDLY</th>
<th>KXEG</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>KFI</td>
<td>KQX</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KGO</td>
<td>KOMO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KGW</td>
<td>KPO</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**RED NETWORK**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>11:00</th>
<th>12:00</th>
<th>1:00</th>
<th>2:00</th>
<th>3:00</th>
<th>4:00</th>
<th>5:00</th>
<th>6:00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Major Bowes’ Capitol Family | American Pageant of Youth | Bibliography Dramas | The Magic Key of RCA | The Magic Key of RCA | Sunday Vespers | Penthouse Serenade | Radio Mimer |}
| 12:15  | 12:30  | 1:15  | 1:30  | 1:45  | 2:30  | 3:30  | 4:30  | 5:30  | 6:30  |
AGE SIGNS Start Underneath!

LINES around eyes and mouth!

COARSE PORES!

DRY SKIN!

Tell tale skin faults go... when you stimulate your Under Skin

A MAN can size up a woman's age pretty accurately. It's the little things that tell him at a glance—"she's nearing 30... "in the 40's... "over."

Little lines around your eyes, your mouth! Pores wide-open at close range! Even dry skin says, "she's aging fast."

Tell tale signs of age—what causes them? If every face-pore were a window, you could look deep into your underskin and see—overactive glands loading up your pores, stretching them wide. Underactive glands parching your skin, drying it up. Tiny fibres losing tension—letting ugly lines form outside!

Skin Smooth, Line-free... Most skin faults start the same way—under your skin. Even blemishes and blackheads! But you can rouse those failing glands and fibres to a fresh start—see your skin faultless. Pond's deep-skin Cream is made for this very purpose.

The specially processed oils of Pond's Cold Cream go deep—releasing all the dirt, make-up, secretions wedged in your pores. Right away you see your skin clearer, fresher!

Now spread more Pond's Cold Cream over your deeply cleansed skin. Pat it in briskly. See how your color comes up! Instant proof that your underskin is getting active, young again.

As you keep on using Pond's this way, your skin sheds ugly age signs. Tired lines smooth out. Your pores soon become finer, hard to detect. Your skin takes on a soft feel, a smooth look—a fresh young-girl bloom.

Every Night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream. As dirt, make-up float out, wipe it all off. Pat in more cream briskly. Let it vitalize your underskin... keep your outer skin faultless.

Every Morning (and before make-up) —refresh your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Note your skin's brighter color, renewed vigor. So smooth powder goes on exquisitely!

Start this treatment with the special tube offered below. Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

MRS. W. FORBES MORGAN
one of the Capital's beautiful young social leaders, says: "I never have coarse pores or blackheads—Pond's Cold Cream sees to that! It even makes fatigue lines disappear completely!"

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

Your First Step toward a Younger Skin!

POND'S, Dept. B111, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name:

Street:

City:

State:

Copyright, 1923, Pond's Extract Company
6:00 Jolly Coburn's Orchestra with Connie Gates: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
6:30 Grand Hotel: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:00 Jack Benny with Jolly Coburn's Orchestra: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:15 Jamboree: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:30 Bob Ripley with Ozzie Nelson: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:45 Dangerous Paradise: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
8:00 Leo Spitalny's Orchestra: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
8:30 Evening in Paris: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
9:00 Mid-west Hymn Sing: Tues., 14 hr. WJZ and network
9:30 Orchestra: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
10:00 Life is a Song: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
10:30 Jamboree: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
11:00 Dial 90: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
11:30 The News: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
12:00 King Features

6:00 Jolly Coburn's Orchestra with Connie Gates: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
6:30 Grand Hotel: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:00 Jack Benny with Jolly Coburn's Orchestra: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:15 Jamboree: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:30 Bob Ripley with Ozzie Nelson: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:45 Dangerous Paradise: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
8:00 Leo Spitalny's Orchestra: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
8:30 Evening in Paris: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
9:00 Mid-west Hymn Sing: Tues., 14 hr. WJZ and network
9:30 Orchestra: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
10:00 Life is a Song: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
10:30 Jamboree: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
11:00 Dial 90: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
11:30 The News: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
12:00 King Features

6:00 Jolly Coburn's Orchestra with Connie Gates: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
6:30 Grand Hotel: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:00 Jack Benny with Jolly Coburn's Orchestra: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:15 Jamboree: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:30 Bob Ripley with Ozzie Nelson: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:45 Dangerous Paradise: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
8:00 Leo Spitalny's Orchestra: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
8:30 Evening in Paris: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
9:00 Mid-west Hymn Sing: Tues., 14 hr. WJZ and network
9:30 Orchestra: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
10:00 Life is a Song: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
10:30 Jamboree: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
11:00 Dial 90: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
11:30 The News: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
12:00 King Features

6:00 Jolly Coburn's Orchestra with Connie Gates: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
6:30 Grand Hotel: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:00 Jack Benny with Jolly Coburn's Orchestra: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:15 Jamboree: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:30 Bob Ripley with Ozzie Nelson: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:45 Dangerous Paradise: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
8:00 Leo Spitalny's Orchestra: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
8:30 Evening in Paris: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
9:00 Mid-west Hymn Sing: Tues., 14 hr. WJZ and network
9:30 Orchestra: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
10:00 Life is a Song: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
10:30 Jamboree: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
11:00 Dial 90: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
11:30 The News: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
12:00 King Features

6:00 Jolly Coburn's Orchestra with Connie Gates: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
6:30 Grand Hotel: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:00 Jack Benny with Jolly Coburn's Orchestra: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:15 Jamboree: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:30 Bob Ripley with Ozzie Nelson: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
7:45 Dangerous Paradise: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
8:00 Leo Spitalny's Orchestra: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
8:30 Evening in Paris: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
9:00 Mid-west Hymn Sing: Tues., 14 hr. WJZ and network
9:30 Orchestra: Mon., 14 hr. WJZ and network
10:00 Life is a Song: Sun., 14 hr. WJZ and network
10:30 Jamboree: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
11:00 Dial 90: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
11:30 The News: Mon., Wed., Fri., 14 hr. WJZ and network
12:00 King Features
Here’s Made-to-order Protection!  
3 TYPES OF KOTEX  
DESIGNED FOR DIFFERENT WOMEN—AND FOR DIFFERENT DAYS!

**IN THE BLUE BOX**  
Regular Kotex

**IN THE BLUE BOX**  
Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

**IN THE GREEN BOX**  
Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower—is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

**IN THE BROWN BOX**  
Super Kotex

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

All 3 types have these exclusive features:

**“CAN’T CHAFE”**  
The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special, soft, doway cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

**“CAN’T FAIL”**  
For security Kotex has a channeled “Equalizer” center that guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives “body” but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

**“CAN’T SHOW”**  
The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX  
A SANITARY NAPKIN  
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
ID you ever stop to think that you make the programs you listen to every day? Your wishes are the ones the sponsors and the networks want to consult. If you’re not satisfied yet, shout about it. Sit right down and write us a letter, explaining just what makes you mad. And, of course, we’d also like to know what makes you happy. Don’t forget, Radio Mirror pays for these letters. $20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and $1.00 each for the next five selected. Address your letter to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and mail it in not later than January 23.

This month’s winners:

$20.00 PRIZE
A LESSON IN LISTENING

A man who was looking at a modernistic painting turned to the man standing beside him and said, “What’s the matter with that picture?”

The other man answered, “There is nothing wrong with my picture except the people who look at it.”

That just about expresses my opinion concerning the majority of radio programs today. Of course, every program does not appeal to the same audience, but when I meet people who say they can find nothing worth listening to on their radio I feel very much like saying, “There’s nothing wrong with radio but the folks who listen to it.”

In the first place, we enjoy our radio because we do not select our programs by casually turning the dial “around and round she goes, and where she’ll stop, nobody knows.” After consulting printed radio programs we make a list of the programs we do not want to miss each week.

And, of course, we send penny “thank you” postcards to artists whose work we appreciate. Our one rule for listening, is COURTESY—both to the performer and to other listeners. We extend the courtesy to the performers by tuning the radio properly to assure the best reception, and if the program does not interest us and there are others present, we either read quietly or leave the room unobtrusively, which is courtesy to other listeners.

Mrs. H. F. Young, Swissvale, Pa.

READERS, THIS PAGE IS YOURS!

RADIO NEEDS YOUR BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS. SEND THEM IN

She tapped her way from stardom in pictures to Broadway’s musical success “At Home Abroad,” and finally her dancing feet led her to radio.

$10.00 PRIZE
PLEA FOR PURITY

Is it necessary to have starved or to have sung in low dives, or have wandered down the winding trail, or something like that in order to be a radio star? Or is that all the work of the publicity department? You know, we may be peculiar in the places where I have lived, both large and small, but there are very few of these radio people that we would even associate with.

Of course all are not like this and the bad ones are not confined to radio, or the movies, but we would appreciate a few articles about some wholesome, nice young artists who have never had to go very long without eating, or have had to practically sell their honor in order to live. I know there must be some lovely and charming people who have come through unscathed and are just as interesting. Why don’t we hear about these?

Miss Shyl Reser, Many, La.

$1.00 PRIZE
PLEASE—NO CHANGES!

I know radio talent must keep changing to give variety and something new all the time, but why, oh why, must the scripts be changed? Sometimes a change like this spoils the whole program.

Mrs. Wm. Rowland, Argos, Indiana.

$1.00 PRIZE
CONTEST FAN’S COMPLAINT

I am the prize radio contest fan. I go without new silk stockings so I can buy some soap so I can answer a big money contest. I keep my pencil and paper always at hand, so I can jot down the contests. I answer all of them. Notice, I do not say much about how many prizes I receive.

But I do think the sponsors should give the winners names more than once. For weeks we listen daily to the same story about the “big opportunity" to make easy money. Then after the contest date closes there is such a profound silence about the contest that we begin to wonder if they really did have one.

Often the announcement is made that “Next Friday (or whatever day it is going to be) we will announce the main prize winners in our recent contest,” if one happens not to be able to get to a radio on that certain time, it is just too bad. Of course, every contest usually hears about his or her good luck before the (Continued on page 96)
What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 9)

Jones and Hare, without benefit of advance publicity and without pay, sang for an hour and a half straight and the program abruptly concluded when they collapsed from sheer exhaustion.

When John Gambling was an engineer at WOR . . . When Jessica Dragonette was beginning to attract attention with the Light Opera Company under the direction of Harold Sanford . . . When the Shannon Four, who later became the Revelers, most famous quartette in radio, were singing on a mayonnaise program . . . When Phil Cook was the Musical Chef, accompanying himself on the ukulele from a studio in Bamberger's Department Store in Newark.

And when the first hook-up of stations was made, two being joined together for a broadcast and the event heralded as a triumph of radio engineering. It was in the winter of 1922-23 and the stations united were WJZ, where the program originated, and Col. E. H. J. Green's private broadcasting plant in South Dartmouth, Mass. Today stations are linked together in hundreds but those were the days of the crystal sets, the horse and buggy era of broadcasting.

* * *

Did you know there is a real "Dick Huddleston," the character frequently heard on the Lum and Abner program? And what's more he is proprietor of a general store in Waters, Ark., which might just as well be Pine Ridge. Abner (he's Norris Golf, in his proper person) recently was written out of the script while he went a-visiting the real Huddleston to absorb material for Lum and Abner episodes.

* * *

It must be that Hollywood influence. A chair bearing the legend, "Reserved for Mme. Pons" occupies a position of honor on the stage of the CBS Playhouse where the petite Pons airs her program . . . And speaking of Lily Pons, the name of Andre Kostelanetz naturally flashes to mind, their romance being so much discussed along Radio Row. Andre's musicians put a fast one over on him the other day at rehearsal, adroitly turning to their own advantage a song title. Referring to the selections on his director's stand, Kostelanetz said: "All right, men, 'Take a Number from One to Ten.'" Whereupon the band in unison yelled "Five," laid down their instruments and walked out. The explanation: calling of "Five" means a five-minute recess from rehearsal, it being a musical custom for a conductor to allow a five-minute relaxing period in every hour of practice.

* * *

The scene is a health farm in the New Jersey hinterlands. The characters are Jules Nash, brother of Joey, and an elderly lady. The time is Sunday and they are listening to Major Bowes' Capitol Family program. Joey Nash has just sung "A Letter to My Mother," "My, what a fine song and what a fine singer," remarks the elderly lady. "I'm glad you liked it," says Jules, "the singer is my brother." "Well, I declare," exclaims the lady, "the musical director, Waldo Mayo, is my son! Isn't this a small world after all?"

Jones and Hare, without benefit of advance publicity and without pay, sang for an hour and a half straight and the program abruptly concluded when they collapsed from sheer exhaustion.

When John Gambling was an engineer at WOR . . . When Jessica Dragonette was beginning to attract attention with the Light Opera Company under the direction of Harold Sanford . . . When the Shannon Four, who later became the Revelers, most famous quartette in radio, were singing on a mayonnaise program . . . When Phil Cook was the Musical Chef, accompanying himself on the ukulele from a studio in Bamberger's Department Store in Newark.

And when the first hook-up of stations was made, two being joined together for a broadcast and the event heralded as a triumph of radio engineering. It was in the winter of 1922-23 and the stations united were WJZ, where the program originated, and Col. E. H. J. Green's private broadcasting plant in South Dartmouth, Mass. Today stations are linked together in hundreds but those were the days of the crystal sets, the horse and buggy era of broadcasting.

* * *

Did you know there is a real "Dick Huddleston," the character frequently heard on the Lum and Abner program? And what's more he is proprietor of a general store in Waters, Ark., which might just as well be Pine Ridge. Abner (he's Norris Golf, in his proper person) recently was written out of the script while he went a-visiting the real Huddleston to absorb material for Lum and Abner episodes.

* * *

It must be that Hollywood influence. A chair bearing the legend, "Reserved for Mme. Pons" occupies a position of honor on the stage of the CBS Playhouse where the petite Pons airs her program . . . And speaking of Lily Pons, the name of Andre Kostelanetz naturally flashes to mind, their romance being so much discussed along Radio Row. Andre's musicians put a fast one over on him the other day at rehearsal, adroitly turning to their own advantage a song title. Referring to the selections on his director's stand, Kostelanetz said: "All right, men, 'Take a Number from One to Ten.'" Whereupon the band in unison yelled "Five," laid down their instruments and walked out. The explanation: calling of "Five" means a five-minute recess from rehearsal, it being a musical custom for a conductor to allow a five-minute relaxing period in every hour of practice.

* * *

The scene is a health farm in the New Jersey hinterlands. The characters are Jules Nash, brother of Joey, and an elderly lady. The time is Sunday and they are listening to Major Bowes' Capitol Family program. Joey Nash has just sung "A Letter to My Mother," "My, what a fine song and what a fine singer," remarks the elderly lady. "I'm glad you liked it," says Jules, "the singer is my brother." "Well, I declare," exclaims the lady, "the musical director, Waldo Mayo, is my son! Isn't this a small world after all?"

RADIO MIRROR

HEY, MOM... D'YUH KNOW WHAT MRS. PALMER SAID ABOUT MY SHIRT?

"G'willikins! My shirt can't talk, Mom, but Mrs. Palmer said it tattles like anythin'."

"The trouble is, she said—your soap doesn't really wash clean. Your clothes wouldn't have tattle-tale gray, she said, if you'd only change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

(Few weeks later)

"Whe-e-e, Teddy! Mom's so tickled she's takin' me to the movies 'cause I told her how to get rid of tattle-tale gray."

"Who wouldn't be tickled! My clothes used to look as gray as a rain-cloud and now they're white as snow! It's wonderful the way Fels-Naptha's grand golden soap and lots of naptha get out every bit of dirt. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my finest silk things, too. And how nice it is to my hands!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

The keyhole peeper who snaops out choice tidbits of social chatter for this department confesses near-frustration this month. He claims Christmas shopping, or the holiday spirit of peace on earth to all, or something, has contrived to deflect Radio Row's mind from such trivialities as social affairs. Any way, there is a surprising lack of scandal going the rounds and very little gossip worth attention here.

But the Cholly Knickerbocker of the air castles does want a medal pinned on him for forecasting the marriage of Ben Bernie to Dorothy Wesley, the Miami mermaid, and acquainting us with the details of their rather remarkable romance. You may have forgotten it already but he did tip off Radio Mirror readers last month that the old maestro was plotting to make the Florida swimming instructor his bride just as soon as his divorce from the former Rose Harris had taken place. The aging maestro—he is all of forty-four and the new missus is twenty-one—were wedded at midnight in Towson, a suburb of Baltimore, Md., Bernie being in that neighborhood indulging in his favorite pastime of watching the ponies prance at Pimlico.

He had hoped to have the ceremony performed in the presence of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's Balko, a thoroughbred now retired, but the preacher balked about going out to the Sagamore Farm stables in the middle of the night and a driving rainstorm. Bernie, the old softie, wanted Balko as a witness because that is one bangtail he consistently won cases on; hence, he figured Balko would bring good luck to his second marriage. That arrangement, of course, would have added novelty—and publicity—to the event and the failure of the plan to go through seems to have disconcerted the bandman. His bestowed cigars and handshakes upon all and sundry and observed all the formalities of the occasion—save one. He forgot to kiss the bride!

ELEANOR POWELL has returned Abe Lyman's $5,000 engagement ring and that's that. Remember, our Cholly Knickerbocker warned you weeks ago not to put any stock in that romance? Johnny Green is going places with Arline Francis. She is a dead ringer for Carol Falk from whom he is separated . . . Harry McNaughton, Phil Baker's bungling butcher, is preparing to marry a Westchester socialite . . . is a romance budding between Alice Faye and Michael Bartlett?

Only a couple of months ago we were wondering what Clara would do, seeing as how her pals, Lu 'n' Em, have increased their families. Well, we won't have to wait long now for the long-legged bird is hovering this very minute over Clara's Evanston Ill. home . . . Anthony Patrick Downey is the name of the new little stranger in the Morton Downey-Clara War of Peace, Xilma War of Peace, Barbara Bennett menace. He is No. 4 Jolly Coburn, also, is a proud papa and Little Ryan, of Babs and her Brothers, soon will be.

Andrew White, radio pioneer, recently wed Kay Alexander, a commercial artist. An odd angle to their romance is that years ago Miss Alexander clipped White's picture from a magazine and has used it as a model to sketch from ever since. But they never met until a short time ago at a dinner party.

What bandmaster famous for his grin and his prima donna frase are having differences because he can't control his gambling impulses? They have broke, 'tis said, because of his betting losses. But what worries the Missus more is the jams hubby gets into because of his

"Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all fixed for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If she cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"

"See here—this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"

"Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . the best caretaker for babies' tender skins! My silky smoothness wards off chafes and rashes—for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too."

ELEANOR POWELL has returned Abe Lyman's $5,000 engagement ring and that's that. Remember, our Cholly Knickerbocker warned you weeks ago not to put any stock in that romance? Johnny Green is going places with Arline Francis. She is a dead ringer for Carol Falk from whom he is separated. Harry McNaughton, Phil Baker's bungling butcher, is preparing to marry a Westchester socialite. Is a romance budding between Alice Faye and Michael Bartlett?

Only a couple of months ago we were wondering what Clara would do, seeing as how her pals, Lu 'n' Em, have increased their families. Well, we won't have to wait long now for the long-legged bird is hovering this very minute over Clara's Evanston, Ill., home. Anthony Patrick Downey is the name of the new little stranger in the Morton Downey-Barbara Bennett menace. He is No. 4 Jolly Coburn, also, is a proud papa and Little Ryan, of Babs and her Brothers, soon will be.

Andrew White, radio pioneer, recently wed Kay Alexander, a commercial artist. An odd angle to their romance is that years ago Miss Alexander clipped White's picture from a magazine and has used it as a model to sketch from ever since. But they never met until a short time ago at a dinner party.

What bandmaster famous for his grin and his prima donna frase are having differences because he can't control his gambling impulses? They have broke, 'tis said, because of his betting losses. But what worries the Missus more is the jams hubby gets into because of his
inability to make good his IOU's. Gangsters chased him out of Detroit when he couldn't redeem pledges left in gambling joints and the wife has been half-hysterical ever since.

* * *

Did you know that the man who plays "Clem Clemens," the philosopher-editor on the Melody Master program, is the same man who imitated the voice of President Roosevelt on the March of Time broadcasts? And did it so well the White House requested he quit the impersonation lest listeners get the impression it was the Chief Executive himself? Well, he is and the man's name is William Perry Adams, called Bill in the studios. Bill is a Shakespearian actor (he used to be a member of the Sothern-Marlo company) and at one time was a dramatic coach at Yale. He forsok the stage for radio ten years ago.

* * *

MEMOS OF THE MONITOR MAN

Fred Waring, his brother Tom, and the beauteous Lane Sisters comprise a foursome that snatches a hasty luncheon every Tuesday in the Automat at Sixth Avenue and 45th Street, it being just around the corner from the CBS Playhouse where they rehearse. They have been doing it for weeks but to date none of the regular customers has ever recognized them. Such is fame.

G RACE MOORE had to diet away thirty pounds to get into the movies and Gladys Swarthout had to add five pounds for the same purpose. Indicating the camera is a stern taskmaster. But the mike is just as exacting, only in a different way. It doesn't give a hoot how much you weigh but, oh boy! what it can do to you if it doesn't like the way you sound.

Louella Parsons is feuding with her soap sponsor over an item of 8,900, the telephone wire charges for "piping" her into the Hollywood Hotel proceedings while she was vacationing in New York. California taxes being what they are and one thing and another the cinema chatterer maintains she simply cannot afford to assume the expense. And besides she doesn't think it fair.

Piano manufacturers, a year ago lamenting they couldn't give them away, report a big boom in business. The amateur hour craze is one explanation given for the suddenly-increased demand. Pianos are necessary if air aspirants are to learn songs and what home in the land hasn't got a potential Kate Smith or a Jane Froman just rarin' to go?

Add to the ranks of business men among radio artists—and you'll be surprised how many there are—the Eton Boys. They own a chain of gas stations, a movie theater and a meat market in Westchester County, New York, and are the proprietors of a Broadway haberdashery.... Another addition is Carmela Renelle. The diva is organizing a tabloid opera troupe for vaudeville and presentation theaters.

The childhood ambition of Betty Garde, who plays the name part in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, was to be the world's greatest female detective! Come to think of it that would be a novel career for a woman for I can't recall any female of the species who ever achieved fame as a Hawkshaw. The only feminine operative I know confine their talents to collecting—or manufacturing—evidence in divorce cases.

Helen Hayes has a black cat for good luck. Only this cat never meows and is never put out of the house at night. It is

R A D I O M I R R O R

A Clapp-fed Baby—and how she grew


Here's Peggy Jane at 4 months. She's a recent graduate from an all-liquid diet to cereal. On her five-month birthday she'll be promoted to Clapp's strained vegetables. And that's a real promotion—for Clapp's foods have substance. They're finely strained, smooth, yet not too liquid—just the texture doctors approve for babies.

Peggy Jane's 8 months old now and going strong. At six months, Clapp's strained fruits and soups were added to her menu. Now she has the run of the whole Clapp list—the world's largest baby menu. She enjoys her varied diet of scientifically approved foods—and thrives on it.

Quite a person at 11 months is Peggy Jane. Those vitamins and minerals which Clapp's pressure-cooking so carefully retains have gotten in their good work. She weighs 21 lbs. 12 oz.—94% pounds more than in her first picture. She's been creeping for three months. And she can pull herself up onto her own two feet.

Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, is now going on under scientific supervision. During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals. Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.

FREE booklet containing photographic case history of every baby who has completed the test, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding, will be sent you on request. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Department 31-236, Rochester, N. Y.

Accepted by American Medical Association and Good Housekeeping Institute

CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES

59
**All Right! What Did I Do Wrong Tonight?**

Since you ask me...here it is! You simply must see the dentist...about your breath!

The dentist! What in Thunder!

HE TOOK HELEN'S HINT

Bill, your wife is right. I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes the cause of most bad breath—and makes teeth sparkle, too.

Right, doctor! COLGATE'S FOR ME!

Colgate's sure is okay! My mouth never felt so clean and fresh!

AT THE NEXT PARTY

Dear, you're much too popular...I've hardly seen you all evening!

Don't blame me, honey...blame Colgate!

**Never Had Any Toothpaste That Made My Teeth So Bright and Clean, Either!**

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Make sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

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

**Life Begins Again for Jimmy Wallington**

There's a story about Jimmy you've never read—a story you'll find for the first time in the March RADIO MIRROR. Until now he has never talked about what has happened to him since his great tragedy. Read the amazing change in his life, his new philosophy, how he was able to take over his old job with Eddie Cantor. It's all brought to you by a fine writer in a strong, sympathetic feature article.
Blanche Sweet's Love Story

(Continued from page 41)

to go on tour with "The Party's Over" and that she was due in New York immediately to go into rehearsal. She went to the vaudeville management and asked to be relieved of her Chicago engagement. They laughed at her.

"Surely," they said, "anyone who's been in show business all her life, like you, knows that is impossible."

Blanche did know it. But something that had nothing to do with reason, something pressing and urgent and frantic, impelled her. And at last she managed an appointment with the manager of the theater where she was billed to appear.

"If you'll relieve me of this engagement now," she promised him. "I'll come back later on and play a week for nothing."

It may have been her urgent voice, it may have been the blue of her eyes, or it may have been her yellow hair—it's hard to tell what makes hard-boiled business men kick over the traces and turn sentimental, sometimes—but he told her to go ahead and to come back and play for him whenever she could.

It was when "The Party's Over" went into rehearsal that Blanche and Raymond Blackett took up the friendship begun that rainy Sunday years before. "Hello," she greeted him when they met in the big rehearsal hall. "Imagine seeing you here!"

And he grinned and said, "This is going to be nicer than I'd counted on."

They were as casual as you please. And it's just as well perhaps that they were casual while they could be. For it wasn't long before the one who got to that rehearsal hall first began to stand around a little tense and nervous waiting for the other to arrive. Raymond began showing Blanche bits of technique, glad to help her feel her way back into the theater.

The play opened in Philadelphia. "All my life," said Blanche, "I've heard a lot about baseball. And I've decided it's high time I saw something of it for myself."

She may have known Raymond was a fan and she may not have.

"I'm the man to explain the game to you," he insisted.

And he may have been the man to do this, for he may have hounded up on the game with the help of the sporting page. However it was, afternoons found them at a game.

"The first day," Blanche says, "we sat in a box and were very elegant. But later on we sat high up in the stands. I liked the view better from there and the hot-dog and popcorn men came around oftener."

However, for all Blanche's feminine interest in hot dogs and popcorn, I'm reasonably sure she gave Raymond all the warm attention that could be crowded into those dark blue eyes of hers while he explained what the game was all about.

And I'm also sure he frequently took longer than necessary to make his points for the sheer joy of those eyes and the warm curving mouth smiling up at him.

Swiftly now the patterns of both their lives were swinging together. Each was becoming more and more aware that for thun to move apart would mean severing strands that would allow all the color and joy and happiness to run out of things.

After a while they returned to New York. They hurried through busy days to meet for dinner. Last winter, when Blanche began her successful engagement on Broadway with Leslie Howard in

Now... a lovelier way to avoid Offending!

Alluringly

Fragrantly Dainty

... after your luxurious bath with this lovely scented soap!

You are more than just safe from fear of offending, when you bathe with this lovely scented soap up. You are always alluringly, fragrantly dainty!

For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather cleanses your skin so thoroughly ... keeps you so immaculate—so completely free from any danger of unpleasant body odor.

And its delicate, flower-like perfume lingers about you long after your bath—guards your daintiness in such a lovely way!

You will want to use this pure creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets right down into pores and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics ... keeps your skin so fine-textured, smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same superb soap for which generations of women have gladly paid 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting ... Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Surely you will want to order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap today. At the beauty counters of all drug and department stores; also at 10¢ stores.

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

61
"I know Helen is thin, but she's so active we can't put an ounce on her"

Here's how thousands of thin, underweight children are adding a pound a week—or more

IS YOUR CHILD GROWING FAST—but not gaining enough?

"The Petrified Forest" and soon after that started her WABC broadcasts three mornings a week, she and Raymond had a frightful time arranging working schedules so every day would give them enough hours together.

Then Blanche sent to California for her family to come on. Her family numbers one, a grandmother more than eighty years old. The day her grandmother arrived, she and Raymond planned that he would come in at tea-time. Over a cocktail they would surprise the old lady with their news.

Blanche met her at the train, and grandmother's eyes, hardly less blue than Blanche's, went searching this way and that.

"Looking for someone?" Blanche asked.

"No, no," the old lady said, "just looking. Just looking at my dear."

When they reached Blanche's apartment she seemed to continue to look about even before they sat down to the coffee that was waiting for them. And she showed great interest every time the door bell or telephone rang.

"Are you expecting someone?" Blanche asked at last.

"No, no," she said. But she didn't seem at all sure.

Raymond came in about five. And at once the old lady's eyes brightened.

I'VE been waiting for you, young man," she told him, before Blanche even introduced them. "You took long enough coming, I must say. When you weren't at the train I thought certainly you'd be here waiting."

Blanche and Raymond looked amazed, a little disappointed, too. They'd been rather anticipating being a little dramatic about their news.

"But Mother," Blanche said, "I never told you I was about to present you with a grandson-in-law!"

The old lady shook her head.

"Living," she said, "you learn things. And when one letter from a girl is idiotically happy and the next is a little sad and it keeps on like that, well, when you're as old as I am, you know there's a man in the picture and you wait, knowing it's only a matter of time until his name will pop out."

She smoothed her skirts. "I wonder, my dear," she asked Blanche, "if you have any idea how many, many times you've quoted Raymond. But there, I'm sure you haven't."

Raymond Hackett thought it all too wonderful. He tilted back Blanche's chin, the better to kiss her. And said, "You never let me know you found anything I said worth quoting."

"Wonder," interrupted grandmother, "if we might have those cocktails now?"

And so they stood under an old gnarled tree on which apples hung October red, Blanche Sweet and Raymond Hackett. And the grandmother, wearing silver gray, and for once in her life as quiet as a little mouse, stood proudly beside them.

WHAT IS THE MISSING CHAPTER IN FRED ALLEN'S LIFE?

Coming in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR—a fascinating feature on radio's ace comedian that gives you the first authentic story of his childhood.
Down in the West Virginia mountains is a little hamlet to which Mrs. Ted Weems has been Santa Claus for many years. Back in the days when she was Eleanor Logan, long before she married Ted Weems, adopted an infant son and set up housekeeping in Chicago's Jackson Park district, she happened into the hamlet to discover that Christmas and Santa Claus were simply words to the local kids.

True, there was a general store in the town. But life, being a serious and often desperate matter there, that store offered only the essentials. No toys were on sale and the children had only home-made ones with which to play. So Mrs. Weems took over the job of Santa Claus.

Every year since then she has sent down to that little mountain hamlet a huge box of toys and candies and always big heavy sweaters for every one of the children. As they grow up and marry she takes them off her list but adds their children. And so it went for many years.

Came the day when the Weems were in straitened circumstances. That big box cost them plenty of money every Christmas. And during that bad summer Eleanor almost decided to give up the practice. Then for the first time she took Ted down to see the kids. It was a scorching summer day. But despite the sizzling heat every kid in the town showed up wearing the heavy sweater Eleanor had sent them the Christmas before. With tears in his eyes, Ted warned Eleanor she must never, no matter what else they had to sacrifice, disappoint those children who, townsfolk reported, gather at the store every day for a week before Christmas awaiting the arrival of the big box from the only Santa Claus they have ever known.

Walter Wicker, Chicago radio script writer and actor as well as husband of Irene (Singing Lady) Wicker, once wrote a short story about the Boxer rebellion when he was an eighth grade pupil. He called it "Nonentity," and his English teacher liked it so well she gave him an A for it. That theme became very important to Walter. At various later times he submitted it again to his instructors at Morgan Park Military Academy, the Phillips Academy, the University of Illinois and finally the University of Florida. Each time it brought him a grade A!

H. Leslie Atlas is head man of WBBM and the Chicago office of Columbia. His home is equipped with special lines so he can hear without a radio what his station and network are broadcasting by simply dialing a special telephone gadget. Also, the same system permits him to listen in on the monitor wire and hear what the engineers in the control rooms are saying to each other. Guests recently were surprised at the latter. They hadn't known that operators are connected together by special telephones. To demonstrate, Les tuned in the monitor system. A program had just ended. The guests were horrified. Mrs. Atlas mortified and Les amused at what they heard: "That was a lousy show." "Yeah, that — never did know how to produce a real show, the — !"


Oe" 200 girls' skins color-analyzed!

LOOK AT THEM! All 3 true brunettes — yet no two have skins alike. They don't dare use the same shade of powder!

Dark-haired Helen Kirk-Jones, in the center, has that very white skin which a brunette powder simply kills. It takes a blonde's favorite shade — Pond's Rose Cream — to give it the radiance she needs.

Mary Blagg, at the top, knows that her creamy skin clears up and sparkles best with Pond's Brunette. While brown-haired Sally Hanford has a darker skin which lights up glowinglv with Pond's Rose Brunette.

It just goes to show — never be too quick to use "dark" powder, simply because you have dark hair. You may be the Helen Kirk-Jones type! Let your skin decide...

TO FIND OUT what makes certain skins luminous — others deadly dull? Pond's analyzed over 200 girls' skins. They discovered that hidden skin tints make the difference.

The loveliest creamy skin owed its glow to a hint of sparkling green. While dazzling fair skins had a brilliant blue to thank!

Now Pond's has blended these amazing tints into entirely new shades. No matter what beauty tint your skin lacks — one of the new Pond's shades gives it to you! One warms up faded pallor. Another turns sallow skins faintly rosy. Florid skins tone down... Muddy skins clear and brighten!

Try them free with the coupon below. See how—

ROSE CREAM gives radiance to fair-skinned blondes and brunettes

NATURAL makes blonde skin transparent

BRUNETTE clears and brightens creamy skins

ROSE BRUNETTE warms up dull skins

LIGHT CREAM gives pearly tone

Texture? Not airy-light. Not heavy, either. Pond's Powder is fine — spreads evenly and clings. It comes in glass jars — to "hold" its perfume, to show the shade clearly. Jars at reduced prices, 35¢ and 70¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

FREE 5 Lively New Shades Mail coupon today

(THIS OFFER EXPIRES APRIL 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. B132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name__________

Street__________

City__________

State__________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company
GOOD-BYE CHAPPING—HELLO DIAMOND!

THIS COLD WEATHER HAS CHAPPED MY HANDS SO I'M ASHAMED TO HAVE JACK SEE THEM.

KEEP YOUR GLOVES ON, WOMAN, AND MEET ME IN FIVE MINUTES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

[SO NELL RUNS OUT TO THE NEAREST STORE]

WHAT'S THE HURRY, LADY? WHERE'S THE FIRE?

HERE—USE SOME HINDS. IT WORKS IN TWO SHAKES AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE YOUR RINGS OFF. IT ISN'T A BIT STICKY.

WHY—MY HANDS ARE SOFT ALREADY.

THAT'S BECAUSE OF HINDS CREAMY EMOLLIENTS—THE KIND OF SKIN SOFTENERS YOU GET IN EXPENSIVE DRY-SKIN AND WRINKLE CREAMS.

HOW DO YOU THINK AN ENGAGEMENT RING WOULD LOOK ON THAT LITTLE HAND, NELL?

FREE—HANDY DISPENSER CAP WITH EACH 50¢ SIZE FITS ON THE BOTTLE—NOT ON THE WALL.

Wonderful now!

Non-Sticky • Quick-Acting
HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM

When Jack Hylton of dear old Lunn\on came to Chicago to broadcast, the local orchestra leaders headed by George Olsen gave him a special welcome party. Of course, it had to be after working hours and so didn't start until 2 a.m. Present were Orville Knapp, Jan Garber, Hylton, Olsen, Seymour Simons, Earl Hines, Shop Fields, Horace Heidt, Leonard Keller, Herbie Kay, Enric Madriguera and a few others. The party was quite staid until 3 a.m. when many went home. Then it degenerated into a crap game which didn't end until 8 a.m. Shop Fields was the heavy winner.

To George Olsen and Ethel Shutta, broadcasting recently over WBBM and the Columbia network from Chicago, fan mail is really an interesting affair. With their healthy senses of humor they find many things to amuse and interest them.

For instance, there was the letter from a young fan who wanted two pictures of George Olsen and three of Ethel. In juvenile candor he went on to explain his desires:

"Please send me pictures of Mr. Olsen and three of yourself, Miss Shutta. My pal has two pictures of Rin Tin Tin and he has promised to give me one of them if I'll get him one each of you two. I'll keep the other pictures of you people and try to swap them for something else later."

And just to show you how closely people follow what is going on this one amused Ethel:

"I enjoy your broadcasts very much. Miss Shutta, and specially do I like the work of your husband, Don Bestor. Please send me Don's picture."

Of course, they aren't all amusing, these fan letters. There was one which enclosed a mortgage. The writer, feeling that the Olsens make so much money they couldn't miss a few hundred, wanted George to pay off the mortgage of $1,400.

Russ Hodges, WJJD's reporter of baseball, football and track, now spends his spare time co-reading an amateur hour on that station.

Countess Olga Albani, now Mrs. H. Wallace Caldwell, wife of the Cook County (Ill.) commissioner, returned from a recent trip to New York where she was guest star on the Palmolive Beauty Box theater, prepared to completely refurnish the Caldwell home in Oak Park, Chicago suburb. While in New York she ordered complete new furniture featuring white leather for the rambling, fifteen-room house.

Kay Donna, who recently became vocalist on the Fibber McGee broadcast; Monday nights, was a department store song plugger.

Jeannine, song bird of "Lilac Time" over WGN in Chicago, WLW, Cincinnati, and WOR, Newark, had her No. 1 thrill when she was fourteen—just four years ago. It happened when F. Chase Taylor (since became famous as Stoopnagle of Stoopnagle and Budd) used her as guest on a children's broadcast over WJAM in Rochester, N. Y. When her number was over, the studio door flew open and in rushed a bare headed young man, napkin in hand. The studios were atop a hotel and obviously the chap had been dining downstairs. He demanded to meet the
singer, wanted her to sing a couple of tunes for him. He had heard her over the hotel's loudspeaker system. The chap was—and still is—Rudy Vallee.

CHILDREN—Janice, daughter of the Jan Garbers, has just received her first tap dancing shoes and is on her way to a dancing career. La Eleanor Powell. The George Olsen boys, enrolled in school, were asked what their mother did. "Oh, mama sings. She is Ethel Shutta." Then they were asked about George. "Papa? Oh, he plays for mama's singing!" Seymour Simons left his orchestra at the Stevens Hotel long enough to telephone home the other night, it being his daughter's birthday. So he called his Detroit home to congratulate her and ask her if she had everything she wanted. No, she didn't have everything she wanted. "I have everything I want, Daddy, but one thing... you!"

Unable to speak even in a whisper, Donna "Margie" Damerei of the CBS Myrt and Marge cast was forced because of a bad case of laryngitis to give up her role in a recent broadcast from the Chicago CBS studios half an hour before the show was scheduled to go on the air. In desperation, production manager Bobbie Brown called in Sharon Grossinger, unknown Chicago radio actress, who took over Marge's part with only one preliminary reading in the studio. This was the first time in four years that either of the principals in the famous Myrt and Marge serial had missed a broadcast.

JESSE CRAWFORD, Chicago NBC's poet of the organ, remembers his early days when he used to play in Grauman's Chinese Theater on the West Coast. At midnight, after the day's shows were over, Grauman used to hear the tryouts of talent aspiring to play his house. And Jesse would play the organ for the tryouts.

Occasional visitors used to come over from the movie colony. Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin would drop in from time to time. Sometimes even after the tryouts they'd stick around just to hear Crawford's organ music. Chaplin, as Jesse remembers, was a sucker for the more dramatic opera music.

Among those who came over for the tryouts was a couple named Coogan, professionals of the theater for whom things were plenty tough just then. Because of financial reasons they had to bring their young boy along. Many a night, as Jesse recalls it, the Coogan kid would sleep on the first row seats right behind his console while he played for the aspirants. One night Chaplin happened to notice the trouble-headed child sleeping peacefully.

As is often Charles Chaplin's wont, he made a sudden decision based upon a thought which struck him at that moment as he gazed at the sleeping boy. Chaplin would make a picture with that kid. "The Kid," that was the name for it. So Chaplin DID make a movie called "The Kid" and the kid was none other than Jackie Coogan who started his rise to juvenile fame with that sudden inspiration of Chaplin's. Now, of course, Jackie is grown up, planning on getting married and has assumed command of the fortune which came to him with "The Kid" and the pictures that followed it.

Skin So Bad That People Talked!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bermie Giudtough
NOTARY PUBLIC

HIT SKIN'S A FRIGHT!

1. "All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion—it was so bad."

2. "Hearing over the radio how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them."

3. "Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."

THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That's why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should feel better as well as look better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.
medals 'n' cups and everything. And the topic was a sort of highbrow one, "Adult Education as an Aid to Social Security."

* * *

Della Waldorf sounds like a stage name. But it isn't. She is a new KHJ singer who is adding new laurels. Already she has done well for herself—the Lawrence Tibbett scholarship at the University of Southern California some years ago, and later first honors in a soprano in a competition staged by the Southern California Federation of Women's Clubs, and she is only twenty years old now. Miss Waldorf, strangely enough, is the only musical member of her immediate family. 

* * *

Whoops m'dearl. New Hollywood studios, instead of being labeled by numbers, are designated by colors of the decorations. But just think of instructing the page boy to show you the way to the cerise studio, or the Chinese jade room or even the desert brown lobby.

* * *

From KROW's eavesdropper: Ken Burkard, new mimikan, was born in San Jose and was graduated from Alameda High. Dorothy Ush, 'cellist, studied in the Conservatoire de Paris for a couple of years. Dud Manlove, announcing genius, speaks Japanese fluently. Dick Romain, newscaster, is a U. of Washington grad. George Andrews, tenor, is floral decorator. Frank ("Duke") Chamberlin, sound effects impresario, entered radio from railroad work.

* * *

It's lots of fun to publicize the radio celebrities in and around Hollywood, but it doesn't always pay. Witness the voluntary bankruptcy petition of Ed Perkins, who claimed liabilities of $21,279.70 and assets of $8,457.75. The assets were made up largely of debts assertedly owed Ed, including $3,790, said to be owed by ork leader Joe Nogica.

* * *

My goodness. Aren't radio folks forgetful sometimes? Take the case of Charlotte Woodruff, popular Los Angeles radio prima donna. She just won an annulment of her marriage to Guy E. Chevning, saying she neglected to obtain a divorce from a former husband before she married Chevning. Court records show she did not obtain a divorce from Harrison J. Woodruff until several years following her marriage to Chevning in Santa Ana in 1921.

* * *

And, would you believe it, Jack Benny's new "wash rag" scarf got misplaced in the laundry and turned up in the kitchen where it saw service as a dish washer. Or so they say.

Speaking of washing somethin' or other, Jim Lyons, NBC sounder upper in San Francisco, had to simulate the sound of a prospect washing clothes. So he did just that. Result: two pairs of socks and five handkerchiefs before the program was over. Terrible if his wife finds out he is a good scrubber upper.

Sydney Dixon, new on the NBC Hollywood sales force, is a big guy. So big that he orders three helpings of ham 'n' eggs before he gulps down a quart of coffee. Syd's been taking a gardner 'round Seattle, where he used to be a tenor, to fill the cavity left by his resignation a long while ago. At last Gene Koll, aged 22 and weighing some 257 pounds, got the KOMO vocal berth. The curly-haired young giant is the son of Swedish-born parents and was born in the Ballard district of Seattle which was also the birthplace of Syd Dixon.

Kenny Baker, 23-year-old tenor from Monrovia, is getting into hightime and deservedly so. After school in his home town, he went to the Long Beach Junior College, now studying with Edward Novis, brother of Don.

Newest coast station is KDON in Monterey. Though only a hundred watts, it covers the immediate locality well. Studios are in the Hotel Del Monte.

---

**SEE CHAPPED SKIN MELT INTO SMOOHEST TEXTURE**

**IMAGINE YOURSELF**
—one minute with a dry, chapped skin that catches powder... The next minute, skin so smooth you can't feel a single rough place! That's how fast a keratolytic cream softens your skin.

That chapped skin is just on top. It's a layer of dried-out particles, always scuffing loose—"aching" to come off entirely. But they keep on chancing, getting harsher, until you take steps to—MELT THEM OFF!

A leading dermatologist tells how to do this. He says:

"Surface skin is constantly drying out. Exposure hastens this condition. When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, the dried-out cells melt away, revealing the smooth skin beneath. Vanishing Cream also preserves the skin's natural moisture and prevents further chapping."

That's why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so grand for rough, chapped skin—so perfect a powder base! In an instant, it brings out your own youthin' skin—not a mere addition, completely "unchapped."

For a smooth make-up—Never powder or rouge without first smoothing away roughnesses with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now your skin is satiny—powder goes on evenly without flaking. And even bitter-cold winds can't cause new chapping!

**Overnight for lasting softness**—Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for extra softness. It won't shine—won't smear the pillowcase. In the morning, your skin surprises you. So baby-soft!

---

**Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker II** of Philadelphia, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream makes every little chapped place on my skin smooth out. Powder goes on beautifully!"

Vanishing Cream for extra softness. It won't shine—won't smear the pillowcase. In the morning, your skin surprises you. So baby-soft!

---

**8-Piece Package**

Pond's, Dept. B135, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me special 8-treatment package to have a tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream together with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company.
Correspondence School Success
(Continued from page 33)
errands, and do almost anything in general. Fortified with his diploma from the art school, and the thought of his dollars already invested, Nelson hied himself to the boss' office, and asked to take over a job in the art department. He got it, and became an art director.

He had figured he would be very happy, once he had achieved the goal of an art job. But something had happened to spoil his triumph. That something was Nelson's voice. It had begun to happen in a great big way, and Nelson was rapidly discovering that he would rather sing than eat. He also found that he could employ his singing as a means to eating if he wanted to. He had already been paid twenty-five dollars several different times to sing at the Ladies' Aid Society, and at church festivals.

Nelson began to meet other singers, and pestered them to death with questions on how they learned, what they learned, and in general, how to do it! He read all sorts of books about singers and actors, and finally he met and made friends with a singing teacher. At a cut rate, Nelson began taking lessons.

BUT he was not satisfied that he was learning all there was to know. Always on the look-out for the perfect method, he saw the advertisement of a singing school which offered lessons by mail. The course promised to reveal to him the various methods and techniques which had been used by the great singers of all times. It also promised to teach him anatomy, something Nelson felt would be especially important.

So Nelson subscribed and in every test during the course, he received a grade of 100 except one, for which he only received 95 because he had missnamed a muscle of the throat!

He received word that he had passed the course with honors, and looked forward to the diploma. But none came. He wrote several times, received no answer, and finally gave it up as a bad job.

Less than a year after that, when he had a job in the Philadelphia Opera Company, this same school wrote him. They said they had been hearing of a Nelson Eddy who was making quite a name for himself in opera. They had the same name on their books, as a graduate. Was it possible that the two Nelson Eddys were one and the same, and if so, would he allow them to use his name for a testimonial? Nelson promptly wrote back that he would not missmash as they had never sent him a diploma. By return mail, he received his diploma, but the school never received its testimonial!

While Nelson was still at the advertising agency, singing on the side, more than ever he realized what he was up against in business competition with college-bred men. On the advice of his boss, Nelson investigated a famous correspondence school course in business methods. The price was not high, but it was too high for him at the time. So he went to a second-hand book store, bought the school's books and pamphlets, and set about to test the course himself. Each week he made out his own weekly test, took it, and graded himself. It took him three months to plow through this course, at the end of which, he drew up his own examination, awarded himself a fair 80, and accordingly drew up his own diploma—the one I have mentioned.
Ironically enough, he was fired from his job shortly after completing this business course. His boss had decided that Nelson's advertising and singing careers wouldn't mix. So Nelson was invited to take his choice.

The further he went as a singer, the more he realized that he must learn foreign languages. So he enrolled at the Berlitz School of languages. Later, of course, he went to Europe, and studied languages there. Today he speaks and sings in four languages, French, German, Italian, and of course, English. He also sings, but does not speak, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish.

Nor has Nelson given up his passion for learning, since he has become one of the musical sensations of radio, screen, and concert stage. His favorite reading matter at the moment is books about, and by, insane people. He also studies music constantly, and has in his living room, a phonograph, a radio, two microphones, and two tremendous pieces of recording equipment.

And that's the story of one correspondence school graduate no one laughs at when he sits down to sing.
Rubinoff Talks Back!

(Continued from page 23)

He opened his mouth, he made things worse for himself. Eddie's insults to Rubinoff became almost a national institution, and nearly as controversial an institution as prohibition. Rubinoff fans began writing in to complain and suggest that he sue Eddie for defamation of character.

"Maybe they're right, at that," Eddie said after a while. "Maybe I'm making enemies for the program by kidding you this way."

So Eddie stopped making nasty cracks at Rubinoff, confining his activities to his regular stooges, and leaving Rubinoff to play his violin and lead his orchestra. Whereupon the protests poured in faster than ever. The fans, it seemed, liked the baiting and wanted more of it. Bowing to the demand, Cantor went at it again, hammer and tongs.

And one day Rubinoff awoke to the realization that he, who had started the Chase and Sanborn hour, was now playing the part of a stooge who could also play the violin. It was the Minneapolis irony all over again, only this time he was juggling words instead of his violin.

As he had done in Minneapolis, he said nothing, just smiled and went ahead with his job as it was laid out for him. After all, he was playing music too. The trouble was that his opportunities were so limited. The people who tuned in on Eddie's program, probably wanted to laugh, and listen to music incidentally; accordingly the comedy part of the show always outweighed the musical part.

Besides, he and Eddie were good friends. They admired each other as artists and liked each other personally. Both were wrapped up in the success of their show. Rubinoff didn't want to do anything that would jeopardize either the friendship or the program.

Their association lasted for three years and through a change of sponsors. Then, last summer, Rubinoff made up his mind. "I thought about it a good deal," he said. "You hesitate a long time when you've been working with somebody for three years. Eddie and I were making personal appearances on the Coast, and in the evenings we'd often go out together. It was just taken for granted that when the program went back on the air in the fall, I'd be on it. But one night in August, after I'd finished the picture I was making, "Thanks a Million," I went to Eddie's house and told him I was leaving. I said I thought I could give people an all-music program they'd like, but I couldn't do it while I was with him. He understood. He said he was sorry, but he knew how I felt, and when I left we were just as good friends as ever."

He showed me the telegram he had received the night he gave the first of his present series of programs: "Here are two who'd like to spend this hour with you—Eddie and Jimmy." Jimmy Wallington, you remember, was the third member of the Cantor-Rubinoff-Wallington comedy team, and is again with Eddie.

But before that telegram was to hum its way across the continent, Rubinoff was to spend several weeks of anxiety and doubt. For the first time in five years, he had no air sponsor, nor any assurance of one. True, he was going to audition for several prospective clients, but perhaps the audience would have risen up in an instant and said it was all right, all right. Perhaps. Maybe he'd been on the air too long, maybe there wasn't a place for an all-music program such as he planned.

HARSH cathartics are frowned upon. The laxative you take should be mild, gentle. It shouldn't cause strain and pain. Shouldn't leave you feeling weak afterwards.

The way to be absolutely sure is by taking the laxative that is gentle and mild enough even for little children. Such a laxative is Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is given to more children than any other laxative. Yet with all its mildness and gentleness, Ex-Lax is effective enough for any adult. And you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Take Ex-Lax yourself. Advise your husband to take it too. Give it to your children. It is the ideal laxative for every member of the family. 10c and 25c boxes on sale at any drug store. Get the genuine; spelled E-X-LAX.

GUARD AGAINST COLD!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON FREE!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name:

Address:

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 58 Notre Dame St., W., Montreal.)

When Nature Forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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

FEELS SICK . . .

TAKES TUMS . . .

WORK HUMS!

SOUR STOMACH WORRIES
BANISHED FOR MILLIONS

MILLIONS now know the smart thing is to carry a roll of TUMS, always. Sour stomach, heartburn, gas, and other symptoms of acid indigestion have a habit of occurring at unexpected times. You don’t have to drench your stomach with harsh alkalies which physicians have long warned may make the tendency toward acid indigestion worse. TUMS, a real scientific advance, contain no soda or other alkalies, instead a wonderful antacid that simply neutralizes stomach acidity, the balance passing out of the body inert.

Try TUMS when you feel the effects of last night’s party, or when you smoked too much. Pleasant to eat as candy, only 10c a roll. Put a roll in your pocket now.

R A D I O M I R R O R

I Travel with Roosevelt

(Continued from page 19)

I wish I had a picture of Clyde and me, knocking down our equipment and getting it aboard, but I know that a snapshot would show you nothing but two blurs.

It seems strange, a thousand miles or so from home, to step into a railroad train and immediately feel perfectly at home. Usually a train means to us new and foreign scenes and events. But the President’s train is different. Cheering calls from every doorway, loud hails from each seat. Even the porters, who are the same, trip after trip, have a faculty of never forgetting a smile and they will greet you after a year’s absence as if you had merely stepped off the train for an hour or so to look around.

In short, when we pulled out of Framount, headed West, it was with that indescribable, but intensely real, feeling that the third, the real part of the trip, had started at last.

The one fact that definitely marks the Presidential Special as unlike all other iron horses that gather up the mountains and valleys of our land, is the presence of spectators for every mile that we travel. All day long, every day, people line the tracks. As we pass, they wave hats, handkerchiefs, hands, anything. When we stop, to take on water or fuel, they shout and cheer. Sometimes a girl will sing at night. See those shadows in the fields, on the roads, on roofs, at windows? They’re the constant nation-wide audience which gathers as if by magic, wherever the President pass, even though that may mean nothing more than catching a glimpse of a great, ten-car train roaring past at fifty miles an hour.

SUNDAY we rode through Wyoming and Utah. When the town people of no matter how tiny a village gathered about the train at an operating stop, the President almost invariably appeared on the observation platform to greet them.

Monday we arrived at Boulder City, an artificial, man-made town, sprung up out of what was desert short years ago. We awoke to find the train parked on a sandy track. Ten miles away, down a curving, new highway, stood the dam, an amazing plug of concrete, tall as a New York skyscraper, wedged between the sheer, rocky walls of the Black Canyon of the Colorado. For the dedication of the world’s most impressive engineering spectacle, a wooden speakers’ platform had been erected, nestling in the chocolate-colored rock of the cliff; flag-draped; and so arranged that the speaker faced the curving, graceful crest of the dam itself, which was crowded with visitors during the ceremonies.

After the broadcast, as soon as the long string of official automobiles had passed, the crowd, as never, closed in. You see, when it is nothing but equipment, it is frequently impossible to stay in the motorcade, as the equipment must first be packed—but it is most dangerous in the opposite way of attempting to keep up—or, perhaps, catch up—with the official procession of automobiles is frequently one of the most nerve-racking experiences of the Presidential trip. Almost everybody undergoes a horrible experience at one time or another on the trip in which the car is almost missed—and once in awhile, someone actually does get left.

After lunch on the train, into automobiles which we often go through the desert country of sagebrush and Joshua trees to the frontier town of Las Vegas. “Give the President of the United States...
A great big hand!" cries a hearty son of the West through a loud speaker system placed in the streets. And the crowd does! They stampede from the sidewalk into the middle of the street, cluster around No. 1 car, and cheer. The long, dusty motor caravan stretches motionlessly through the sun-baked principal street. Suddenly, through the loudspeaker horns float the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner;" hats come off and everyone stands in silence; a typical greeting to the President from an American town.

The ten car special train was to roll at its leisure from Boulder City through the desert to Las Vegas, where we would pick it up. Meanwhile, we pointed our motor procession into the lofty peaks on the other side of Las Vegas, and headed in the general direction of Mt. Charleston. Speeding up into the hills over a broad, modern highway built for fast traffic—western style—we watched Las Vegas drop lower and lower behind us into the level hot plain. Suddenly, with no warning, those of us in the middle of the caravan saw the lead cars in the parade cut off the highway, and decide to roll through a narrow, twisting, gravel and dirt road. Unfortunately, I had chosen the parade’s one open car (with the top down, too). If you have ever traveled behind a string of cars over such a road, you will know how much I saw. It was like being in a canoe on the Atlantic Ocean during a snowstorm—that is, as far as visibility went. The gray, alkaline dust covered me from head to foot.

By one or our automobiles started to give up. Knocking and steaming, those behind me car dropped out of line singly and in groups. Fortunately, our party was on no account the other as we climbed the peaks. At last (as you may have read in your newspapers) it was decided to look for a space in the road wide enough to turn our cars around, a pretty difficult task. But finally we did locate a spot where the road headed into the side of the mountain, curved around ahead, and in the process broadened to some extent. The President’s automobile, with Mrs. Roosevelt, occupying the seat next to the driver’s, was backed in mountainside and maneuvered into position, facing back down into the valley. The car I was in was the last car to struggle up the mountain side where the President’s automobile was turned around. There were several stories I subsequently read and heard about this little adventure, but I have never been sure just what it was that lay at the never-to-be-reached top of that mountain road. At any rate, those of the party who had remained with the train were relieved to see us as we slipped through Las Vegas now blazing with Neon lights, hours later than our schedule. It was many a day before I could get a comb through my gummy, "alcalized" hair; but as I hurried through the inevitable crush of people packed around the train, I felt a touch of cool water and clean linen on my skin, I could see the President standing on the rear platform, as cheerful as ever. The Veterans had presented him with a great brown, ten-gallon hat; and in the flickering light of the station the President gave a huge sombrero, bowing it to the delighted hundreds, who responded with another ringing cheer.

In Los Angeles, there was a purely local broadcast from the Coliseum, a great stadium in which the President addressed the crowd from the back seat of his automobile.

Clyde and I decided to ride to the Coliseum in the official parade. Unfortunately, our driver became confused and turned the wrong way as we emerged from the
San Diego that night was a relief to us all, because we were to attain the luxurious state of sleeping in a hotel for the night. Across San Diego Bay, flecked with lights, we sailed in a private ferry boat to Coronado Island. Tired and hungry, the dignified old semi-tropical hotel seemed to us a supremely beautiful sight. The coconut-palm studded patio was ablaze with flood lights; the long cool, gallery running around all sides, seemed for an instant like trappings lifted from New Orleans or Natchez. The fleet was outside, in the bay, searchlights shining upon the black sky over the Pacific.

Next morning, we toured San Diego and its surrounding Army, Navy, and Marine Bases. We rode up the streets of the city, and through the lovely avenues of the California Pacific International Exposition. The President and the party had lunch at the Exposition, but Clyde and I spent our lunchtime in the San Diego stadium, where, in an hour, the final broadcast of the transcontinental trip was to take place.

On one end of the athletic field a large speakers' platform stood; on it, of course, the President's speaking stand and all our equipment. Following the same entrance procedure as at the Los Angeles Coliseum, the President, in the lead car, rode slowly all around the cinder track that bordered the athletic field in the stadium's center. Finally, the procession wound up at the speakers' platform, everyone left the automobiles and went up to the platform, the stopwatch moved around, air time came up, the Governor of California made ready to introduce the President, and by 2:30 in the afternoon, Pacific time, all our broadcasting was ended and we were packing up to leave.

Moving westward, away from the Capital City, the enthusiasm and vigor of the popular receptions had been growing steadily, almost mile by mile. In Los Angeles, where the unofficial figure of cheering spectators ran over a million—on every curbstone on every street for three hours—we thought we had seen the climax of city welcomes; yet smaller, more dignified San Diego easily matched the Los Angeles demonstration, allowing for the population difference.

With a different band brushing on every street corner, an endless column of soldiers, sailors, and marines stretching for a mile after mile, presenting arms or saluting, flags and banners draped from palms and welcome signs banked against buildings of warm, gracious semi-tropical design, the winding two-hour path to the stadium was a moving spectacle.

By motorcade again from the stadium we filed through packed streets to the pier where the U.S. Houston, heavy cruiser which had taken the President to Honolulu a year ago, waited in her dock.

Mrs. Roosevelt said good-bye to her distinguished husband on the gangplank, then was whisked by automobile to the aeroplane field to fly East. After a crowded week, the party was about to break up.
Is there some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamp-lit living room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamplight—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your Kurlash and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with Lashtint. And shade the same eyelid with a little Shadevette. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, dark lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—or Kurlash—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. (31¢ at good stores.)

Lashtint, the liquid mascara, may be applied while the lashes are being curled. Touch the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of Kurlash. Lashtint will darken the tips delicately and it doesn't crack, stiffen, wash or weep off—in black, brown, or blue, 51¢.

Another clever trick is to rub Kurlash on the lashes before you curl them, so they'll be silken and full of dancing rainbows. Kurlash is a scientific formula for eyelash luxuriance. 50¢ and $1.

* Have you tried Twissors—the new Kurlash curler with scissors handle—marvelously efficient—25¢.

With Jane Heath for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MG 2.

Kurlash
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, J.

Three of the news correspondents were to follow the Houston through the Panama Canal on the cruiser Portland; the rest of us prepared to separate and go back East by various routes.

On the clean, gray deck of the destroyer, Dewey, we other members of the party scurried. There was a sudden, methodical booming of guns—the Presidential salute had begun—then a minute later we saw the Houston which had been tied up on the other side of the enclosed pier still proudly into the bay.

Lining the Dewey's decks, we waved. And across the steel-gray water, on the Houston's gun deck, under the shadow of a cannon, with Admiral Reeves, the fleet commander, at his side, the President of the United States, a tiny black speck to us now, waved his hat back and forth in a hearty nautical farewell. The trip was over.

Your Announcer Is:

KELVIN KEECH

As an announcer on 20,000 Years in Sing Sing this year, Kelvin is in the first ranks of NBC popularity. Born in Hawaii, he wanted to become a champion swimmer, was sent to Pennsylvania college to learn engineering instead. After graduation, he hit the high road of adventure. Touring the country as an entertainer on the ukulele, he was soon called into the war. Because he liked Paris, he stayed on after the Armistice, and organized a jazz band. The band was so well received it traveled to Greece, Turkey, and then to England. Keech there found work waiting for him at the BBC. The Prince of Wales heard him on the air, sought him out to learn the correct use of the ukulele. Meeting a young Russian refugee, Keech fell in love, married the girl. In 1928 the young couple came to the United States. After two auditions, he was hired by NBC, has been with the network ever since.

Three of the news correspondents were to follow the Houston through the Panama Canal on the cruiser Portland; the rest of us prepared to separate and go back East by various routes.

On the clean, gray deck of the destroyer, Dewey, we other members of the party scurried. There was a sudden, methodical booming of guns—the Presidential salute had begun—then a minute later we saw the Houston which had been tied up on the other side of the enclosed pier still proudly into the bay.

Lining the Dewey's decks, we waved. And across the steel-gray water, on the Houston's gun deck, under the shadow of a cannon, with Admiral Reeves, the fleet commander, at his side, the President of the United States, a tiny black speck to us now, waved his hat back and forth in a hearty nautical farewell. The trip was over.

Your Announcer Is:

KELVIN KEECH

As an announcer on 20,000 Years in Sing Sing this year, Kelvin is in the first ranks of NBC popularity. Born in Hawaii, he wanted to become a champion swimmer, was sent to Pennsylvania college to learn engineering instead. After graduation, he hit the high road of adventure. Touring the country as an entertainer on the ukulele, he was soon called into the war. Because he liked Paris, he stayed on after the Armistice, and organized a jazz band. The band was so well received it traveled to Greece, Turkey, and then to England. Keech there found work waiting for him at the BBC. The Prince of Wales heard him on the air, sought him out to learn the correct use of the ukulele. Meeting a young Russian refugee, Keech fell in love, married the girl. In 1928 the young couple came to the United States. After two auditions, he was hired by NBC, has been with the network ever since.

Three of the news correspondents were to follow the Houston through the Panama Canal on the cruiser Portland; the rest of us prepared to separate and go back East by various routes.

On the clean, gray deck of the destroyer, Dewey, we other members of the party scurried. There was a sudden, methodical booming of guns—the Presidential salute had begun—then a minute later we saw the Houston which had been tied up on the other side of the enclosed pier still proudly into the bay.

Lining the Dewey's decks, we waved. And across the steel-gray water, on the Houston's gun deck, under the shadow of a cannon, with Admiral Reeves, the fleet commander, at his side, the President of the United States, a tiny black speck to us now, waved his hat back and forth in a hearty nautical farewell. The trip was over.

Your Announcer Is:

KELVIN KEECH

As an announcer on 20,000 Years in Sing Sing this year, Kelvin is in the first ranks of NBC popularity. Born in Hawaii, he wanted to become a champion swimmer, was sent to Pennsylvania college to learn engineering instead. After graduation, he hit the high road of adventure. Touring the country as an entertainer on the ukulele, he was soon called into the war. Because he liked Paris, he stayed on after the Armistice, and organized a jazz band. The band was so well received it traveled to Greece, Turkey, and then to England. Keech there found work waiting for him at the BBC. The Prince of Wales heard him on the air, sought him out to learn the correct use of the ukulele. Meeting a young Russian refugee, Keech fell in love, married the girl. In 1928 the young couple came to the United States. After two auditions, he was hired by NBC, has been with the network ever since.

Nurses tell of amazing benefits with "Wonder Cream"

If your skin is marred by Large Pores—Blackheads—Pimples or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, here's good news! Thousands of women are successfully turning to famous Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin—over 12,000,000 jars now used yearly. Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles. Nurses discovered how wonderful it is for Chapped Hands and Poor Complexions. HOW TO USE—Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema at night after removing make-up. Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective foundation for powder. * Do this for ten days and note the difference—see how much softer and finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema is antiseptic, helps reduce large pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medication tones and softens. Noxzema, leaves a smooth, fresh feeling on the skin. How long will your new skin last? A few weeks or months. How often will you use Noxzema? Daily—until your skin is in perfect condition. Noxzema is a true tonic for the most disfiguring skin flaws. SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 5c for a generous 1oz jar to, the Noxzema Chemical Company, Department 102, Baltimore, Md.

Wondrous for CHAPPED HANDS

There is nothing like Noxzema for red, rough, badly irritated Chapped Hands. Noxzema is not a lotion or a perfumed cream—it's a medicated cream that brings quicker relief, that softens and whitens hands overnight. Test it yourself. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. Note the difference between the hands in the morning.
For a penetrating, deep-working skin cream, change to Luxor Special Formula, the wax-free cream. Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

If you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleansing hits only the high spots.

Change to Luxor Special Formula, the wax-free cream. It penetrates deeply, gets right into embedded dirt, because it contains no wax to keep it from working in-or clogging pores.

You can see this for yourself because of Special Formula's amazing visible action. Photos at the right show why you know a marvelous penetrating skin-cleansing has taken place, because you can't happen. All cosmetic counters supply Luxor at $1.10 and 35¢. Use it, and if you don't agree that your skin is more wonderfully clean, clearer and transparent than ever before, your money will be returned. --

The Story Thus Far

THE amateur team of Mickey Crail and Tad Byron, with Mickey singing and Tad whistling, from Poughkeepsie, was a sensation on the Uncle Jim radio show. Jan, the host, had taken them on as new sponsors. The engagement was going well. They performed twice a week, and the audience grew every week. Their audience was made up of people from all walks of life. They had become popular among the working class.

Meanwhile, Marion Van Biddle, the new sponsor of the show, had realized how much she was missing the show. She had seen how much fun the show was and decided to bring her sponsor to the show. Jan, however, was hesitant to have Marion on the show, but Mickey and Tad were excited. They were ready to perform.

As the show went on, the audience grew even more. They had become a sensation to the people of the city. Mickey and Tad were happy to be on the show, and Jan was happy to have them.

The Story Continued

When the show ended, Jan, Mickey, and Tad all went out to celebrate. They all agreed to meet up again next week to talk about the show and what they could improve. Jan was happy to have Mickey and Tad on her show, and they were happy to be a part of it.
Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances! The body's defense is not fully organized against it.

Treat a cold for what it is— an internal infection! Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

**Four Important Things**

First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of grief.

"A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment"

---

He led her to his car and they drove down the empty shaded street to the big rambling white house. "Start at the beginning," he said when they were seated on the porch.

So Mickey told him, confessing how she had been in love with Tad and hadn't known it until the night of their first broadcast together, and then described the scene Tad had made in front of Jan.

"Are girls usually so stupid about loving someone?" she asked.

"Mickey, love's like a cold. You're the only one that knows when you’re coming down with it."

"I can understand him getting engaged to Marion easily enough," Mickey went on. "Why, I liked her myself even when I knew she'd impressed Tad."

"Still," Uncle Jim grunted, "the engagement wasn't announced until after you and Tad had quarreled that night."

"Mickey," said, "Don’t be silly," and changed the subject.

"There's one thing more I want you to do for me," Uncle Jim ended. "Next Sunday I'm going to round up the best amateurs of the year and put 'em on my show. Naturally I'll want you and Tad to be there. Will you do that much for me—sing your swan song before you leave?"

"But Tad won’t want to."

"If I can get Tad to, will you?"

Mickey nodded. "All right, Uncle Jim, but there's about as much chance of his working as there is of your selling him the Brooklyn bridge."

For that matter, not as much, she thought when she went to bed that night. It would be fun, though, singing "Down By The Old Mill Stream" just once more; "Something to think about while I knit."

Uncle Jim drove her into town in the morning. In the afternoon he called her. "I sent Tad a letter. Don't worry. He'll come."

Mickey never knew how she managed to endure the next thirty-six hours. It wouldn't have been so bad if she had been able to give herself any reason for waiting. Some people, when they want anything enough, can always think up reasons why they'll get it. Mickey could think of none why Tad should accept Uncle Jim's offer.

For her it was, as Uncle Jim said, a swan-song—the end of her companionship with Tad, the end of her brief meteoric rise in radio, the end of her dreams of love. But Tad didn’t have to sing goodbye to love or a career.

Hopeless thought—she had only heeded the first premonition that followed her discovery that she loved Tad. She could have left New York, not listened to his arguments or Jan's, still later. She had known all along that she'd lose him. But she'd paid no attention. She had thought the intuition was sometimes wrong.

Wednesday morning she couldn't stand it any longer. She called Uncle Jim and with the complete certainty of what his answer would be, asked if he had heard from Tad.

"Mickey, I can't understand it," he began.

---

He didn't really hear what else he told her. Tad had said no. While Uncle Jim rambled along trying to ease the hurt, she was struggling to overpowering numbness Tad's refusal, coming when it did, was anti-climax and welcome amnesia. She couldn't think any more, couldn't only mechanically go about getting ready to leave for home.

After lunch she did manage to pen a note to Tad.

"Congratulations. I know you'll be happy. Marion, as you said, is a really swell egg. I'd ask you to name the first..."
Gerber's looking, fresher process, from that may methods and equipment, through and hours are other too important to of all, nee, and your family's and needs, and your family's and history.

Many baby-feeding specialists agree because many baby-feeding specialists agree because it's important to use the most complete home kitchen approach. Besides—the we think we can do it better! Many baby-feeding specialists agree with us, too. That is because we are specialists. We use methods and equipment, and exercise a precision of scientific control, that the most complete home kitchen could not approach.

Saving Vitamins and Minerals
Most important of all, Gerber processes prevent losses of nutritive value that so often occur in home cooking. We are able to retain more of vitamin C, because we cook with air excluded; and we save valuable minerals that may be poured off with the cooking water.

Another point—all our vegetables are "tasting," grown from special seed, picked at the peak of goodness, and packed in all their garden freshness. Then, we use a new process, "Shaker Cooking," which preserves through cooking in less time, so your baby may have freshness-looking, fresher-tasting vegetables to tempt his budding appetite. (Gerber's are intentionally left unseasoned, so your physician may prescribe every detail of baby's diet.)

Let Gerber's 9 Strained Vegetables and Cereal solve your feeding problem and relieve you of work and worry. Read the names below—perhaps you have been using only two or three kinds. Your dealer will gladly supply all nine.

Gerber's
Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

**Every Mother Should Have This Book!**
A treasure-house of valuable suggestions on baby's feeding, clothing, bathing, training, etc., with well-planned tables for filling in priceless records of baby's progress and history, 32 pages 35c and 85c in. By Harriet Davis, B. N. Send 5 Gerber labels or 10c, coupons, for your copy.

Gerber's

---

...let Gerber's worry about the strained foods for your baby...

You can safely leave all that to us. Your baby's other needs, and your family's and your own, are too important to permit you to waste hours and hours in the kitchen—pushing spinach through a sieve!

Besides—and we say it with all modesty—we think we can do it better! Many baby-feeding specialists agree with us, too. That is because we are specialists. We use methods and equipment, and exercise a precision of scientific control, that the most complete home kitchen could not approach.

Saving Vitamins and Minerals
Most important of all, Gerber processes prevent losses of nutritive value that so often occur in home cooking. We are able to retain more of vitamin C, because we cook with air excluded; and we save valuable minerals that may be poured off with the cooking water.

Another point—all our vegetables are "tasting," grown from special seed, picked at the peak of goodness, and packed in all their garden freshness. Then, we use a new process, "Shaker Cooking," which preserves through cooking in less time, so your baby may have freshness-looking, fresher-tasting vegetables to tempt his budding appetite. (Gerber's are intentionally left unseasoned, so your physician may prescribe every detail of baby's diet.)

Let Gerber's 9 Strained Vegetables and Cereal solve your feeding problem and relieve you of work and worry. Read the names below—perhaps you have been using only two or three kinds. Your dealer will gladly supply all nine.
Truth About Wired Radio

(Continued from page 43)

unadulterated music. That’s why it won’t compete with radio under its present setup.

There are lots of implications in this. For instance, the possibility that television will follow right on the heels of public acceptance of wired radio. Remember, the utility companies have already practically perfected cables that could bring wired images into your home.

But to stick to practicalities—for those of you who have residences into which, as yet, neither light nor phone wires have been strung, wired radio will still mean just a newfangled apparatus to talk about after dinner. You’ll stick to your wireless and like it.

But those of you in densely populated districts that have progressive power and phone utilities may expect perhaps as a New Year’s present, one of the newest, most radical fields of entertainment yet devised.

The Rover Boys of Radio

(Continued from page 31)

Mahanak disaster last January is an excellent example of the difficulties the Rover Boys will endure to beat one another. It was another Columbia victory, mainly because of Bob Trout, a new announce who had just come North from the deep South. Trout stayed up for hours that night, his feet encased in pillows, his lips cracked and blue, and introduced members of the Coast Guard to millions of listeners, who heard breath-taking, first-hand stories of the rescue. Bob was not fit for work for a week thereafter.

Some time before that, on the occasion of Commander Richard Byrd’s first return from the South Pole, the National Broadcasting Company figured it could steel a march by going a hundred miles out to sea in a tug and meeting the returned explorer there.

Fortunately, when they met Byrd’s ship, a gale was blowing that made it impossible to transfer the equipment and the announcer, Jimmy Wallington. With their short wave apparatus temporarily useless, something had to be done. Wallington did it. He climbed into the crow’s nest of the pitching vessel, there, with the wind ripping at him with icy fingers, he signalled to Byrd’s ship with a flashlight. The message he transmitted this way made possible a show that thrilled you when you heard it.

When talking about rivalry on spot news stories, we can’t omit the occasion two years ago when James and Amie Mollison, England’s ocean hopping husband and wife, crashed just outside of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Frank Healy, NBC, Rover Boy, was driving through Bridgeport when the crash occurred. He had been on the job preparing a broadcast from the tiny emergency room of the hospital for less than a half hour when Ted Husing, of Columbia, charged in with his engineers. He was talking on one of the two phones, relaying information to New York. Husing leaped to the other. One of the doctors interrupted them to say that some of the pictures had to be clear.


Healy said, “Sorry, pal. I’m talking to Mollison’s representatives in London.”

NEW EASY WAY TO
Perfect Chocolate Pie!

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE PIE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/4 cup (1 can) Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk
1/4 cup water
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell, Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!


Name:
Street:
City:

(Your name and address plainly)

This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.

TUESDAY NIGHT IS TEXACO NIGHT!

TUNE IN 9:30

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

THE JUMBO
FIRE-CHIEF PROGRAM

BIGGER THAN
A SHOW
BETTER THAN
A CIRCUS

SPONSORED BY THE MAKERS OF TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

79
ITCH

...STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you tormented with the itching torture of eczema, rubella, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, anti-ence, liquid D.D.P. PRESCRIPTION. 10c gentle oils soothe the irritable skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. At all drug stores—or write for free sample bottle.

D. D. D. Corp., Dept. 102, Batavia, Illinois. Send now.

Husing, fuming impatiently, had to give up his phone.

But the Rover Boys are not always at each other's throats. They do not always escape unscathed. Sometimes there is injury, occasionally, heroism.

A great many people chuckled when Graham McNamee and Tom Manning, National Broadcasting Company announcers, were run down by a homemade push-mower at the recent Soap Box Derby at Akron, Ohio. It was far from being funny, though. Had it not been for the quick thinking and—yes, heroism—of Tom Manning, it might have ended in tragedy.

The race, which attracted nation-wide attention, was run down a hill more than a half-mile long and the contestants averaged a speed of more than thirty-four miles an hour over the course. At the bottom of the hill, they were often nudging forty-five.

Police had cleared the spectators from the bottom of the course, leaving only news reel men and photographers. To one side, there was a large, barred gate. Behind it stood a number of women and children. Before it, McNamee and Manning were preparing for their description of the finals.

Several of the little cars had flashed past when Manning, hearing the sudden scream of steel on concrete, looked up to see one hurling toward him. He thought quickly. He had to! The boy had obviously lost control of his car and could do nothing as it headed toward the barred gate. Not only was he in danger of killing himself on the bars, but the horrified people in back of them were in extreme danger, too. Manning thought—and he acted!

As the car flashed by, hitting McNamee and barely missing Nation Mother, nationally known business man, McNamee leaped. He grabbed the boy around the shoulders, using his own body as a drag to bring the car to a stop.

Manning struggled to his feet after a minute and insisted that he was able to go on. He was allowed to, after both his legs had been put in spints. McNamee was sent to the hospital, half-conscious. McNamee carried the show in great part, except for one minor slip when, in introducing one of the race officials, he passed out cold. When doctors examined him more thoroughly, they found two fractured vertebrae and two badly damaged knees.

They get the story to you, these Rover Boys. Manning spent only a week in the hospital before he took his platter cast back to work with him at the Cleveland Air Races. And then, incidentally, an iron trap door fell on him, knocking him to the bottom of one of the towers. Manning again finished his work before he was allowed the doctors to examine him.

Clem McCarthy, who announced the Max Baer-Joe Louis fight, showed similar bravado when he announced the Santa Anita Handicap last February. When the winning horse was taken to the box in front of the grand stand for the presentation of the $125,000 prize, McCarthy took you right along. You may have wondered why he kept asking if his circuit was all right as he talked. It happened that the highly strung thoroughbred broke away from his handlers during the ceremony, kicking McCarthy in the knee and scattering the crowd like leaves before a full wind. McCarthy's only worry was whether or not the plunging horse had broken down the wires that carried his voice to the stands.

There are others on the lists of the doings of the Rover Boys; and all, with
their miraculous escapes and marvelous breaks, deserve mention. Ted Jewett, one of NBC's better announcers, hovered for weeks between life and death after he was injured rushing back to New York from his broadcast of the departure of the Lindberghs for the Far East. Jimmy Wallington was once trapped in a submarine escape chamber as he prepared for a broadcast off New London, Connecticut. Paul Douglass was flying directly above the J-3 Army blimp, when it blew inside out on the way to search for wreckage of the dirigible, Akron. The list goes on and on.

The Rover Boys go on and on, too. That's the swell thing about them. You'll find, upon examining the qualifications of the best announcers, that they were once members in good standing, perhaps still are. If so, they were trained under fire.

And it may be that, with European war cauldrons simmering as they are, the Rover Boys will be put to a further test under another, actual fire. They may be detailed to bring to your living room the horror of actual combat.

If they do, you can be sure of one thing. Their skin may crawl, their hair stand on end, but... They won't stutter!

---

**Golden Glint Rinse and Shampoo**

(Two "play-ful" per 25 cents)

"Brightens every shade of hair"

**Dancing by Mail**

By the courtesy of the TAP Kinsella Academy, 2544 May St., Cincinnati, Ohio

**Relieves Teething Pains**

WITHIN 1 MINUTE

When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

**DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION**

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

---

**Radio Mirror**

A NEWS bulletin just reached us about Wallace Beery. After running Shell Chateau several weeks for his friend, Al Jolson, Wallly is retiring. Al will resume his job starting the first Saturday in January, according to the agency which handles this program. Jolson has been busy making pictures and until now didn't have the time to devote to the hour show. Wallly's future plans haven't been decided definitely yet, but we understand that he will probably be on the air again before long.

---

**Feminine Antisepsis**

Personal charm need no longer be threatened by a common and perplexing problem. Zonitors, a new technique in feminine hygiene, provide complete antisepsis to end persistent odors and relieve other embarrassing, mentally disturbing occurrences. Zonitors are little snowy-white and greaseless suppositories. The active ingredient is the world famous antiseptic, Zonite—high in medical esteem because completely effective yet free from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Quick, convenient Zonitors are ready for instant use. No mixing, fusing, or apparatus. They remain in effective contact for over eight hours (a requirement doctors stress) yet being greaseless, are completely removed with water.

Each dainty, white, odorless Zonitor is sealed in a separate glass vial, immaculately clean. Complete instructions in the package. At all druggists. Mail coupon now for informative free booklet.

---

**Your Eyes Made Beautiful Lashes**

Quickly Applied, Makes Eyes More Brillant, Expressive

The newest of the captivating beauties of nature shows that long, dark, fluttering lashes best transform our little human faces from tepid, lifeless blobs into lovely, capable personalities. Now, at last, there is a method of increasing the power of the lashes and achieving all this without effort or expense. The method of applying Zonitors, tiny, white, odorless suppositories, is quick, simple, and produces a nest of lashes that is both a beauty and a joy to the wearer. Good, put on for any occasion, especially after a hard day, for deep, new lashes are needed. Details in the booklet which you will receive free. Address Mitchell Beauty Products.

**FREE NUMEROLOGY CHART**

Complete Scientific Numerology Chart and Free Card to You by the courtesy of the two famous lipsticks—REGENCY at 95c and FLAMINGO at 60c each. Have you an Artistic Nature? Are you Mysterious, Passionate? Are you intended for Great Love, Adventure, Success? Discover your Destiny, your Nature, your Successes, your Failures, your Friends, your Business, your Love, etc. Don't Miss this Opportunity of knowing Numerically what others cannot learn! Influences you. Will be amazed at what the numbers show. Will your name and address be on your Fortune Card? Ask for a Numerology Chart for only 5c each at most 5 and 10¢ stores.

**REGENCY LIPSTICKS**

RPP86 ACME LIPSTICK 25c.

REGENCY LIPSTICK 50c.

WALLINGTON BEAUTY LIPSTICK 50c.

REGENCY LIPSTICKS ARE HEATED.

REGENCY LIPSTICKS AID IN THE PREVENTION OF DERMATITIS AND SYPHILIS.

REGENCY LIPSTICKS ARE SELLING IN OVER 25,000 STORES IN THE UNITED STATES.

ZONITE LIPSTICKS ARE SUCCESSFUL IN OVER 25,000 STORES IN THE UNITED STATES.

REGENCY LIPSTICKS ARE NOW SELLED IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST STORES.

REGENCY LIPSTICKS ARE THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING LIPSTICKS.
Stolen from a tropical paradise . . . the allure-
wise South Sea maiden's own secret of lucious,
exciting lips. Pasteless, transparent, highly
indelible color . . . instead of passey coating.
Tattoo! Put it on like lipstick . . . let it set a
moment . . . then pat it off, leaving nothing on
your lips but clear, tempting red that only time
can remove . . . and that will actually soften your
lips instead of drying them. Five South Sea
shades . . . each aglow with reckless, red adven-
ture! Make your choice at the
Tattoo Color Selection by test-
ing all five on your own skin.
Hawaiian.

Your Lips
with transparent South Sea
red instead of coating them
with passey lipstick.

More parts of the house, nobody's called
up.

Another part of my campaign is to
make George happy because his wife is
different. All men like to feel their wives
are different you know. So, whenever
George puts his hat on, he finds a shoe
free in it—and that proves I'm different.

There aren't many husbands that find
shoe trips in their hats, do you think so?

And I always try to help George in the
things he's doing. Even in the little things.
I always say a wife should be
helpful.

Whenever George leaves a bookmark in
a book, I make it much easier for him
and put a bookmark in every page, be-
cause, then, no matter where he opens
the book, he'll find a bookmark and he
just smiles.

One of the surest ways to make a man
happy is to help him feel that comfort is
waiting at his home to soothe him. No
matter what time George comes home. I
always have his bedroom slipper and
smoking jacket laid out on the curb for
him, so that as soon as he nears his home
he'll sense comfort and a loving welcome.

Of course, it's rather expensive some-
times, especially when it rains and the
water washes them away.

But if you want to make a man really
happy, you've got to do things like that.

I think too many wives take their hus-
bands forbid for granted, figuring that after
they've got a cold there's no use stand-
ing in a draft any more. Or some old
saying like that.

But I don't think that's right. I think
every wife owes it to her husband to
keep on pretending she thinks he's impor-
tant, like she did before they married.

There's nothing that proves a man's
importance like having lots of people
trust him. It's one of mankind's rare pub-
colc confidence, doesn't it? And now I'm mak-
ing almost every merchant in town trust my
George, and he's getting letters from them every
day telling him how much they've trusted him.

Of course, that makes me buy lots of
things I don't bring home. But that's
thoughtful, too, because I don't want him
to worry about how he'll pay for them.

Keeping a husband from worrying over
household affairs is another way to make
him happy. If a wife can get the book-
cases out of the kitchen, we can talk to
him about his manhood. I never mind
having to come in from the curb to help
him, but I do mind this book being in the
way. Not many husbands would expect
this.

Sometimes in arranging George's clothes
for him, I put his shirts, collars, ties and
garters in his sock; just to make it seem
Christmas every day. Because George
loves Christmas.

Not many husbands would expect that.
either, would they?

I always think George is entitled to all
the consideration I can show him, because
he's so concerned about my welfare.

Every time he comes home and finds my
family there for dinner, he goes out to
dinner himself, so I won't have to serve
one more. He's the sweetest, most con-
siderate man.

And I'm considerate, too. George is
nervous when children are around. So,
when he's working at home, I always bring in several little neighbor children, so he will be used to them when our little Sandra has her friends in.

I read once that the surest way to make a man unhappy is not to let him have sufficient rest. A doctor wrote that, and he said a lot of women drive their husbands from home by keeping them to distraction.

But that never happens in our house because I also feel that George should have a lot of rest. So whenever he has to get to work at seven o'clock, I wake him at nine. So not only does he get two hours more sleep, but now he can sleep all day, because he lost his job.

And these are just a few of the ways I keep George happy.

Beauty for Brunettes

(Continued from page 49)

Countess's cosmetic chart, as analyzed for her by a famous Fifth Avenue salon, showing exactly what shades of cosmetics should be worn by this light-skinned, Spanish type.

Vivacious, brown-haired Lily Pons, with her warm-tinted skin and great brown eyes, naturally has quite different advice to give. She, too, uses only little rouge—a beauty secret known to most beautiful women who have large, expressive eyes. But she advises suntan powder, all year round, for those of you who have chestnut or deep auburn hair. In contrast to the Countess, she loves yellow and it is one of her most becoming colors. As a matter of fact, she recommends all the narsium shades, ranging through yellows, oranges, tans, beiges and browns. In the pastels, she is fond of warm pink.

It's a little difficult to give you her advice, word for word, for she spoke partly in French, partly in English, and always rapidly. She simply bubbles over with French vivacity and, it must be confessed, an engaging French coquetry. "The yellow," she said very earnestly, "it must not be too violent, but soft and rich. And the orange should be very warm. "There is one little point," she added,
"which I should like very much to impress upon women who are of the small type, like myself, whether they are blonde or brunette. In America—and in Europe, too—the tiny woman is too fond of frills. Because she is petite, she believes she must be very feminine, wear many little ruffles. That is not true; it is tailored clothes that she should wear, not these too-bouffant, too-girlish styles. Even in the evening, her dress should have the line, dignity, and not just fluffiness.

"Above all, every girl should bring to the fore whatever characteristic is her special charm, whether it is something in her face, her figure or even her speech, but it must be the one thing which is most typical of herself, and she should build the rest of her personality around this. It is much more essential that she should seek individuality rather than glamour."

LILY PONS also wears brown eyeshadow, but that's the only shade of make-up she has in common with the Countess. "The keynote of a coloring like mine," she says, "is golden brown, and all colors should be chosen in that harmony. Orange tints for the rouges and lipsticks, and be certain to avoid the dark reds here. Also, an all brown eye shadow—never, never black for the lashes or brows." She herself uses an easily available but not so well-known brown eyeshadow which I'll tell you about if you send me a stamped envelope. She has an unusual trick, too, which you may be able to follow in your own city; she uses long colored pencils of bamboo which she obtains from the little Japanese shops for outlining her lips and brows.

Do you have trouble applying your own eyeshadow? Perhaps you haven't tried the little trick of brushing your finger-tip across the surface of your cold cream before dipping it into eyeshadow. You'll find the color blends so much more smoothly, is less obtrusive, and gives a finer sheen to your eyelid. There are lots more secrets I'd like to tell you about this month, but what would you like to know? The Countess Althami's skin care, her cosmetic chart, perhaps about Lily Pons' cosmetics—or do you have a problem of your own I can help you with? Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

WHAT MAKES A RADIO STAR?

What hidden formulas have your radio favorites used to gain the top rung of the success ladder? Each has his own secret. Next month, eight of the airwaves' outstanding personalities tell in their own words how they fought their way to stardom.
Last Minute News Flashes

ROSEMARY LANE and Bob Allen are holding hands. Rosemary's the beautiful young gal singing for Fred Waring. Bob's one of Hal Kemp's soloists—Snookey's back on the air! Remember this? She had one air program, but it was cancelled. Now Fred Waring has her on his show—at least for awhile—to fill Stoopnagle and Budl's shoes. If you like her, she'll stay on, Fred has promised.

PROGRAM CHANGES AND SUCH
Dangerous Paradise will have run its course shortly after you read this. But don't be alarmed. A new series is already in the oiling which will star Elsie Fritz and Nick Dawson. At least, so say the radio row gossips... And Buck Rogers—this is for sure—loses its premise. When the first of the year, it will probably be bought up again. It's too popular a program not to be sold... Just as we hurried to press, we got a flash that Waldo Mayo, who for lo! these many years has been orchestra leader for Major Boxes' Sunday morning show, starts a new program over CBS. The sponsor is Schulte, the other star, Rube Goldberg. He won't draw cartoons over the air, but he will be funny some way or other.

AHI! HERE'S REAL NEWS
Louella Parsons doesn't call Dick Powell Dickie anymore on Hollywood Hotel. Dick protested that his friends were taking him for a terrible ride. Louella was a good egg and said okay, she'd forget it... Kate Smith has gone and done it—she has bought outright a professional basketball team. The last we heard she was rehearsing free shots instead of songs for her three programs a week... Bob Burns, the Arkansas traveler who wound up in radio, is reported on his way to the West Coast where he will be funny in the future for the Bing Crosby program. Bing, by the way, will soon be all on his own, after having Whitman with him his first three or four broadcasts.

MORE GOOD NEWS
The Little French Princess, one of the most popular of the day-time serials, and off the air for the past few months, is scheduled to make a reappearance right after the first of the year. Ruth Yorke will again be leading lady. As far as we could determine, it will again be heard in the afternoon... Terry and Ted is the name—a new kid show. When the program started, Terry and Ted were in Mexico, getting ready for a long trip in a super land cruiser. Whatever that is.

Radio Mirror

Corns or Callouses Lift Right Out!

To loosen corns and callouses for quick, safe removal, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks, included in every box. In a short time your corns or callouses will lift right out. This is the medically safe, sure way. One minute after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, callouses or bunions relief will be yours! Pressure on the sensitive spot ends at once and sore toes or blisters from new or tight shoes are prevented by these soothing, healing, cushioning pads. Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Fingers and Soft Corns between the toes. Sold at all drug, shoe and department stores.

2 Kinds—New DE LUXE flesh color 35¢ STANDARD WHITE, now 25c

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET. Mail coupon to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 365, Chicago, Ill. for full details. The little red, white, and blue envelope contains a pad and sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Fingers, and Soft Corns. Please check size wanted. (You can post this on government postcard.)

Nurses' Attendants Call.

Learn Photography at Home

NOW, IRON A WHOLE WASHING For Only $1

No greater time, money and labor saving invention ever introduced into homes than the sensational new Diamond Self-Heating Iron. So economical, the average family laundering can be done at the amazing low cost of 1¢. New convenience and economy for the housewife without electricity! 10 minutes washes in 66% less time. Iron can be used to dry clothes, shirt or hose to twist, launder and get in the wash before the clothes take in water. The Diamond Iron gives a smooth finish, no wrinkled, no odd wrinkles, no extra creases, no extra work, no extra time and no extra labor. A smoothing iron the average family needs and uses. Satisfaction. Lowered prices on every Diamond Iron. In every size for every housewife and every home. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR AGENTS! Make big money with the new Diamond Self-Heating Iron. Moses lent territories still open but earning fast. MAIL COUPON TODAY for details of赚钱 money-making cooperation.

THE AkrOn LAMP AND MFG. CO. 374 Iron Street Akron, Ohio

Without obligation, please tell me all about your new Diamond Iron and you'll receive a NO- Risk TRIAL offer and the usual money-saving chance it makes possible.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City State

85
EVERYWHERE, radio enthusiasts are praising this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective 18-tube 6-tuning range radio. It is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories as a complete saving of 16% to 10%. This statement has been verified by a Certified Public Accountant. Before you buy any radio, order FREE 40-page 1936 catalog. This super Midwest will outperform $20 to $100 sets on a point-for-point comparison. That is why nationally known orchestra leaders like Fred Waring, Jack Benny, Ted Pio Rita, and others, use Midwest sets to study types of harmony and rhythmic beats followed by leading American and Foreign orchestras.

Geo. Olsen praises Life-Like Tone Realism in new Midwest. "Midwest out-performs other high-priced sets almost twice as much. The crystal-clear tone is so life-like that it sounds as though I am in the studio listening." But he adds, "Artists perform the best!"

20 Advanced 1936 Features. Scores of marvelous features, many exclusive, explain Midwest super performance and thrilling world-wide reception. Miss Dragonette said, "enable Midwest to bring you week by week world-wide foreign stations, with full volume, on channels adjacent to locals.

Radios on Earth, and distant foreign stations, with audible frequencies, are praised. The crystal-clear tone is so life-like that it sounds as though I am in the studio listening. The artists perform the best!"

In New York, George Olsen and his wife heard Miss Dragonette sing in a Midwest over a 6-tuning range set. Offered for first time: E. A. L. M. New and U. They give tuning ranges wide and obtainable in other radios at any price! Every type of broadcast from North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa is now yours. Send today for money-saving facts.

 DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES.

No middleman's profit—no handling sales tax. Direct from Laboratories to you. Take advantage of Midwest's factory prices. As little as $2.50 puts a Midwest in your home on 3-day trial. You're truly protected with the 30-day Money-Back Guarantee. Your Money Saved at Retail. Write today.

MIDWEST RADIO CORP., Dept. 31-H, Cincinnati, Ohio

Without address label, send me your new FREE catalog, complete details of your life-saving Pri-Early offer, and FREE Miniature Rotating All-Wave Dial. This is NOT an order.

I want so very much to help Jessica. It is so very understand her dilemma. I read your article in Radio Mirror concerning Jessica Dragonette and her problem.

Although I feel that my advice or opinion means little, may I say that in listening to Miss Dragonette for the past few years, I have always admired her resolution in staying out of pictures. Some time ago she made the statement saying (Continued on page 88)
Moving Picture Machine
Here is the Greatest Prize of All!
Boys, you can now show movies right at home. This outfit uses lamps and cells like the regular machines. Makes of metal, unglared glass, ensures safety. Pure oil and new completely cut film, and colored slides. Strong pictures need not be dim. Have a fun giving show. Given for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Sent Postpaid.

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set
Will Make Proud and sanitary kitchen almost instantly. The granite is genuine Sherwood Type Skates. skating sash. Just will will buy you every day. Blue bird granite is most durable, finished in mirror polish. This remarkable book you can quickly learn to play without a teacher. Send no money, just name and address. We trust you will send the 75 Cts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 25 cts. each, with 100 cts. sent postpaid."

Household Clock
New Colors! New Beauty! New! Secure the all-around standard for your home by ordering one of our clocks. They are protected from dust by a special clock shape which is easily cleaned. They are available in a variety of colors and designs. Give your friends a real picture clock set and be assured of substantial and lasting pleasure. Given for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Sent postpaid.

10-Piece Priscilla CURTAIN SET
There's a charm of elegance in the grace of Priscilla Curtains. These cloth curtains are the result of years of care and attention. The curtains are made with the best materials available and the workmanship is of the highest quality. Given for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Sent postpaid.

Genuine Leather Basketball
FULL SIZE
Share the thrill of basket-ball. Lighter, better, stronger. Suitable for all ages. Even the smallest kids love this genuine leather basketball. Given for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Sent postpaid.

The WATCH for MEN
Read This Remarkable Offer
A "regular" man's watch. Completely new standard makes this model, with improved movement, a guaranteed permanent timekeeper. A welcome present for any man. Given for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Sent postpaid. Order NOW.

Guaranteed Chromium WRIST WATCH
Guaranteed. Curb is all one-white metal. This bimetal watch guarantees for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds and the extra or given with no extra money for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each. Sent Postpaid. Order NOW.

5-Minute Instruction Book FREE
With your purchase you can play this jazzy Ukulele, and you will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A jazzy ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud. Get the only premium, consisting of four pieces, each combination. A ukulele and $2.40 worth of Garden Spot seeds. You will be delighted with the substance of your lesson. A ukulele and your selection, Extra! We send along with your Premium a FREE Rainbow for Prominent Fingers Brightly Colored Tinted Pictures, Fragments, Gifts, Lists, Engagements, A perfectly fascinating collection of catalogues of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH Money. Make the day the best, the month, the year, life the best. We will make you proud.
Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When Arlids and poisons accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and closely puckered—you actually feel and look 20 years older than you are. And what is worse, functional Kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Blood-Joint Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burdening, Swelling, Tachycardia, and Arthritis.

The only way your body can clean out the Arlids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or Elites in your Kidneys. When your Kidneys get tired or slow down because of functional disorders, the acids and poisons accumulate and thus cause much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help regulate the delicate actions of the Kidneys with a Doctor's prescription, Cystex (pronounced Sin-Tex), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. Geo. B. Knight, of Camden, New Jersey, recently wrote: "When Kidneys don't function properly and fail to properly filter out the waste matter strained from the blood, when develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally rundown and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or dangerous ingredients. I consider Cystex a prescription which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial in the treatment of functional Kidney disorders." And Dr. T. J. Newhall, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Bacteriologist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. It does wonders for me in the delicate kidneys of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Pharmacopoeia and the United States Pharnicopoeia, and because it is intended exclusively for functional Kidney and Bladder disorders, it is safe, sure and safe to the action.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders under an unlimited guarantee. Put it to the test. See what it can do in your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and health to the body in 6 days! It must make you look and feel years younger and work to your entire satisfaction. In 6 days or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole and final judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 25c at all drug stores. © isaa's

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WILL NOT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your body becomes sluggish. It just decays the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you "feel up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © isaa's

(Continued from page 80)
Not to be able to tune you in on the radio at least one night a week would be almost unbearable for me.

To be able to see you frequently on the screen in addition to hearing you on the air, as usual, would be to put it mildly, simply swell.

I say, please do go into motion pictures, but don't ever give up radio.

Marian Cunniff, Lansing, Mich.

A voice as superb as Jessica Dragonette's should be in as many places as possible so it could be heard by as many people as possible, and I heartily approve of her going into the movies if she can act. But if her ability to act does not measure up to her ability to sing, she should run from the movies. It would be disappointing, almost heart-breaking, to see her fail on the screen.

Mrs. H. C. Gans, Louisville, Ky.

I think Miss Dragonette should try to make at least one picture. I am quite sure her countless fans would like to see her on the screen. I have met this very charming and lovely person many times and as yet she has not spoilt my illusion I had about her. Of course I would miss very much her Friday evening concerts until the picture was completed, but then I would be seeing as well as hearing her when the picture came out. Miss Dragonette, I am sure, is capable of handling any musical role suitable for her voice. I am waiting for the day when Miss Dragonette will star in Victor Herbert's Mlle. Modiste on the screen.

Alice W. Arnold, Forest Hills, L. I.

You most assuredly should star in the movies.

To be truthful, I found you to be much different from what my imagination, as well as your pictures, had conjured. Nevertheless, both imagination and reality were beautiful. Aside from that, the richness of your warm personality would be doubled when seen in action on the screen.

Herbert, Brooklyn, New York.

To me your voice is distinctive on the air and I hate to think of you joining the ranks in Hollywood to become just "another actress." When I first saw pictures of you I was not disappointed in your appearance. I like to think of you just that way. If Hollywood is your next step, they will find something about you that should be changed. Please stay our favorite on the radio, be individual and show us that you walk "Individual Avenue" instead of "Follow the Leader Street."

Miss Natalie Merriam, Stratford, N. H.

The screen, it is true, is far-reaching. But, it can never be as intimate as radio or chance to hope to possess the human personal touch that is radio's alone. To sing over the air is to enter the home, or linger by the bedside of those who are ill or shut-in—and to them it is that you are a veritable ministering angel and inexpressibly dear, even as they have come to mean so much to you! To them, your career would mean the breaking of a thread of gold...

Mary E. Lauber, Phila., Pa.
I'LL give you PROOF in 7 days that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. Right in the first week you will see and feel the improvements! Then as my weekly lessons arrive in your home I continue to rebuild, renew and 'overhaul' your body. Soon you are the proud owner of a powerful build like mine. People will notice the rosy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, the breadth at your shoulders. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job.

Mail coupon below for a FREE copy of my new book. It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 97-pound weakling into a husky, powerful build. It won't cost you a cent because it's a gift from me to you. It's the right book, the right method, the right way to make you physically and mentally strong.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 58-B, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll pare you down to fighting trim!

And I'll also give you rugged health that banishes constipation, pimples, skin blotches and similar conditions that rob you of the good things of life!

I haven't any need for contractions that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. Dynamic-Tension is all you need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out.

48-Page Book FREE

Tells all about my method and what it has done to make big-mouthed men out of run-down specimens. Shows, from actual photos, how I developed my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. My system can do the same for you, too. Don't keep on being only half of the man you CAN be! Put your name and address on the coupon, or a post-card, and mail it today. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 58-B, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

---

Feel in the mood for rattling chains or murder? Then tune in Lights Out over NBC some evening. In January this program celebrates its second anniversary, proving ghosts are still popular. Above, Forrest Lewis, Betty Winkler, Sidney Elstrom, Art Jacobson, Ted Maxwell, Helen Fox and Harold Peary. At right, Betty and Ted. The clutching hands make even actress Betty's screams genuine.

Above, the cast in another pose. The actors work in a studio that has but one small light over the mike which casts grotesque shadows on the walls. Art Jacobson (left) directing a hair-raising scene from Willys Cooper's pen.
More Last Minute News

NOW that Elgin watches can’t do any more advertising for Christmas, we hear that they are going off the air, which means you won’t be hearing the Miller Brothers Friday night. As another sponsor steps in, right away. How about having them guest star for Bing Crosby’s new program? . . . Roses and Drums, we’ve been told, seems to be the end of the Civil War. No plans for the future have been made. It sounds to us as though they’d have to start a whole new show, perhaps saving the title. . . . You’ve already heard a broadcast of two of the Saturday night show over CBS. The one with Frank Parker and now with Bob Hope as the comedian. Frank and the sponsors decided they need someone else to be master of ceremonies while Frank stuck to singing . . . Alexander Woolcott has been having sponsor difficulties and may he go off the air. As we go to press there are rumors flying thick and fast that the Buck Rogers sponsor may take over the bell ringer. The news ought to be out settling the whole thing one way or another very soon. Woolcott, by the way, is now out in Hollywood, far from the scene of the decision when it is made.

HERE’s a hastily gathered list of what the stars do just before the broadcast:

Fred Allen—Looks like a lawyer coming into court with a brief case in his arm, from which he draws a script, then puts it aside in a music stand.

Halen Hayes—Gets a firm handshake from her husband Charles MacArthur, then steps firmly up to the mike.

Jack Benny—Bites the end off a fresh cigar, stuffs it in his mouth, and forgets to light it.

Johnny Green—Goes off in a huddle with Don Wilson and practices his dialects.

Don Voorhees—Always looks around hurriedly, then bends over and ties his shoe laces all over again.

We can tell you this story that comes straight from Harold Lloyd who is soon to make a new film, “Milky Way.” In order to get atmosphere, Harold rode around for a week with his milkman, helping him do deliveries. One day has the Jess Benny mansion. Here’s what was left each morning: two pints of thick Jersey cream; four quarts of purest milk; two quarts of raw Holstein milk; two quarts of butter; bread and a half loaf of bread; and speaking of Benny, Jack has become a wood-chopper. Out on Noah Beery’s ranch, in Sausal, Jack sharpens an axe and goes after eucalyptus logs which he burns later on in his fireplace at home.

Helen Marshall, the soloist on the Sigmund Romberg program Tuesday nights, is being groomed (or the Metropolitan, we hear), which is a long step forward in a short while.
It's STUPENDOUS!
It's COLOSSAL!
It's JUMBO!

The Safe-Electric Co., Dept. 7-114, Cincinnati, Ohio

NERVE TROUBLES

Satisfactory Cures—Guaranteed

New! Angel

Potted Art Corners

GOVT. JOBS

RADIO MIRROR

Left, the piece de resistance of New York's greatest spectacle—the show that's both a stage and radio sensation. Ready for action is Rosie who plays the part of Jumbo. Below, Jimmy Durante himself, the Schnoz, who stars in this Tuesday night NBC half-an-hour broadcast.
Sylvia of Hollywood

Now Reveals How You Can Acquire the Beauty of the Screen Stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful . . . attractive . . . glamorous. Now you can! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed. Sylvia of Hollywood, in her new book, No More Albis.

This book gives you the very same information which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price for this marvelous book is only $1.00. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store, send $1.00 to:

MACADDEN BOOK COMPANY, INC.
Dept. RM-3
1976 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

How To Secure A Government Postion

Will anybody answer: "Job Open: Senator needs help travel, good pay. Open to all. Let him help you get on Senate staff, if you do the job will pay you. Write to: Mrs. B. T. Johnson, 2520 Washington, Atlanta, Ga.

Now FREE to you 8-page book tells about Governor's Postion. Start your career as Governor's assistant. Write today for your free copy. All 8 pages are about Governor's Postion.

Name

Address

””

MACADDEN BOOK COMPANY, INC.

Radio Mirror

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 35)

SHORT STORY SHORTS

CONTRARY to a story that got about, China Klassen, who had been a P Gyesi tenor, did not sneak into a Radio City Studio and demand and obtain an audition. Ben had already been highly successful as a Gyesi Coast tenor and had been singing on outstanding sustaining programs in New York before he went with the Gyesis. That orchestra he led was a thriving and Allen program under the baton of Jacques Renard, is really Vic Arlen's band, and even has Vic at the piano.

Along with Vic, fortunately, Guy Lombardo introduced a new song called "Blue Nile," the manuscript copy of which had been brought him by a music publisher and apparently written by Joe Long. Guy played it, approved, and was introduced to the composer. That composer was Carmen Lombardo.

THEME SONG SECTION

If you feel inclined to criticize the manner in which Hal Kemp's boys play their theme on their late night programs, as "corny," as the musicians say, don't. The song, "How I Miss You Tonight," written by Hal himself, was the first piece he has been learned to play together ten years ago. That's the way they learned it then, that's the way they're playing it now.

A little startling to learn what song is requested most of Kate Smith. After a tabulation of listener requests, her manager discovered that it was, of all things, her long-used theme, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain." That's "A Noodle Do!" you hear on the Elgin Campus Revue. Dr. L. R. Wallace of Los Angeles, was written by Art orchestra, Keller producer of the program.

"Ta Ra Ra Boom De Ay," Margaret Nolan of Boston, was written by Henry W. Sayer. It belonged much more to the era of Oscar Hammerstein, grandfather of the Ted Hammerstein, whose program you hear it used as a theme.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

One reader demands to know the name of the bell-like instrument played by Charley Price, drummer of Ted Fio Rito's band. "The second big, really is one of the many effects which can be obtained from the Hammond electric organ which Ted himself, not Charley, plays. Fio Rito, as you know, also plays the piano, as does Herb Samon. As for the rest of the orchestra, it aligns itself as follows: Dubs Rhea, 1st trumpet; Eddie Ramos, 2nd trumpet; Jimmy Bestick, trombone; Paul McLeland, 1st alto saxophone; Vic Green, 2nd alto saxophone; Vic Garber, 3rd alto saxophone; Toots Botnick, viola; Muzzie Marcellino, guitar; also baritone vocalist; Charley Price, drums, and Avelinc, tuba. Other vocalists include Stan Hickman, tenor; the Three Entertainers, and Cash. (All this for Wilda Smith, San Francisco and E. J. Johnson, Long Beach, Cal.)

Another brother pops up in a band conducted by a brother, when you start to take Brother Benomin's orchestra apart. Here's how it goes:

Paul Blakey, tenor saxophone; Wallace Smith, saxophone; James McMullen, saxophone; Muzzy Marcellino, flute; Paul Miller, violin; Bob Gebhardt, trombone; Paul Roberts, trumpet; Ernie Matthews, trumpet and baritone vocalist; Bernard Kochenstein, drums; Willis D'heil,
BROWN BLONDIES WANT GOLDEN HAIR?

WANT 94 MITbó1 blonde. Get Blondex at beauty start today with Blondex. Bring back the golden safely, too, for Blondex hair, with gold thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo rinse, the will drabbest, packing

WHAT Shampoo WANTED wash your try MU -COL Pot Cleaner. ALL

MU -COL Metal 1 to make hooked rugs for our stores. Hollywood, doesn't oven remove grease, fit for you've looked and thoroughly -burn instance. Rub and scrub when I remove greasy grime and even-harm instantly. It doesn't bother us to be in "hot water" and think how it saves your hands! I don't shred, splinter or rust either. I'm just as hooked and it's a metal -COL and it's a MONARCH STUDIOS, 80-31, Malden, Pa.

PHOTOS ENLARGED each Florentine Oil Colors 45c

∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞ infinite

BLONDEX

THE BLONDE HAIR

SHAMPOO-RINSE

WANTED

Women to make hooked rugs for our stores. No experience necessary. Steady work. We do the selling. Write at once. HOLLYWOOD STUDIO STORES 5657 Hollywood Blvd., Dept. 2 Hollywood, California

THE CHORE GIRL

The All - Cager, Sponge Cleaned Kit Cut Cleaner, etc., ma am, 1 doz. quickly and thoroughly all at once. You've looked upon as "drudgery" for men and even extra for instance. Why rub and scrub when I remove greasy grime and and every - COL instance. You can do it. 10c

SAFE FEMININE HYGIENE

Booklet Free

FOLLOW DOCTOR'S ADVICE

Thousands of women praise MU-COL for feminine hygiene. Recommended by physicians; contains no harmful ingredients; famous for its soothing and cooling properties. No unpleasant odor. To know the greater dulnesses and heady comfort MU-COL gives, send 10c for sample making 3 cts. MU-COL solution. Booklet Free. MU-COL the hygienic powder makes the finest, safest, most effective solution.

MU-COL CO., Dept. 231-B, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send MU-COL sample and free booklet. I enclose 10c for postage and mailing.

Name.

Address.

The Voice of Experience made a recent trip to the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, Warm Springs, Ga., where he visited the President. He's shown signing autograph books for the patients.
**RADIO MIRROR**

"I have REDUCED my WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT"...writes George Bailey

Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense and in ten days your waist will be 8 inches smaller than it was, or we will give you every cent of the price you paid for it. It will reduce your waist 8 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! It is worn under your clothes and stays on perfectly. Allcock's, Ossining, N. Y.

**SORE, RHEUMATIC MUSCLES**

Say goodbye to many aches and pains, that have to be smeared on every few hours to be effective. The new treatment for sore, aching muscles is Allcock's Porous Plaster, that stays on until pain is all gone. One Allcock's Plaster lasts days and days without further thought. The blood is gently drawn to the painful rheumatic area, with no fumes. It leaves no scar, or absolutely guarantee to improve any lowered condition of the system. Mothers, like others, can now bore the relief you want. No faster way can be found to make you well. Send 25c for our Perfect Voice Instruct., Dept. 70-12, THE EMPIRE ELECTRIC COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**ATTENTION FASHION CONTESTANTS!**

Next month we will announce the two winners in the Lane Sisters Dress Contest which RADIO MIRROR ran in the October issue.

So many letters came pouring in that the task of judging them was doubled for the Fashion Board.

Next month, however, the names of the prize winners will appear. Yours may be one of them. So watch for the March issue of RADIO MIRROR—out January 22.

**Old Book in Attic Brings Fortune to Woman**

A Massachusetts housewife read an article about valuable old books and next day discovered one in the attic. She sold it for more money than she could save in a lifetime! The American Book Mart, the largest company of its kind in the world, will pay $5,000.00 cash for each copy of this book. They also want to buy thousands of other old books, including rare books (bibles, almanacs, old letters, etc.) and old newspapers, magazines. Many published only five and six years ago are valuable. A single book that looks worthless may bring you $50 - $100 - $500 or even $5,000 in cash! Is there a fortune hidden in your old trunks, attics or basements? Better investigate now! Send $10 today to American Book Mart, 1405 S. Dearborn St., Dept. M-110, Chicago, Ill., and they will send you latest price list of old books they want to buy and prices they will pay!
Now Come Away Gray This Easy Way

GIANT hair is gray. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair, handfuls all you have to do is comb it once a day for several weeks. A few droplets of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts a color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change to so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and do not know they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risk? Also without cost! When you pay to your local drug store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. We undertake a guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK-141 ton to United Remedies. Dept. 492, 844 So. Wells Street, Chicago, and receive FREE and POSTPAID a 60c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

LEARN TO DANCE 50¢

Why be a lovely, unattractive wallflower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modest to the old fashions at home, in private without teacher, dance or course? Complete book of old fashions $1.00. Modern dances $1.00. Complete book of old fashions plus simple as simple a child can learn $50c. Booklet of Old dances for children, includes Top Dances, etc., $1.00. Dancing lessons, $5.00. 36 lessons. Complete lec-tures, 400 pages. 47c.

FRENCH ROY - Box 131 - Versailles, Ky.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Frame, mount, paper, mats, or album, 25c. 10x15 inches or smaller, 40c. 10x15 inches, and larger, 47c. 10x15 inches, and larger, 75c. 10x15 inches, and larger, $1.00. An offer of a lifetime advantage of a immensely old ad. Send your globes today. Really also wanted.

INQUEST ART STUDIOS.

304 S. Jefferson St.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BIRTHMARKS, BURNS, AND BLEMISHES

hidden easily... INSTANTLY!

No longer need an ugly blemish mar our beauty! Birthmarks, burns, varicose veins, freckles, horns, moles, etc., etc., are non-repairable, repel ink, etc., etc., and are removed by the simple aid of this marvelous little cream. Send your globes today. Really also wanted.

LYDIA O'LEARY, INC. Dept. A-2

951 Fifth Avenue New York City

FREE LESSON

Home Art Crafts

GOOD MONEY FOR SPARE TIME

Ala new way. An art business in demand. Cut out your own designs. F织 beautiful letter, postcards, cards, invitations, covers, calendars, etc.Send for free samples. 10c for needlepoint, 25c for free materials to begin your business. 50c for needlepoint, 75c for free materials to begin your business. 95c for needlepoint, 75c for free materials to begin your business.

FREE LESSON

Home Art Crafts

GOOD MONEY FOR SPARE TIME

Ala new way. An art business in demand. Cut out your own designs. F织 beautiful letter, postcards, cards, invitations, covers, calendars, etc. Send for free samples. 10c for needlepoint, 25c for free materials to begin your business. 50c for needlepoint, 75c for free materials to begin your business. 95c for needlepoint, 75c for free materials to begin your business.

Free lesson. Home Art Crafts. Good money for spare time. A new way. An art business in demand. Cut out your own designs. Fabric beautiful letter, postcards, cards, invitations, covers, calendars, etc. Send for free samples. 10c for needlepoint, 25c for free materials to begin your business. 50c for needlepoint, 75c for free materials to begin your business. 95c for needlepoint, 75c for free materials to begin your business.

Four of "Hollywood Hotels' headliners, snapped informally by Hyman Find at an afternoon party. Left to right, they are Rosalind Russell, Clark Gable, Frances Langford, and Joan Harlow. Joan's last appearance on the air was in scenes from her new picture, "Riff-Raff."
Be My Local Agent
USE $12. IN DAY
How would you like to wear this fine, unconditional, wool suit at no expense? Pay no money. Just promise to allow 3 friends, 4 of whom you favor, to wear suits I make. I will give you 61 suits in a day, without canvassing. Make biggest money of your life. Need no ambition man in every town.

Experience NOT NECESSARY-
Actual Samples FREE.

I send you absolutely free some wool suits, valuable demonstration equipment, actual samples and dozens of valuable surprises. Demonstrate those samples for 3 hours or more. Great full-filling, Valuable results and free money. Write today.

FREE and opportunity to your cooking andovantagesFREE.
Write today.

H. J. Collins, Dept. 8169.
Proctor Tailing Co., Inc. St. Teresa Street, Chicago.

CREDIT Given on
FRUIT TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, BULBS, ETC....

Reasonable prices in all grades. Apple & Peach trees, low as $1, Grapevines, as various sizes, $2. Fruit bearing fruit trees in slips.$5 for package of 10. Nursery Co., Box 1, Argyle, Ark.

FRUIT TREE EXCHANGE.

Tailoring

costumes at

ARMS & ACCOUTERMENTS.

J. H. Guild Co.,

Tailoring

in

Tailored


costumes at

3.

Make your

to

at

showroom of

141 Flora Street, Chicago.

Follow This Man

Service Station Operator, No. 14, 50S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Free

Tuesdays

FORD FOR YOU

MEE. FORD, 54 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Earn a Regular Monthly Salary

700 Can Become a Flour Advisor

partment of the Chicago Daily News.

Write for further information.

2132 South Avenue.

Dept. 70-13.

Chicago, Ill.

Be an ARTIST

M.AKE $50 TO $100 A WEEK!

MAKES SLOGANS FOR THE SELLING OF GROCERIES

In 30 days.

Train me and I will

in your city.

Pleasanter sales, better profits, and all the excitement of a growing business.

STUDIO 824, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART

125-129th ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Learn Public Speaking

At home—any time—Many overcome

ease-right. Gain self-confidence and increase their influence power, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write for free booklet, "How to Work Wonders With Words and Requirements for Success As an Orator." American Institute, 212 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PLEASANT SMOKE VAPOR

gives quick relief to

ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS

Send for FREE TRIAL package of 6 cigarettes—prove at our expense how Dr. Guild’s Green Mountain Asthma-Mountain Cigarettes removes all symptoms.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHOMATIC COMPOUND

SEND STRANGE CHEMICAL SPOON

Cleans Cars NEW WAY!

AGENTS! Gold Mine!

REVENUE! Olinlcc Spontaneous generation theory knocks itself out. A new theory, well-attested, shows a sea of living organisms, which can breed and grow without the intervention of a living body. Listen to the scientists. We have the details.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER—Complete set of 3 cakes will cost less than one bean from the Indian corn. Bucksville, Ind., 3223 Main Street, Akron, Ohio.

RADIO MIRROR

Budget Cooking

(Continued from page 12)

FRENCH POT- AU-FEU

1/2 lb. shin or shank of beef (boned)
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/4 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup suet fat
2 cups sliced carrots
12 small peeled white turnips
12 small peeled white onions
6 large halved large potatoes.
4 pounds spinach
1 cup leeks cut in inch lengths (optional)
2 bay leaves

Dust the beef with salt and pepper and rub in the flour. Melt the suet or fat in a good-sized soup kettle and brown the meat in it, then add the bay leaves and sugar. Cover with boiling water, put on the lid and simmer until the meat begins to get tender—about two hours—adding more boiling water as required. Add the vegetables, except the spinach, and cook until they are almost tender, adding more salt and pepper to taste. While the vegetables are cooking, remove roots and central stems from the spinach, and cleanse it thoroughly, but do not separate the leaves. Twenty minutes before the Pot-au-Feu is served, put the spinach in the bunched spinach, put in the bunched spinach, put in the bunched spinach, pot in the bunched spinach, pot in the bunched spinach, pot in the bunched spinach, pot in the bunched spinach.

LEFTOVER meats and meatless dishes play an important part in budget cooking and for those of you who think a cold roast meat must be converted into either a cold cut or hash, this suggestion of Mrs. Allen's will prove a boon. Dice or mince cold meat, brown it in butter or suet or reheat it in its own gravy, and use it as a sandwich filling between two slices of French toast. Serve hot.

Cheese puff is the most satisfactory substitute for meats, for meat, and I am sure you will agree with her once you have tried this recipe:

CHEESE PUFF

2 cups white bread crumbs
2 tablespoons shortening
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 cup minced celery (outside stalks)
1/2 lb. cheese (highly flavored) put through chopper
3/4 cup scalded milk
3 eggs
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
3 slices buttered bread

Mix the crumbs, salt, pepper, shortenings, celery and cheese, and stir in the scalded milk. Add the beaten egg yolks. Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the baking powder to them, and fold into the mixture. Place in a shallow greased baking dish, cover with the bread cut in squares and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until the puff is firm in the center and well browned. Serve immediately.

“When it comes to desserts,” Mrs. Allen said, “nearly everyone thinks of cake and when thinking of cake I nominate the soda cake. This cake is made with plain creamy icing to make the pastel birthday cake used in our Denver demonstration this morning.” No wonder it is Mrs. Allen's favorite, it will be yours too, I am sure, after you try it, and if you want to transform it into the delectable birthday cake illustrated at the beginning of this article, I'll send you Mrs. Allen's direc-

Free Sample

DOUBLY EFFECTIVE

MARRIAGE HYGIENE

“Have used

J. BORO-PHENO-FORM FOR 17 YEARS AND WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT THEM”

SAYS MRS. A. B.

Doctor’s Prescription Wins Praise of Millions...

Over 45 Years of Supreme Satisfaction for Users!

"MARRIAGE HYGIENE"—how much depends on those two words. With so much health and happiness at stake, no woman can be too careful in selecting the method to use. Dainty J. Boro-Pheno-Forms offer the ideal solution proved by 45 years of unbroken success. Originated as a doctor’s prescription, Boro-Pheno-Forms quickly swept to nationwide popularity. Thousands have written of continuous satisfaction for 5, 12, 17, 20 years or more.

Send now for FREE SAMPLE which so fully demonstrates Boro-Pheno-Forms superiority. Learn how convenient. No bulky apparatus. Can be used in perfect secrecy; no tell-tale antiseptic odor. Doubly effective, too—IMMEDIATE effectiveness on application, CONTINUED effectiveness afterward.

Send no money: mail the coupon for FREE SAMPLE and booklet. The Answer, which sheds welcome new light on "Marriage Hygiene."

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. B-20
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.

Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM

Mail Coupon for FREE SAMPLE

DR. PIERRE CHEMICAL CO. — Dept. B-10
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois

RUSH ME FREE SAMPLE of Boro-Pheno-Form and FREE BOOKLET of Marriage Hygiene Facts.

Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________
**RADIO MIRROR**

**Snow Cake**

- ¾ cup shortening
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 3 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 2½ cups milk
- 3 egg whites

Cream the shortening, milk and vanilla in a bowl until light and fluffy. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold in last. Bake in a greased cake pan, at 375°F, about 35 minutes. When cool, cover with Plain Creamy Icing.

**Plain Creamy Icing**

- ¾ cup shortening
- 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons hot milk

Cream the shortening, work in gradually one cup of confectioners' sugar with the salt and vanilla, add the hot milk. Add the second cup of sugar and beat until creamy.

The egg yolks left over from the cake may be covered with cold water and kept for several days in the refrigerator, or used for scrambled eggs, French toast or custard.

"Another dessert," Mrs. Allen added, "which is popular with everyone—with the diners because it is so good and with the cook because it is inexpensive and simple to prepare—is made with toast. Cover a slice of hot buttered toast with your favorite jam or jelly, place a second slice of toast on top, spread it with jam and continue until you have four slices of toast. Cut into four small squares one for each serving, and serve with whipped cream, or a sauce made of the jam thinned to the desired consistency with warm water. Strawberry or raspberry jam is ideal for this dessert, or other more flavors may be used in alternate layers."

Now that you have these recipes of Mrs. Allen's, I am sure you will want the others contained in her Budget Cookbook, and here is the way you may obtain a copy for your own use. It is a contest, suggested by Mrs. Allen's experience last winter with a number of women whose families were on relief.

"These women would write to me," Mrs. Allen explained, "telling me what their food allotment was for the week, and I would work out for them a week's menus. In return, many of them sent me original recipes they developed. Some of them were amazingly good—a clam pie, for instance, originated by one woman, is delicious."

Well, this gave us the idea for the contest by which you may win a copy of the Budget Cookbook. Simply write in your favorite, original, budget recipe. Mrs. Allen will select the twenty best recipes, and each of these twenty winning contestants will receive a copy of the Ida Bailey Allen Budget Cookbook, autographed by Mrs. Allen. Recipes will be judged on the basis of tastiness, originality and economy. You may be one of the lucky twenty, so get your recipe in early. Address your letter to the Ida Bailey Allen Budget Cookbook Contest, c/o Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York.

Whether or not you enter the Budget Cookbook Contest, remember that you may have Mrs. Allen's luncheon menu recipes, her directions for pastel birthday cake, and the clam pie, all mentioned in this article, if you will write to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.

---

**FRIEND SOLVED HEADACHES**

"Try Famous All-Vegetable Laxative," She Said

Headaches were making her miserable. She felt tired, listless, too.

Then she found that Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) really corrected her intestinal sluggishness. NR Tablets are a combination of laxative elements provided by nature in plants and vegetables. Try them tonight. Note that they give thorough cleansing action that leaves you refreshed and invigorated. This trial means so much to you and is so simple to make. NR's contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. Non-habit forming.

Only 25¢ at all drug stores.

---

Ida Bailey Allen with two of NBC's outstanding child actors, Charita Bauer and Bobby Mauch. Better read the cooking article and learn how to win one of Mrs. Allen's famous budget cookbooks.
Confessions of An Audition Winner

(Continued from page 21)

two as had been scheduled at first, she was sure that they had decided she was unworthy of being on the program, that they disliked her voice. No one expected that the program was to have guest stars—the most famous people in Hollywood each week—and that the songs and music must be shortened to make room for them.

By the time the program actually went on the air, Jane's whole emotional setup had been shattered. From that moment Chicago, New York contest winner, back to different places and separate experiences, she was no longer the same person. Gone was the thrill, the glow of praise, the warmth of congratulation. In their place, the cold of fear and the despair of loneliness.

When her option time expired, when she had sung the few weeks her contract stipulated, Jane left Los Angeles as quietly as she had arrived. All the way across the continent, the clacking wheels sang over their rails: "You've failed—you've failed. You've had your chance—but you failed.'

Only one consolation thought. New York couldn't have forgotten her so soon. Back in the East, she would easily find a job. It was just that the agencies just didn't need her. She had that hope. People were kind, courteous, but firmly it was: "Home, to return home, to Chicago.

O back? To humiliation, to the smiles of her acquaintances who had envied her good luck the Best of having to do that to her. Jane had decided then to this. She had won a contest, for got she'd been on a national program. Becoming just plain Jane Williams, starting out in radio, she began making the rounds. For months, while her money was only a pitiful weekly rent, while she ate in corner drugstores, walked to save fare, she interviewed prospective bosses. By tracking down leads, auditioning, waiting, praying, she finally landed.

Early this fall she signed a contract for the Life Savers show: "And I'm glad that I got it that way. For, if it ever will come, will have to come through hard work. Winning a contest, getting a good job like the one I have now—they're both just beginnings.

And Jane, with her memories of twelve months of failure, heartbreaking effort, knew whereof she speaks. And now that does that old job of yours look to you?

WHAT ARE THE HIDDEN MOMENTS IN THE LIVES OF THE STARS?

Next month we begin a fascinating series, telling you of unknown incidents which have had far-reaching results on the careers of your favorites. The first is the story of why Lawrence Tibbett was on the verge of committing suicide—read it in the March RADIO MIRROR.

Rheumatism

Relieve Pain in 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, take the Doctor's Prescription NURITO. Absolutely safe. No opiate, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—and must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Drug-gist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed NURITO today.
can best be described as a high-hat phono- 
graph record. Its chief difference is its utility—it is especially made for broad- 
cast purposes and is distinguished from phonograph records available to any pri-
vate consumer.

Less than a decade ago, a small town 
station was considered a failure unless it had a tie-up, with a network which could supply it with "name" artists over the leased wire lines. Out of the 600 commerci-
al broadcasters in the U.S.A., it was not practical for every one of them to be in-
cluded in the chains and the eventual 
answer to the problem of talent was the 
transcription.

Because the radio disks are made es-
pecially for broadcast purposes, the 
Government overseers do not limit their 
use as they previously did with home 
recordings. Thus a station can now 
broadcast throughout the day just by 
changing the disks on the turntables and 
resulting in the sponsors' service, 
which can be sold in quantity lots to the 
Main Street Delicatessen and the 
Smithson & Giles Emporium.

AND don't think that the use of re-
corded programs is confined to the 
small town stations. With the exception 
of WABC, the CBS, and WEAF and 
WJZ, the NBC primal transmitters, 
the canned programs go on the air from 
whirling turntables virtually every 
radio broadcast in the country. Thus, 
instead of elaborate, studios, with a 
day-long schedule of programs on 
radio, the station uses turntables, 
which are more efficient and less 
expensive.

Virtually all great radio stars have 
entered the transcription ranks, but many 
artists use anonymous nick names on 
recorded programs. If a station gets a let-
ter after a transcription program saying, "The crooner I heard last night sounded 
like a well-known crooner," then the chances are that they're one and the 
same person.

There are about fifty companies 
using recorded programs for exclusive 
cast. Most transcription studios are 
in New York but there are several in 
other talent centers, especially Hollywood.

Two kinds of services are offered—one for 
stations and one for advertisers. 
The station buys a program for $100, 
and the network gets $8250 a month depending 
the size of the station. The transmitter, 
consists of a disk library with periodic 
announcements. The disk index, plus keys, en-
ables the station to piece together the 
combinations of various kinds of recorded 
programs. The disk index consists of complete programs, commercial 
announcements, et al., included in the disk.

In the latter case, the advertiser buys time 
on a group of stations and mails them 
their disks instead of routing the pro-
gram over network wireline. Thus a syn-
thetic network is invested with the added 
advantage of selecting the stations 
in areas where the sponsor's product is 
distributed. One advertiser—Chevrolet— 
presented a disk program over 300 stations! 
At first the recorded programs loomed 
as competitors to networks, but in time 
the stations entered the field by manufac-
turing their own records. CBS is contin-
ing its service on a bigger scale than ever, 
but CBS gives its occasional transcription 
assignments to outside companies. 
Many of the NBC recordings are made 
at the old key studios at 711 Fifth 
Avenue, New York, which were desetered 
upon the chain's removal to Radio City. 

Let's glance over the type of talent 
available to small stations from coast 
to coast via the turntable route. You will 
recognition to some of the biggest names in 
the broadcasting.

Among the orchestras on transcriptions are 
those of Little Jack Little, Xavier 
Cugat, Nat Brusiloff, Victor Arden, 
Herbert J. Lebow, Nathaniel Shilkret, Harry Reser, 
Rosario Bourdon, George Hall, 
Green Brothers and Fred Waring.

Board Carter, the CBS news commenta-
tor, does his stuff for disks as well as for 
the chain. NBC's crack organist, 
Richard Leiber, is also represented in 
the rotoform of radio entertainment. 

And the turntables also boast of such well 
known script acts as The O'Neills and 
Robinson Crusoe, Jr. Other names 
that stand out prominently are Ray 
Heather- 
ton, the Westminster Choir, Loretta 
Lee and Dale Wimbrow. And there's a long 
list of stars—Johnny Green's orchestra 
and Marjory Logan, for example—who 
use other names on recorded programs.

I T can readily be seen how recordings 
have given long and prosperous leases 
on life to small stations everywhere. 
In every way the transcriptions have simplified 
the means of transmitters existences.

Low-powered, small town stations have 
often been called by such undignified 
cognomen as "hamstrings," "hicks" and 
"air-pests," but the lowly phonograph, in 
new guise, came to the rescue to 
raise the prestige of local radio stations that 
are the offshoots of the high-powered chain 
transmitters.

So, all in all, it's more than simple than you 
may have thought to operate a commer-
cial broadcasting station. And, if you are 
ingenuous enough to get such assigned 
call letters as "WABD" or "WEAF" you will 
have a right next to WABC and WEAF.

Ooh! We mean in alphabetical listings, 
of course!
What Do You Want to Know?
(Continued from page 10)

Bertha N., Belleville, N. J.—Bob Crosby is broadcasting at the present time from New York on his own program, at 8:13 Fridays over the NBC-WJZ network.

G. B. S., Selma, Alabama.—Carmen Lombardo is very much alive and you can hear him every Monday night, singing with Goy Lombardo's orchestra. For his program, see page 31—8 o'clock column.

Gerrude J., Denver, Colorado.—Your answer is coming rather late and Frank Parker no doubt has been thriling you with his tenor voice over the Columbia networks in the Atlantic Family on Tour. His program is listed on page 31—7 o'clock column.

Helen E. Wimina, Minn.—The Corn Cob Pipe Club has available, 111 West 57th Street. You can write him there for his photographs. Yes, Rudy is always making new records. I can't say whether Mr. Vallee would play a saxophone solo by request, but I don't think there would be any harm in asking him.

Jean, Everett, Mass.—The sketch called Red Davis has been off the air ever since early last summer. However, there is a rumor that the series will be resumed in the near future. It starts with what has already played the leading part is now appearing in the successful Broadway play, "Winterset."

Pearl W., Youngstown, Ohio—Ralph Kirby, the Dream Singer, is not married. He was born in 1904, so that makes him thirty-five years old. Is that correct?

Wm. P. S., Erie, Pa.—You can communicate with Seth Parker in care of the National Broadcast Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City. If you want to listen in on his program, refer to the listing on page 34—10 o'clock column.

B. P., Garden City, Kansas and Miss T. M. Sayre, N.Y.—You'll swell to answer his fan mail. Address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

J. A. B., Chester, Pa.—Wherever did you get such news? Victor McLaglen is alive, and what’s more, you’ll see him opposite Mae West in "Klondike Lou."

Mrs. C. E. S., Overbrook Pgh., Pa.—address your letter to Wayne King in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill.

It’s wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away and turn the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve the itching of Rashess and Ringworm and control the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists, 6c, 8c and $1.

SPOTS GONE! Spots, soil fade like magic. Multi cleans everything. Dries instantly leaves no odor: no ring. 10c and 30c a bottle. At all drug stores.

GRAY HAIR! The Best Remedy is Made at Home. YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint orange juice, 1 ounce rum, a small box of Barbo Polishing Powder, and one ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up for you. It costs you a very little cost. Apply to hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts to the gray hair a finished, luster look while leaving it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.
If you could use more money, by all means read this page carefully.

Macfadden Publications will pay $25,000 in magnificent cash prizes for the sixty-six best true stories submitted during the months of January, February and March 1936. Already we have paid over a quarter of a million dollars for true stories for the most part to people who previously had never written for publication. The chances are the major portion of this new $25,000 appropriation will be paid out in like manner.

The reason for this amazing success of unskilled writers is that, with us, only the story counts—not literary craftsmanship.

So, here is your great opportunity. Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then, after you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the contest rules, write it simply and honestly and send it in. Also, we strongly recommend that you immediately sign the coupon at the foot of this page and send it in for a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which, in former contests, has proved to be most effective in writing true stories.

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 human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully and skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $2500 first prize, the persons submitting the five next best will be awarded the five $1000 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.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in this contest is that no story shall contain less than 2500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are necessary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 2000, 10,000, or 50,000.

You may submit more than one manuscript, although not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual.

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

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.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
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 About Writing True Stories".

Name. 

Street. 

City. State. 

Collect Your Share of this Money $25,000.00

For Simply Written True Stories

CONTEST RULES

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

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pencil.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words.

Do not send us unpaid manuscripts.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put an FIRST CLASS POSTAGE on all manuscripts. We cannot 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, (or nom de plume) AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGH T CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND ON ENVELOPE and sign your full name (or nom de plume) and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

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

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

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as practicable upon request.

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

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

Names of prize winners will be published, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

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

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

This contest ends at midnight, Thursday, March 31, 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications, Manuscript Contests, Dept. DE, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Prepare Now to Reap A Rich Harvest. Use This Coupon for Valuable Information.
RIDING THE SHORTWAVES

By THE TUNER-INNER

EVEN if some of the thrill of actually tunning in a foreign station has worn off with you more jaded listeners, there's plenty of excitement to be found these cold winter nights listening to spot news broadcasts from across the Atlantic.

Here's what's been happening: frequently, short-wave fans tuned to late programs have heard reports on events in his own country a day before American newspapers have come out with the story. Not long ago a scoop of this kind was reported when details of a huge forest fire sweeping across Wyoming and Nevada were sent out over the air from Daventry the night before New York papers carried the story.

France, until now noted for her temeramental changing of wavelengths at the drop of a mike, has finally settled down to two locations in the 12,00 megacycle range and thanks to a greatly improved antennas system, has entered into this war of words with her own news programs. You can identify French stations fairly easily at most times by the playing of their national anthem.

The following stations feature nightly flashes of the news in the English language. Tune them in. Perhaps you'll hear of some disaster in your own town long before newshawks are screeching the headlines under your window.

2RO Rome, 1128: the American Hour, 6:00-7:00 p.m. EST.

FYa Paris, 1172: 6:30-8:15 p.m., daily.

DID Berlin, 1177: 7:15-7:30 p.m.

RWS9 Moscow, U. S. S. R., Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday 4:00-6:00 a.m.

JVI, the most popular of Nippon broadcasts at Tokyo, 1460; 8:40-8:50 p.m.

The popular "Empire News Letter," repeated at the end of every transmission from the Daventry stations at 7:45-8:00 p.m., 5:30-5:45 p.m.; 10:45-11:00 a.m. and 2:45-3:00 p.m., completes the bill.

Japan, with her multitude of frequencies and almost as many transmitters, has formed two new links in the chain connecting her with the Pacific Coast, (JBR, Kagoshima, 9,12 and JJB, Chureku-Fukas, 4,553) heard from three until six a.m. daily, EST, JVI 14:6, Tokyo, relays from "The Land Of The Shining Sun" (from seven until eight p.m. nightly) and from one to three p.m. in the early afternoon. JVE, 10:74, JVN, 10:66; and JVT, 679, (familiarly known as the "Nazaki Triplets") entertain you from 1-7 a.m. EST at the time your milkman gets up.

Some other favorite Asiatics whose signals are frequently heard in this corner of the United States are: Radio Suva, Fiji Island, every morning from 12:30-1:00 a.m. EST. Operating upon 13,075 megacycles, playing American phonograph records and talking in hearty British style. CR7AA Laurence Marques on the higher wavelength of 3,530 is on the air every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday from 1:30-3:30 a.m. EST. VK3LR, the easiest Australian to log here in the metropolitan area, is heard well from 2:45-3:15 a.m. EST, playing records and offering stock quotations as well as offering interesting news reports.

Radio Nairobi, Kenya Colony, Africa, a prize catch for any listener, has changed its wavelength, to 49.02 meters or 6.1 megacycles. Its transmission can easily be plugged by the roaring of a lion between musical selections.

The Tuner-Inner has taken you through the airplanes of the world. Where shall he take you next? Write to him care of Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, and tell him what country you want to visit. Bon Recepition!

When Great Britain refused to relay Italian speeches from Rome to America, Mussolini asked the great inventor, Guglielmo Marconi, to improve the Italian shortwave sending apparatus. Marconi at an earlier opening of a radio station in Rome, at which Pope Pius attended.
FEMININE HYGIENE
made easy

NOTHING COULD BE EASIER!
Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the daintiest, easiest, quickest and safest way to feminine hygiene.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, and free from danger. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use...much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet harmless antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—"ethylene para hydroxy mercuri acetate"—is available in no new product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are genuinely antiseptic and positively non-injurious.

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions.
The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

JUMBO. I've been a holder-out on Jimmy Durante, but for the first time I like him on the air. The part of Brainy Bowers fits him like his skin. Donald Novis and Gloria Graffton warble and patter the romance assignment without simpering. The circus script is full of Hecht-MacArthur whimsies and Rodgers-Hart meloditties, which makes it the best musical script on the air. But strange, as it seems, the broadcast is disappointing to watch. If you want to hear the Billy Rose show, stay at home. If you want to see it, go to one of the regular performances.

NBC Tues., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

ECHOES OF NEW YORK. An interesting historical drama series, with pleasant harmonizing in the interludes.

NBC Sun., 6:30 P. M., 60 min.

GENERAL MOTORS CONCERT. The usual high-class music conducted by Erno Rapee, with an added attraction—short talks on careful driving, which are not at all amiss.

NBC Sun., 10:00 P. M., 60 min.

CAVALCADE OF AMERICA. There's plenty of drama in the building of a nation. There won't be any excuse for it if this isn't a hit show.

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

BURNS AND ALLEN are in the soup—program, along with Jacques Renard's orchestra and Milton Watson's vocal chords. The popular nut team has never been funnier, nor their cuckoo relatives more prolific. Ted Hosking's commercials are in good taste.

CBS Wed., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

PHIL BAKER seems even funnier than last year, but Beetle isn't so amusing. The program plays at a furious pace and is one of the three best comedy shows on the air.

CBS Sun., 7:30 P. M., 30 min.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet harmless antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—"ethylene para hydroxy mercuri acetate"—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are genuinely antiseptic and positively non-injurious.

PORTLAND HOFFA

THE O'MALLEY FAMILY. Although credited to the same author, Anne Cameron, the funniest stories that have ever appeared in the Saturday Evening Post become just another program when diluted for the air. The casting is also disappointing, except for Gambler, the goat.
MBS Sun., Tues., Thurs., 7:45 P. M., 15 min.

JACK BENNY. All we ask of you, Jack Benny, is to keep going on forever. How about some more of those burlesque movie skits? By the way, Kenny Baker and Johnny Green's orchestra aren't doing your show any harm.

NBC Sun., 7:00 P. M., 30 min.

TOWN HALL TONIGHT. If you were just born yesterday, and have never heard Fred Allen, dial in at once. You have to die sometime anyway—you might as well die laughing.

NBC Wed., 9:00 P. M., 60 min.

YOUR DRAMA. Dramatization of the birth of words now in common usage, and a clever gag that counts mistakes in speech as they are made before the mike. You never knew an English lesson was so much fun.

NBC Sun., 3:00 P. M., 15 min.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND. This is a little too trivial in its present form, but it needn't be. More informality, please. Drew Pearson and Bob Allen, more information, and less effort to be cute in your banter about political big-wigs.

MBS Tues., Sat., 7:45 P. M., 15 min.

Bob Crosby

BOB CROSBY. You can tell it's not Bing, but you can tell it's a Crosby.

NBC Fri., 8:15 P. M., 15 min.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ has augmented his orchestra to 45 pieces (or did he simply add 45 pieces?) and streamlined his 18-voice chorus for greater tone contrast. His arrangements of popular music are as picturesque and sparkling as a lively mountain stream. And as fresh, since he is careful not to choose the hackneyed tunes. Also, you get Lily Pons on Wednesdays and Nino Martini on Saturdays for the same money. One of the happiest combinations of easy-chair entertainment since radio began.

CBS Wed., Sat., 9:00 P. M., 30 min.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCCOTT. It's good to hear his precise enthusiasms and sly laments. There's nothing else quite like him on the air.

CBS Sun., 7:00 P. M., 30 min.
THE PENNY THAT SAVED THE DAY

Bob, what's this I hear about you leaving college? What's the trouble?

It's just an ordinary old penny I got in change some place.

I'm no ordinary penny, you dope!

Judy thinks this penny is valuable—I'll just humor her along.

You won't flip me about like this. When you find out who I am, big boy!

I'm going in the house a minute—wait there, Bob!

I can't believe it! Who is this Max Mehl?

Vessir! Here's the picture of your penny in Max Mehl's coin catalog and it's worth $200!!

I'm going in the house a minute—wait there, Bob!

Well, what the...?

That calls got sense! She knows I'm somebody!

I can't believe it! Who is this Max Mehl?

MAX MEHL IS THE LARGEST DEALER AND COLLECTOR OF OLD COINS IN THE COUNTRY. HE'LL SEND YOU A $200 CHECK FOR THIS PENNY BY RETURN MAIL. DAD HAS SOLD HIM LOTS OF COINS, SAYS HE'S A GREAT FELLOW. BOB, THIS EXTRA $200 OUGHT TO SEE YOU THROUGH THIS YEAR!

But, Judy you must take half of this!

EL, I'M IN THE MONEY!

I'm no ordinary penny, you dope!

JUDY THINKS THIS PENNY IS VALUABLE—I'LL JUST HUMOR HER ALONG!

YOU WON'T FLIP ME ABOUT LIKE THIS WHEN YOU FIND OUT WHO I AM, BIG BOY!

IT'S TIME SOMEBODY NOTICED ME!

MAX MEHL

I Pay BIG CASH Prices for OLD MONEY COINS-BILLS-STAMPS

Post Yourself! It Pays!

I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent, Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar, Mrs. G. F. Adams, $140 for a few old coins, I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send the coupon below and 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Send Today.

B. MAX MEHL, Director NUMISMATIC CO. OF TEXAS

249 MEHL Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS LARGEST LARGE COIN COMPANY IN U. S.

FILL OUT AND MAIL NOW!

To B. MAX MEHL, 360 Mehl Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas Stamp Folder and further particulars for which I enclose 4 cents.

Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

City: ____________________________ State: __________

SEND COUPON FOR LARGE ILLUSTRATED COIN FOLDER, FULL OF VALUABLE INFORMATION ON THE PROFILES THAT HAVE BEEN MADE FROM OLD MONEY, BILLS AND STAMPS.
Luckies a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO
ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT A LIGHT SMOKE