

# RADIO Programs

On Your Radio  
**"FRIENDSHIP TOWN"**

FRIDAY, 8:00 P. M., C. S. T.  
NBC Coast to Coast Network

**Vaseline**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
PREPARATIONS

STUDIO VISITS WITH  
TWINKLING STARS IN  
RADIO FIRMAMENT

Modern small-town life is being portrayed in *Friendship Town*, a new program series inaugurated over an NBC-WJZ coast-to-coast network. An all-star cast, including Edwin Whitney, Don Carney, Pick Malone and Pat Pagett, blackface comedians; Virginia Gardner, Edith Spencer and Harry Salter's orchestra depict the various characters making up the country village of today. There are scenes in the drug store; the academy of music, upstairs; the garage; opera house and other local points of interest in *Friendship Town*. Local politics play a large part in the general theme, with love interest supplied by a pair of young sweethearts. Vocal selections are provided weekly by Frank Luther, tenor star.

Ray Perkins, radio funster, says there are a lot of men today who, when they think of business, get a slump in the throat.

Marcella Shields, who plays varied roles, is proud of a naive tribute to her ability as a delineator of children. Following a recent broadcast in which the former vaudeville actress played a little girl, she received dozens of letters from children who thought she really was a child.

A soldier who has been in the United States Veterans' hospital since the World war recently wrote to Elaine Page, fashion expert on the *Woman's Radio Review*, for instructions for crocheting a scarf described in one of her broadcasts. The veteran explained he could stick to knitting like many of his comrades, but he preferred to do something different.

Many celebrities are nervous before a microphone, but not Frank Buck, the man who brings 'em back alive from the jungles. Buck, who was recently interviewed by Grant-Rice over a national network, admits he was jumpy during rehearsal, but perfectly at ease when he faced the "mikie."

The quintet of Hawaiian Serenaders hails from the South Sea Islands. Joseph Rodgers, the director, picked up the other four members and brought them to America. They are William Joseph, Frank Antisei, Jim Hapikini and Samson Akaka.

Will Rogers, according to Frank Luther, tenor, is the only great comedian who never looks for "gags" for his next stage appearance. Luther traveled with Rogers through the South and West on a flood relief tour, and declares the humorist is never at a loss for the correct answer to any question—serious or humorous.

The other night on the Cantor program:

Wallington: Hey, Eddie! In China they grow pumpkins so big they cut 'em in two and each half makes a cradle for a baby.

Admiral Cantor: Huh! That's nothing! Back home they grow vegetables so large that three cops sleep on one beet.

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, dropped in on Rudy Vallee at the Pennsylvania Grill recently. Vallee suddenly broke into his routine, and called on Crumit to sing his "Gay Caballero." Frank got up, cleared his throat, hesitated, and had to admit that at the moment he could not remember the words of one of the most famous of the songs written by none other than Mr. Frank Crumit. Some quick prompting by Miss Sanderson saved the day.

Russ Columbo defines his brand of entertainment by saying that he "takes a song and reads it musically into the hearts of listeners."

Three versatile NBC staff members can reproduce almost any program on the air, in the opinion of their associates. They are Ross Gorman, who plays twenty-five musical instruments; Ray Kelly, sound effects expert, who reproduces almost any known sound, and Hack Wilson, engineer, who can imitate virtually any radio voice after hearing it once.

## THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by  
WADSWORTH CAMP

She took her first opportunity to ask Dr. Morris about Gray.

"Left shoulder shattered. He'll be longer mending than you."

His glance was disapproving.

"From what I hear you're both lucky to be alive at all."

From what he heard! They had all heard now. The period of mere suspicion was closed; the secret out in the open. Perhaps that was why Mrs. Twining never mentioned it, and didn't ask a single question. She came in several times a day, asked Barbara how she was, sat with her occasionally in silence before going on again about her duties with the manner of the competent head of a nursing home. The responsibility thus thrust upon her served as an elixir, so that she seemed more vital even than when she had returned from Europe.

The Manvels were in the house perpetually. Barbara heard Mr. Manvel's crisp tones, and his wife's tearful voice, and she thought of the mother's agony in watching her son play football. How she must hate Barbara! Also from time to time she heard the suppressed murmuring of Esther and Mrs. Helder, but the concern of all these people was with Gray; they had no sympathy for her.

Harvey came as soon as he saw the brief newspaper accounts.

"Bobbie, you told me you had forgotten him."

"I mean to now, Harvey. This time I have to."

It was all he said in the way of reproach, and she was grateful that he should spare her useless, prying questions. "I'll do all I can to help you forget, Bobbie."

One from the other side did stamp in and stand rocklike beside the bed. Lyon Helder frowned down at her, then smiled.

"Serves you right for tearing around with a careless young egotist."

Yes, they all knew.

"Glad it's no worse. Hope you'll soon be up."

Another motive than kindness had brought him. While Harvey had waited in the library to be conducted upstairs Lyon Helder and he had had a little chat.

"What do you know about that young man, Miss Norcross?"

Barbara told him all she could about Harvey's start.

"Determination and brains there," he said in his fashion of inadvertently making a thought audible. "He's got the acquisitive sense. Naturally he asked me for nothing, but I could see he thinks in big figures already. He's out for capital, a great deal of it. Thanks. He's worth keeping an eye on."

From the door he murmured an afterthought: "Don't look so infernally sad, young lady. Accidents will happen; the best we can do is to avoid them as capably as possible."

She thanked him for coming, and for his interest in Harvey, but he had increased her impatience to get well, because he knew, and waited, as they all did, for her departure, her final removal of the problem she had brought into their ordered circle.

Steve was the only one who took the frank, normal attitude towards the revealing episode. When she first heard the tapping of his cane in the

hall she hoped he would come in. He did, and walked tapping to the side of the bed, a smile twitching at his mouth. The wrinkled face, however, held reproach.

"Barbara! Barbara!"

"Steve, I want to die."

The worry fled from his glance.

"There's really not the slightest need of that." He drew up a chair, stretched out his legs, and commenced striking at the toes of his shoes with his cane.

"I'd always fancied you were the most sensible of young women."

"I'm afraid there isn't much sense in love, Steve."

His cane rested between his feet.

"It's serious, dear child? It's as bad as that?"

She nodded.

"No use denying it, because it's all over now. I never expect to see him again; never want to."

He brightened perceptibly.

"That makes life much simpler for many people, including yourself."

She looked at him narrowly.

"Don't tell me, please that you've been sent here as a—"

a scout, to find out what happened, how I feel towards Gray, what I mean to do about him?"

He resumed his tapping.

"I came, my dear, for a number of causes. The first and most important is that I wanted to look at you and learn how you are. Another happens to be that what you two bewildering impulsive young animals did has made life rather hectic for my very good friend, Jacob."

Barbara spoke breathlessly.

"Mrs. Manvel, you mean?"

Steve nodded.

"When she fancies her sole offspring near danger Caroline becomes jungle primitive."

Barbara seemed to be seeing herself from a distance, wonderingly.

"And I'm danger?"

Steve seemed surprised she should ask.

"It's one of humanity's most charming traits that women like you should be dangerous to selective men; and I think we may assume, after his shamefully pampared career, that Gray is particularly selective."

Barbara drew back.

"I'd rather you didn't talk that way, Steve. I'm not sure what you mean. What do they want me to do?"

Steve's quiet chuckle reassured her.

"Things are rather too confused for them to have found out themselves. Jacob peers and has little to say, except that he doesn't blame his son for falling head over heels with you; naturally that doesn't make the domestic waters any less turbulent."

He spoke slower, more softly.

"Caroline has always tried to give Gray every plaything he has ever wanted."

"Steve, don't!"

"Sorry, Barbara. Sound cures are hard to swallow. Hasn't our young man looked on the affair in much the same light?"

She covered her face. Her voice was muffled.

"I won't talk about it. You can't make me."

"Yet," he said softly, "you never want to see him again."

"True, Steve, but for his sake as well as mine."

His eyes opened wider.

### Junket Trips Planned

#### For Early Model Ford

Brazil, Ind. — (UP) — A trip to the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 and a coast-to-coast trip in an automobile constructed in 1905 is planned by James Watkins, living here.

Watkins says the auto is one of only six of its kind and was made by Henry Ford. When new, the machine sold for \$6,000, Watkins said. The auto has a six-cylinder engine, made of brass and aluminum. Watkins said the model was only an

experiment and was abandoned for another, which was the forerunner of the present model.

One of the elaborate accessories on the auto is a three-pipe horn, operated by exhaust from the engine.

### Hungarian Engineer Will Study U. S. Methods

State College, Pa. — (UP) — A Hungarian flour milling engineer who wants to learn American milling methods will study in Pennsylv-

### O'NEILL FRONTIER

"I believe that. Some men don't know their luck."

"You mean Gray doesn't, if you want to call it luck?"

"Precisely," he said, "and it isn't wholly his fault; it's the rotten, worshipful fashion in which he's been raised. He's been taught to want only the glittering things of life; so when it comes to his settling down—"

She interrupted.

"You mean, he'd never dream of settling down with an Elmford savage like me?"

"Fond as I am of Gray," he mused, "he's the selfishest, most ruthless human being I've ever known, and I once told you selfishness can be pretty devastating."

"You guessed that night on the boat? I thought so."

He chuckled.

"I'm not altogether an imbecile. Knocking Gray and seeing you, I've dreaded something like this ever since Elmford; and the caretaker there, Siller, caught you two together once or twice. He had some fantastic ideas about you, Barbara."

She lowered her hands and looked straight at him.

"They were fantastic, Steve."

He dropped his cane, bent forward, and took her hand.

"You needn't tell me so. He's keeping his ideas to himself now. I saw to that. Of course I don't know what Gray thought."

She lifted her head triumphantly.

"Then it wasn't altogether his fault. You've got to grant him that."

Steve smiled whimsically.

"I grant him nothing; I envy him."

The pressure of his hand tightened.

"If I were younger I'd make love to you myself. If I were ten years younger would you marry me, Barbara?"

"I don't think so, Steve."

She carried his hand to her lips.

"But I wish you could make love to me; you're so dear; it makes me so happy to have you notice me at all."

"There are times," he said, "when I could horsewhip the young cub. This is one of them."

And after a moment, when she had let his hand go: "Why did you ever start with him on that mad ride?"

Her lips tightened.

"I won't talk about it. Hasn't he?"

Steve laughed.

"Gray? He does nothing but growl. That also makes the Manvel domesticity a trifle spotty."

"But," she said bravely, "you can tell them it's all right now."

He rose.

"I wonder."

Suddenly it rushed upon her that when she left here she wouldn't see Steve any more, or Mrs. Twining. Through a sea of loneliness she held out her hands.

"Mind kissing me good-bye, Steve?"

He looked closely at her.

"What do you mean? Good-bye? I'll kiss you, but not good-bye."

"All right. It's just that you've been so sweet."

He stooped and kissed her cheek, and tapped his way to the door.

"Cheer up, Barbara. See you soon again."

At last she started with a crutch, and got as far as a cane. She had even hobbled up and down stairs once or twice. She would be able to go away almost any day now; yet Mrs. Twining hadn't said a word. If she didn't pretty soon Barbara would take matters in her own hands. No one had mentioned Gray to her since Steve's visit. Perhaps it was just as well that he had been the worse hurt, because she would be gone before he was up and around.

Many of the night hours swayed by without sleep, and she lay watching the rich light of an unclouded moon shift slowly about the room.

The nurse slept in the adjoining dressing room now, and Barbara wished she were back on a cot by the bed; it was so desperately lonely, and ahead she saw only more loneliness.

She raised herself on an elbow and stared at the door thinking she had heard the click of the latch.

"Who's that?"

She whispered it because she wasn't sure, and she didn't care to disturb the nurse in the next room. It wasn't her imagination; the door from the hall slowly swung in; there was enough light to see that a moving form blocked the opening.

"Who's there?"

"Shh! Don't say anything." The form loomed nearer, the left side grotesquely out of shape from the heavy cast, and the arm strapped to the body.

"Gray! Don't come in here!"

"I've got to, or go crazy from not sleeping."

"Miss Andrews is next door."

"Then for heaven's sake keep quiet. Don't call!"

"I must."

"Trust me, Barbara. Give me a minute."

He was beside the bed now, his deformed bulk blotting out the moonlight as he bent down, his hand groping for her face.

"If I had the courage of a tramp I'd shoot myself."

She cowered away. She was trembling.

"Don't be afraid, Barbara. That makes it so much worse. I didn't know. I just didn't understand. I was dumb, oh so rotten dumb. Dear, won't you say something?"

"Please go, Gray. I don't know what you mean."

"I mean I hate myself. Oh, God, how I loathe my ghastly self. I mean, try to give me a chance to dream, too, although I don't deserve it."

He sat on the edge of the bed, placed his right arm under her shoulders, and drew her close.

"Don't shake like that. It makes me despise myself worse to have you afraid of me."

But she was conscious of the trembling of his taut muscles.

"Don't Gray. It's all over."

He buried his head on her shoulder.

"It mustn't be. I've earned it, but it just can't be. To the devil with wha anyone else wants. This is our game, and we've got to play it beautifully, darling. You've got to promise to marry me the minute we can slip out of this confounded hospital."

She was quieter. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"That's for good-bye, dear."

He strained her closer.

"We won't use that word again. I'll never say it. I'll never let you."

"Remember, Gray, that miserable night; remember you said: tornados, plagues, cataclysms!"

"No chance my not remembering, because I've suffered every one of those trials since. There can't be any storms in life half so bad as the ones I've come through trying to get to you. And you love me, or you wouldn't have kissed me just now."

She relaxed and placed her cheek against his. She couldn't say anything.

"Don't cry, Barbara. Why are you crying?"

"Don't know."

After a time she leaned closer against him, for she felt tears on her face that weren't her own. The man who didn't mind being hurt because it was in the game; the one who had withstood the worst of the shock of violent physical contact on the football field; the player who had been angry because he had been carried unconscious from his final match—had tears for her because he had hurt her.

"Gray dear, you mustn't."

"Can't think what's the matter with me; pretty well banged up, you know."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### STOP YOUR COLD IN 6 HOURS WITH

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### African Province Found to Be Fleasless Oasis

A plague prevention survey of Africa resulted in the discovery of a spot which is absolutely free of fleas and the incident was regarded as so remarkable that the investigators tarried for some explanation of the unusual situation. This favored spot was the town of Prieska and the country immediately surrounding it. Fleas are notoriously good carriers of the germs of this disease and therefore the entire wide reaches of Africa were systematically searched for animals carrying infected specimens of "pullex irritans." Hence it happens that certain dogs at Prieska, which lies on the Karoo prairies of the Cape of Good Hope province, were searched for fleas by the medical men.

Not a solitary jumper could be found. Every cur, even the most neglected and mongrel native-owned brutes, was absolutely devoid of them.

The theory of some residents is that the nitrates in the barren lands surrounding this particular settlement act as a natural disinfectant.

### Living Characters Used on Ancient Chessboard

The Mughul emperors of India carried out some strange plans in connection with their domestic life, and a visitor to the famous fort in Agra will be able to see some of the beautiful buildings used as part of the zenana. One of the most interesting features is the open space in the center of the fort, known as the Anjuri Bagh. This space is divided into many squares, marked off by marble slabs, and covered with green grass. There are broad marble causeways between the separate blocks. It is generally believed that the Mughul emperors used these as chess-boards, and the "pieces" used in the game were young slaves, who changed their position according to the directions of the players, who would be seated in one of the marble pavilions. The game played in those days did not correspond with the modern chess, but was known as pachisi. The size of the Anjuri Bagh is about 280 feet square.

### Modern Girl Benefited

Nothing is more astonishing to us older physicians in London than the complete disappearance in one generation of a disease which I, as a medical student, saw extensively in hospital practice, namely, chlorosis of young girls. This was a serious form of anemia, which choked our outpatient departments with its frequency. Its disappearance was practically synchronous with the disappearance of the corset and the greater freedom of bodily movements, and the increased enjoyment of outdoor exercise by girls and young women, and it is a singular instance of how fashion may hinder or foster health. The very sensible exodus from London in the autumn and at week-ends is a comparatively modern invention and one contributing to better health and physique.—Sir Ernest Graham Little.

### A Rembrandt Embellished

Glasgow, Scotland, has a sensation in the report that the famous picture, "The Man in Armour," by Rembrandt, was found to possess the embellishment of a second artist, who is believed by an expert to have made certain additions to the picture probably 100 years ago. At present the painting is in Holland being "doctored" for certain cracks, which had appeared in the canvas, and the expert there has reported to the Art Galleries committee of Glasgow corporation that around the figure are traces of the work of a second artist. The value of "The Man in Armour" is estimated at over \$500,000. It was once in the possession of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

### Those Headlines

City Editor—Well, what was all the excitement?  
Reporter—Nothing but a cat fell in the bay and was drowned.  
City Editor—Great! Smoke it up for an extra. Nine lives lost.

The bad habits formed by a tailor are often found in misfit parlors.

Faith is the soul going out of itself for all its wants.—Boston.



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Keep hands in good condition for outdoor work by using Mentholatum regularly. It is indispensable for cracked, sore skin. Jars or tubes. 30c.  
CHAPPED SKIN

### Bootlegging Term Brings Song Composer \$1,000

Concord, N. H. — (UP) — When Melvin Heintz, 22, began a four-months sentence at Hillsborough jail for bootlegging, he requested and was granted permission to use the jail piano.

Recently, when he was released, he had \$1,000.

He had composed and sold two songs to a New York music publishing house. "Iron Bands of Love" brought him \$300 and "Prisoners' Love Letters" brought him \$700.

WANTED—SALESMAN to sell monuments from manufacturing direct to consumers. Commission basis. Must have exp. Good position in the right party. JOHN J. HALL MONUMENT CO., Sioux City, Iowa.