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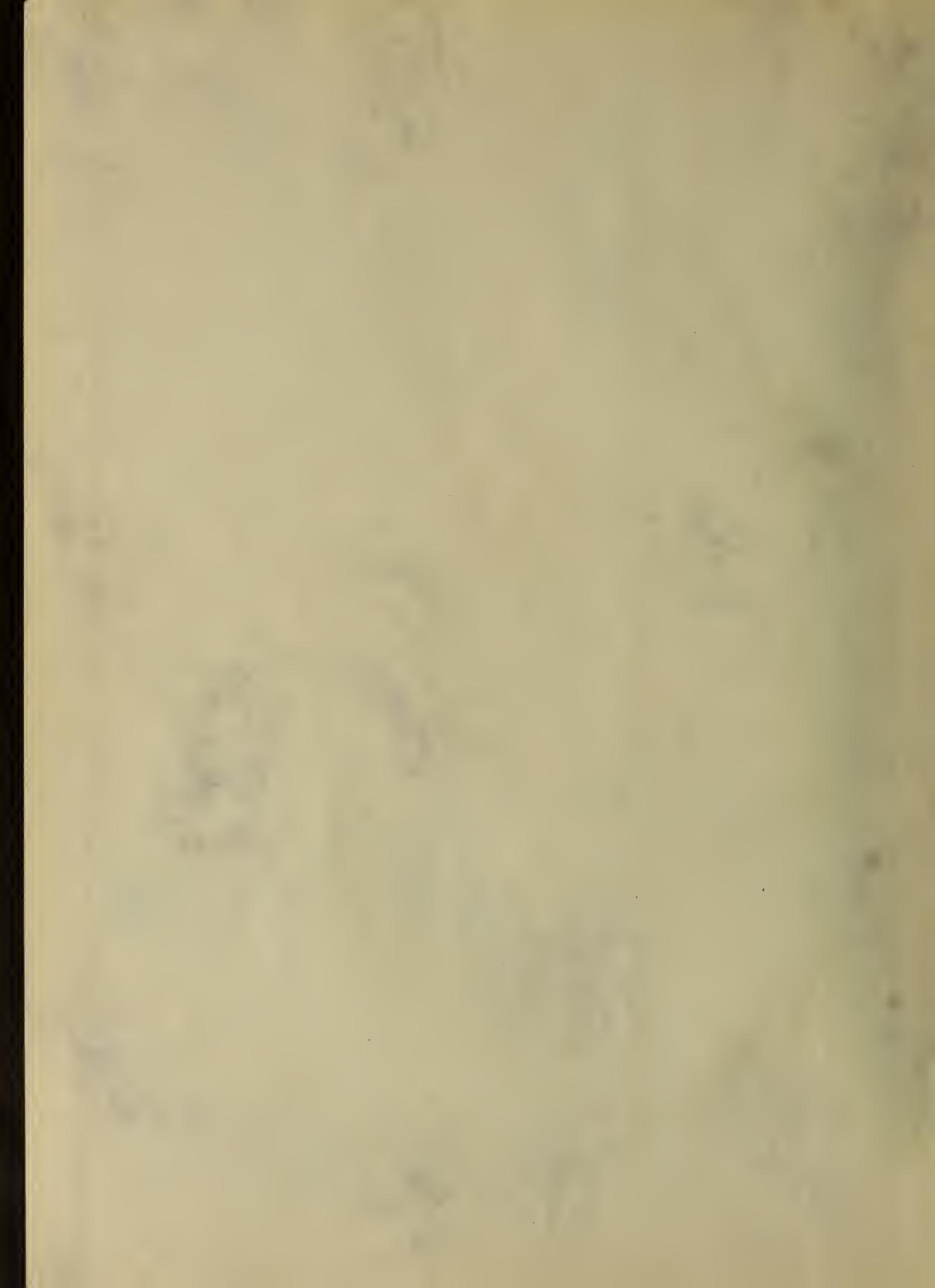
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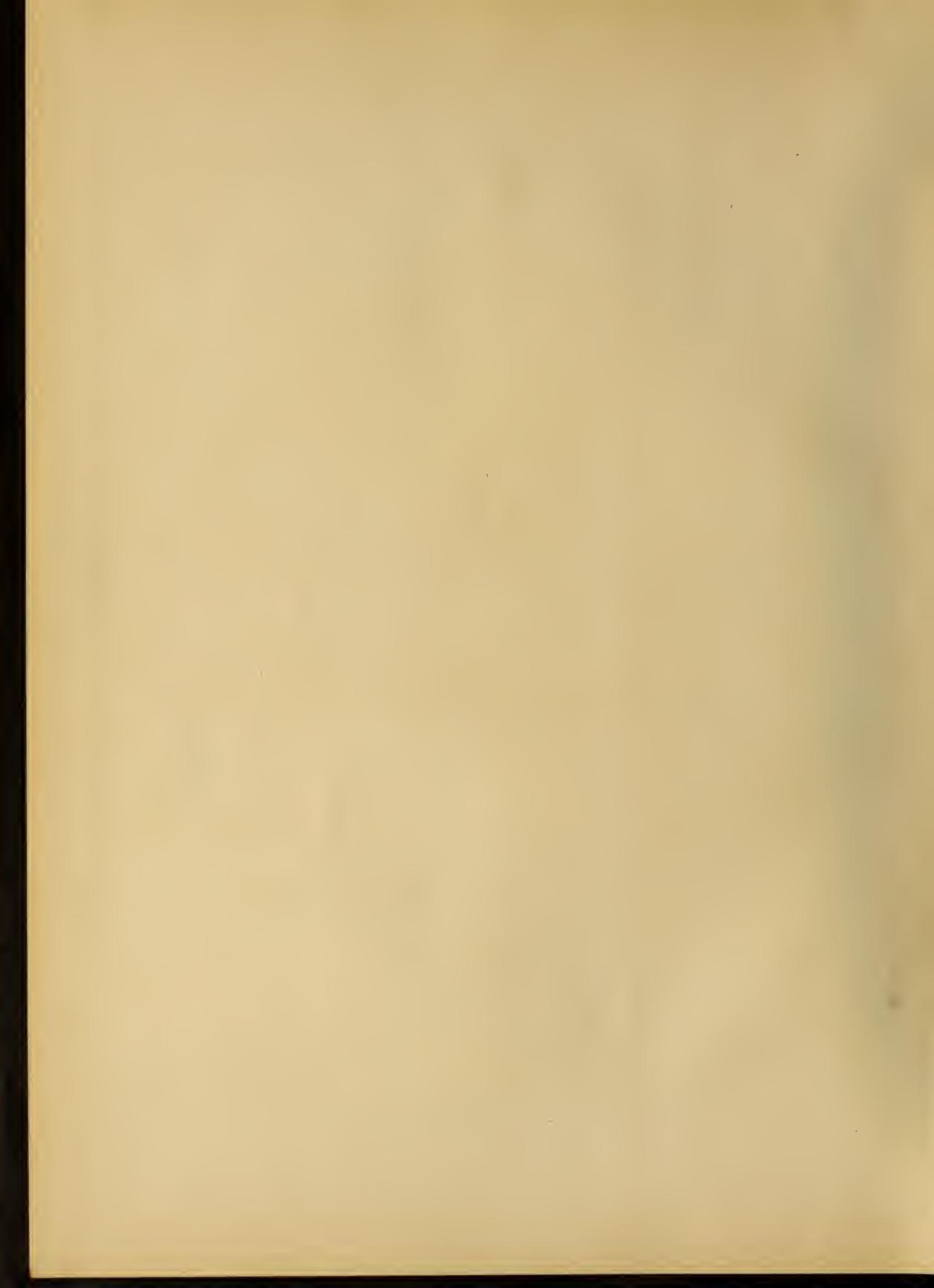
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# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION

NOVEMBER



READ CHARLES BOYER'S  
GREATEST LOVE STORY

REACH OF PROMISE - AMOS 'n' ANDY'S Most Hilarious Adventure

**ARE YOU A WIFE IN NAME ONLY?**

Daring Challenge By the Author of Pepper Young's Family and When A Girl Marries

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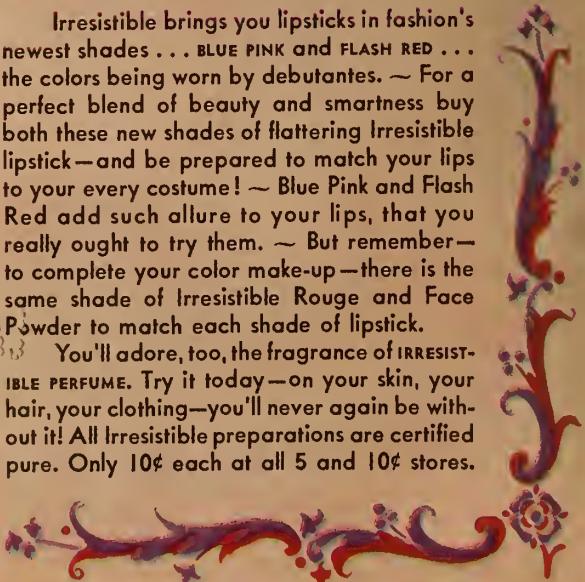
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# Irresistible

Irresistible brings you lipsticks in fashion's newest shades . . . BLUE PINK and FLASH RED . . . the colors being worn by debutantes. — For a perfect blend of beauty and smartness buy both these new shades of flattering Irresistible lipstick—and be prepared to match your lips to your every costume! — Blue Pink and Flash Red add such allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. — But remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder to match each shade of lipstick.

You'll adore, too, the fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Try it today—on your skin, your hair, your clothing—you'll never again be without it! All Irresistible preparations are certified pure. Only 10¢ each at all 5 and 10¢ stores.



LADY ESTHER SAYS—



ROUGH COPY

# "To keep your Accent on Youth— Join this Revolt against Heavy, Waxy Creams!"



**Go get the facts** and you'll never use a **heavy cream** again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!

**Heavy creams** demand heavy-handed treatment...tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking *older than you really are?* Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.

The speed of life today puts new demands upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a different type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.



**Lovely skin** brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.

**Lady Esther** 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for you?

**Convince yourself . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!**

**A**RE YOU sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and *look at that!*

Thousands of women are amazed...yes, shocked then and there...to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own

eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense*. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

LADY ESTHER,  
7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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



## "Eyes of Romance" WITH THIS AMAZING NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

### Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing new WINX is guaranteed to be the finest you've ever used. If not more than satisfied, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.



### Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour...makes them appear youthful, moist...the appeal men cannot resist! Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, today!



MAGIC HARMONY! **Winx LIPSTICK**  
**WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!**

NOVEMBER, 1939

VOL. 13 No. 1

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN  
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN,  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS  
Editor

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# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

## FIRST PRIZE

### RADIO DECIDES A CAREER

EVERYONE I've ever spoken to about radio programs has some complaint. True, they're not all masterpieces, yet each radio program leaves us richer for having heard it. A weak plot has its advantages in good voices; a miscast radio performer fades before some flawless part; the poorest program contributes a line, a musical strain, or a pleasant thought that glows like a living jewel long after the sign-off.

Six years ago, after listening to many crime programs, I knew I would never be satisfied in any other field of work but that of combating crime. I became a policeman. Radio helped me to select my vocation.

Joseph Libretti,  
Chicago, Ill.

## SECOND PRIZE

### MORE ORCHIDS

We aren't realizing it, but the radio is the greatest teacher in the world today. Our vocabulary increases, we learn how to pronounce words properly, and to use them in the right places. All types of music and the composers become familiar from pleasant repetition. History-making events are brought to our very ears. Thought-provoking questions and answers entertain us, and at the same time broaden our education.

Radio is the *only* means of making the same advantages available to all, whether they live in the largest city or miles from the nearest town.

Alice Buchanan,  
Lima Spring, Iowa

## THIRD PRIZE

### HERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

Hats off to Ezra Stone and The Aldrich Family sketch. We got a kick out of them the past winter on the Kate Smith show, and now we wait each Sunday to hear what Henry is doing. Here is a program that's different—enjoyed by many, so please (Continued on page 84)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

### YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

#### — — P R I Z E S — —

First Prize ..... \$10.00

Second Prize ..... \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of ..... \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than Oct. 27th, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

# Ed—with another girl and he used to be mine!



## Smart girls keep romance! They prevent underarm odor with MUM!

THEL got a shock when they passed her... Ed glancing at her almost like a stranger... Jane with that proud, satisfied smile. Ethel knew Jane wasn't as pretty—wasn't as clever... wondered why Ed picked her!

It isn't always the *pretty* girls who win! For even a pretty girl can spoil her chances, if she's careless about underarm odor... if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet... neglects to use Mum!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration... Mum prevents odor *to come*. That's why more women use Mum than any

other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls like you.

**MUM IS QUICK!** Only thirty seconds for Mum, and underarms are protected for a whole day or evening.

**MUM IS SAFE!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Freshness is so important—why take risks? Get Mum at your druggist's today.

### AFTER YOUR BATH—MUM MAKES YOU SAFE



#### Important to You—

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.



# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

# HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS



Jack Benny got a gift, too, at the party Barbara Stanwyck gave for Bob Taylor—and here he is playing "The Bee" on it for his hostess.

Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms, below, take a night off from their West Coast dance duties to go to The Troc and dine on this outlandish-looking dessert.



IT'S no reflection on the voice or ability of Nelson Eddy that he isn't as popular with members of Robert Armbruster's Chase and Sanborn Hour band as was the baritone, Donald Dickson, who is now on the most ambitious maiden concert tour ever outlined for a singer—forty-four concerts.

Dickson didn't begin rehearsing with the orchestra until noon. Eddy is an early riser and likes to start at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, when the musicians, like the rest of us, like to sleep. So in Nelson's case, it just proves that the early bird gets the Bronx Cheer!

Like so many other stars of radio, Jim Ameche, kid brother of Don, fell in love with the California climate and landscape after a couple of months on the air substituting with Gale Page for the Hollywood Playhouse star, Charles Boyer. "My one ambition, right now," Jim told me, "is to live in Hollywood the rest of my life."

Walter Winchell is authority for the statement that Edwin C. Hill's programs (which replaced Winchell during the summer) were not too enthusiastically received.

Alec Templeton, the versatile piano virtuoso, and probably the greatest discovery in radio in 1939, gives credit for much of his success to the inspiration he derives from radio programs. The NBC star awakens each morning at 9 o'clock as regularly as if he had

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.

set an alarm clock, and his first waking act is to turn on the radio beside his bed. He carries a portable radio with him everywhere, even to the barber shop and the restaurant. It's by listening to radio so intently that he is able to concoct those brilliant take-offs on its personalities.

Roger Pryor has quit the orchestra business. Such was his comment, at least, after officials of the Screen Guild Theater announced that he has been signed as master-of-ceremonies for the series.

"Jack The Bell Boy" may not be known to many daytime listeners in

Hollywood, but he certainly has the town by the "ear" at night. From midnight 'till dawn, this nameless announcer juggles records, wisecracks and plays hot records to amuse the early-bird jitterbug enthusiasts. And any morning you can hear the Bell Boy chatter; and here's Glen Miller's "Sunrise Serenade" being played for Bette Davis and George Brent!

The winding roads of Brentwood, west of Hollywood, are difficult to remember after only one trip over them, as Orson Welles will guarantee. When the star moved to Hollywood to make a film for RKO, he rented a home in (Continued on page 6)



## Look at me now... Lily of the 5 & IO

IS IT really me? . . . here in a lovely house, with a car and servants . . . and the nicest man in the world for a husband? Sometimes I wonder . . .

It seems only yesterday that I was one of an army of clerks—and a very lonely one at that . . . only yesterday that Anna Johnson gave me the hint that changed my entire life. Maybe she told me because I was quitting and she wanted me to have a good time on my little trip to Bermuda that I'd skimped and saved for.

"Lil," she said, "in the three years we've been here, I've only seen you out with a man occasionally. I know it isn't because you don't like men . . ."

"They don't like *me*," I confessed.

"That's what *you* think . . . but you're wrong. You've got everything—and any man would like you if it weren't for . . ."

"If it weren't for what?"

"Gosh, Lil, I hate to say it . . . but I think

I ought to . . ."

And then she told me . . . told me what I should have been told years before—what everyone should be told. It was a pretty humiliating hint to receive, but I took it. And how beautifully it worked!

On the boat on the way down to the Islands, I was really sought after for the first time in my life. And then, at a cocktail party in a cute little inn in Bermuda, I met HIM. The moon, the water, the scent of the hibiscus did the rest. Three months later we were married.

I realized that but for Anna's hint, Romance might have passed me by.

For this is what Anna told me:

"Lil," she said, "there's nothing that kills a man's interest in a girl as fast as a case of halitosis (bad breath).<sup>\*</sup> Everyone has it now and then. To say the least, *you've* been, well . . . careless. You probably never realized your trouble. Halitosis victims seldom do."

"I'm passing you a little tip, honey—use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant . . . makes your breath so much sweeter in no time, honest."

"I'd rather go to a date without my shoes than without Listerine Antiseptic. Nine times out of ten it spells the difference between being a washout or a winner."

And in view of what happened, I guess Anna was right.

\*Sometimes halitosis is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Always use Listerine before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Your OPPORTUNITY of 1939

# \$25,000.00

## TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

### PRIZE SCHEDULE

1st Prize .....	\$2500.00
2nd Prize .....	1500.00
3rd Prize—3 at \$1000 each..	3000.00
4th Prize—15 at \$500 each..	7500.00
5th Prize—30 at \$250 each..	7500.00
50 Regular Prizes..	\$22,000.00
3 Bonus Prizes of \$1000 each	3,000.00
Total	\$25,000.00

### Three Special \$1,000 Bonus Prizes

During the three months beginning September 1 and ending November 23, 1939, fifty men and women are going to be made richer to the extent of fifty big cash prizes ranging from \$250 up to \$2500 in the great true story manuscript contest now being conducted by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

In addition there will be three special bonus prizes of \$1,000 each, one to be awarded to the best true story received in each of the three months of the contest term.

Here is opportunity indeed for you personally. It would be a great pity not to take advantage of it. Somewhere in your memory may be waiting the very story necessary to capture the big \$2500 first prize which with the \$1,000 bonus prize that goes with it automatically would net you \$3500 just for putting into words something that already exists in your mind. By all means start writing it today. Even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase at our regular rate provided we can use it.

In writing your story, tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly and above all do not refrain from writing your story for fear you lack the necessary skill. A large percentage of the nearly \$600,000 we have already paid out in prize awards for true stories went to persons having no trained literary ability.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how skillfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis, to the best true story received will be awarded the great \$2500 first prize, to the second best will be awarded the \$1500 second prize, etc.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. Remember, an early mailing may be worth a \$1,000 bonus prize to you regardless of any other prize your story may receive. Also, by mailing early you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

### COUPON

RM-11

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 39C  
P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station  
New York, N. Y.

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

Name .....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full.)

This contest ends Wednesday, November 29, 1939.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 39C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 4)

that area. All he knew was the street address and the fact that Shirley Temple lived next door. Welles drove off to the studio successfully after his first breakfast in the new place, but when it came time to return, he couldn't find the street. And there was no place nearby to inquire. Only a roadside business man who offers to guide strangers who want to see the homes of the stars. So Welles hired the man to show him Shirley Temple's home, and it all worked out perfectly. What most amazed the actor was the fact that when he pointed to the house he had just rented the day before and asked who lived there, the guide promptly replied "Orson Welles."

\* \* \*

If any prophet has no honor in his own country, Bob Burns is the exception that proves the rule. Van Buren, Arkansas, honored him too much on his recent visit for a picture premiere. When the bazooka-tooter ate his meals in a ground floor dining room, most of the town plus the visitors took turns at the windows to watch the great man reach for another piece of chicken. One hot night Bob divested himself of his pajama uppers and was about to do the same with his lowers, when he noticed he wasn't exactly alone. There was a whole gallery outside watching him sleep. That was when Bob found out he hadn't forgotten how to blush.

\* \* \*

Radio has never been able to record, accurately, the sound of an automobile motor or exhaust, says Charlie Forsyth, Radio Theater sound expert. The reason, he explains, is that the microphone does not hear an automobile as the ear hears it. All records ever made of auto motors and exhausts come out of the loudspeaker slightly distorted.

\* \* \*

John Scott Trotter, Bing Crosby's hard-swinging batonist, at heart prefers the classics. Backed against the wall in a weak moment at home, Trotter admitted to me that if he had to spend his life on a desert island with only ten records, out of the ten he would choose only one that Crosby sings on his radio show—"Silent Night." The other nine would all be classics. And that from a man who has taught even Bob Burns how to swing!

\* \* \*

Don Wilson, the jovial big boy who announces for Jack Benny on Sunday nights, inadvertently lost two inches from his waistline during the summer vacation, and received one reprimand from boss Benny. Don's excess avoidance together with his belly laugh are his chief contributions to the Benny show and without Don's corpulence, what would Jack have to rib him about?

\* \* \*

A bright young thing caught Anita Loos outside the stage door after the writer of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" finished her appearance on "We, the People" broadcast from New York. "Miss Loos," said the girl, "If gentlemen prefer blondes, what does that make your husband?" Few people realize the black-haired author is married and that her husband is John

Emerson, a noted novelist in his own right.

\* \* \*

Hildegarde is NOT the "first Lady of Television!" In view of the recent publicity labeling the radio and night club singer, Hildegarde, as "The First Lady of Television," this statement may be a startling one: but you can take it from me Hildegarde is just another Television performer. The real "First Lady of Television" is Betty Jane Rhodes: a title bestowed upon her many summers ago when she first started telecasting over the Thomas S. Lee Television station in Hollywood. A letter received from the British Broadcasting Corporation, where Hildegarde claimed she won the title, follows: "Dear Mr. Fisher: In reply to your letter of July 13, the Corporation has never used the title "The First Lady of Television" in connection either with Hildegarde or any other artist, neither have they permitted the use of this title by any artist during any broadcasting or television performance." Signed.

\* \* \*

Benny Goodman, prime exploiter of this thing called swing, "Jammed" the Los Angeles Philharmonic society clean out of the red side of the ledger at the Hollywood Bowl swing concert the other week. It's an ironic fact that the classical music diehards who dismiss swing as a vulgarity had to depend on the master swingster for the necessary financial help to perpetuate the symphony!



Bob Benchley (right) gives Roland Young a few comedy tips as the latter takes over his new job on the Good News show.

There's a new quartette you'll soon be hearing about. It's called "The Martins" and in my opinion they out-sing and out-swing any of the combos now on the networks.

\* \* \*

Comedy writers have often been accused of being up in the air—but Grouch Club scripters Nat Hiken and Roland Kibbie are probably the first to admit to it. Both lads are amateur plane pilots of some note—and they

go flying when they need inspiration for new gags. Flying gag writers—that's a new gag!

\* \* \*

Banjo eyes bulging and his famous handlebar mustache flying in the balmy breezes, Jerry Colona, stage and screen comedian, arrived in Hollywood from New York with the statement "Greetings Gates, the train was late!" Yeah—he's nuts!

\* \* \*

Two of America's most precocious young actors are anxious to meet each other because, although they are 3,000 miles apart, they are one and the same person, or will be, in the minds of millions of the nation's movie and radio fans. The two boys are Ezra Stone, who plays the role of "Henry Aldrich" on the stage and on the air in *The Aldrich Family*, and Jackie Cooper, who takes the same character in the forthcoming Paramount picture "What a Life," which is the same story in celluloid. There is little chance of their meeting, however, until Cooper travels East for the picture's premiere in the fall.

\* \* \*

Golfers on one of the local courses who happened to be within earshot of George Burns and Gracie Allen during a recent golfing session almost collapsed with laughter at Gracie's instructions to their caddie who was trying to find a ball George had taken twelve strokes to blast out of a sand trap. Said Gracie: "Never mind the ball, caddie. Come and find Mr. Burns. He's buried himself in the sand."

## "Take my word for it— Lovely Skin Steps Up Charm!"



SAYS THIS ENCHANTING MARYLAND BRIDE

My favorite complexion care—that's what I call Camay's gentle cleansing! And believe me, there's nothin' like a lovely complexion for stepping up your charm!  
Baltimore, Md. (Signed) CONSTANCE B. PLUMMER  
March 3, 1939  
(Mrs. R. W. Plummer)

LOOK your loveliest! Like clever Mrs. Plummer, help guard the precious charm of a radiantly lovely skin—with Camay's gentle cleansing!

You will like Camay, for it has that priceless beauty cleansing combination—thoroughness with mildness. Each time you use it, Camay leaves your skin so clean it seems to glow! Yet Camay is gentle. We've proved Camay's mildness with tests against several other popular toilet soaps on various types of skin.

Repeatedly, Camay came out definitely milder. You'll find Camay marvelous for your beauty bath, too...to help keep back and shoulders lovely and as a refreshing aid to daintiness. Camay's price is low! Get three cakes today!

Trade Mark Reg.  
U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

## Put Yourself in this Picture



**The Ideal Internal Protection.** Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.



**Special "Quilting"** keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and less possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!



**This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton)** absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.



FIBS—Room 1472, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST



*Pink*

■ Celebrating Andre Kostelanetz' and Tony Martin's new CBS program, Tune-Up Time, Mondays—Mr. and Mrs. (Alice Faye) Tony Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Andre Kostelanetz. That's David Laughlin standing up.

UNLESS you're a little richer than average, you probably don't possess a television set yet. But that doesn't seem to bother the broadcasters, who are going ahead with their television plans just as if the whole world were tuning in. By the time the nights begin to get chilly with fall frosts, NBC will be joined in the business of broadcasting pictures by CBS and the DuMont company, the latter a subsidiary of Paramount Pictures. This will make it possible for New Yorkers, at least, to tune in almost any time they please. Meanwhile, very secretly, a tiny television "network", linking New York City and Schenectady, is being constructed, and may be working, experimentally, by November. Of course, all television broadcasting is experimental still—but NBC certainly learned a great deal about presentation and staging in its summer of regular telecasts. If you saw a television show a year ago, and another one last week, you'd be astounded at the improvement.

\* \* \*

Unbroadcast Charlie McCarthy-ism of the month: When Charlie and Edgar Bergen went aboard the liner for their vacation in Honolulu, Don Ameche cautioned Charlie to be careful and not fall overboard. "Oh, it wouldn't matter if I did," Charlie replied airily. "I'm made of wood, and I'd float. But not Bergen. Boy, does he sink!"

This was Bergen's first vacation in nearly three years—141 consecutive broadcasts, to be exact. And he's the man who, long ago, after he'd done his first stint on the Vallee program, said gloomily to Rudy: "But I'll never be able to think up a completely new comedy script by next Thursday!"

\* \* \*

Kenny Baker may be with Jack Benny again this season after all. Last

spring it was announced that he'd signed an exclusive contract with the Texaco Star Theater which would make it impossible for him to sing for Benny. But all summer long Jack has auditioned tenors, without success, and as time for the opening of his new series drew near he began to negotiate with Texaco to share Kenny's services. Only his first program in October will tell whether or not he succeeded. The difficulty last spring was that Jack would let Kenny sing for Texaco, but wouldn't allow him to do any of his zany comedy. Now, perhaps, he's relented.

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By DAN SENSENEY

# TO COAST

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If titles mean anything, Betty Winkler certainly ought never to get bored with her two leading air roles. One of her programs is Girl Alone—and the other is One Thousand and One Wives.

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(Continued on page 10)



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A lovely child the next year should have made their marriage still happier . . .



Plenty of money; in fact they seemed to have everything to make a marriage successful.



Yet they drifted apart . . . and their friends wondered why. So did Vera.

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FOR 50 YEARS many doctors, nurses, clinics, and thousands of wives, have recognized in "Lysol" a simple, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene which any woman can use with confidence. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide. "Lysol" solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs. Directions for the many important home uses of "Lysol" are given on each bottle. Buy "Lysol" at your drug store.

Beware of the  
**ONE NEGLECT\***  
that often  
Kills Romance

She was careless  
(or ignorant) about  
**FEMININE HYGIENE**

\*This ONE Neglect few husbands can forgive. If only she'd known about "Lysol"!

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant  
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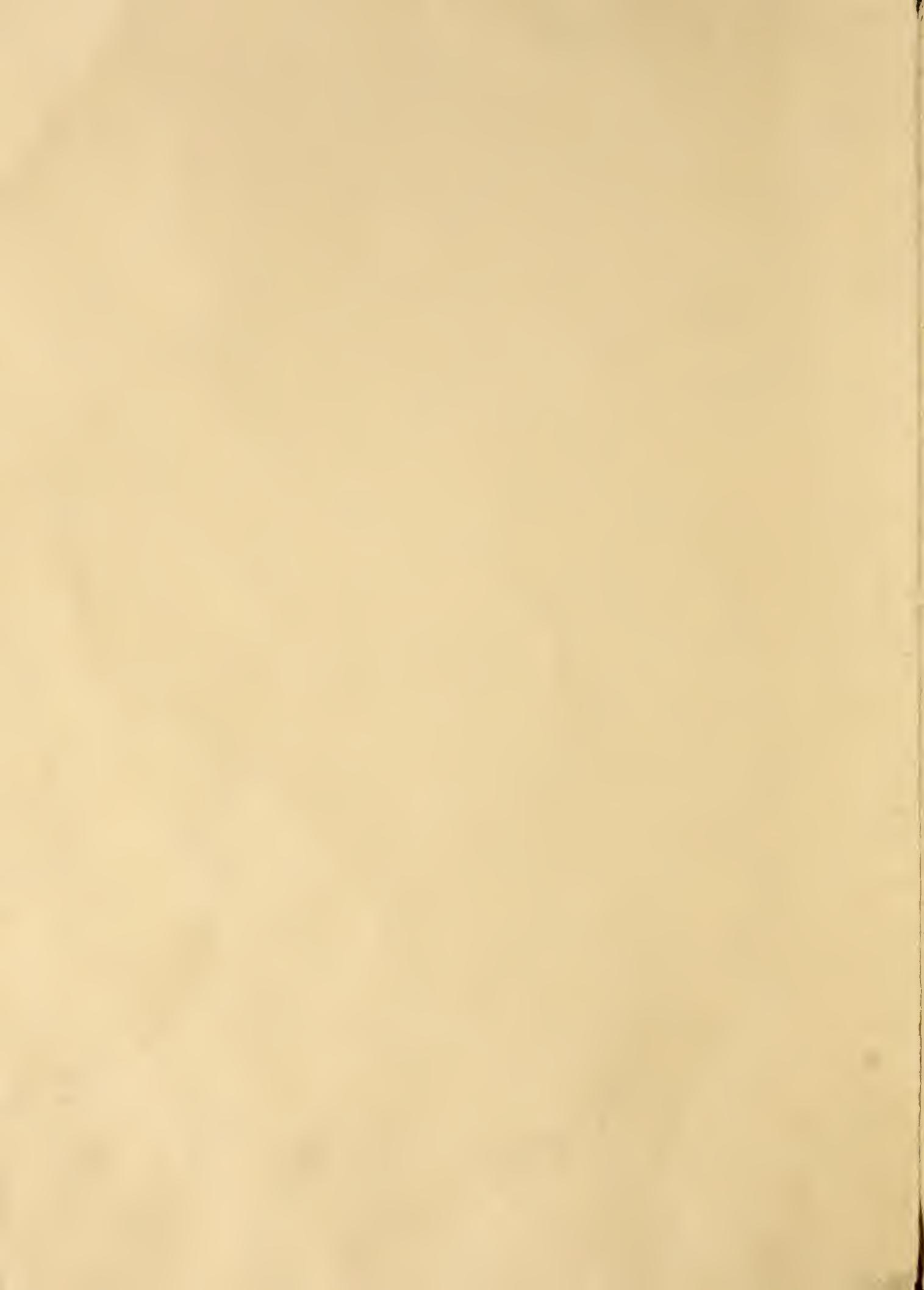
What Every Woman Should Know  
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET  
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in this Picture**

WONDER WHAT  
TAMPOON I  
SHOULD USE?  
**FIBS—IT'S  
THE KOTEX TAMPOON  
—SO IT MUST  
BE GOOD!**

The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

BUT HOW ARE  
FIBS BETTER?  
**ONLY FIBS  
ARE "QUILTED"  
HERE'S WHY...**

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and less possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!

WHAT ABOUT  
FIBS'  
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**IT'S MADE OF  
CELLUCOTTON (NOT COTTON)  
THAT'S WHY IT  
ABSORBS FASTER!**

This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25¢ for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10¢ for trial supply today.

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ONLY 25¢  
FOR 12**  
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FIBS—Room 1472, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. I enclose 10¢ for trial supply of Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

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# WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



Fink

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What Every Woman Should Know  
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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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By DAN SENSENEY

Beware of the  
**ONE  
NEGLECT\***  
that often  
Kills Romance

## NOW! Use Westmore Make-up as the Stars Do!



Bud Westmore, Beauty Expert at 20th Century-Fox, and Alice Faye, now starring in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "Hollywood Cavalcade."

At last! House of Westmore Cosmetics the stars actually use, for screen and street wear, are now available to you! They're color-filtered...no "aging gray" tones...no sharp shadows from harsh lighting! Complete line, including foundation cream like no other you've ever tried, powder to match, rouge, cream rouge, lipstick, and eye shadow! Used exclusively in 20th Century-Fox productions. 25¢ in variety stores everywhere. Big economy 50¢ size at drug stores!

Get Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide with Measuring Wheel which enables you to determine your own face type. Tells you exactly how to make up for your type...for more glamour! 25¢ wherever Westmore Cosmetics are sold. If the store near you hasn't it, send 25¢ and your name and address to: The House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. (C-11), 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



*House of WESTMORE*

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## BEATING THE MEAT BILL



YOU can buy an inexpensive cut of steak, and make it juicy and tender. How? Read Chapter 4 in "Every Homemaker's Cook Book," by Radio Mirror's own food editor. 192 pages, more than 900 delicious recipes and menus, easy to prepare, filling, appetizing. New, tasty dishes that men like, require little time and save money.

17  
HELPFUL  
CHAPTERS

"You spent so little on food last week, Mary, we must be living on love. But boy, that love certainly tastes good!"

Appetizers Easy to Make	Starch Standbys	When There Are Two to Cook
Soups—Hearty and Otherwise	Vegetables	For the Executive in the Kitchen
Baking Your Own Bread	Salads and Salad Dressings	Alphabetical Index
Beating the Meat Bill	Just Desserts	Daily Needs
Fish Stummings, Sauces and Gravies	Beverages—Hot and Cold	Cooking Terms and Measurements
Other Muscle Makers	Sandwich Symphonies	Turn to Entertain

"EVERY HOMEMAKER'S COOK BOOK" is made for quick use; easy index; bright green and yellow, washable cover; patent "lie-flat" binding keeps book open at the right page. Won't fly shut.



ONLY 25¢

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morrow is a Woman." It had its summer tryouts in Spring Lake, N.J., and looked like a big hit. If it's a success on Broadway, Jerry will leave Mutual and become a full-fledged theatrical producer.

\* \* \*

Mel Allen, CBS sports announcer, claims some sort of a fishing record. He went to the CBS co-operative camp at Lake Hopatcong last summer, stayed out in a rowboat from eleven in the morning until midnight, fishing without a pause and having his meals sent out to him—and didn't catch a single fish!

\* \* \*

ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.—A living example of how to combine a career with a happy married life is Mary McConnell, who is heard over Albuquerque's KOB in a daily program, Facts, Foods and Fancies, works in the station's business office as Continuity Editor, and in private life is the wife of Harry Hickox, local theater manager. In between other jobs she acts in plays put on by the Albuquerque Little Theater.

Mary was born in Indiana, but came to New Mexico to go to college because she'd heard the maxim, "Go West, young man," and decided that what was sauce for the gander must be sauce for the goose too. She liked New Mexico so much that she stayed there after graduating from college. Always interested in dramatic work, she soon found herself a radio job, and then went into a stock company which toured New Mexico and Texas. Her marriage put a stop to her traveling, but not to her radio activity. Besides KOB, she has also worked for KGGM and KGRS.

\* \* \*

Not every baby can put himself to sleep with a lullaby especially sung for him by Lotte Lehmann, famous Metropolitan Opera star. That's the privilege of Barbara Ann and Robin, Jr., Bob Burns' two youngsters. Bob used to be stuck with the job of singing them to sleep now and then, and

since he doesn't shine in that department of music and the babies didn't care for bazooka-music, he bided his time until Mme. Lehmann was a guest on the Kraft Music Hall. In two appearances on the program she sang two lullabies, at Bob's request, and the canny Mr. Burns made arrangements to have them recorded as they came over the air. Now he plays the records for the small fry and gives his own vocal cords a rest.

\* \* \*

CINCINNATI—He established the first nightly sports review on the air for listeners whose business kept them from hearing the original broadcasts of the games in the daytime. He was the first to broadcast play-by-play accounts of night baseball games. He has done air descriptions of baseball, basketball, football, hockey, lacrosse, boxing, wrestling, badminton, polo, swimming, squash, racquets, six day bicycle races, golf and table tennis—thus surely becoming one of the most versatile sports announcers on the air. His name is Roger Baker, and he joined the staff of WSAI early last spring. During the summer he's been describing the Cincinnati Reds' games, aided by Dick Bray.

Roger was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, in 1902, and moved to Buffalo with his parents 26 years ago, living there continuously until he accepted his present post with WSAI. Rather than go to college, he cut short his formal education after his graduation from high school to take a business course and then go into the automobile business with his father.

He started his radio career as a sideline to his automobile work, making his debut in 1928 as Buffalo's first sports commentator. Pretty soon he was so busy in radio that he was forced to give up his other work.

Married, Roger has two children, a small son and daughter. In Cincinnati he spends so much time at the studio or at the scenes of various sports events that he lives near WSAI and walks to work.



■ Welcome the return of Sherlock Holmes—in October with Basil Rathbone as Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.

# FROM THE GROUND UP

THERE are a couple of happy young men in Cincinnati, working and learning at station WLW. They're two 1939 university graduates, Merton V. Emmert and Charles Grisham, who have won scholarships in practical radio training offered by the station. They get six months' training at WLW in all phases of radio work, plus expenses of \$500 each—but best of all they get a chance to break into the highly competitive field of broadcasting when their courses of training are over.

WLW's scholarship contest, which gained the attention of youthful radio aspirants in seven states, was limited to 1939 graduates of land grant universities. Contestants went through a stiff series of tests to prove their right to the scholarships. First they had to submit a plan for comprehensive radio service in their respective states and write a typical farm program. Then they each interviewed members of ten typical farm families and wrote reports on their findings, and finally each of them prepared and delivered a farm news program, sending a recording to WLW.

Winners Emmert and Grisham are both short on radio experience and long on farm knowledge. Before he entered college young Emmert lived for six years on a 1000-acre farm. As a boy he belonged to the 4-H club, and won several prizes with the pigs

he raised. In Kansas State University he studied agriculture, bottled milk at the college dairy farm, and worked in the Agriculture Economics Office doing clerical and statistical work. On summer vacations he did



■ Young Charles Grisham, one of the winners of WLW's 1939 Scholarship contest.

general farm work and harvesting in Oklahoma and Texas.

Grisham worked on his father's farm near Athens, Alabama, and as a timekeeper with the Tennessee Valley Authority, for three years between the time he finished high school and the time he entered Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Like Emmert, he concentrated on agricultural subjects in college.

UNDER the guidance of George C. Biggar, WLW program supervisor and acting program director, Emmert and Grisham are now well into their six months' training period, which started soon after they graduated from college. After spending the first few weeks in the station's agricultural department, where they compiled mail statistics and findings of surveys and, in addition, wrote and broadcast several farm news programs, they moved into the press relations department to learn the operations of that phase of radio work.

At the end of six months both will have gained practical knowledge in radio programming, radio writing, broadcasting, publicity and promotion, and will be fully equipped to take a job in any radio station in the land—all thanks to WLW's scholarships, which are such worthy projects that they should be continued from year to year.

## Honey

SAYS

"MEN HATE THE TOUCH OF SCRATCHY, CHAPPED HANDS"



### EVEN ONE APPLICATION — SO SOOTHING!



YES! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps dry, chapped hands feel smoother. It's *extra-creamy, extra-softening!* Every soothing drop brings comfort to your work-abused skin. Coaxes back the dainty look-and-feel that harsh cleansers, hard water, cold weather, and housework take away. Makes hands look nicer, feel better *right away!* Now contains 2 vitamins—A and D. In 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, \$1 sizes at toilet goods counters. New! Hinds Hand Cream. Ask for it too.



WEDNESDAY NIGHTS

**BURNS AND ALLEN**

Columbia Network Coast to Coast  
First Show: 7:30-8:00 E. S. T.  
Rebroadcast: 10:30-11:00 E. S. T.

Chapping • Dryness  
Roughness • Weathered skin  
Hangnails • Calloused heels  
Powder base • Body-rub  
After-shaving lotion

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Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

# THE WOMAN



■ She was lovely, young, rich—but utterly unprincipled and ruthless. Hers is a story of the secret side of radio, told by a girl who was forced to choose between love and loyalty

■ I was so startled that for a moment I lost track of what she was saying. What could she mean?

AFTER the broadcast there was the usual bustle of people leaving the studio, the boys in the band putting away their instruments, the guest stars shaking hands with Chris. I stood at one side, waiting for Chris to finish and come over to me. Now the time of the week I loved best was near—when Chris and I would go to my apartment, and I would make sandwiches and coffee, and the two of us would talk for a while about the broadcast before he took me in his arms.

Tonight, though, it was not only the guest stars who were clustered around Chris. He was talking to a big, handsome white-haired man and a girl in a long, clinging red evening gown. I looked at her curiously. Her face was familiar—I knew I should recognize her—but somehow I didn't. She had that strange something they call glamor, but in her it was the cold vitality of a perfect diamond. And she was smiling up at Chris as they talked.

No, I wasn't afraid—not then. Not then, and not even a few minutes later, when Chris came over and said, "Darling, I'm sorry. But that

happens to be our boss and his daughter, and they want me to go to Twenty-one with them. I guess I'd better."

"It might be a good idea," I agreed, hiding my disappointment with a smile.

"Come on over—I want you to meet them."

He led me over. "Mr. Carr," he said, "this is Binnie Martin—we all think she's a pretty swell little singer."

Mr. Carr said kindly, "And I think you're just about right." But Hester, his daughter, didn't enthuse. Of course I knew now where I had seen her before—in every Sunday supplement and society section for the last six months. "Princess of Cafe Society" was the name the newspapers had given her. She was only eighteen, but she looked as if she had the wisdom of a woman of thirty. She tossed me an appraising glance, said "I enjoyed your singing," in a flat, careless voice, and immediately turned back to Chris. "Shall we go on now?" she asked.

No, as I went home alone that night, I wasn't afraid—but I wouldn't have been a girl, and in

love, if I hadn't been a little unhappy.

Loving was such a new experience for me. In the half-year since Chris Brackett, on a road tour with his band, had heard me sing and had immediately offered me a contract, so many things had happened. I owed Chris for every bit of the success that had come to me. He'd taught me how to face an audience, how to "put over" a song, even, by sending me to experts on the subjects, how to make up and dress.

But that wasn't the reason I loved him. I loved him because—oh, well, just because he was Chris. I loved his unruly dark hair and his blue eyes, with the little wrinkles that surrounded them when he laughed—his quick, firm way of walking—his ability to work like a madman for hours on end and never lose his gentleness or consideration for others. His loyalty—I loved that, too, and the way he shared this sudden new success of his with the boys in his band, by making them his partners, not his employees.

Being the singer with Chris Brackett's band was an eye-opening experience for a girl who had never

# THAT STANDS BETWEEN US

dreamed of a professional career, anyway. Everybody in the band had something of Chris' own wonderful spirit. I was the only girl, but none of the boys ever resented me or tried to take advantage of me. They'd all been with Chris for years, working and struggling to reach the top, and jealousy was a word none of them understood.

I suppose, when the relationship between Chris and me suddenly changed, most of the men in the band suspected it—but never by a word or a gesture was I made to feel uncomfortable or embarrassed.

It would have been hard for me to feel ashamed of my love for Chris. It was real love, on both sides. We had come together so naturally, so—so *rightly*. And it didn't seem wrong that we weren't married.

We didn't want to rush into marriage. It was only now, with the radio contract with Mr. Carr's company, that Chris was making enough even to think of marriage; and there were other reasons against it, too. For people in show business, marriage is an even greater gamble than it is to others, and we agreed that it was wiser to wait a while, until we knew each other better, and were sure that we would want to spend the rest of our lives together.

NOT that there was any doubt in my mind, even then. I was sure I loved Chris, then and for always. But if he wanted to wait, I was willing. Whatever he wanted to do, I was blindly, eagerly willing—I was so much in love. I was sure that some day Chris would come to me, and say, quite simply, "Darling, let's not wait any longer—let's get married." I was sure of this because I knew Chris was sincere and straight and definitely not a playboy.

I didn't count on Hester Carr, though.

I can't look back and select the precise moment when I first realized that something was wrong. All I know is that sometime during the month that followed Chris' first meeting with Hester Carr, I sensed a change in him. It wasn't that he had stopped loving me. He loved me more, if anything, with a sort of angry, tortured desperation. He was troubled, often abstracted, worried. At first I thought it was the program—but our popularity rating

was going up all the time and the sponsors seemed thoroughly satisfied.

Then, one night when we were alone in my apartment, he told me what was the matter—told me abruptly, without any preliminaries.

"We're in a spot, Binnie," he said. "Hester Carr thinks she's in love with me. And she wants to marry me."

"Marry you? No!" The words were wrung from me involuntarily.

He looked at me and smiled wryly. "My sentiments exactly. But . . . Oh, the whole thing's so silly! You want to laugh at it—but it's no laughing matter, either. . . .

"I suppose it's partly my fault. That first night, when I went out with her and her father, I was flattered and anxious to be pleasant. After all—the sponsor and his daughter. You know. That's something. And it doesn't hurt a bit to be on good terms with the boss.

"So we really had a pretty good time—and when she said good-night she invited me to cocktails at their apartment next day. I went, and because I wanted to repay her hospitality, I asked her to go to the theater with me. And . . . well, one date led to another until we were seeing a lot of each other. I didn't want to—I'd much rather have been

■ She said softly and tenderly, "But I think I can get away tomorrow night. I'll meet you then . . ."





with you—but I thought it was good policy. Good policy!"

He stopped and ran his hand through his tumbled thatch of hair. "It would have been better policy to cut my throat. Because that girl may be only eighteen, but she goes after what she wants, and I don't think she's ever failed to get it even if she had to step on a few toes on the way. She's terribly clever, Bin-nie. I don't know how she did it, but she managed to let me know that she was in love with me, and expected to marry me. Like that! And almost before I could catch my breath, she went on from there. She got the idea across—very delicately—that I'd better agree if I wanted to keep the radio show. It seems she wouldn't mind at all telling her father that I'd promised to marry

her and then broken my word!"

"Why—what a dirty trick, to threaten you that way!" I burst out.

"Oh, she didn't say so in that many words—but there wasn't any mistaking what she meant. And I think she'll do it, too," Chris added grimly.

For a moment, in silence, he thoughtfully pounded a clenched fist into the palm of his other hand. Then he looked up. "Well, there it is," he said. "I guess the career of Chris Brackett's band is going to have a temporary set-back. I've tried to figure a way out of it, and I can't."

"You mean you'll . . . ." I began.

"Tell her to go jump in the lake?" he finished for me. "What else can I do? I'm certainly not going to give you up—not for a dozen sponsors. Tell you what!" His face suddenly lit up. "We're getting married as quick as we can! I'll run down to City Hall and get a license tomorrow. And then she can do anything she likes!"

All the emotions I had so carefully kept in check while he was telling me his story leaped out now in one overwhelming wave of joy. He loved me more than the whole world—more than the band and the career that meant so much to him!

"Oh, Chris! Darling!" was all I could say, whispering against his shoulder, breathless from the grasp of his arms.

"We may not have a job, but we'll have each other!" he said.

THERE was something not quite right in his voice. It was forced, as if he were trying to make it sound happier than he felt. I drew back, looking into his eyes.

"Chris—what's the matter? Don't you want to marry me?"

"Don't I want to . . . ? Now, just where did you get that idea? Just try to stop me!" And this time I was satisfied; the affectionate railery in his tone was as genuine as gold. I snuggled against him once more, sure that my momentary impression had been a mistake.

But hours later, after he had gone, I was still awake, thinking. Somewhere in the back of my mind was a reservation that seemed to correspond with the doubt I had detected in Chris' voice. It wasn't that I thought Chris didn't want to marry me; it wasn't that I thought his career was more important to him than our love; it wasn't that I was afraid of being out of a job....

Out of a job! Now I knew. It was those wonderful men in the band. In my mind, they were the ones who were pointing accusing fingers at me! Joe, who had always helped

me with my luggage on the brief tour we'd taken before coming to New York—he'd just started buying a house in the suburbs, and only the day before he'd told me his wife was going to have a baby. And dear, funny little Hank—for the first time in his life he was making enough money to send some to his parents.

One by one, they paraded before me there in the darkness. All of them steadfast, loyal friends who had stuck with Chris through thick and thin for years—all of them happy over this first bit of good fortune that had come their way, the radio contract. They were what Chris had been thinking of when I had noticed that strange note in his voice—he'd been thinking that now, because of him and me, these boys would be right back where they were a year ago, struggling to get ahead. Because I knew commercial radio contracts didn't grow on trees—it might be months before another sponsor would be willing to hire us, knowing that we were already identified in the public's mind with a different product. And the scandal connected with being fired from Mr. Carr's program wouldn't help any, either.

Still lying there, I felt the pillow grow wet under my cheek. Almost without knowing it, I had made my decision. I could never be happy with Chris, knowing that my happiness was purchased with the money those musicians should have been earning.

The next day, early, I called Chris and told him to come and see me before he went to City Hall. Then I nervously to do something which twelve hours before I would have thought was impossible: Tell him I would not marry him.

He was smiling when he came in, but the circles under his eyes told me that he hadn't slept much that night. (Continued on page 63)



*Warner Brothers*

# WHAT ARE RUDY VALLEE'S PLANS?

I FEEL like a fellow that's been going to college a good deal longer than the usual four years," Rudy Vallee said. "I'm sorry to say good-bye to the old Alma Mater, but I'm glad to be getting out, because it's high time."

And that just about sums up Rudy Vallee's reasons for leaving the Thursday night NBC program on which he pioneered almost ten years ago—the program that started more stars on the road to fame than any other single radio hour. September 28th marks his last broadcast.

It's no secret, nor any reflection on Rudy's ability either, that his program has lost some of its popularity in the last few years. Other variety programs began aping the formula he originated, spending more money on higher-priced stars. It got harder and harder to find fresh comedy and dramatic material.

I don't think it was much of a surprise to Rudy when he and his sponsor decided to call it quits. He'd been on the air for almost ten years, and he was tired. All in all, he isn't

**By DAN WHEELER**

unhappy about leaving the air for a while.

I saw him and talked to him at one of his last rehearsals, and he wasn't exactly the old Vallee. He was more cheerful, more relaxed.

When I asked him what his plans for the future were, he grinned and said frankly, "I haven't any. I'd like to take a rest, at least for a month, and after that I'll probably be out in Hollywood. Maybe I'll have a program from out there. Maybe I'll be doing some picture work, for Republic Pictures. Eventually, I'd like to study motion pictures and learn to be a director. And I know one thing—I'd like to live in Hollywood nine months of the year, and spend the summers in Maine."

To lend point to Rudy's statement about his future, there is the fact that he owns a house in Hollywood, which he bought last spring.

Will he be back on the air at all? Well, your guess is as good as any-

one's. Right now, the trend in radio seems to be away from Hollywood, which is a point against his return. If he does go out there, and becomes interested in the making of pictures, developing the talent for directing which he undoubtedly feels he possesses, maybe he won't even be interested in singing on the air any more. On the other hand, if a sponsor offered him a program he liked, he might accept it.

He's a strange mixture of egotism and humility, this Vallee, who has been for more than a decade one of America's famous men. His pride won't let him think of himself as a singer, and no more than a singer. It urges him on to being an actor, a producer.

He stands at the crossroads, as the last strains of his last program for Royal Gelatine fade away. He can go on to wider fields of activity—or he can stay in radio, as a singer and master-of-ceremonies. Many a sponsor would be glad to have him in that capacity. But would it satisfy Rudy? I don't think it would.

■ **Ten years of broadcasting without a break, and now—? An exclusive interview that tells why radio's pioneer showman is leaving the air**

# CHARLES BOYER'S *Greatest* LOVE STORY

■ A great broadcast and a fine motion picture come to you now as a tender and beautiful short story. Presenting "Love Affair," starring Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne—the "pink champagne" romance of a charming couple



Michel left the porthole, stepped quickly into a passageway, paused before a door and rapped.

THEY were so gay when it began. From the moment Michel's cablegram fluttered through the porthole, into Terry's stateroom, until the time they stood together on the deck, watching the towers of New York pierce the mist, there was nothing to tell them of the heartbreak ahead. . . .

Or, if there was, they were too blind, too wilfully blind, to see it.

It was not precisely news that Michel Marnay was on board the S. S. *Napoli*, bound for America, where he was being awaited by Lois Clarke—along with wedding bells, a string of polo ponies, plenty of money, and anything else his life-loving and altogether charming heart desired. It wasn't news, because long before he boarded the ship radio commentators in London, Paris and New York had broadcast the word that Michel Marnay was—at long last—to marry an heiress.

The *Napoli* was only an hour or two out when Marnay, standing on the top deck, heard his name being called by a diminutive page-boy carrying an envelope on a silver tray. But, as he took the envelope and unfolded the message it contained, a gust of wind whipped it out of his fingers, through a porthole. Amused, he watched a girl pick it up and read it.

She wasn't just a girl. She was extra-special. With golden brown hair and laughing eyes and a curving mouth. With a tall, slimly rounded body. With a simple white evening gown that somehow didn't at all suggest economy, and gold kid slippers which amounted to nothing but a couple of fantastic straps over a high instep.

"Pardon, Madam," said Michel, "but you're reading

"July first. At five o'clock,  
Michel! On top of the Empire  
State Building—it's the nearest  
thing to heaven we have."



my telegram." His was an exciting voice, warm and a little slow. Like the brown Marnay eyes, it was too beautiful to belong to a man, but all the more compelling for that. Like the effortless Marnay stride. And like the brightness that came into the Marnay face, almost sad in repose, when he smiled.

He didn't impress the girl. "How do I know it's yours?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "I'm Michel Marnay."

"If you're really that fellow . . ." And she shook her head in mock disapproval. "Well, to prove it, tell me how the message reads."

MICHEL was embarrassed, a new experience for him. "It says . . . Remembering a warm, beautiful night, a thunder storm over Lake Como—and you!"

She handed him the radiogram and started away.

"Here!" He sounded—and was—a little frantic. "Here, wait a minute. I'm in trouble. Can't I—can't I come into your cabin?"

She looked at him over her shoulder. "It's not that I'm prudish. It's just that my mother told me never to let a man into my room in months ending with R."

"Your mother," Michel said, "must be a very beautiful woman. And tell me, please, what is your name?"

"Terry," she told him. "Terry

McKay. And I'm traveling alone. Was that, perhaps, what was troubling you?"

He nodded. "Oh, very much. Er—just a moment." He left the port-hole, stepped quickly into a passageway, paused before a door and rapped. Terry opened it. Michel stepped inside. "Now that we've been introduced . . ." he murmured.

"I was so bored!" he said tragically. "Until I met you, I hadn't seen one attractive girl on this boat. Can you imagine that? It's terrible! It's not for me! Life should be bright, beautiful and bubbly, like pink champagne."

"Yes, of course," Terry said. "Tell me, how is your fiancee?"

"She has a cold," said Michel. "Look—in eight days we'll dock in New York. Is there any reason why—from now until then—it shouldn't be pink champagne?"

He followed Terry's eyes to her dressing table and a picture of a man.

"Don't tell me he's the fellow!" he exclaimed.

"He's the fellow," Terry nodded. "My equivalent of your Lois Clarke. And he's also my boss. He sent me on this buying trip. And you can imagine how attractive he must be when I can resist so charming a person as you."

Not that those brave words meant anything—because somehow she

found herself having cocktails with him (of pink champagne, of course), having dinner with him, swimming with him, watching the moon sprinkle its pale gilt on the water at night, with him at her side. They both tried, so gallantly, to keep it nothing but a feathery-light flirtation, a gay sort of friendship—but somehow, after their stop at Madeira, it slipped off that plane and never returned.

The day in Madeira was magic, from beginning to end. Together they called on Michel's grandmother, who lived there in a lovely old house on top of the hill. There the little wrinkled lady, beautiful with her years, gave them coffee and played for them on the mellow-toned piano that stood in the shadowy corner of the room. And while Michel was away, talking to the gardener, she looked shrewdly at Terry.

"Michel is very talented," she said, as if feeling the girl out. "He painted that portrait, there on the wall. Unfortunately, he is also very critical. As a result, he has painted nothing since."

"What a pity!" There was no doubting Terry's sincerity.

"Besides," the old lady went on, "he is too busy—living, as they call it. Things come too easy for Michel. And always he is attracted by the art he is not practising, the places he hasn't seen, the girl he hasn't met."

Was this a warning?—Terry thought.

But she seemed to like Terry, for when they left, she promised some day to send Terry a cobwebby lace shawl that she had admired.

After Madeira, they didn't try to stay apart. When they were  
(Continued on page 70)



RKO-Radio Photos

She could only sit there listening, not trusting herself to speak at all.

## LOVE AFFAIR

Fictionized by Adele Whately Fletcher from the RKO-Radio picture of the same name.

# Cast

Michel Marnay.....CHARLES BOYER

Terry McKay.....IRENE DUNNE

Michel's Grandmother.....MARIA OUSPENSKAYA

Kenneth Bradley.....LEE BOWMAN

Lois Clarke.....ASTRID ALLWYN

Screenplay by Delmar Daves and Donald Ogden Stewart, from story by Mildred Cram and Leo McCarey; produced and directed by Leo McCarey.

# ARE YOU A Wife in Name Only?

**S**HE THINKS she is married. Tucked away in a corner of a bureau drawer is her marriage license, and her wedding ring hasn't been off her finger one minute since it was first placed there. Her acquaintances all address her as "Mrs." and she no longer feels any sensation of strangeness when she signs her husband's last name after her own first one. And so she thinks she is married, and the world agrees with her. But actually she is no wife at all. The "Mrs." before her name is only a courtesy title: she is a wife in name only.

And the tragedy of it is—she doesn't know it!

Here is a portrait of that wife in name only. Do you recognize her? She may live in the house next door to yours. She may be your best friend. Or she may very well be you, yourself—either now or in the future.

Look at her closely, and see for your own sake. She is particularly hard to recognize because she is so definitely a modern product. She is unlike anything our mothers knew, because in their day wives and husbands spent their leisure hours together as a matter of course. And the quickened tempo of today's life is what has brought her into being. All of which makes it so much the more important that you realize her existence.

She has been married for—oh, maybe three, five, ten years, perhaps even more. The number of years makes very little difference. If she thinks about it—though very possibly she doesn't—she realizes that habit, the children, financial

dependence are the only bonds left between her and her husband. She doesn't quite know whether love remains or not, because love has been more or less smothered under routine. Love, without her knowing it, has somehow ceased to be a factor in her marriage.

She is still married, of course. The divorce court hasn't separated her from her husband. She thinks this means that her marriage is a happy one. But, somehow, she has come to accept the fact that both she and her husband have a better time when they're apart than they do when they're together. That—though she realizes it only dimly—is the really important and tragic thing that has happened to her marriage!

There is no longer any real companionship between her and her husband. His interests, both in work and recreation, are far away from hers. He has his club, his golf, his masculine friends; she has her bridge group, her preoccupation with the children's clothes and training, her house to take care of. But these interests are not mutual ones.

Oh, they go out together—to movies, to other people's houses, for automobile rides. But there is no companionship in these excursions; they might as well be making them alone.

Do you think this is an exaggerated portrait? Look around you, at your friends, and see. Look into your own marriage, and see. I'm no statistician, and I don't know how many women—and men—are enduring. (Continued on page 89)

By ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

■ Famous author of *When a Girl Marries*, heard on CBS Monday through Friday at 12:15 P.M., and of *Pepper Young's Family*, on NBC-Red at 3:30 P.M. and NBC-Blue at 11:30 A.M., also Monday through Friday.

Illustrations by Joanne Adams



# Breach of Promise!

ANDREW H. BROWN might never have found the courage to tell Madam Queen if the Kingfish hadn't given that never-to-be-forgotten New Year's Eve party. Of course, this was one time when courage was just the same thing as trouble. Because of all times and places Andy could have chosen to toss his verbal bombshell, the Kingfish's party was by far the worst. But naturally, Andy didn't realize that until afterwards.

Up to the moment when Andy spoke those fatal words, the Kingfish was going on the impression that his party was as gaudy a success as a skyrocket in Times Square. The parlor was a riot of red, green and white paper streamers, spreading from the brass chandelier to the stained oak moulding. In the kitchen Aunt Lillian was piling up home-made cookies around a chocolate layer cake, while the Kingfish and his wife (known among the better social circles of Harlem as the Battle Axe) hovered around a huge lake of pink punch.

Most of the guests arrived two hours early. The fact that the Kingfish was actually throwing a party was miracle enough. Add to that the reason for the celebration, and you really had something! For New Year's Day was to see Madam Queen, the buxom and bubbling owner of the fanciest beauty shop on Lenox Avenue, joined in holy matrimony with Andrew H. Brown, president of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated.

Not that any one could remember hearing Andy himself announce the impending happy event. Madam Queen had more or less taken over that job. Generously she had assumed charge, in fact, of all the arrangements. Guest lists, flowers for the altar, refreshments for the onlookers—Madam Queen had left nothing to be desired, except perhaps the enthusiasm of the prospective groom.

She had even thoughtfully made the stipulation that in return for allowing Andy's best friend, Amos Jones, vice-president of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, to be best man—in return for this, the groom's taxi, of 1915 birth and sporting enough brass to equip Sousa's band, was not to be parked anywhere near the church during the ceremony.

Therefore, in honor of this great social event, the Kingfish's party—achieved over the objections of the Battle Axe.



Illustration by Wm. Mead Prince

■ They say that Madam Queen's scream was heard ten blocks north and south of the flat.



■ Here they are! Amos 'n' Andy, Madam Queen, the Kingfish, Ruby Taylor and all the other rampageously funny characters of radio's longest-running comedy show—yours just for the reading

**Adapted by special permission of Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll from their Campbell Soup program, heard nightly Monday through Friday on CBS.**

None of the guests ever forgot that night, especially since none of them with the exception of Andy had any idea of the catastrophe that was to crash into the Kingfish's three-room mansion just as the clock was ticking off the last few seconds of the old and battered year.

Both Amos and Andy had hired full-dress suits from the Elite Rental Service. Madam Queen blazed through the rooms like a forest fire in a brilliant scarlet silk evening dress. Ruby Taylor, Amos' beloved, delighted her swain by appearing in a snaky bright green gown that caused more than one pair of eyes to bulge. The Kingfish was resplendent in a pair of striped trousers borrowed from a lodge brother, a cutaway coat he had bought ten years ago, and a polka-dot tie he had found in Andy's taxicab after a party at the Savoy. Brother Crawford crawled smilingly about like a good-natured beetle in coat and tails several sizes too large, while his wife, Madam Queen's sister, beamed in happy anticipation of the nuptial festivities.

By eleven the party was uproarious, and by a few minutes to midnight it was terrific. The chandelier jiggled gayly as the Jasper Browns in the flat above pounded vainly on the floor for a respite from the continuous din. One toast to the bride and groom began as another one ended.

But any one with a keen eye might have noticed that as the hour of twelve approached Andrew H. Brown became more and more restless. Time and again he tried to catch Amos' eye, but Amos had Ruby and they were cooing devotedly on the Kingfish's red plush sofa.

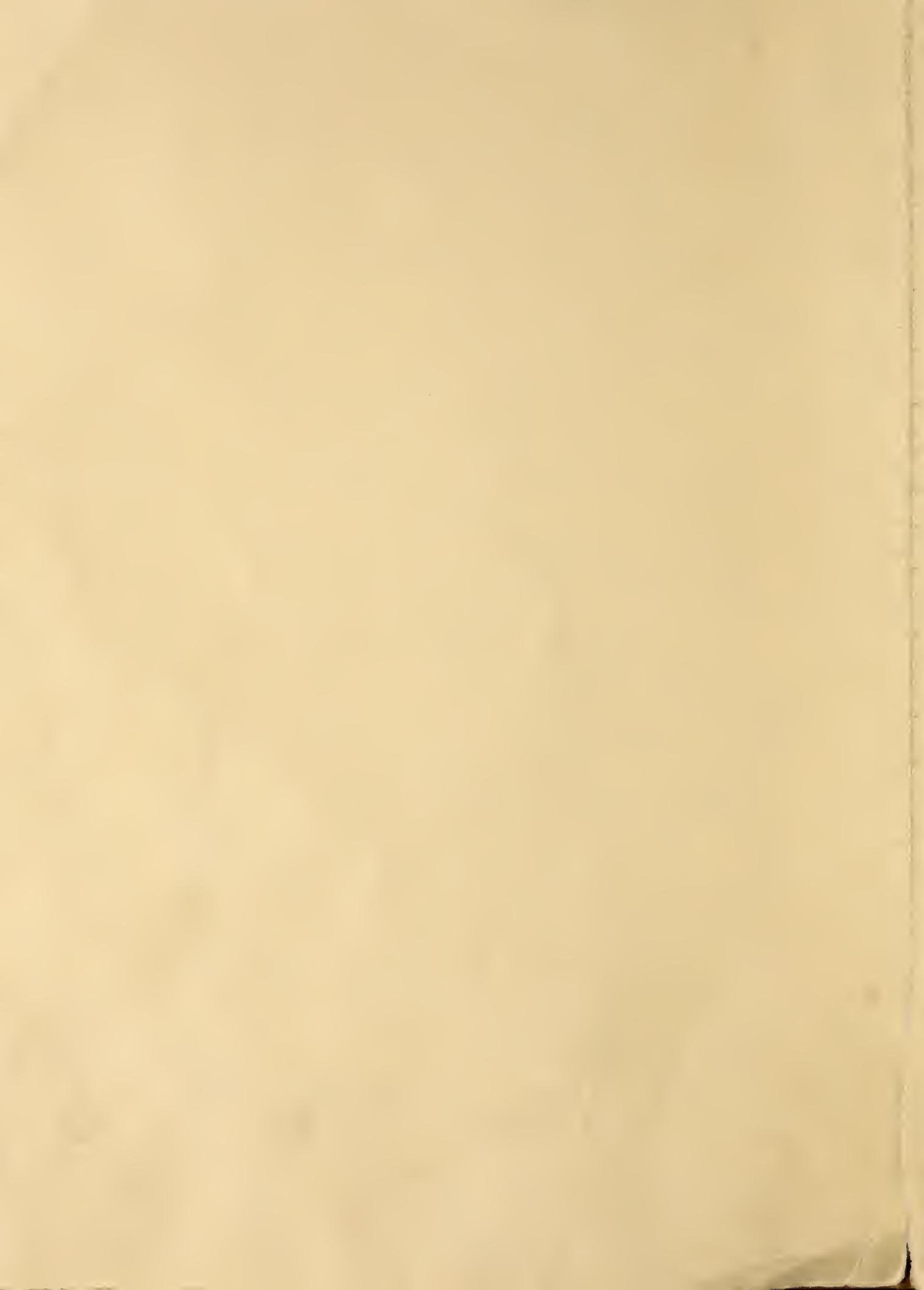
At exactly one minute to midnight Andy buttoned his coat, jerked at his tie, found an added ounce of courage somewhere, and approached Madam Queen with a disarming, honey-sweet smile.

"Sweetheart," he purred, "come oveh heah in de corneh, I wanna tell yo' sumpin'."

Madam Queen beamed happily. She was positively resplendent, and a gay tasselled party cap sat at a rakish angle on her head. She smiled happily at Andy as she walked across the room.

"Jes' twelve mo' hours, honey—an' we's goin' to be man an' wife."

Andy mustered up a ghostlike smile. He placed a clammy hand (Continued on page 60)



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"Jes' twelve mo' hours, honey—an' we's goin' to be man an' wife."

Andy mustered up a ghostlike smile. He placed a clammy hand (*Continued on page 60*)

# Behave Yourself!



**DON'T** smoke while you're walking along the street. To him it looks cheap and affected.



**DON'T** give him your photograph unless he asks for it. There's something too wistful about it.



**DON'T** lavish him with gifts unless you're engaged—and even then don't make them expensive.



**DON'T** laugh or talk noisily either indoors or out. He hates being made conspicuous. And he gets worn out with too much aggressive vivacity.



**DO** go ahead and powder your nose or use lipstick in public, if you need it. The day is past when that looks vulgar or embarrassing.



**DON'T** tell the taxi driver where to go. He likes to do that himself. If he doesn't know, tell him quietly and he'll relay the news to the driver.



**DON'T** make him take a bus instead of a taxi or try to make him spend less than he wants to. If he insists on being extravagant, it's his business.

■ If you want men to pursue you—and what girl doesn't?—take these pictorial lessons in the modern etiquette of love

Photos by John Schutz

DO YOU behave yourself when you're out on a date with your best boy friend? Well, maybe you think you do—and then on the other hand, maybe you offend him now and then without in the least intending to. Take a look at this picture-lesson in the kind of manners men like, and see. If your score is perfect, you ought to have several handsome gentlemen ready and willing to take you to dinner and a show (or even the altar). In these pictures, Helen Ward, singer with Bob Crosby's orchestra on the CBS Tuesday-night Camel program, demonstrates some startling "don'ts" and some equally startling "do's" for the model young girl-about-town to follow. Strict etiquette experts may not agree, but the chances are that the average male will—with enthusiasm. Helen's two escorts are the Camel show's other stars—orchestra leader Bob Crosby (in the dark striped suit) and songwriter Johnny Mercer. The captions, which tell exactly what a young man likes and doesn't like girls to do, are from the book, "Safe Conduct," by Margaret Fishback, published by Modern Age Books, Inc.



**DO** close your eyes when being kissed, even if you don't have the urge to do so. There's nothing more disconcerting to a man than to sneak a look through his lashes and see you with your eyes open.



**DO**, on the other hand, pay half the check if you know his budget is slender and he's willing to let you. But do it very inconspicuously.



**DO** accept invitations to dinner or tea alone in his home. If you know him well enough to want to eat dinner with him, you ought to trust him, too.

# Woman in Love

■ Mayne was charming, wordly-wise—how could Tamara's innocence check the new emotions he brought? Radio Mirror brings a beloved writer's moving novel direct from a new broadcast series

Copyright 1934-1935 By Kathleen Norris—Originally Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The story thus far:

AFTER spending five years at St. Bride's Convent, Tamara Todd-hunter returned to her family—mother, brother and sister—all of them quite satisfied with the vulgarity and disorder of their life in the cheap theatrical section of San Francisco. Her sister Coral was not the gay, successful young actress Tamara had pictured in her thoughts. She was out of a job, and so was her brother, Lance, a worthless young would-be actor. All three immediately began to look upon Tamara as their support. Through Dolores Quinn, a popular actress and acquaintance of Coral's, Tam met Maynard Mallory, a movie actor. At once she felt Mayne's magnetic charm, and when he invited her to dinner at the home of his friends, the Holloways, she entered a world of enchantment she had never known before. Lying in her bed after Mayne had brought her home, Tamara could not sleep. She lay awake thinking, remembering, smiling in the dark. Never in her life had she felt the ecstasy that was flooding her whole being.

## PART II

AFTER that life took on a quite different color, and Tamara loved every moment of it. The past, the happy simple days in Saint Bride's were forgotten as if they had never been.

Mayne Mallory went back to Hollywood a few days after the dinner at the Holloways' studio but he went with a definitely affectionate farewell for Tamara that set her senses humming for days and from his own busy studio in Hollywood he sent her frequent letters. Tamara bought herself a box of exquisite writing paper at Shreve's and spent time and thought upon the right carelessly affectionate tone in answer.

By this time she knew all the



by  
Kathleen  
Norris

members of Dolores Quinn's company, the ushers and the manager and the box-office clerks, and a host of other theatrical personalities as well. She could enter many dressing rooms now, and had friends everywhere.

"You're an awful fool not to work them for a part," Coral said one day. Coral had abandoned all other interests now for one; she was devoting herself to a stout middle-aged man known in the family circle only as "French." French had money; he was a New York man who had come with a wife and two full grown daughters to Santa Barbara for his health. Somehow Coral had met him, and now she had settled down seriously to marry him.

She did not speak of him affectionately or admiringly; she merely said that she wanted to get him. That was all. Nothing else mattered. Coral met him in hotels, dined with him, lunched with him, drove with him; she got into his big car and went down to Del Monte with him and watched him play golf. Exactly what the arrangements were on these trips, exactly who else went along or what made the whole thing conventionally possible, Tamara never knew, and she never heard

her mother question Coral about it.

Coral had grown nervous, restless, irritable under the stress of the tremendous possibility that might slip from her grasp. She wore new and beautiful clothes, a diamond wrist watch; Tamara told herself that this mightn't "mean anything." But the fact was that Coral was going with a married man and would have to give up her religion—not that she ever went to church—if she married a divorced man.

The affair had progressed pretty well, and the French divorce had been announced in the newspapers before Tamara ever saw Coral's new friend. Then one afternoon, having tea at the St. Francis, she looked across the dimly lighted room and detected her sister in the company of a florid, stout, silver-headed man of perhaps sixty; she thought the face a pig's face, stupid and fatuous, and she instantly loathed the proprietary manner, the air of gallantry and determined youthfulness.

Coral's plan and Coral's problem marked sharply for Tamara the line between the two worlds she had known. Mother Laurence would not merely have been unhappy at the idea of a young actress spending all her energies upon the capture of an elderly worldling already married and saddled with family responsibilities, she would have felt it Tamara's duty to admonish and advise her sister.

Tamara decidedly did not feel it so. The world about her now was a grimy, sordid, practical affair; the shrewd woman was the one who considered the main chance in whatever form it presented itself. Coral was not talented, she was not successful as a professional woman, and she could see all about her other women scrimping and worrying, drifting about between theatrical agencies and greasy restaurants, importuning uninterested men for

■ Mayne, looking down at her, asked in a lowered voice, "Now, how about my kiss?"

Illustrations by Carl Mueller

parts to play in wretched, second-rate productions. If Coral could find a rich man who adored her. . . .

Tamara never quite justified this line of argument to herself, but she acted upon it, and when in April Mr. French suddenly bolted for Alaska on a friend's yacht, she could be very patient with Coral's angry evidences of bitter disappointment.

Mayne came up to San Francisco often. The three-hours' flight meant nothing to him. Whenever he was there Tamara was constantly in his company, and they saw much of Persis and Joe, Pete, Mabel, Lucile, Bill and Gedge. And always the friendship between Mayne and Tamara strengthened and deepened and grew more and more of a miracle of joy.

One night when he took her home from a downtown party in an old studio over the California Street market, Mayne said:

"Will you do something for me some time, Tam?"

Was it coming? her girl's heart asked in a flutter as she looked up at him in the warm spring starlight.

"Probably," she said aloud.

"Some time—some night perhaps when I've taken you home from a party, will you kiss me?"

The earth tipped, and the stars wheeled, and Tamara stood still, looking up at him.

"Some day of course I will, Mayne," she said almost inaudibly.

"If I come upstairs might I have my kiss now?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, her throat thick, her eyes fluttering any way except to meet his own.

"Has any man ever kissed you, Tam?" Mayne asked, stooping a little to look into the downcast face. Her small, firm fingers were tightly holding his own; her lashes were lowered so that he saw their shadow on her clear cheek.

"Oh, no—except Lance."



Carl  
Mueller

"Don't want to—yet. Is that it?" "Not—now," she said, laughing nervously.

But she knew she would kiss him some day. And meanwhile the thought of that kiss was with her through every waking hour, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

FOUR days later, just before leaving for Los Angeles for a rather longer absence than was usual, he asked her to keep her word. They were standing on the high balcony outside of Persis' windows; they had been dining with eight or ten members of the usual group; now it was late evening, and the crowd had scattered and Tamara and Mayne were alone. In half an hour they would have to go to the train.

Tamara was in wild spirits. The amazing thing had happened. Without her soliciting it, without her real belief in herself as a future actress, Markisohn had sent for her this morning and had offered her a little part in a play that was coming to San Francisco with most of the leading members of the New York production, but with half a dozen parts to be filled locally. This would mean that for a few weeks she really belonged to the fascinating world in which she had been an onlooker for almost a year.

Meeting Mayne at Persis Holloway's later, Tamara had said:

"You did it."

"I did not. All I did was to say to old Mark a few days ago that I

■ Kathleen Norris is the first famous writer to have her works adopted to radio in serial form. "Woman in Love" will be heard weekdays on C. B. S. beginning in October. So that you may read this compelling story as well as hear it, Radio Mirror presents herewith the drama in its original novel form.

often wondered why he didn't give you a break. I didn't even know the 'Black-eyed Susan' company was coming."

"Rehearsal Tuesday at ten!" Tamara had sung rather than said, and now when dinner was over and almost everyone had gone she and Mayne were still discussing it.

"You won't miss me, this time," Mayne said.

"I'll always miss you," the girl answered with a quick look. And it was then that Mayne, looking down at her over her shoulder as he stood half behind and half beside her at the high balcony rail, asked, in a lowered voice:

"How about my kiss?"

For answer she turned, her color fluctuating, and raised to him a serious face, with expectant and half-frightened eyes, and instantly she felt the grip of his big arms about her slenderness and smallness, and the pressure of his lips on hers.

"Tam, I've been waiting a long time for that!" Mayne said in a

whisper, as she drew back, laughing, breathless, a little dizzy, still with his arms about her. Even then she knew that this hour was forever to be remembered: the high balcony, the glorious sweet spring night, the sprouting grass on all the ledges and in the little gardens, and this nearness of Mayne—his tobacco-scented tweed coat, the touch of his smooth-shaven cheek, the faint scent of shaving soap and fine, firm, brown flesh.

"I love you, you know that," the man said very low. Tamara even now could not speak, but she felt ecstasy run like a light heady wine through her soul and her mind, and every fiber of her body responded to it.

Still silent, her blue eyes like stars, she went with him to the station. Their farewells were said without words. Afterward Tamara drifted in a happy dream through the city, thinking only of Mayne, remembering moments of delight, and pushing them aside to give right of way to other memories.

In the two weeks "Black-eyed Susan" played, Tamara earned seventy dollars. Her first taste of footlights proved thrilling, too. Not as thrilling as she had at first hoped, for the city didn't like the play, and the company lost money on it.

Then came a long dull idle summer interval, and then September again with warmer, windless weather, and Mayne back. Tamara met him (Continued on page 78)

■ Then the weary, dragging voice came again: "Oh, let me alone, can't you!"



# HAS ARTIE SHAW GONE

# High-Hat?



BEST

■ That's what they're asking about the young bandleader who is riding the crest of fame—but read his story before giving your answer

**B**ECAUSE of something that happened one afternoon outside the Strand Theater on Broadway, I knew that sooner or later I'd have to write this story about Artie Shaw. It's one of the toughest assignments I've ever been handed, and I don't like it, but I'm tired of hearing what people have been saying about Artie. I'm just as tired of making excuses for him.

That afternoon, about five or six months ago, I came out of the stage door entrance of the Strand, where Artie Shaw was playing on the stage, and ran into a flock of kids with autograph books.

I grinned at the kids and said:

By VAN EVERSON

"If you're waiting for Artie Shaw you'd better sit down, because he won't be out for at least a half hour."

There was a sudden silence. And then one of the kids in the bunch yelled, "Aw, we're not waitin' for him!"

A little freckled-faced girl piped up with: "I should say not! He's a conceited old crab!"

Then all the kids laughed and made faces, the way kids do.

I knew then that the mutterings and criticisms I'd heard around the

band business' inner circle, had crept out to the public. Artie didn't know it, but what those kids said was something like a landmark in his career.

People talk—as they always do about somebody who's famous. And, as always, there's a certain amount of justification in what they say. There's also a lot of cruelty and thoughtlessness.

They say that Artie has changed since success came his way. And that's perfectly true. They also say that he has become conceited, self-centered, snobbish—although those aren't the words they use. They just say (Continued on page 66)



If you won this contest you'd be met at the Penn Station . . .



. . . Then you'd be taken to a luxurious room in the Shelton Hotel.



On Tuesday a call from the Hobby Lobby office awakens you . . .

YOUR  
HOBBY,  
PLEASE!

## Tell us about it—for perhaps it will bring you

HAVE you ever wondered what it would be like to be the guest star on a big coast-to-coast radio show? Have you ever imagined how it would feel to stand on the stage of a big NBC studio, knowing that every word you spoke was being heard by millions of people?

Of course you have—but it's been just a dream—until now! Now it's a dream that can come true.

Radio Mirror and the Hobby Lobby program want you to write a letter describing your hobby—and the writer of the most interesting letter about his or her hobby will be brought to New York, to appear on the Hobby Lobby program as the guest of Dave Elman and Radio Mirror. All expenses on this glorious four-day trip will be paid—it won't cost the winner a single dime. And on the regular Hobby Lobby program, you will be presented to the radio audience by Dave Elman, so that you can tell the whole nation about your hobby.

*Photos by Bert Lawson*

Most of Tuesday and Wednesday you spend at NBC, rehearsing.



Then it's Wednesday night at 8:30, and you stand at the microphone while Dave Elman introduces you and your hobby to the whole nation.





... And you confer with a script writer for Wednesday's program.



Meanwhile, Hobby-master Dave Elman (in center) is working with his aides, putting the program into final shape before rehearsals start.

## to New York for a free vacation and the most exciting moment of your life!

All you have to do to become eligible for selection as Hobby Lobby's guest star and to win the trip to New York is to write a letter describing your hobby and attach it to the entry-coupon printed at the right. It makes no difference what your hobby is—you may collect stamps, autographs, fish or fancy cooking recipes; you may whittle wood or make dolls out of hairpins. In your letter, you may use twenty-five or a thousand words—simply tell us the story. The best and most interesting hobby, in the opinion of the judges, will win the trip to New York.

But—that isn't all! There will be fifteen other prizes in addition to the trip to New York! To the writers of the fifteen letters which the judges decide are next best, Radio Mirror will pay \$5 apiece. It is understood that all sixteen prize-winning letters then become the property of Radio Mirror, and the material

in them may be published in a future issue of the magazine as a feature article.

Address all entries to Hobby Lobby Contest, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and mail them on or before midnight, Friday, November 10, 1939, the closing date of the contest. All entries must be accompanied by the official entry coupon printed on this page.

As we go to press, Hobby Lobby changes time and network—CBS, Sunday at 5 P.M., starting October 8th.

### OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

My name is.....  
I live at.....  
In the city of.....

Thursday's your day for having fun. You see all the sights . . .



. . . Or go to a Broadway hit if you like—all expenses paid . . .



Or window-shop on Fifth Avenue before starting home on Friday.



In his mother—love of  
or, romance and music.

# FATE'S *Bad Boy*

By LUCILLE FLETCHER

■ Genius or illusionist? The secret of this youth's universal fascination lies in the incredible story of romance he has lived

YOU can't be in a room with him two minutes without realizing that he is one of the most fascinating people you have ever met.

Faces turn naturally to him when he talks. He's a dynamo in red silk pajamas, tall, broad-shouldered, big-boned, with a complexion as fresh as a baby's, and a brown beard that gives him an air of strange wisdom. His eyes are brown and fawn-like, and when he laughs, as he does often, they wrinkle at the corners. He talks rapidly in a deep resonant voice.

"I had a dream last night—" he thunders through the room. "I dreamed I saw the world's sound-effects. They were written on parchment—and halfway down the page there were some illuminated words—'One Thunderbolt, 30 seconds!'"

He lives in an apartment he designed himself, with ceilings fifty feet high and a living-room so big you could have a snowstorm in one end and a rainstorm in the other. He sleeps on a bed that belonged to Louis the Sixteenth with chairs that belonged to Danton, who had Louis beheaded. His bedroom is ap-

proached by a red brick alley on which are pasted enormous posters advertising ancient performances of "East Lynn" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Exotic tropical trees, twenty feet high, grow in tubs all over the house. Old-time hitching posts, iron horses with rings through their noses, form the balustrade of his staircase.

When he has nothing better to do, he climbs a ladder and works on the gigantic murals which decorate his walls. Everything in his house is built on a gargantuan scale—massive henna sofas, big enough for a giant to sprawl upon—great, clumsy chairs. Everything, that is, except his wife, who is small and frail as a thrush, and his baby girl, Christopher, who is the only one in the world who can pull his beard and get away with it.

Orson Welles is a giant—a giant in ideas and inspiration. Only a giant could achieve what he has done in nine years. For Orson Welles is less than twenty-five years old. And yet behind him are the things most men dream of all their lives. In a few years he has con-



Even at three he was surrounded by admiration.



Too mature for school games, he acted instead.



Sixteen—and a man both physically and mentally.



Ireland gave him a year of dream-world existence.



In Dublin he grasped his chance for the spotlight.





Orson Welles is no ordinary man, either in his public appearance or in his private life. Everything in his home is built on a giant scale. His living room is nearly three stories high, as big as a railroad terminal.

quered the theater, radio, and the moving pictures—and thrown a bombshell into each one.

How has he done it? By hard work—yes. By native talent and ability—yes. But not entirely. For Welles is no ordinary toiler. He is a fantastic person, whose life up to now has been more weird than any play or radio program he has ever produced. There is something uncanny about him. In twenty-four years he has packed a lifetime of adventure beneath his belt. His life story reads like a romance.

TWELVE years ago, Orson Welles stood on the steps of a garish Chicago hotel, listening to the scream of an ambulance as it raced away down the street. In that ambulance, lying under a white sheet, was all he knew of love and life. His dad. And he was dead.

At twelve he was all alone in the world.

For six years he had traveled the globe with the man who lay still under the white sheet. It had been a strange life for a little boy. One month, riches—a luxurious cabin on a big liner, a tutor to teach him French, servants, the opera. The next, poverty—and a dingy little

room on some foreign street, with nobody but the landlady to take care of him. But he had not minded it. Somehow or other, his dad had always pulled them through.

His father was a speculator, an inventor—and a man who loved splendor and good living above all things. They had seen strange and beautiful things together. There was a house in Peking, where they had lived once, with a tiled roof and floors as polished as a mirror, where you could stand at the doorway and see the yellow hills of China, hump-backed and old, in the distance, and the Great Wall, curling like a dragon in between.

There was a house in Kingston, Jamaica, too, prim with green lawns and sea-shells—a house white as a branch of coral. They had lived there once, when Dad had been flush with money, and the governor had driven them in his carriage along roads bordered with hibiscus flowers.

They would never see those houses again.

Two tears trickled slowly down the boy's face. Images flooded into his mind—each one, like a sharp stab of pain. Dad. He saw him again, as he had been years ago,

just before Mother died—debonair, handsome, and happy, with his humorous smile, and his brown eyes that were so eager for life. Dad had never been the same since Mother died.

He had been a very small boy then—but he could remember those years so well—those beautiful years when Mother had been alive. They too had been exciting—but in a different way from the years of ceaseless roving. Sometimes they had lived here in Chicago, in a big stone house with high windows—sometimes at the Sheffield Hotel in Illinois where his father owned 170 acres of land. He had had a pony of his own at the Sheffield Hotel, but he loved Chicago best.

In Chicago it had been warm and gay, and there were always people about. Musical people. Mother's friends.

He had had a little violin then, on which he took lessons, and Mother used to tell people he would grow up to be a concert violinist some day. He loved music better than anything in the world. But Father always laughed at the idea. "You'll make a sissy out of the boy," he would say.

Father (Continued on page 53)

# Tommy Dorsey



## SHOOT THE SHERBERT TO ME HERBERT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOMMY DORSEY AND BEN HOMER

■ Again we bring you a brand new melody—a novelty tune by the "Sentimental Gentleman of Swing." Play it—sing it—and then dance to it when **Tommy Dorsey's orchestra presents it over the air**

Tommy Dorsey, famous band leader, is the co-composer of this breezy new comedy hit.

Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her- bert!

Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her- bert!

Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her- bert! Shoot it fast!

Shoot the sher-bert to me,

Her- bert!

Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her- bert!

Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her- bert! Shoot it fast!

Her- bert!

Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her- bert!

Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her- bert!

Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her- bert! Shoot it fast!

# Introduces . . .

A Radio Mirror  
Hit Preview

Handwritten musical score for "Shout the Sherbert" featuring three staves of music with lyrics.

**Staff 1:**

You send me with your jazz So send me, Her-bert, send me!

**Staff 2:**

You make me feel the frazz with the da da da da le da da da da da da le da da da Shaat the sher-bert ta me,

**Staff 3:**

Her-bert! Shaat the sher-bert ta me, Her-bert! Shoot the sher-bert to me,

**Staff 4:**

Her-bert! Shaat it fast!

# Country



■ Here's the graceful, dignified facade of Tommy's 21-room country house.

■ Bobby Burns, Tommy's major-domo, suns himself and chats with Lennie Hayton.



■ Above, the boss—Tommy himself—takes a siesta in a hammock near the badminton courts.

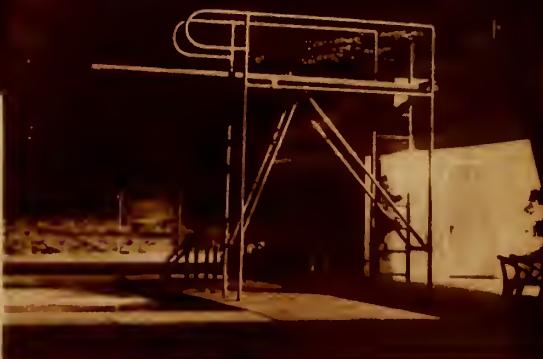


■ Above, Johnny Mince, clarinetist in the Dorsey band, demonstrates his skill at a fast game of ping pong.

■ Presenting Tommy Dorsey, of Dorsey Manor, who plays host as expertly as he does trombone

O H, TO HAVE a place in the country where you can get away from it all! Tommy Dorsey is one radio star who has actually done something about this often-expressed wish. In Bernardsville, N. J., only a few miles from Manhattan, there's a 22-acre estate, complete with a 21-room house, tennis and badminton courts, swimming pool, and hundreds of trees—and it's all Tommy's. On week-ends and between dance engagements you'll find Tommy and the boys in the band all out at Bernardsville, soaking up sun and health. Tommy bought the estate four years ago, and has added many improvements since. Of course there are long periods, while the band's on tour, when he can't visit it at all—but it's always there waiting for him. The pictures here are of one of the last house-parties Tommy gave before going on tour.

■ Below, skillful floodlighting makes the new swimming pool beautiful at night.



# Squire in Swingtime

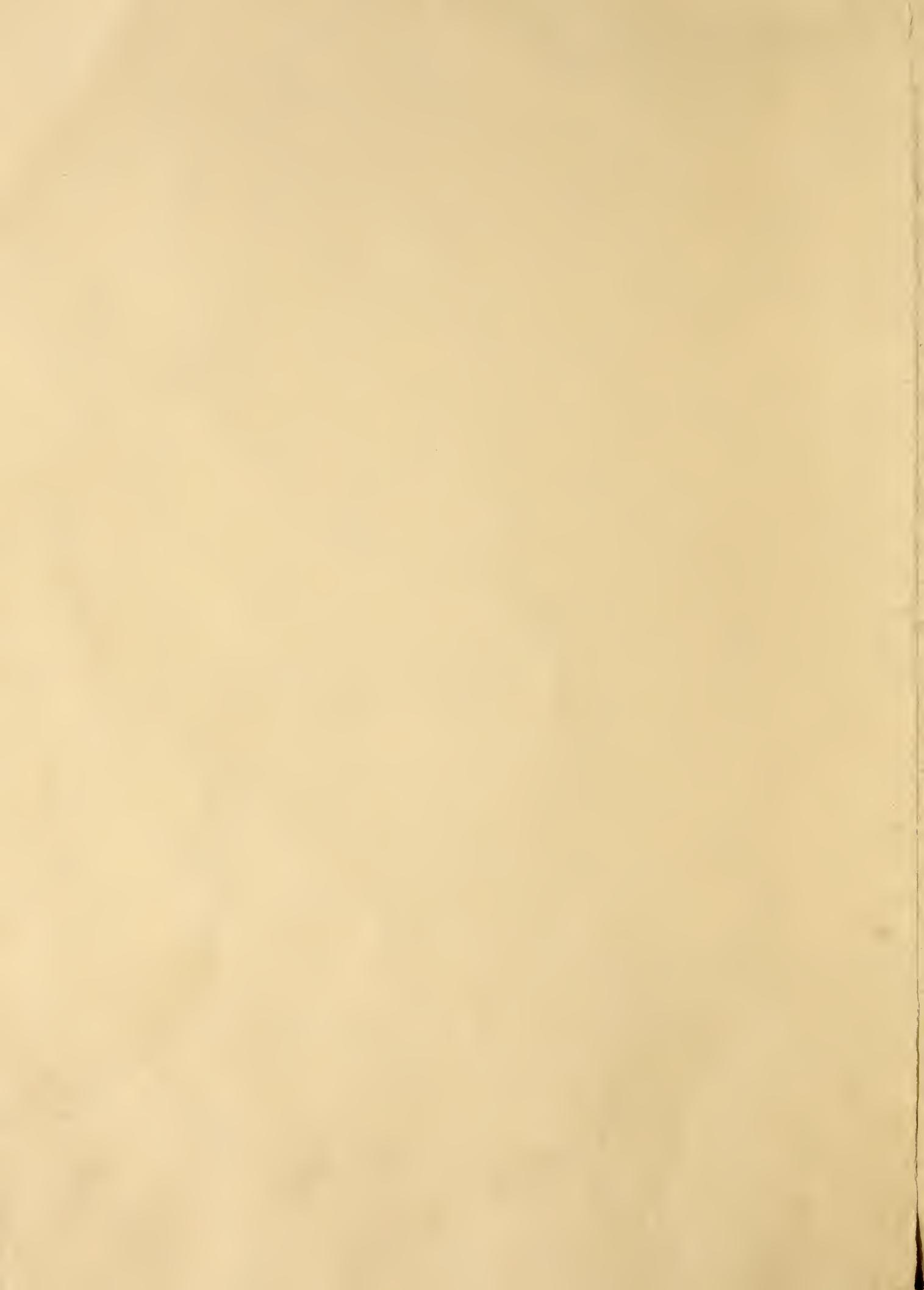


■ Tommy's daughter, Patsy, with musical comedy star Dixie Dunbar (at left.).

■ Tommy, despite those late night hours of the dance-band business, really plays a very good game of tennis.

■ Carmen Mastren, the band's guitarist, dives into the pool with his clothes on.





# Country Squire in Swingtime

■ Here's the graceful, dignified facade of Tommy's 21-room country house.

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■ Tammy, despite these late night hours of the dance-band business, really plays a very good game of tennis.

■ Carmen Mastren, the band's guitarist, dives into the pool with his clothes on.



# *Do you dress to please*



Stop! You've got too much make-up on. Connie, one of the Hour of Charm's Three Little Notes, illustrates that powdered look . . .



And what's more, you're wearing too much jewelry. Most men dislike the clank-clank of the big bangles you girls love to wear.



Long, dangling earrings are smart and sophisticated, Fern—but too exotic for the man in your life. Fern's another of the Three Notes.



Goodness me! Fern's using that very dark red nail polish which is the cause for many an argument between a man and his best girl.

# men?

Do you dress to impress other women? There's a big difference, as you'll soon discover if you ask a really outspoken man for his candid opinion on the subject of the latest styles for women.

Here some of the lovely members of Phil Spitalny's all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra, heard on NBC every Sunday night, have posed in the sort of clothes which delights many a feminine heart but repels most masculine eyes. Of course, the Hour of Charm girls would *never* be guilty of wearing clothes and make-up like these in real life.

In general, men don't like women to be fussy or extreme with their clothes. Daring dresses or exotic make-ups, they say, are all right for Hollywood stars, but the little women ought to wear something a bit less astonishing. But not too plain, either. In fact, it's not always easy to satisfy the men—but take a look at the pictures and you'll find out what most of them don't like.



## RADIO'S PHOTO- MIRROR

Swish, swish, goes Evelyn with that perfume atomizer—but too much scent won't please her escort. Evelyn is Phil Spitalny's featured violinist.

*Photos by William Haussler, NBC*



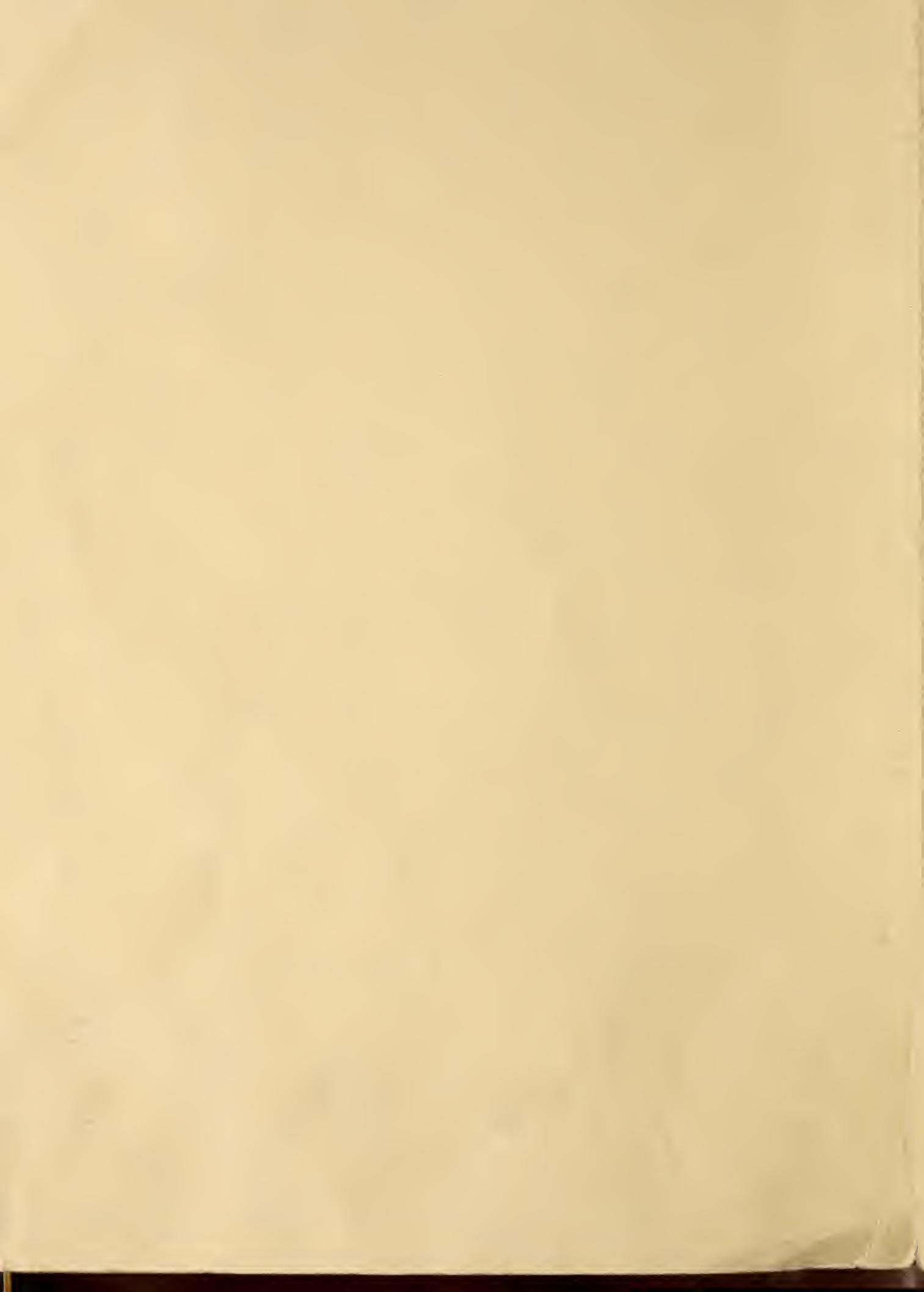
Frances, the third Little Note, shows how you'd look in a dress that's too short.



High heels and over-sized bag—that's two crimes Singer Maxine commits.



The deadliest sin of all, as demonstrated by Evelyn, is letting your slip show.



# Do you dress to please men?



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Or do you dress to impress other women? There's a big difference, as you'll soon discover if you ask a really outspoken man for his candid opinion on the subject of the latest styles for women.

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The deadliest sin of all, as demonstrated by Evelyn, is letting your slip show.



■ Backstage Wife and her husband—especially posed by Vivian Fridell and Ken Griffin, who interpret the roles of Mary and Larry on the air.

■ THIS NOVEL OF BACKSTAGE WIFE  
IS BY HOPE HALE, ADAPTED FROM THE  
POPULAR RADIO SERIAL CURRENTLY  
HEARD OVER NBC-RED AND SPON-  
SORED BY DR. LYONS TOOTH POWDER

# Backstage Wife

■ Even the cleverest of scheming women can make a mistake, Mary discovers as this dramatic serial of marriage in the theater reaches its thrilling climax

The story thus far:

MARRIAGE to Larry Noble, Broadway's handsome matinee idol, at first had meant the most complete happiness Mary Noble had ever known. But she soon learned she must fight for her husband's love. Impetuous and susceptible, he all too frequently forsook Mary's quiet devotion in favor of the glamour of other women. And Catherine Monroe, who agreed to finance Larry's return to the stage after a disastrous accident, was the worst adversary Mary ever had to meet. All through the preparations for the play's premiere, Catherine and Larry drew closer together, until at last Mary was forced to leave her husband, only remaining with him as manager of the dramatic company, not as his wife. Meanwhile, a dispute over the rent of the tiny Greenwich Village theater brought Ken Paige, its owner, into Mary's life. Besides being the executor of a large estate, Ken was a portrait painter, and his interest in Mary led him to make a bargain with her: if she would let him paint her, and the portrait won a prize, he would give her the theater rent-free for a year. Mary consented, but did not tell Larry. Meanwhile, a bad fire in the tenements owned by Paige and his sister, Sandra, had aroused angry neighborhood feeling against the Paiges. Gerald O'Brien, a crusading young lawyer, began a campaign with Mary to interest the Paiges in rebuilding the filthy slums. Then, one afternoon, Catherine Monroe walked into Paige's studio while he was painting Mary. She lost no time in letting Larry have the news, adding to his bitterness against Mary because she herself hadn't told him. He stamped an-

grily out of the theater dressing room just as a wave of illness swept over Mary, assuring her of what she had already half-feared was true—she was going to have a baby. But she was determined not to tell Larry. She would not use this news to buy back his love.

WITH dry fury in her eyes, Mary stared at the two items from Wally West's gossip column. Against their impertinence, their effrontery, she was helpless. She could only ignore them if she wished to keep her dignity. Yet how could you ignore something so crude, so brazen?

The first one, from yesterday's paper, read: "What actor about to make a bid for his old grip on fluttering hearts of matinee matrons looks to lose the love of his own wife? Ask him if he knows she's posing for a certain millionaire society painter—and how?"

Well, Mary had told herself, vile as that was, it might be worse. At least no names were mentioned. But then her eyes strayed to the second item again—the one from today's paper: "Double come-back due Broadway's one-time heart-throb. With his marriage skidding, who could pass up consolation in the form of a beauteous high-born heroine of Washington spy ring capture? Query: If a gentleman backer can back his lady star up the aisle to the altar, why not vice versa?"

Under the garbled, ridiculous slang in which they were written, the meaning of the two items was plain enough. That Catherine Monroe had given them to Wally West Mary could not doubt. And in them Catherine was calmly publishing to the world the death of Larry's love

for his wife—while she suggested herself as the perfect successor.

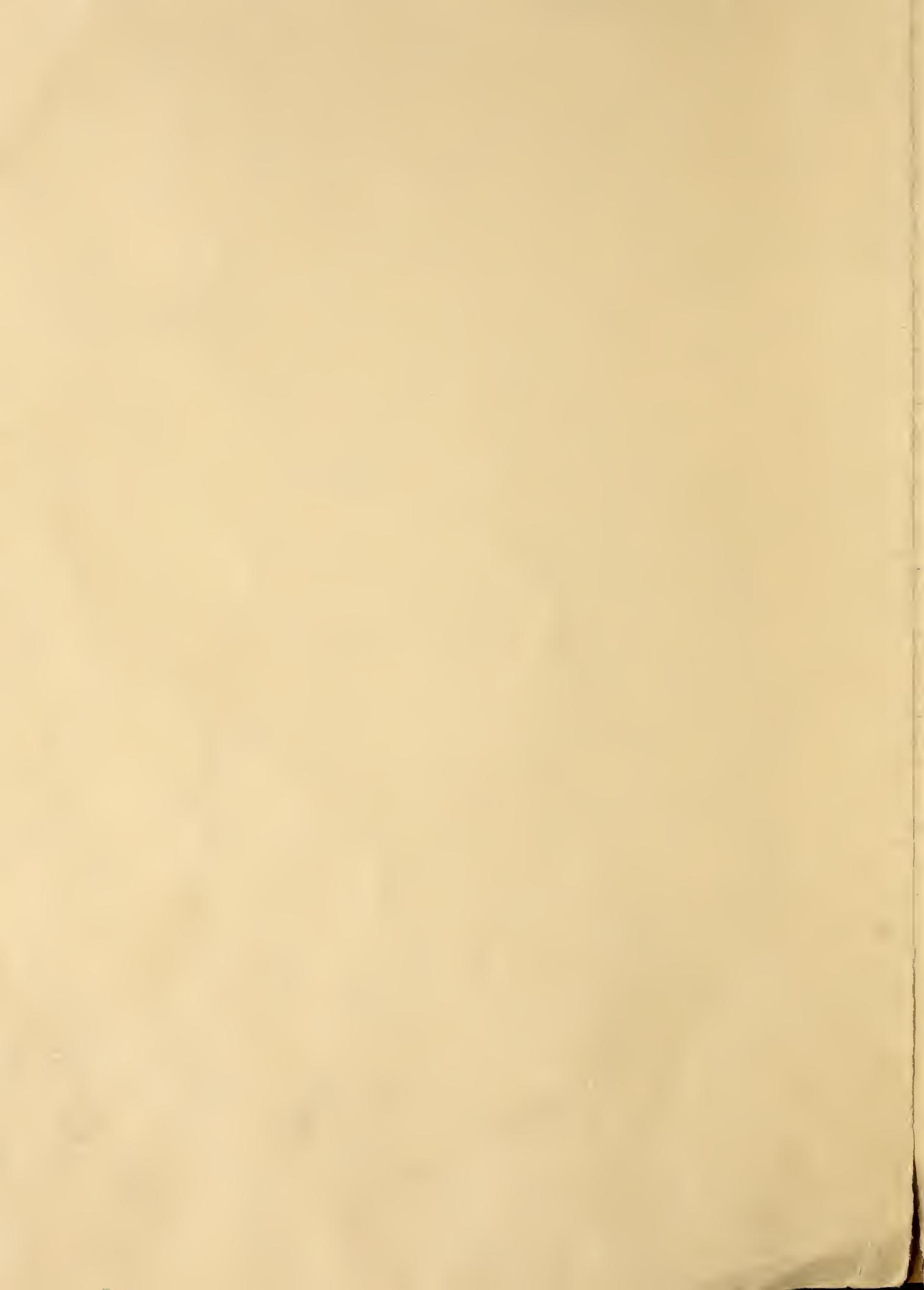
It was just the sort of thing Catherine would do—And then Mary pulled herself up short. Was her jealousy running away with her? Was it possible that Catherine was innocent, and that her own friendship with Ken Paige was already a subject for common gossip?

She didn't know. She was too confused, too unhappy to be able to dissect human actions and reactions with her old clarity.

So many things had happened in these last few hectic days before the Broadway opening of Larry's play. Her own realization that she was to be the mother of Larry's child . . . a sudden friendship, dazzling in its sweetness, between Sandra, Ken Paige's sister, and Gerald O'Brien, the crusading young lawyer who was determined to alleviate the misery of the dispossessed tenants of Medley Square . . . Ken Paige's day-by-day change, as he painted Mary's portrait, from the stern business man he had once been to a warm, vital human being . . . the almost complete break between her and Larry, with Larry living in his apartment and she in a room near the old theater in Greenwich Village.

And now . . . it was nearly time for the Broadway opening of the play. In a few hours now, this very night, it would all be over. The play would be on—in the big uptown theater that had been Catherine's choice, not hers . . . and it would be a success or a failure. Whichever the result, this night would spell the end of her connection with Larry Noble. She had vowed to stay with him, as manager

(Continued on page 74)



# Backstage Wife



■ Backstage Wife and her husband—especially posed by Vivian Fridell and Ken Griffin, who interpret the roles of Mary and Larry on the air.

■ Even the cleverest of scheming women can make a mistake, Mary discovers as this dramatic serial of marriage in the theater reaches its thrilling climax

The story thus far:

MARRIAGE to Larry Noble, Broadway's handsome matinee idol, at first had meant the most complete happiness Mary Noble had ever known. But she soon learned she must fight for her husband's love. Impetuous and susceptible, he all too frequently forsook Mary's quiet devotion in favor of the glamour of other women. And Catherine Monroe, who agreed to finance Larry's return to the stage after a disastrous accident, was the worst adversary Mary ever had to meet. All through the preparations for the play's premiere, Catherine and Larry drew closer together, until at last Mary was forced to leave her husband, only remaining with him as manager of the dramatic company, not as his wife. Meanwhile, a dispute over the rent of the tiny Greenwich Village theater brought Ken Paige, its owner, into Mary's life. Besides being the executor of a large estate, Ken was a portrait painter, and his interest in Mary led him to make a bargain with her: if she would let him paint her, and the portrait won a prize, he would give her the theater rent-free for a year. Mary consented, but did not tell Larry. Meanwhile, a bad fire in the tenements owned by Paige and his sister, Sandra, had aroused angry neighborhood feeling against the Paiges. Gerald O'Brien, a crusading young lawyer, began a campaign with Mary to interest the Paiges in rebuilding the filthy slums. Then, one afternoon, Catherine Monroe walked into Paige's studio while he was painting Mary. She lost no time in letting Larry have the news, adding to his bitterness against Mary because she herself hadn't told him. He stamped an-

grily out of the theater dressing room just as a wave of illness swept over Mary, assuring her of what she had already half-feared was true—she was going to have a baby. But she was determined not to tell Larry. She would not use this news to buy back his love.

WITH dry fury in her eyes, Mary stared at the two items from Wally West's gossip column. Against their impertinence, their effrontery, she was helpless. She could only ignore them if she wished to keep her dignity. Yet how could you ignore something so crude, so brazen?

The first one, from yesterday's paper, read: "What actor about to make a bid for his old grip on fluttering hearts of matinee matrons looks to lose the love of his own wife? Ask him if he knows she's posing for a certain millionaire society painter—and how?"

Well, Mary had told herself, vile as that was, it might be worse. At least no names were mentioned. But then her eyes strayed to the second item again—the one from today's paper: "Double come-back due Broadway's one-time heart-throb. With his marriage skidding, who could pass up consolation in the form of a beauteous high-born heroine of Washington spy ring capture? Query: If a gentleman backer can back his lady star up the aisle to the altar, why not vice versa?"

Under the garbled, ridiculous slang in which they were written, the meaning of the two items was plain enough. That Catherine Monroe had given them to Wally West Mary could not doubt. And in them Catherine was calmly publishing to the world the death of Larry's love

for his wife—while she suggested herself as the perfect successor.

It was just the sort of thing Catherine would do—And then Mary pulled herself up short. Was her jealousy running away with her? Was it possible that Catherine was innocent, and that her own friendship with Ken Paige was already a subject for common gossip?

She didn't know. She was too confused, too unhappy to be able to dissect human actions and reactions with her old clarity.

So many things had happened in these last few hectic days before the Broadway opening of Larry's play. Her own realization that she was to be the mother of Larry's child . . . a sudden friendship, dazzling in its sweetness, between Sandra, Ken Paige's sister, and Gerald O'Brien, the crusading young lawyer who was determined to alleviate the misery of the dispossessed tenants of Medley Square . . . Ken Paige's day-by-day change, as he painted Mary's portrait, from the stern business man he had once been to a warm, vital human being . . . the almost complete break between her and Larry, with Larry living in his apartment and she in a room near the old theater in Greenwich Village.

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(Continued on page 74)

■ THIS NOVEL OF BACKSTAGE WIFE IS BY HOPE HALE, ADAPTED FROM THE POPULAR RADIO SERIAL CURRENTLY HEARD OVER NBC-RED AND SPONSORED BY DR. LYONS TOOTH POWDER

# Expert on Happiness

■ She's Irna Phillips,  
who brings you every  
day the laughter and  
tears of all humanity

By NORTON RUSSELL

QUICKLY, now—who is Irna Phillips?

Probably you had to stop and think before you could answer. Possibly you can't answer at all. And yet, with the exceptions of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Dorothy Thompson, she influences more members of her sex than any other woman in America. She has an added distinction, too, over Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Thompson—the women she influences are unaware that anyone is influencing them at all.

You, very likely, owe some of your beliefs or ideals to Irna Phillips—even if you aren't familiar with her name.

She is the author of three of radio's most popular daily serials: The Woman in White, The Guiding Light, and Road of Life. You are her daily audience—at least two million of you, probably many more. To every one of you two million, the characters Irna has created are real, living, breathing, moving human beings. Dr. John Ruthledge and Rose Kransky of The Guiding Light, Dr. Jim Brent of Road of Life, Karen Adams, the Woman in White—all these, and dozens more, are the intimate friends of a great slice of our country.

It's time you met this woman who brings you so many hours of laughter, of tears, of heartbreak, and of joy each week; who knows the

physical, mental and emotional characteristics of the many people she creates as intimately as she knows those of her own family; and who, most important of all, is so wise and human that every one of her programs contains inspiration and help for those who will listen.

In radio, a business which seems to create remarkable people, she is one of the most remarkable of all.

Irna could have been an actress as easily as a writer. In fact, though few people outside the casts of her plays know it, she is an actress.

When Today's Children, her first network serial, was on the air, Irna played two roles in it—Mother Moran and Kay.

Drop into Irna's office on Ontario Street in Chicago, any day between 8:30 and 1:00, and you'll see her doing an informal, but thorough, job of acting. Pacing rapidly back and forth across the room, she dictates the dialogue of a script to her secretary, Gertrude Prys. As she talks, she changes the inflections of her voice to suit the different characters.

so that Gertrude knows without being told who is supposed to be speaking. Her different voices are excellent imitations of those you hear on the air—even the men's voices aren't bad!

In a way, all this is a sort of shorthand communication between the two women, designed to save time and get a story down on paper with the minimum of effort. Irna admits that Gertrude, with her quick perception and intimate knowledge of her boss's method of working, is responsible for cutting the work of writing three daily scripts just about in half. In other words, down to a point where it requires only the energy of a stevedore, the resourcefulness of an international spy, and the inventiveness of an Edgar Rice Burroughs.

For a girl who didn't think she could write, Irna Phillips is doing very well for herself. Her salary just now is \$3,000 a week—the highest of any writer for radio; and, when you consider that it goes on for 52 (Continued on page 68)



■ To Irna Phillips, the characters of Woman in White, The Guiding Light, Road of Life, are as real as her own family.



YOUNG Mrs. Curtenius Gillette is known as "Tania" among her friends in New York and Nassau society. She speaks five languages... excels in housekeeping... wears clothes with faultless distinction. A vivid, glowing person, she enjoys life to the full... says she "loves" the theatre, music, casual entertaining—and Camels.

"Oh, you'll always find Camels on hand in our house," she says. "I've smoked Camels for about seven years—and I like them best. They're mild—delicate—and have such nice fragrance. Then, too, Camels burn *more slowly*—so, you see, each Camel cigarette lasts *longer* and gives me that much more smoking pleasure!"

"Camels mean a lot to me... true mildness, grand fragrance, and *longer-lasting pleasure!*"

—MRS. CURTENIUS GILLETTE, JR.  
OF NEW YORK

*By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—CAMELS give a smoking plus equal to*

## 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

Here are facts about cigarettes recently confirmed through scientific laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling brands:

1 Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling

brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

3 In the same tests, Camels held their ash far longer than the average time for all the other brands.

Try Camels today. Notice that costlier tobaccos do make a difference. Better smoking—and more of it—with Camels!



Copyright 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

# CAMELS—LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCO

# KALAMAZOO

*Sets new  
Styles  
and new Values  
for 1940*



#### FACTORY PRICES\*

Coal and Wood Ranges from	\$49.60	Coal and Wood Heaters from	\$39.65
Gas Ranges from	\$59.60	Oil Heaters from	\$39.50
Electric Ranges from	\$89.75	Furnaces from	\$79.60
Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges from	\$98.50		
*Prices at the Factory			

You're tired of old style stoves—you demand change— you seek new beauty, new elegance, smart streamlined design and every last-minute accessory and feature. You're through with yesterday— you're ready for tomorrow. And so is Kalamazoo with advanced 1940 models.

**Mail Coupon**—A thousand thrills await you in this new FREE colorful Kalamazoo Catalog of Factory Prices, just off the press. It's America's stove style show and price guide. It's all that's newest and best in Ranges, Heaters and Furnaces.

**Over 170 Styles and Sizes**—Glorious new Electric Ranges, trim new Gas Ranges, smart new Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, modern Coal and Wood Ranges, handsome new Oil Heaters, Coal and Wood Heaters, and sensational new Furnaces.

**"A Kalamazoo  
Trade Mark  
Registered  
Direct to You"**

*A Bookful of Modern Miracles*—Mail Coupon now. You'll find new excitement in cooking—new ideas for your home. You'll find dazzling new surprises in minute minders, condiment sets, clocks, lights, porcelain enameled ovens and new type doorhandles. You'll find new ways to prepare better foods with the "oven that floats in flame."

**Factory Prices—Easiest Terms**—You won't believe your eyes when you see these Factory Prices. You'll say "It just isn't possible." But it is. That's because we sell direct from factory to you. No in-between profits. You'll marvel at the easy terms, too—as little as 14¢ a day. 30 days trial. 24 hour shipments. Factory Guarantee.

Mail Coupon. Get this beautiful New Catalog—the greatest in our 40 year history. Save the way 1,400,000 Satisfied Users have saved—at FACTORY PRICES.

*Over 250 Display Stores in 14 States.  
Send for address of Factory Store  
nearest you.*

*Mail coupon  
today for your*

#### NEW FREE CATALOG

**Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Co., Mfrs.  
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.**

Dear Sirs: Send FREE FACTORY CATALOG. Check articles in which you are interested:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges | <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Ranges            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coal and Wood Ranges                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Ranges       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Ranges                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal and Wood Heaters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Oil Heaters                           | <input type="checkbox"/> Oil Ranges            |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> Furnaces              |

Name \_\_\_\_\_

(Print name plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





■ Bandleaders lost an ace arranger when Larry Clinton became a maestro.

**N**EW YORK will be a mecca for dance band lovers this fall when a whole galaxy of headline orchestras will all be playing within twenty blocks of each other. Artie Shaw will be at the Hotel Pennsylvania, Paul Whiteman should be at the New Yorker, Sammy Kaye returns to the Commodore, Eddy Duchin to the Plaza, Benny Goodman to the Waldorf-Astoria and either Horace Heidt or Kay Kyser will occupy the rostrum in the Biltmore. Jan Savitt remains at the Lincoln. Larry Clinton insists he too will be in New York. All these magic moguls will broadcast, with MBS getting the lion's share of their broadcasts.

\* \* \*

Carolyn Horton is Durelle Alexander's successor in the Eddy Duchin orchestra. Durelle decided to get married. Paula Kelly dropped out of Al Donahue's band and the society maestro is looking for a replacement.

\* \* \*

As predicted here, Guy Lombardo's kid sister, Rose Marie, joined the band to become the first girl vocalist ever to sing with the Royal Canadians.

\* \* \*

The flying bug has bitten Gray Gordon's first trumpeter, Les McManis, so badly that he resigned in order that he may have more time to study the mechanics of airplanes.

\* \* \*

Tommy Dorsey shuns New York this fall for an engagement in Chicago's Palmer House, beginning October 12.

\* \* \*

Benny Goodman's new pianist is Fletcher Henderson, the great colored swing arranger. Jess Stacey left the band to form his own eight-piece unit under the management of Benny's older brother Harry.

\* \* \*

Glenn Miller, who scored such a big hit at the Glen Island Casino last summer, is touring the lucrative one-night belt.

\* \* \*

Bea Wain turned out her first indi-

# FACING THE Music

By KEN ALDEN

vidual platter for Victor since leaving Larry Clinton's band.

\* \* \*

Phil Brito quit singing for Jan Savitt for Al Donahue's stable.

\* \* \*

Patricia Norman, the girl who made Ole Man Mose young again, gave birth to a baby boy. Daddy is Jack Meakin, a studio orchestra leader.

\* \* \*

Martha Tilton is back with Benny Goodman following a recent illness.

## THEY MADE HIM LEAD A BAND

**T**HE career of Larry Clinton has been one phenomenon after another. He wrote over 100 songs before any smart alec along Tin Pan Alley would think of publishing his works. He

■ Mary Dugan sings with the Clinton orchestra Monday nights over NBC.

came from a musical family, yet they insisted that Larry should study engineering. In 1936 he wrote 25 per cent of all the published arrangements in the country.

The bandstand's gain became the other orchestra leaders' loss because Larry Clinton is much too busy turning out arrangements for his own successful orchestra. The band's NBC commercial on Monday nights, one-night stand tours, stage dates, and recordings don't give Clinton time to think up ideas for his colleagues.

Now firmly established as a band leader, Larry is still a unique figure. Unlike other bands who depend on their high-priced arrangers or infectious personalities for their popularity. (Continued on page 85)

■ The Andrew Sisters, Maxine, Patty and La Verne, and their arranger whip up a new tune.



Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME
8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
8:30	NBC-Red: Four Showmen
8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News
8:00	CBS: From the Organ Loft
8:00	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:00	NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock
8:15	NBC-Red: Tom Teriss
8:30	CBS: Aubade for Strings
8:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
9:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	NBC-Red: Highlights of the Bible
9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
9:30	NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
9:30	NBC-Red: Children's Hour
11:30	CBS: News and Rhythm
10:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
8:15	NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
8:30	CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
8:30	10:30 NBC-Red: News
8:45	NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book
9:00	CBS: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Walter Logan Music
9:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: On the Job
10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: Waterloo Junction
10:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Symphonette
11:00	CBS: Democracy in Action
1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
11:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic (Oct. 15)
12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Electronic Orchestra
12:15	2:15 NBC-Blue: Bookman's Notebook
12:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Allen Roth Presents
12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Concert Orchestra
12:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats
1:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Ranger's Serenade
1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: The World is Yours
2:00	4:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers
2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Enna Jettick Melodies
2:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Paul Martin's Music
	5:15 NBC-Blue: Four Star News
8:00	4:30 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Met Opera Auditions
4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee
3:00	5:00 CBS: Silver Theater
3:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30 CBS: Gateway to Hollywood
5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Grouch Club
4:00	6:00 CBS: People's Platform
8:30	6:00 NBC-Red: Jack Benny
4:30	6:30 CBS: Screen Guild Theater
4:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
4:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
7:00	7:00 CBS: Orson Welles
5:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: NBC Symphony
5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN
6:00	8:00 CBS: Ford Symphony
9:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
9:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:00	9:00 MBS: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Alibi Club
7:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Cheerio
8:00	10:00 CBS: Dance Orchestra
8:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

# SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ From the Album—Jean Dickenson and Gustave Haenschen

## Tune-In Bulletin for October 1, 8, 15 and 22!

October 1: The new season's in full swing now, with Jack Benny returning to NBC-Red at 7:00 tonight. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the air starting on NBC-Blue at 5:30. . . . Bob Becker's Dog Chats on NBC-Red at 3:45. . . . Walter Winchell changing to a new time—9:00 on NBC-Blue. . . . Irene Rich moving to 9:30 on NBC-Blue. . . . The Parker Family, which you used to hear on CBS, slipping into the quarter-hour right after Winchell, 9:15 on NBC-Blue.

October 8: More new programs, and old favorites returning. . . . The American Radio Warblers on Mutual at 11:45 A.M. . . . The Lutheran Hour, also on Mutual, at 4:30. . . . The Musical Steelmakers back on Mutual at 5:00. . . . The Silver Theater, with Hollywood stars, back on CBS at 6:00. . . . Milton Berle may be starting his new program on NBC-Blue at 7:30 tonight, too. . . . and Bill Stern begins a weekly sports review on NBC-Blue at 9:45 P.M. . . . Ben Bernie's back on CBS at 5:30.

October 15: Just one new entry today, but a famous one—the New York Philharmonic Concerts, directed by John Barbirolli, on CBS at 3:00.

October 22: Don't forget the Screen Guild Theater, on CBS at 7:30 tonight.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** The American Album of Familiar Music, on NBC's Red network at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by Bayer's Aspirin.

No comedians, no dramas, no Hollywood stars, just the music that everybody knows and loves, sung by Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson, Elizabeth Lennox and the Buckingham Choir, make up this long-running half-hour program. And back of it are two of radio's cannier people, Frank and Anne Hummert. They're heads of the Blackett-Sample-Hummert advertising agency, which produces a score of your favorite daytime serials and several evening musical programs like this one; and they seem to have an unerring knack for predicting what the average person likes.

Not a song is sung or a melody played on The American Album of Familiar Music that hasn't first been selected and okayed by Mr. and Mrs. Hummert. Singers Munn, Dickenson and Lennox, orchestra-director Gustave Haenschen, piano duos Arden and Arden, or violinist Bertrand Hirsch—all sing and play the music that's handed to them; they never pick it out for themselves. The Hummerts have only one rule for the music they select, but that's a good one—

it must be full of melody.

The American Album is old-fashioned radio, without ballyhoo or studio audiences. The large orchestra and the singers gather in one of NBC's medium-sized studios (in New York) about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon and rehearse right up to the nine-thirty broadcast time. They used to have an audience, but about eight months ago it was decided that the music sounded better if it came from a room that wasn't filled with a lot of people. When an audience was present Jean Dickenson and Elizabeth Lennox both wore evening clothes; they still wear them, because nobody has told them to stop.

All the Album stars live outside of New York—Frank Munn on Long Island and Gus Haenschen, Jean Dickenson and Elizabeth Lennox in Connecticut—coming to town only for their broadcasts. Jean's mother likes this arrangement; she's a movie fan and the only chance she gets to catch up on the new pictures is when she accompanies her daughter to town and goes to the movies during rehearsals.

Listen in on the American Album same time, if you're not one of its fans already. You'll like it.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**LEON JANNEY**—who plays Richard the Great in The Parker Family, on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:15. Leon's been an actor since he was two years old. At nine he went into the movies and became famous as the boy in "Courage" with Belle Bennett. Then he came to New York for stage work and soon after that went on the air. Leon's a rabid baseball fan, is engaged but not married, and hates little guest towels, neckties, and swing music.



# INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
8:00	NBC-Red: Musical Varieties	
8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember	
8:30	NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet	
8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
8:00	9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell	
8:00	9:00 NBC: News	
8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	
8:15	9:15 CBS: Meet the Dixons	
8:00	9:00 CBS: Manhattan Mother	
8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man	
8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children	
8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful	
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly	
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month	
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married	
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge	
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins	
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House	
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Birch	
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill	
	9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White	
10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin	
10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum	
11:30	10:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis	
	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	
	10:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	
11:00	10:30 CBS: Big Sister	
	10:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	
	10:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	
11:15	10:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	
	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life	
	10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life	
9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks	
9:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street	
9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries	
9:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought	
9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday	
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs	
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful	
10:15	12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over	
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Road of Life	
10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Pebbles Takes Charge	
12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours	
10:45	12:45 1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music	
11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters	
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob	
2:15	1:15 2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan	
11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine	
11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	
11:45	1:45 2:45 CBS: My Son and I	
11:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches	
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Girl Interne	
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	
12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: Society Girl	
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family	
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone	
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee	
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	
1:45	3:45 4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell	
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone	
2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood	
2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony	
	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong	
2:45	4:45 5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines	
5:15	5:45 5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix	
	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie	
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: News	
	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill	
5:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn	
	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy	
8:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang	
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner	
7:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: Blondie	
7:30	6:30 7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger	
4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest	
7:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Larry Clinton	
9:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: Tune-up Time	
9:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes	
5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Tommy Riggs	
8:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: Howard and Shelton	
5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False	
8:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone	
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER	
	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I.Q.	
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Alec Templeton Time	
7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo	
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour	

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Baby Dumpling doesn't quite trust Blandie and Dagwood

## Tune-In Bulletin for October 2, 9, 16 and 23!

October 2: Creeps and shudders tonight when Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes begins a weekly half-hour show on NBC-Blue at 8:00. . . . Another new one is called *One of the Finest*, an NBC-Blue at 7:30, every Monday and Thursday. . . . Dr. Stidger and his inspirational talks on *Getting the Most Out of Life* return to NBC-Blue at 11:45 this morning. . . . The Lone Ranger tonight celebrates its fifth year on the Mutual network. . . . Far fight fans, NBC-Blue broadcasts the Garcia-Apostoli battle from Madison Square Garden at 10:00.

October 9: Kate Smith begins her noonday chats, on CBS at 12:00. . . . A new serial starring Betty Garde begins on CBS at 2:45—it's called *My San and I*. . . . Two other new serials are scheduled to get under way—one called *Society Girl* on CBS at 3:15 and an untitled one sponsored by Calgate's on NBC at 1:15. . . . Joyce Jordan, *Girl Interne*, changes time to 3:00, on CBS. . . . Smilin' Ed McConnell begins a five-times-a-week program on CBS at 4:45. . . . It Happened in Hollywood, with Martha Mears and John Cante, starts this afternoon at a new time—5:30 on CBS.

October 16: Have you lost track of Scattergood Baines? You'll find him and his adventures on CBS at 5:45 this afternoon.

October 23: It's St. John's Day today, and the mysterious swallows that spend the summer at San Juan Capistrano Mission in California ought to be leaving for their winter home—wherever that is. NBC will broadcast, if the swallows keep to schedule.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Blandie, featuring Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake, heard on CBS at 7:30, Eastern Standard Time, 6:30 Central Standard Time, 8:30 Rocky Mountain Time and 7:30 Pacific Standard Time. Sponsored by Camel Cigarettes.

With their success this summer on the air, there are now no new worlds for Blondie and Dagwood to conquer. With Baby Dumpling, they're a hit in the newspaper comic strips, in movies, and in radio. And all because they're so much like everybody who listens to them. Just a typical couple, they are the sort who play bridge with the neighbors, belong to the bowling club and can't wait for other parents to stop bragging about their babies because they want to talk about Dumpling.

Ashmead Scott, noted radio author whose dramatic sketches are frequently heard on important network variety shows, both writes and produces the Blandie series. He's constantly at work on at least

two scripts and usually more—one for immediate production and frameworks or first drafts of successive shows.

At every Blandie broadcast you'll find Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake, as Blandie and Dagwood, and Hanley Stafford, Rosemary DeCamp, Ed McDonald and Hans Conried. Hanley Stafford, who is also Fannie Brice's Daddy Snoaks, plays Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers, while the other three are always present in supporting roles.

Larry Simms, who plays Baby Dumpling, deserves a paragraph to himself. His picture career started when he was a photographer's model and got his portrait on the cover of the Saturday Evening Post. Columbia Pictures, looking for a Baby Dumpling, saw the cover and hired him at once. He's four years old, with a preference for swing music—his mother, a former swing singer herself, discovered that lullabies kept him awake, and she had to swing them to get him to sleep.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**BETTY CAINE**—the petite young actress who is now playing Peggy in *The O'Neills*, on NBC-Red at 12:15 P.M. Betty has been in radio for several years, in various serials, and you also hear her frequently on Arch Oboler's Plays, Saturday nights. She's from Hastings, Michigan, and turned to acting after finding that a stenographer's job bored her to death. She's the wife of that excellent actor, Raymond Edward Johnson.



## Complete Programs from September 27 to October 24

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		EASTERN STANDARD TIME		
8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Program	8:00	NBC-Red: Do You Remember	8:00	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
8:15	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	9:00	NBC: News	8:30	NBC-Blue: Manhattan Mother	
8:15	CBS: Meet the Dixons	9:15	NBC-Red: Family Man	8:45	NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children	
8:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother	9:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful	8:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful	
8:45	NBC-Red: Family Man	9:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly	
9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month	
10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married	
10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge	10:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins	10:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor	
10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin	
10:30	CBS: Hilltop House	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum	
10:45	NBC-Red: Stepmother	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White	10:15	CBS: Brenda Curtis	
10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	
10:45	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	10:30	CBS: Big Sister	
11:00	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	11:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	11:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	
11:15	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life	11:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life	
11:15	NBC-Red: The Trail Finder	11:45	NBC-Red: The Trail Finder	11:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks	
11:15	NBC-Red: The Trail Finder	11:45	NBC-Red: The Trail Finder	11:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street	
11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries	
11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	
11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	12:30	NBC-Red: The Trail Finder	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	
11:30	NBC-Red: The Trail Finder	12:30	NBC-Red: The Trail Finder	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday	
11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday	12:45	NBC-Red: The Trail Finder	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs	10:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful	
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful	10:30	1:30	CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Pebbles Takes Charge	10:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Pebbles Takes Charge
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day is Ours	10:45	12:45	NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs	11:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob	11:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: Dr. Susan	2:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
2:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	1:30	2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	11:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: My Son and I	11:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches	12:00	2:00	CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Society Girl	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	1:45	4:45	CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Midstream	1:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood	2:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines	2:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix	5:15	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: News	3:00	5:00	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:00	5:00	6:05	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy	8:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces	8:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Jimmie Fidler	8:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen	8:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Quicksilver Quiz
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: Quicksilver Quiz	4:30	6:30	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: Edward G. Robinson	8:30	7:00	NBC-Blue: We, The People
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: The Inside Story	8:30	7:00	NBC-Blue: Artie Shaw
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents	9:30	8:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: Walter O'Keefe	9:30	8:00	CBS: Bob Crosby
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: TRUE STORY TIME
9:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: We, The People	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Artie Shaw	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Fibber McGee and Molly
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes	9:00	10:00	CBS: Hal Kemp
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Bob Crosby	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: If I Had the Chance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: TRUE STORY TIME	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Bob Hope
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Fibber McGee and Molly	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Rehearsals are short and sweet for Goodman and Jane Ace

## Tune-In Bulletin for October 3, 10, 17 and 24!

October 3: The Inside Story has its last broadcast tonight—NBC-Blue at 8:00—and it's too bad it has to leave.... Joe Sudly's Orchestra opens tonight at the Belmont Plaza Hotel, and you can listen on NBC.

October 10: Remember to hear Fulton Oursler's arresting comments on current history on True Story Time, NBC-Blue at 9:30.

October 17: Blue Baron's orchestra opens tonight at the Edison Hotel in New York for a full winter season. You'll hear him on NBC six nights a week from now on.

October 24: Feel in the mood for some Hollywood gossip and a review of the new pictures? Tune in Jimmie Fidler on CBS at 7:15.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT and every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night: The Easy Aces, starring Jane and Goodman Ace, on NBC's Blue network at 7:00, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by Anacin.

There isn't another program on the air like this one. Lost August 1 it had been coming to you for nine consecutive years, and it will continue for at least two more, according to a contract the Aces signed with their sponsor this summer. And in all those nine years the Aces have never met the gentlemen who send them their weekly paychecks. Just never happened to get together, somehow.

Jane isn't really as dumb as she sounds on the air. Outside of bridge games, she's a very smart sort of person. But when the Aces started their air series they built the story around an actual bridge game in which Jane, much to her own despair, was her husband's partner. "Don't finesse," she'd tell Ace. "It makes me nervous." One of her bridge rules, by her own admission, was always to lead with the first card on the right of her hand, because it was easier that way.

Much more famous than her bridge mistakes now, are Jane's desperate tussles with the English language. Here are a few of her prize remarks: "Time wounds all heels," "Familiarity breeds contempt," "I slept like a cop," "I'm no shrieking violet," "He lives by the sweat of his brow," "It's the gossip truth." Goodman says the reason listeners like these boners is that they

can tell themselves they'd never make mistakes like that. Yet once, when the program offered prizes to listeners for identifying boners and sending in the correct versions, all sorts of answers were received. For instance, Jane would say, "Here's the whole thing in a shell-hole," and listeners would correct it to "knot-hole" or "egg-shell." Quick—what's the correct word?\*

Goodman writes all the scripts himself, and directs them too. He makes it a rule to hold only one rehearsal before a broadcast, because too many of them take away spontaneity, he says. Goodman is 39, Jane is 33. They are never seen in night clubs; in fact, have a passion for being anonymous. Goodman's list of "nevers" of which he is quite proud, includes: Never have been stopped for an autograph, never have had a script returned for changes, never have changed announcers since their NBC debut (Ford Bond has been announcing for them since February, 1935), never have won a radio popularity poll. In fact, on every anniversary of their first program the Aces publish an ad in a trade paper spoofing their lack of high popularity rating.

The other members of the Aces cast, like their bosses, are pretty retiring and anonymous, but your Studio Snooper found out their names just the same. Marge is played by Mory Hunter, Betty by Ethel Blume, Corl by Albert Ryder, and Neil Williams by Mortin Gobel.

Nutshell\*

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON—author of When a Girl Marries, on CBS at 12:15 P.M., and Pepper Young's Family, on NBC-Blue at 11:30 A.M. and NBC-Red at 3:30 P.M.—and author, too, of "Are You a Wife in Name Only?" on page 19 of this month's Radio Mirror. Mrs. Carrington is one of those rare mortals—a New Yorker who was actually born in New York. In her teens she first began selling stories to magazines, and at 19 she began writing scenarios for movies. In the early days of radio she began writing the serial, Red Davis, later Pepper Young's Family. She's married, with two children.

# Active in Society—Busy Keeping House

—BUT  
they're both  
quick to  
grasp this  
Exciting  
new  
"SKIN-VITAMIN"  
Care!\*

**In Cartier's**—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is popular in New York and Long Island society.

**QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON:**  
Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or outdoors a lot?

**ANSWER:** "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

**QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:** Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

**Shopping for the week end**—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

**ANSWER:** "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

**On return from Paris**, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on French Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.

**QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON:** Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

**ANSWER:** "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

**Everybody out!** Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

**QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:** Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

**ANSWER:** "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

**After the Theatre**—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for a late supper.

**TAKE 2 THRILLING STEPS TO FLATTERY**  
for the cost of only ONE



BUY THIS

Get this FREE

Thrilling Offer—limited time only! Choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Two famous beauty aids for the price of one. Get yours today!

**Icebox raiding**—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.



Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME
8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
8:15	NBC-Red: <i>Do You Remember</i>
8:30	NBC-Blue: <i>Four Showmen</i>
8:30	NBC-Red: <i>Gene and Glenn</i>
8:00	9:00 CBS: <i>Richard Maxwell</i>
8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: <i>BREAKFAST CLUB</i>
8:15	9:15 CBS: <i>Meet the Dixons</i>
8:00	9:00 CBS: <i>Manhattan Mother</i>
8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: <i>The Family Man</i>
8:45	9:45 CBS: <i>Bachelor's Children</i>
8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: <i>Life Can Be Beautiful</i>
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: <i>Pretty Kitty Kelly</i>
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Story of the Month</i>
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: <i>The Man I Married</i>
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: <i>Myrt and Marge</i>
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: <i>Josh Higgins</i>
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: <i>John's Other Wife</i>
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: <i>Hilltop House</i>
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Jack Berch</i>
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Just Plain Bill</i>
2:15	9:45 CBS: <i>Stepmother</i>
	9:45 NBC-Red: <i>Woman in White</i>
8:00	10:00 11:00 CBS: <i>It Happened in Hollywood</i>
	10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Mary Marlin</i>
	10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: <i>David Harum</i>
11:30	10:15 11:15 CBS: <i>Brenda Curtis</i>
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: <i>Vic and Sade</i>
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: <i>Lorenzo Jones</i>
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: <i>Big Sister</i>
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Pepper Young's Family</i>
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: <i>Young Widder Brown</i>
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: <i>Aunt Jenny's Stories</i>
	11:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Getting the Most Out of Life</i>
	10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: <i>Road of Life</i>
9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: <i>Kate Smith Speaks</i>
9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: <i>Carters of Elm Street</i>
9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: <i>When a Girl Marries</i>
9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: <i>The O'Neills</i>
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: <i>Romance of Helen Trent</i>
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Farm and Home Hour</i>
9:45	12:45 CBS: <i>Our Gal Sunday</i>
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: <i>The Goldbergs</i>
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: <i>Life Can Be Beautiful</i>
10:15	12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: <i>Let's Talk it Over</i>
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: <i>Road of Life</i>
10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Pebbles Takes Charge</i>
12:45	1:45 CBS: <i>This Day is Ours</i>
10:45	12:45 1:45 NBC-Red: <i>Words and Music</i>
1:00	2:00 CBS: <i>Doc Barclay's Daughters</i>
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Roy Shield Revue</i>
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: <i>Bobber and Bob</i>
2:15	1:15 2:15 CBS: <i>Dr. Susan</i>
11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC-Red: <i>Arnold Grimm's Daughter</i>
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: <i>Your Family and Mine</i>
11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: <i>Valiant Lady</i>
11:45	1:45 2:45 CBS: <i>My Son and I</i>
11:45	1:45 2:45 NBC-Red: <i>Betty Crocker</i>
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: <i>Girl Interne</i>
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: <i>Mary Marlin</i>
12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: <i>Society Girl</i>
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: <i>Ma Perkins</i>
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: <i>Pepper Young's Family</i>
12:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Ted Malone</i>
12:45	3:45 NBC-Red: <i>The Guiding Light</i>
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Club Matinee</i>
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: <i>Backstage Wife</i>
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: <i>Stella Dallas</i>
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: <i>Vic and Sade</i>
3:45	4:45 CBS: <i>Smilin' Ed McConnell</i>
1:45	3:45 4:45 NBC-Red: <i>Midstream</i>
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: <i>Girl Alone</i>
2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: <i>It Happened in Hollywood</i>
2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Affairs of Anthony</i>
2:45	4:45 5:45 CBS: <i>Scattergood Baines</i>
5:15	5:45 5:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Tom Mix</i>
	5:45 5:45 NBC-Red: <i>LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE</i>
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: <i>News</i>
	6:05 CBS: <i>Edwin C. Hill</i>
5:30	6:30 CBS: <i>H. V. Kaltenborn</i>
	6:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Gulden Serenaders</i>
	(Oct. 18)
	6:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Lowell Thomas</i>
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: <i>Amos 'n' Andy</i>
4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Easy Aces</i>
8:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: <i>Fred Waring's Gang</i>
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: <i>Lum and Abner</i>
4:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Blue: <i>Mr. Keen</i>
7:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: <i>BURNS AND ALLEN</i>
7:30	7:30 MBS: <i>The Lone Ranger</i>
9:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: <i>Phil Baker</i>
6:30	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: <i>CHARLES BOYER</i>
8:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: <i>PAUL WHITEMAN</i>
5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Hobby Lobby</i>
8:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Tommy Dorsey</i>
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: <i>TEXACO STAR THEATER</i>
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: <i>FRED ALLEN</i>
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: <i>KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE</i>

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ A Myrt and Marge broadcast: Myrt, Betty Jane Tyler, and Marge

## Tune-In Bulletin for September 27, October 4, 11 and 18!

September 27: Eddy Duchin and his piano and his orchestra are at the Plaza Hotel in New York, starting tonight, broadcasting on NBC.

October 4: Three big-time programs return to the air tonight—and you can hear all three of them because their times don't conflict. . . . First, Burns and Allen at 7:30 on CBS. . . . Next, Charles Bayer in the Wadbury Playhouse, at 8:00 on NBC-Red. . . . Next, Fred Allen on NBC-Red at 9:00. . . . Baseball fans will have their ears glued to their radios this afternoon, when Mutual broadcasts the first game of the World's Baseball Series. Mutual gets this feature exclusively.

October 11: Today's the birthday of America's most influential woman, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. She's fifty-five years old, and doesn't mind a bit if you know. . . . Xavier Cugat's band opens tonight at the Statler Hotel in Detroit, broadcasting on NBC.

October 18: The Gulden Serenaders offer you a new show today, an NBC-Blue at 6:30 P. M.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Myrt and Marge, on CBS at 10:15 A.M., Eastern Standard Time, 9:15 A.M. Central Standard Time, 2:15 P.M. Mountain Time and 1:15 P.M. Pacific Time. Sponsored by Concentrated Super Suds.

In another month or so Myrtle Vail and Danna Damerel will be celebrating their eighth radio birthday.

Myrt, Donna's mother in real life as well as on the air, was born in Jaliot, Illinois. At fifteen she showed her theatrical spirit by running away to join the chorus of a musical comedy. Just one year later she met and married George Damerel, the original "Prince Danila" in the famous operetta, "The Merry Widow." Together they spent years touring in vaudeville, and as soon as daughter Danna was old enough—in other words, fifteen, she was taken into their act.

A few years before 1929 the Damerels decided to quit the stage and Mr. Damerel went into the real-estate business in Chicago. He was getting along fine when 1929 brought with it the collapse of the real-estate market. 1931 found the family in a Chicago suburb, with Myrt trying to figure out a way of getting some money to pay the bills. Vaudeville was dead, and she turned to the only other field of entertainment she could think of—radio.

Digging into the romance and excitement of her own backstage life, she wrote the first ten scripts of Myrt and Marge in longhand, and drafted Danna for the Marge role. Then she pawned her ring, the last piece of jewelry she owned, and bought a smart new fall outfit with the money, just to impress her prospective sponsor. The new outfit worked—anyway, she got the job of advertising his wares on the air, and Myrt and Marge made their radio debut three weeks later.

Myrt writes all her own scripts, usually working at night. Rehearsals and the two broadcasts take up most of the rest of her day. Since 1937, when they were taken over by their present sponsor, Myrt and Marge have broadcast out of New York, and except for Myrt and Marge themselves the only original member of the cast still with them is Ray Hedge, who plays Clarence Tiffingtuffer. Santos Ortega was with them for a long time, as Lee Kirby, but a month or so ago he was replaced by Dick Janaver, radio newcomer. Other current regulars in the cast are Betty Jane Tyler, as Marge's child by her late husband, Jack Arnold; Michael Fitzmaurice, as Jimmie Kent, one of Marge's friends; Frances Wadbury and Charles Webster, as Mr. and Mrs. Arnold; and Allen Devitt, as Mr. Brellant White.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**VICKI VOLA**—who was doing only fairly well as a radio actress in Hollywood when she suddenly decided to pack up and try to make a name for herself in New York. She's succeeded, too, because now she has the title role in Brenda Curtis, the new serial on CBS this morning at 11:15. Vicki was born in Denver and hopped off to the West Coast with a radio troupe when she was only sixteen. Since coming to New York she has had supporting parts in Grand Central Station, Howie Wing and the Alibi Club, but Brenda Curtis is her first really important role. She's brown-haired and brown-eyed.

*Women everywhere will be grateful!*

# Miracle Modess brings you "moisture zoning"



**Worry no more.** You needn't be looking in mirrors or asking people "Am I all right?"... The New Miracle Modess has come to your rescue!



**Endure no more.** If you suffer chafing discomfort on "difficult" days... here's news. Read the details of the New Miracle Modess below.



**Today, at any dealer's** you can buy the new Miracle Modess with "Moisture Zoning!" Here's new comfort! New peace of mind!

"Moisture Zoning" acts to zone moisture—hold it inside the pad. Now, longer than ever before, Modess edges stay dry, soft, chafe-free!

And of course, in Modess the filler is downy-soft *fluff*—so different from the filler in "layer-type" napkins. Modess starts softer, stays softer.

More good news—"Moisture Zoning" brings greater absorbency. And this, in addition to Modess moisture-resistant backing, is doubly reassuring.

Today, get this amazing new Modess—the softer, safer sanitary napkin.

## MODESS TRIUMPHS AGAIN!

### FIRST WITH

### FLUFF FILLER



Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from layer-type napkins! The result? Greater comfort—because a Modess pad not only *starts* softer—it also *stays* softer. There's a world of difference in the filler alone!

### FIRST WITH MOISTURE-

### RESISTANT BACKING

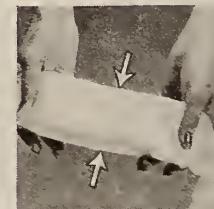


Modess was first to use a moisture-resistant backing as a precaution against striking through.

**NOTE THE BLUE LINE**  
Modess has a colored thread along back of pad to make sure that you wear it correctly—with back AWAY from the body.

### AND NOW....

### "MOISTURE ZONING"



Now, Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning," which keeps the edges of the napkin dry, soft, chafe-free longer than ever before. Greater comfort, greater safety! So get the new Miracle Modess today at any dealer's. It comes in the same blue box at the same low price.



Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	8:00 NBC-Red: Variety Show
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:15 NBC-Red: <i>Do You Remember</i>
	8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Gene and Glenn</i>
	8:00 9:00 NBC: News
	8:05 9:05 NBC-Blue: <i>BREAKFAST CLUB</i>
	8:15 9:15 CBS: <i>Meet the Dixons</i>
	8:00 9:00 CBS: <i>Manhattan Mother</i>
	8:30 9:00 NBC-Red: <i>The Family Man</i>
	8:45 9:45 CBS: <i>Bachelor's Children</i>
	8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: <i>Life Can be Beautiful</i>
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: <i>Pretty Kitty Kelly</i>
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Story of the Month</i>
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: <i>The Man I Married</i>
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: <i>Myrt and Marge</i>
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: <i>Josh Higgins</i>
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: <i>John's Other Wife</i>
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: <i>Hilltop House</i>
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Just Plain Bill</i>
2:15	9:45 10:45 CBS: <i>Stepmother</i>
	9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: <i>Woman in White</i>
10:45	10:00 11:00 CBS: <i>Mary Lee Taylor</i>
	10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Mary Marlin</i>
	10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: <i>David Harum</i>
11:30	10:15 11:15 CBS: <i>Brenda Curtis</i>
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: <i>Vic and Sade</i>
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: <i>Lorenzo Jones</i>
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: <i>Big Sister</i>
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Pepper Young's Family</i>
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: <i>Young Widder Brown</i>
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: <i>Aunt Jenny's Stories</i>
	11:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Getting the Most Out of Life</i>
	10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: <i>Road of Life</i>
9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: <i>Kate Smith Speaks</i>
	11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Southernaires</i>
	9:00 11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: <i>Carters of Elm Street</i>
9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: <i>When a Girl Marries</i>
	11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: <i>The O'Neills</i>
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: <i>Romance of Helen Trent</i>
	11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Farm and Home Hour</i>
	9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: <i>American Life</i>
9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: <i>Our Gal Sunday</i>
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: <i>The Goldbergs</i>
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: <i>Life Can be Beautiful</i>
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: <i>Road of Life</i>
	12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Peables Takes Charge</i>
10:45	12:45 1:45 NBC-Red: <i>Words and Music</i>
	12:45 1:45 CBS: <i>This Day is Ours</i>
11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: <i>Doc Barclay's Daughters</i>
	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: <i>Betty and Bob</i>
2:15	1:15 2:15 CBS: <i>Dr. Susan</i>
	1:15 2:15 NBC-Red: <i>Arnold Grimm's Daughter</i>
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: <i>Your Family and Mine</i>
	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: <i>Valiant Lady</i>
11:45	1:45 2:45 CBS: <i>My Son and I</i>
	1:45 2:45 NBC-Red: <i>Hymns of All Churches</i>
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: <i>Girl Interne</i>
	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: <i>Mary Marlin</i>
12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: <i>Society Girl</i>
	2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: <i>Ma Perkins</i>
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: <i>Pepper Young's Family</i>
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Ted Malone</i>
	2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: <i>The Guiding Light</i>
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Sunbridge Smile Parade</i>
	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: <i>Backstage Wife</i>
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: <i>Stella Dallas</i>
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Rhythm Auction</i>
	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: <i>Vic and Sade</i>
1:45	3:45 4:45 CBS: <i>Smilin' Ed McConnell</i>
	3:45 4:45 NBC-Red: <i>Midstream</i>
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: <i>Girl Alone</i>
2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: <i>It Happened in Hollywood</i>
	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Affairs of Anthony</i>
	5:30 NBC-Red: <i>Jack Armstrong</i>
2:45	4:45 5:45 CBS: <i>Scattergood Balnos</i>
	5:45 5:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Tom Mix</i>
	5:45 NBC-Red: <i>Little Orphan Annie</i>
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: <i>News</i>
	6:05 CBS: <i>Edwin C. Hill</i>
	6:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Lowell Thomas</i>
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: <i>Amos 'n' Andy</i>
	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Easy Aces</i>
	8:00 NBC-Red: <i>Fred Warling's Gang</i>
4:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Blue: <i>Mr. Keen</i>
	6:30 7:30 CBS: <i>Vox Pop</i>
	4:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: <i>One of the Finest</i>
9:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: <i>Ask It Basket</i>
	7:00 NBC-Red: <i>One Man's Family</i>
9:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: <i>Strange as It Seems</i>
	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Joe Penner</i>
	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Those We Love</i>
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: <i>MAJOR BOWES</i>
	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: <i>GOOD NEWS</i>
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: <i>KRAFT MUSIC HALL</i>

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Three mikes and many actors are used for Strange as it Seems

## Tune-In for September 28, October 5, 12 and 19!

September 28: Two deportures and one return: Rudy Vallee gives you his lost program tonight on NBC-Red at 8:00. . . . Joe E. Brown says farewell on CBS at 7:30. . . . And Bing Crosby, after much too long an absence, returns to his Kraft Music Hall on NBC-Red at 10:00.

October 5: To take the place of the Vallee Hour, NBC-Red has two programs: One Man's Family, tonight at 8:00, and followed at 8:30 by that favorite of a year ago, Those We Love, starring Nan Grey. . . . Vox Pop, that informal interview program, is on CBS, starting tonight at 7:30. . . . Joe Penner's back too, in a brand new program, on NBC-Blue at 8:30.

October 12: Today we honor Christopher Columbus, who discovered America. . . . so all the networks will have special Columbus Day programs.

October 19: An entertaining story is that of Mr. Keen, Trooper of Missing Persons, on NBC-Blue tonight at 7:15.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Strange as it Seems, an CBS at 8:30, Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Standard Time, 9:30 Rocky Mountain Time, and 8:30 Pacific Time, sponsored by Palmolive Brushless and Palmolive Shave Cream.

The eerie announcement, "Strange as it seems!" ushers in one of radio's surprise-package programs, on which you never know what is coming next. Everything you hear on the program is bizarre, weird, or unbelievable—yet, says John Hix, the man who gathers the facts, everything is true.

Hix himself doesn't appear on the program, which comes from the New York CBS studio that's always used for dramatic programs with lots of sound effects and without audiences. He lives in Hollywood, where he draws his daily newspaper cartoon of odd facts and also writes for the movies. You couldn't hire him to go on the air, because he is tremendously shy—doesn't even appear much in public.

There isn't much chance that he'll ever run out of material for his cartoons and his radio show. He carries on a constant correspondence with hundreds of people, all over the world, and gathers odd facts from them as well as from his reading. In eleven years of cartooning, he has used more than 19,000 separate items—but he

still has about 50,000 additional facts, never yet used, in his files.

Radio's most dependable actors and actresses and a battery of sound effects make up the cast of Strange as it Seems. The two sound-effects men are as busy as the actors, and sometimes a lot busier. One of them specializes in making a sound like the neighing of horses, but he's always happiest when one of the sketches has a horse in it.

That spooky effect you hear at the beginning of the program is accomplished by burly actor Mark Smith, talking into a "filter" mike, which gives his voice a far-away, unearthly quality. Later on in the show, you hear the same actor talking over another microphone, but you don't know it—he sounds completely different. To counteract the often terrifying note struck by the material of the program, there's smooth-voiced Alois Hovrilla as master of ceremonies and announcer. Alois belongs on a program made up of oddities, because he's one himself. He came to this country from Pressov, Austria-Hungary, when he was three years old, and by the time he was five still couldn't speak a word of English. By 1935 his English was so perfect that he was awarded the diction medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**MICHAEL FITZMAURICE**—who makes a specialty of playing doctors. In Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, heard on CBS at 3:00 (beginning October 9), he is Dr. David Morgan, and he used to play Dr. Baxter in Her Honor, Nancy James. It isn't surprising, because Michael wanted to be a great surgeon when he finished high school in Los Angeles—but he gave it up because he wasn't any good at mathematics or chemistry. Michael's father was a doctor, and his sister is one too, now practicing in London. Besides acting, Michael devotes much of his time to writing, and several of his stories have been published.



# Want a rosy, thriving baby? Study Martha!

## First Year: A GRAND START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



"Doctors speak so highly of them—that's the best reason for choosing Clapp's Foods," Martha Michener's mother says. "But it was nice, too, that Martha was just crazy about the flavors!"

"You can see why Clapp's are so good—the Clapp people have 18 years' experience. They were the first to make baby foods, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else."

"Weighing day was great fun! Martha always made a splendid gain—one time she put on 4 pounds 3 ounces in 3 months! She was so active and sturdy, too, the picture of health. Plenty of vitamins and minerals in her Clapp's Strained Foods, all right."

"Her baby book shows that she started to feed herself the day she was a year old!"

### 17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

**Soups**—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soups • Strained Beef with Vegetables

**Vegetables**—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

**Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Peaches and Pears

**Cereal**—Baby Cereal

## Runabout Years: DOING BEAUTIFULLY...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



"Never any of this won't-eat business with Martha. Lots of babies get fussy as they grow older—don't take kindly to coarser foods. But Martha went on to her new Clapp's Chopped Foods without a bit of trouble.

"They have the nice flavors she was used to in her Strained Foods, of course, and they're so evenly cut, just the texture doctors advise for older babies."

"Martha likes variety—she has 3 toy elephants of different colors—and she's the same way about food. Clapp's gives her a wide choice—she still gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods, including the substantial Junior Dinners and that grand new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Yes, we're very proud of Martha's health record. If you want a baby to have the best, I'm sure it pays to insist on Clapp's!"

### 12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

**Soup**—Vegetable Soup

**Junior Dinners**—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

**Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

**Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes

**Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

**Free Booklets**—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.



# CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time
		8:00 NBC-Red: Variety Show
		8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00	9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell
8:00	9:00	9:00 NBC: News
8:05	9:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:15	9:15	9:15 CBS: Meet the Dixons
8:30	9:30	9:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
8:30	9:30	9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
8:45	9:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
1:15	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
1:15	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
1:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
2:15	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
2:15	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
10:00	11:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
10:00	11:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
10:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
10:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Women in a Changing World
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Peabody Takes Charge
12:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day Is Ours
		1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Revue Program
		2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
		2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnelly
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Balnes
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
		6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
		6:45 NBC-Blue: Golden Serenaders
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
6:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Professor Quiz
7:30	7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Kate Smith
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Carson Robison's Buckaroos
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Lady Esther Serenade

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Lucille Manners sings a solo at the Cities Service piano

## Tune-In Bulletin for September 29, October 6, 13 and 20!

September 29: When you listen to Johnny Presents on CBS tonight, it will be at a new time, half-an-hour later than before—that is, at 9:00. . . . On Mutual, there's a new program at 10:00, called Let's Go Hollywood. Warner Brothers are helping produce it, and their stars will be on it. . . . A couple of band changes—Will Osborne goes into the Chase Hotel, St. Louis, to be heard on CBS, and Leighton Noble goes into the Statler, Boston, broadcasting on Mutual.

October 6: Kate Smith's Variety program is back on the air tonight, at 8:00 on CBS, with a rebroadcast to the west, but when Radio Mirror went to press the exact time of the rebroadcast hadn't been set. . . . Just on the Pacific Coast, Death Valley Days is heard tonight at 8:30 on NBC-Red. Easterners will hear the program tomorrow night.

October 13: Carson Robison's Buckaroos, those wild western hill-billies, open a new series tonight on NBC-Blue, from 8:30 until 9:00.

October 20: Colonel Stoopnagle is master of ceremonies on the new Quixie Doodle Quiz which starts tonight on NBC at 8:00.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** The Cities Service Concert, on NBC-Red at 8:00, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by the Cities Service Company.

In all the years since it first went on the air on February 18, 1927, the Cities Service Concert has never changed its time—Friday night at 8:00—its network or its formula. It has always been a pleasant hour of good music well performed. It has had two different orchestra leaders, Rosaria Bourdon and the present one, Dr. Frank Black; two soprano soloists, Jessica Dragonette and the current Lucille Manners; two baritone soloists, Robert Simmons and now Ross Graham; and three groups of singers, the Cavaliers, the Revelers, and the present group, the Cities Service Singers. It has always been dignified, shying away from comedy or too-modern music—shying away, too, from all except the most familiar foreign-language songs or operatic arias. Lately, though, it's gone in far somewhat lighter numbers.

Dr. Frank Black selects all the music for the show, and selects it well in advance. At all times there are at least four and sometimes five complete programs planned out. And the commercial announcements that Ford Bond reads are written a month in advance too, while their subjects are

all mapped out for a full six months ahead. No last-minute rushes to change a page of script on this program.

Rehearsals, on the other hand, don't take much time. The Romance of Oil series, which is a ten-minute dramatization on each program, is rehearsed for about an hour on Friday afternoon, and the musical numbers for about two hours. Soloists and orchestra members know their jobs and their music, so they don't require much brushing-up.

Lucille Manners, the singing star, got her job after a long time when she sang on sustaining programs, first on a local station and later on the network. It began to look as if she never would get real recognition, when a Cities Service official happened to hear one of her programs and without even knowing her name called up NBC and said he wanted her for his program. Like all the singers on the program, Lucille still takes music lessons to keep her performances up to standard.

As befits people who have been working together so long, everyone on the program calls everyone else by his or her first name and chats informally between rehearsals numbers. The dignified Dr. Black is the undisputed boss of the cast—some-one they all look up to for help.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**SAM WANAMAKER**—who is called "Mr. Nobody from Nowhere" on The Guiding Light, NBC-Red at 3:45, and Dr. Miller on The Raad of Life, NBC-Red at 11:45 A.M. and CBS at 1:30 P.M. In real life, Sam is a handsome six-footer who was born in 1919, attended Drake University, and had a job on the stage of the Goodman Theater in Chicago before he landed his first radio role in The Story of Mary Marlin in January, 1939. He is single, prefers tall, blonde girls, weighs 180 pounds and has gray eyes and brown hair. His hobby is collecting the scripts of the radio shows in which he has appeared.

## Fate's Bad Boy

(Continued from page 31)

wanted him to become an inventor. Father was always inventing things himself. There was always something new in the wind, some toy, some contraption Father was trying out. First it had been automobiles—sputtering, crazy-looking buggies that stood steaming and chugging in front of the house. Then a collapsible picnic set that earned him a couple of million dollars.

Dad had not invented anything new for six long years. There had been only travel—restless wandering, hair-brained schemes, speculation. Three months ago he had begun to sicken. And now—it was done—gone with the fading scream of an ambulance siren into the Sunday afternoon.

He had literally no one to turn to—this tall, overgrown child of twelve, with a man's experience of the world. There was a fortune waiting for him—his mother's fortune, heritage of a wealthy coal-mining family. But he could not touch it until he was 25. His father's fortune was quite gone. There was nothing but the hotel—now shabby and run-down. Haunted by loneliness and a sense of the past, Orson decided to go there.

It burned down—to the ground—a few days before he arrived.

HIS mother's estate had provided a guardian for him, Dr. Maurice Bernstein, of Chicago. Dr. Bernstein took pity on the sensitive, temperamental boy, and sent him to a school for boys out in Woodstock, Illinois.

He hated it at first. The strict regime, the athletics, the lack of excitement, the childish simplicity of the other boys. He was not a part of this new world. He had never kicked a football or held a baseball bat in his hand. He was good in English, and he could spout Shakespeare by the yard—but a playing field held strange terror for him.

Oddly enough, though, the athletic instructor never laughed at his awkwardness. He was a quiet-spoken man named Roger Hill. When Orson made a mistake, he'd speak kindly to him. They soon became good friends. Hill seemed to see in him talents and potentialities no one had ever noticed before.

"The drama club is doing Julius Caesar this year, Orson," he said one day, as they walked back from the hockey field. "Why don't you try out for a part?"

"I've never acted in a play in my life," Orson blushed to the roots of his hair. "I'm too big and clumsy."

"That's nothing," Hill encouraged him. "Size never matters to an actor. Besides—the Romans were big men. Try for Caesar—or Mark Anthony."

"But they're the leading roles!" Orson cried.

"Of course. But it doesn't do any harm to try, does it?"

So Roger Hill kindly, persuasively, talked to the lonely boy. And before the year was out, Orson was the star of "Julius Caesar," playing Cassius and Mark Anthony both, in the same show.

Hill encouraged him to work at painting too. On those mad travels with his father all over the world, Orson had dabbled a little at the art—mostly because his dad had said

(Continued on page 56)

I wished the floor would open up and swallow me!



Wednesday, September 6<sup>th</sup>



We were playing "tell-the-truth" at our Wednesday club meeting. It was Joan's turn and they asked her whose wash line had the worst case of tattle-tale gray in town. The next minute, I wished the floor would open up and swallow me. Joan was pointing straight at me!

Thursday, September 7<sup>th</sup>



I swore I'd never forgive her—but the very next day Joan dashed over with a peace offering. She said she hated to hurt my feelings, but it was time somebody told me to quit using lazy soaps that don't take all the dirt out of clothes. She said her washes looked messier than mine till she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap—and she gave me some to try.

Wednesday, September 27<sup>th</sup>



Well, the club met at my house a few weeks later—and am I glad I tried Fels-Naptha! I'll tell the world there's nothing like its grand combination of richer golden soap and gentle naptha for getting clothes honestly clean! My linens and things looked so gorgeously white, the girls were simply dazzled! You bet it's Fels-Naptha and me for life—and no more tattle-tale gray!

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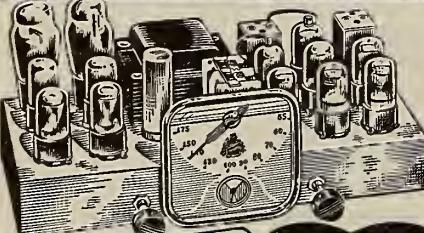
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# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Comedian Red Skelton and his "straight woman," Mrs. Red

## TUNE-IN BULLETIN FOR SEPTEMBER 30, OCTOBER 7, 14 AND 21!

September 30: Here are the first football games of the season—Notre Dame vs. Purdue, and Indiana vs. Nebraska. Ted Husing describes the first on CBS, Bill Stern on NBC-Blue; while NBC-Red broadcasts the second. . . . Just to round up the day's sports news, Ed Thorgersen, the news reel man, starts a new program on Mutual tonight—every Saturday at 5:45.

October 7: Hilda Hope, M.D., is another of those serials about lady doctors—it starts today on NBC-Red at 11:30, and will be heard every Saturday at that time from now on. . . . Easterners hear Death Valley Days, beginning tonight, at 9:30. . . . Of course there are football games today, but they hadn't been scheduled when Radio Mirror went to press.

October 14: County Seat, that friendly serial by Milton Geiger, is on CBS at 8:00 tonight—the last time at that hour.

October 21: Welcome two old friends back to your living room tonight. . . . Gang Busters at 8:00, and Wayne King's orchestra at 8:30 . . . both on CBS.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Avalon Time, on NBC's Red network at 8:30, Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Time, 9:00 Rocky Mountain Time and 8:00 Pacific Coast Time, sponsored by Avalon Cigarettes.

Because he's been in every branch of show business except opera (and he's just crazy enough to take a crack at it one of these days too) Red Skelton entertains people who watch him in the studio just as much as he does those who listen to him in their homes. He's a natural-born clown, to begin with, and he got his start as barker with an old-fashioned medicine show, going on from that to alternate black-face and Indian roles in traveling minstrel shows. He graduated from that to being a clown in the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus, then to vaudeville, to burlesque, to musical comedy, to dromo, to the movies and finally to radio.

Red's comedy foil, pretty Edna Stillwell, is also Mrs. Skelton in private life, and besides appearing with him on the air she helps him to whip his comedy routines into shape every week. Usually each Avalon Time program has three Skelton comedy spots. Two of them are written by Red and Edna, while the third is developed by a team of gag writers, with Red co-operating on the final editing job.

Getting Avalon Time ready for the air is like putting a car together on an assembly line. Each section of the broadcast—the comedy, vocal solos, instrumental numbers, and announcements—is prepared separately, without paying any attention to any of the other elements. Saturday-afternoon rehearsal is the first chance anybody in the show has to get an over-all look at the program.

The sponsor, of course, is a cigarette maker, and Red Skelton doesn't smoke. He does make a concession to the tobacco industry, though. You'll never find him without a big fat brown cigar, poked into one corner of his mobile mouth or twirled between his fingers like a drum-major's baton. It's one of Red's constant props, whether he's eating dinner, shoving himself, or putting on his broadcast. It's never lighted, though.

Avalon Time first went on the air in Cincinnati, a year ago this October 1, but it moved some time later to its present stamping-ground in the Chicago NBC studios. Besides Red and Edna, its cast includes Tom, Dick and Harry, the song team; Jeanette Davis, torrid songstress; Bob Strong's orchestra; baritone Curi Massey; "Mlle. Levy," played by Marlin Hurt; and "Prof." Tommy Mack, comedian.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**VIRGINIA VASS**—the next-to-the-oldest girl in the Vass Family, heard tonight on the National Barn Dance, NBC-Blue at 9:00. She was born on August 20, 1917, and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Her family call her "Jitchy," and she plays the ukulele and guitar, and never went to college because at college age she was already too busy on the air. The other members of Jitchy's family are brother Frank and sisters Sally, Louise and Emily—all of them heard on the Barn Dance. Another brother, Leland, is more interested in the technical side of radio, and another sister, Harriet, works as a hostess in a tea room.

Hollywood's lovely new starlet **VIRGINIA VALE** featured in RKO-Radio's  
new motion picture "Three Sons"

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time	
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME			
8:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: <i>Cloutier's Orch.</i>	
		NBC-Red: <i>Musical Tete-a-tete</i>	
8:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: <i>Dick Liebert</i>	
8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: <i>Gene and Glenn</i>	
8:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: <i>Harvey and Dell</i>	
8:00	9:00	NBC: <i>News</i>	
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: <b>BREAKFAST CLUB</b>	
8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: <i>Texas Robertson</i>	
8:15	9:15	CBS: <i>Fiddler's Fancy</i>	
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: <i>Cloutier's Orch.</i>	
8:25	9:25	CBS: <i>News</i>	
8:30	9:30	CBS: <i>Hill Billy Champions</i>	
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: <i>The Crackerjacks</i>	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: <i>Morin Sisters</i>	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: <i>The Wise Man</i>	
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: <i>Amanda Snow</i>	
9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: <i>No School Today</i>	
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: <i>Barry McKinley</i>	
9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: <i>The Child Grows Up</i>	
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: <i>Dorian Quartet</i>	
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Ross Trio</i>	
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: <i>Concert Orchestra</i>	
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Our Barn</i>	
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: <i>Hilda Hope, M.D.</i>	
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Romanelli Orchestra</i>	
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: <i>Manhattan Melodies</i>	
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: <i>Let's Pretend</i>	
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: <i>FARM BUREAU</i>	
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: <i>Call to Youth</i>	
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: <i>Calling Stamp Collectors</i>	
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: <i>What Price America</i>	
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Little Variety Show</i>	
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: <i>Words and Music</i>	
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Morton Franklin Orch.</i>	
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: <i>Ray Kinney Orch.</i>	
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Indiana Indigo</i>	
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: <i>Golden Melodies</i>	
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: <i>Matinee In Rhythm</i>	
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: <i>Roy Eldridge Orch.</i>	
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Club Matinee</i>	
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: <i>Laval Orchestra</i>	
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: <i>Summertime Swing</i>	
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: <i>Bruce Baker Orch.</i>	
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: <i>News</i>	
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: <i>Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten</i>	
3:05	5:05	6:05 CBS: <i>Instrumentalists</i>	
3:05	5:05	6:05 NBC-Blue: <i>El Chico Revue</i>	
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: <i>This Week in Washington</i>	
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Renfrew of the Mounted</i>	
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: <i>Art of Living</i>	
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: <i>Americans at Work</i>	
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Message of Israel</i>	
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: <i>Dick Tracy</i>	
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: <i>Melody Club</i>	
		7:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Uncle Jim's Question Bee</i>	
5:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: <i>Gang Busters</i>	
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: <i>From Hollywood Today</i>	
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: <i>Wayne King's Orch.</i>	
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Brent House</i>	
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Avalon Time</i>	
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: <b>YOUR HIT PARADE</b>	
8:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: <i>National Barn Dance</i>	
8:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: <i>Vox Pop</i>	
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: <i>Death Valley Days</i>	
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: <i>Saturday Night Serenade</i>	
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: <i>Benny Goodman</i>	



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"Look alive and act as if you enjoy life" is one of the popularity secrets of Hollywood's attractive young starlet, **VIRGINIA VALE**.

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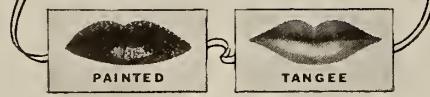
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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

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painting was "more respectable than playing the violin." He could draw a likeness with a few strokes of the pencil. Hill got his guardian to send him to Boris Anisfeld, a well-known painter in Chicago. Anisfeld too saw an uncanny quality in the boy. For long summer vacations Orson spent his days in Anisfeld's studio, learning brush techniques, daubing away at canvas. He did well.

He was just sixteen when he graduated from Todd School with a high school diploma. Roger Hill and Dr. Bernstein wanted him to go to Harvard. But a crew hair-cut and a Phi Beta Kappa key strung across his vest didn't appeal to Orson. Spring was in the air, and the Rose of Sharon trees were in bloom in the Woodstock gardens. At sixteen he was more than six feet tall, and his body was as broad and big as a man's. His spirit took wings.

After graduation, he took the train to Chicago, and went to call on Dr. Bernstein.

"I'd like to go to Scotland for the summer, and paint," he said.

"Scotland?" The doctor was taken aback. He didn't particularly approve. But he remembered that he had been young once. There were a few dollars to spare from Mrs. Welles' estate. He told Orson he could have them for a summer vacation—and no more.

ORSON thanked him with a whimsical gleam in his eyes. In three days he was on a boat bound for Liverpool, with an easel and a battered box of paint brushes under his arm.

He never reached Liverpool on that voyage.

To this day he cannot quite remember how it happened. Perhaps it was the sight of the sea again—the sea he had not seen for more than four years—and the feel of a ship's engines throbbing beneath him, when he lay in his berth at night. Perhaps it was the stars, so much bigger and brighter on the ocean than they are over the land, that made him dizzy and confused and a little mad. At any rate, when the ship stopped one twilight at Galway, Ireland, he got off—bag and baggage.

The city Orson found at sunset was like something out of Southern Spain. It was a painter's paradise.

By next morning he had fallen in love with Galway head over heels. Scotland was forgotten. He would paint this beautiful city, this countryside, every Spanish arch and sombrero, and sober Gaelic face. There was exactly twenty dollars in his wallet. He went off to the marketplace and bought himself a donkey and a donkey-cart.

The donkey's name was Sheeogh. She had a gray hide, dainty little hooves, long eyelashes, and the temperament of a prima donna. Orson bought her a bale of hay and gave her a good long swig at the municipal water trough. Then, with a jingle of her harness bells, they were off—for a life of adventure.

They traveled north toward Connemara, jogging along the dusty little roads of Western Ireland. And Orson painted as they went. Sometimes it was a lake, set like a blue jewel in the heart of soft green hills. Sometimes it was the lovely face of an Irish girl who waved to them from her potato patch. Or the portrait of some

(Continued from page 53)

Seamus or Patrick who took the picture in return for a meal or a place where the painter could lay his head.

He became wild looking and shaggy. His beard grew and his face turned brown with the sun. But Ireland entered deeper and deeper into his blood. And when the summer was over, and it grew too cold to sleep under his donkey cart and wander the roads, he came back to Galway and sold Sheeogh—not without heartache, for they had become fast friends in spite of her temperament. He booked passage on a barge and sailed north up the Shannon River.

He was a vagabond, and he loved it. But in the natural course of events, a boy with a temperament like Orson Welles could not be a vagabond forever. By the end of his second spring in Ireland, he began to feel a new kind of restlessness—that desire to fulfill himself in the world.

What did he want to do with his life? Painting? That had been fun, but he was not really a great painter. Music? Once he had loved to play the violin, but he had not touched the instrument for many years. Writing—perhaps. He did not really know.

He decided to go away—far off, by himself—and find out. Perhaps in some wild and lonely spot it would come to him. He had heard that the Aran Islands were the wildest spot in Europe—gray reefs of stone, where the ocean licked hungrily in great fans of angry foam. He set out for the smallest one.

There was nothing but a few lonely cottages on the island, and gaunt cliffs where the sea birds built their nests. He plodded over broken rocks and coarse grass, with his easel under his arm, and knocked on a cottage door. And once again, he asked for board and lodging, in return for portraits of the family.

All summer long, he painted and tramped around the island, trying to make up his mind. College. Perhaps he should go back to college, and be a diplomat. Perhaps he should go to Vienna, and study music. Every week he toyed with a different notion. When September and October came, he still had not made up his mind.

YED better be getting back to the mainland where it's decent and warm," the men of Aran told him. "The islands ain't no place for sober folk, when winter comes."

Still undecided, he took their advice. And one late October day, when the sea was less boisterous than usual, he set out for Ireland, in one of their frail boats.

When he reached the mainland, he went to Dublin. It was the big city, and the only one where he might find temporary work, now that winter was coming on. For the first time in his life, he felt a kind of gnawing sense of terror. For a year and a half he had lived on the kindness of the country people. But who in a city like Dublin would buy his paintings? Or give him even a crust of bread for them? He had not heard from his guardian or written him for more than a year. He was too proud to write to him now. In his pocket were five shillings—a little less than one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Another boy in such a situation might have been in the depths of despair. But not Orson. For some reason or other, he felt strangely light-

hearted. Hunger, perhaps. Or maybe that sense of fate, which was very near him now. At any rate, he did not try to find a place to sleep, or even a place to eat. He ambled along, admiring the sights, feeling the pleasant flick of the snow on his face, remembering Christmases back home.

Suddenly he stopped short before a gaudy poster, pasted outside a theater. A name, familiar, beloved, leaped out at him like an old friend. Shakespeare. It was an advertisement of a repertory company—and it read that Shakespeare's "Macbeth" was to be played that night. Without a moment's hesitation or thought, Orson made his decision.

No meal. No place to sleep that night. He walked into the theater, and laid down his five shillings. "One ticket," he said, "for Macbeth."

He did not know that on that simple decision lay his life's career.

It was not a very big theater, the Gate. Nor were there many people in the audience that wintry night. But the actors knew their business, and Orson sat enthralled from the beginning to the end. He forgot his hunger, the cold, the fact that he was alone in a strange city.

At the end of the play, the man sitting beside him plucked him by the sleeve.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Orson turned, startled. For a moment he did not place that face. Then it came back to him. A young man he had met on the road. A poet. They had passed a pleasant day together, talking about Yeats and Synge and Lady Gregory. He smiled.

REMEMBER—two miles out of Connemara. We met on the road."

"That's right. What are you doing in Dublin?"

Orson hesitated. If he told this young man that he was broke, the young man would feel compelled to take him in. He did not want to embarrass him. Casually he said:

"Oh—just spending the winter. Good play, wasn't it?"

"Awfully." The young man was friendly. "I come here regularly. They're a splendid cast. I know the director. Like to meet him?"

"Yes." It would be warm backstage, and perhaps there would be food, something to drink. He followed the young man eagerly down the aisle, into the orchestra pit and through the flapping curtain up beneath the apron of the stage. Actors and stage-hands were running about. He could smell the creamy odor of the grease-paint, the musty odor of old costumes. The place thrilled him.

They rounded a curtain and entered a dingy little office, scattered with posters and costumes. He found himself shaking hands with a tall, friendly man.

"This is a friend of mine—an American, from New York," he heard himself being introduced by the poet of Connemara. But he was not really listening. Someone was shaking a thunder screen in the distance. There was the smell of fire in the air—and steam—the Hellfire of Macbeth. It did something to him. His head felt light and giddy.

"My name is Welles," he said slowly, as though in a dream. "George Orson Welles. I'm an actor—with the Theater Guild in New York."

The sentence, dream-like or not,

# "Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry!"



Grannie shows Millie a modern way to raise her child



**1. GRANNIE:** Land's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.

**MILLIE:** But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.



**2. GRANNIE:** My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.



**3. GRANNIE:** He said it's wrong to make children take anything they don't like. A child should get a pleasant-tastin' laxative...

**MILLIE:** That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes ...



**4. GRANNIE:** Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be too strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only for children. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



**5. GRANNIE:** He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's SAFE... How about getting a bottle now?



**6. MILLIE:** Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without a peep?

**GRANNIE:** You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

*Chas H. Fletcher* **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

## TOM ALMOST LANDED IN THE DISH-PAN!



1. "If you don't fix this clogged drain," storms Mrs. Tom Burch, "you're going to be in the dishwashing business!"



2. "Huh? Who, me?" blinks Tom. "Wait! Wait! I'll go and get some Drāno!"



3. Down the drain goes Drāno! It digs out all the clogging grease and muck—gives a clear, free-flowing drain!



4. "Thar she flows!" boasts Tom. "Now use a teaspoonful each night—and keep the drain clean!"

Copr. 1939, The Drackett Co.

P.S. After the dishes—use a teaspoonful of Drāno—to guard against clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.



CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

# Drāno

### HOW TO KEEP BABY WELL—

The U. S. Government's Children's Bureau has published a complete 138-page book "Infant Care" especially for young mothers, and authorizes this magazine to accept readers' orders. Written by five of the country's leading child specialists, this book is plainly written, well illustrated, and gives any mother a wealth of authoritative information on baby's health and baby's growth. This magazine makes no profit whatever on your order, sends your money direct to Washington. Send 10 cents, wrapping coins or stamps safely, to

Readers' Service Bureau, RADIO & TELEVISION MIRROR  
205 East 42nd Street, Dept. F-1, New York, N. Y.

fell like a bombshell into the Gate director's brain.

"The Theater Guild!" His voice was suddenly respectful, almost hushed. "In New York. But Mr. Welles—this is indeed an honor. A real honor. I am afraid our poor production tonight . . ."

He bowed, apologizing, almost stammering with awe of a man from the Theater Guild in New York. It was too late to deny that foolish lie. Before he knew what he had done, Orson was promising to consider a few guest appearances with the company before his return to America.

The only acting experience he had ever had were those school-boy roles at Woodstock, Illinois, in "Julius Caesar."

It is all a little incredible, no doubt, to those who do not know Orson Welles. To those who know him, it is perfectly understandable that in a day and half of study and practice before the mirror in his Connemara friend's room, he should learn the part of the Archduke in Feuchtwanger's "Jew Suss." It is also understandable that at seventeen he should play the role of a middle-aged man, a bearded man, tall, broad-shouldered, majestic, with a deep resonant voice. Orson Welles still looks like a boy in his pictures. But on the stage he can look like an old man and on the air he can sound like a sage of eighty-five. His voice, at seventeen, was as basso profundo as it is now. He was bearded, tanned, weathered from his wanderings.

TWO nights after his arrival in Dublin, he walked out on the Gate Theater stage, dressed in the regalia of the Archduke. The house was packed with people. Hundreds had come to see the American star from the Theater Guild in New York. When he walked out before those footlights, he knew that every eye in the audience was upon him—watching to see the qualities which had made him famous.

He was trembling inside. But there was something about the glare of those footlights he could not deny—something wild and proud and joyful that shot up within him, as he looked out for a breath over that dark sea of silent faces. He knew it for the first time—the thrill a man feels only once in his life—the thrill that comes when a man knows he has found the thing he has been seeking. He had not known it until this very moment, but he knew it now for sure.

Come what may, he was going to be an actor.

But between the decision to be an actor, and its accomplishment, there were to be many adventures, many black and lonely and thwarted intervals—as well as some times which for sheer melodrama rivalled anything ever put on a stage. Follow the completely incredible story of Orson Welles in next month's issue of RADIO MIRROR.

### NEXT MONTH

You'll meet Judy Garland—first, in a beautiful cover portrait—and then in an intimate story about her—in the December issue

## A SKIN SOFTENER THAT HELPS CORRECT DRY SKIN

Are your hands DRY and "scratchy"? Regular use of Italian Balm will help correct this condition almost at once. This famous SKIN SOFTENER furnishes moisture and soothing agents which promote softness, smoothness, beauty. Italian Balm's scientific, soothing properties will amaze you. Only 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and \$1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

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Over 90 Million Bottles Sold



■ Meet the Dixons—Barbara Weeks and Richard Widmark play the happy couple.



## WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

BARBARA WEEKS, formerly starred as "Her Honor Nancy James," and Richard Widmark, young actor from Chicago, form the attractive duo which heads the cast of the new daytime dramatic series, *Meet the Dixons*, heard over CBS Mondays through Fridays at 9:15 A.M.

Blonde and talented Miss Weeks was born in Binghamton, New York, and studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. She made her radio debut as a vocalist on a Portland, Maine, station; later toured with stock companies and appeared with Leo Carillo in a Broadway revival of "Lombardi Limited." Barbara's favorite pastime is visiting the city's night courts. She's five feet four, gray-green eyes and weighs 116 pounds.

Richard Widmark, cast as Wesley Dixon, a young reporter, was born in Evanston, Illinois, on December 26, 1914. He graduated from Lake Forrest College in 1936 after which he did some work in stock until his arrival in New York last June. Since then he's worked on the *Aunt Jenny* show, *Gang Busters*, *Americans at Work* and the new *Ellery Queen* series.

\* \* \*

Miss G. R. Stauffer, Harrisburg, Pa.—Ralph Blane, handsome NBC tenor, was born in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, on July 25, 1914. His middle name is Urriah, and he's not awfully keen about it! Ralph graduated from Northwestern University and has appeared in a number of Broadway musical comedies. Made his network debut in a variety show called "Air-breaks." He's about five feet ten tall, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and eyes, and to date, doesn't have a missus.

Miss Marietta Muhs, New Orleans, La.—You're quite correct, and should collect that bet from your friend. Orson Welles was married to Miss Virginia Nicolson, Chicago society girl, on Christmas Day, 1934, and they have a one-year-old daughter, Christopher. Mr. Welles is six feet two. And if you'd like to know some more about him begin our feature story, "Fate's Bad Boy," in this issue.

Mrs. M. R. Gavin, Scranton, Pa.—Below is the cast of *Life Can Be Beautiful*:

Chichi.....	Alice Reinhart
Stephen.....	John Holbrook
Papa Solomon.....	Ralph Locke
Toby Nelson.....	Carl Eastman
Gypsy Mendosa.....	Paul Stewart
Mrs. Wadsworth.....	Adelaide Klein
Barry.....	Richard Kollmar

### FAN CLUB SECTION

Miss Aileen Dowd: To join the Lombardo League, we suggest that you write to Miss Christyne Hvaas, 7320 25th Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

If you're an admirer of Lanny Ross and would like to become a member of the Lanny Ross Stamp and Friendship Club, write to Mr. Chaw Mank, Staunton, Illinois.

Miss Beverly Baker, U. S. Veterans' Hospital, Gulfport, Mississippi, would like to join a Benny Goodman Fan Club located in her native state.

The Joan Blaine Fan Club is anxious to enroll all Joan Blaine fans in their club. Write to Miss Irene Weiser, 439 Marlborough Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

Write to Miss Helen Meehan, 16 Hawthorne Street, Stamford, Connecticut, if you'd like to become a member of the Al Shayne Fan Club.



"Yelp for help again," growled the Life Guard, "and I'll duck you right! I'm tired of rescuing pretty girls." Just then he glimpsed my pack of Beeman's. "Listen, sweetheart, how about rescuing me for a change? That cool, refreshing Beeman's flavor does wonders for a parched mouth."

I gave him the pack on the spot. "That saves my afternoon. There's nothing to compare with Beeman's for streamlined flavor and tang. A superlative flavor and a marvelous refresher for guys like me." That's why all the girls switched to Beeman's.

**BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION**

"Every month in  
my diary has  
three new days"



*Dear Diary: What a difference Midol has made in my life! Not so long ago I was only a "possibility" on party lists; now I'm the "girl who never says no"! What fun—not worrying about regular pain, never breaking dates, really having three gloriously active new days in every month! How I do it is a secret among us, Diary—you, Midol and me!*

IF YOU haven't tried Midol to relieve functional pain of menstruation—to release you for active living during the several dreaded days of your month—you may be passing-up comfort which more than a million enlightened women enjoy.

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Give Midol the chance to redeem your lost days for carefree living. If your experience is average, a few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through even your worst day. All drugstores have Midol in trim aluminum cases which tuck easily into purse or pocket.



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help Madam Queen, Mr. Brown. I suppose you realize that your action has caused Madam Queen grave illness and untold agony, and has wrecked her complete life."

M. Smith paused impressively. Andy made a move as if to start for the door, but Amos laid a restraining hand on his knee. The lawyer raised a forefinger, cocked it like a revolver, and aimed it at Andy.

"Brown, the law fortunately protects that little girl from action such as men like you take, and as her attorney we intend to take such legal steps that will, in some way, pay her for the grief, sadness, illness and unhappiness she is now going through and will continue to go through for some time . . . I advise you to have your lawyer git in touch with us immediately. Gentlemen, good day."

It was a trembling Andy and a thoughtful Amos that walked silently back to the office. There they found the Kingfish. He'd forgiven Andy for ruining his party, and he listened sympathetically to the tale of their encounter with Lawyer Smith.

"Boys," he said at last, "somebody once tol' me o' de bigges' lawyer in Harlem, a man whut kin git anything an' never lost a case. Dat's de man you need."

Amos and Andy both twitched with hope and pleasure. For the first time, the ominous spectre of M. Smith lost some of its grim terror. There was something magical about those words, "never lost a case."

"Who is he, Kingfish?" asked Amos.

"Fo' de moment," the Kingfish said thoughtfully, "I jes' fergit. Name's on de tip o' my tongue. Jes' you wait a minute. I'll call de Battle Axe."

HE picked up the telephone. "Dis de Kingfish, honey. Lissen, dear, whut's de name o' dat big-time lawyer Pop Johnson tol' us about, de man whut neveh lost a case? . . . Whut? . . . Oh—uh huh, 'membe now. Dat's right. Thanks, honey." He hung up and for a moment seemed lost in thought.

"Well, whut's his name?" Amos demanded impatiently.

"Uh—his name's M. Smith," the Kingfish said glumly.

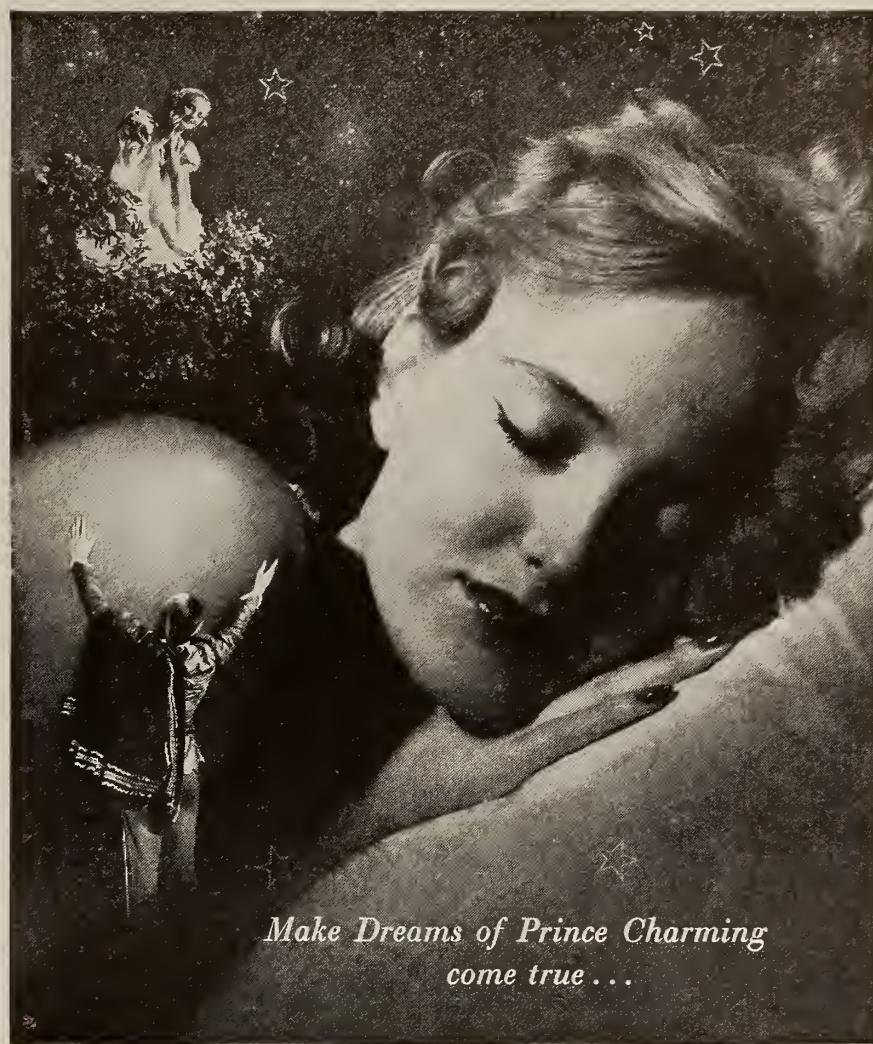
But it was the Kingfish himself who eventually found Andy a lawyer. This individual, whose name was Snoop, was a loose-limbed and lanky person with brass rimmed spectacles and a huge official looking volume clutched under one arm. Andy, spelling out its title, was vastly impressed to find that it was "S-t-a-n-d-a-r-d D-i-c-t-i-o-n-a-r-y." Lawyer Snoop's pockets were jammed with pencils and battered fountain pens and bits of memorandum paper—all giving an impression of vast unfinished projects in which he was embroiled. Even Amos seemed awed.

"Gemmern," announced Lawyer Snoop, "I also runs a detective agency which will be a great he'p to you in dis case. Dat's why my name is Snoop. When anybody thinks of a detective, they think of snoop, don't dey?"

"Dat is smart," murmured Andy in admiration.

Lawyer Snoop looked pleased. "Gemmern, I intends to git to work at once. I shall repo't here fo' further discussion in de mornin'. Good day."

Amos and Andy felt better after Lawyer Snoop's encouraging visit. But their good spirits were short-lived. Only an hour later a dapper



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## EX-LAX MOVIES

### "Mother comes to the Rescue"



JILL: O-oh, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?

MOTHER: No, dear. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. Its name is Ex-Lax.



JILL: Yummy, that's fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, and Ex-Lax won't upset your little tummy or sicken you. It's so nice and gentle.



LATER

JILL: Ex-Lax was fine, Mommy. I feel so much better this morning.

MOTHER: So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax, myself, last night.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

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individual with an imposing looking envelope in his hand entered the office. He addressed Andy at once.

"Is you Andrew H. Brown, president o' de Fresh Air Taxicab Company?"

"I is," Andy said in his deepest and most solemn voice.

"Den dis here summons is fo you," the dapper man said, thrust the envelope into Andy's hand, and withdrew in a hurry.

Andy stood turning the paper over, dumb misery in his eyes.

"Whut is dis here summit, Amos?" he asked at last.

Amos took the paper and unfolded it, his eyes widening in stark horror and amazement as he read it. "It says," he announced, "Madam Queen, plaintiff against Andrew Brown, defendant, from M. Smith, attorney fo' de plaintiff. Judgment will be taken against you fo' de sum o' \$25,000 wid interest from January thirty-first, an' wid de cost o' dis action plus interest in case you fail to make a reply within de period designated herein. An' dat's all, Andy."

After that, there was silence in the little office for a long time. Andy sat there, his eyes cast down as if he expected at any moment his mountain of troubles to get top-heavy and crash down to bury him.

I KNOW," he announced suddenly but without conviction. "I think I ask Madam Queen fo' de lettehs I done writ her."

"You is bright," Amos said. "You gotta hot chance. Dem lettehs in de hands o' Lawyer Smith—an' I bet you dey stay dere."

After some further silence, Andy reached for the telephone. "Maybe 'tain't too late. I goin' to send Madam Queen dem flowers."

For several days Amos had been attempting to crush Andy's childlike faith in the efficacy of flowers to heal the breach in Madam Queen's life. Right now, he didn't feel up to the effort.

"Hello," Andy said. "Dis de vegetable market? Dis is Andrew H. Brown, president o' de Fresh Air Taxicab Company. I wishes you to git up a bouquet o' flowers like you done when we had dat grand openin' at de lunchroom—an' send 'em right oveh to Madam Queen, wid my name on. Yeah, dat's right. An'-huh? Oh yes, glad you remind me, send half a dozen cabbages to de lunchroom. Bye."

Andy hung up, leaned back in his chair, and closed his eyes. "Amos, if anything else happen to me today, I goin' to skip de country. I goin' to run."

"You betteh get on yo' mark, Andy," replied Amos, glancing out of the window. "We got visitors again. Heah comes Brother Crawford."

Brother Crawford himself, was the victim of bad tidings. He dropped limply into the only other chair in the office and humbly informed the boys he had quarreled again with his wife, Madam Queen's sister. "She struck me," he said dramatically. "Wid a broom."

"A broom can't hurt much," Amos said. "Dat straw jes' sorta bresh yo' head."

"She turn de broom around," Brother Crawford explained with sad dignity.

Suddenly he remembered a bundle of newspapers he carried under his arm. He spread them on the desk.

"You boys seen de papehs?" he inquired blandly.

"Whut papehs?" asked Amos suspiciously, as Andy with panic in his eyes started for the door. "Andy, you stay heah!"

Andy froze in his tracks. "It's about Andy—an' Madam Queen," replied Brother Crawford, picking up a morning paper and pointing to a three-column headline. "Madam Queen sues Andrew H. Brown," he read. "Andrew Brown said that Madam Queen nicknamed him her Ducky-Wucky an' he called her his Sweet Dumplin'—"

Amos interrupted. "Andy," he said sternly, "you been talkin' to any reportehs?"

Andy wrenched his eyes from the floor and tried hard to look at Amos. "I talk a while to a very nice man dat called heah yes'day," he admitted. "I tol' him I didn't want nothin' printed. An' he say sure, but he jus' wanted to know my side o' de case as dey wanted to have de facts right . . ."

"So you tol' him, huh? Andy, you oughtta have yo' head examined!"

Amos might have said more, but at that moment the telephone rang and he answered it. "Hello . . . Yes, Ma'am. Dis is Amos speakin' . . . Who? . . . Insulted? . . . Dere must be some mistake! . . . Brother Crawford? Oh, no, we ain't seen him at all . . . Huh?"

He stared at the receiver a moment, then turned to face the bulging eyes of Andy and Brother Crawford. "Dat," he said impressively, "was yo' wife, Brother Crawford. An' Andy, yo' fish is sure fryin'. Madam Queen done had a relapse an' de whole fambly is so mad dey can't see. Madam Queen done got a half dozen cabbages jes' now wid yo' card, Andy. Boy. I didn't think dere was a single thing more you could do, but you done it!"

An awful silence filled the little office. Then Brother Crawford asked:

"Do my wife know I'm heah, Amos?"

"She don't know, but she sho' suspects. Somehow, she seemed in a awful hurry."

Brother Crawford looked out the window and froze in horror at what he saw there.

BOYS," he gulped, "I hate to break de news, but—dere's my wife—she's comin' heah now!"

Amos grabbed for his hat.

"RUN FO' YO' LIVES!"

Andy left his chair like a cat departing from a hot stove.

"Wait a MINUTE!"

"LEMME GIT OUTTA HEAH!"

"Awa—awa!"

There was a great clatter, and then silence. For a brief moment the dusty office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company seemed to settle back and gather its forces together, as if it could look into the future and foresee even more troubled times, and wished to be ready for them.

What terrible revenge will Madam Queen and Brother Crawford's wife take for that insulting bunch of cabbage? Will Amos be able to save Andy from this, the worst mixup he's ever been in? Read the end of this hilarious episode in the careers of Amos 'n' Andy, in which Madam Queen takes her heart-balm suit to court, in the December issue of Radio Mirror.

## The Woman That Stands Between Us

(Continued from page 14)

"Chris," I said at once, "we mustn't do this. We've got to wait. If you marry me, now, it will be a slap in the face for that girl."

He looked as if he couldn't believe his ears. "Of course. That's what it's supposed to be."

"But you mustn't. You and I can't throw the band out of work."

"Oh, they'll be all right. We'll get another sponsor—or go on a road tour." He tried to speak reassuringly, but I saw his face change.

"You know you won't get another sponsor—not very soon," I said quietly.

"I don't care whether we do or not!" he said, suddenly angry. "I'm not going to let that girl ruin our lives. The boys in the band are men—they can get along. But you're the girl I love, and I'm going to marry you!"

T was no use. I had hoped I wouldn't have to hurt him, but now I saw that I must. I avoided his eyes.

"That's not the only reason," I said. "I thought about it a lot, last night, and I—I realized I didn't want to marry you. I'm sorry."

Still not looking at him, I heard him draw a quick, shuddering breath. "You don't mean that!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Chris—I do. I—we both decided we didn't want to get married until we were sure. And I'm not sure, yet. I think it would be a mistake now. Maybe—later—"

"Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I—I think I do. But—right now, marriage scares me. I—" I was running out of excuses, and the ones I made all sounded dreadfully hollow in my own ears. But he believed me.

"If you only think you love me, I guess the answer is that you don't," Chris said tonelessly. "All right. Thanks for trying to let me down easy. It's all off."

He picked up his hat and started for the door. A sudden fear struck me that I might have sacrificed him for nothing. "You're not going to quarrel with Hester Carr, are you?" I asked.

Bitterly, he answered, "Quarrel with Hester? Of course not! I'll probably marry her."

And then he was gone.

I probably deserved the days that followed. For the first time I realized why it was ordained that love without marriage is wrong. Without the hours of ecstasy we had had together, those days without Chris might have seemed less terrible. I don't know. Perhaps it was the other way around—perhaps my memories helped me to bear my loneliness. But I don't think so; I think they only added to my agony whenever I was reminded that Chris was with Hester Carr.

By mutual consent, in a brief telephone conversation, Chris and I decided it would be best for me not to sing with the band any more. It wasn't hard for me to get another job. In the time I'd been on the program I'd made a moderate reputation, and a Broadway agent was soon able to get me into the floor show of an ornate night club that had just opened.

I was glad he placed me so quickly. I wanted to work. I felt as if I had

# ..be smartly smooth!

## FASHION PREVIEWS

Edited by Ruth Stone Stylist for

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to surround myself with new people, new ways of living, new sights and sounds and sensations.

Meanwhile, the gossip columnists were in full cry after their latest romance—the one between Chris and Hester Carr. They were seen here, there, everywhere together. Guesses were beginning to be made about when they'd be married. The pictures of Hester in the papers had all given way to pictures of Hester with Chris—and in all of them she had a proud, defiant air of ownership.

It was inevitable that, late one night, they should come into the night club where I worked. They were with a party, and they entered just as I was singing, making an impolite amount of noise. I didn't mind, though. All I could see was Chris' face—white, reckless, unsmiling except when Hester turned to him and said something. Then his lips would twist briefly, meaninglessly, before they relaxed again into an unhappy downward curve.

I finished my song and ran off the stage, into my dressing room. I didn't want to be near that party at the big table near the dance floor, and in any event I had to make a quick change for my next appearance.

MY dressing room was at the end of a corridor which also passed the entrance to the ladies' powder room, and just as I stepped out to return to the dance floor, I saw Hester going alone, into the powder room.

I don't know why, but I followed her.

At first, when I entered, I didn't know where she had gone. The room seemed empty, except for the maid at the dressing tables. Then I heard Hester's voice, filled with a peculiar sort of urgency, and I realized she was at one of the telephones which were set in niches at the far end of the room.

I walked over to a dressing table, motioning Clara, the maid, to be silent, and pretending to be busy with a powder puff in case Hester saw me.

"Hello, darling," she was saying in a low voice. "I just had to slip away and call you. . . . Oh, dreadful. I'm so horribly bored. I wish I were with you. . . . But you know how Dad is when he sets his mind on something . . . and how he feels about you. . . ."

I was so startled that for a moment I lost track of her conversation. What did she mean? What did her father have to do with Chris? Then I heard her say, softly and tenderly, "But I think I can get away tomorrow night. Dad thinks I'm going to have dinner with Chris. . . . I'll meet you . . . yes, at your apartment . . . eight o'clock. . . ."

I didn't wait to hear any more. I slipped out of the room, down the corridor and out behind the bandshell to the dance floor.

My blood was whirling in my ears; my feet danced with excitement. That had been a man on the other end of the telephone connection—Hester's low, intimate tone had made that plain. And, if she was making an appointment with him, it could mean only one thing: she wasn't in love with Chris, and she didn't even think she was!

Then why did she pretend to be? Why did she insist that he marry her?

Suddenly, bits of gossip I had read joined with Hester's cryptic reference

to her father's wishes, and everything was plain.

"You know how Dad is when he sets his mind on something." That was it, of course. I remembered reading, now, that Chris was the first one of his daughter's masculine friends who had ever pleased old Mr. Carr—that he distrusted all the playboys and cafe society hangers-on she had always preferred until now, and had even forbidden her to go out with most of them. In a flash I divined what Hester was doing. She intended to marry Chris, whom she did not love, merely in order to set herself free from her father's supervision. As a married woman, particularly as the wife of a band leader whose irregular hours and road tours would keep him away from home most of the time, she would be her own mistress, able to come and go as she pleased, to see anyone she liked, to indulge in any wanton, careless affair she wished.

She was wicked—utterly unprincipled and immoral. She was planning to wreck Chris' life for her own pleasure.

Now the orchestra was beginning to play for my song. I went through it mechanically, my brain buzzing with plans that I discarded before they were even half formed.

One thing I must do—see Chris.

As soon as my song was over I hastily scribbled a note, asking Chris to come to my dressing room, gave it to a waiter, and told him to deliver it, if possible, without being seen.

Back in the dressing room I sat twisting my fingers together, hardly daring to hope he would come. And then there was a sound outside the half-open door, and he stood there, looking at me.

I tried not to let my face show the anguish I felt at seeing him. Seen closer, he was even more tired and unhappy looking than I had thought; and his voice, when he spoke, had lost all of its old vitality.

"You're singing fine, Binnie," he said, still standing just inside the door.

I BRUSHED that aside. "Darling," I said, "I just overheard something. Something important to us." And then, quickly, I told him what I had heard Hester say on the telephone, and the conclusions I had drawn from it.

Unbelief was in his face at first, then wonder, and at last anger.

"That's right," he exclaimed when I mentioned the appointment Hester had made. "She told me she was going to some Junior League affair or other. Maybe—maybe that was a girl she was talking to."

"This was no girl," I said positively.

"Do you suppose . . . ?" he said, still unconvinced.

"Of course!" I said. "You know already she'll do anything to get what she wants—stoop to any trick. She's only using you, Chris."

He slapped one clenched fist into the palm of the other hand. "I'm going to ask her! I'll—"

"No, no!" I cried, grasping his arm as he turned to leave the room. "You mustn't. That would be warning her. I've got a better plan."

"What?"  
But I wouldn't tell him. I didn't dare, because in a way it was a dangerous plan, and it might not work. If for any reason I was mistaken—or if Hester had seen me listening while she talked on the tele-

phone—we would be worse off than ever. Because what I intended was to see Henry Carr, Hester's father, himself.

"All I want you to do," I told Chris, "is to be home tomorrow night at a few minutes after eight—home, or somewhere I can reach you by telephone."

Puzzled, he nodded. "I'll be home." Then his hands were on my arms, pulling me toward him. "Oh, Binnie, if it can only be true. . . . Then, maybe, you'll come back to me?"

I smiled tremulously up into his face, that face which held all the world for me. "Of course, Chris. What else could you think? She's the only thing that stands between us."

But the next evening, on my way in a taxicab to Henry Carr's Fifth Avenue home, I wasn't so brave. All day long I had been keyed up and excited, sure that I would win Chris back. I had even been stubborn enough to call Carr's office and get through about three secretaries to Carr himself, and then convince him that I must see him at his home that night.

Now came the reaction. Leaning back against the smelly leather cushions of the taxi, I was sure that I was about to fail—that Hester really would be at the Junior League affair, or at home; that something would go wrong. I almost called to the driver and told him to turn around, until I remembered that Chris was lost to me anyway, and that this desperate gamble was my only hope of winning him back.

**HENRY CARR** kept me waiting in the dimly lighted library for a few minutes, and when he did come to meet me he was obviously impatient. "I have dinner guests," he began, "so will you—"

I didn't even give him time to finish. "Mr. Carr," I asked breathlessly, "where did your daughter tell you she was going tonight?"

"Why," he said, frowning, "she is out with Mr. Brackett. Why did you want to know?"

My heart gave a great thud of triumph. So I'd won!

"Are you sure?" I urged him.

"Quite sure." The frown was deeper now.

"But she isn't!" I said. "She isn't with Chris at all—she lied to you—and to Chris. She told him she was going to some Junior League thing."

"Junior League?" His voice was sharp. "That's nonsense. My daughter does not belong to the Junior League."

"I don't ask you to believe me. Call up Chris—he's at his apartment—and see if she's with him."

Dubiously he reached for the telephone, dialed a number. For what seemed an eternity, he sat there, his face expressionless. Then he spoke.

"Chris? This is Henry Carr. . . . May I speak to Hester? . . . But didn't she have a dinner engagement with you tonight? . . . I see. [—]" He swallowed hard. "Thank you, Chris. Good bye."

He hung up and swung around upon me. "She's not there—but I can't believe . . . If you're trying to trick me—you and Chris!"

And then he was dialing another number, furiously this time, his face set in hard lines.

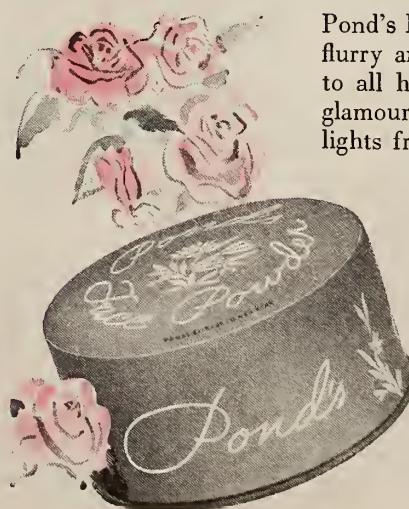
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Hester Carr. . . Don't lie to me! If she's there, I want to speak to her." His voice took on the terrible authority of a man who is used to commanding. "And if she is there, I'll find out later. You might as well call her to the telephone."

There was a long pause. His proud old face had suddenly sagged; it was full of lines and wrinkles now, and the flesh seemed soft.

He said: "Hester? Will you please come home? At once! . . . You will either come home now, or not at all."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Carr," I said. "I'm sorry I had to hurt you like this. But you see, Chris and I love each other. Hester forced him into agreeing to marry her by threatening to get you to fire the band from the program, and I made Chris give in to her rather

than see his men put out of work."

"Yes, of course," he said abstractedly. "Well . . . I can promise you Hester won't stand in your way any longer." He heaved himself out of his chair. "I'd hoped—but of course I see now it would never have worked. Now, if you'll excuse me. . . ."

He walked out of the room, his head bowed.

For a moment I stood looking after him, pity in my heart. He was a proud, unhappy man—how it must hurt him to find his daughter with a man he despised!

Then, gradually, I began feeling lighter. A thrill of happiness ran through me. I rushed out of the room, down the hall to the ornately leaded glass door, out and to the sidewalk.

I must hurry, hurry, hurry! In his apartment, Chris was waiting for me!

## Has Artie Shaw Gone High-Hat?

(Continued from page 27)

he's "high-hat," which seems to lump them all together. But whether or not that's true depends on the way you look at things.

Artie's on a spot. He's a success in the wrong profession—and that's the reason he's unhappy and out of place today. I want to tell you what kind of a fellow he is, and then maybe you can understand him better.

In the first place, I've never known another orchestra leader as intelligent as Artie Shaw. He's read a great deal and he can discuss with imagination and clarity everything he's read. He can write, and write well. He loves fine things, books, painting, good music. He has a warm, human approach toward all the creative things that have touched him in the hard, bitter life he has lived. Which is saying a great deal, because most people, forced to struggle like Artie struggled for his learning, would have lost this warm, human feeling.

sort of man who is good at making small talk. As a result, he was soon refusing to greet people at all—or else he was just plain unfriendly toward them.

He was similarly tactless towards newspaper people, too. I remember the time a certain newspaper girl came to see Shaw all the way from Pittsburgh. Artie was sick and over worked. Instead of explaining this, which would have been an easy way out, Artie was bored and restless during the interview, and the girl went away angry. I took him to task about it at the time.

"You ought to have been nicer to her," I told him.

"I know it," he said miserably. "I know it, but I feel so lousy and fed up, it doesn't seem to matter. I feel terrible." And after that he wouldn't say anything more—just sat there, sulkily, wearily.

So the high-hat talk started.

Matters weren't helped any by the way Artie often treated his musicians in public. If they played anything he didn't like, he'd light into them right on the stand, yelling and screaming at them. It was just nerves, of course—but the word got out that Artie was not only high-hat but a slave driver as well.

I knew, and his friends knew, but his critics didn't, that Artie never asked his men to do anything he wouldn't do himself. He worked them very hard, drove them, in fact, but not one of them ever kicked because they all liked and understood Artie so well. They still like him and understand him and respect him.

ON the radio program he got along with Benchley fine, but he didn't hit it off with those who put the show together. When they'd try to get him on the telephone he'd never be there. His manager, Ben Cole, would have to attend to all the details. When they'd want a number cut, Artie would say crisply, "I can't cut."

For twenty weeks he never bothered to make a new arrangement of a piece of music, which is suicide in radio. He got away with it just on the sheer brilliance of his own playing and his repetitions of the numbers which made him famous—"Back Bay Shuffle," "Non-Stop Flight," "Chant," and "Comin' On"—all numbers he had written himself.

In Hollywood, he got himself a big car and a chauffeur with a clarinet embroidered on his lapel for an insignia. He rented a tremendous house with a huge swimming pool. His musicians followed suit, and rented themselves similar mansions—so Artie went them one better. He moved out of the huge house he had rented and bought an even bigger one. Then he bought up lots on either side of the house so that he wouldn't have to be bothered by neighbors.

Artie did everything he had probably wanted to do when he went to Hollywood the first time. Then, he was a poor, nineteen-year-old kid who saw himself surrounded by glitter and glamour that he couldn't mimic for himself. Now, that dream was coming true, and Artie made Hollywood sit up and take notice.

It's hard to sympathize with him, I'll admit, if you don't know him. But the fact remains that Artie Shaw, for all his fame and money, is a bitterly unhappy guy. He called the shot on himself a long time before he went to Hollywood. "I'll never be happy with show and money and all that stuff," he had said. "What I ought to do is make my pile and get out."

Well, you may wonder, why not?

What Artie was forgetting about himself when he said that is that fame itself is almost as necessary to him as money. Necessary, but unsatisfying. It's unsatisfying because Artie is basically modest and fearful of the spotlight. It's necessary because there is something in him, driving him on, simply to prove to himself that he is capable of reaching the top.

AND because he's stuck, he does the things he does—unhappily, bitterly. Actually, it was Benny Goodman who summed up what would happen to Artie, summed it up in that easy-going way of his.

It was about eight months ago, just after Shaw was proclaimed King of Swing. He went to visit Benny in the latter's dressing room in the Paramount Theater. Goodman grinned at Artie when he came through the door.

"Hello," Benny said. "I hear you're the new King of Swing."

Artie shook hands with Benny and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," Benny smiled, "I guess it's okay with me. You know, as they say, 'as long as you're healthy.'"

You know how healthy Artie Shaw was in Hollywood. The pace of the show, the success, the hullabaloo, was too much for him. But he pulled through.

I haven't seen Artie for several months—not since before he went to Hollywood. I don't know—perhaps they're right, and he has gone high-hat. But it's my private bet that now he's had his fling at success—the success he craved so much—he'll be an altogether changed guy.

There's another reason I'm hoping for a change. I don't know—it's only a rumor coming out of Hollywood, but they're saying out there that after Betty Grable gets her divorce from Jackie Coogan, she and Artie will be married. If it's true, and if Artie Shaw is headed for happiness in his private life, his public life is likely to be a great deal smoother too. There's nobody I'd rather see happy than Artie, because real happiness would give him the chance to show the world what a grand guy he really is.

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TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG

## Expert on Happiness

(Continued from page 40)

weeks a year, well up among the Hollywood income figures for writers, too. And all because she went with a party of friends, one hot day in the summer of 1929, to visit a Chicago radio station.

Irna was born and grew up in Chicago. She was the youngest of ten children whose father was a North Side grocer. Hers wasn't a very happy childhood. Her father died when she was seven, and for the first eight years of her own life she was sickly and under a doctor's care most of the time. She hated school; it bored her. And from somewhere or other she had picked up the impression that nobody liked her. Naturally, she lived not in the real world around her, but in a world of her own, peopled with knights and ladies and queens and kings and magicians. The one class that interested her in school was English, and she wrote her first stories then.

BUT she never had any real faith in her ability to write—not even when she left high school and went to college. College was even more difficult for her than high school had been. She lived at home and commuted to Northwestern University, where she failed completely to enter into the usual gay, social undergraduate life. She felt bitterly lonely and neglected. All around her girls were joining sororities, going out with boys, chattering together about the

tremendous trivialities of campus society. Somehow, she was an outsider.

AFTER one year at Northwestern she handed her family an ultimatum. Either she was going away to college—or she wouldn't go to college at all. Obscurely, she felt that a change of scene would help her to throw off her burden of shyness. The strange thing is that she was right. Her family reluctantly permitted her to go to the University of Illinois at Champagne, and there she blossomed out—joined a sorority, studied dramatics and speech, gained self-confidence, eventually was elected president of her sorority chapter and decided to be a teacher of speech.

A teacher she became, and a teacher she might be to this day, if she hadn't visited the radio station and, further, if she hadn't had an argument with a boy friend.

It was after two years of teaching that Irna, spending her summer vacation in Chicago, made the memorable trip to the radio studio. She only went because she liked one of its stars, Pat Barnes, and thought she might be lucky enough to meet him. But, getting off the elevator, she was separated from her party and shunted into a room where they were holding auditions. Amused, Irna sat by and watched until someone thrust a script into her hand and ordered her to read it into a microphone. She obeyed—

and she must have done very well indeed, because a week later the station called up and offered her a job on the air.

There were no daily serials back in 1929, but the brief dramatic sketches and poetry-readings that filled in between musical shows offered employment for a few well-trained talkers. Throughout the summer Irna worked now and then on the air, without ever thinking of making that work a career. It was just a way to pass the time until she could get back to Dayton, Ohio, where she was teaching.

But there was a boy in Dayton—a boy of whom Irna was perhaps fonder than she'd admit. That fall, after her return from Chicago, they quarreled—and at Christmas Irna quit her teaching job and went back to Chicago and radio.

EVEN then, she wasn't a writer. All she did was read things other people had written, over the air. Until a few days before Memorial Day. Then the manager of the station asked her to turn out something suitable to the occasion. They didn't take themselves very seriously, back in those early days of radio—if a script was needed, the handiest person around the studio was quite likely to be asked to write it.

Irna, after protesting that she knew nothing about writing and still less about writing for the air, gave in and did the best she could—which was

so extremely good that the station manager told her she'd better give up acting and concentrate on writing.

Between them, they concocted the idea of a serial: one not like Amos 'n' Andy, who were on the air even then, but a more serious and realistic sort of story—the day-by-day adventures of an ordinary American family. The family angle must have been Irna's—from her own family of ten brothers and sisters she had more than enough ready-made material.

Still shaking her head dubiously over her ability to write an acceptable series of scripts, Irna hired herself a secretary and began dictating. She's been dictating ever since, without a break.

Out of that first serial grew Today's Children, which Irna, collaborating with Walter Wicker, started on another Chicago station in 1932 and soon was able to build into such a success that it went coast-to-coast, with a sponsor.

TODAY Irna Phillips is a poised, quiet-voiced woman of thirty-seven, with large, expressive eyes and a wide mouth with humorously up-curved corners. There are still traces of the shyness that made her girlhood so unhappy; she doesn't particularly enjoy meeting new people. But once you have her for a friend, you'll keep her. The people who work in her serials adore her.

She's very much of an idealist. The inspiration that is contained in every one of her stories is intensely real. She herself believes, with Dr. Ruthledge of The Guiding Light, that ministers should show their congregations how to live, not merely tell them.



With Karen Adams and Dr. Brent, she thinks that it is a doctor's or nurse's duty to cure the souls of their patients as well as their bodies. The Americanism that is preached in The Guiding Light is Irna Phillips' own Americanism. If you listen regularly to her programs you will find in them almost every day a new guidepost to your own happiness, and many things that you will be the better for thinking about.

"There are only a few things I absolutely never do in my stories," she says. "One is never to tear down or hold up to ridicule any institution that people can find comfort in—the law, medicine, government, the church. I never let a character commit perjury, because that argues contempt for the law. I like to take many of my characters from the poor and middle classes, because they seem more real and human to me. These are about all the rules I have for writing."

All of her characters are as real and human to her as they are to the listeners. Once somebody asked her who played the role of Carol Martin in Road of Life. "Carol Woods," she answered promptly. She was wrong. The name is Leslie Woods—but Irna identifies her actors and actresses with the roles they play to such an extent that she always calls them by the characters' first names, not their own. She likes her actors to look like the people she has created in her mind. If the actor looks like the part, she is sure he'll sound like it too.

She lives and works in Chicago, keeping strictly regular business hours in her office. She isn't married, and as far as her friends know has

never even been in love since that first disastrous experience. Every now and then she and Gertrude pack up and go to New York for a delirious week of theater-going, working in the morning and then feasting on matinee and evening performances. She loves the theater so much she might move to New York, except that Gertrude is married to a man whose business keeps him in Chicago, and she can't do without Gertrude.

SHE doesn't have any fixed schedule of working on the three programs. If she is especially interested in a certain plot-sequence on one of them, she'll work on it exclusively, turning out two or three weeks' scripts in a few days before switching to one of the other shows. Scripts are supposed to be finished three weeks before they're broadcast, but she doesn't pay much attention to this rule. Sponsors and broadcasting officials know she can be trusted to have the scripts there on time, so they don't worry. She never rewrites a script or even looks at it after Gertrude has typed it. Sometimes, if Irna is pressed for time, Gertrude takes down the dictated dialogue direct on the typewriter, without bothering to put it into shorthand first.

She probably writes more words than any other author now living, and thrives on it. The average novel runs to 90,000 words—the number of words Irna writes in a year would fill twenty-two such books.

Sometimes she must smile at the young woman who said to the program manager of WGN, nearly ten years ago: "But I can't write! I don't know anything about it!"

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(Continued from page 18)

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separated their eyes were searching for each other always. After dinner in the evening they would stand endlessly by the rail, saying little, just being together. And that was how it was the last night out, with words coming but rarely.

"Well," Michel said at last, "I guess if we have something on our minds we'd better tell it now. You know, Terry, I've never— In all my life I've never worked."

"I guess," and you could almost hear Terry's heart hammering under her casual words, "we've both been more or less used to a life of pink champagne. And it might be a little difficult to change."

"Just because I haven't worked," he said, "doesn't mean I couldn't. But it might take me six months—to know—"

"What are you trying to say?" she asked him. "Say it, Michel, please. Say it so I'll be very sure . . ."

His voice was pitched very low. "I'm trying to say that it would take me six months to find out if I'm worthy to say what is in my heart."

She never had thought to see him like this, his spirit all vulnerable and exposed. She tried to bring their gaiety back again, but there was a catch in her voice when she said: "Marriage is a very serious thing for a girl like me. Do you like children, Michel?"

"In six months we could meet—" he told her.

Terry counted on trembling fingers. "July first. At five o'clock, Michel! On top of the Empire State Building, the one hundred and second floor. It's the very nearest thing to heaven we have in New York."

"Darling," said Michel. "Darling . . ."

**C**URIOS how people will go all their lives believing certain things are indispensable to their happiness—and then realize they don't want those things at all. Michel wasn't in the least concerned about giving up the imported car, the string of ponies, the velvet-lined position in the Clarke industrial monarchy—all the things that would have gone with his marriage to Lois. He was sorry, only, at the thought that he must hurt Lois—and immensely relieved when he discovered the equanimity with which she accepted the breaking of their engagement.

With Terry, it was the same. Without a qualm she resigned her position as buyer for Kenneth Bradley—it put her too greatly in his debt—and found, instead, a job on her own, singing in a supper club.

It was part of their pact that neither of them would hear from the other until the six months were up, so she didn't know that Michel was in a cheap little studio with a north light, painting—except when he was on a scaffold, doing another and very different kind of painting in order to earn enough money to buy oils and brushes and food. Painting a big sign for beer or sausages wasn't exactly getting ahead in the art world—but it paid the bills. And meanwhile Courbet, the art dealer, was sure he could sell some of Michel's canvases—eventually.

So it was March, and April, and May—and June. And July the first,

at a quarter to five in the afternoon. "Thirty-fourth and Fifth," Terry told the taxi driver. "And hurry!" For six months she had been waiting for this day and hour, and now she was late because there had been so many last-minute things to do. When a red light halted the cab on the wrong side of Thirty-fourth Street, she couldn't wait. She had to jump out, hurriedly pay the driver, run across the street.

She couldn't look where she was going because she was looking up at the one hundred and second floor, where the tower rose to point to heaven. The driver of the oncoming truck saw her and pressed hard on his brakes, but there wasn't time for them to take hold.

The whine of the ambulance siren came dimly to Michel where he waited on the one hundred and second floor of the building. To him, it was no more than part of the city's jumbled symphony.

THEN the siren wailed away, and the minutes ticked by.

"What time is it?" Michel asked the elevator operator when, for the tenth time, a car came up and Terry wasn't on it.

"Ten past five," said the operator. "Going down?"

Michel shook his head.

With the dusk rain came down, slanting and silvery. Still Michel waited. He turned up his coat collar and he pulled down his hat. But of course he shouldn't have been so sure she'd come . . . a life of pink champagne . . . foolish to expect her to give it up.

The steeple clocks in the city below tolled the hours. Eight. Nine. Ten. Eleven. Midnight.

Midnight. Time for the fairy-tale to end.

Was this heartbreak—this feeling of numbness all over? This inability to think except in pictures—pictures of Terry's face at Madeira, on the deck of the *Napoli*, across the table from him in the dining salon.

As the last notes of the clock died away he moved, feeling old and tired. The elevator doors clanged open. "Going down?" asked the operator.

"Yes," said Michel, "I am."

Only a mile away the doctors were wondering if Terry would ever walk again.

A month later they were still wondering. They rather believed she would not. And until they could tell her, definitely, that she would, Terry refused to let Michel know where she was. Far better to let him think what he must be thinking, than to bring a burden of duty into his life.

Beyond the wall at the end of the hospital garden, where Terry sat in her wheel-chair, stood the Lincoln Heights Orphanage. The wall was high, but not nearly high enough to keep the boys and girls on their own side when they heard Terry's ukulele. "Wishing, will make it true," she sang—because once Michel had said almost that very same thing. If you wished long enough, and strong enough . . .

The children stood in a half-circle about her and sang with her. And perhaps it wasn't so very strange that the supervisor of the orphanage, who wasn't a bad sort of person even if

the children did call him "Picklepuss", should notice the way the youngsters took to her, and eventually offer her a job.

It was late in August when she got out of the hospital and went to work in the orphanage—just about the time Michel sailed for Madeira. When he received the cablegram telling him of his grandmother's death he planned to stay on the island only long enough to put the house on the market for whatever it would fetch above the mortgage. But when he reached there his plans changed; he decided to keep the house and stay on and paint. It was lonely without his grandmother. But it wasn't nearly as lonely as New York, where the Empire State Building was an ever-present reminder of a girl who had preferred luxury to love.

His grandmother must have known her remaining days were few, for he found a package, neatly wrapped and addressed to Terry. In it was the cobwebby lace shawl. The old lady hadn't forgotten her promise to send it to Terry—some day.

When Michel at last returned to New York it was December, late December with Christmas and snowflakes in the air. Old Courbet, the art dealer, was pleased with the pictures Michel brought back. He had worried about Michel more than he had let him know. For a time he had thought Michel might never come back. And immediately he met him at the pier he had searched his eyes. They were, he decided, a little better. At least, now, they brightened sometimes.

"I can read your state of mind when you painted these," Courbet said,

looking at the canvases. "You were very sorry for yourself when you did this. But here—ah, here you were angry. Getting over your broken heart, I expect."

"Broken heart!" Michel scoffed. "That is not for me!"

"Ah, good," the dealer approved. Slyly he returned to a subject they had argued bitterly before Michel's departure. "Perhaps, now, you would be willing to sell that picture of the girl in the shawl you painted last June?"

"No," Michel shook his head, but not angrily. "I will not sell it."

"I have a customer who wants that picture. With all her heart she wants it. Of course she cannot pay our price. She is poor and besides she cannot walk. But, since you say you never want to see it again . . ."

Michel shrugged. "I will not sell it, Courbet. But if this girl likes it—well, why not give it to her?"

Christmas Eve came, and Lois Clarke surprised Michel by inviting him to dinner and the theater, as a token of her willingness to let bygones be bygones. He begged off the dinner, but promised to join her at the theater.

He entered the theater after the performance had started, found his way to his seat beside Lois. He tried, all evening, to measure up to her friendly interest, but he failed miserably.

The final curtain fell. He and Lois started up the aisle together. And then he saw Terry.

She was sitting in an aisle seat, with Kenneth Bradley. She looked almost as she had looked the first time he had seen her through the

Napoli porthole.

Their eyes met. "Hello," said Terry. She sat very still.

Michel bowed and then, quickly, he turned to Lois. But he had no heart for the supper club Lois wanted him to go to after the theater. He said good night to her at the door to her car, and wandered down town.

He knew now that he had hoped all along there might be some other explanation. But the sight of Terry with Kenneth Bradley at the theater told its own story in letters he could not help but read. She really had preferred—pink champagne. The lure of money, of luxury, had been too much for her. Selfishness had been all that prevented her from meeting him that day.

He was unbelievably lonely.

BACK in the theater Terry had continued to sit very still, for a long time, before she asked Kenneth, in a small voice, to get the usher with the wheel-chair. In the taxi he protested belligerently: "Well, if you ask me, you ought to tell him how things are. Why don't you tell him, Terry? You're getting better. Even the doctor thinks so."

"If he should know," Terry said, "and insist he had strength enough for both of us, I just can't see myself going down the aisle a piggy-back bride, wagging my veil behind me."

Thus she silenced him. It was enough that her heart seemed to be breaking in little pieces all over again. She would not wear it on her sleeve.

There were two of them lonely that night, and on the Christmas Day that followed. For her part, Terry paid for the strain of the theater. The

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doctor forbade her to go with the orphans to the benefit performance where they were to make their first public appearance, singing the songs she had taught them; and she had to send them away alone, after one last rehearsal beside her bed.

SHE had counted on that performance to help her get through the day. A year ago, she and Michel had been together, on the ship . . . No, mustn't think about that, mustn't think about his eyes at the theater last night, or the quick way he had bowed and then turned to the girl beside him. Mustn't think about anything.

Her landlady helped her to a sofa in the living room, surrounded her with fruit, books, writing materials, a radio, all within easy reach.

The doorbell rang.

"Come in," she called.

It was Michel. "How are you, Terry?" he asked. And she knew she wasn't dreaming.

"I'm fine," she said.

"You're wondering how I got here, I'll bet," he said. "Well, I was looking in the telephone book for a man named McBride and I saw the name Terry McKay. So I said to myself, 'Could that be my old friend?' And then I said to myself, 'I haven't been very nice to Miss McKay. After all, I had an appointment with her one day, and I didn't keep it.' I've often wondered, you know, if you were angry with me because I didn't get there. You must have been, just at first . . ."

"Not true! Not true!" she wanted to cry. "You were there. You must have been!" For if he hadn't—if he had thrown away their pact, lightly—ah, then nothing was any use.

Instead, she heard herself saying, "I was furious at first. I said to myself, 'He can't do this to me.' You can imagine—standing up there . . ."

There was a little silence. Then Terry said, and there was wistfulness in her voice, "I wasn't too angry, Michel. You see, I remembered we had said we'd make it if we could. And so—well, if one of us didn't show up there must have been a darn good reason . . ."

"What, for instance?" he was quick to ask. And she knew from his changed tone that he had been there, that now he almost hated her for what she had done to him. She gripped the edge of the robe over her, as if by holding tight to it she could also hold tight to her resolution that hatred was better than pity.

"I come here to wring your beautiful neck," he blurted at her, "because you weren't there that day. And what do I do? I only rejoice. Because you aren't wearing a wedding ring. Last night at the theater I thought . . ."

"Oh no," said Terry, "he—"

But she couldn't finish. It might give Michel too much of a clue. She must keep him thinking she was shallow, light of promise.

He picked up a package he had laid on a chair with his hat and coat. "This isn't really a Christmas present," he said. "My grandmother wanted you to have it."

Terry knew intuitively what it was. And then she opened it and put the shawl about her shoulders.

"I painted you like that," he told her. "From memory, last spring. So I don't imagine it was any good. I didn't think then I would ever part with it . . ." He was talking rapidly,

covering up his emotions with words. And she could only sit there, listening, not trusting herself to speak at all, lest she speak the truth.

BUT then there seemed no reason for keeping it," he went on. "A customer of Courbet's wanted it. He told me about her, and—well, I said to myself, 'Why not give it to her?' She was poor, Courbet said, and not only that, she could not walk. . . ."

He stopped short. His widened eyes were upon the robe spread over Terry's knees. He stood up, turned to look at all the walls of the room. Then, he ran into her bedroom.

On the wall there he found his "Lady with the Shawl."

"Terry! Terry! Terry!" He was on his knees beside her. "Why didn't you tell me? And if anything had to happen to either of us, why did it have to be *you*?"

"It was nobody's fault but my own," she said. "I was looking up at the one hundred and second floor. You see, it was the nearest thing to heaven, because you were there . . ."

She stopped, fought against the lump in her throat. "But it's all right. It's all right now, Michel. If you can paint I can walk. I'm sure of it."

He took her in his arms, and now all the loneliness was gone.

"Merry Christmas, darling," he whispered. "Merry, Merry Christmas."

Terry, her face close against his, was silent. What was there more to say? Besides, she was crying.

Charles Boyer returns to the air in a new series on Wednesday, October 4, to be heard every week at 8:00 on NBC's Blue network, sponsored by Woodbury's.

# WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

**MELODIC STRINGS** . . . there is a magic name in Canadian radio. Melodic Strings (once known as Symphonic Strings) was one of the first programs aired by nationalized radio. It was first broadcast June, 1933, and has been going strong ever since. The show, with its twenty-five musicians, and its dynamic conductor, Alexander Chuhaldin, has been heard on every major American network during one season or another as a CBC international exchange feature. This summer it filled the CBC spot left vacant by Jack Benny's vacation, but it will be moved to its former location between Benny and Charlie McCarthy, 7:30-8:00 p.m., EST, with the change from summer time. Competent musical critics have labelled Melodic Strings the finest musical sustaining feature on the North American continent, apart from the symphonies.

**ALEXANDER CHUHALDIN** . . . the success-story of Melodic Strings is an obbligato played by Alexander Chuhaldin, great and temperamental maestro, known affectionately to his devoted musicians as "Choo-Choo". The show was his brain-child; he has nurtured it throughout the years with specially-arranged, exciting, stimulating music of the masters. You see, Chuhaldin had the practically novel idea that the classicists were pretty radical gents in their own day, and



■ Alexander Chuhaldin,  
Melodic Strings' maestro.

that they wrote music that was worth listening to because it was enjoyable music. He also had a funny notion that good music was being written today, and that a conductor might even increase his stature by giving the listening public something new. An example of this was his world premiere of "The Young Apollo" broadcast on his August 27th program. This work was written especially for Chuhaldin by the brilliant young English composer, Benjamin Britten. Critics have hailed it triumphantly as a work of great importance.

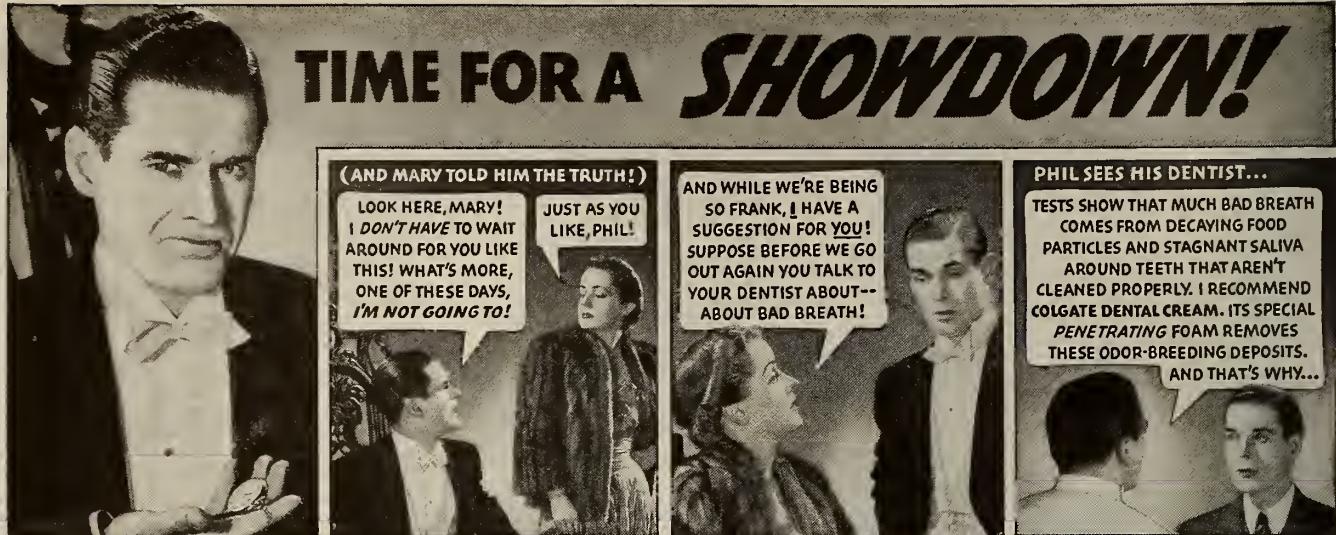
Alex Chuhaldin is a product of all that was best in Czarist Russia. His father was a violinist-conductor. At

the age of ten, in a little town on the Black Sea, Alex wrote music. At eleven he was writing arrangements for a seventy-five piece orchestra. At sixteen he was the proud author of over a hundred waltzes and as many more marches. At eighteen he had been selected for a scholarship at the Imperial Conservatory at Moscow. At twenty he was a concert-master. After serving his military term, he competed for that Czarist prize of all musical prizes, a chair in the Imperial Grand Opera Orchestra. He fainted when, in the name of His Imperial Majesty, he was chosen a successful contestant. At twenty-seven he was concert-master of the Imperial Grand Opera. Gassed six times in the World War, he returned to Revolutionary Russia a captain.

In 1924 he began a world concert tour. In Australia his very charming accompanist became Madame Chuhaldin. Today Madame Chuhaldin still fills his musical life, as well as his domestic scene; she plays the piano in Melodic Strings, the only woman member of the organization.

If you have been so unfortunate as not to have heard Melodic Strings, as yet, tune to CBC Sunday nights at 7:30 p.m., EST. You'll enjoy a half-hour of musical sophistication, as painted for your ears by the wizardry of Chuhaldin's baton.

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## Backstage Wife

(Continued from page 39)

of the dramatic company, until the opening. Long since, she had ceased to be his wife—after tonight she would no longer be his partner.

Alone in the office of the new Broadway theater, she lay her face upon her outspread hands for a brief minute of weary rest. Thank Heaven, nothing remained to be done. Everything was in readiness for the opening.

IT was Gerald O'Brien, his honest Irish voice quick with excitement. He had, it seemed, accomplished the impossible. Through his interest in Sandra, and hers in him, he had persuaded Ken Paige to turn over all profits from the block of tenements in Medley Square to the tenants, to spend as they pleased.

"Lord knows it isn't much," he admitted. "One enlightened millionaire like Paige can't do a great deal. "I think it's a very great deal you've done," Mary assured him. "I'm proud of you—and of Sandra and Ken."

"Well, but I need your help," he went on to explain. "Ken is all set on having the tenants work out their own improvements, decide for themselves how they want the money spent. He's made me call a meeting for tonight in the old theater, where he can talk to all the tenants himself. But, Mary, the way those tenants feel about him right now—still remembering the fire, and all!—that's just plain suicide. They'll tear him to bits, because they don't believe he's on the level, and I

can't convince them he is. So I was thinking, would you come down and sort of introduce him? Everybody in the neighborhood knows you, and likes you. Maybe between the two of us we could get them in a mood to listen to him."

"Why, of course—" Mary began. Then she remembered. "Oh, but not tonight. Tonight's our opening. Couldn't you put it off until tomorrow?"

"Not on your life. After I've sent the news out it will be tonight? They'd think Paige was yellow sure, and never would believe him."

Mary thought fast. She had never missed one of Larry's openings. But everything was ready. The only thing she could do after the curtain went up was to sit in Larry's dressing room, as she had always done before—just to be there, because he wanted her there. But would he want her there tonight? She knew she couldn't go through the ordeal of sitting there, waiting—perhaps in Catherine's company.

"All right," she said to Gerald. "I'll be there. At eight-thirty."

She looked up from the telephone to see Catherine standing in the doorway, chic, smiling. "I didn't mean to eavesdrop on your date-making, Mary," she said with silky significance. Mary felt the hot blood rise in her cheeks, bit her lips to keep the hasty words of explanation back. But Larry was following Catherine into

the office, and in a voice that struggled to retain pride and dignity, Mary said:

"That was Gerald O'Brien. There's to be a meeting tonight of all the tenants in Medley Square. I've promised to be there and talk to them. They're in a bad mood, too violent to listen to Ken Paige."

"And we mustn't let anything happen to him." Catherine's tone gave such brazen meaning to her words that Mary looked quickly at Larry.

And, incredibly, the words affected Larry as Catherine intended them to. His eyes accused Mary as he asked, "So the safety of Paige is more important than the play?"

"Larry, that's not fair!" Mary cried out. "You know how much I want the play to succeed—"

OF course he does," Catherine interrupted with her maddening tone of placation. "He's just being silly and temperamental." Somehow, she managed to imply that she understood Larry and Mary did not. "Run along, Mary. We'll be all right."

Her eyes stayed on Larry's sombre face. But he did not look up, and there was nothing to do but leave the office, leave the theater. Leave, she thought, a piece of her heart there, where no one wanted it.

It would have been a hard evening without the sick faintness which assailed Mary whenever she let her vagrant thoughts slip back to the theater uptown where Larry was going

through his opening night with Catherine waiting in the wings, waiting in his dressing room to flatter him before and after every entrance and exit.

Listening to the ominous rising sound of the tenants crowding into the little theater, Mary wondered if this was what the doctor had meant when he had warned her to "avoid nerve strain" if she wanted a healthy child. You couldn't call this a quiet evening. The tenants out there were in a mood for expressing their long-felt bitterness. They might do anything tonight. Yet consciousness of danger came to her very dimly. She wanted to laugh when Ken Paige slipped through the dusty old discarded scenery to her side and put a hand under her elbow. "You're not well," he told her, studying her. "You shouldn't have come."

SHE smiled. He was so sweet, so kind. "I'm all right, Ken," she said.

Gerald O'Brien had started for the stage. There were shouts, increasing to a roar of voices, then sounds of thuds, soft objects landing on the stage. "They're throwing things," Mary told Ken, troubled. "If only they don't hurt him—"

But they could hear his voice now, scraps of sentences coming between the interruptions of the audience, words about fair play, and giving a guy a chance to show he's on the square. When O'Brien finally gave his personal guarantee that the tenants themselves would have a chance to vote on the spending of every cent of profit from the rental they paid for their flats, the noise had died down to a low considering buzz of comment. Then he was reminding them of Mary,

her persistent friendship over the last year, and he was asking them to greet her and listen to what she thought.

She walked out on the stage then, and raised her hand to still the crackle of applause. "I congratulate you," she said. "Some of you have had a terrible experience, but it brought conditions to the attention of people who can do something about it. I want to tell you that I think you are in luck that your landlord is Kenneth Paige. I think Ken Paige is honest." They were quieter. "I think he'll do what he tells you he'll do."

She heard then the thrilling sound of real applause, warm, noisy, friendly. She saw Ken coming steadily to join her in the center of the stage, saw him turn, heard him thank her.

No vegetables had landed on the stage. A few hands began to clap a little. But the suspense had done something to her. The footlights began suddenly to dazzle her, and the sea of faces became a blur. She felt deathly faint. She turned and walked swiftly to the wings, stumbled through the dimness to Larry's old dressing room.

Long minutes later, lying on the couch there, she heard the thunderous ovation that marked the end of Ken's speech. She made herself rise and go to the wings to meet him as he came from the stage.

"Ken, you did it!" She found room in her heart for real joy.

"Oh, Ken, I don't know when I've been so happy!" That was Sandra, with tears standing in her great gray-blue eyes. Ken smiled at her as if he did not notice that her hand was resting on Gerald O'Brien's arm as if it belonged there. "Boy, you wowed 'em!" Gerry grinned. "Why don't you

two come along with us and see the schemes Sandra and I've cooked up for turning some of the rat holes into model flats?"

He was so eager, Sandra so lovely in her excitement, and Ken's eyes so gentle on her, waiting, that Mary nodded. She wanted this evening to be over, but she could not refuse.

It seemed to Mary that they had walked miles up and down stifling evil dark stairways before at last Sandra and Gerald had heard enough approval of their alterations and turned to leave the demonstration furnished flat. Now she would find out whether the play had been a success. She stumbled forward, caught in a wave of sick dizziness, reached out her hand to find Ken's strong, supporting arm. For a moment, exhausted, she rested against his strength, there in the dark, plaster-smelling tenement bedroom.

T was then that it happened. There was a sound on the fire escape outside the window, a sudden blinding flash, a click.

Instinctively, even in that split second, Mary knew. That click had been the sound of a camera shutter, and now, on a sensitized plate of gelatine, was the evidence Catherine Monroe had wanted—a picture of her in Ken Paige's arms. Intuition told her with terrible certainty that Catherine had sent that photographer.

Mary had not counted on Ken's swift action, though. In one leap he was out on the fire escape. There were sounds of a scuffle, panting breath—and then he came back in, dragging the dazed, struggling photographer with him.

"Don't scold him," Mary quickly



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interrupted Ken's thunder of angry questions. "Just ask him who he works for."

It took some persuasion, but at last the man admitted that Wally West, the gossip columnist, was his boss.

"Now," Mary said softly, almost afraid to phrase the crucial question, "please tell us how he happened to bring you down here tonight. Where did he get his lead?"

The photographer's eyes slid sideways, away from Mary's. "I don't know," he mumbled. But Mary's quick ear caught the untruth in his voice.

"You do know!" she said quickly. "Who was it? Tell me!"

Ken took his cue from her. "If you're afraid you'll lose your job if you tell," he said, "you can be sure you will if you don't. We'll keep you here until your picture is so stale no one will look at it."

"All right," the man said surly. "He got the tip from a Washington babe named Monroe. She's been feeding him a lot of stuff lately."

KEN swore, slowly, under his breath. Then he said. "My suggestion is that we take him right up to the theater and drop him into the lady's lap."

All the way uptown in the cab, Mary's heart was leaping with joyous relief. Now, at last, Catherine must be shown to Larry without her veil of glamour, shown as the tricking, conniving creature that she really was.

Times Square's theaters were just letting out their crowds to jam Broadway. By now the fate of the play was decided. The car inched forward so slowly Mary felt like screaming. Was the play a success—or a failure?

In the alley, before they even reached the stage door, she learned overwhelmingly that it was a success. A press of people were waiting to see Larry come out, to try to get past the doorman and go in to congratulate the actors. Some had succeeded and the corridors inside were full of expensively-dressed, excited people.

But Larry's face, when they pushed open the door of his dressing room, reflected none of the joy in the tumultuous backstage. He was alone, and he looked up at Mary and Ken with a black frown.

"Congratulations, Larry," Mary said. "You've made your come-back. I'm glad."

"Thanks," he said shortly. Ken added his own conventional words, but Larry did not answer, did not even turn his head from the mirror. There was a long silence.

Mary felt a nightmarish inability to speak against this dead weight of indifference. She forced her lips open. "We've—we've come to tell you something."

His frown deepened. Mary saw his hand pause in its steady rubbing of cold cream over the lean line of his jaw. "Yes?" he said tentatively.

"A photographer has been following Ken and me," she said. "He took our picture in one of the empty flats on Medley Square."

"Why not?" Larry asked without turning. "You two make news, these days—"

"But Larry, you don't understand!" "He's Wally West's photographer. We've got him here, outside. He's told us who's been tipping West off, feeding him items about us. It's Catherine!"

Then Catherine herself was standing in the doorway, regal and lovely in her long white evening dress. "A

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charming bit of make-believe." Her voice was cold and arrogant. "Fortunately Larry knows that Wally West doesn't need me or anyone else to 'feed' him what anyone can see is true."

"We'll see about that," Ken murmured. He stepped out into the corridor, and returned in a moment with not only the photographer but a lean, cynical-looking man Mary recognized as Wally West himself.

"If you're quite through with my photographer," West was saying, "I'd just as soon have him back."

"Look here, West," Ken said, "you can clear this up. Is it true that your source of information on the private life of Mary and Larry Noble—has been Catherine Monroe?"

WEST'S eyes twinkled. "A good reporter never gives away his news sources," he said.

"Don't clown, West," Ken said sternly. "This is serious. I want the truth or I'll sue your paper for libel."

"Don't talk nonsense," West said lazily. "There's nothing libelous in what I printed, and you know it. But in this case, I don't mind telling you—"

Then Catherine betrayed herself. She stepped forward. "But you—" She broke off, her hand lifted to her face. Her eyes flicked to Larry, and for the first time Mary saw fear in them.

Wally West answered her unfinished sentence. "Sure, I told you I wouldn't tell. But I don't think much of your methods. I don't even think much of you."

A harsh voice broke in from the white-faced figure at the dressing table. "What does it matter where

he got his tips?" Larry exclaimed. "What does it matter—can't you all see they were true! Mary doesn't love me! She loves Paige! And now can't you all leave me alone?"

For a second the stark bitterness in Larry's face and in his words held them all in silence. Mary's numbed mind refused to take in the significance of what he had said—then, slowly, its meaning came to her.

"But Larry," she said dazedly, "it isn't true. I don't love Ken . . . Didn't you know? You're . . . the one I love . . . always . . ."

Afterwards—when Ken had shepherded the crowd from the room, when Catherine too had gone, proud and icy cold to hide her chagrin—Larry said:

"How could I think you still loved me—after all I'd done to you? I didn't have any right to your love. And you were so interested in Ken Paige—"

"Of course I'm fond of Ken," Mary said. "I always will be. But I don't love him."

"Women can take an awful lot of kicking around from men, can't they?" Larry said humbly.

"Of course they can," she said. "When they're in love, that is." She raised her tear-stained, happy face from his shoulder, met his lips with her own.

But she still hadn't told him her secret. It wasn't until the next morning, when Larry had devoured his scrambled eggs and they had finished reading the rave notices from the critics, that she told him.

Looking at the light in his eyes then, her last doubt was gone. You couldn't doubt his love in the face of that shining joy. "Mary—Oh—" his

voice broke, and tears added to the shine in his eyes. "Mary, let's give up the theater and take a little place in the country."

She laughed, then, wiping away her own tears unashamed. "If you were away from the smell of grease paint a week," she said, "I think you'd commit infanticide."

HE scratched his chin thoughtfully. "But there are summer theaters. And we're not going to bring that baby up in the city. You're going to get a dose of peaceful pastoral life if I have to pine away among the lowing kine." Then he stood up suddenly with a shout. "Say! I've got it! We'll take the play to a country theater, bag and baggage!"

"Take a hit show off Broadway?" Mary was incredulous.

"Well, what's the difference? When it gets hot we won't do any business anyway in town. But the summer theaters do. How about looking for a place today, Mrs. Noble?"

Mary, looking at the new vigorous lift to his shoulders, the boyish color in his cheeks, the enthusiasm she had not seen on his face since long before his accident, was suddenly unable to answer. They had won out. Larry was himself again.

She nodded her head. "Okay, skipper," she said.

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## Woman in Love

(Continued from page 26)

at the airport and went up to his hotel rooms, his recognized "girl." He kissed her quite simply when they met, and they talked together with the eager rush of two persons whose thoughts never had been separated, but at the St. Francis other friends were all about; there were cocktails and much eager welcoming; they had no moment alone. All the women kissed Mayne, as they got the Hollywood gossip and scattered themselves over his suite, smoking, drinking, making themselves entirely at home. And afterward everyone went out to the Holloways.

Late in the evening—it was not yet midnight—Mayne and Tamara walked home. Mayne was to be in the city for weeks; a new manager was putting on a show, and Mayne was to have the lead, and Tamara a little part. The romantic possibility actually of playing in the same cast with him had filled the girl's cup of felicity to overflowing, and life tasted sweet to her as they two walked down the steep hills under the clear autumn moon, and she felt his big arm under her elbow again, and heard the voice she loved.

TONIGHT, if he came upstairs at the Valhalla—but no, he couldn't do that, for Lance was in bed with a cold and would be sound asleep in the very center of the sitting room. But anyway, some day and some place and somehow very soon she and Mayne would be alone, and then he would kiss her again. Her whole being hungered for those kisses; her breath stopped when she thought of them.

"Persis and Joe are lovely people, aren't they, Mayne?"

"Grand."

"Is their little boy cute?"

"Oh, he's a fine little fellow. He's with Poling now."

"Poling?"

"His father."

"Oh." A pause. "Isn't Joe his father?"

"Joe? Lord, no. Joe likes him, though. Poling lets Persis have him for visits. Poling's been decent enough through it all. I believe he and Joe talked about it."

"Then Persis is divorced?"

"I think it amounts to that."

Tamara sent him a bright flash of a glance in the warm moonlight.

"It must amount to that," she said, laughing, "if she's married to Joe."

There was a short silence. Then Mayne said mildly:

"Persis and Joe aren't married, Tam. Did you think they were?"

Tamara stopped short.

"Aren't?" she asked blankly.

"No. Did you think they were?"

"Well, but of course," Tamara said slowly.

They walked on; Mayne held tightly to Tamara's arm. When he spoke there was a faint hint of amusement in his voice.

"Does it matter so much?"

"Well, no—I suppose it doesn't," Tamara answered hesitatingly.

"Persis married Clifford Poling when she was quite young," Mayne said. "She's the kind of woman all men admire, but she stuck to Poling for seven years; he's a good deal of a dud. Then she went abroad and met Joe Holloway—he came barging out



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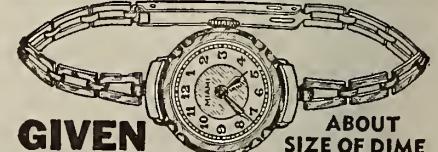
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of Arizona or Texas or somewhere—he'd been working in Paris. He painted Persis, and they went around together. I never saw people so much in love; it was like a fire, burning them both up. Persis came back, and Joe followed; we all knew it. It went on for about a year, and it was an awful year for everyone. And about two years ago they went to Cliff and told him, and they came up here."

"I'm sorry!" Tamara exclaimed impulsively under her breath. The man leaned over a little to hear her.

"You're sorry? Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. But I am. I mean—I like them both, and I'll go on liking them both, they've been lovely to me. But I'm sort of sorry!"

"That's just your inhibitions talking, Tam," Mayne said, in a serious voice. "You don't really think any the less of them. You just said you didn't know why you were sorry."

"I didn't mean that," she said quickly in justification. "I know perfectly well why I'm sorry. I like Persis, and I'm sorry she's that sort of woman."

Mayne was silent a moment.

"What sort of woman?" he asked temperately, but there was no sympathy in his tone.

"The sort that—well, that sort."

"You mean that Persis, who is one of the most exquisite women who ever lived, who wouldn't hurt a fly, who adores her kid and has even made Cliff her lifelong friend, you mean that in some way women who haven't got half her courage are more admirable than she is?"

TAMARA spoke steadily to control tears. It shook her to the soul to differ with him.

"No, not that. But there isn't any use pretending that there isn't a—a code, Mayne, and that decent people don't follow it."

"My God!" the man said under his breath, as Tamara paused to gather her forces. "I guess they caught you pretty young, my darling little girl," he said kindly.

"Don't talk like that, Mayne. You know there are things decent people don't do. You wouldn't say that if it was a question of a man forging—or cheating at cards—"

"And Persis loving Joe, and going to him because she loved him, and turning both their lives into heaven—a decent woman couldn't have done that? That was like cheating or forging?"

"Mayne," Tamara stammered, angrily combating a tendency towards tears, "don't talk as if I were such a prig! It is a shock to find out that Persis and Joe—Persis and Joe—" she stopped, strangled.

"Persis and Joe love each other with the most beautiful, the cleanest and finest passion I've ever seen," Mayne argued. "She's the kind of woman who can't see a baby crying without wanting to comfort it, that can't see an old beggar on the road but that she must do something about him. Listen, sweetheart—I can come up, huh?" Mayne interrupted himself to ask at the door of the apartment. "Lance has got a cold, and he's in bed."

"I'll come into the kitchen then, and maybe you'll make me some coffee. Listen, darling, you don't have to like the idea of a married woman going off with a married man—"

"Oh, is Joe married, too?" Tamara



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asked, very lovely under the drop-light in the kitchen, with her tawny hair ruffled and her eyes deeply blue.

"Of course he is. That's why they can't get married. Not," Mayne had to add, "that it matters. But I suppose they would if they could."

"It doesn't really matter to me, of course, Mayne. It's their affair. But at first it does—it does shock one."

"I'm sorry I seemed to criticize Persis," she said suddenly, a few minutes later, as they sipped coffee at the kitchen table. Mayne smiled.

"You're an endearing mouse," he said. "Are you glad I'm home again?" "Glad!"

YOU know," he said, "I didn't want to fall in love with you."

"Why not, Mayne?" she breathed rather than asked.

"Oh—every reason."

"What harm does it do to like me?" Tam murmured, her blue eyes raised to his.

"Lots of harm."

"How often have you been in love, Mayne?"

"Oh, not so often!" Mayne answered mildly, smiling. "You like me, too, don't you, Tam?" he asked in a voice that was almost absent-minded.

Her eyes met his bravely.

"Too much!" she said.

"Too much, eh? How long have you known that?"

The little ugly kitchen was heaven. Life was heaven. Life was floating and soaring and wheeling about her in all the trembling color of spring.

"Oh, from the beginning, I guess, Mayne."

"From the beginning." He looked down at her for a long minute, thinking, she suspected, of something she could not sense or understand. What was making him so serious, what was putting that absent-minded light into his eyes?

"Mayne, you've never been married?"

"Never. Can you imagine my not telling you about it, if I had been? No. It isn't so good, in my business."

"Getting married isn't?" Tamara's eyes were wide.

"Not for men. Not for men who play certain parts," he explained. "Girls—women like to think a man isn't married, if they see him in a sheik part. As a matter of fact it's in my contract."

"What is?"

"Not getting married."

"Oh, it isn't, Mayne!" Tamara protested, laughing.

"It certainly is. Old Helman can break my contract if I marry."

"For how long?" Tamara's eyes were still dancing with incredulous amusement.

"Nearly two years to run. It was a three-year contract."

"Would he actually break it if you married?"

"No, I don't think he would. Especially if I'd happened to make a good picture. Well," Mayne said in a different tone, rousing himself from the abstraction into which the conversation had plunged him so oddly, "I've got to go. What are you doing tomorrow?"

"Meeting you."

"Want to come down and have breakfast with me about noon? There'll be a few others."

"I'd love it." Tamara accompanied him to the elevator and gave him an-

other kiss. Then she went quietly to bed, to lie awake, staring at the street lights reflected in odd little angles and squares on the walls of the stupid boxlike bedroom.

So Persis and Joe weren't married? It was funny. Not that it mattered, really, and not that it was any of her business in any case, but it was—funny. Persis was really Joe's—It didn't sound right, and even in her thoughts she left the sentence unfinished.

Tam's part in Mayne's play was small but important. She was to be the wife of the youngest son in the Russian masterpiece, "Five Sons," and at the end she had to kill herself. Mayne was of course Ivan. Playing opposite him was Ida Pinter, a spoiled young actress who had made a success in Portland and was being paid almost as much as Mayne. Mayne disliked her thoroughly, and Ida did many a small spiteful thing to spoil his success.

But nothing could stop him; he was splendid. Even from the first rehearsal Tam could see how as an artist and a man he stood head and shoulders over the other players; he was at once so simple and so sure of himself, so considerate of the others' stupidities and so careful not to delay rehearsals or keep them waiting.

**N**IN A way she lost Mayne during this exciting time, but in another and more important way she gained him. They no longer had time to waste together, to idle out to the beach or wander up to Persis's for lunch. But they were working together, and Tamara found that an even more satisfying communion. They rarely met before supper time, except on matinee days, and even on Wednesdays and Saturdays they saw each other first in the opening act. But they had supper together every day at six; an oyster stew or a crab Louis, something very light, for Mayne said no one could play well after too hearty a meal, and after the evening performance they almost always went to have something to eat just by themselves.

The play ran five weeks, a real success for San Francisco, and Mayne could have been much lionized and feted if he had wanted to be. But he said he disliked that sort of thing, and when she saw him still unspoiled and simple after his success, Tamara admired him more than ever. They were talking like lovers now, of themselves, and of how they had found each other.

Perhaps it was not exactly of marriage that he talked, Tamara, who weighed every word of his in her trembling heart, would admit to herself honestly. But he always talked as if they belonged to each other, and as if he loved her very much and found her beautiful and fascinating and lovable.

Often he came to the Todhunters' apartment after the play, and Tam scrambled eggs and opened beer, or cooked him the steak and potatoes he liked. It used to annoy her when Lance lounged out for his share of the midnight supper, or Coral came in yawning and silent and jaded and observed simply, "Food! Oh, good!" But her own life was so full and happy now that Tamara could feel only pity for their defeated and empty ones, and she always made them welcome.



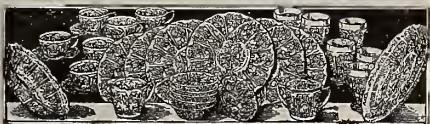
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If she and Mayne were alone he would kiss her. And now and then, when they were both stupid and sleepy with the good food, and he was saying that he must go and Tamara was murmuring that she must get to bed, she would go for a moment to his chair, and settle herself on his knees, and lay her arms about his neck and rest her soft cheek against his shoulder. Then she would feel Mayne's kisses browsing over her temples and closing her eyes, and the shoddy little Valhalla kitchen would seem to her Paradise.

BUT then came the last night of the run. Tamara walked home slowly in a blinding rain. Mayne, with whom she almost always had supper, had had an engagement tonight: a Hollywood manager was in town, and with him and one or two other men Mayne was having an important business conference at the Palace Hotel. Tamara felt lonely and forlorn. "Five Sons" had closed; it was going on tour without her; there was no prospect of another engagement; there was nothing ahead but life in the four dark overfurnished rooms in the Valhalla, the tumbled couches and scattered sheet music, the clumsy victrola and radio in everyone's way, the thick cheap "drapes" at the windows, the chipped china in the odorous littered kitchen.

When she got home she was soaked. Miserably she undressed and got shivering into bed. She had hoped that Mayne would telephone, would try to see her if only for a moment to say "Good-night," but there was no message, and the telephone remained obstinately silent. Coral came home, equally wet and depressed, and the sisters repaired in their pajamas to the kitchen, where they brewed hot chocolate and gnawed on stale bread and butter.

"Mrs. Yanger came upstairs and said Mama had borrowed five dollars from her last week," Coral said dreamily.

"When was this?"

"Tonight. I got it from Houston."

"Do you ever pay him back all we borrow from him, Coral?"

"Oh," said Coral, yawning, and laying her dyed head on the table, "he doesn't care! Where does your show go now?"

"They leave for Seattle by boat Tuesday night."

"Rotten you aren't going."

"It makes you feel awfully flat. But they can't afford to take people along for the small parts. And I'm not very good anyway," Tamara said. "I can't act!"

"What's Mayne doing?"

"Well, if they come back to play Oakland he'll be down here again in about a month, but Feeney thinks they won't."

"You like him, don't you, Tam?"

"Uh-huh."

"Engaged?"

"I don't know," Tam said, her cheeks suddenly ablaze.

"He seems crazy enough about you," Coral said generously. "But you never can tell."

Coral was silent awhile. Then she said:

"Lord, what a sweet break you and I got! Look at this Pauline van der Venter now—didn't you go to school with her?—going abroad with her mother to get her trousseau, and marrying Tom Spikes. Nothing but money!"

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"I've always thought," Tamara said, a little thickly, because there were tears in her throat—"I've always—at least at school they always said—that money wasn't so important, that you could bend your life your own way—"

"Yes, well—" Coral said dryly, as she paused, "you can't, and that's all there is to that! Money's everything. Those rich girls down the Peninsula can get away with murder, Tam, because they've got money. Girls like us have to put up with dubs like Houston—we're going to be married, by the way," Coral said casually.

"You're going to marry Houston?"

"Yep. At least I said I would last week."

"But, Coral, do you love him?"

"No, I don't love him. But I'm sick of this mess," Coral said bitterly. There was a silence.

"Girls like Helena and Pauline and the rest, Coral," Tam presently asked somewhat diffidently, "do you suppose they're straight?"

"Not for one moment," Coral answered unhesitatingly.

"And it doesn't matter?"

"Of course it doesn't matter. I tell you that with money you can get away with anything, and if you haven't got it you've got to put up with what you can get!"

Tam sat silent a while, thinking.

"Then life isn't fair," she said softly, after a while. But Coral had gone to sleep with her head on the table, and nobody heard the words.

THE next day was Sunday, but Tam slept late and omitted church. She had not been regular in her attendance at St. Boniface's for many months; this morning she did not awaken until nearly eleven, and then it was to find matters so disturbed in the Todhunter household that no outside thoughts could find entrance. Lance had come home intoxicated the night before and was ill; Mrs. Todhunter had an ulcerated tooth that was driving her to frenzy, and Coral had discovered on the first page of the bulky wet newspaper the announcement of Mr. Houston Hickey's sudden marriage to his cousin, Miss Ada Leroy, in Oakland.

This blow shattered Coral's self-control, and she spent the greater part of the day in hysterics. Lance, dragging himself to a heavy headache consciousness at twelve o'clock, insisted upon dressing and going out into the driving rain. Mrs. Todhunter scented the entire apartment with oil of cloves and fastened up her head in a towel. Tam, perfectly conscious that she had had a ten-dollar bill in her purse the night before, found herself reduced to silver only, and suspected her brother of borrowing the bill without acknowledgment. Somehow it made her feel a little sick.

The larder was low. There was a week's salary due Tam, but she could not collect it today. She telephoned to the delicatessen store for bread and beans and coffee.

The rain fell in straight steel rods past the dark windows; smoke was beaten down over the city and smelled in the wet air. The Sunday streets were deserted until the movies began at about one; then motorcars with their rubber curtains up began to be parked along the curbs, and the brightly lighted gas station at the corner did a brisk business.

Tamara combined luncheon and breakfast in one cheerless meal. Cof-

fee—there was no cream, she and Coral had used up the milk last night. No matter—coffee and toast and jelly.

Mayne did not telephone. The hours went by; the lights shone garishly at one, at two, at three o'clock, and still there was no Mayne, and no message from Mayne. Tamara had telephoned the hotel at eleven to be told that Mr. Mallory had asked not to be disturbed. Again telephoning—even though every fiber of her being protested against the weakness of it!—at two, she had another message. Mr. Mallory had gone down to the country with friends.

**M**R. MALLORY had gone down to the country with friends. The words fell like a blow on Tamara's heart. He had gone down to Pete's at Los Altos, of course; they were all down there, house-bound in the streaming rain, laughing about a fire, while good odors of wood smoke and cigarette smoke mingled with the smells from Adriana's dinner preparations in the kitchen. Oh, why should they leave her out—why should they be cruel to her—how could life be at once so dull and so painful?

Suddenly the sound of a loud droning voice came up the kitchen airshaft.

A woman's voice was saying, "Let me alone, can't you? Let me alone!" and an official Irish voice was breaking across the accompaniment of confused agitated voices and cries. "She's fixed herself this time, all right. Better call the ambulance, Joe!" the voices murmured. Then the great weary dragging voice came again: "Oh, let me alone!"

The crying got louder and louder and developed into screams, and there was scuffling and dragging. The Crennets' flat. Margalo Crennett had tried to kill herself! That was it. Coral and Willette and Tam had worked it all out correctly before Mrs. Wincey came running upstairs to confirm it. Poor girl, she had not had a job for two years, and she had asthma; you couldn't really blame her.

Mrs. Wincey had some stuff that positively knocked out toothache. She obligingly went downstairs again to get it; Willette collapsed upon her bed after a double dose and fell into a heavy perspiring slumber.

"I hope Mrs. Wincey hasn't poisoned Mama, after the Crennett girl thing!" Coral said nervously, as the early January dark shut down. She was dressing now, powdering her tearreddened eyes and preparing to go out to dinner with a boy named Sherwood Spring. He was barely twenty, not through college yet, but his mother had a handsome home in Menlo Park, and they both made much of Coral. At five she was gone, and Willette was deep asleep. Tam was alone.

She got out some old packs of cards, began somberly to play Patience.

"Well, that's the most miraculous thing I ever saw!" Willette said in the doorway. The clock was striking seven. Tamara roused from a half-dream to a realization that she was sleepy, dirty, weary. "I don't see why I shouldn't go over to Kitty's tonight," Tam's mother said. "I phoned her I couldn't go, but there isn't one speck of that pain left. I've not spent a night with Kitty for ever so long!"

Tamara was in the tub when her mother departed. She lay on in the healing, restful hot water, reading a

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NOVEMBER, 1939

magazine, resting her head against the tub. The telephone rang.

Like a flash she was out of the water and had caught a limp damp towel about her dripping body. The blessedness of it—the exquisite relief and joy of hearing Mayne's voice!

"Mayne, where are you?"

**A**T the hotel. Have you missed me? I tell you it's been three years since last night!"

"But I thought you were down at Pete's?"

"Pete's? Is the gang down there? It's the first I've heard of it."

"No, I don't suppose they are—I don't suppose they'd go down in this deluge. But when I didn't hear from you I thought you might be there."

"Go down there without you?"

Her delicious childish laugh broke out. It was good to laugh again.

"But where have you been?"

"Why, Berman was here, Tam—you knew that? I had to talk to him practically all night; there were three of them up here, and today he asked me to go down to his married daughter's place in San Jose and eat fried chicken and hot biscuits. I'm just home.

She was laughing again, joyfully.

"And now what are you doing?"

"What am I doing? Well, that's what I called up to ask you. Had your dinner?"

"No-o. I'm just out of a bath."

"I'll be up in twenty minutes, and we'll go somewhere and have dinner."

"Oh, lovely!" said Tamara. "Oh, Mayne, what'll I do after Tuesday? I've nearly died today! I wish Feneley'd take me!"

"It's a rotten shame," he said. "But never mind, I'll come up and get you in a quarter of an hour."

"Okay, chief!" the girl sang rather than said. They laughed, twelve minutes later, to discover that in their eagerness to get together they had both lessened the time. Buttoned into her coat, with his arm under her elbow and her head lowered against the rain, Tamara laughed again as she ran from the doorway to the car.

They went to his hotel. Tamara turned bright inquisitive eyes to his in the elevator.

"Forget something?"

"No. You're dining with me on this wet evening, Miss Todhunter."

"Oh, what fun, Mayne!" Tamara exclaimed, when they reached his softly lighted warm big rooms, to find a wood fire burning and two waiters noiselessly completing arrangements for dinner before the hearth. She went into his bedroom to spread her damp coat on the bed, peep at herself in his high dresser mirror. "Mayne, I'm washing my hands with your towels!" she called.

When Tamara came out she hoisted her fresh clean hands over his face as he sat on the big blue davenport, and he caught the scent of sweet soap.

"You like oysters, don't you?" Mayne asked, as the men began to serve the dinner. "Come on, Tam, I'm starving. It's almost eight o'clock."

"This is fun!" the girl said, shaking out her napkin. "And I thought this was being one of the saddest—horriblest—days of my life!"

She related the whole story, even to the missing ten dollar bill whose whereabouts she so shrewdly suspected, and the deficiency of groceries in the kitchen.

After dinner, the table was whisked



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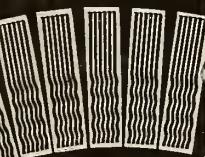
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noiselessly away; the big davenport was wheeled about to face the fire. While the waiters were busy Tam wandered to the window, looked down on the spluttered lights of the Square under the rain, came back again in great content.

"Still sluicing rain."

"A nice sort of weather to be indoors and snug," Mayne said.

She sat down, a slight, almost childlike figure against the tapestry background of the big chair.

"Did your mother go out with a toothache?"

"It stopped. A woman in the house gave her something that stopped it. She felt better and she went over to Kitty Ulmer's. They play poker and drink beer; she'll stay there tonight."

"And where's Coral?"

"Oh, Coral pulled herself together and went out with her new boy—he really is only a boy; I don't think he's more than twenty. Sherwood Spring; he's in Stanford, and he has a nice widowed mother down there who simply dotes on him. Coral goes down and they have dinner and usually she stays overnight. She'll certainly stay over tonight."

"Lance was having some men in, you said, for poker?"

"Well, he sent a lot of beer home yesterday. But just after you telephoned, he did, to say that he might not be back at all, and for me to put the lights out."

"So you would have been all alone."

"I wouldn't have minded."

"You don't mind anything, do you, Tam?"

"Yes, I mind your going away!"

The lights were lowered. Mayne signaled with his hand, and she went to sit beside him on the great velvet davenport; their feet stretched toward the fire. Mayne had his arm about her, and Tam's head rested on his shoulder.

"I'll tell you where you'll sleep tonight," Mayne said. "Right on this couch. I'll not have you going back to wake up, perhaps, and think of that girl who killed herself, and get yourself frightened to death."

Tam laughed unalarmingly.

"Don't say that, Mayne, or I really will."

"Really will stay here?"

"No-o-o. Really will wake up in cold terror of that awful voice."

"I'll move some pillows and blankets out here," Mayne said. "You don't have to undress if you don't want to."

Tamara laughed scornfully, softly, said nothing. For a long while they sat still, with his arm about her, and her head on his shoulder, and their eyes upon the dying fire. The big hotel room was softly lighted and very quiet; outside the windows rain battered and splashed, and the wind whined softly.

"It's so comfortable here with you, Mayne," Tamara said contentedly.

Will Tamara's innocent love for dangerously attractive Mayne Mallory bring her happiness, or will it bring—? Continue this human story by Kathleen Norris, America's most popular author of modern fiction, in the December issue of Radio Mirror.

## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

find a spot for them this winter. Good luck, Ezra Stone and cast!

Alice M. Stout,  
Atlantic City, N. J.

### FOURTH PRIZE

"MY HUSBAND'S A BARGAIN"

John J. Anthony's "Is Your Husband Really a Bargain?" intrigued me. I've been married twenty-seven years and I wonder how many wives of long standing, answering Mr. Anthony's questions honestly, would find, as I did, that we get so wrapped up in raising our children and in other problems, that we forget to remember what bargains we have in our husbands?

Now, I don't mean mine is 100% perfect, nor that he suffers in silence. No, indeed, not my husband, but that man actually scored fourteen points. And, when I started answering Mr. Anthony's questions for wives—well, it's just as he says, the husband's faults may be just as much the wife's faults.

Mrs. E. F. Rummelhart,  
Denver, Colo.

### FIFTH PRIZE HE'S THE TOPS

Our Sombreros, turbans, and Panamas are off to Fred Waring!

He it was, who gave us Priscilla and Rosemary Lane and Johnny (Scat) Davis.

Fred Waring's program is usually the first to institute anything of novelty, and surprising as it sounds, it always is successful! His listing the

baseball scores musically is not only novel, but entertaining as well.

Mrs. J. Newman,  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

### SIXTH PRIZE

HOW ABOUT IT, EXPERTS?

Can anything be done to help regulate the volume of sound being transmitted during one of the variety show broadcasts?

As it is now, when a dramatic sequence is on, the actors and actresses drop their voices almost to a whisper, which means we have to tune our radios way up to catch every word. Then, suddenly, the orchestra cuts back in with an ear-splitting crash that practically lifts the roof off the house and there is a mad scramble to tune it down.

Mrs. E. L. Davis,  
New York, N. Y.

### SEVENTH PRIZE

THANKS FOR CONSIDERING US

Radio is definitely growing up when programs like Information Please and Great Plays are able to find an enthusiastic public.

Heretofore, producers have thought that the listening public wanted merely to be amused. It was not considered that a thing need not be dull to be instructive, and that too much screw-ball comedy was wearing people down. Information Please started things. Great Plays has shown the powers that be that we want high-class drama.

Margaret A. Connell,  
Des Moines, Iowa

# New FOOT RELIEF

Quickly Relieves Pain Caused by Shoe Pressure, Friction

Apply Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX on corns, callouses, bunions or tender spots on feet or toes caused by new or tight shoes and pain is relieved! Removes the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Cut this velvety-soft, cushioning foot plaster to any desired size or shape and apply it. Flesh color. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For FREE Sample and FootBooklet, write Dr. Scholl's Inc., Dept. K, Chicago.



Easily cut to any size or shape



**Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX FOOT PLASTER**

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WESTERN RADIO MAGAZINE

American Bank Bldg., Dept. 2D Portland, Ore.

**ITCH STOPPED**  
in a Jiffy  
-or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous cooling, anti-septic, liquid D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35¢ trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

**HARD OF HEARING?**  
REMOVE PRESSURE ON EAR DRUMS

DEAFNESS, BUZZING, RINGING HEAD NOSES, PAIN IN EARS, DIZZY SPELLS, HEADACHES, NAUSEA are often caused by hard, impacted wax plugging up ear canals and pressing on ear drums. To soften, loosen and remove this wax and thus get quick relief, put a few drops of **OROTONE** in your ears at night. It's amazing how much better you feel, how CLEARLY and DISTINCTLY you hear again when hard wax is out. **OROTONE** is safe, painless. **WARNING:** Don't neglect hard, impacted wax. It may cause SEVERE INFECTION and PERMANENT DEAFNESS. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. If you send cash with order we pay postage.

**Harvin Co., Dept. F, 56 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.**

**WHAT WOULDN'T YOU GIVE** to live a more normal life—unaffected by asthmatic attacks? You can live more happily, more comfortably—in spite of your affliction—if you have Dr. R. Schiffmann's **ASTHMADOR** handy. Its aromatic fumes reduce the severity of the attack—promote normal breathing. Get **ASTHMADOR** today at your druggist's—powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. For a free sample, write: R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Calif., Dept. A-7

**DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR**

**EASY WAY...**

**Tints Hair JET BLACK!**

CAKE SHAMPOO ADDS LOVELY BLACK COLOR TO HAIR THAT IS STREAKED—DULL FADED—GRAYING BURNT—LIFELESS

This remarkable CAKE discovery, TINTZ Jet Black Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, grime and safely gives hair a real smooth, JET BLACK TINT that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded dull, burnt, off color hair a minute longer. TINTZ Jet Black Cake works gradually... each shampoo leaves your hair blacker, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Full cake 50¢ (3 for \$1). Tintz comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark Brown, Titian, and Blonde. State shade wanted.

**SEND NO MONEY** Just pay postman plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We Pay Postage if remittance comes with order.) Don't wait—Write today to **TINTZ CO., Dept. 849, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.**



NOVEMBER, 1939

## Facing The Music

(Continued from page 43)

ity, the Larry Clinton organization stands or falls on the ability of Larry to keep concocting his own inimitable arrangements and hit tunes.

Until 1936 Larry Clinton was making a neat but not gaudy income arranging for Tommy Dorsey, Casa Loma and about ten other dance experts. When he gave Tommy the opportunity to first record "Dipsy Doodle" and "Satan Takes a Holiday," and the Victor disks sold 200,000 at seventy-five cents a platter, the recording moguls and music publishers woke up. The guy who wrote those two killer-dillers was wasting his time behind the bandstand.

The 29-year-old Brooklyn-born bandleader accepted the advice of the mighty and turned to leading a band.

The college crowd eagerly awaited the first Clinton disks. They had heard of this spirited arranger. Quicker than you could say "booker," Clinton's newly-formed aggregation was hired for the Lawrenceville Prep dance in March, 1938, for its first outside date. So successful was this stand that Larry was approached by Lawrenceville's big brother Princeton. He's played these two schools eight times since.

CLINTON'S grandfather was an organist and composer and his mother an experienced oratorio singer. Therefore the lad knew his musical scales before the alphabet. At five he was writing his own songs and carefully checking the fine points with his pleased grandfather.

But Larry's father, a professional soldier, frowned on a musical career and urged that his son study engineering. After all, the boy's great-great-grandfather, David N. Bushnell, invented an early type of submarine during the American Revolution. The craft was unsuccessful in its first attempt to sink a British man o' war when the operator failed to release the explosives correctly and killed himself rather than the enemy.

Larry proudly made a model of his forefather's sub when he attended dear old P. S. 179 in Flatbush and it made a bigger hit with the teacher than a nice, red apple.

When he was six, his father died, and all thoughts of pursuing a technical career vanished. The boy was able to play any instrument. He got his professional job at fifteen, playing a trumpet, piano, and banjo.

Never a great instrumentalist, Larry failed to become the boy prodigy. He got a job selling vacuum cleaners from door to door. In his first week at this occupation, Larry won the company prize for selling the most vacuum cleaners.

There are three vocalists in the Clinton aggregation: Terry Allen, former Red Norvo vocalist, blonde Mary Dugan, who replaced Bea Wain, and trombone playing Ford Leary.

Although the Clinton band is a heavy-powered swing unit, no matter how energetically the band is blaring forth, Larry maintains a stoic appearance.

This is best illustrated by the day when an overheated youngster cornered Larry after a particularly grueling set and said, "Say, Larry, (Continued on page 87)

Watch **FREE** with every ring ordered and paid for in one year!



Choice of Man's or Lady's

TINY SMART JEWELLED

To introduce our new Sterling Silver Simulated Diamond Rings, decorated in 1/30 14K Gold, we will give you your choice of man's gold plate front or ladies' 1939 jeweled wrist watch with every ring ordered NOW and paid for within one year on our new easy two \$2 payment plan! (total only \$4). The watch comes to you as a **Gift**. It does not cost you one cent extra! Wear 10 days on approval! Mail coupon or postcard NOW! **SEND NO MONEY** with order! We pay postage. **We Trust You!** Your package comes by return mail!

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We pay postage and ship AT ONCE!  
**Gold Standard Watch Co.**, Dept. A-3811, Newton, Mass. Rush offer.  Lady's  Man's Name .....  
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Easy to use Viscose Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for TRIAL. Describe your trouble and get **FREE BOOK**. R. G. VISCOS METHOD CO., 140 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

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The perfect automatic bob-pin curler. One Curler does your whole head. Makes as many curls as you want.

50¢ complete with bob-pins at 5¢ and 10¢ stores and department stores. Get one today!

**Hair OFF Face Lips Chin Arms Legs**

**Happy!** I had ugly hair ... was unloved ... discouraged. Tried many different products ... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My **FREE** book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mine. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 10-C, Chicago.

**Wake up your liver bile**

Without 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 food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk 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, 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

■ That's all it takes to get rid of that fagged-out feeling, says Dinah Shore, NBC singing star.



By DR. GRACE GREGORY

THE art of make-up has reached such perfection that many women expect it to do everything for them. But make-up is intended to beautify, not to conceal. It cannot hide the lines of weariness and strain that even young faces show at the end of over-strenuous days. It takes a mask, and a good one, for that.

Dinah Shore thinks so. Of all the lovely young singers whom radio has collected for our delight, none is more vividly alive than Dinah. It is a mystery how one girl can pack so much of work and fun into a day as she does, and still retain the dewy morning freshness that is part of her charm. Dinah seems to be always on the go—but she knows the value of just twenty minutes of real relaxation, with the right beauty mask.

In 1938 she came to New York, just graduated from Vanderbilt University in her native Tennessee. Besides her lovely voice, her warm blonde beauty, and her vivid personality she has the poise that comes from many public appearances. Having begun to sing for audiences at ten, Dinah Shore is a seasoned trouper at an age when most girls have not even begun.

At first she sang for gatherings of her mother's friends. But after four years of this she decided to make a public debut at a night club. She tells of it with reminiscent chuckles. She had taken her elder sister's favorite

gown and sneaked out of the house. But when she sauntered out on the stage for her first number, there were mother and daddy waiting at a ring-side table. She sang one number, and was hauled home—but not before she had managed to collect her ten dollars.

College dramatics led to stock companies—than which there is no better training. Then came small radio stations, and a hearing on one national hook-up. NBC heard her, and now we have our Dinah Shore singing for us every Thursday night at 6:15 P. M. E. S. T.

Facial masks used to be very messy, very expensive, or very troublesome to prepare—sometimes all three. Facial masks nowadays cost a couple of cents or less per mask and come in attractive packages to be used in your own home. There are many good ones. Try, and choose.

"One facial that I like," says Dinah, "costs about a cent a mask—and what a pennyworth! Some like 'em morning, some like 'em night, but I want my beauty mask when I come home fagged, before I dress for the evening."

A good soap-and-water cleansing, and then I mix up this home beauty treatment in a minute. I apply it liberally, all over face and neck. Then I lie down, relax completely, and think only of pleasant things for twenty minutes.

"When the twenty minutes is over, I wash off the mask, and with it go weariness and all under-the-skin grime. My face feels new, firmed, youthified—ready to take a proper make-up. What a twenty minutes! Incidentally, one of the popular facial treatments is a refined starch which gives a soothingly perfumed beauty bath."

#### FOR THOSE STRAY LOCKS

ALL our waves, even the permanent ones, would be as impermanent as the waves of the sea without a proper waveset. For finger waves, or comb waves, or the resetting of permanents, a waveset is necessary. It not only quells unruly hair (and how unruly some hair can be, especially just after a shampoo!) but also gives a lustre and sheen.

Wavesets may be diluted with water to suit the special needs of your hair. But whatever your hair may be like, even if it is positively snarly with natural curl, a good waveset will enable you to get it under control and arrange it in the most becoming lines.

(Continued from page 85)

you played that tune hot and solid. Everybody was sent. But you don't seem to get excited or hop around like the rest of us. How come?"

Larry put his hand on the puzzled boy's shoulder and replied: "Look, my boy. I only wrote that song, arranged it, scored it, and rehearsed it for hours. Now you want me to do a dance to it!"

#### OFF THE RECORD

##### Some Like It Sweet

I Surrender Dear—It Must Be True (Decca 2535) Bing Crosby. The Bing gets nostalgia and resurrects two ancient but amorous ditties.

In an Eighteenth Century Drawing Room—Boy Scout in Switzerland (Brunswick 8404) Raymond Scott Quintette. The latest Scott efforts are well worth hearing although the Boy Scout is prepared to give first place to the drawing room. A lot of the dance bands are playing this one to dance tempo.

Dance Time with Hal Kemp (Victor P6-1) Hal Kemp runs the gamut of dance music. Everything is here but a gavotte. A lot of debutantes helped pick the selections. I think the housewives could have done a better job. What is a Kemp album without his recording of "Gotta Date with an Angel."

Out of This World—Must Have Been Two Other People (Vocalion 4944) Larry Sothern. A new voice, a new band produce a slow-tempoed bit of romantics. Leader Larry sings so much you don't get a chance to hear the orchestra.

Old Fashioned Tune Is always New—There's Only One in Love (Bluebird 10326) Freddy Martin. No need to tell you that this is as smooth as silk. Dig up all the nice things you've heard about Freddy. They fit.

Quando Eu Penso Na Bahia—Dance Rhumba (Decca 23097) Carmen Miranda. The sensation of South America now appearing in New York in the revue "Streets of Paris" offers some Brazilian oomph.

Counter Point Ala Mode—Shabby Old Cabby (Victor 26298) Sammy Kaye. A different kind of a Kaye recording coupled with a popular waltz.

##### Some Like It Swing

Comes Love—I Can't Afford to Dream (Bluebird 10324) Artie Shaw. Solid sending on a superior Shaw wax-work. Excellent trumpet work comes forth with "Comes Love."

Jungle Madness—You Taught Me Love Again (Brunswick 8400) Gene Krupa. A Chappy Willet arrangement sizzles across the phonograph backed up by Irene Daye's delicious warbling on the reverse side.

Guess I'll Go Back Home; Slip Horn Jive (Bluebird 10317) Glen Miller. Clean cut rug cutting. Trombone fans pay close attention to the Slip Horn Jive effects. The other tune is destined for success.

In a Mizz—Cotton Club Stomp (Brunswick 8405) Duke Ellington. A Harlem harlequinade that doesn't get out of hand. Ivy Anderson gets into a mizz vocally.

Little White Lies—One Side of Me (Decca 2556) Ella Fitzgerald and Chick Webb's orchestra. The late lamented chocolate-colored drummer would be glad to know that one of his last recordings was one of his best.

Sheik of Arab—Paleface (Decca 2539) Woody Herman. Hotter than a St. Louis summer. Don't say we didn't warn you.

# Penny Singleton\*

(Columbia Pictures Star)

## says "A man finds SOFT HANDS so appealing"



\*Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake starring in Columbia Pictures' "BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY" (with Larry Sims and Daisy, the dog). Her hands are beguiling! Let Jergens Lotion help you!

### "WinterDryness" may make your Hands Hard and Unromantic. Read how to guard against this!

SOFT "HOLLYWOOD HANDS" help you to romance! So—don't let cold, wind and constant use of water dry out, roughen and chap your hand skin.

Your skin's moisture glands give out less natural skin-softening moisture in cold weather. But Jergens Lotion supplements the depleted natural moisture, helps keep your hand skin like velvet.

Way to Hand Beauty: Even

# JERGENS LOTION

NEW—FOR GLAMOROUS COMPLEXION—Jergens all purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend works wonders against unbecoming dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ at beauty counters.



### FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See for yourself—entirely free—how Jergens Lotion furnishes beautifying moisture for your hand skin. Mail this coupon today to:

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# WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR Dessert?

By MRS.  
**MARGARET SIMPSON**

■ An attractive-looking and delicious tasting finish for any meal is this two-tone ribbon cake.

You are familiar with Arlene Francis as the girl who plays Betty on NBC's Betty and Bob serial, and as the gal who knows all the answers on NBC's fascinating program, What's My Name? Arlene also has a pat answer for another question, the ever-important question, "What shall we have for dessert?" Arlene's response to this query is invariably the same: "Oh, let's have cake."

"I always vote for cake for dessert," she told me between rehearsals at NBC studios the other day. "It's the perfect ending for a perfect meal and if the meal isn't so perfect—well, what's the difference if you can finish with cake? My favorite cake? I don't think I have one, but the mere idea of spice cake with chocolate frosting, or white cake with a spice layer—I love them with fruit or milk."

They'll be yours, too, once you've tried the recipes below. Incidentally, Arlene considers quick spice cake the perfect accompaniment for ice cream, and ribbon cake is ideal to serve with after-dinner coffee.

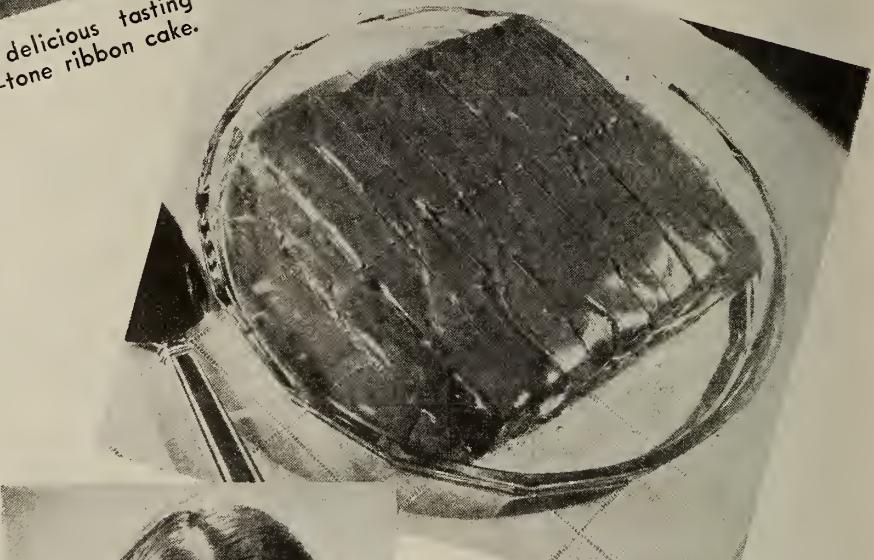
#### QUICK SPICE CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour  
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder  
1/4 tsp. salt      1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. nutmeg    1/4 tsp. cloves  
3/4 cup sugar  
5 tbls. butter or margarine  
1/4 cup New Orleans type molasses  
2 eggs, well beaten    1/2 cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, spices and sugar and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add molasses and cream together thoroughly. Combine eggs and milk, add to flour mixture and stir until all flour is dampened, then beat vigorously for one minute. Bake in layers or thin loaf in a moderate oven. Top with chocolate frosting.

#### RIBBON CAKE

3 cups sifted cake flour  
3 tsps. double-acting baking powder  
2/3 cup butter or margarine  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
3 egg yolks, well beaten



■ Arlene Francis, left, considers this Quick Spice Cake with chocolate icing a swell accompaniment for ice cream.

Bake in moderate oven. Spread white icing, almond flavored, between layers and on top and sides of cake.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF SHORTENING

No single ingredient in cooking is more important than shortening—and none is treated more casually by the average housewife. Whether you prefer butter or lard, one of the vegetable shortenings or margarine, you are careful, of course, to select one which is high in food value and in purity—and with the many fine brands on the market today this is a fairly simple matter. There are a few general shortening rules you would do well to follow unless the recipe specifies otherwise. First, always measure your shortening accurately and use the exact quantity your recipe calls for; too much or too little can be equally disastrous. You will notice that the cake recipes above say to cream the shortening, then add the sugar or molasses and cream together thoroughly—a good rule for any cake. In baking pies, have your shortening ice cold—some experts insist that the mixing bowl, flour, liquid and even the knife be chilled as well—and then cut it into the flour with a knife or pastry blender.

**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

## Are You a Wife in Name Only?

(Continued from page 19)

without knowing it, this kind of a lonely marriage. I do know that if it's only one couple in twenty—and I'm sure it's more—that's too many.

But I also know, in my own circle of acquaintances, at least three wives in name only. There is Mary Y—, whose husband spends every Sunday playing golf from seven in the morning until six at night. He works hard all week, and Mary agrees with him that he's entitled to relax in the way he enjoys best on Sunday. But—he prefers to relax with a game in which Mary has no part. There is Sylvia D—, whose husband has a standing date every Friday night to play poker with some old friends. He plays for small stakes—he's not a gambler, and the play itself does neither him nor Sylvia any harm—but the sessions last until three or four in the morning, and on Saturday night he doesn't want to take her out to the theater or anywhere else, because he's tired. And there is Ruth M—, whose husband has plunged into the affairs of his fraternal organization so much in the last few years that his lodge brothers see a great deal more of him than Ruth does.

MARY, Sylvia and Ruth react to the situation in three different ways. Mary refers to herself as a "golf widow," very gallantly and humorously. Sylvia is apt to show up at some friend's house on Friday or Saturday night, rather white-faced and tight-lipped, looking for something to do. Ruth makes no secret of her continual grievance against "that ridiculous lodge that takes up so much of Harry's time." It doesn't seem to occur to her that Harry is much more interested in his lodge than he is in her.

All three of these women have lost their husbands' love. I didn't really realize this until recently—although I think that the knowledge must have been vaguely there, in the back of my mind, from the very first time I saw what was happening. They have lost whatever it was that made them adored by the men they married.

Well, there is the wife who is not a wife. She isn't, I think you'll agree, getting the real richness and happiness out of marriage. At the beginning of her life with her husband, she was given something very precious—his adoration of her—but now it has slipped out of her grasp.

How about it? Is it her fault?

I think it is. I don't believe it is hard to keep a man's love. Any woman can do it, given a real love to begin with. Any woman can, but so few women do. I think it's because, although women know by training and instinct how to catch a man's love, they forget that marriage isn't an end in itself. Marriage isn't an end, but a beginning—a fact that the feminine mind often fails to grasp.

And let no woman say that staying in love is just as much her husband's job as it is hers. That isn't true. It's the woman's business to keep the home together and filled with happiness. It always has been her business, and it always will be, no matter how independent or brilliant she be-

## Neatest Trick of the Month!



### CHOCOLATE NUT COOKIES—BY "MAGIC"!

3 squares unsweetened chocolate  
1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand  
Sweetened Condensed Milk  
½ cup chopped walnut meats

pan at once. Place on wire cake cooler to become crisp. Makes 36.

• A real "Magic" recipe—so quick, easy, sure to succeed! And everybody *adores* these luscious cookies! But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

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FREE! "MAGIC RECIPES" 68 recipes just as astonishing as the one above! Pies! Cookies! Candies! Ice Creams! Sauces! Salad Dressings! Puddings! All made by sheer magic! Address The Borden Company, Dept. MWG-119, 330 Madison Ave., New York.

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### MAKE \$2.00—WRITE ABOUT THE ADS

Look through the advertisements in this issue of Radio Mirror Magazine, pick out the one you like or dislike. Then write us a letter telling why. You do not need to praise the ad, but your letter must be frank, must contain original suggestions or criticisms. Or, if you prefer, write us about the product itself; whether you like it or dislike it, and why. Your letter need not be of more than fifty words. Fancy composition is not important. The Macfadden Women's Group will pay \$2.00 for all letters accepted. Address letters to: Advertising Clinic, Dept. AC-2, MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

### Profits FROM LEISURE HOURS —on Your Table at Home

**FIRST LESSON GIVEN YOU FREE**

A black and white illustration of a woman sitting at a table, surrounded by various items used for home decoration. There are boxes, containers, and what looks like a small plant or gift basket. The woman appears to be focused on something on the table.

BIG FREE book in colors tells new easy way. You don't need experience. We show you how to decorate beautiful Art Novelties right in your own home by simple "3-step" method. No tedious study. Everything furnished including supply of Novelties for you to decorate and Homemakers Outfit. Big profit per piece for decorating. Many sit at home, and make up to \$25 to \$50 in a week—full time or spare time.

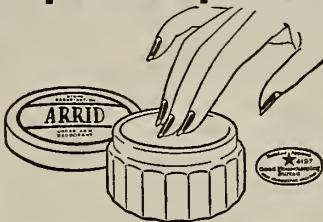
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## YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gently yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action. Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

comes in affairs outside the home.

And one reason women fail at their most important job is that they stop deceiving their husbands, in small but vitally important ways as soon as the honeymoon is over.

There's nothing wrong with deceiving your husband!

Before marriage, a woman does her best to fool the man she loves into thinking that she is witty, unselfish, even-tempered, perpetually neat, invariably kind and thoughtful to others, and a paragon of all the virtues. Nobody thinks any the less of her for doing this. We don't even think of it as deception; we simply call it "Making a good impression."

Men, on the other hand, don't often attempt to deceive girls, even during the courtship period. Playing a part doesn't come easily to a man—he's more apt to let a girl see him as he really is, and take him or leave him. If he's quick-tempered or stingy or untidy, his wife usually knows it before she marries him. He hasn't the instinct for deception that a girl has—and uses so successfully.

BUT once she is married, all too often, our girl brings her benevolent deceit to an abrupt stop. Instead of trying to hide her faults—which may not be so tremendous after all—she brings them right out into the open. She becomes like Mary Y—, whose husband golfs all day. Mary discovered, immediately after her marriage, that she had opinions on everything that were exactly the opposite of her husband's. And Mary's opinions, of course, are always the right ones—she thinks. If Charlie likes Joan Crawford, Mary points out at once that Joan's features are all wrong and she hasn't a scrap of acting ability. If Charlie expresses a criticism of a book he has read, Mary reads it too, and proclaims that it is the masterpiece of the age. Oh, not always, of course, because Mary doesn't deliberately look for flaws in Charlie's views and opinions—but often enough so that it's no wonder Charlie prefers the golf links.

I deceive my own husband, and have done so for twenty years.

When we were first married, George and I decided that our life together should be a partnership. We carried this partnership idea right down to financial problems, in fact. When we bought our first car, he paid for half of it and I paid for half. When Patricia and then Bobby came along, we each paid half of the hospital and doctor bills.

But, because I was making money, I had to find some way of making George feel that my work was secondary to my life with him—that he was more important to me than the stories I wrote. So, early in our marriage, I began asking him to read every story—and, later, every radio script—that I wrote, and to discuss them with me and offer his suggestions.

George, who is a corporation lawyer, countered by asking me to read his legal briefs and talk over his cases with him.

Now, George knew nothing whatever about writing, and I knew even less about law. Each of us was well aware of that fact. Just the same, we both went right on solemnly asking each other's opinion, for no other reason than to create an atmosphere of mutual interest and help, a feeling of companionship. A couple of com-

plete hypocrites, that's what we were—but happy hypocrites.

As a matter of fact, the deception by this time has ceased to be one. Before long we discovered that the other really had something important to contribute in every discussion. "I'm glad you thought of that point," George would say to me after we'd talked over one of his cases. "I wouldn't have thought of it myself." Of course, he was partly flattering me, but more and more often I'd learn that he actually had taken my suggestion. And in my work, I found that George could put his finger on weaknesses in characterization or plot that I hadn't noticed, and help me to correct them. Thus, instead of being barriers between us, our widely different professions became a means of drawing us closer together—and all because I began by pretending that I valued his opinion of something I'd written.

Another way I pretend in my relations with my husband is this: I make believe that he is not only my husband, but a guest in my home.

When you are entertaining someone in your home, you naturally do your best to put on your most becoming manners and clothes, serve the most appetizing dishes possible, and hide any faults you may have. The more important the guest the harder you try. Well, I reasoned, who could be more important than my own husband? Whom could I be more anxious to impress?

I wanted to make him so happy and comfortable, see that he had such a pleasant time, that he wouldn't want to leave. That is what every wife wants for her husband, of course; in my case I tried to achieve it simply through a harmless pretense that he was also my guest.

It's a problem that every wife must solve in her own way—this job of keeping her husband's love. And she must start solving it early in her marriage, before it's too late. Surprisingly, it doesn't call for very heroic efforts, as a rule; simply for understanding, constant watchfulness against herself, and—nearly always—some small deception.

I have seen, in just the last year, a wife save her marriage from becoming a dull and lonely thing. Alice E—married a man who loved to read, and as the months slipped by she discovered that more and more he was taking a book, after dinner, and sitting absorbed in it until bedtime. He was growing, too, more reserved, farther away from her in all their contacts. She was desperate—and then she thought of a simple solution. She asked him to read aloud to her.

She doesn't enjoy being read aloud to—or rather, she didn't at first. But anything was better than the feeling that she and her husband were drifting farther and farther apart; and now that several months have passed, she finds that being read to is quite a bit of fun. But more important than the stories they read is the companionship they have built out of such a little thing—the feeling of an experience shared, of emotions rising and falling together as they follow the printed page. Alice tells me that she, who used to want to scream of boredom in the evenings, now looks forward to them.

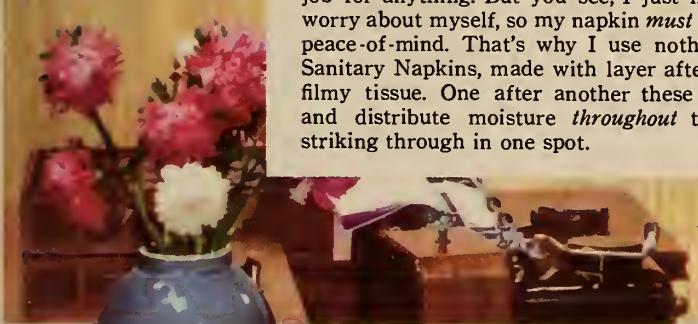
It was deception, and nothing else, that took her out of the "wife in name only" class.

# *Confessions of a Private Secretary*



## Slave to a buzzer...that's me!

Yet I wouldn't trade the rush and excitement of my job for anything. But you see, I just haven't time to worry about myself, so my napkin *must* provide perfect peace-of-mind. That's why I use nothing but Kotex Sanitary Napkins, made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check striking through in one spot.



## Looks Count Plenty...

in this job of mine. A girl must look poised and efficient and that means I must *feel* my best—can't afford to be uncomfortable no matter what! But with 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins it's now a simple matter for *every woman* to meet her individual needs *in comfort* from day to day.



## Lady of the Evening . . .

still looking and feeling my best at the time so many girls are irritable. Again Kotex Sanitary Napkins come to my rescue, thanks to those *patented pressed ends*. Believe me, they make a world of difference—no more embarrassing bulky feeling—no more worry about shifting, bunching and chafing.



**Better Say Kotex  
Better for You**

KOTEX\* SANITARY NAPKINS  
(\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

And don't forget QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, positively eliminates all body and napkin odors.

\* ALL 3 TYPES AT  
THE SAME LOW PRICE



• WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

"Crops sure have improved"

Charles Belvin, veteran independent tobacco buyer, says: "The Government's new methods have led to finer tobaccos, and Luckies always buy the 'Cream.' I've smoked them for 10 years."

Have you tried a Lucky lately? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco

in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Charles Belvin point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST... IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



Have you  
tried a Lucky  
lately?

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN  
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DECEMBER



JUDY  
GARLAND

HILLTOP HOUSE  
In Exciting Story Form

**WHAT MICKEY ROONEY MEANS TO JUDY GARLAND**

**COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC OF A NEW TUNE BY LARRY CLINTON**

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Who Gambled Two Lives on Divorce

TO BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME! FOR GIFTS TO THOSE YOU LOVE! FOR SMART PARTY PRIZES!

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**New!**

Luxuriously Comfortable  
Strikingly Beautiful!  
**SAMSON**  
**FOLDING CHAIRS**

**\$298**  
Slightly Higher  
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The comfort of an easy chair—compact and light weight! Smooth tubular steel frame! Covered padded seat! Form fitting back! Easy, silent folding! Every home needs several—scores of uses. Ivory, Brown, Maroon, Green to match Samson Tables.

Samson Tables and Chairs Strong enough to hold over 300 pounds.

**LAY AWAY PLAN FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS**  
Select your new 1940 Samson De Luxe Tables NOW for Christmas gifts. Perfect for mothers, sisters, friends, neighbors, relatives, sweethearts! Most stores have special lay-away plans.

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**MAIL  
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If your dealer isn't supplied, send \$2.98 for postage and packing, specifying model, and we'll ship table and fireside screen or 2 coaster ash trays anywhere in U. S. All ordering chairs specify color.)

# SAMSON CARD TABLES & CHAIRS



No. 763. Same as No. 767 with rich maroon center.

No. 762. Same as No. 767 with smart brown center.

**Your Choice!** —OF EITHER NO EXTRA CO

With Each Table—Fireside Screen or 2 Double Duty Coaster Ash Trays! \$1

Brand new! Standard wood stand which immediately transforms your table into a beautiful Fireside Screen Table slips in and out without effort.

New double duty coaster ash trays keep table top clear. Room for 4 beverage glasses, cigars, cigarettes and ashes. Slip on and off easily.



LOOK them over again—America's most beautiful card tables! Never before such rich, luxurious tops—never before such outstanding value! They're Samson De Luxe—strong, sturdy, washable, stain-proof! Get several for card playing, for the porch, kitchen, lawn, children's play room. Ideal for serving tea. Marvelous gifts. Insist on SAMSON DE LUXE at your dealer's.



## Her evening frock said "Stop and Look" but her lovely smile added "Stay"

*Your smile is precious, priceless—it's YOU! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage*



**Don't ignore the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and  
massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!**

ANY MAN with an eye for beauty will always admire the girl in a glamorous gown. But how soon he turns away if her smile is dull and dreary!

For a girl can be dressed in the latest fashion and still win pity instead of praise—if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush"—if she lets her smile grow dingy.

Don't let this happen to you! Don't risk your looks—the winning appeal of a lovely smile—by neglecting the proper care of your teeth and gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a danger signal. Heed it promptly!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. It may mean nothing serious. The chances are he'll tell you that modern, soft-cooked foods are depriving your gums of

vigorous chewing—denying them enough healthful exercise. He'll probably suggest "more work for lazy gums" and, as so many dentists do, he'll often add, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to keep teeth clean and sparkling but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the lazy tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—a smile that wins admiration!



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

**ERNEST V. HEYN**  
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN,  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

**FRED R. SAMMIS**  
Editor

## "Eyes of Romance" WITH THIS AMAZING NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new Pink packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

### Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing new WINX is guaranteed to be the finest you've ever used. If not more than satisfied, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.



### Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour... makes them appear youthful, moist... the appeal men cannot resist! Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, today!

**MAGIC  
HARMONY!** **Winx LIPSTICK**  
**WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!**

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(From an M-G-M photo)

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# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

## FIRST PRIZE ATTENTION, FUTURE MOTHERS!

In my position of medical office-nurse, I notice a growing number of queries and fears voiced to me by future mothers. It is only natural for humanity to fear the unknown, and fear is easily instilled in the mind that does not yet know how safe childbirth can be with today's medical science. Such fear, I believe, can be instilled by the constant repeating of fiction stories in radio serials, concerning women who die in childbirth.

I have heard as many as two such portrayals in one day on different programs. The ratio of such perils is very small compared with the triumphs, and to women contemplating childbirth, such roles might impress them erroneously.—Mrs. Roy W. Taylor, Portland, Oregon.

## SECOND PRIZE LET'S MAKE IT A GAME!

As an English teacher in a rural school, I've found the radio a marvelous help in teaching English. Since the rural child's vocabulary is often woefully limited, I had my students get two words each day from some radio program. At the close of school each student had added over three hundred new, usable words to his vocabulary.

Radio is playing an increasingly important part in education.—Jess F. Blair, Brownfield, Texas.

## THIRD PRIZE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

"Arch Oboler's Plays!—On the wings of the night we bring you a story, whispered in the night." Thus opens a dramatic program that to my mind is incomparable with any other. A program that always contains that very necessary element of surprise.

The actors do their jobs superbly well, particularly Raymond Johnson. My only criticism is that the music on several programs has been too loud.—Sidney Lanier, Jacksonville, Fla. (Continued on page 76)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN  
— P R I Z E S —

First Prize . . . . \$10.00  
Second Prize . . . . \$ 5.00  
Five Prizes of . . . . \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than Nov. 27th, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

# No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—



EVERYONE knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she *keep* one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a *small* thing...yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so surely guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. More business girls—more

women everywhere—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

**SAVE TIME!** Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

**SAVE CLOTHES!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum *after* dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

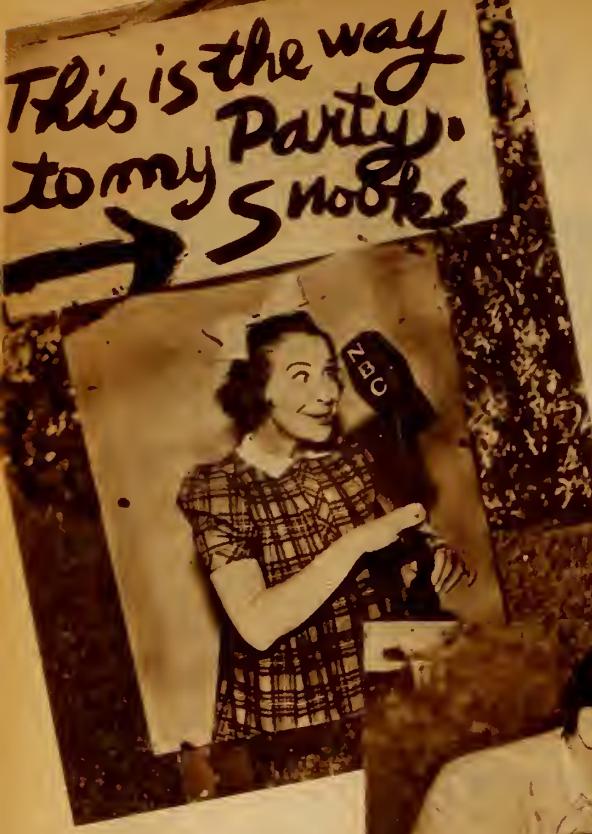
**SAVE POPULARITY!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor *impossible* all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business...in love...guard your charm!

## MUM IS FIRST CHOICE IN HOLLYWOOD



# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Baby Snooks staged a hilarious party to celebrate the starting of her Good News of 1940 show. Left, she broadcast the invitations. Right, a nice trick to play on "Daddy" Hanley Stafford, and below, up to new pranks with orchestra-leader Meredith Willson.

Photos by Fink



## Hollywood Radio Whispers

**S**HIRLEY TEMPLE will be the most popular radio star of 1941. That's the year when Shirley will quit motion pictures, according to a statement made to me by her mother. I expect that the moppet's parents will not turn down any radio offers after Shirley quits films: for a radio program, once a week, will not interfere with her schooling or natural growth. So, mark it down in your calendar: 1941, Radio Stars: Shirley Temple!

\* \* \*

Jimmy Cagney's sis, Jeanne Cagney, may become radio's newest dramatic star! Paramount signed Jeanne some months ago, and on the strength of her performances, she is being touted as the best dramatic find of the year. Radio agencies are already bidding for her services to headline a well known dramatic show!

\* \* \*

**CUPID NOTES:** Hanley Stafford, the "Daddy" of the Fanny Brice-Baby Snooks skits, is altar bound this month with Vyola Vonn, chanteuse!

\* \* \*

Walter Huston may be one of the world's finest dramatic actors, but he can't hold a candle to Robert Young

**By GEORGE FISHER**

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.

when it comes to emseeing the Good News show.

\* \* \*

While returning on the Queen Mary, right after the war scare, Bob Hope and the other passengers gathered in the ship's salon to hear the King's War Speech: after which everyone sang "God Save The King." Hope listened to the song for a moment and then muttered "and the Queen Mary!"

\* \* \*

Don Ameche, Charlie McCarthy's radio sparring partner, will do things up in a big way in his next picture, "Swanee." He knocks out Al Jolson and wrecks a saloon!

\* \* \*

One of Hollywood's most popular programs is the Make Believe Ballroom conducted by Al Jarvis on the Warner radio station, KFWB. Jarvis has been spinning records in Hollywood for more than five years: and

has a noontime following that is hard to beat. Last month when he switched from KMTR to KFWB, over fifty movie and radio stars appeared with Jarvis on his program to compliment him on the change!

\* \* \*

Buddy Rogers is convalescing from his recent attack of pneumonia.

\* \* \*

Truman Bradley, who last year was famous for his announcing duties on The Sunday Evening Hour, has resigned from his MGM movie-making contract. Brad's last appearance on the screen was in "Northwest Passage." He's returned to radio to handle the mike for Burns and Allen!

\* \* \*

Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks told friends at the Danny Danker cocktail party, they'd be married on Christmas Day.

\* \* \*

Dorothea Kent, the Universal starlet, held Charlie Barnett's hand between dances at the Palomar, during his engagement there.

\* \* \*

Mary Martin's bald-headed beau, (Continued on page 69)

**AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A**

# **COLD OR SORE THROAT— LISTERINE, QUICK!**

**A**T THE first sign of a cold or its frequent symptom, a sore throat, start gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic.

This prompt and pleasant precaution may spare you further trouble—and hasten relief.

#### *Attacks "Secondary Invaders"*

As Listerine Antiseptic enters the mouth, it kills countless surface bacteria. Then it reaches way back in the throat to kill millions more of the threatening "secondary invaders" on the membrane. These are the germs, many authorities claim, which complicate the original cold . . . give rise to painful and distressing symptoms . . . and may lead to more troublesome developments.

### **Reductions Ranging to 96.7%**

You have only to look at the chart test data below to see how amazingly Listerine reduced germs on the mouth and throat surfaces.

Even 15 minutes after the Listerine Anti-septic gargle, tests actually showed bacterial reductions ranging to 96.7%.

## *Tests Showed Fewer Colds and Milder Colds*

Now you can understand why so many thousands of people say that Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against colds.

With such germ killing results in mind, you can realize too, why clinical work on colds during eight years of research showed these impressive results.

*Those who gargled Listerine twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds than those who did not. Moreover, when Listerine users did catch cold, infections were less severe and of shorter duration than with those who did not gargle. Again, Listerine users had fewer sore throats.*

Surely Listerine Antiseptic is worth using twice a day during the winter and early spring months when colds threaten every one. So we say: at the first symptom of trouble, Listerine—quick!—and often.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**"That's my method.  
I tilt my head well back so  
that the LISTERINE gargle  
reaches way back on  
throat surfaces."**

Correct, Madam. It is important to kill as many as possible of the infectious germs that accompany cold conditions. They are the types, many authorities say, which are largely responsible for soreness, inflammation, and other symptoms of a cold.

**"So often my throat feels better in a very little while. And I am also sure that I have taken sensible action against a cold."**

An excellent precaution, Madam. Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of those troublesome "secondary invaders." Often its action gives Nature needed help in controlling bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces in the early stages of a cold.



Your OPPORTUNITY of 1939

# \$25,000.00

## TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

*Three Special  
\$1,000 Bonus Prizes*

During the three months beginning September 1 and ending November 29, 1939, fifty men and women are going to be made richer to the extent of fifty big cash prizes ranging from \$250 up to \$2500 in the great true story manuscript contest now being conducted by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

In addition there will be three special bonus prizes of \$1,000 each, one to be awarded to the best true story received in each of the three months of the contest term.

Here is opportunity indeed for you personally. It would be a great pity not to take advantage of it. Somewhere in your memory may be waiting the very story necessary to capture the big \$2500 first prize which with the \$1,000 bonus prize that goes with it automatically would net you \$3500 just for putting into words something that already exists in your mind. By all means start writing it today. Even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase at our regular rate provided we can use it.

In writing your story, tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly and above all do not refrain from writing your story for fear you lack the necessary skill. A large percentage of the nearly \$600,000 we have already paid out in prize awards for true stories went to persons having no trained literary ability.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how skillfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis, to the best true story received will be awarded the great \$2500 first prize, to the second best will be awarded the \$1500 second prize, etc.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. Remember, an early mailing may be worth a \$1,000 bonus prize to you regardless of any other prize your story may receive. Also, by mailing early you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

### COUPON

RM-12

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 39C  
P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station  
New York, N. Y.

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

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full.)

### PRIZE SCHEDULE

1st Prize .....	\$2500.00
2nd Prize .....	1500.00
3rd Prize—3 at \$1000 each..	3000.00
4th Prize—15 at \$500 each..	7500.00
5th Prize—30 at \$250 each..	7500.00
<hr/>	
50 Regular Prizes ..	\$22,000.00
3 Bonus Prizes of \$1000 each	3,000.00
<hr/>	
Total	\$25,000.00

### CONTEST RULES

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

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.  
Do not send us printed material or poetry.  
Do not send us carbon copies.  
Do not write in pencil.  
Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.  
Do not send us unfinished stories.  
Stories must be written in English.  
Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.  
DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unaccepted stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned. As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

This contest ends Wednesday, November 29, 1939.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 39C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

# FACING



C LENN MILLER is now definitely slated for a radio commercial as predicted in these pillars not long ago. The Miller band, touted as the "hottest" team right now, is experiencing the sort of triumphs Art Shaw bathed in last year.

\* \* \*

When CBS took over Brunswick-Vocalion records, experts knew some changes would be made. First they grabbed Benny Goodman away from Victor. Now they have issued a new disk to sell for fifty cents, featuring the king of swing, Duchin, Kyser, Ellington, James, Krupa, Heidt, Noble, Malneck, Raymond Scott, Teagarden, and Teddy Wilson. Now Victor replies with equally good news. They have signed brilliant, blind Alec Templeton.

\* \* \*

Newest band to receive public favor belongs to young saxophonist Bob Chester. Tommy Dorsey is reported to be interested in the band. Chester is independently wealthy, being a relative of a big automobile mogul.

\* \* \*

The switch of girl vocalists continues. Barbara Bush is Charlie Barnet's newest warbler and Gray Gordon has just hired Vicci Dova.

\* \* \*

"Skeets" Herfurt, who left Tommy Dorsey's band for a Hollywood movie contract was the only musician to play in all three Dorsey bands: the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra, Jimmy's outfit, and Tommy's. Hughie Prince, a comedy vocalist replaces "Skeets" but will not play any instrument.

\* \* \*

Skinny Ennis stays west with a new contract to play in the swank Victor Hugo Cafe in Hollywood.

\* \* \*

Red Norvo's band is still functioning. Only vocalists Terry Allen and wife Mildred Bailey are absent. Terry Allen is now with Larry Clinton.

\* \* \*

Bud Freeman's solid jive outfit, now stationed in Nick's in New York's Greenwich Village is getting a steady college trade, and has hit the business of the big hotel supper rooms. Bud is assisted by such swing veterans as drummer Dave Tough, clarinetists Pee Wee Russell, and guitar-

# THE MUSIC

By  
KEN ALDEN

Since Bea Wain joined Lucky Strike's Hit Parade Saturday nights, she's seeing more of her husband, Andre Baruch.

The bounce rhythms you hear on Wednesday's Town Hall Tonight, come from the tricky harmony of the Merry Macs—Ted McMichael, Helen Carroll, and brothers Joe and Judd.



ist Eddie Condon. Only worry of the fans is that the boys don't get temperamental and break up a winning combination.

\* \* \*

Andre Baruch is finally seeing a lot of his wife Bea Wain. When Bea was with Larry Clinton they seemed to be oceans apart.

\* \* \*

Don't be surprised if Canada's top orchestra leader, Percy Faith, comes to New York this winter for an attractive radio offer.

## CLOSE FAMILY HARMONY

THE Merry Macs were incorporated under the laws of the State of New York in February, 1939, but their successful partnership dates many years before.

Eighteen years ago when Ted (he's treasurer) was eight, the family were working in close harmony over the dinner dishes, improvising amazing rhythms on such strange opuses as "Marseillaise," and "Britannia Rules the Waves."

Long before this highly successful

quartet ever heard of Fred Allen, Judd (he's president) was giving his all on the football field of dear old West High School in Minneapolis, and thinking about the victory dance where he and his faithful brothers would entertain.

And the word "sponsor" meaning Sal Hepatica-Ipana never was in young brother Joe's dictionary (he's secretary).

Not one of the illustrious McMichael boys could read a musical note.

(Continued on page 66)

*'Camay is so gentle — it's a Real Treat for My Skin!'*



SAYS THIS LOVELY OHIO BRIDE

*Camay's lather seems different to me... for while it's thorough, I find it's easier on my skin than the other soaps I've tried. Each beauty cleansing is a treat—and leaves my skin so gloriously fresh!*

Middleton, Ohio  
August 1, 1939

(Signed) HELEN ANDERSON  
(Mrs. Townsend G. Anderson)

BEAUTY—ROMANCE! When a girl has both—doesn't it seem wise to follow her beauty advice? Charming Mrs. Anderson says, "Camay helped me keep my skin lovely—Camay can help you!"

Camay has that priceless beauty cleansing combination of thoroughness with mildness. It gets skin completely clean... is gentle, too. Time and again, we've tested Camay against several other famous beauty soaps on many different types of skin. Repeatedly Camay

proved definitely milder! Try Camay for your beauty bath, too! It helps keep back and shoulders lovely—is a fragrant aid to daintiness. And Camay's price is amazingly low. Get three cakes of this fine soap today—use it regularly!

Trade Mark Reg.  
U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

# What's New from Coast to Coast

By DAN SENSENEY



Radio star of the future?  
Shirley Temple gets chummy  
with the clown at the circus.

MYRT and Marge were the proud mother and sister at the opening of George Damerel's band at the Troc restaurant in New York. Young George is Myrt's son, Marge's brother. You used to hear him on the Myrt and Marge air show until he went into business on his own as a bandleader.

Jot this down in your list of good things that might come true: They're talking about co-starring Jack Benny and Fred Allen in a Paramount picture next spring, after the end of Jack's and Fred's radio seasons. Also, Jack threatens to take a six-month or a whole year vacation from radio, beginning in the spring of 1940.

And another maybe: "Abie's Irish Rose," that famous long-run stage play, may show up as a daily radio serial this winter, if negotiations between its author and a sponsor are successful.

Guy Lombardo seems to have started something that can lead to the end of noisy and ear-shattering automobile horns. Playing with his band at

the New York Fair, Guy was struck by the horns on all the Fair's motor vehicles, which play a few bars of "The Sidewalks of New York." Why not, Guy thought, put musical horns on all cars, and let the music be the song most closely associated with whatever state the car was licensed in? He sent letters to the governors of all 48 states, and got 25 enthusiastic replies. Not only that, but two automobile manufacturers were delighted with the idea too.

Hurrying to the stage door of the Paramount Theater for one of his stage shows there, Larry Clinton was stopped by a girl who wanted his autograph. Larry obliged, delighting the autograph-hunter so much that she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him on both cheeks. A few minutes later, on the stage, Larry couldn't imagine why the audience was laughing—and he never did find out until after the performance, when one of the Frazee Sisters pulled out a handkerchief and wiped two red lip imprints off his cheeks.

Joan Winters, who plays Sylvia Bertron in the serial, *Road of Life*, is out gunning for a certain seller of exotic and rare perfumes. It seems that Joan collects rare perfumes as a hobby, but one day shortly after she had purchased a particularly heady variety from a traveling scent agent, she happened to talk to her colored maid Elsie, who was all dressed up and ready to take her day off. Elsie, Joan thought, smelled vaguely familiar. "What is that scent you are wearing?" she asked; and Elsie replied, "It's called Steppin' High, and I bought it in the Five and Dime." Later, after Elsie had gone, Joan went into her room and compared her Steppin' High perfume with the luscious and extremely expensive liquid she herself had bought . . . and that is why Joan is now anxious to take vengeance on a perfume salesman.

\* \* \*

It took many years, but David Ross, the CBS announcer, has at last revealed why he is a radio announcer and not an actor. His career as an actor was nipped in the bud, by garlic, when David was a young man. On the evening of his debut as a leading man, in a play with the then-famous Eve Davenport, David's friends gave him a dinner at an Italian restaurant. This was nice of his friends, but what wasn't so nice was their trick of having all the food heavily flavored with garlic. The dinner ended, and David went to the theater. All went well until his big love scene with Miss Davenport. David, telling of it in his Announcer's-Diction-Award English, says: "I can truthfully say that I stopped the show. For as I murmured fervent words of love into her ear, first Miss Davenport blanched, then she winced, then she fainted. They then rang down the curtain, and my career as an actor was at an end."

\* \* \*

Ezra Stone, Henry Aldrich of the Aldrich Family, wishes that the bicycle-race episodes of the popular NBC serial hadn't ended—for ever since Henry has stopped having any use for his tandem bicycle, Ezra has been besieged with letters from youngsters asking him for the bike.

\* \* \*

Informal and jovial as the Ask-It-Basket broadcasts on CBS are, the real hilarity always starts after the program goes off the air. Jim McWilliams, the question-putter, sings and plays the piano and tells stories, page-boys do specialty numbers and even the members of the audience contribute to the entertainment. One night Jim was singing "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby," when an elderly woman in the audience spoke up: "You were a beautiful baby, Jim," she said calmly. Turned out that she was an old friend of the McWilliams family, who'd known Jim as an infant.

\* \* \*

They're still saying that Tony Martin and Alice Faye are going to be visited by the stork—but intimates (Continued on page 10)

SHE THOUGHT:

*ANOTHER WOMAN'*

SHE SHOULD HAVE BLAMED HER

**ONE NEGLECT**

\*



**She was a Perfect Housekeeper.** Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept that always fragrantly clean.

**...a Wonderful Cook.** She never neglected to have her meals tempting, dainty—and she always served them piping hot.

**...an Ideal Mother.** Her youngster was always clean, sweet, immaculately cared for. No one could say he was unkempt.



**Yet he became Indifferent.** Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on his side. She sought vainly for the reason.

**She thought: "Another Woman"**...the first and natural thought of every "neglected" wife. But in this instance she was wrong.

### Let "Lysol" Help YOU to Avoid this One Neglect

**I**F YOU yourself are in doubt on the important subject of intimate feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol".

For half a century "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, clinics, and wives, as a clean, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene use. Some of the reasons are . . .

**1—Non-Caustic** . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

**2—Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

**3—Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

**4—Economy** . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the

**BUT...**  
*She was careless  
(or ignorant)  
about Feminine  
Hygiene*

\***She neglected** her person. The ONE NEGLECT no husband can ever forgive. She should have used "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

**5—Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

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

#### What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.

Dept. R.M.-912, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

# What's New from Coast to Coast



The circus, a bottle of pop, and his wife, blonde Ann Sothern, are enough to keep Roger Pryor contented.

And Dorothy Lamour turns on her famous whole-hearted laugh as one of the clowns performs for her benefit.

(Continued from page 8)  
insist it isn't so. . . . Hanley Stafford, Baby Snooks' Daddy, is in the movies now. You'll see him in Ronald Colman's Paramount picture, "The Light that Failed." . . . Judith Arlen, CBS sustaining singer, has discovered from her doctor that her throat contains the same type of "nodes" as those in Bing Crosby's—giving her voice the same distinctive quality, in a feminine way. She isn't planning on having them removed. . . . Bill Adams, who plays Matt Wilbur in the CBS serial, Your Family and Mine, isn't an autograph hound, but he has two signatures he wouldn't take a lot of money for. He received them when he directed John Barrymore in "Hamlet," several years ago, and both are on a picture of Barrymore dressed in Hamlet's costume. One signature, of course, is that of John Barrymore—the other of John Singer Sargent, the famous painter.

Nothing's quite the same in New York this season. The Fred Allens have moved into an apartment. In order to appreciate the bombshell

qualities of that piece of news, you should remember that for the last eight years Fred and Portland, like the old vaudevillians they are, have lived in modest suites of rooms in a Times Square theatrical-district hotel. But this summer Portland, in a burst of domesticity, exerted all her persuasive powers and got Fred to agree to moving into an unfurnished apartment, where she could make a real home for him. Fred hates change, but he let her have her way. He was pretty gloomy, though, during the weeks that Portland went happily around the department stores, buying rugs and drapes and chairs and tables. "It's all wrong," he said. "An actor oughtn't to own anything. He's not built right for owning things. They've got the right idea out in Hollywood, where their motto is, 'Never buy anything you can't take back to New York with you on The Chief.'"

Arch Obler dropped into the NBC press room a couple of days before he left for Hollywood, where he's continuing his Saturday-night drama

series. Someone spoke to him, and Arch moved his lips in reply, but no sound came forth. Arch held out his hand and made motions until a pencil was handed to him. "My throat," he wrote. "Can't speak." But Arch always produces his play scripts by talking into a dictaphone, so one of the boys asked him, "How do you get your work done?" Arch walked miserably over to a typewriter, laboriously punched a few keys, ripped the paper out, and exhibited the message he'd written: "With these darned things."

## \* \* \* YOUNGEST ANNOUNCER?

RICHMOND, Va.—Here's another entrant in Radio Mirror's attempt to find the youngest radio announcer in the business. He's Booth Uzzle, of Richmond's WRNL, and he's younger than Jack Hitchcock of Lincoln, Nebraska, Robert Franklin of San Jose, or Bernard C. Barth of Rapid City, South Dakota. Born on July 8, 1921, he's just turned eighteen, which seems to make him the youngest yet—or are there more claimants to the title?

Booth was born in Petersburg, Virginia, just south of Richmond, and was educated in the Petersburg schools, graduating from high school there with high scholastic honors. He entered radio in the summer of 1937, as an announcer, and became a regular member of the staff of WRNL in December, 1937, when he was only sixteen. Right now, in addition to handling a full forty-hour week schedule at the station, he is attending the University of Richmond.

Pressing Booth closely for the title is Jimmy Conway, of Milwaukee's WISN, but Jimmy loses out because he was born a few months before Booth—on February 21, 1921. He has one extra distinction, though—he's been heard coast-to-coast, announcing Paul Whiteman's commercial CBS show when Paul was in Milwaukee and in Superior, Wisconsin.

How about it—are there any announcers who are even younger?

If you have a husband or a son who spends all his leisure time fishing or hunting, don't try to break him of the habit—he may be a big radio star some day. That's the way Bob Edge, CBS's outdoor expert, got where he is today. Bob graduated from college and went to work as a stock broker. But he always loved to hunt and fish, and when the depression came along and he lost his job he simply hunted and fished all the time instead of just week-ends. He fished so long that all his money ran out, and he didn't know how to make any more until somebody suggested that he might get on a local New York radio station, talking about his hobby. He did, with a program that at first simply told listeners the best spots near Manhattan to hook the big ones. Later, Mutual network officials heard him, and hired him—and then CBS offered him an even better spot on its network.

# STAR IN THE MAKING

**H**ELL be a coast-to-coast star within another two or three years. That's the prediction Josef Cherniavsky, musical director of Cincinnati's station WLW, makes of twenty-year-old Paul Arnold.

Young Arnold has been with WLW only since the middle of September, but already station officials are convinced they have a sensational baritone singer. In fact, they put him under contract immediately after his audition, without hesitation.

Paul was born Paul Ruegnitz, son of Dr. Louis H. Ruegnitz, a Denver physician and surgeon, and the former Grace Kilburn Meigs, who was a Chicago concert singer before her marriage. He received his principal singing instruction from Rudolph Reszo Szekely, of Los Angeles, a former member of the Budapest Royal Opera Company.

He earned the money for his tutoring with Szekely by winning the Colorado High School singing contest, which carried as a prize a twelve-week engagement at the Denver Theater. This was in 1937, and immediately after the close of his engagement he bought a car and headed for Los Angeles to study. In California, he finished his high school course at the Hollywood Professional School.

School always was something of a problem to Paul, though. He had his difficulties in Denver. As a freshman in the East Denver High School, he was asked to take a permanent va-



WLW's sensational baritone—  
Paul Arnold, whose ambition  
is to be an operatic success.

cation because of his continual ditching of classes, so his parents sent him to St. John's Military Academy in Wisconsin, where he won a berth on the football team. The next year he was at the New Mexico Military Institute, and here he distinguished himself in wrestling. For his junior year, East Denver High School lowered the bars and let him in again.

Everything went along fine until Paul was given the lead in an operetta. In one scene he was supposed to appear with a guitar and serenade his sweetheart. Instead, he walked on

the stage carrying an old broom, and made a farce of the scene. The school fired him again. But he appeared in a church production of "The Mikado," and made a hit, and also won the swimming and tennis championships of the Denver Y.M.C.A., so they let him in again and he won the singing contest which made it possible for him to study in Los Angeles.

While studying under Szekely, Paul gave several concerts, and among those who heard him and predicted a brilliant future for him was the famous Metropolitan Opera baritone, John Charles Thomas. He received an offer from KLZ, Denver, while he was still in Los Angeles, and accepted it, becoming staff singer there for a year. Last August, when his contract at KLZ expired, he came to Cincinnati. In addition to his work at WLW, he's still continuing his vocal studies.

Paul doesn't smoke or drink, but not because he is afraid of hurting his voice. He just doesn't like the taste of liquor or cigarettes. He likes women, but is a little soured at the moment over his first deep love affair. She ran off and married a naval officer. His chief pastime is collecting phonograph records of baritones.

He has a definite program for his life worked out. First, a success in radio. Secondly, success on the concert stage. And last, fame in grand opera.

"I just want to be a good singer, and an equally good actor," the young man says with the utmost sincerity.

## Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

says

"A NEW FUR COAT NEEDS  
SOFT HANDS TO SET IT OFF!"

WHAT IS IT,  
HONEY—  
SOMETHING  
WRONG?

HOUSEWORK AND COLD WEATHER  
JUST MAKE A MESS OF MY  
HANDS—I CAN'T  
HELP IT!

WELL, HINDS CAN!  
HERE, SMOOTH YOUR  
HANDS WITH THIS  
WONDERFUL LOTION



### IMPROVES THE LOOKS OF YOUR HANDS!

WANT lovely hands? Then use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—daily. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening to chapped, work-abused hands. Coaxes back the lovable softness that cold weather, housework, hard water, harsh cleansers take away. No wonder it's the favorite of women who pride themselves on their soft "Honeymoon Hands." Contains Vitamins A and D. At toilet goods counters. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢...NEW! Hinds Hand Cream—fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.



**HINDS**  
FOR  
**HANDS**

Chapping • Dryness  
Roughness • Weathered skin  
Hangnails • Calloused heels  
Powder base • Body-rub  
After-shaving lotion

Copyright, 1939  
by Lehn & Fink Products  
Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with  
**BURNS AND ALLEN**  
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast  
7:30-8:00 E. S. T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station.



# WHAT *Mickey Rooney* MEANS TO *Judy Garland*



■ In the midst of 16-year-old flirtations and flutters, Mickey occupies a spot all his own in Judy's heart—you'll understand why, in this story of today's youth

T was the first show of the day for Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, but long before they came on the stage every seat in New York's huge Capitol Theater was filled. A long line of waiting people, four or five standing abreast, curved around the corner of the theater and far down Fiftieth Street. A mob stood outside the stage door, too, waiting for a chance to see the two teen-age celebrities.

Mickey and Judy didn't pay much attention to all this. It happened every day, at every show, and didn't require comment. But there was one thing today that did interest Judy. As she and Mickey danced off the stage, into the wings, to wait there a moment before returning for a bow, she rumpled Mickey's already-mussed taffy-colored hair.

"Well!" she said like a small

mother. "You finally got a haircut!"

And Mickey flashed that typical Andy Hardy grin at her. He'd known she'd be the first to notice that haircut. She'd already pointed out, on several occasions, the necessity for it.

They understand each other, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. Or, perhaps, it's more exact to say that Judy understands Mickey a lot better than that adolescent combination of genius and holy terror understands himself.

Not for Judy to join the jittery group of Capitol Theater and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials who breathed a sigh of relief every time Mickey dashed through the stage door smack on the split-second that the band struck up the overture for the Rooney-Garland personal ap-

pearance act. Mickey was always just on the point of being late, at every one of the five or six shows a day he and Judy did together during his two-week stay at the Capitol. Always just on the point—but never quite.

The theater people worried themselves sick, but Judy, his co-star, was serene through it all. Once again, she understood Mickey. She knew that he might love to have fun, he might be a little wild—but he was a trouper. Nothing short of complete catastrophe could make him late for their show together.

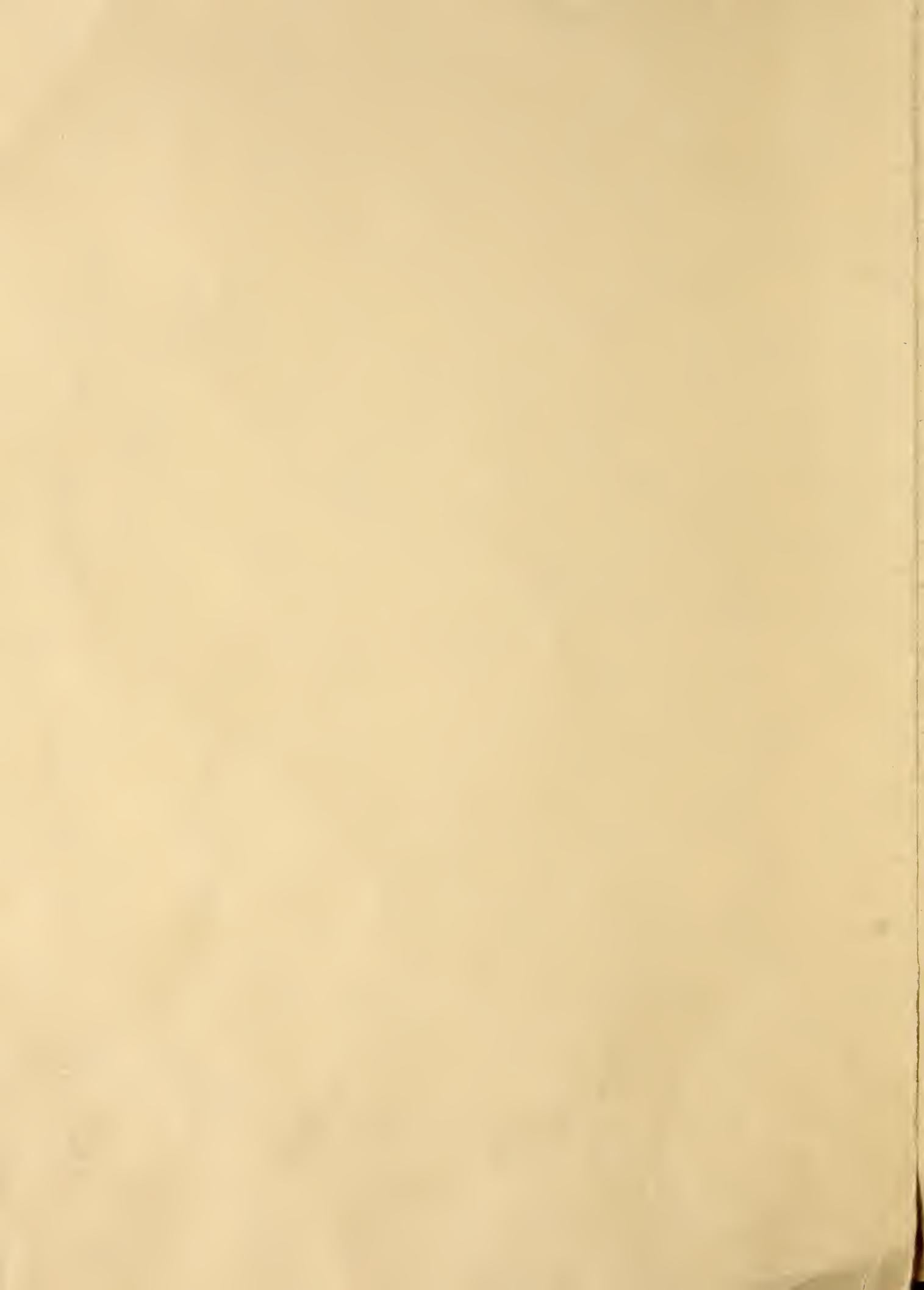
Perhaps it's because Judy is a trouper herself, perhaps only because she is wise and sympathetic beyond her brief sixteen years; but whatever the reason, there's something between her and Mickey Rooney (Continued on page 58)

By NORTON RUSSELL



Tune in Judy Tues.  
nights NBC-Red on  
the Bob Hope show.

Teamed with Mickey in  
"Babes in Arms," Judy  
demonstrates anew the  
charm that's made her  
the air-lanes' newest  
important personality.



Birthday kiss to Judy from Mickey, surrounded by Jackie Cooper, Banita Granville and their own "crawd"



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Teamed with Mickey in "Babes in Arms," Judy demonstrates anew the charm that's made her the air-lanes' newest important personality.

By NORTON RUSSELL

■ Could she have foreseen the heartbreak love brought her? The story of a girl's poignant search for happiness as told in her own words

By VIRGINIA CLARK

Star of "The Romance of Helen Trent"

HAVE you ever stood on top of a world that was gloriously all right suddenly to find that world crumbling away from under you, leaving you suspended in mid-air? Have you ever felt that everything had been made to your personal order one minute, while the next you looked hopelessly on while the world—your world—came to a sudden and brutal end?

I have, and it is only now, years later, that I can see how that tragedy might have been the very foundation upon which I could have built a happier way of life. But when it happened I could only see what I was losing, could only see how drear in comparison my new existence was. I realize now that it was my inner feeling of revolt against this which turned me towards the only avenue of escape I could find.

An avenue of escape I should have had the wisdom to avoid. Yet at the time I welcomed it! My heartbreak certainly was of my own fashioning.

There was nothing in all those glorious carefree days at college, to foreshadow what was to come. I think, when the history of the late twenties is written, its keynote will be blind happiness and false prosperity, a gilded life that seems now so unreal.

I must have been the most hilariously happy of the whole Freshman class that year at the University of Alabama. I had gone there from my home in Little Rock, where nothing ever happened, to quench my thirst for living. On the campus

Lovely Virginia Clark is heroine of "The Romance of Helen Trent" Serial heard weekdays on CBS, sponsored by Edna Wallace Hopper Cosmetics.



# WHERE WAS I WRONG?

in those days we did crazy things. All sorts of new hops and dances, new kinds of parties, anything rather than study.

An artificial period, I know. But even now there are times when I think I might like to recapture some of the full gay spirit of those days. Mine was a world of dates and dances and sorority parties, a world of college men and roadsters, a world so full of things to do, there

was no time to consider the matter of life after graduation.

It took a depression to snap the world out of its dream. And it took a personal depression of my own to bring me down to earth.

I was holding a letter from mother, reading over and over again the few simple lines, trying to comprehend their full meaning:

"... of course, it's quite a blow. Father is a splendid salesman and

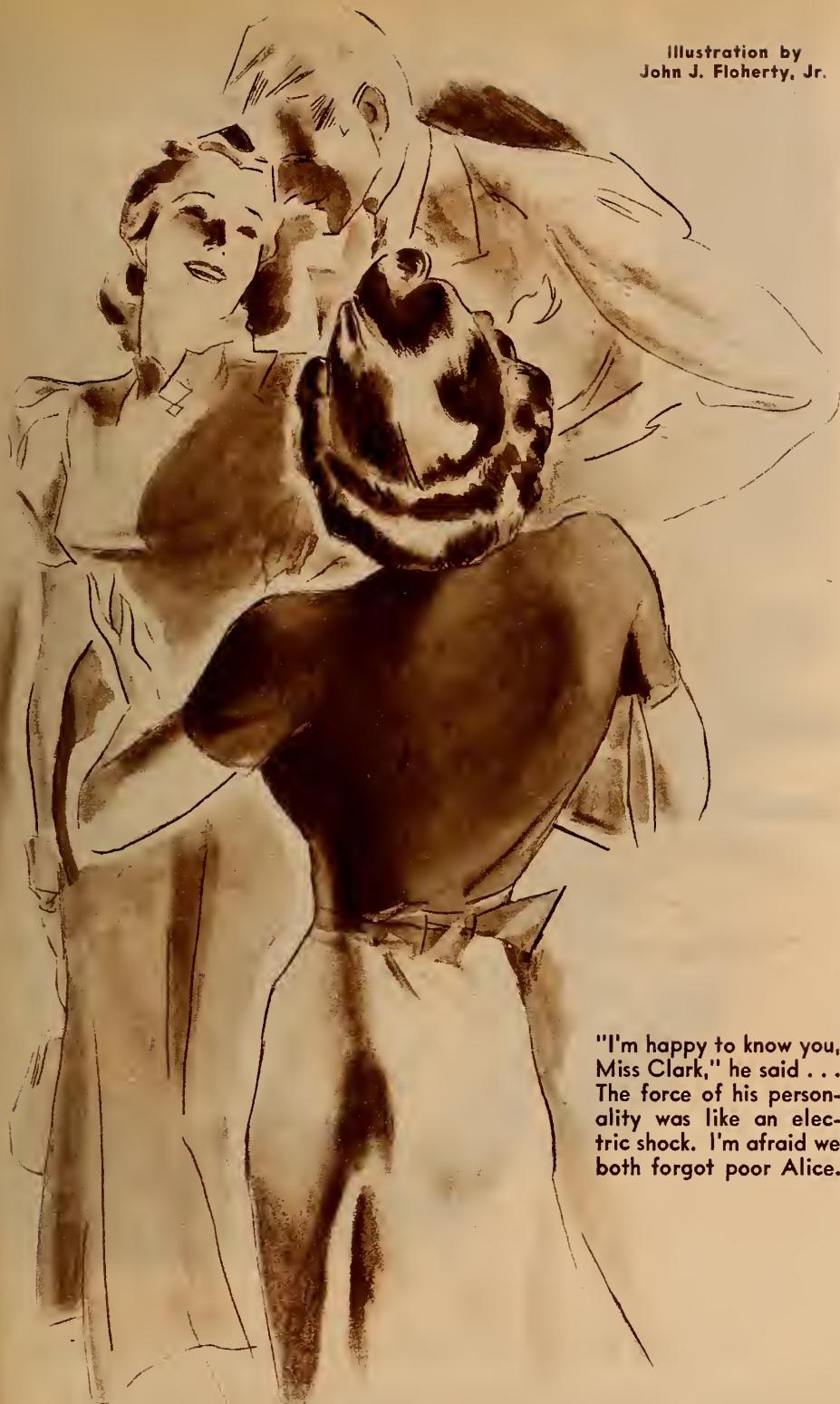


Illustration by  
John J. Floherty, Jr.

"I'm happy to know you, Miss Clark," he said . . .  
The force of his personality was like an electric shock. I'm afraid we both forgot poor Alice.

will undoubtedly make a new connection, but all his experience has been in selling that one line. It will be hard, at his age, to start all over again. And of course you know that our savings have been practically wiped out. . . .

It was the sort of thing that happens to other people, never to you or me. It seemed impossible. And yet, there it was in black and white and I watched, through the tiny

blotches of tears made upon the letter, my own happy little world fall to pieces before me. There was only one thing for me to do—quit school and find a job.

Even now, as I look back, I know that this was the most terrible blow I have ever been dealt. Even when I stood alone with my two-year-old son facing a strange, unfriendly city years later, I never felt as badly as I did then. Everything of which my

life seemed composed had been scattered to the four winds. It wasn't just leaving school. It was the family. Now it would be broken up, for mother had written that she was going to Chicago to look for work, while dad was going to stay, for a while, with my brother Ed, who had an automobile agency in Little Rock, while he sought a new connection and wound up the family affairs. The home in which I had lived my life and which seemed a very part of me was being sold, and now we were all to face a bitter, disillusioned world without even the comfort of a familiar roof overhead. I was going straight from the university to join my mother in Chicago.

THINK my mother is the bravest person I have ever known. She had spent her life as a mother rearing her family and making a home. Now, in the face of this crisis, she turned her back upon these things and bravely faced a world she had never known—the world of business. I'll always remember how we would start out in the morning, hopeful but with the sinking feeling that there were so many people seeking jobs, and so few jobs that it would be a miracle if we found one. And in the evenings when we would meet back at the apartment, I would be so discouraged I could cry. And with a few simple words, by some little reassuring act, mother would dispel all my discouragement and we would set out again the next morning bright and hopeful. It is little wonder that she soon found a place, as an apartment manager.

It wasn't a big job, but it was a job. We had our own little apartment and good hot meals mother cooked. But as far as I was concerned, there just didn't seem to be any jobs. Everywhere I went, the answer was always the same, "Sorry." Mother finally found a solution.

"Virginia, what would you rather do than anything else?" she asked me one night. "I think it's time you learned to do one thing well, and we'll manage to send you to school for awhile."

There was only one thing that I really wanted to do. I hated to think of spending my days typing and filing. I wanted to become an actress! There was no family tradition in the theater upon which to base such an ambition, and it seemed somehow absurd and hopeless. Since I was a tiny girl in school in Little Rock I had taken an active part in school plays and entertainments. The summer before, in Little (Continued on page 56)

# THE LAST LESSON

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SIT on the stone bench in the garden, all steeped in the hot peace of a summer afternoon. The sun strikes warmth into the cold stone, but not into the cold of my heart, the cold of my soul.

In a little while they will be here, pounding on the locked garden door, pounding with their rifle butts against the wood. If I do not go and open the door they will break it in, and my fate will be the same.

I could run! There is still time! To France—Switzerland—Holland—England—America! In America I would be safe. I have money to buy passage on a boat—all my savings. Why stay behind, waiting for them to come?

But I know I must stay. The children, the children I have taught for forty years—I must stay for them. I have one more lesson to teach them, the most important lesson of all.

So for the little while that I have left I can only sit here, in the warm sun, and think back over the years, to see what my life has been. My life, that so soon will be finished.

Forty years ago—why, then I was only twenty, and so eager to start in the school. I remember Herr Professor Kraener, and how frightened I was of him; for I didn't know then that his pomposity was only a mask for his kind and generous heart.

"You are very young, Fraulein Heinrich," he said to me. "You must realize that to teach in our school is a great responsibility. And, if I do say so, a very great honor!"

I had to take a deep breath to keep my voice from trembling when I replied, "Oh, yes. I know, Professor! I'll work very hard!"



"Ah! There they are. I hear them coming, tramping down the street.

A little stiffly, he said, "All of us work hard here, Fraulein."

And because I was afraid I had offended him, I stammered, "Oh, yes, yes! But I'll work as hard as the rest, harder, Herr Professor! Believe me, if I could be a teacher here, it would be my life! My life!"

My life?

Yes. My life.

The first day, when I was so frightened. When I looked out at the rows of children's faces, suspicious,

watchful, waiting—waiting to see if I were going to use the switch on them, if I could be tricked, if I was kind. All I could say was: "Children—I—I hope you will like me—because I am sure I will like you—" But then I had to stop, because there was nothing more to say.

And I did like them, all the years of them. I more than liked them—I loved them. Coming to me with their questions, with their round, puzzled eyes, with their bruised

Fictionization of "Ivory Tower," presented on the Arch Oboler's Plays program



Illustration by  
Vincentini

**They are knocking on the door now. I will let them in. I am not afraid."**

knees and cut hands; coming to me with their quarrels and their little gifts of fruits and flowers—oh, yes, I loved them too much.

Arnold said I loved them too much, when he begged me to marry him and leave them. There in his arms, I thought there was nothing I loved as much as him—but then I heard the children calling, and I knew they needed me. Arnold laughed at me when I tried to tell him—laughed scornfully and a little

angrily.

"Nonsense, Elsa! There will be other teachers. Anyway, to them a teacher is a—a mouth talking dullness and a hand with a heavy ruler!"

"Oh, no!" I cried out as if he had struck me. "I help them, Arnold. I do!"

"I need your help, Elsa! Come away with me! Say you will, Elsa, say you will!"

Well, I would not say it, and Ar-

**She taught them what she was ordered to but there came a time when the soul within her rebelled!**  
**One day the children had to be told the truth!—**  
**Presenting a thrilling**  
**radio drama of courage**

nold went away, and I did not see him for many years, not until—but no. I must think of that soon, but not now. Not just yet.

How quickly the forty years have gone! Quietly, imperceptibly, like children growing—each one the same, and yet somehow different. And the children coming to me, and staying a while, and then going away again; each of them taking away a little part of me and so becoming mine, mine. First it was young Fraulein Heinrich they called me, and before I knew it, they had changed to "Old Fraulein Heinrich." I didn't care. I had so much. Years full of children, years full of content.

The war came.

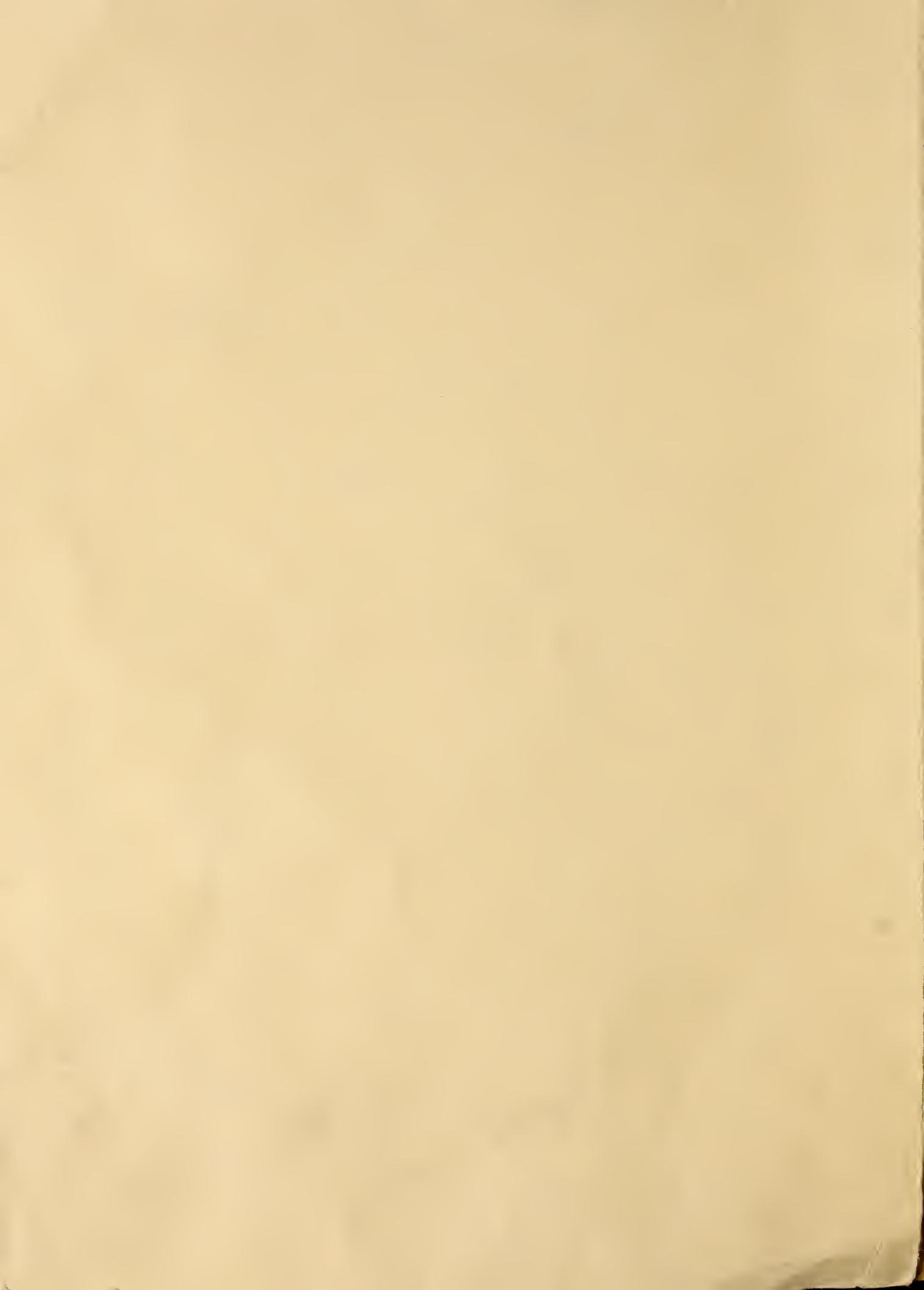
What had I to do with war? I heard what the Emperor said: "The sword is being forced into our hands. On me, your Emperor, the spirit of God has descended! I am his sword, his weapon, his Vice-Regent. Woe to the disobedient, and death to cowards and unbelievers!"

I heard them telling us to sacrifice, to pray for victory, to say this, to think that, to wear this, to eat that. And to all I was told I said "Yes, yes, yes!" Of course I said "Yes" to what they told me. They were so much wiser than I. What did I know but my children and this little garden?

The children came to me and asked, "But what are we fighting for, Fraulein Heinrich?" And I would hesitate and stammer what I had been told for me to say:

"Why—to give to the world—yes, to give our nation's culture to the world." (Continued on page 74)

**over NBC, especially written by Mr. Oboler for Madame Alla Nazimova**



# THE LAST LESSON

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Fictionization of "Ivory Tower," presented on the Arch Oboler's Plays program

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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# HILLTOP



■ Beginning the story of beloved Miss Bess, who didn't know her own heart but knew that nothing must rob her of the child she loved—not even his father—nor the torments of scandal!

THEY said in Glendale that Miss Bess of Hilltop House would never marry. Sometimes they said it maliciously, when Dr. Robbie Clark was present; and then they would chuckle silently, watching his cheeks flush and his heavy straight eyebrows contract into a frown. Because everyone in Glendale knew Dr. Robbie loved Miss Bess—and no one in Glendale knew whether or not she loved him.

Miss Bess' ability to keep her own counsel, on this as on other matters, was one of the things about her that irritated Glendale. It wasn't right for a woman as fair and lovely as Bess Johnson to be so completely satisfied with no home of her own, no children of her own except the half a hundred orphans who lived at Hilltop. It made her mysterious—and while Glendale loved mysteries, mysterious people only annoyed it.

But one April morning the chain of events started that was to end by dispelling the mystery that surrounded her.

Affairs at Hilltop, just then, were deceptively peaceful. Financial difficulties which had threatened to force abandonment of the orphanage had finally been cleared up. Jean and Jerry, the Adair twins, Tim, and all the other children were in good health. Tulip was singing in her kitchen. Even Miss Gidley, the assistant matron, could find little to complain about. And Bess, when Paul Hutchinson first dropped in to see her, had seemed cheerful and relieved over the condition of Hilltop finances.

Paul was president of the Glendale Bank and a member of the Hilltop Board of Directors; but more than that, he was Bess' good friend and constant ally in the tempestuous job of keeping Hilltop House going. Where Frank Klabber, chairman of the Board, was forever opposing Bess and her "new-fangled notions," Paul was always supporting them.

Today he said, just before the end of his short visit, "By the way, Bess, the president of the Midwestern Airlines is in Glendale. He wants to look over the Hilltop grounds—thinks he might buy them. The



JOE CURTIN, IN HIS RADIO ROLE AS "STEPHEN CORTLAND"

bank won't sell, of course—I'll see to that—but it might be a good idea to let him see the place, just as a matter of courtesy."

"Of course," Bess said, never faltering in her task of mending assorted orphans' stockings. "Tell him to come up any time."

"Incidentally, he claims to be a friend of yours. Says

# HOUSE



"That was my son. I know it—he has the look of me when I was his age. You're lying to me, Bess!"



BESS JOHNSON, BELOVED STAR OF RADIO'S POPULAR SERIAL

you knew him several years ago, before you came to Glendale. His name's Cortland—Stephen Cortland."

It was then, Paul realized later, that Bess pricked her finger, and raised it, with a tiny cry, to her lips. And afterwards, even in the midst of her protests that it was nothing, and didn't hurt a bit, he saw that she had to force her words from between pale, stiff lips.

It was not Paul Hutchinson's habit to ask questions. But as he left, his face was concerned. Was it only coincidence that Bess' needle had created a diversion just after the mention of Cortland's name? Had he really seen dread in her face then?

If he could have seen Bess after his departure, he would have had the answer to his questions. For a moment she sat there, in the sunny room that was a combined living-room, workshop and office—sat there, defenseless against the terror in her heart. Then one hand went to her forehead, absently brushed against the pale wing of her hair, fell back then to her lap. And with the gesture some of her courage seemed to return. Not much, perhaps, but enough to carry her through the hours of suspense that would come before the inevitable moment when she must meet Stephen Cortland, endure the pitiless questions he was sure to have for her.

The sound of a scuffle, and then a short, stifled cry, brought her to her feet. Her room was at the end of the hall, next door to the girls' dormitory, and it was from there that the sound had come.

She found Jean Adair and Stella Rodnick alone in the room. Jean, wide-eyed with shock, was holding her hand to her cheek, while dark-skinned Stella, her breast heaving with twelve-year-old anger, was clutching a delicate white blouse in both hands.

"What's the trouble here?" Bess asked sharply. "Stella, why are you holding Jean's blouse?"

"Jean told me I could wear it," the girl said sullenly. "And then when I started to put it on, she wouldn't let me."

"That isn't true, Miss Bess," Jean exclaimed. "I never told her she could wear it, at all. I wanted to wear it myself, and when I asked her to give it back, she—she slapped me!"

Bess sighed. Once again, she wondered if she had been wrong in insisting that Stella Rodnick be taken into Hilltop. After all, she wasn't really an orphan: her mother was alive, though bedridden. And she was all wrong—so wrong that perhaps she could never be set right. It was a hard world that Stella had known, the short twelve years of her life—a world in which kindness and the rights of others had had no part. Always, Stella had had to fight for what she needed, fight and lie; until fighting and lying had grown to be habits.

"I'll have to punish you for this, Stella," she said wearily. "You know better than to try to take other people's property. Please come to my office the first thing after dinner tonight."

The child's sulky lips scarcely moved as she said, "Aren't you going to punish Jean too?"

"Certainly not," Bess said crisply.

Stella mumbled something; it sounded like, "I'll get even with both of you for this."



# HILLTOP HOUSE

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■ Brought to you in thrilling fiction, the story of "Hilltop House," popular CBS radio drama by Addy Richton and Lynn Stone, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet

"Stella," Bess pleaded, "why won't you let us help you? I don't like to punish you. I want to love you, just as I love all the children here. But you won't let me. Don't you like it at Hilltop House?"

"Sure—I like it all right," Stella admitted grudgingly.

"Then you must—you must try harder to be a part of Hilltop, Stella." Bess paused. "Don't you see?"

Silence.

She turned away. It was quite hopeless, just now, to talk to Stella, who had retreated into one of those bitter silences she knew so well how to assume. For days, perhaps, she would remain there, unapproachable, nursing her secret anger, peering out at the world in hostility, as

if through the chinks of a fortress.

And anyway, Stella didn't matter. She was such a small problem, beside the greater one of Steve Cortland and Tim.

If only Cortland would come during the day, while Tim was at school! Or at night, after Tim had gone to bed. For whatever happened, he must not see the boy. She knew his suspicious, intuitive nature; and she knew how poor a liar she was herself. Once he saw Tim, he would know . . . what he must never know.

All that day she waited for him to come. But then it was late afternoon, and Robbie was there on his daily visit. As always, his presence filled the room with blithe gaiety; as always, she felt the better for seeing him, and wished that she could return the love he gave her in such overflowing measure. But you did not tell love to do thus and so, to go here, go there; and Bess knew that Robbie would never mean as much to her as the uplifted faces of the Hilltop children, not as much as their dirty hands and scratched knees, not as much as the din they made as they raced through the bare-floored halls.

"Here!" Robbie said, the moment he saw her. "You're not taking good

care of my best girl. You look as if you were catching a cold."

She couldn't tell him that a few moments before her nerves had betrayed her into a fit of crying. "I'm perfectly well," she said. "Just a little tired."

"You never take things easy!" he declaimed. "Miss Bess Johnson, the human whirlwind! Look here—" With a quick movement of his lean surgeon's hand he had seized her wrist; with his other arm he encircled her shoulders. "Now stand still—I'm taking your pulse."

She laughed up at him. It was so good to be at ease with someone; so good to forget, for a moment, that Steve Cortland was in town. "You can't. If you keep your arm around me you can't get at your watch."

He grinned back. "Sure, it's just a gag to put my arm around you. Still love me, honey?"

"No. I think you're a brute."

"Women," he said, nodding sagely, "love brutes."

Abruptly, she shuddered—for in his jest, he had spoken the truth. There was a brute in Cortland—and once she had loved Cortland.

It was then that Tulip knocked on the door and announced that Stephen Cortland was calling.

"Oh, no! No!" Bess cried involuntarily. Her quick mind had seen what must happen. It was late afternoon; the children were even now on their way home from school; Tim would rush into her office the minute he reached the house, as he always did. . . .

"Tulip," she said quickly, "while Mr. Cortland is here, I don't want to be disturbed. Don't let Tim come in here, Tulip!" She saw Robbie's puzzled, jealous frown, and hastened to reassure him: "It's a man who wants to buy Hilltop. Of course the bank won't sell, but I used to know him, and I don't want to be bothered while he's here."

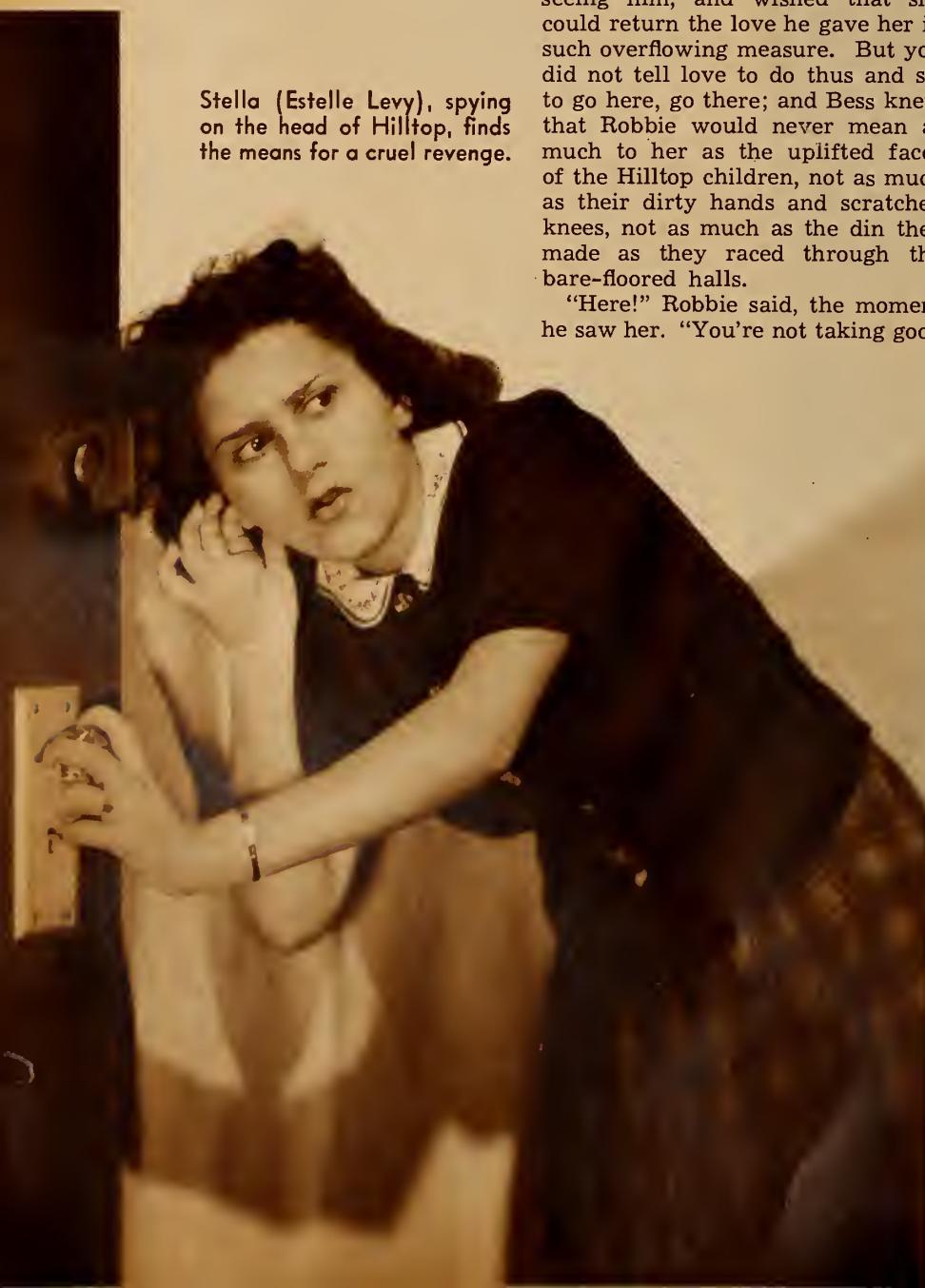
It was an incoherent enough explanation, and Robbie, far from being reassured, said, "Used to know him? . . . Who is he, Bess?"

"Just—just a man I used to know." And with that he had to go away satisfied.

A moment later Stephen Cortland stood in the doorway.

He hadn't changed much, she saw. Success had left him with that same intense, disturbed expression about the eyes, the same tight downward quirk at the corners of his mouth. His hair had turned a little gray, but his figure (Continued on page 53)

Stella (Estelle Levy), spying on the head of Hilltop, finds the means for a cruel revenge.



Kenny  
Baker



Warner Brothers

A tenor who sings as if he really loved to, and a comedian who has a way all his own of making you laugh—that's handsome young Mr. Kenny Baker, of the Wednesday-night CBS Texaco Star Theater.

# FATE'S BAD



Virginia was a revelation to him. Never had Orson met anyone who looked at him with such a light in her eyes.



Their backstage courtship was simple—so different from the flamboyant adventures of this actor's strange past.



HIS destiny of fame and success was very far away from twelve-year-old Orson Welles on the hot summer morning in Chicago when they buried his father. He was all alone in the world. The first dozen years of his life, when he had traveled all over the world with his inventor-father, were a closed book now, and ahead of him was only the Todd School for boys at Woodstock, where his guardian, Dr. Bernstein, had entered him. Orson didn't think he'd like the dull life at school; he wasn't good at games, and he certainly wasn't used to staying in one place. But thanks to Roger Hill, one of the teachers, who saw in the boy some of the talent that has since made him famous, Orson had a fine time at Woodstock. He was encouraged by Hill to take part in dramatics, and the smell of grease-paint and the applause of audiences told him once and for all that he wanted

to be an actor. Graduation time came, and Sixteen-year-old Orson persuaded Dr. Bernstein to give him enough money to go to Scotland and paint. Instead—a typical Welles change of mind—he went to Ireland, where for a year he roved the country, exchanging his portraits of the peasants for food and lodging. At last, at a loose end, he went to Dublin, where chance led him to the Gate Theater. An acquaintance introduced him backstage, and casually, almost without thinking of it, he told the Gate Theater manager that he was a star with the Theater Guild, in New York. The manager believed him, and at once begged him to play some guest engagements in Dublin. Orson, who was completely broke, jumped at the opportunity, and within another two weeks was a Dublin success, playing some of the most difficult parts in theatrical literature.

## PART TWO

THE Irish passengers knew him, and some of the English ladies who had seen him at the Abbey Theater. Day by day, as he walked the decks, he could see them eyeing him, whispering about him to the other passengers. He could feel their acclaim, their admiration surrounding him, like a bright, golden cloud.

"Orson Welles . . . Yes, that's he . . . over there. The tall young man with the shock of black hair. Orson Welles. The brilliant young actor from America, who made such a success at the Gate."

It was nice—feeling the fame follow him over the ocean. Nice to feel, even in this small way, that admiration pursuing him, as the ship came closer and closer to America. It made up, somehow, for the bitter disappointment that had overtaken him just two weeks ago.

He could still remember every detail of that painful and sudden surprise.

They had been giving him a mid-

night supper party after his performance at the Gate. A gay party in a Dublin tavern just around the corner from the theater. Some of the Abbey Players had been there, and two or three Irish poets, and the prettiest girls in the company. A party to celebrate Orson's departure for England—where he was to star in a new London play.

"A toast!" somebody had cried. "A toast to Orson Welles. May he be a great success in England!"

They had all stood up, holding champagne glasses toward him. The prettiest girl in the room had smiled across the table into his eyes. They had all begun to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow." Only Orson had seen the door behind them open quickly, and the manager of the company come in—not smiling at all, and very white.

Without a word, in the midst of the party, he had come up to Orson and handed him a letter.

It was a letter from the English government. A form letter from the

# Boy

By

LUCILLE

FLETCHER

Perhaps the heartbreak,  
the loneliness and fear  
had only been to test  
him for this love—and  
yet, she had said no. . . .

Continue the fascinating  
story of Orson Welles

Home Secretary. And it announced that one, Orson Welles, Esquire, an American, would no longer be permitted to act anywhere within His Majesty's kingdom. It wasn't Orson's fault. In England a foreign artist is allowed just so much time to pursue his calling. Orson's time was up.

That letter had been the beginning of the end.

He had not started for home at once. It had all seemed so incredible. For days he had hung around the dressing-rooms backstage at the Gate, wistfully watching the other actors, as they daubed on grease paint, or applied beards slowly to their chins. He had talked to man-

agers, producers, government officials, in an effort to get the ruling revoked. It had been no use. So now, he was on his way home—for the first time in three years—to try his luck on Broadway.

In spite of his disappointment he had every hope—this tall lad of 19—that he would succeed.

Why shouldn't he? He had already conquered Dublin. The Irish critics had raved about his "Jew Suss," his "King" in "Hamlet," his "Svengali" in Du Maurier's "Trilby." The Abbey Players—Ireland's leading company—had taken him up. In his battered suitcase in the stateroom he had a big book bulging with press notices, fan mail from

little Irish girls, shiny photographs of himself that had appeared in all the English papers. And even now—as he strolled the decks, hands thrust deep into the pockets of his rough tweed suit—the whispers rose up here and there around him—fame pursuing him across the ocean, to his goal.

His ship docked in New York on a steamy morning in June. He paused long enough only to find a hotel room, where he could house his belongings. Then he was off for Broadway.

Broadway is languid and dusty in June. A hot wind blows along the pavements, ruffling the papers on the newsstands, littering the



hot, brightly glaring streets with trash. There is no glamour about Broadway in summer time. The shows are folding one by one, the theaters are closing down. Only a few plays persist in air-cooled houses.

But Orson Welles—Chicago born—just back from three years in Ireland—had little sense of this Broadway. He strolled along, his press book naively under one arm, reveling in the crowds. His Irish friends had told him the address of one of the biggest theatrical offices in New York. He found it, just over a theater, went up in the elevator, entered a big square office, lined with brown leather sofas and deep chairs.

A BLONDE girl was yawning and reading a newspaper. He walked over to her in his best Shakespearean manner.

"Pardon me, miss," he began. "My name is Orson Welles."

The blonde girl did not pause in her truly colossal yawn.

"Okay," she said. "What's it about?"

"I wish to see the producer," Orson stated it with dignity, "about a part in a play."

"He's in conference just now," she said. "Leave your name."

"I'll wait," said Orson stiffly, and sat down on one of the leather chairs.

An hour went by. The producer did not appear. The blonde girl yawned. From somewhere, behind the opaque, tightly shut door marked "Manager" he could hear voices talking and arguing. But no one came. It was almost three o'clock before the door finally opened, and a dark man, dressed in a checked suit, hurried out, glancing at his watch. He paused for a moment at the reception desk.

"I'm going out to lunch now, Miss Gold. Then I'm catching that plane for Hollywood at six. Anybody come in to see me?"

The girl glanced toward Orson.

"Only that gentleman over there. He says his name is Orson Welles, he has to see you about a part in a play."

The dark man turned, and for a moment his gaze rested casually upon Orson's big, tweed-clad figure. Then he glanced at his watch again.

"Sorry," he said. "Nothing for you boys today. But leave your name, I'll be back from Hollywood in a couple of months."

And he was gone.

His pride stung to the quick, Orson stood there for a long moment, then turned on his heel and left.

All afternoon, he tramped up and

down, past movie theaters, soft drink stands, costumers, cheap haberdasheries, in and out the side-streets, from theater to theater. He knocked on stage doors, where casual loafers snickered at him. He threaded his way up grimy alleys, he climbed long stairs to dingy offices. At each place, it was the same—the same flat, empty stare, when he announced his name, the same shrug, the same "Okay—leave your name—but we're not casting till August."

He went into a restaurant and sat down, his head in his hands. He ordered a cup of coffee, but when it came, he did not drink it, only stirred it round and round, staring into space. Finally, a young man at the next table who had been watching him, came over and sat down opposite.

---

## ■ NEXT MONTH — The truly revealing story of the strange role radio is playing in the private life of Hollywood's greatest actress.

### WATCH FOR Bette Davis in a beautiful real life color portrait on the cover and for the month's most surprising story!

---

"What's the matter, kid—feel sick?" he asked. Orson nodded his head.

"Wanna drink?"

"No thanks. You're—very kind, but I'd just as soon be alone."

"Okay." The young man got up to go away. But in that moment such a wave of loneliness and despair came over Orson that he reached out his hand, and motioned the stranger to stay. And without knowing why he did it, knowing only that there was no one else in New York he knew, he burst out into a full recital of his troubles.

When he had finished the young man said:

"I think I've got the solution."

He was, it seemed, a writer—for the pulp magazines. And he needed a collaborator. Could Orson write? From his conversation and his ad-

ventures, he thought he could. Why shouldn't he try?

"But I—don't want to write pulp fiction," Orson hesitated. "I want to be an actor."

"You've just told me Broadway never heard of you."

"Yes—but . . ."

"But nothing. You made a freak hit in some lousy Irish stock company—does that mean you're Broadway calibre? Not on your life. Laugh it off as experience. Have the sense to sink your teeth into something new."

It was in August before Orson finally gave in. By August most of the new plays were cast—and still nobody on Broadway cared about him or wanted him. By August his money was almost gone. One stifling day he moved at last from the hotel room off Broadway, into a cheap little place over a Chinese laundry—a room with yellow stains on the ceiling and cracks along the walls. He bought a second-hand typewriter, and set it down on a table beside the tumble-down brass bed. And he started in to write pulp fiction.

Orson did not have an immediate success as a writer of pulp fiction. In fact, he almost starved in that first month or so, before he learned the trade. He wrote steadily, story after story based on the fantastic people and places of his wandering boyhood. But those early efforts were too artistic for the market he had chosen. Again and again they were returned. Then finally out of sheer desperation, he caught the knack. And one morning, creeping downstairs in his shabby suit, he found a long thin envelope in the mailbox. A check for fifty dollars.

FROM that point on he hit the story market every time. Weird stories were his best bet. He became an expert on horrible crimes, monsters who killed their victims with such fantastic devices as a deadly ray hidden in a single pane of glass, or a bullet fashioned from an icicle—which would melt inside the body once it had done its work. He wrote about Chinese fiends—with apologies to his friend, the laundryman, downstairs—and gentleman burglars from Baltimore, who murdered in violet kid gloves.

The checks kept coming. He tried his hand at other things—essays, sketches, a romantic radio serial. It was the radio serial which almost brought him back into the theater again—gave him the idea to write his first play.

He got an idea for the play after reading a book about John Brown. But in order (*Continued on page 77*)

RADIO MIRROR'S  
*Preview of a Hit!*



**THIS IS MY SONG**

Words and Music by Larry Clinton

Based on the traditional "Londonderry Air"

Copyright 1939, Robbins Music Corporation

# THIS IS MY SONG

■ Here it is—free to Radio Mirror readers—the first copy  
of Larry Clinton's newest ballad—a hit by the composer  
of "The Dipsy Doodle," "My Reverie" and "Our Love"

Words and Music by  
**LARRY CLINTON**

Based on the traditional  
"Londonderry Air"

Moderate Tempo

This staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and common time (C). The lyrics are: "This Is My Song This lone-ly strain that fills my heart". The piano accompaniment consists of a bass line and chords.

This staff continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "With gen-tle pain of mem-o-ries of you This Is My". The piano part features more complex harmonic changes with various chords and sustained notes.

This staff concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Song This old re-frain that tears a - part The veil of joy That". The piano part ends with a final chord.

cov-ers up my heart — With-out a song this life would be an

emp-ty thing — As in com-plete As birds that can-not sing .

— This is my love A love that's nev-er old nor new —

— This Is My Song My song of love to you —

# CAUGHT in the act

He's radio's newest sensation—maestro, arranger and composer of popular songs—meet Larry Clinton and his clever gang!



In addition to making that trumpet talk, Larry Clinton can play every instrument in the band. He sleeps less than five hours a day and eats only one meal (at 4 P.M.).



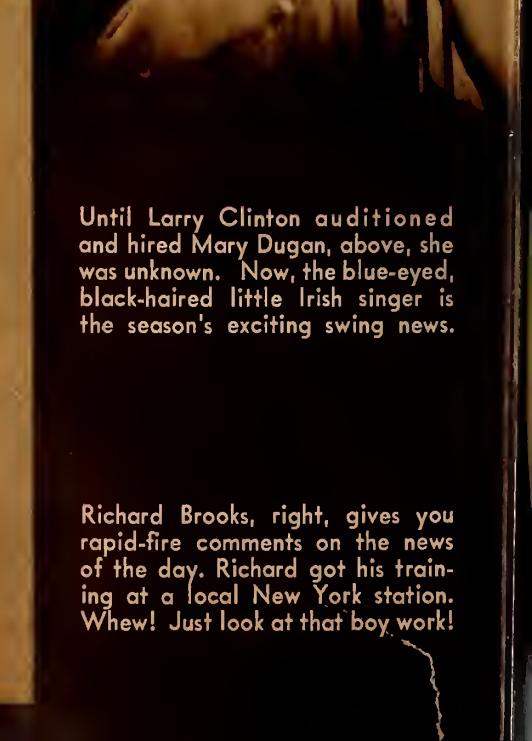
Alan Kent, below, not only announces but writes the script and commercials. And what's more, he can sing, too. Alan's introduced listeners to many a dance-band.



BECAUSE few listeners ever get to New York, Chicago or Hollywood where the radio studios are, to see their favorites broadcast, RADIO MIRROR becomes the eyes of the mike and presents here radio's new sensation—Larry Clinton and his gang, pictured just as you would see them were you in the NBC studio Monday nights at 7:30 E.S.T.

In one short year, Larry Clinton has climbed to musical heights of fame—not only because of the way his band delivers, but also because of his startling swing arrangements.

Besides the musical half of the program, headed by Scat singer, Ford Leary, sweet warblers Mary Dugan and Terry Allen and the Frazee Sisters, are those entertaining news items by Richard Brooks, and the unusual commercials. Sensation is the word.



Until Larry Clinton auditioned and hired Mary Dugan, above, she was unknown. Now, the blue-eyed, black-haired little Irish singer is the season's exciting swing news.

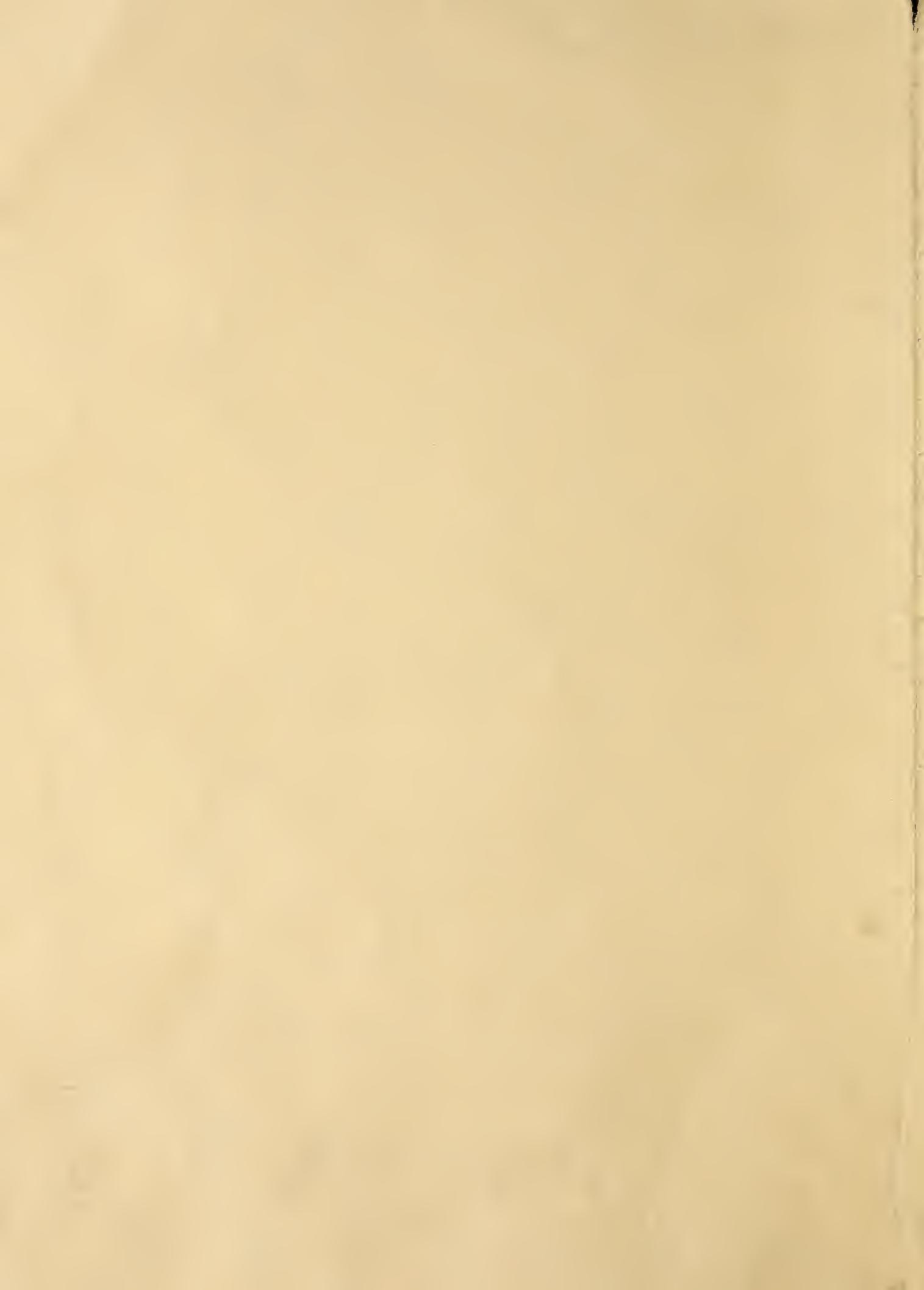
Richard Brooks, right, gives you rapid-fire comments on the news of the day. Richard got his training at a local New York station. Whew! Just look at that boy work!

The Frazee Sisters, right, emanate from vaudeville and night-club life. Right now they're singing at New York's Glass Hat. The Andrews Sisters better beware!

Terry Allen, below, is the heart-throb of the band. Terry devotes most of his time and talent to the soft and low love ballads. He graduated from Red Norvo's band.

Ford Leary, below, tips the scales at around 250; vocalizes in a rusty baritone voice; specializes in spirituals; plays the trombone and is the father of four young Learys.

RADIO'S  
PHOTO-  
MIRROR



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RADIO'S  
PHOTO-  
MIRROR

# Breach of Promise!

■ When a man leads a lady practically to the altar, and then jilts her, he's in hot water up to his neck! Which is just where Andy found himself

Adapted by special permission of Freedman Gosden and Charles Correll, from their Campbell Soup program, heard nightly, Monday through Friday, on CBS.

NEXORABLY February 24th approached. Nothing Andrew H. Brown of Harlem could do slowed down the march of time. Sleeping every day until noon only increased the pain and worry. It was no use, no matter if the world came to an end—and it looked as if it was going to, at least for Andrew Brown—the morning of February 24th would still dawn, cold and menacing.

Madam Queen had said that on February 24th she was going to sue Andrew Brown, defendant, for breach of promise. There was in all of Harlem no one who doubted that she would. There was no one, for that matter, who thought she had a chance of losing.

If it hadn't been for that New Year's party of the Kingfish, Andy might still have been walking the streets a free man, his shoulders back, able to face the world. If the party hadn't been quite so gay he might never have told Madam Queen that they couldn't get married after all.

Andy wondered why fate had dealt him so many stunning blows. Just a year ago he had paid his first visit to Madam Queen's Beauty Parlor and obtained his first "manana-cure." He remembered

the first letter he had written Madam Queen—and he had written 67 of them and now her lawyer had them all! He winced as he recalled a few of their torrid passages. And just the other day, to top off all his other blunders, his grocer had confused his order and sent his card with half a dozen cabbages to Madam Queen—and delivered the flowers ordered for Madam Queen to the lunch room.

First the party, then Andy's hoarse words to Madam Queen, "Honey, we-uh-we can't git married after all." Then the terrible silence the next few days, while wild rumors of Madam Queen's revenge came to Andy's ears. And, at last, the final, crushing blow—the legal papers notifying Andrew Brown that, on the twenty-fourth day of February, Madam Queen was

going to prove in court that he had committed a breach of promise which had so broken her heart nothing less than \$25,000 would mend it.

The future looked black indeed. Not even Amos could find a silver lining.

There was also the problem of Lawyer Snoop, assigned to defend Andy. After three days of personal and expensive investigation Lawyer Snoop had reported three momentous discoveries to Amos and Andy, viz:

(1) Madam Queen's Beauty Shop was closed.

(2) Madam Queen herself didn't feel so well.

(3) Andy's defense at the trial would probably cost a lot of money.

Inasmuch as Amos and Andy had been aware of these facts even



Illustration by  
Wm. Mead Prince

Now for the first time you can read Amos 'n' Andy's most hilarious adventures in story



Madam Queen seemed to sense victory in the air for she was dressed in the best of her finery, sporting a sea-green clinging gown with red poppies.

longer than Lawyer Snoop had they decided to dispense with the latter's services. As Andy's new lawyer Amos finally retained a business-like gentleman named Collins.

Lawyer Collins wasted no time. On a fine sunny morning with Amos and Andy sunk in gloom in the tiny Harlem office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated, he marched in with a bulging brief case and a businesslike air.

"Mornin' Amos. Mornin' An—" Lawyer Collins peered at Andy in surprise, and addressed Amos.

"Why-a—Andy's asleep!"

"Dat's impossible," exclaimed Amos, "we gotta law 'gainst dat here. He ain't sleepin'. He's just sub-conscious."

Amos slapped the table and Andy looked up, blinking at the light.

"Why-a—hello, Lawyeh Collins. What time is it? I been in a sort of a trance dere a little while, thinkin' things oveh. I sorta lose track o' everything when I do that."

Lawyer Collins went to the mat at once.

"Gemmeh, if you have a few moments, we is goin' to have a little rehearsal, right here. De trial starts a week from today an' I understand Lawyeh Smith is going to produce all the letters that Andrew H. Brown wrote to Madam Queen."

Collins paused impressively. "There is 67 of 'em."

"Oh—oh. She saved 'em all?"

"Every last one of them—but, Mr. Brown, if you answers all questions intelligently on de witness stand I can save you plenty of trouble. Dat is de purpose of this

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Collins struck an impressive pose and addressed Andy.

"Andrew H. Brown, you is now on de witness stand—and I will now cross-examine you like Lawyeh Smith will do at de trial. Fr'instante, I take this letteh."

Here Lawyer Collins picked up a letter from the desk and waved it at Andy.

"I ask you here and now did you or did you not write this letteh?"

"Huh?"

"Lemme put it this way," said Lawyer Collins, patiently, "Did you write this letteh?"

"Nosah, nosah," Andy was emphatic.

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"Dat's de wrong answer, Andy. 'Course you (Continued on page 64)

form—a special feature, starring the famous comedians in those memorable Harlem events



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# Woman in Love

by  
Kathleen  
Norris

*Continuing a compelling novel of lost innocence:*

From five years in St. Bride's Convent, Tamara Todhunter came to San Francisco and a family to which she was almost a stranger. Her mother, sister and brother, hangers-on to the fringe of the city's theatrical life, were shiftless and poverty-ridden, and at first Tamara felt lost and forlorn. Gradually, though, she made friends—Dolores Quinn, a popular actress, and Mayne Mallory, a Hollywood film star who spent much of his free time in San Francisco. Mayne — handsome, charming, wise in the ways of the world—soon became her ideal, and she found herself half-agreeing with his cynical views on life and morals, so different from the ideals she had been taught in the convent. It was through Mayne's help that she got her first part on the stage, and this led to a larger part in a play which starred Mayne himself. The successful run of the play lasted five weeks—weeks of dazzling happiness to Tamara—then it closed and Tam learned she was not to be taken on the brief tour which was to follow. Mayne, too, seemed to have forgotten her that rainy Sunday after the play closed. But then, after a miserable day, he called her and invited her to have dinner with him in his hotel suite. There, sure of his love for her and hers for him, Tamara felt again the happiness of the past few weeks, and the maxims that Mother Laurence had taught her in the convent seemed more and more ridiculous.

**S**HE came into the house quietly; at nine o'clock in the morning all of the members of the family might be, and some of them certainly would be, asleep. Tiptoeing noiselessly, she put her bags down in the foyer and opened the kitchen door without a creak. Coral and her mother, in spotted old kimonos, were sitting there, breakfasting; they welcomed her smilingly.

"Well, what are you doing back so soon?" Coral asked.

"We folded in Stockton yesterday. We were losing money all the way along."

"I hope you got paid, darling," the mother said.

"Half salary this last week," Tamara said. "We have Feeney's notes for what he owes us, and that's all."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Mrs. Todhunter said mildly, disappointed but resigned. She put the cream bottle nearer her daughter. Tamara sipped her coffee wearily. To her it seemed that she never had left this slovenly kitchen, and yet everything was changed, too; strangely different. "Tired?" the mother asked.

"Well, there's a sort of reaction about getting home—"

"Where's Mayne?" the older sister remembered to ask suddenly.

"Back in Hollywood now, I imagine. He left us in Sacramento. Berman telegraphed for him and Feeney let him go. Kent Carroway played his part two nights," Tam said,

"Life is so unfair to women," Tam said sadly. "Because you did something without thinking, you find yourself—"



■ Can a girl "get away

with it?" Tamara had nothing left, now, but prayer—and she told herself she would never love again. But—

"because there weren't twenty people in the house anyway."

"Anything else in sight, Tam?"

"I beg pardon, Mama?"

"Feeney talking any other show?"

"Not for me," Tam said quietly, looking into her cup.

"What's Mayne doing?"

"He didn't know, exactly. He may go to New York."

"Why don't you get him to work you into pictures, Tam?" Coral asked, scraping half melted butter on a crust, dipping it in her cooling coffee. "He certainly worked Feeney to take you on this tour. Cotter said he did."

"He says it's terribly crowded down there," Tam answered listlessly. "He says there are thousands of girls hanging around all the studios."

"There's a letter for you," Coral remembered to say. Color rushed into Tam's face and light into her eyes.

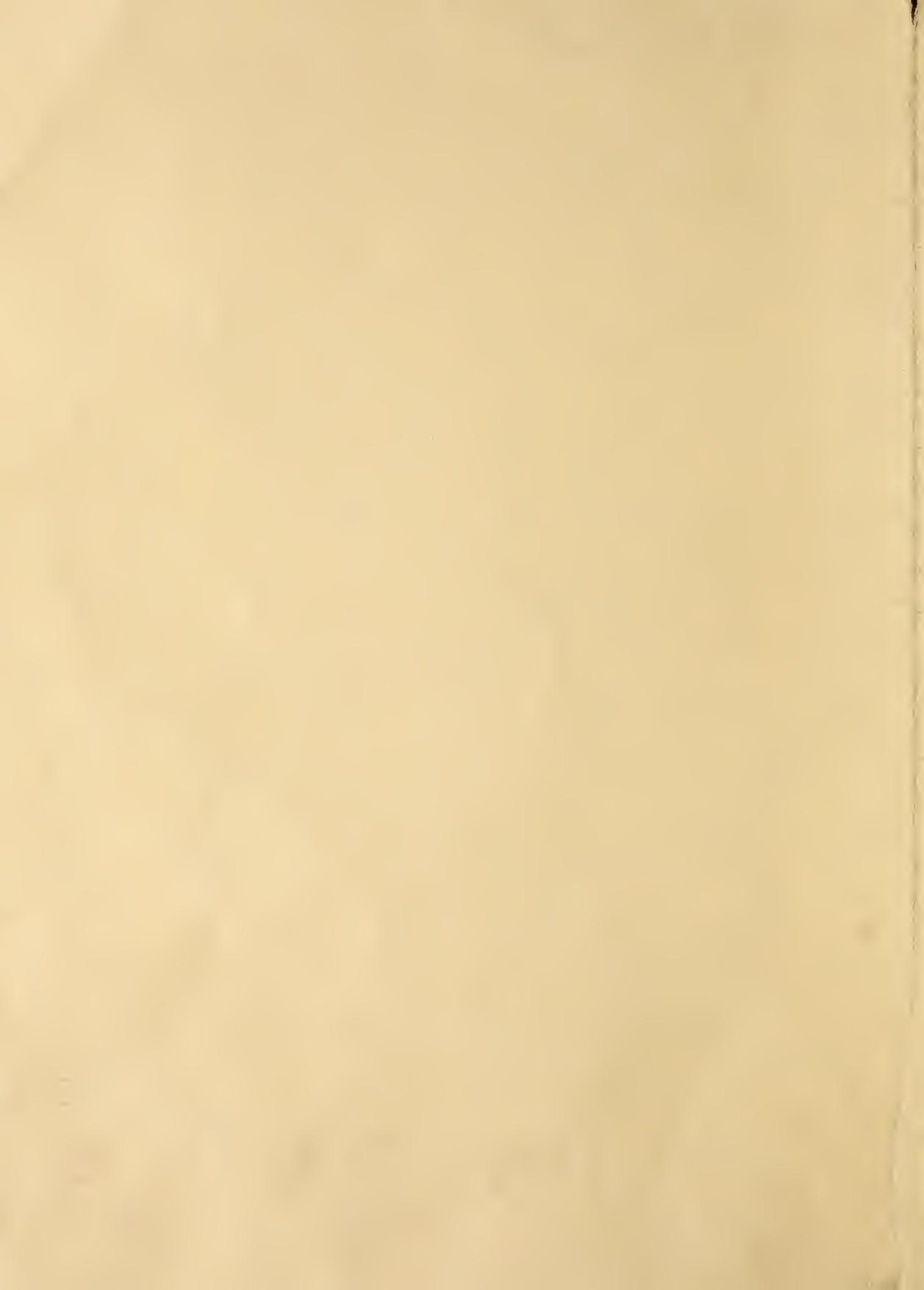
"From Mayne?" she asked.

"No; I think it's from one of the nuns at Saint Bride's."

"Oh," Tamara said dully. She took it; saw the pale blue ink of the "A.M.D.G." at the head, under the engraved little familiar photograph of the new dormitory and the gym. Mother Laurence. Mother Laurence saying that she would be down at the Menlo Park convent for a week and would love to see Tamara and any other of the dear "old girls." Tamara crushed the cleanly written brief message in her hand.

She went out in midafternoon,

Illustration  
by Carl Mueller



# Woman in Love

by  
Kathleen  
Norris

Continuing a compelling novel of lost innocence:

From five years in St. Bride's Convent, Tamara Todhunter came to San Francisco and a family to which she was almost a stranger. Her mother, sister and brother, hangers-on to the fringe of the city's theatrical life, were shiftless and poverty-ridden, and at first Tamara felt lost and forlorn. Gradually, though, she made friends—Dolores Quinn, a popular actress, and Mayne Mallory, a Hollywood film star who spent much of his free time in San Francisco. Mayne—handsome, charming, wise in the ways of the world—soon became her ideal, and she found herself half-agreeing with his cynical views on life and morals, so different from the ideals she had been taught in the convent. It was through Mayne's help that she got her first part on the stage, and this led to a larger part in a play which starred Mayne himself. The successful run of the play lasted five weeks—weeks of dazzling happiness to Tamara—then it closed and Tam learned she was not to be taken on the brief tour which was to follow. Mayne, too, seemed to have forgotten her that rainy Sunday after the play closed. But then, after a miserable day, he called her and invited her to have dinner with him in his hotel suite. There, sure of his love for her and hers for him, Tamara felt again the happiness of the past few weeks, and the maxims that Mother Laurence had taught her in the convent seemed more and more ridiculous.

"Life is so unfair to women," Tom said sadly. "Because you did something without thinking, you find yourself—"

"Well, what are you doing back so soon?" Coral asked.

"We folded in Stockton yesterday. We were losing money all the way along."

"I hope you got paid, darling," the mother said.

"Half salary this last week," Tamara said. "We have Feeney's notes for what he owes us, and that's all."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Mrs. Todhunter said mildly, disappointed but resigned. She put the cream bottle nearer her daughter. Tamara sipped her coffee wearily. To her it seemed that she never had left this slovenly kitchen, and yet everything was changed, too; strangely different. "Tired?" the mother asked.

"Well, there's a sort of reaction about getting home—"

"Where's Mayne?" the older sister remembered to ask suddenly.

"Back in Hollywood now, I imagine. He left us in Sacramento. Berman telegraphed for him and Feeney let him go. Kent Carroway played his part two nights," Tam said,

■ Can a girl "get away with it?" Tamara had nothing left, now, but prayer—and she told herself she would never love again. But—

"because there weren't twenty people in the house anyway."

"Anything else in sight, Tam?" "I beg pardon, Mama?"

"Feeney talking any other show?"

"Not for me," Tam said quietly, looking into her cup.

"What's Mayne doing?"

"He didn't know, exactly. He may go to New York."

"Why don't you get him to work you into pictures, Tam?" Coral asked, scraping half melted butter on a crust, dipping it in her cooling coffee. "He certainly worked Feeney to take you on this tour. Cotter said he did."

"He says it's terribly crowded down there," Tam answered listlessly. "He says there are thousands of girls hanging around all the studios."

"There's a letter for you," Coral remembered to say. Color rushed into Tam's face and light into her eyes.

"From Mayne?" she asked.

"No; I think it's from one of the nuns at Saint Bride's."

"Oh," Tamara said dully. She took it; saw the pale blue ink of the "A.M.D.G." at the head, under the engraved little familiar photograph of the new dormitory and the gym. Mother Laurence. Mother Laurence saying that she would be down at the Menlo Park convent for a week and would love to see Tamara and any other of the dear "old girls." Tamara crushed the cleanly written brief message in her hand.

She went out in midafternoon,

Illustration  
by Carl Mueller

walked gray streets under a gray unfriendly sky. She went to Felton's office, Markisohn's, Jergen's. Girls were drifting to and fro among the drugstores and agencies and beauty parlors; someone called Ottie King, "the Broadway cut-up," was packing the Golden Gate; there was a line at the box office. Some people were successful, apparently.

But at the agencies everyone said that the season was dead. Just dead. A girl Tam knew only by her first name of Lita told her that she was just back from Hollywood; nothing doing down there, half the studios closed.

"Mayne Mallory's down there again," Tam said, to say his name.

"Yes, so I hear. Berman had something for him, they said." Lita evidently knew no more; she went her way, and Tam walked on.

She took the way she and Mayne had so often taken, up the steep hill of Taylor Street, where dried grass was flattened among the cobbles and which no motor engine would climb. She stood on the top of the rise under the somber lifeless sky, went on in irresolute starts and stoppings to Telegraph Hill and the Holloways'. Persis was there, but somehow today Persis seemed lifeless and apathetic, too. Persis had some plan, some engagement in which Tam had no share; she was cordial enough, but her suggestion of dinner was undated; Tam must come up to dinner some time, any time.

TAM walked home in the dusk; in late February there was a hint of spring in the yellowed end of the day; there was grass in the hilliest streets, tiny, shy new green grass-blades pushing up through last year's discolored growth of weeds. Back of Chinatown was the flat face of the old Spanish church. Tam went in and knelt with her mind vague and empty, her heart cold. Nothing to say—nothing about which she could pray now. It was too late for prayer.

That day and the next and the next and the next went by; they were all alike. The thoughts she thought in them were all alike. The nights that followed them were filled with the same wakefulness, the same light restless sleep and fevered dreams.

"Nobody ever will know, it wasn't important, girls are being just as big fools as you are all the time. But you fool!" she said in her soul, over and over again. "You fool! You were so happy a month ago—two months ago. Everything was fun—thinking of him and how he loved you—thinking that you'd

■ Kathleen Norris is the first nationally famous writer to have her works brought to radio listeners as a daily serial program. "Woman in Love" can be heard Monday through Friday over the CBS network, at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by General Mills. So that you may read this stirring drama of love, as well as hear it, Radio Mirror presents the story in its original novel form.



Angry shame hammered at Tam day and night. A short time ago she was so happy. Now it was all pain.

meet, and talk, and that he'd buy you flowers.

"You threw it all away. You threw it all away. What had you to gain? To be soft and give in, to say to yourself, 'Oh, what does it matter, nobody'll know, nobody'll care!' like every other fool!

"Well, you've found out that you know, and you care, and you're going to know and care for the rest of your life!"

Angry shame hammered at her day and night. Interest had gone out of everything. Her old springing joy of life, the courage that could rise even above the dreary background of the Valhalla, were both destroyed.

The sickening circle of memories began and ended and overlapped itself and began again. It began with the happy days so short a time ago when she had dwelt upon evidences of Mayne's affection, lived upon his words, in just the obsessed and tranced mood she knew now. But

that had been all joy, like a welling fountain of soft delight within her. And now it was all pain. A man held the whip hand until a girl yielded; after that she never quite owned her straight young body, her voice and her eyes, her mind and soul again. And men knew that girls would yield, knew that they wanted to, wanted to be kind and soft and beloved—men only had to wait; they had nothing to lose!

Writhing with the smoldering insistent presence of it, Tam would lie awake in the night, hour after hour. She hated men, all men; hated the inexorable law of life that decreed that there should be no going back.

And the smarting, insufferable crown of it all was to realize that Mayne had escaped free into the southern sunshine, was working hard, eating hard, sleeping deep, and that other girls were smiling at Mayne, fluttering when he smiled back.

HE wrote him once. In the two weeks after they parted she heard from him twice, but in neither letter did he say one word of what she was sick with hunger to hear. Tam hated herself because her heart would leap when she saw his familiar handwriting and the Hollywood postmark, but she knew before she opened the letters exactly the sort of thing he would say. He did not surprise her with his mention of health and weather, his safe general endearments, his charge to her to be a good kid, and not to forget that just as soon as an opening showed up he was going to wire her to come down to Culver City.

All this she expected. She had known about this since that heavy sultry Sunday in Sacramento when he had had Berman's wire summoning him back to the movie studio, and had left the cast of "Five Sons." Instantly the change that by glimpses and moods had already frightened her in his manner had become confirmed; he had become Maynard Mallory of Hollywood again, confident, laughing, unreachable. Or at least she had not been able to reach him.

"Time," he had said to her on that last day, seeing her rueful and sad—"time does everything, my dear. After a little while all these things will fall into their right proportions, and you'll find yourself thinking kindly of me again."

And it had been on that note that they had parted, the man serene and affectionate and admonitory, in his big soft coat, with his handsome luggage piled in his compartment, his friends shouting congratulatory good-byes, (Continued on page 70)

These men of NBC's Special Events department were on 24-hour duty. Second from left is Graham McNamee, grabbing a sandwich and coffee.



# RADIO AND THE WAR

How modern broadcasting accomplishes the impossible and brings to you a thrilling story that couldn't be told

By LOUIS UNDERWOOD

CALLING Jordan in London! NBC calling Jordan in London! Come in, Max. Come in, Max!"

Silence. And then—

"Jordan from London. Hello, America. Hello, America! Tonight I just talked with—"

And over at CBS—

"We now take you to William L. Shirer in Berlin! Come in, Shirer."

"Hello, America, this is Shirer in Berlin—"

And Mutual—

"Stand by! Stand by! We are now taking you to Patrick Maitland in Warsaw."

"Maitland speaking. Hello, America. Tonight the Polish government said—"

Over the land lines a thousand miles, through countries torn by

war, over an ocean to a listener in Idaho, Maine, Nebraska, New York, through every state in the Union, to the South American countries by shortwave, to Canada and to all the islands off the coast of the North American continent come these voices from a Europe at war.

This is radio today.

Never (Continued on page 60 )





# FIRST IN THE EARS OF HIS

**■ In the midst of screaming news bulletins comes the calm voice millions now wait to tune in—Raymond Gram Swing, a prophet with honor**

OUT of the chaos created by the news of impending war—the screaming headlines—the terrifying radio news bulletins—came one voice so calm, so thoroughly sure, so sharply analytical that it won one of the greatest listening audiences in the history of radio. The voice was that of Mutual's Raymond Gram Swing.

That Swing deserves the popularity he has gained and held is beyond question. Where other commentators and analysts stumbled and groped, or went off the deep end with wild statements and predictions, Raymond Gram Swing stuck to a straight line of thinking that hit to the root of each situation as it came along. And every trend he indicated in his talks came up almost as if it had been plotted on a chart beforehand.

The question now in the minds of his millions of listeners is, "Where has this man been? Why haven't we heard him on the air before?"

The answer is an easy one. Raymond Gram Swing has been on the air many times before the present war crisis. But it took just such a crisis to bring out the man. It took the Munich Crisis to bring H. V. Kaltenborn into the limelight. The present war crisis was made to order for the particular genius of Raymond Gram Swing.

High in an office in the Mutual

## AND IT HAPPENED!

(Few commentators have ever proved such ability to forecast coming events as has Swing. Here are startling excerpts from some of his radio broadcasts which he made last spring and summer and which clearly foretold many of the subsequent events that shocked the world. The excerpts are reprinted here by permission of W. W. Norton, publishers of "How War Came," a new book of Swing's broadcasts.)

March 14, 1939—One must conclude that the Soviet government is not going to war with Germany. . . .

March 16, 1939—My own guess is that Poland's turn comes soon, and it will suffer the same fate as Czechoslovakia . . .

March 28, 1939—if Poland fights Germany, let us say, Italy might quite well announce its benevolent neutrality.

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June 10, 1939—One very gloomy suspicion that is felt in London, Paris and Warsaw—Hitler and some of his advisers are eager to have a war with Poland. He may think that even if it comes to war he can beat Poland in short order, and then turn to the British and French and offer peace. He can ask, why go on fighting? . . .

Broadcasting Building, he sits at a desk in front of a small portable typewriter. The desk is littered with copy paper. On the floor, stacked in neat piles, are newspapers from all over the world. Near the desk is a short wave set.

Swing has been here since 4:30 in the afternoon, preparing for his nightly talk. He begins by reading newspapers. Bulletins from press radio are brought up all day long. Around six-thirty, except in times of crisis, he has read all that will be necessary in the writing of his talk. At 8:30, the talk is written, some 2050 words, and then he carefully edits it, reading aloud as he goes along, putting in an explanatory word here, another there.

This man Swing has nothing of the professorial in his speech or in his appearance. He's a tall, broad shouldered man, with a loping walk. His clothes hang baggily from his lean frame. His shaggy brown hair is graying a bit. Behind his horn-rimmed spectacles his eyes are a living blue. His face is long and lean.

Before you have been with him very long his quick sense of humor comes to the fore, and almost instantly you get the feeling of an intelligence that is alive and searching. He's not in the habit of "talking down" to anyone. He says what's on his mind, quickly and to the point.



# COUNTRYmen

By JACK SHER

"To me this war is the high point in the pattern of my life," Swing says. "This job represents the harvest of my years in Europe. In twenty years as a newspaperman abroad I've held every job there is to hold, and I've been through every major crisis in Europe, storing up as I went along this information and this observation which I use in my radio talks today."

"All I do on the radio," he went on, "is couple what I've seen and learned in Europe with what is happening right now. One other thing. An analyst, or a good newspaperman for that matter, is of value not only for what he has seen and learned but for how he has judged these things. A radio listener wants this judgment and if it makes continuous sense then the analyst has done the job. I've been making this judgment for myself for twenty years. Now it must stand on its own feet before millions of listeners."

JUST how well it has nobody needs to be told. Every single analyst and commentator, at one time or another has said there would be no war. Swing has never said that. He has implied all along that the conditions in Europe could lead to nothing but war. He brought out the fact that England and France had never outlined their peace



■ Though he is neither especially young nor especially handsome, Raymond Gram Swing has won in a few short weeks one of the largest listening audiences in radio. Behind his horn-rimmed glasses are eyes of living blue, with a glint of humor in them. His wife (left) swapped her name Gram for Swing on condition that her husband take hers. Swing's sponsored by White Owl Cigars.

terms, when every other analyst failed to mention it. He foreshadowed the fall of Poland, outlined Russian policy. In every single case he was way ahead of all other analysts, and always on the right line.

In such a series of events no one can predict exactly what will happen, but in trend Swing has always been correct.

"To give an authentic picture of what is happening," says Swing, "I have always worked with a principle I discovered a long time ago. This principle is that the truth is always complex. That is, in order to reach an opinion I have to approach the question from the angle of every one of the powers involved."

But the value of Swing as an

analyst, which he failed to mention, is the fact that he can take the complexities of truth, as they come out of Europe today, and put them into the language of the ordinary man on the street.

Until these last few months Raymond Gram Swing has been a prophet without honor in his own country. In England, for the past six years, he has been a radio personality of the first magnitude. In 1934 he began broadcasting over BBC in England and late in 1937, just before he left for America, he had 20 percent of the total listening population tuning him in. In America he continued his broadcasting, as the subject he had been talking about all these years was America.

(Continued on page 81)





# FIRST IN THE EARS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN

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(Continued on page 81)



# THEY COVER THE



**FULTON LEWIS JR.**—Tumbling out of bed at all hours of the night, Fulton Lewis Jr. rushed to attend White House conferences and then to the MBS microphone to bring you news and analytical talks on the reaction to war in Washington. Lewis had gained quite a reputation for commentating before the crisis and did a calm, competent job all during the war crisis.

Lewis is 34 years old, was born in the District of Columbia, raised in Virginia. He's worked on a number of Washington newspapers, written a syndicated column called "The Washington Sideshow". In October 1937 he went on the air for MBS, on a nightly schedule. He's on the air every night with news from Washington, and he really cracks down.



**MAJOR ALBERT WARNER**—With the European war creating almost daily emergencies in International policies, a competent and knowing report of the news from Washington becomes increasingly important. This responsible duty has been assigned to Albert Warner by CBS. He left his post as the Chief of the Washington Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune last April to join CBS.

His most remarkable news beat was his telling of the Nazi-Soviet agreement eight days before it was officially announced.

Albert Warner was born in Brooklyn; graduated from Amherst; worked for the Brooklyn Daily Eagle as a reporter; then joined the New York Times, covering the Albany Legislature for six years.



**EDWARD R. MURROW**—is the Chief European Representative of the CBS Special Events Department. On his shoulders rest the responsibility of integrating all the news broadcasts that come to you from the key cities of Europe. It is his job to see that facilities are available for broadcasts, that communications are kept open between key stations and that his men are in the right places at the right time. In addition to this, he has to be on the spot in London for his own broadcasts.

In his 34 years he has traveled far and wide from Queensboro, North Carolina, where he was born. At the three Universities he attended, he majored in subjects that now make him particularly suitable to his job—Po-

(Continued on page 62)



**PAUL ARCHINARD**—Since William Bird, who worked as a news commentator from Paris, was sent to Danzig, practically all the work of keeping America informed about the situation in Paris has fallen on the shoulders of Paul Archinard, NBC's regular Paris representative.

In Paris, Archinard performs much the same functions as Frederick Bate does in London. It has been his duty to arrange for broadcasts by foreign diplomats and commentators as well as to read and comment on the latest happenings as they come to him by wire, telephone or cable.

He is a newspaperman of long experience and has a splendid speaking voice.



**MAX JORDAN**—To NBC's European Representative, Max Jordan, go the honors for scooping Hitler's "16 Points" ultimatum to Poland.

Jordan was born in Italy in 1895 and grew up all over Europe. By the time he was high school age he spoke Italian, French, and German and was familiar with most of the major cities on the continent. For a time after completing his education at the Universities of Frankfort, Jena and Berlin, he harbored the idea of going in for religious philosophy. But in 1920 he decided he wasn't cut out for a professor and took a job with a newspaper syndicate in Berlin. Two years later, he joined the Hearst foreign service. (Continued on page 62)



**HILMAR ROBERT BAUKHAGE**—When the situation in Europe became acute, Baukhage left his post as NBC news commentator in Washington, flew to New York and took a Clipper plane to Europe. It is his voice you heard from Berlin.

Baukhage, who was born in 1889 in La Salle, Illinois, has a long career as a newspaperman behind him. He went to Germany to study after graduation from the University of Chicago. He worked for the Associated Press in Paris, later in Washington, where his knowledge of foreign languages was a big help. In 1932 he covered news on the White House. After that came the appointment as the NBC commentator on affairs in Washington.



Presenting, in vivid sketches, radio's newest stars, those heroes of the air

# WAR FRONT



**JOHN STEELE**—Heading a small but highly competent staff of MBS foreign broadcasters, John Steele has been on the air almost constantly from London. Last summer, Steele came to America for the first time in five years, to tell American newsmen the facts of radio censorship in Europe. Steele is a tall, impressive man, weighing about two hundred and forty pounds. Gruff, but pleasing in manner, Steele predicted war at the time of his visit. Then returned to make preparations to bring news of it to America. Steele is in his sixties, one of the oldest men in foreign radio service. He has probably the best contacts with governmental officials in all of Europe. Whenever government officials wish to hold an American

(Continued on page 62)



**JOHN GUNTHER**—the famous war correspondent who wrote the best seller "Inside Europe," was hired by NBC as a "roving correspondent" while the Polish crisis was still only a vague possibility in the minds of a few diplomats. He made his first broadcast from Paris, but when the war broke out he was assigned to London.

Gunther is considered one of the finest authorities on affairs in Europe and America. He began his journalistic career in 1922 on the Chicago Daily News. Since then he has been a correspondent in practically every country on the European continent and in the Near East. He has covered wars and revolutions in Syria, Palestine, Austria and Spain and has interviewed most of the great personages.



**MAJOR R. ERNEST DUPUY**—The other Army man you've heard on the air recently with George Fielding Eliot is Major R. Ernest Dupuy, who is at present on duty at West Point as Public Relations Officer.

Major Dupuy is a soldier, author and a former newspaperman. During the last World War he was the military expert on the New York Herald until the United States entered the War. He has traveled extensively in Europe and the Far and Near East. In 1931, while on leave, he covered the outbreak of the first Spanish Revolution for the NANA. He is the co-author of "If War Comes" with George Fielding Eliot and has contributed numerous articles to national magazines. He has also written fiction for popular magazines.



**ELMER DAVIS**—When the crisis came to a head in Europe CBS was in a spot. Their ace analyst, H. V. Kaltenborn, was in Europe. Frantically they hunted about for someone to take his place on the air. And they got Elmer Davis. Davis pitched in, making trans-Atlantic phone calls, checking cable reports, listening to shortwave broadcasts and studying all other news, culling material for his sharp analyses. In a short time he was threatening to give Raymond Gram Swing a run for his money.

Davis was born in Aurora, Indiana, in 1890. He is married and has two children, a son and daughter.

It was the winning of a Rhodes  
(Continued on page 62)

**SIGRID SCHULTZ**—On September 2nd, around 8:30 P.M., America was quite startled to hear a woman's voice describing the excitement of Germany at war. Miss Schultz' descriptions were vivid and thrilling and from that time on MBS kept her on the air from Berlin as their sole commentator. She has the distinction of being the only woman broadcasting from war torn Europe.

Sigrid Schultz, in her middle thirties, is the daughter of a famous mid-western painter. She has been in Berlin since the Armistice, working as chief of the Berlin Bureau of the Chicago Tribune Press Service. She is a student of international law and an authority on arms and armament.

**WILLIAM L. SHIRER**—who does most of the broadcasts from Berlin, has been on the air more often than any other CBS European reporter. His analyses are clear and direct. He has been a newspaperman and over a long period of years he has become thoroughly familiar with European affairs and politics. And, he has a sense of humor. You probably heard his humorous comments on the state of mind of the German people when the music from a Berlin cafe kept breaking in on one of his programs from the German capital.

When he is at home, which is not often, he lives in Geneva, Switzerland. He likes to call Switzerland

(Continued on page 62)

For highlights on eight other war correspondents, See pages 62-63



who in a world of destruction have become vitally important to your daily lives



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His most remarkable news beat was his telling of the Nazi-Soviet agreement eight days before it was officially announced.

Albert Warner was born in Brooklyn; graduated from Amherst; worked for the Brooklyn Daily Eagle as a reporter; then joined the New York Times, covering the Albany Legislature for six years.



EDWARD R. MURROW—is the Chief European Representative of the CBS Special Events Department. On his shoulders rest the responsibility of integrating all the news broadcasts that come to you from the key cities of Europe. It is his job to see that facilities are available for broadcasts, that communications are kept open between key stations and that his men are in the right places at the right time. In addition to this, he has to be on the spot in London for his own broadcasts.

In his 34 years he has traveled far and wide from Queensboro, North Carolina, where he was born. At the three Universities he attended, he majored in subjects that now make him particularly suitable to his job—Po-

(Continued on page 62)



JOHN STEELE—Heading a small but highly competent staff of MBS foreign broadcasters, John Steele has been on the air almost constantly from London. Last summer, Steele came to America for the first time in five years, to tell American newsmen the facts of radio censorship in Europe. Steele is a tall, impressive man, weighing about two hundred and forty pounds. Gruff, but pleasing in manner, Steele predicted war at the time of his visit. Then returned to make preparations to bring news of it to America. Steele is in his sixties, one of the oldest men in foreign radio service. He has probably the best contacts with governmental officials in all of Europe. Whenever government officials wish to hold an American

(Continued on page 62)



JOHN GUNTHER—the famous war correspondent who wrote the best seller "Inside Europe," was hired by NBC as a "roving correspondent" while the Polish crisis was still only a vague possibility in the minds of a few diplomats. He made his first broadcast from Paris, but when the war broke out he was assigned to London.

Gunther is considered one of the finest authorities on affairs in Europe and America. He began his journalistic career in 1922 on the Chicago Daily News. Since then he has been a correspondent in practically every country on the European continent and in the Near East. He has covered wars and revolutions in Syria, Palestine, Austria and Spain and has interviewed most of the great personages.



MAJOR R. ERNEST DUPUY—The other Army man you've heard on the air recently with George Fielding Eliot is Major R. Ernest Dupuy, who is at present on duty at West Point as Public Relations Officer.

Major Dupuy is a soldier, author and a former newspaperman. During the last World War he was the military expert on the New York Herald until the United States entered the War. He has traveled extensively in Europe and the Far and Near East. In 1931, while on leave, he covered the outbreak of the first Spanish Revolution for the NANA. He is the co-author of "If War Comes" with George Fielding Eliot and has contributed numerous articles to national magazines. He has also written fiction for popular magazines.



PAUL ARCHINARD—Since William Bird, who worked as a news commentator from Paris, was sent to Danzig, practically all the work of keeping America informed about the situation in Paris has fallen on the shoulders of Paul Archinard, NBC's regular Paris representative.

In Paris, Archinard performs much the same functions as Frederick Bate does in London. It has been his duty to arrange for broadcasts by foreign diplomats and commentators as well as to read and comment on the latest happenings as they come to him by wire, telephone or cable.

He is a newspaperman of long experience and has a splendid speaking voice.



MAX JORDAN—to NBC's European Representative, Max Jordan, go the honors for scooping Hitler's "16 Points" ultimatum to Poland.

Jordan was born in Italy in 1895 and grew up all over Europe. By the time he was high school age he spoke Italian, French, and German and was familiar with most of the major cities on the continent.

For a time after completing his education at the Universities of Frankfort, Jena and Berlin, he harbored the idea of going in for religious philosophy. But in 1920 he decided he wasn't cut out for a professor and took a job with a newspaper syndicate in Berlin. Two years later, he joined the Hearst foreign service.

(Continued on page 62)



HILMAR ROBERT BAUKHAGE—When the situation in Europe became acute, Baukhage left his post as NBC news commentator in Washington, flew to New York and took a Clipper plane to Europe. It is his voice you heard from Berlin.

Baukhage, who was born in 1889 in La Salle, Illinois, has a long career as a newspaperman behind him. He went to Germany to study after graduation from the University of Chicago. He worked for the Associated Press in Paris, later in Washington, where his knowledge of foreign languages was a big help. In 1932 he covered news on the White House. After that came the appointment as the NBC commentator on affairs in Washington.



ELMER DAVIS—When the crisis came to a head in Europe CBS was in a spot. Their ace analyst, H. V. Kaltenborn, was in Europe. Frantically they hunted about for someone to take his place on the air. And they got Elmer Davis. Davis pitched in, making trans-Atlantic phone calls, checking cable reports, listening to shortwave broadcasts and studying all other news, culling material for his sharp analyses. In a short time he was threatening to give Raymond Gram Swing a run for his money.

Davis was born in Aurora, Indiana, in 1890. He is married and has two children, a son and daughter.

It was the winning of a Rhodes

(Continued on page 62)



SIGRID SCHULTZ—On September 2nd, around 8:30 P.M., America was quite startled to hear a woman's voice describing the excitement of a Germany at war. Miss Schultz' descriptions were vivid and thrilling and from that time on MBS kept her on the air from Berlin as their sole commentator. She has the distinction of being the only woman broadcasting from war torn Europe.

Sigrid Schultz, in her middle thirties, is the daughter of a famous mid-western painter. She has been in Berlin since the Armistice, working as chief of the Berlin Bureau of the Chicago Tribune Press Service.

She is a student of international law and an authority on arms and armament.



WILLIAM L. SHIRER—who does most of the broadcasts from Berlin, has been on the air more often than any other CBS European reporter. His analyses are clear and direct. He has been a newspaperman and over a long period of years he has become thoroughly familiar with European affairs and politics. And, he has a sense of humor. You probably heard his humorous comments on the state of mind of the German people when the music from a Berlin cafe kept breaking in on one of his programs from the German capital.

When he is at home, which is not often, he lives in Geneva, Switzerland. He likes to call Switzerland

(Continued on page 62)



■ But upstairs in her barren room, she found strange comfort in writing, page after page.



THE TRUE STORY OF

# Mary Marlin

By LYNN BURR

**W**HO is Mary Marlin? You who listen so anxiously each day on the air know her as the central figure in your favorite radio drama, whose laughter and tears and courage somehow bring a finer meaning into each day.

But you see, I know another "Mary Marlin".

She's equally as courageous and just as proud. With her sensitive heart she's faced the world and its problems just as bravely, perhaps a little more so. For you see, my Mary Marlin really lives. Her name is Jane Crusinberry, and she is the woman who writes all the dramatic events that happen to Mary. Who gives Mary the words to express herself.

Perhaps as you read this dramatic, real life story of a girl who had spunk enough to stand against the

whole world for what she thought was right; who, in the course of a few brief years, was forced to run the gauntlet of almost every human emotion, you will know the spark which makes The Story of Mary Marlin so vivid and real. You will know that this program is basically a story from life, written by a person who has tasted all its bitterness and all its sweetness. Perhaps too, you will sense some of the things in store for your Mary Marlin of the air.

This story of "The real Mary Marlin" starts when she was fifteen, and her family moved to the exclusive Gold Coast of Chicago. For it was then that Jane fully awoke to the realization that her life was her own, and that it was high time she did something about it. Although she was young, she knew she had a

voice, and she was determined to do something about that too. So off she tramped one day down to Chicago's loop, with her curls, her short skirts, and a naive but determined faith in herself. All alone, and without her parents knowing anything about it, she walked bravely into the expensive offices of Mr. William Bard, one of Chicago's finest voice instructors. Boldly she approached the girl at the reception desk.

"Good morning," she said, "my name is Jane Crusinberry and I want to sing for Mr. Bard."

That was the way she did things. She wanted to sing for Mr. Bard, and the fact that perhaps he might be busy, that he might not even be interested, these things never even entered her little head. She was going to become a great singer, and knowing her first step was to study, she picked out the best, and

■ An overwhelming loneliness was the inspiration for this beloved serial.

with such determination, she got what she wanted. Mr. Bard not only listened to her sing, but when she had finished, offered to give her lessons without cost.

With her fine voice she progressed rapidly, and her teacher, wishing to give her every opportunity, invited his friend Carrie Jacobs Bond to hear her sing.

Little Jane sang her best that day. She knew of Carrie Jacobs Bond, not only of her influence in the singing world, but also of her life and character. She knew all the years of sadness, trials, and defeats which Carrie Jacobs Bond had faced in the early years of her life, and ever an admirer of courage in others, Jane's childish heart yearned for her approval and friendship.

**P**ERHAPS the elderly Mrs. Bond sensed this liking, realized this wide eyed little girl with the beautiful voice idolized her from the first moment she met her. For few people ever received the interest which Mrs. Bond showered on little fifteen-year-old Jane Crusinberry.

Within the short course of one year, Jane became the most promising singer in the conservatory. At sixteen Jane was tasting the sweet-ness of success, the glamour of fame, and the promise of even greater heights to be attained. She must go to Europe and study. She was to sail in the spring.

But the spring came to Jane's heart in the middle of winter. It came in the presence of a tall Galahad, with a reporter's pencil in one hand, and a wedding ring in the other. It was Cupid, and Jane realized the timeworn lesson: that before she was a singer, she was a woman, a woman in love.

She knew, too, what marriage would mean; the end of everything, career, Europe, fame, but most of all, the friendship of the one woman closest to her heart, Carrie Jacobs Bond. Mrs. Bond, sad to see her talented little friend throwing away her future, pleaded with her.

"Jane," she said, "you must give up this idea of marriage. You are too young. The whole world is at your feet, yours for the taking. You can't throw it over now."

Her eyes filled with tears as she placed her hand on Mrs. Bond's arm.

"Can't you understand?" she pleaded.

"I understand," Mrs. Bond said, "that you must choose between him and me, between this young man who offers you little, and all your friends who have done so much for

you, and who will do even more."

Jane only looked fixedly out the window through misty eyes, and in her silence she gave her answer. Carrie Jacobs Bond, proud, disappointed, rose from her chair and walked slowly to the door. Jane had made her choice.

But those first years were happy ones. It was a new life for them both, filled with laughter and love and good times. Even those early misunderstandings were forgotten when the baby came. A warm, rosy faced little girl that would somehow make everything worth its price.

But in time, the newness of this, too, wore off. They both came to the realization they had settled down to the humdrum business of living. For Jane it meant sending her daughter off to school, housework, worrying about what to have for dinner, an occasional bridge party, each day so much like the one before. To him it meant the office, hard work all day, and home each evening, remembering all the good times he used to have with the "gang," to worry about bills, and to realize that all this was at the price of his freedom. This indeed was the real test of love, and when these two young people met it, their love failed the test. Theirs had lost its glamour when it lost its newness, and when they realized this, it meant unhappiness for them both. It meant suspicions, separations, another effort to make a go of it, another failure.

Jane Crusinberry, the author of  
"The Story of Mary Marlin."



So one day Jane found herself standing on the courthouse steps, a divorce in one hand, her little daughter held firmly in the other, and a strange emptiness in her heart. She looked back over the years to gayer times, to applause, bright lights and success. She knew what she must do. She must take up where she had left off, begin again, seven years later. Only this time, she must do it without the guidance of Carrie Jacobs Bond.

She needed money, but her father smiled away her fears. Certainly he could send her to Europe! And first class too. Why stocks were sky high, every one was making money. And a few weeks later, little realizing the economic precipice on which the world and her father were trembling, Jane sailed for France, alone, in a strange country, to begin anew.

The years that followed were filled with hard work, disappointments, and loneliness.

One rainy afternoon in Milan, after a grueling day at the conservatory Jane trudged wearily toward the barren little skylight room which was home. The rain was coming down in torrents, the gutters were gurgling little rivulets, and the day, dark and dismal, was akin to Jane's soul. If there were only some one to talk to, to whom she could unburden the emptiness in her heart, some one to understand what she wanted in life, and had never found. A driving urge to express herself pounded within her, an overwhelming urge to . . .

Suddenly she stopped. There in a gayly lighted window, full of books and stationery, was the answer! A battered old typewriter! She would write it all down! Impatiently she hurried through the door.

**A**FEW minutes later, clutching her heavy package under one arm Jane hurried out the door, almost ran through the rain-drenched streets to her room. And a few minutes later, seated by the window, the rain beating a ceaseless tattoo on the skylight, she began to write.

Outside, lights flicked on, and music-loving Italians scurried through the rain and darkness to the theater, or their favorite opera.

But upstairs in a barren room, a battered old typewriter clicked tunefully on. On through the night, through the eerie gray of dawn, the burdened soul of Jane Crusinberry found solace in the rattle of an ancient machine, found a strange comfort in writing, writing, page after page. (Continued on page 68)

**Only the dramatic life of its author can explain why Mary Marlin is so real**

**Eastern Standard Time**

<b>PACIFIC STANDARD TIME</b>	<b>CENTRAL STANDARD TIME</b>	8:00 NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio 8:00 NBC-Red: Organ Recital
	8:30 NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures 8:30 NBC-Red: Four Showmen	
	8:45 NBC-Red: Animal News	
	8:00 9:00 CBS: From the Organ Loft 8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line 8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Turn back the Clock	
	8:15 9:15 NBC-Red: Tom Teriss	
	8:30 9:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan 8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers	
	9:00 10:00 CBS: Church of the Air 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit	
	9:30 10:30 CBS: March of Games 9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Morning Musical 9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Children's Hour	
	10:05 11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen	
	8:15 10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell	
8:30 10:30 11:30	CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY	
	NBC-Blue: Southernaires	
	NBC-Red: News	
8:45 10:45 11:45	NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book	
	9:00 11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL	
	9:00 11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Walter Logan Music	
9:30 11:30 12:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle	
	NBC-Red: On the Job	
10:00 12:00 1:00	CBS: Church of the Air	
	NBC-Blue: Waterloo Junction	
	NBC-Red: Sunday Symphonette	
10:30 12:30 1:30	NBC-Blue: Treasure Trails	
	11:00 1:00 2:00 CBS: Democracy in Action	
	11:00 1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: Continental Varieties	
	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams	
11:30 1:30 2:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table	
	12:00 2:00 3:00 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic	
	12:00 2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Electronic Orchestra	
12:15 2:15 3:15	NBC-Blue: Bookman's Notebook	
	12:30 2:30 3:30 NBC-Blue: Allen Roth Presents	
	12:30 2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Concert Orchestra	
12:45 2:45 3:45	NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats	
	1:00 3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers	
	1:00 3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Hall of Fun	
1:30 3:30 4:30	NBC-Red: The World is Yours	
	8:00 4:00 5:00 CBS: Hobby Lobby	
	2:00 4:00 5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers	
2:00 4:00 5:00	2:00 4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Enna Jettick Melodies	
	2:00 4:00 5:00 NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes	
	S:15 NBC-Blue: Four Star News	
9:00 4:30 5:30	9:00 4:30 5:30 CBS: Ben Bernie	
	2:30 4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Met Opera Auditions	
	4:30 5:30 NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee	
3:00 5:00 6:00	3:00 5:00 6:00 CBS: Silver Theater	
	3:00 5:00 6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour	
	3:30 5:30 6:30 CBS: Gateway to Hollywood	
4:00 6:00 7:00	3:30 5:30 6:30 NBC-Red: Grouch Club	
	4:00 6:00 7:00 CBS: European News Roundup	
	8:30 6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Jack Benny	
4:30 6:30 7:30	4:30 6:30 7:30 CBS: Screen Guild Theater	
	4:30 6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: Mr. District Attorney	
	4:30 6:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon	
7:00 7:00 8:00	7:00 7:00 8:00 CBS: Orson Welles	
	7:00 7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: NBC Symphony	
	7:00 7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN	
6:00 8:00 9:00	6:00 8:00 9:00 CBS: Ford Symphony	
	6:00 8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell	
	6:00 8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	
9:15 8:15 9:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family	
	8:15 9:15 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich	
	6:30 8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music	
6:45 8:45 9:45	6:45 8:45 9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review	
	7:00 9:00 10:00 MBS: Goodwill Hour	
	7:00 9:00 10:00 CBS: Ellery Queen	
7:00 9:00 10:00	7:00 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm	
	7:30 9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Cheerio	
	10:00 10:30 11:00 CBS: Paul Sullivan	
	8:00 10:00 11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra	

# SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ John J. Anthony listens to a girl's story on the Good Will Hour.

## Tune-in Bulletin for October 29, November 5, 12 and 19!

October 29: Following its new policy of presenting only American singers, the Ford Hour, on CBS at 9:00 tonight, has Helen Traubel, soprano, as guest star. . . . The Lutheran Hour starts on Mutual at 1:30 this afternoon, with a rebroadcast reaching the West Coast at 1:30:

November 5: Violinist Jascha Heifetz (foreign-born but an American citizen now) is guest star on the Ford Hour tonight. . . . Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, pianist, is guest star with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, CBS at 3:00. . . . Henry King's orchestra opens at the Peabody Hotel, Memphis, tonight—you'll hear its music on NBC.

November 12: The New York Philharmonic has a novelty for you at 3:00—Sigurd Rascher, famous saxophonist, as a guest star. . . . John Charles Thomas sings on the Ford program, CBS at 9:00, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the orchestra.

November 19: Lawrence Tibbett is tonight's guest star on the Ford program.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** The Original Good Will Hour, with John J. Anthony presiding, on the Mutual network at 10:00, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by Ironized Yeast.

If you live near New York, and if you have a domestic problem, perhaps you could go on the Good Will Hour. But don't think of going on this particular program as fun. John J. Anthony wants you only if you are sincere and only if he thinks he can help you.

Thousands of people who are unhappy in their personal lives have found sympathy and helpful advice on this program. Many thousands more have found the same help, simply by listening in and hearing Anthony advise someone else on a problem that is approximately the same as their own.

People can get Anthony's help on the air simply by writing to him and explaining the situation that makes them unhappy—telling him of a faithless husband or a wayward daughter. If he thinks the problem contained in a letter is sufficiently universal to interest listeners, he will invite the writer to be at station WMCA in New York, where the broadcast originates, at about 9:30. No other studio audience is permitted—just the people who are going to be on the program.

Guests are always seated while Anthony

interviews them, in order to add to the atmosphere of informality and help put people at their ease. Anthony has his guest's letter in front of him, and if the guest wanders from the point of his story, he gets him back on the track by referring to the letter.

If your idea of Good Will Court clients is that they are all poor and badly dressed, you are all wrong. Most of them are neat and self-respecting, even though many of their problems are at least indirectly connected with money.

Because there is always the chance that several guests will get stage fright and not show up at the broadcast, Anthony invariably invites more people than he can use on the program. The left-overs are interviewed and advised after the broadcast, and it is usually two in the morning before Anthony can leave the WMCA studios, where he not only broadcasts but maintains an office.

Anthony is proudest of the fact that his Good Will Hour has led to legislation affecting marital relations in many states, as well as to the introduction of courses in marital understanding in many universities. It's his contention that not enough attention is paid by most people to the subject of marriage, either before or after the wedding.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**ROGER PRYOR**—permanent master of ceremonies on the Gulf-Screen Guild program, CBS at 7:30 tonight. Because he's the son of bandleader Arthur Pryor, Roger had to study music as a boy, when he only wanted to be an actor. As a result, he's now both actor and musician. He's six feet tall, goes around a golf course in the low 80s, and is married to blonde screen star Ann Sothern.

**INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac**

Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC TIME	8:00 NBC-Red: Musical Varieties
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
	8:30 NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet
	8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
STANDARD TIME	8:00 9:00 CBS: Manhattan Mother
	8:00 9:00 NBC: News
	8:05 9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
2:30	2:30 9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
	8:45 9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
	10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15 11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	9:00 11:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	9:00 11:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	9:15 11:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
	9:15 11:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	9:30 11:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	9:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	9:45 11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	10:00 12:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
	10:15 12:15 1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
	10:15 12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	10:30 12:30 CBS: Road of Life
	10:30 12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Pebbles Takes Charge
10:45	10:45 12:45 CBS: This Day is Ours
	10:45 12:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
11:00	11:00 1:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	11:00 1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	2:15 2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	11:15 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	1:30 2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	11:45 2:45 CBS: My Son and I
	11:45 2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	12:00 3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
	12:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	12:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	12:15 3:15 CBS: Society Girl
	12:15 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	12:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	12:45 3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
	12:45 3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	1:00 4:00 CBS: Club Matinee
	1:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	1:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	1:30 4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	1:45 4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	3:45 4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	2:00 5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	2:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	6:00 5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
	5:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
2:30	2:30 5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	2:45 5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:15 5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	3:00 6:00 CBS: News
	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper (Nov. 6)
	6:30 CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: Blondie
	7:30 7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
	7:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Larry Clinton
7:30	7:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
9:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: Tune-up Time
	7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes
5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Tommy Riggs
	8:30 8:30 CBS: Howard and Shelton
5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I.Q.
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Alec Templeton Time
	7:00 9:00 10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ This is how Tommy Riggs looks when he's talking like Betty Lou.

## Tune-In Bulletin for October 30, November 6, 13 and 20!

October 30: Jack McLean and his orchestra open at the Chase Hotel in St. Louis, broadcasting late at night over NBC.

November 6: Here's a new program for you, starting tonight—Hedda Hopper's Hollywood, on CBS from 6:15 to 6:30, broadcast from now on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. It's movie-land gossip, of course, with now and then a guest star for Hedda to interview.

November 13: If you haven't already started, better listen at 5:00 this afternoon to "Woman in Love," the first of the serials by Kathleen Norris on CBS. It's a broadcast version of the some story Radio Mirror is running serially, and stars Arline Blackburn.

November 20: For mystery lovers, the perfect listening at 7:15 tonight is the serial, I Love a Mystery, on NBC-Red. It's written by Carlton Morse, author of One Man's Family, who's quite an amateur detective himself.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** The Quaker Variety Show, with Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou, Freddie Rich's orchestra, David Ross, a guest star, and assorted stooges—on NBC-Red from 8:00 to 8:30 E.S.T.

Science has no explanation of the strange talent that enables Tommy Riggs to create the voice of the little girl whom he calls Betty Lou. If it were just a voice, the problem would be one for the throat specialists to solve. But in addition to Tommy's two voices, he almost has a split personality—which is something for the psychologists to get their teeth into. As Betty Lou has gone on broadcasting, week after week, Tommy has found her endowing herself with definite traits and characteristics. As he produces the voice, he finds himself fitting on entire life to it, and now he knows exactly what Betty Lou would do or say in any given situation, just as if she were a flesh-and-blood girl.

Besides Tommy, voice and sound engineers are interested in the unusual tonal personality that lives under the name of Betty Lou. The photographic department of the National Broadcasting Company has just made a series of elaborate tests on some special (and very complicated) photo-voice recording machines. These tests have produced charts which show the Riggs voice in its natural state, plus the

Betty Lou voice, plus the two voices together. Voice specialists are studying the charts now, but they haven't said just what they expect to find. . . .

Along with Tommy and Betty Lou, every Monday night you hear an assortment of radio's most versatile and accomplished comedy stooges. Their names aren't announced on the air, but just the same they're the backbone of many a comedy program, and the Quaker Party is a field-day for them—such people as Minerva Pio, Teddy Bergman, Charles Kamerer, and Agnes Moorehead.

The Quaker Party has no permanent girl singer. Each week a different one is presented, chosen from different cities around the country and brought to New York by airplane to be featured on the program.

There are two Quaker Party programs given every Monday—one for the members of the cast, and one for you. At noon of Monday the whole program, as written and rehearsed, is given, just as if it were being broadcast. Instead, it's recorded, and then the record is played back so the cast can hear it. After the play-back, the program is completely revised—comedy spots rewritten or even cut out entirely, introductions changed, musical numbers revised—and then more rehearsals are held until the broadcast at 8:00.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**FRAN CARDEN**—the third actress to play Sue Evans Miller in the CBS serial, Big Sister. Fran's predecessors were Haila Stoddard, who left the cast to marry, and Dorothy McGuire, who won Broadway fame in "Our Town"—so Fran hopes the part will be lucky for her too. She's just out of college, which she attended for only a year. She wears her black hair in a shoulder-length bob.



Complete Programs from October 25 to November 23

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	
		8:00 NBC-Red: Variety Program
		8:15 NBC-Blue: <i>The Wife Saver</i>
		8:15 NBC-Red: <i>Do You Remember</i>
		8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Gene and Glenn</i>
	8:00	9:00 CBS: <i>Manhattan Mother</i>
	8:00	9:00 NBC: News
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: <i>BREAKFAST CLUB</i>
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: <i>School of the Air</i>
		8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: <i>Family Man</i>
		8:45 9:45 CBS: <i>Bachelor's Children</i>
		8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: <i>Life Can be Beautiful</i>
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: <i>Pretty Kitty Kelly</i>
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Story of the Month</i>
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: <i>The Man I Married</i>
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: <i>Myrt and Marge</i>
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: <i>Josh Higgins</i>
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: <i>John's Other Wife</i>
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: <i>Hilltop House</i>
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Just Plain Bill</i>
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: <i>Stepmother</i>
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: <i>Woman in White</i>
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: <i>Mary Lee Taylor</i>
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Mary Marlin</i>
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: <i>David Harum</i>
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: <i>Brenda Curtis</i>
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: <i>The Right to Happiness</i>
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: <i>Lorenzo Jones</i>
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: <i>Big Sister</i>
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Pepper Young's Family</i>
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: <i>Young Widder Brown</i>
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: <i>Aunt Jenny's Stories</i>
	11:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Getting the Most Out of Life</i>
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: <i>Road of Life</i>
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: <i>Kate Smith Speaks</i>
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: <i>Carters of Elm Street</i>
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: <i>When a Girl Marries</i>
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: <i>The O'Neills</i>
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: <i>Romance of Helen Trent</i>
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Farm and Home Hour</i>
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: <i>Our Spiritual Life</i>
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: <i>Our Gal Sunday</i>
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: <i>The Goldbergs</i>
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: <i>Life Can be Beautiful</i>
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: <i>Ellen Randolph</i>
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: <i>Road of Life</i>
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Peabody Takes Charge</i>
12:45	1:45	1:45 CBS: <i>This Day is Ours</i>
12:45	1:45	1:45 NBC-Red: <i>Fed. Women's Clubs</i>
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: <i>Doc Barclay's Daughters</i>
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: <i>Betty and Bob</i>
2:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: <i>Dr. Susan</i>
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: <i>Arnold Grimm's Daughter</i>
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: <i>Your Family and Mine</i>
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: <i>Valiant Lady</i>
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: <i>My Son and I</i>
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: <i>Hymns of all Churches</i>
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: <i>Girl Interne</i>
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Orphans of Divorce</i>
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: <i>Mary Marlin</i>
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: <i>Society Girl</i>
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: <i>Ma Perkins</i>
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: <i>Pepper Young's Family</i>
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Ted Malone</i>
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: <i>The Guiding Light</i>
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Club Matinee</i>
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: <i>Backstage Wife</i>
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: <i>Stella Dallas</i>
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: <i>Vic and Sade</i>
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: <i>Smilin' Ed McConnell</i>
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: <i>Midstream</i>
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: <i>By Kathleen Norris</i>
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: <i>Girl Alone</i>
6:00	5:15	6:15 CBS: <i>Billy and Betty</i>
	5:15	6:15 NBC-Red: <i>Against the Storm</i>
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: <i>It Happened in Hollywood</i>
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Affairs of Anthony</i>
	5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: <i>Jack Armstrong</i>
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: <i>Scattergood Baines</i>
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Tom Mix</i>
	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: <i>Little Orphan Annie</i>
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: <i>News</i>
		6:05 CBS: <i>Edwin C. Hill</i>
		6:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Lowell Thomas</i>
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: <i>Amos 'n' Andy</i>
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Easy Aces</i>
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: <i>Fred Warling's Gang</i>
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: <i>Jimmie Fidler</i>
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: <i>Mr. Keen</i>
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: <i>I Love a Mystery</i>
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: <i>HELEN MENKEN</i>
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: <i>EDWARD G. ROBINSON</i>
5:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: <i>La Rosa Concert</i>
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: <i>Johnny Presents</i>
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: <i>Walter O'Keefe</i>
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: <i>INFORMATION PLEASE</i>
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Horace Holdt</i>
9:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: <i>We, The People</i>
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Artie Shaw, Bob Benchley</i>
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: <i>Battle of the Sexes</i>
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: <i>Bob Crosby</i>
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: <i>Fibber McGee and Molly</i>
	9:30	10:00 CBS: <i>Hal Kemp</i>
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: <i>Raymond Gram Swing</i>
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: <i>Bob Hope</i>
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: <i>If I Had the Chance</i>
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Uncle Walter's Doghouse</i>

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Before a broadcast: Fidler and Charles Vanda, CBS program head.

## Tune-In Bulletin for October 31, November 7, 14 and 21!

October 31: The day's new program is La Rasa Concerts, featuring stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company, an Mutual at 8:00. . . . Phil Levant and his orchestra open at the Hotel Schroeder in Milwaukee, and midwestern listeners can hear his music on CBS.

November 7: Horace Heidt's Pat o' Gold program, an NBC-Red tonight at 8:30, is going great guns in popularity. Better listen in and have yourself a good time. And maybe you'll win the program's \$1000 prize.

November 14: That amiable comedian, Walter O'Keefe, stars on his own program tonight on CBS at 8:30, with Mary Martin singing.

November 21: There's a whale hour of good drama on CBS tonight, starting at 7:30 with Helen Menken in Second Husband, and continuing from 8:00 to 8:30 with Edward G. Robinson's Big Town.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Jimmie Fidler, sponsored by Drewe, over CBS from 7:15 to 7:30, Eastern Standard Time.

It's 7:10 P.M. on a Tuesday night. Jimmie Fidler is to go on the air in five minutes. The telephone in the CBS control booth rings. Fidler's rewrite man, stationed there for every broadcast, grabs the receiver.

"Wait a minute," he shouts to the reporter on the other end of the line. And then to Fidler: "Hey, Jim, here's a hot story—Lambard and Gable just left for Arizona."

"Gimme a hundred words on it. I'll kill a couple of squibs," Fidler says. At 7:15 announcer Carlton KaDell starts the program rolling, while the re-write man and Fidler are still revising the copy. A minute and a half later, Fidler comes on the air.

It's the same idea as replating the first page for an "extra" in a newspaper shop. Fidler operates his staff of approximately twenty men, rewrite men and editors as if he were a newspaper managing editor.

Every day his "beat" men cover certain studios and pick up the Hollywood news items about pictures and stars which he broadcasts to millions of CBS listeners each week. It's rumored that, in addition to his regular staff, Fidler has spies inside each studio who give him hot yarns just as they're starting. The number of exclusive stories he spins over the air may possibly be taken to support this rumor.

However, we don't pretend to know. He also maintains correspondents in Chicago and New York, to keep the eye on stars who have "travelitis."

Fidler writes all his own radio scripts, because he has found he reads his own copy much more smoothly than that written by anyone else. The day before the broadcast he usually dashes off his editorials and reviews, and Tuesday mornings he writes the news portions. Then comes the check and double-check. Every single item on the program is scrutinized carefully. Of course, it's comparatively easy to check the accuracy of the news collected by Fidler's own men, but the trouble starts when researchers try to track down tips telephoned in from unidentified sources. Unless these "arphant" items can be substantiated, Fidler throws them out—no matter how "hot" they sound or how anxious he may be to broadcast the stories they tell.

Jimmie Fidler is deadly serious about his weekly program. He realizes that he takes on a big responsibility when he reviews pictures that cast a fortune or reports incidents in the private lives of people who are idols to their legion of fans. On the other hand, he knows that his listeners expect him to be honest when he reviews a picture, and to tell the truth about the stars. He's bound to get into trouble sometimes. Who dares?

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

ONA MUNSON—who plays Lorelei Kilbourne, the society editor, in Edward G. Robinson's Big Town series on CBS tonight at 8:00. Ona is a former musical comedy star who went from singing on the stage to dramatic roles in pictures. You'll soon see her playing the coveted role of Belle Watling in "Gone With the Wind." She's a Portland, Oregon, girl who came to New York when she was 14, and became one of Gus Edwards' child entertainers. She used to be married to Eddie Buzzell, but they were divorced in 1931. Doesn't smoke, loves to chew gum, and prefers tailored suits to any other kind of clothes.



# Patroness of Music



**At Her Piano**—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton is greatly admired in New York social and musical circles for her charm and talent.

**QUESTION TO  
MRS. HAMILTON:**

With so many demands on your time, Mrs. Hamilton, how can you keep your skin looking so beautifully cared for?

**ANSWER:**

"My skin care is amazingly quick and simple. But I do use two creams. Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth roughnesses."

**QUESTION TO  
MRS. HAMILTON:**

You're known as quite a tennis fan, Mrs. Hamilton. Doesn't all that exposure to sun and wind roughen your skin?

**ANSWER:**

"It might if I weren't careful to protect my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just one application of that smooths little roughnesses right away!"

**QUESTION TO  
MRS. HAMILTON:**

How do you keep your make-up so flattering throughout a long evening?

**ANSWER:**

"By preparing my skin for make-up with 2 creams. When I first cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and then smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream, make-up goes on evenly and is really there to stay!"

—But they  
**BOTH give their skin  
the SAME FAMOUS  
Simple Care!**

# Young Fashion Artist



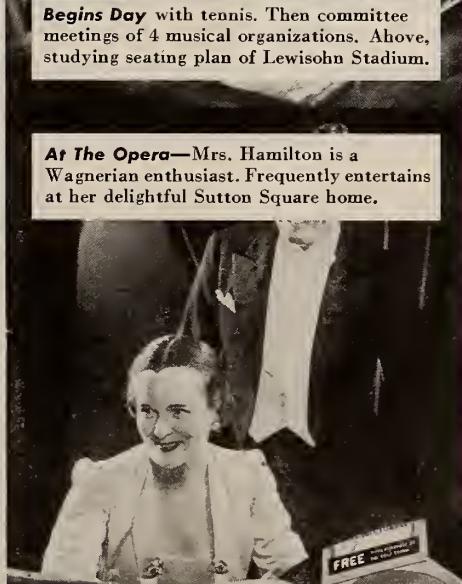
**Begins Art Career**—Katherryn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.



**Begins Day** with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewisohn Stadium.



**From Choosing** current fashions to trying modeling herself was Katherryn's recent venture. In New York now, she shows promise.



**At The Opera**—Mrs. Hamilton is a Wagnerian enthusiast. Frequently entertains at her delightful Sutton Square home.



**Like Most Texans,** Katherryn loves riding. But here she's more interested in the thrilling words her companion whispers.

**QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:**

Katherryn, is there any close tie-up between fashion and complexion?

**ANSWER:**

"Oh, very close! I soon realized that a good skin pep's up even an inexpensive outfit. That's why I'm so careful always to use both Pond's Creams."

**QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:**

You mean Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream? Does each do a separate job for your skin?

**ANSWER:**

"That's just the point. It seems to me that cleanliness is the first requirement for a good skin—and I've found that Pond's Cold Cream is a grand cleanser. What's more, I love the way it softens my skin!"

**QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:**

Now then, what does Vanishing Cream do for your skin?

**ANSWER:**

"Well—when I'm outdoors a lot, it protects my skin from exposure. And I always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before make-up. It's a marvelous powder base."

Copyright, 1939,  
Pond's Extract Company

Use these 2 Famous Beauty  
Aids to DOUBLE your charm



BUY THIS

GET THIS FREE

Both for the Price of One!

For a limited time only, choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your regular purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
8:05	9:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	9:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Four Showmen
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00	CBS: Manhattan Mother
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Pebbles Takes Charge
12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
10:45	12:45	NBC-Red: Words and Music
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Roy Shield Revue
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vice and Sade
3:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
	5:15	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	-	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Balnes
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
	5:00	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
	5:30	6:30 H. V. Kaltenborn
	5:30	NBC-Blue: Gulden Szenenadres
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
7:30	7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Al Pearce
6:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Herbert Marshall
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: PAUL WHITEMAN
4:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Quick Silver Quiz
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Avalon Time
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: FRED ALLEN
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Dr. Christian (Nov. 1)
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Whiteman in the control room with Phil Cohen and an agency director.

## Tune-In Bulletin for October 25, November 1, 8, 15 and 22!

October 25: A pair of bond openings: Emil Coleman opens at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, broadcasting on NBC, and Bob Chester starts at the Nicollet Hotel in Minneapolis, to be heard on CBS. They say that Chester's the coming star, so better give him an audition in your living room.

November 1: Jeon Hersholt as Dr. Christian returns to the air tonight—on CBS at 10:00. . . . On NBC-Blue, also at 10:00, fight fans can hear Bill Stern describe a prizefight from Madison Square Garden.

November 8: Al Pearce and his gang are on the air again—tonight at 8:00 on CBS.

November 15: Bernie Cummins and his band open at the Netherland Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati, playing over NBC.

November 22: Those half-hour plays in the second portion of the Texaco Star Theater are getting better and better—and they nicely balance the music and fun of the first part. So why not tune in CBS at 9:00 tonight and get the whole show?

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Paul Whiteman's orchestra, sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes, on CBS from 8:30 to 9:00, Eastern Standard Time, with a rebroadcast that reaches the West Coast at 8:30 Pacific Time.

Tops for over fifteen years, Paul Whiteman is still the Big Man of Jazz, and for a very good reason. He works harder than almost anyone in the business to make his music perfect. It's one of Paul's rules that each of his musicians must be a star in his own field. And he pays top salaries. When one of his instrumentalists leaves, Paul auditions men for days. Sometimes he listens to two or three hundred to find exactly the kind of player he wants.

Arrangers are picked just as carefully, and Paul is willing to pay more than \$1000 a week for special arrangements alone. His staff includes such well-known musicians as Fred Von Epps, Irving Sztahmary, Morton Gould and Wilbur Beittel—each man a specialist in a different kind of jazz.

For each half-hour of music on the air, Paul rehearses his men for from ten to twelve hours. Programs are planned by him and producer Phil Cohen two weeks ahead of time, then continually revised as more musical ideas pour from the Whiteman brain.

Every Wednesday night between broadcast and re-broadcast time at 11:30, Paul, Cohen, and Mrs. Whiteman (ex-movie star

Margaret Livingstone) put their heads together over a restaurant table to map out the broadcast two weeks away. Numbers are set, types of arrangements discussed, and suggestions prepared for vocalists Joan Edwards, Clark Dennis and the Modernaires.

Phil Cohen writes the script on Tuesday, the day before a broadcast. At dinner that night, he and Paul rewrite it. Then Phil goes home for last-minute revisions, and at about eleven o'clock telephones Paul to read him the final draft. Late-at-night telephone calls between Paul and Cohen are a habit. Paul will get Phil out of bed at four in the morning, without a pang of conscience, if he wants to talk.

A Whiteman rehearsal is a colorful affair to attend, for Paul's slang is creative and racy. When someone plays a wrong note, Paul puts his hand to his ear and says, "I hear a stranger in the deck." If he thinks the violins aren't getting enough feeling into the music he tells them to "quit sawing off the round steak and give me some ear atmosphere."

Paul has given nicknames to all the boys in the band—"Bags" for assistant conductor Ray Bargy, "Risotto" for saxophonist Al Gallodoro, "Snow White" for guitarist Artie Ryerson. Paul himself is "Pops" to all the musicians, because of the fabulous amount of sodo-pop he consumes at every rehearsal.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE**—who plays Elizabeth Perry in the NBC-Red Serial, John's Other Wife, on the air at 10:15 this morning. As her name indicates, she's as Irish as the Blarney Stone, but she's never been in Ireland in her life. Born in Los Angeles, she was educated there and in New York, and got her stage start on Broadway. She's married, and has been in the movies—her most famous part being that of Nana in "The Life of Emile Zola." Right now she has just recovered from serious burns which almost proved fatal. They were inflicted when a carelessly tossed match in a restaurant set fire to her dress.



# This is the Nail Polish that swept the country in 6 months

"FINGER-NAIL" CAP



## You simply must try it!

Join the millions of women—yes, millions!—who are switching to a longer lasting, high-gloss nail polish—Dura-Gloss! Yes Dura-Gloss is taking the country by storm, because it's an entirely new nail polish. You get richer color, a polish with more "body," that wears longer, resists chipping longer, keeps its brilliance longer! You owe it to the beauty of your hands to try Dura-Gloss—today!

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERSON, N. J.

# DURA-GLOSS

*Makes your fingernails more beautiful*

CHOOSE YOUR COLOR by the patented "Finger-nail" bottle caps, which show you 20 style-approved shades exactly as they will look on your own nails. At cosmetic counters.

10c

*Shown above: HUNTER RED, Fashion's new shade for Fall*

Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME
8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00 CBS: Manhattan Mother
8:00	9:00 NBC: News
8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
2:30	2:30 CBS: School of the Air
8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15 11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	11:00 CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Peppermint Young's Family
10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: American Life
9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Pebbles Takes Charge
10:45	12:45 1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
10:45	12:45 1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours
11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15 2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45 2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45 2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
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1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45 4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
	5:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45 5:45 CBS: Scattergood Balines
5:15	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: News
	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Red: Love a Mystery
	6:30 7:30 CBS: Vox Pop
4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
9:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: Ask It Basket
	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: One Man's Family
9:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: Strange as It Seems
	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: Joe Penner
9:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Those We Love
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING
7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
7:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Americans at Work

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Good News' stars—Roland Young, Fannie Brice and Walter Huston.

## Tune-In Bulletin for October 26, November 2, 9, 16 and 23!

October 26: The United States Forest Ranger is the subject of tonight's Americans at Work broadcast, on CBS at 10:30. His life will be dramatized, and a real forest ranger will be at the microphone to talk.

November 2: Gene Krupa and his hot band open at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago tonight. You'll hear their music over CBS. . . . All too timely is tonight's Americans at Work program, CBS at 10:30. It deals with the war correspondent's profession.

November 9: That exciting debate program, America's Town Meeting of the Air, is back on NBC-Blue at 9:30 these Thursday nights. Listen in, and you'll want to argue too.

November 16: Glenn Miller's band opens tonight at the Meadowbrook Inn, to broadcast over NBC every night except Sunday.

November 23: This is Thanksgiving Day or it isn't Thanksgiving Day, depending on which state you live in. It will be a holiday in most states, however, and on the networks, CBS, NBC, and MBS will all carry special Thanksgiving programs, and probably a speech by President Roosevelt.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Good News of 1940, on NBC-Red tonight from 9:00 to 10:00, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee.

Nobody worries much about clothes in Hollywood, and little groups of visitors touring NBC's Hollywood Radio City, and getting a peek into the studio where Good News is rehearsing, probably go home with impressions something like this:

Walter Huston, meticulously dressed in blue, looks like a bank president. Connie Boswell, light and airy in a creamy gown, has just arrived from a lawn party. Meredith Willson, minus his coat, with loosened tie and shirt-collar, looks like a harassed broker trying to keep up with his ticker-tape, instead of a distinguished musician and orchestra conductor. Fannie Brice's red, white and blue sports outfit would be in place in a swank beach club. And Roland Young, in tweeds, with a gay scarf, could easily be a country squire.

Because Hollywood is all showmanship, Good News is presented as a regular theatrical production, on a stage with a curtain, and with special lighting effects. These lighting effects have to be rehearsed too. For instance, when Walter Huston and his guest star go through their act together, all the lights are dimmed except a bright spot where they're standing. Bit

players step out of the gloom, speak their parts into the mike, then disappear.

By five-thirty of a Thursday afternoon, a transformation has taken place in the studio. Everybody is back on the stage of Studio D dressed for the broadcast. The banker has left his office—and now, in white tie and tails, he looks as if he could easily fit into the foyer of the opera. The little lady of the lawn party is now in a stunning evening gown. The broker has lost his harassed expression. The country gentleman is still at ease, even in a boiled shirt.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture studio is no longer connected with the Good News program, although there are rumors it may be back in there pitching before so very many more weeks roll past. Even without it, Good News is one of the biggest programs to come out of Hollywood. Getting it on the air takes a full week's work on the part of scores of people, it requires so much planning. Donald Cope, the agency producer, and writers Sam Moore and Phil Rapp work together to select scripts and write and cast dramatic spots. Meredith Willson and three arrangers take care of selecting and producing the musical score. Fannie Brice and her own writer do the Baby Snooks episodes.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**DAVID GOTTHARD**—new character in The O'Neills, on NBC-Red at 12:15 and NBC-Blue at 5:15 this afternoon. David plays Bruce Kingsley, who was known simply as The Stranger when he first entered the story of The O'Neills. He's no stranger to NBC audiences, though, for since 1934 he's been playing leading roles in many a serial originating in Chicago. Last summer he came to New York and immediately began to repeat his Chicago success. He's had two offers of screen tests but turned them both down—though he says if a third one should come along he'd be too superstitious to refuse it.



The news has spread  
from coast to coast **MIRACLE MODESS BRINGS YOU "MOISTURE ZONING"!**



Now—dismiss this old worry! Today—stop trying to see yourself in every mirror—stop asking people, "Am I all right?" . . . Today, the new Miracle Modess gives you a new sense of security!



Now—forget this old discomfort! No longer need chafing discomfort on "difficult" days spoil your walking, your dancing . . . Today, learn about the new Miracle Modess (see below).



Now—at any dealer's in the land, you can buy a sanitary napkin made on an entirely new principle . . .

The new Miracle Modess with "Moisture Zoning."

This "Moisture Zoning" helps wonderfully in two ways.

First, it acts to *zone* moisture, keep it inside the pad. The sides of the napkin stay dry, soft, chafe-free longer than ever before . . . And this—

in addition to the fluff-type filler that has always made Modess outstanding for comfort—means that Modess *starts softer, stays softer!*

Second, "Moisture Zoning" brings greater absorbency. This, along with Modess' famous moisture-resistant backing, means greater peace of mind. Modess is *doubly reassuring*.

Today, buy the Napkin of Tomorrow—Modess. In the same blue box, at the same low price.

★ ★ ★  
**MODESS TRIUMPHS AGAIN!**

**FIRST WITH FLUFF-TYPE FILLER**



Modess was first to use a downy-soft, fluff-type filler—entirely different in construction from "layer-type" napkins! The result? Greater comfort—because a Modess pad not only *starts softer*—it also *stays softer*.

**FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING**



Modess was first to put a "Stop-back" of moisture-resistant material on every pad, as a precaution against striking through.

**NOTE THE BLUE LINE:**  
Modess has a colored thread along back of pad to make sure that you wear it correctly—with back away from the body.

**AND NOW "MOISTURE ZONING"!**



Now Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning," which keeps the edges of the napkin dry, soft, chafe-free longer than ever before. Greater comfort, greater safety! Get the new Miracle Modess today. In the same blue box at the same low price.



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time
		8:00 NBC-Red: Variety Show
		8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
		8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Manhattan Mother
	8:00	9:00 NBC: News
		8:05 9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
		8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
		8:45 9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00		9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
		9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
		9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15		9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
		9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
		9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30		9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
		9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
		9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
		10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
		10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
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11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
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11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
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9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Dr. Daniel A. Poling
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Pebbles Takes Charge
		12:45 1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
		1:00 2:00 CBS: Don Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Revue Program
	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		1:30 2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
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2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
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2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
		5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Barnes
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
		5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
		6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
		5:30 6:30 CBS: H. V. Kaltonborn
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Guldern Serenaders
		6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
6:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Professor Quiz
7:30	7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Kate Smith
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Carson Robison's Buckaroos
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: George Jessel
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Lady Esther Serenade
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Young Man With a Band

## FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Producer Al Rinker—first star Horace Heidt—announcer Dan Seymour  
Tune-In Bulletin for October 27, November 3, 10 and 17!

October 27: Matty Malneck and his band are featured tonight on the new program, *Young Man With a Band*, on CBS at 10:30. . . . Sammy Kaye's orchestra opens for another season at the Commodore Hotel in New York, playing over both CBS and Mutual. . . . Buddy Rogers' band comes into the Ansley Hotel in Atlanta, playing over NBC.

November 3: Kay Kyser is the star of this week's *Young Man With a Band* program, on CBS at 10:30. . . . From Sioux Falls, South Dakota, comes a novelty—a corn-husking bee, to be described over NBC this afternoon.

November 10: Tonight's *Young Man With a Band* star is Duke Ellington—CBS at 10:30. . . . Bill Barda and his band end an engagement at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, playing over CBS.

November 17: Bill Stern broadcasts a prizefight from Madison Square Garden tonight—NBC-Blue at 10:00.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** *Young Man With a Band*, on CBS at 10:30, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by the Columbia Recording Corporation and starring famous dance band leaders.

*Young Man With a Band* is put on the air to honor those young American band leaders who are "at least as popular as movie stars or congressmen, and who have followings as large and enthusiastic as those of Mickey Mouse." A different young man with a band is presented each week, and dramatic episodes re-create his life story while the band plays music as he played it at different times in the past. Also, by means of a lucky number, somebody in the studio audience gets the chance to make a record of his or her own voice, singing with the band of the week.

The whole idea grew out of the desire of the Columbia Recording Corporation, a CBS affiliate, to present its most popular recording bands on the air. Al Rinker, producer of the show, and Annemarie Ewing, who writes the script, selected the title and developed the idea of telling the leaders' life stories in dramatic episodes.

Conferences with the band leader himself always supply the material for Miss Ewing to build her script around. For instance, Harry James told her about his childhood experiences playing with a circus

band, and even sent home to his father in Texas for some of the music he played then. One of the biggest jobs in rehearsal is to get the musicians to imitate various styles in music—circus, minstrel, brass band, and all the different styles of dance music up through the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties.

The whole program is a delight for anybody who is interested in dance music. Besides getting the musical background of your favorites, you'll hear John Hammond, well-known authority on dance music and Associate Recording Director for the record company. Every week he devotes a few minutes of the program to telling what's new in the popular-music world. Hammond has one of the largest collections of records in the country, and it was he who recently discovered Charlie Christian, the sensational new guitar player in Benny Goodman's band.

Most fun for the studio audience at *Young Man with a Band*, of course, is watching the "lucky" amateur sing a song with the band. The amateur is chosen by drawing from a hatfull of seat stubs, but of course he doesn't have to sing with the band unless he wants to. He—or she—is given a choice from about six standard popular songs to sing, and when the broadcast is over is presented with a record of his performance. Only one record is made, so it's a real collector's item.

### SAY HELLO TO . . .



**JOHNNIE JOHNSTON**—NBC's handsome singer-guitarist, heard on Club Matinee this afternoon at 4:00, and on other NBC programs out of Chicago. Johnnie could sing 17 popular songs when he was only two and a half years old in St. Louis, and was on the stage with his sister in a child act by the time he was five. He never went to college, but began radio work instead. He also sang in night clubs, but quit because it was ruining his voice and his health. In 1933 he went to Hollywood, but forgot the beauties of the climate when the 1933 earthquake struck, and returned to Chicago. He was married in 1936.

*Lady Esther says*



# "Forsake all Heavy, Waxy Creams for 1 month and keep your Accent on Youth!!"



**Go ask youth**—and a whole chorus will tell you to stop using heavy, "waxy" creams. In a blind test, young women under 25 voted overwhelmingly—over 2 to 1—for Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!



**Why let heavy creams** defeat your loveliness? Why chance looking older than you really are? Give up those heavy, "waxy" creams that demand pulling of delicate facial muscles—and turn, with youth, to my more modern cream!



**Modern life** with its fast tempo is a challenge to your face cream. Indeed it calls for a completely different kind of cream from the heavy types popular ten years ago. Modern girls realize this, and have adopted my 4-Purpose Face Cream.



**A softly glamorous complexion** points the way to tender glances... to compliments and romance! Why deny yourself life's gayest moments? Why not look truly appealing? Give your skin "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and see each day bring fun... more happiness. You can be so alluring when you're sure of charm!



**Just one month** will show you that Lady Esther Face Cream is a modern cream that keeps your Accent on Youth. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you make the test I suggest below and see if Lady Esther Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for you?

## See the difference... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

**TODAY**, there is a very easy way to discover whether you are using the **RIGHT** face cream. You simply compare your present cream with Lady Esther Face Cream.

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Remove it with cleansing tissue, then look at it. Then do the same with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with fresh tissue and look at that.

Thousands of women have been amazed... yes, shocked then and there... to see dirt on their second tissue. For Lady Esther Cream removes pore-clogging dirt that

many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT.

Renounce all heavy creams for just a month. You'll find Lady Esther Cream, unlike many old-fashioned creams, cleanses thoroughly without harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a fresh, youthful-looking skin!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (50)

LADY ESTHER,  
7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	
8:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch. NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Dick Liebert
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Oell
8:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
8:15	9:15	CBS: Fiddler's Fancy
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Cloutier's Orch.
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Morin Sisters
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Wise Man
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Amanda Snow
9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: No School Today
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Barry McKinley
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
8:00	10:00	CBS: Orian Quartet
8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Charioteers
8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Concert Orchestra
8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell
8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Our Barn
8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Hilda Hope, M.D.
9:00	11:00	CBS: Country Journal
9:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Cloutier Orchestra
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Let's Pretend
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: FARM BUREAU
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: What Price America
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Little Variety Show
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Matinee in Rhythm
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Bert Farber Orch.
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Ray Kinney Orch.
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Indiana Indigo
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Orchestra
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Roy Eldridge Orch.
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Laval Orchestra
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Orchestra
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
3:05	5:05	6:05 CBS: Le Brun Sisters
3:05	5:05	6:05 NBC-Blue: El Chico Revue
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: European News Roundup
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Orchestra
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Michael Loring
	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
5:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Gang Busters
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Stop Me If You've Heard This One
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Wayne King's Orch.
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Youth vs. Age
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
8:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Death Valley Days
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Benny Goodman
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: ARTURO TOSCANINI
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Arch Oboler's Plays

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Bill Stern (center) flanked by his two spotters at a football game.

## Tune-In Bulletin for October 28, November 4, 11 and 18!

October 28: It's hard to get all the football broadcasts in advance, but here are three you can be sure of hearing today: Cornell vs. Ohio State, Mutual at 1:45; Northwestern vs. Illinois, Mutual at 4:15; and Holy Cross vs. Colgate, CBS at 2:00 (Eastern network only). . . . There's a new program starting tonight on NBC-Blue at 8:30. Called Youth vs. Age, it's a quiz program and stars Cal Tinney.

November 4: Highlighting the football broadcast schedule is the Army-Notre Dame game, on both CBS and NBC this afternoon. Holy Cross plays Providence, and CBS stations in the East will broadcast the game. At 1:45, MBS brings you the Michigan vs. Illinois game.

November 11: It's Armistice Day, but somehow this year the holiday doesn't seem to have much significance. . . . The annual Red Cross roll call is on CBS from 10:30 until 11:30 tonight. Norman Davis is master of ceremonies, and several Hollywood stars are taking part. . . . Football broadcasts: Holy Cross vs. Temple, on the Eastern CBS network; Wisconsin vs. Illinois, on MBS at 1:45.

November 18: The day's football: Northwestern vs. Notre Dame on Mutual at 1:15. . . . Holy Cross vs. Carnegie Tech on CBS Eastern stations.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Football broadcasts—on any network, and at almost any time from 1:30 Eastern Standard Time until 5:00 Pacific Standard Time. For the fall season of America's greatest intercollegiate sport is in full swing right now and radio is doing its best to put all the highlights on the air.

CBS' star, of course, is Ted Husing—in 1939 as he has been since 1927. Ted has only one assistant when he broadcasts a game—Jimmy Dolan. In all his career he has had only two assistants: first Les Quoiley and now Dolan. They always go to the scene of a game three days in advance of the broadcast. Ted's proudest possession is his light box, a mysterious electrical contraption which enables Dolan, on the sidelines, to signal Ted the names of the players on the field. It takes Ted and Jimmy about three hours to adjust.

Over at NBC, Bill Stern is announcing a game. Bill uses two "spotters," or assistants, one from each team. Much of the time he doesn't really need them, because he too arrives at the scene of a game three days before it takes place and carefully memorizes the names and peculiarities of the players.

Bill has been broadcasting football since he was fourteen years old—though at that time he wasn't talking into any microphone.

He used to climb up over the fence at the University of Rochester, sit on the sidelines and talk the game to himself all afternoon. To this day he doesn't know why he did this, but it was wonderful practice. Growing up, he first tried radio in Rochester, but his home town would have none of him, and he wandered from station to station all over the country, until one day in 1933 Graham McNamee needed an assistant in a hurry. Bill happened to be around and McNamee grabbed him. He hadn't been on the air two minutes when NBC wired and offered him a steady job.

Mutual will be broadcasting a couple of games this afternoon—one in the midwest and one in the far west. Possibly a still different game will be heard by its eastern listeners. All the midwestern games find Quin Ryon and Bob Elson at the MBS microphone. Quin, station manager of WGN, has been broadcasting football for fifteen years, and has never missed a season; while Elson is just as much at home in football as in baseball. Out on the Pacific Coast, Mutual calls on Frank Bull and Homer Welborn for all its football assignments, including the traditional East-West Shriners game on New Year's Day from San Francisco. In the east, various announcers handle the assignments.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**SELENA ROYLE**—who plays the title role in *Hilda Hope, M.D.*, on NBC-Red at 11:30 this morning. She's one of America's finest actresses, and has been a Broadway star for twenty years. Born in New York, she is the daughter of famous playwright-actor Edwin Milton Royle. During the depression she originated "Actors' Dinners" to which the public was invited, and whose profits went to caring for out-of-work members of the theatrical profession. Lately she's been devoting all her time to the radio, and has the leading role in "Woman of Courage," a daily serial on CBS, as well as in Saturday's *Hilda Hope, M.D.*.

## Hilltop House

(Continued from page 20)

was still straight and firmly muscled. He looked what he was—a man who had made a religion of getting what he wanted, a man of successful affairs.

"Well, Bess," he said.

She tried to be natural, she held out her hand and made suitable remarks—it was nice to see him again, he looked well, she was glad he was being successful. And all the while she was thinking, "What do you want? What are you going to do to me—and to Tim?"

"Paul said you wanted to look at Hilltop House," she said.

He gestured absently with one hand. "No—not now. I understand it's not for sale after all—so why should I waste time looking at something I can't buy?" A characteristic remark, she thought.

"Then why? . . ."

"To see you, of course." He laid his hand on hers, in a way that was almost timid—if she hadn't known that Steve was never timid. "You're still lovely, Bess. No wonder, of course—it hasn't been so terribly long since . . ."

"Since you and I were in love?" she finished for him.

"Since I played the fool and let you get away from me," he amended. "Bess—I suppose this must seem terribly abrupt to you, but I haven't much time—couldn't we start in again, where we left off? I've never forgotten you."

**T**HAT damnable charm of his, which could be so potent when he chose to exert it—even though you knew it was false. The thought helped her to say lightly, coldly. "Good of you to remember me, Steve. As a matter of fact, I haven't forgotten you, either—though perhaps I've remembered you for a different reason."

His eyes flickered in comprehension. "Yes. You mean the boy. And Marjorie. But all that's past."

"Is it?" she asked. She had control of the situation now; play her cards right and he would leave Glendale tonight and never come back. She held her knees tightly together to stop their trembling. "Steve—I never thought I'd have to tell you this. I never thought you'd force me to it. But here it is. I'm happy here. It took me a long time to get over—to get over what you did to me. But I got over it, finally. So much that I never think of you, or Marjorie, or—or the baby, any more. So will you please go away, and let me have my happiness?"

She might have succeeded, then. His face, as he hesitated, was sombre. He opened his lips to speak—

The door burst open, and Tim rushed in—a golden-haired cannonball of humanity, shrieking, "Tulip wouldn't let me in to see you, Miss Bess! Tell her to let me alone!"

He threw his arms around her waist, clung there while Tulip, close upon his heels, tried to pry him loose. Over the miniature battle, she saw Steve's face. He was looking intently at the boy, his head thrust forward, his whole body poised as if for a spring. His eyes flashed up to meet hers, and under the sudden wonder and accusation in them she looked around the room wildly, as if seeking an escape from an impossible prison.



"Just listen to 'em!... 'Afraid of a little pan of water, eh?' says Duck-Luck... 'Who's afraid?' says Hen-Pen. 'I just don't like water, the horrid kut-kut-kadacket stuff!... 'You chicken-hearted coward!' says he... 'You wet smack!' says she...!"



"Oh, stop your nonsense, Hen-Pen—it's swell once you're in! Just hold your nose and shut your eyes... don't you know we'll get sprinkled with lovely, downy Johnson's Baby Powder when we get out? In you go now—KERSPLASH!"



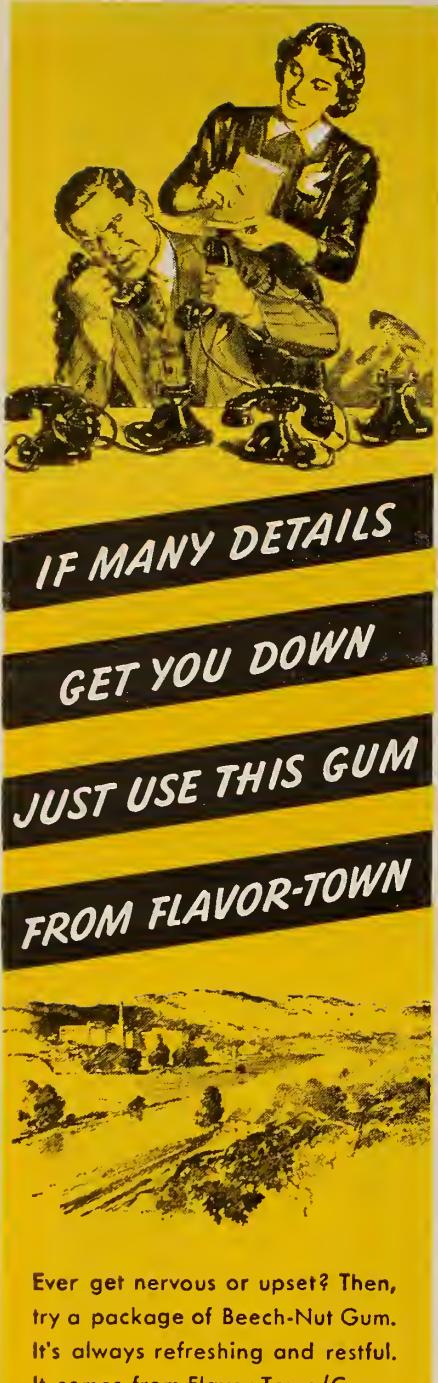
"Look, gang, here comes the Johnson's... hold everything! Prickly heat and chafes won't get much chance at us! And oh-h, boy—when that soft white shower comes down the small of your back, you'll get a thrill right down to your pinfeathers!"



"Didn't I tell you? Everybody likes Johnson's Baby Powder. The talc in it's specially fine, and it helps keep babies comfortable as can be. It doesn't cost much, either!"

# JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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## Beech-Nut



**One of America's  
GOOD habits**

The familiar furniture gave her no help; the half-open door to the hall was no avenue to freedom. She saw Stella pause in the hall, curiously looking in, then go on.

Haltingly she tried to comfort Tim, to disengage him from her skirts; and at last, reluctantly, he allowed himself to be led away by Tulip. She turned to face Steve.

**W**HEN she paused in the hall to look into Bess' room, Stella knew at once that something was happening. She saw the look of fear in Bess' face, the intensity of the man's body, and her quick intelligence, her eager curiosity, told her to listen. She waited until Tulip and Tim had come out and gone downstairs, then crept back to the door, bent to the keyhole. "No!" she heard Bess say sharply. "He's not! Tim is only one of our orphans here—the littlest and most helpless of them. That's the reason he insists on coming in to see me as soon as he gets home—perhaps I've babied him too much."

"He has your hair and your eyes, Bess." The man's voice, stern, trembling on the edge of violence. "I'm surprised they haven't noticed it already, around here."

"Nonsense!"

"You lied to me when you said he died soon after he was born!" His words were pursuing her, forcing her into admission, but she insisted:

"No! I told you the truth. He did die—he only lived a few hours."

"That was my son—the boy that just ran in here. I know it—he has the look of me when I was his age. And you're shaking all over. You're lying to me, Bess!"

The girl outside strained to hear Bess' answer, but all she heard was silence, until the man's voice began again:

"All right then—don't admit it. Anyway, I'm sure. I always suspected you of lying to me about his death—that's one reason I came to see you. And now that I know, I'm going to take him away from here—and you too."

She heard Bess now: "You'll never take Tim. I'll never let you. And I'll never go with you myself."

"We'll see—" Stella heard the man begin to say—and then footsteps were coming up the stairs to the hall. She straightened suddenly, and went into the dormitory, just as Jean and two other orphans came into view. What she did not hear was the rest of the conversation in Bess' room.

"Haven't you any conception of what I'd do to keep Tim away from you?" Bess cried. "First you broke my heart, or tried to, even if I was strong enough to keep you from doing it. Then you married my sister, Marjorie, and broke hers. It wasn't having a baby that killed her, Steve. She died because she didn't want to live any more! And just before she died, she made me promise that no matter what happened, I'd never let you have Tim. That's why I came here to Glendale, pretending that Tim was an orphan and pulling strings to get him taken in here without seeming to even know who he was—simply so I would leave no trace that would make you suspect he was still alive."

"And very noble of you," he remarked. "Exactly what I'd expect you to do. But let's not be melodramatic about it. After all, I am the boy's father . . . and I intend to have my son."

It was on that note he left. She didn't see him go; she didn't dare look at him lest she break down completely.

After a while, though, she began to feel a little better. The worst, she told herself, had happened at last. For years she had successfully pretended that Tim was no more than one of the orphans under her care. Now Steve had learned that he was really her nephew, and he would—at least he might—publish her deception to the people of Glendale. There would be a scandal—Frank Klabber and Thelma Gidley, her assistant, would seize on the news to accuse her of supporting one of her relations on Hilltop House money. But she could weather that; or if she could not, perhaps it did not matter so much. Nothing mattered, if she could only keep Tim away from his father. She could count on Paul Hutchinson's help, and on Robbie's—

Yes, she could count on Robbie. Warmth crept into her heart as she thought of him. Devotion such as Robbie gave her was so precious, so sweet; something that must be given to few women.

Stella was thinking of Dr. Robbie just then, too. She was thinking that now, in the hour or so that remained of the afternoon before dinner-time, would be a good time to drop in at Dr. Robbie's office and talk to him about her mother, who was in the hospital under his care.

Dr. Robbie didn't like her, and she knew why. It was Miss Bess' fault. Dr. Robbie liked everyone at Hilltop House except her, and he didn't like her because Miss Bess had poisoned his mind against her. Going down the hall, Stella gave an exultant little hop—she'd tell Dr. Robbie, now, what sort of a person his adored Miss Bess was, and in his gratitude, he'd see that she, Stella, was worth a dozen Miss Besses.

**I**N her absorption, she didn't see Miss Gidley until she almost bumped into her. Tall, spare, dressed in black, the assistant matron of Hilltop House laid a detaining hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Stella! Where are you going?"

Stella gulped, gathering her scattered thoughts. "I was looking for you, Miss Gidley. I wanted to ask you if I could go down to Dr. Clark's office and ask him about my mother. I'm so worried about her, Miss Gidley . . ." She looked up appealingly. Miss Gidley was easy, for all she acted so stern. Stella knew that Miss Gidley was always criticizing Miss Bess for being too lenient with the children, but she herself was the lenient one, if you knew how to get around her. And Stella, without the shadow of a doubt, knew.

Another thought crossed her mind, just then. Miss Gidley would probably like to know about what she had heard. Miss Gidley liked to know things, particularly about Miss Bess. Perhaps, later, she'd tell her.

"Very well, Stella," Miss Gidley was saying now. "Go ahead. But be sure to be back for dinner."

"Yes, Miss Gidley," Stella said dutifully.

Dr. Robbie's office was only a few blocks from Hilltop, and Stella was there in five minutes. It was after office hours, but Dr. Robbie often worked late in the laboratory, and he knew this was the only time of day she could come to see him.

She went through the deserted waiting and consulting rooms, knocked on the laboratory door. Dr. Robbie's voice answered: "Come in."

"Oh—hello, Stella," he said, not too cordially, when he looked up and saw her standing there.

"Hello, Dr. Robbie," she said. "Are you busy? I just wanted to ask you about my mother. Do you think she is feeling better?"

"I think so," he said, still busy with a microscope. "Why—did she seem worse when you saw her today?"

"Oh, I—I didn't see her today," she said lamely, aware for the first time that this was a damaging admission.

"You didn't? Why not?" he asked, looking up at her briefly. "You should see her every day—that will do her more good than anything else."

"I—I—" she stammered, trying to think of a convincing excuse. And then came what seemed like inspiration. "I don't think Miss Bess likes me to go see Mama too much."

"Miss Bess?" His hands fell to the sides of the microscope and he stared at her. "That's ridiculous, Stella. Why should Miss Bess care how often you see your mother?"

"Well, she's . . . funny, Dr. Robbie." She hesitated, seeming to select her words like someone who was trying to be scrupulously fair. "She doesn't like me to have a mother, it sort of seems like. I mean—she'd rather I'd be like all the other children at Hilltop—a real orphan."

**H**E forced an irritated laugh. "I never heard such nonsense, Stella! It's all something you've made up."

"No, it isn't, Dr. Robbie," she insisted gravely. "It looks that way to you, because you're outside, and you don't know some of the things that go on at Hilltop."

"What sort of things?"

"Oh—well, I'd rather not say," she said, apparently reluctant.

Hurriedly she added: "But I can tell you this, Dr. Robbie. Miss Bess isn't as nice a person as you think!"

"What!" The sudden flush, ebbing away into pallor, the brilliant, burning eyes that were the result of her statement were more than she had bargained for; she moved backward a step, as if he had threatened her, and with only the thought of justifying herself, blurted out:

"No, Dr. Robbie, she isn't! If you knew what I found out today—"

"I don't want to know it!"

But once more she paid no attention to his protest. "Tim isn't an orphan at all! He's Miss Bess' little boy—hers and that man's that came to see her today!"

Dr. Robbie's hand shot out; there was the sharp sound of impact. Stella's head rocked to one side and tears came to her eyes. Her cheek, where he had slapped it, burned like fire, but they were not tears of pain; they were tears of anger.

She shrieked, her voice breaking a little: "All right, then—if you don't believe me, go ask her yourself!"

"I will," said Dr. Robbie, white-faced and shaking, and already terribly ashamed of himself for striking a child.

Will Stella's lies turn Dr. Robbie against Bess? And will she be able to pit her wits successfully against those of Stephen Cortland in her battle to keep Tim? Read the exciting final chapter of this dramatic story in the January issue of RADIO MIRROR.

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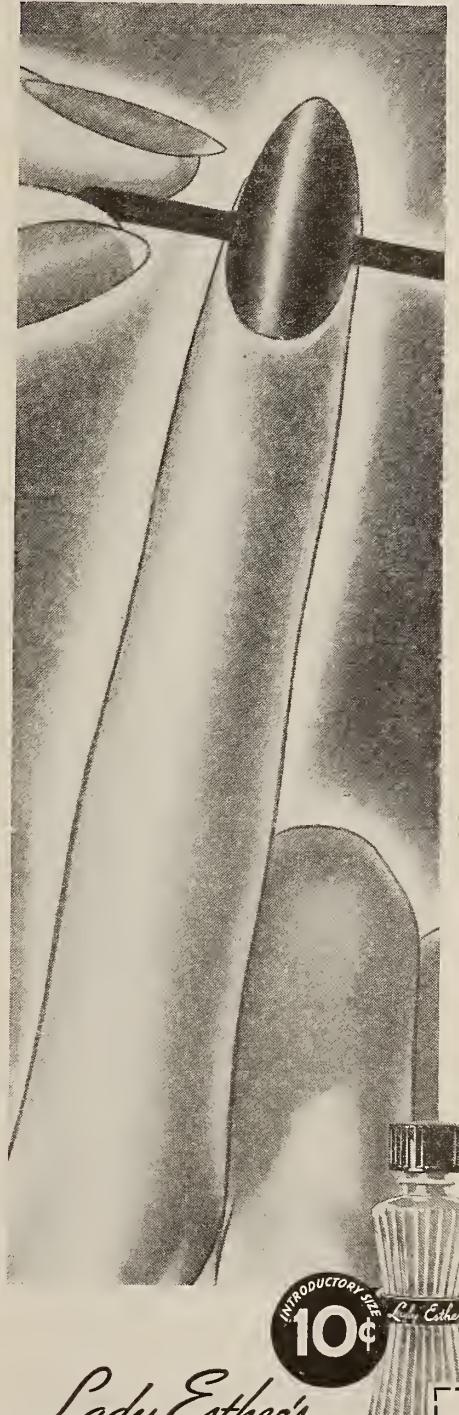
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"Beeman's—say! That's no discovery. It's been the favorite with my clan for years. Just the right blend of smooth, mellow taste and cool tang. It's always fresh and so long lasting—never lets you down. Lady, the next flight's on the house but be sure you bring Beeman's."

**BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION**

## Where Was I Wrong?

(Continued from page 15)

Rock, I had gained some invaluable training when Francis Craig's orchestra, composed of boys working their way through Vanderbilt, played at a resort nearby. But that's the only reason I had to hope for success in the theater. Such small reason!

I was almost ashamed to tell my mother, but I did. In addition to being very brave and resourceful, my mother is very wise. She didn't laugh at me. As a matter of fact, she encouraged me, although I wonder, even now, if she ever seriously thought I had a chance.

Mrs. Barnum, who runs a school of drama and expression in Chicago, was even more encouraging when I stopped in to talk with her a few days later. She even arranged to let me work out my tuition by doing odd jobs in the office of the school.

How different was this schooling from the happy-go-lucky, jazz-age education I had started out to get for myself at the university. Here there was a deadly seriousness, a purposefulness that had been entirely lacking.

Already, I thought, at the age of seventeen, I was beginning to build upon the ruins of that other life, a sounder, a wiser way of living.

So I planned. Was it my fault that another event was soon to occur that would wipe out all this beginning, would revolutionize my life, start my heart to pounding with a love I couldn't seem to deny?

I was walking down Michigan Boulevard one afternoon with one of my best friends, Alice Carter, who seemed to know everyone and go everywhere; who every week had a new boy friend, each one more handsome and gifted.

She was telling me about her "newest." "He's so handsome, Virginia, that he makes goose-pimples run up and down your spine. His eyes are a deep brown—Say, I'll tell you what. Let's go up to his office and you can see for yourself."

I didn't really want to go, but Alice insisted.

And then I knew what Alice meant when she said that she felt goose-pimples run up and down her spine. He did that to you when he turned his smile on and the lights glistened in deep brown eyes that were magnificently alive. Then he was speaking in a low voice.

"I'm happy to know you, Miss Clark," he said. And then he was asking me all about myself. At the moment I didn't think about it, but it was as if Alice wasn't there at all—just we two. He made you feel intimately at home with him and the force of his personality jumped, like an electric spark, across the gap that separated us. I'm afraid we both quite forgot poor Alice. It wasn't until later that evening, that I thought about her. That was when I answered the phone to feel again the spell of the man.

"This is Ray," he said. "I hope you still remember me because I haven't been able to think of anything else but you since this afternoon." It was then that I thought about Alice. I wondered if he had given her any reason to feel that he might care about her. Of course, with Alice it was a different fellow each week, but

if he'd given her any reason . . . and then was calling me up! He was talking again. "I wondered if you wouldn't care to go for a drive and maybe dance a little?"

It had been so long since I had had a date, danced—and yet—was instinct warning me, even then? How wonderful it would be to laugh again, to forget reciting lines, to banish the thought of jobs and mother working. Why then should I hesitate?

I didn't for very long.

"I'd love to, only I have so much work—"

"You can always work, but you can't always have a good time." He was turning on all his persuasion. "And anyway, we won't stay late."

But we did stay late. We went from one club to another, and Ray knew all of the headwaiters by name so they gave him the best tables, treated us like royalty.

I knew how Cinderella felt, now—I, who had lived out my girlhood in the unsophisticated small town. I was learning, to the blaring brass and soft strings of night club orchestras, how the other, gorgeously gowned half lived.

But the clock didn't strike twelve.

When I came home from school the next night, a large box of flowers awaited me. There was a note . . . "Love, Ray." That was all. And then the phone rang.

"Really, Ray, I think I'd better stay home tonight."

"But you promised me . . ."

Again I gave in and each time the giving in became a little easier. He was calling me at school now, two or three times a day, and suddenly school wasn't important. Ray was all that mattered. I had been swept completely off my feet. Again I was living on top of a world that went swimmingly along on its merry course. There was only one drawback. My mother and his parents. One night, as I came in from dancing, Mother was waiting for me.

**VIRGINIA,** there have not been many times when I've told you not to do something. But this time, I'm going to ask you to listen to me carefully and do what I ask. I want you to forget Raymond. For your own good and his too."

For a moment my heart stopped. In all the seventeen years I had been growing up, I had never disobeyed my mother. I had never had to. Never had she forced me to do anything I didn't really want to do. I knew, somehow, that this was going to be different. Even if it meant standing against Mother, I couldn't obey this order. But I could try to make her understand.

"Mother, we're in love! He's already asked me to marry him. You wouldn't ask me to give up the man I love?"

"No, I wouldn't ask you to do that, but I don't think you love Raymond and I don't think he loves you." And then she used the argument so many parents have used . . . the argument I think hardens so many children's hearts.

"You're both so young. I want you to wait awhile until you're older, until you find out if it's really love. If it is, you'll both wait."

Such reasonable words and so utterly useless when you're young and hungry for fun. I didn't know it then, but the same thing was going on at Ray's home. He had been married before—he'd told me all about it—and it hadn't worked out. And while his parents were very fond of me, they didn't want him to marry again until he was older and showed more interest in the responsibilities of marriage.

But all that the parental warnings and pleadings did was to drive us into each other's arms. Without a word to anyone, a few weeks later, we slipped away to Michigan and were married.

Though our honeymoon was terribly brief, it was glorious. We motored through Canada, stopping off at quaint way-side inns and tourist camps in the towering forests.

But we returned soon enough to face our parents. I remember dreading my first meeting with Mother. I might have known how she'd be. Not one word of reproach. Just an eagerness to help us find an apartment, to see that we were settled. Ray's parents were the same way—so very understanding and trying hard to be helpful.

It was as if they knew our marriage was doomed from the start. I must have always known how uncertain it was. Ray was only really happy when he was what he called "having fun." Home to him was a place to sleep when there was no other place to go after a long bright round of parties.

**W**E never saved money. Often Ray and I would go out to the race-track in the afternoon and lose more than he usually earned in a month. Oh, it was exciting enough . . . standing there at the track, yelling for our horse to come in first. But always, afterwards, were those terrible unvoiced fears I tried to fight down.

And then the baby came and I began to pay the price of letting love blind me to reality. Because all the joy, the wonderful thrill of having my first child was dulled by the realization that he had been born into a home that now seemed doomed to failure.

One night my worst fears were realized when the monotony of evenings spent quietly at home went beyond Ray's endurance. With a muttered "good night" he slipped on his coat and was gone. He didn't stay late. It wasn't that. It was the fact that he'd made the break finally, and there was no turning back.

He knew it too, though we never discussed it. But in my heart was the black despair of knowing that I had to make my choice. I had to choose for myself and—for my son. Should I resign myself and bring our son up in an atmosphere of unrest, of unhappiness and perhaps later, of bitterness? Or should I, through the divorce courts, seek my freedom? And finding freedom, what then? I could not go back and become a drain upon my mother. The only training I had was my dramatic teaching.

Which was the less desperate way? I made my choice, finally. I think I was right, though there were times when I was anything but sure.

And the choice led—where? Read the second and final instalment of Virginia Clark's own dramatic search for happiness in the January issue of *RADIO MIRROR*.

## "You ought to hate yourself for spanking that child!"



Peggy shows Bill  
the modern way  
to bring up their child

1. BILL: You keep out of this, Peggy . . . I've got to make this boy listen to reason!

PEGGY: You're certainly going about it in a funny way.

2. BILL: Don't you worry—he'll take that stuff if I have to hold his nose to do it.

PEGGY: That's going from bad to worse. Don't you know that using force on a child can shock his entire nervous system?



3. BILL: Who said so?

PEGGY: The doctor! Where do you think I've been all morning! I told him about our struggles in getting Junior to take a laxative. The doctor absolutely "put his foot down" on force.

4. PEGGY: Then I asked him about giving Junior some of the laxative you take, and again he said NO. He said an adult's laxative can be too strong for a tot. So he recommended a modern laxative made especially for children.



5. BILL: Is there such a thing?

PEGGY: Certainly! Fletcher's Castoria. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It's mild, yet surprisingly thorough. It won't form a habit or cause any griping cramps. And it's *SAFE*!

6. BILL: He certainly takes it easy enough.

PEGGY: I'll say he does! Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it. I don't see how any home can get along without it!

**Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA**  
The modern—**SAFE**—laxative made especially for children

## CRITICS HAIL

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## What Mickey Rooney Means to Judy Garland

(Continued from page 12)

that nothing can break. Something a lot stronger than the "crushes" on other boys which come and go in Judy's life with clocklike regularity, something stronger than the differences in their temperaments and backgrounds.

It isn't love, yet, because Judy doesn't consciously know what love really means, and if you suggested that's what she felt for Mickey, Judy would only become indignant. But she wouldn't even try to deny that there is a bond between them.

It's good, seeing these two together, enjoying every moment of their existence. For life has been wonderful lately where these two are concerned. Their astonishing success in Hollywood and now—for Judy—a new radio program each week. You have perhaps already heard her this fall on the Bob Hope broadcasts Tuesday evenings, listened to the fresh, joyous voice bringing you the latest popular songs. She has, in just a few appearances, already become radio's newest important personality.

As her friend, Mickey is one of the four most permanently important people in Judy's life. The other three are her mother and her two older sisters.

NOT that Judy hasn't any other friends, because she has. Dozens—scores—hundreds of them. Practically everyone she meets is "friend" to her, because she has a healthy sixteen-year-old enthusiasm for people. Along with this enthusiasm goes an equally healthy ability to adore someone today and be only mildly interested in the same person tomorrow.

If you've ever had a kid sister, you know the routine. On Tuesday, say, Judy's thoughts and conversations will be packed to bursting with a certain—oh, call him George, the name doesn't matter. Along about Friday her mother will get a chance to meet George, who proves to be a pleasant, undistinguished youngster with no apparent quality in his make-up to inspire such whole-souled devotion as Judy lays at his feet. He remains the love of her life until somewhere near the middle of the following week, and then, mysteriously, her mother finds the name of George cropping up less and less often in her daughter's remarks. And within another seven days, George has become just one of "the bunch", and Ralph or Lief or Chris is the most wonderful person who ever lived.

But Mickey remains in his special place of honor in Judy's heart.

You see, Judy has never had a brother. Since her father died, just one month after she first signed a contract with M-G-M, the inner circle of her life has been filled with women, her mother and sisters. Nor has Mickey any real sister, and so it came about that these two youngsters really needed each other. Impulsive and generous, but at the same time clear-sighted and fiercely honest, Judy is an ideal balance to Mickey's precocious and rather undisciplined character. In his turn, his matter-of-fact boyishness and realism helps Judy over many a rough spot.

They both have Mrs. Garland, Judy's mother, to thank for their friendship, although almost certainly

neither of them realizes it.

Ethel Garland is something pretty special in the way of mothers. She knows well enough the dangers of the fame and adulation which are heaped upon her youngest daughter, but she also has the wisdom to realize that Judy, not she, is the only one who can combat these dangers. So, instead of laying down laws, "thou shalts" and "thou shalt nots," for Judy to follow, she lets her do exactly as she pleases, meanwhile concentrating on bringing her up in such a way that she'll always please to do the right thing, rather than the wrong one.

For instance, here's a sample of Mrs. Garland's tactics. A few months ago Judy looked around her and noticed that most other girls her age smoked cigarettes. Well, most of the girls in her crowd did, anyway. A bit resentfully, she pointed this fact out to her mother, and inquired why she couldn't do likewise.

"Well, I don't know why you shouldn't, if you want to," Mrs. Garland said calmly. "I certainly don't see anything wrong in smoking. Your two sisters smoke, and I would if I enjoyed it. Of course, it won't be very good for your voice, but on the other hand, I don't suppose it would ruin it either. So, if you'd like to, go ahead."

Judy thought that over for a day, looking at the question from every angle with those big brown eyes of hers. At the end of which time she imparted her decision to wait a while. "Until I'm eighteen, anyway. I don't really enjoy smoking—I've tried a few cigarettes and they're really not much fun."

Her decisions are usually just about that sensible. In all her life, Judy has never been forbidden to do anything, or ordered to do something else, nor has her own impulsiveness ever led her into an act which she later regretted.

GIVEN a mother like Mrs. Garland, then, there were not the obstacles to a friendship with Mickey Rooney which might have arisen otherwise. It's no secret that Mickey went through a stage, about a year ago, when his nuisance-value assayed almost one hundred percent. He was high-spirited, he was young; and he was a little intoxicated with success—all of which made him do and say things that he is probably ashamed of now. Other mothers, less trustful of their daughters' good sense than Mrs. Garland was of Judy's, might have forbidden a too-close friendship with him. Luckily, Mrs. Garland did nothing of the sort.

The result of her wisdom is that there is now a perfect relationship between Judy and Mickey. It's wholly unsentimental, the way teen people are, very matter-of-fact, and cute as the dickens. Flattery and tender feelings play very small parts in it. Mickey quite frequently criticizes Judy with a terse candor which, coming from anyone else, would send her into tears. Like any sister, Judy often feels her hands itching to slap Mickey's mocking grin.

And yet, when they stand together before a microphone or camera, singing a duet, Mickey's arm will be protectively around Judy's waist, unseen

by the audience—while Judy, if anyone criticizes Mickey in her presence, will say defiantly, "I like Mickey. You just don't understand him!"

They see each other a good deal, of course, but not too much. Their interests are sharply different in too many cases. Judy loves music, and so does Mickey—but whereas Judy loves any kind of music, from Beethoven to the latest swing, and has a huge collection of expensive records stacked in her bedroom to prove it, Mickey is a Grade-A jitterbug in good standing. Mickey is happiest when he is on the move, and in New York really enjoyed arriving at the theater barely in time to make his entrance. Judy is quieter, and would have suffered agonies of worry if she hadn't been in the theater in plenty of time.

Mickey loves his success, loves having money. Judy doesn't even know how much money she makes, although she's been told many a time. She just doesn't think it's worth remembering. Money means nothing to her, and frequently she wanders around Hollywood in her car without a cent in her purse—unless Mrs. Garland corners her before her departure and forces a five-dollar bill upon her. There's only one thing Judy wants cash for, and that's phonograph records. Her clothes are mostly bought by her mother, although now she is reaching the age where she takes a gradually increasing interest in them.

THE two of them have their own "crowd", which includes Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, Dick Paxton and Pat Stewart, and half-a-dozen other youngsters whose names would mean nothing to you because they are not professionals.

Both Mickey and Judy love to be interviewed, because they both like to meet new people, but while Mickey has a fine, jolly time with reporters, Judy worries because her life is so unglamorous. She thinks that she should tell them something really exciting—that she drinks a pint of champagne for breakfast, or made a Russian count commit suicide because she wouldn't marry him. Not that she wants to drink champagne for breakfast, or at any other time, or have anything at all to do with a Russian count, but she feels she owes it to the reporters to supply them with better copy than just a normal girl leading a normal life. After all, she reasons, they've gone out of their way to see her; she has to do her part too.

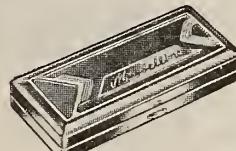
Judy liked New York, but she was a little homesick. Her mother was with her, but her two sisters were on the other edge of the continent, and she missed them. Mickey did his masculine best to make up. Every night, after the last show at the Capitol, Mickey went back into the hotel with Judy, sat around in her suite with her and Mrs. Garland, and anyone else who dropped in. Sandwiches and talk occupied the time until Judy was ready to go to bed.

Knowing Mickey—knowing that his first act on reaching New York was to call up an expert on the subject and ask where the best swing music was to be heard—you know also how he must have been itching to be on his way. For eleven o'clock at night is just when the rug-cutters are getting hot at the Onyx Club and Nick's. It might be one o'clock, some nights—even two before Mickey could get there, but—oh well, Judy is worth it!!



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Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!

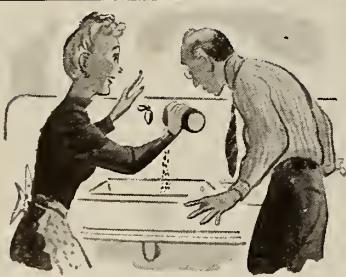
## MR. HUNT GETS A LESSON!



1. "Welcome home, honey!" beams Mr. Hunt. "Everything's fine—except the kitchen drain got clogged, and I haven't washed the dishes for a week!"



2. "A clogged drain—with Drano in the house?" explodes Mrs. Hunt. "Hand me that can of Drano in the cupboard—and watch!"



3. In the drain goes Drano—out goes the clogging muck! Drano gets down deep and *digests* all the grease, grounds and stoppage.



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# Drano

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## WHY HUSBANDS HURRY HOME!

It's really amazing to see how you can put new spark, new temptation, into everyday meals, without spending a cent more for food! Actually, these tempting meals often cost less, and husbands hurry home because these menus are the kind men rave about. Nothing fancy, no frills, just smart cooking ideas.

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## Why Does a Chicken Cross the Road?

\$100.00 in CASH for Best Answers

We are willing to pay one hundred dollars cash money for the best answers to the above question. "Why Does a Chicken Cross the Road?" has been a baffling question for years. To the person who gives us the best answer we will pay \$50.00, and to the author of the second best reason, \$25.00. The next five will receive \$5.00 each.

It is a lot of fun. No matter how crazy or sane your answer may be, you have an equal chance if it is good. The decisions of the judges will be final. Equal prizes will be paid to tied contestants.

### SPECIAL PROMPTNESS AWARDS!

In the event the contestant wins first prize and his or her answer is in promptly, an additional award of \$25.00 in cash will be given. Contest closes Dec. 15, 1939.

Send your idea at once to Dept. M.R.  
Miss Dot Fowler, 2206 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.



## Radio and the War

(Continued from page 35)

before in the history of the world has one medium played such a powerful role in shaping the destiny of every single man, woman and child on the face of the earth.

Radio—cracking sharp with hate and terror.

Moulding opinions.

A voice—an eye-witness—telling you what he has seen.

Another voice and a plea for peace.

The calm, clear voice of an expert analyst trying to get you straight on the thousands of questions you've been asking.

And all during the height of the war sleepless men, high in the buildings that house radio, stay at their posts to bring you these voices from everywhere.

Radio—the twentieth century's Paul Revere bringing you the story they said could never be told.

And our job? Our job is to tell you what has been going on behind the scenes in radio during this conflict. Our job is to tell you about the men and women who keep you hunched to your radio sets waiting for news from the war corners of the earth.

What a special events department faces in a crisis such as this is very much like a small revolution. The first problem is to make immediate contact with all the networks' correspondents in Europe. They might be almost any place on the continent, but word goes out by radio that they must get to certain key spots immediately.

DURING the first few days of activity, there isn't much time to get things running smoothly. Special events men rarely leave the studio. At NBC they slept on filing cabinets, on desks, on anything available. At CBS temporary cots were brought in, and the same was true at Mutual. Food, in the form of sandwiches and hot coffee is spread out on a long table and the workers grab as they go by. It wasn't at all strange to see an announcer put down a sandwich to read a news bulletin.

The cost of bringing you these special broadcasts from Europe was a great burden to the networks. Every time a commentator came on from Europe it cost the network from \$10 to \$18 and often as high as \$25 a minute. Transatlantic telephone calls were a staggering expense. Every time a sponsor was cut off the air, the network had to pay for the time used. Added costs were piled on because many of the broadcasts you heard were then relayed to other foreign countries through the courtesy of the networks. It was not at all strange for a commentator to come out of a studio and tune in "on himself," the broadcast being a transcription to a foreign country. Raymond Gram Swing was often on the air to London (on a record) at the same time he was talking to you here in America.

From the outset the networks knew that there would be trouble with the newspapers for the reason that people would get news over the air before it could possibly get into print. The networks were instructed to limit their broadcasts to bulletins only. They got around this by putting on three-way broadcasts from different points on the European continent, and

giving the news by way of "conversation." You probably heard NBC's Max Jordan carrying on a conversation with Paul Archinard in Paris and then John Gunther in London. Or CBS's Shirer in Berlin talking with Murrow in London and Grandin in Paris. Or Mutual's John Steele in conversation with Maitland in Warsaw and a girl named Sigrid Schultz in Berlin.

Earlier in the year, at a news conference, Steele and Swing told us that sooner or later censorship would crack down on three-way hook-ups and they were right. After the first few of them were pulled off, the governments of Europe required that all broadcasts to America must be read from a written—and censored—script. But until then, radio had a field day.

**O**NLY one radio newsman was rushed to Europe to cover the war. H. R. Baukhage, an NBC Washington man, was flown to London on the Dixie Clipper. Kaltenborn, in London, was brought back to America to "analyze" from over here. He was plenty glad to get home.

The great danger these men in Europe face is the menace of air-raiders. Yet none of them, according to all three network officials, seem to be bothered by this. Most of them have seen newspaper service in other wars and are used to danger. John Steele, of MBS, for example, moved from the comparative safety of a London suburb into the heart of London in order to be available for broadcasting at all times.

The responsibility of broadcasting the war falls largely on the shoulders of three men in America. Paul White, head of CBS special events, Abe Schechter of NBC and Johnny Johnson at MBS. It is their job to see that things run smoothly in the studios at home, as well as the added burden of taking care of their men abroad. If so much as one important dispatch slips by them, they are lost.

For example, Hugh Gibson, about to sign off in London one night, said: "The *Athenia* has just been sunk. That's news, isn't it?" Then he went off the air. But Schechter grabbed a phone, called London and got Gibson before he could get out of the studio. Ten minutes later he had the complete story, which might have slipped by.

Here, in New York, the announcers and engineers bore the brunt of the heavy twenty-four-hour schedule. Bob Trout at CBS was on the air almost constantly for two days without sleep, reading bulletin after bulletin. Elmer Davis, rushed to the studio while Kaltenborn was in Europe, sat by his side "interpreting" everything Trout read. At NBC Gene Hamilton stayed in the studio for days, doing the same duty as Trout. And Mutual's Frank Singiser ate and slept not twenty seconds from the mike.

The greatest asset in broadcasting the war news right now is the fact that the studios are prepared. Munich caught them sleeping, and because of this they learned plenty. While everything seems to be in a turmoil, this can't be avoided. Actually, the men at work, the announcers, the commentators, the translators, the engineers and the executives do their jobs speedily and well, using superb judgment in a time of great strain.

So far, not one major mistake has been created by any network.

Working under such nerve-racking conditions the special events lads are

quick to fall on anything which provides any kind of relaxation. Humorous happenings help a lot. Once, while NBC was on the air all night, an irritated old man called and said: "You keep saying over the air 'Keep tuned to this station for further developments.' Now I'm tired and I want to go to sleep. Can't you give me the rest of the news now?" This sent the special events department into uproarious laughter.

Names of towns always got a lot of laughs. One town in Poland is spelled Lwow, and pronounced "woof". Well, "woof" is what an announcer says when he is testing a mike for sound. No announcer could read the name of the town with a straight face. Some of the names of towns were terrible tongue twisters. Veteran announcer Bob Trout stumbled over one, then came out and said, "Frankly folks, I can't pronounce this one." Then he spelled it.

The men abroad, from the way they sounded over shortwave, were in excellent spirits most of the time, too. Shirer, crack man of CBS's foreign broadcasters interrupted a serious telephone conversation to ask, "Is it all right with you fellows if I grow a beard, I've hardly had time to shave." At the time Kaltenborn and Bob Trout were having their hair cut in the studios.

**T**HE greatest difficulty these courageous men abroad must face is the dangers of moving from country to country quickly as the war scenes change. Transportation is hard to find and almost always they are forced to travel through countries under fire. Sometimes, however, the men in New York get a scare, because these men suddenly drop out of sight. John Gunther was scheduled for an NBC broadcast from London not long ago and didn't show up for several days. Suddenly, on a Sunday night, he was in touch with NBC once more.

Right now, NBC, CBS and MBS are operating on more regular "war schedules." They are able to tell a little more in advance just what will be on the air. However, nobody knows what censorship may be imposed on radio in war zones. At times, Berlin has shut down completely. Warsaw was a very difficult station to get, except by a land line route to Budapest, which might shut down at any time. Contrary to popular fallacy, field radio operations require considerable equipment, besides wire facilities. And so the hazard of operating in war zones becomes more dangerous and difficult.

Radio realizes, however, that it is in for a "long pull" this time, and as each day goes by the men who bring you your war news are working to better the conditions of European broadcasting. When they went on the air they were handicapped because there was no precedent on which they could base the facilities available or the cost of broadcasting a major war.

But right now there is no one who can deny that radio has done an unbelievably magnificent job. The men in Europe and the men in the studios in New York have brought news to us even before the people in Europe knew what was happening.

Maybe not now, but some day, we will be able to more fully realize and pay tribute to the men in special events who are making every effort to keep the American public the best informed people on earth.

# THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

*on thrifty people  
who dodge winter  
by GREYHOUND*

Come on down and bathe in the sun! You belong on a surf-board skimming along the Gulf Coast—or under a beach umbrella on Florida's sands—up in a western saddle, riding Southwest desert trails—or getting a taste of movie glamour in Southern California. And you can be there—Greyhound's low fares simply shrink up the miles between your home and America's exciting winter playgrounds!

Just about  $\frac{1}{4}$  the cost of driving a car—that's all you pay to enjoy the warmth and luxury, the doubled sightseeing opportunities of a trip South by Super-Coach. Turn sun-worshipper this winter the Greyhound way!

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MF-12

## They Cover the War Front

(Continued from page 39)

# The Touch of Your Hand

**Is it soft, smooth, thrilling?**



**1** Italian Balm protects skin against chapping, redness, roughness, caused by hard water, housework and cold, dry weather.

**2** Contains *costlier ingredients* than any popular, nationally-advertised hand lotion — yet saves you money — because one drop is ample for both hands.

**3** Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry your skin. Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Priced at 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and \$1.00 a bottle — at toilet goods counters.

Over 90 Million Bottles Sold

EDWARD R. MURROW (Cont'd) political Science, Languages, Speech, and International Relations. He has spent a good part of his life in Europe.

Even, ordinarily, he flies everywhere. He finds it easier to cross borders. And in times of crisis the speed of air travel is an important factor.

He has covered a number of major events himself. The Vienna Anschluss caught him on his way to Latvia to arrange some folk music broadcasts. He had to get to Berlin and the only possible way to go was by plane. And the only plane available was a big, 23-passenger ship. He chartered that and flew to Berlin alone in it. From Berlin he flew to Vienna just in time to see the German troops entering the city.

\* \* \*

JOHN STEELE (Cont'd) news session they call on Steele to bring his fellow citizens to the appointed place.

Steele was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1870. He came to this country in 1885 and became a naturalized citizen in 1893. He worked for the New York Herald and the New York World as a reporter, then became night editor of the New York Commercial and then a commercial editor on the New York Times. From 1919 to 1935 he worked for the London branch of the Chicago Tribune, after which time he joined the Mutual network as big boss.

Steele's home is in Coulsdon, Surrey, but during this war crisis he is staying at a London hotel. He's married, has two children, and is now a grandfather.

\* \* \*

MAX JORDAN (Cont'd)

Then he spent three years traveling about the world with note books and a camera. His next job was working for the Hearst papers in Washington. In 1931 he won the appointment as European Representative for NBC. Since that time, he has been covering Europe, hopping from country to country, arranging for broadcasts of anything and everything that might be of interest to American listeners.

Most of his career as a writer, photographer, lecturer and broadcaster has been highlighted by scoops. The most recent one, of course, was the "16 Points" beat. But he scooped such exclusive stories as the first big oil deal between the United States and Russia, and the dramatic events connected with the attempted Bergdorff kidnapping.

\* \* \*

ELMER DAVIS (Cont'd)

scholarship to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1912, that started him on his life-long interest in politics and foreign affairs. From 1914 to 1924 he was a reporter for the New York Times. His interest in politics led him to cover every major national political convention in the last twenty years.

To the general public, he is best known for his novels and the short stories which have appeared in most of the leading fiction magazines of the country. His most popular novels are "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" and "I'll Show You the Town."

Davis acquitted himself so well in the recent crisis that CBS has decided to keep him on their staff, although H. V. Kaltenborn is back in this country.

WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Cont'd) "Europe's Listening Post." He has a radio in his office on which he can get any European station.

Shirer was born in Chicago, 35 years ago. While still going to Coe College, he worked as a reporter on the Cedar Rapids Gazette. After graduation, he shipped to Europe on a cattle boat and got a job on the Chicago Tribune in Paris. He worked for the Tribune until 1932, his work taking him to London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Geneva, Berlin and Madrid.

He first broke into radio during the Hindenburg disaster. He had been working all night for Universal News Service and CBS called him to talk about the German reaction to the disaster. He had no time to sleep, wrote his copy in five hours and went on the air, too tired to be nervous. He was hired by CBS immediately after that.

Shirer is married to a former Viennese newspaperwoman and has a small daughter.

\* \* \*

THOMAS B. GRANDIN—The dramatic descriptions of the present situation in Paris that come over the air to you are made by Thomas B. Grandin. He is the newest important member of the CBS Foreign staff, having been hired after the Czech Crisis in 1938. He was brought to the attention of CBS by the vivid and complete picture he gave of the mobilization of Paris, when asked to speak at a moment's notice.

Grandin is American born, but has spent most of his time since he got his degree from Yale University abroad.

\* \* \*

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT—That George Fielding Eliot's analyses of the present war from the military viewpoint are keen and far sighted is not surprising considering his background. He has been connected with military service almost all of his adult life. He retired from active service in the American Military Intelligence Reserve only five years ago. He makes frequent contributions to national magazines and has written two books, "The Ramparts We Watch" and "Bombs Bursting in Air."

Eliot was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1894.

He is now in London and you will be hearing a good deal of his bluff, hearty, easy and informative speech over the air from now on.

\* \* \*

H. V. KALTENBORN—The Czech Crisis, last year, was the first major International crisis radio was called on to cover. Radio was not as well prepared then as it is now to handle a news situation of this magnitude. Out of the general confusion caused in radio by the need to find new, efficient and rapid means to collect and broadcast the latest developments in the crisis and their meanings, H. V. Kaltenborn leaped into fame as the ace commentator and analyst of news in America.

Kaltenborn was born in Milwaukee, 61 years ago. He fought in the Spanish-American War, he was a newspaperman in Wisconsin, New York and Europe. He seems to have had a knack of being where crises arose when they arose. He has interviewed most of the important figures in world

affairs—Hitler, Mussolini, Gen. Chiang-Kai-shek. And he was the first man to ever broadcast a war directly from the battlefield—in Spain in 1936.

He has returned from Europe and is taking up his duties for CBS here.

\* \* \*

**FREDERICK BATE**—One of the most active members of NBC's foreign staff during the recent developments in Europe has been Frederick Bate, European NBC representative whose headquarters are in London.

Although he was born in Chicago, Bate has lived in Europe since 1912, when he went abroad to study. In 1919 he became associated with the Reparations Commission, serving in Vienna as general secretary of the Austrian Section until 1921. He then went to Paris, joining the United States "unofficial delegation" to the Commission until it was dissolved in 1930. He was appointed European Representative in London for NBC in 1932.

\* \* \*

**HOWARD CLANEY and HUGH GIBSON**—Two others you have been hearing from London are Howard Clancy and Hugh Gibson.

Howard Clancy is a former NBC announcer who went to London and Paris to live a short time ago. When the crisis broke he was called on to read news bulletins and comment on them for NBC. Clancy was born in Pennsylvania. He is forty-one years old. For many years he was an actor on the American stage. He went into radio as an actor in 1927 and later shifted to announcing.

Hugh Gibson has for many years been active in diplomatic circles. Among the numerous posts he has held have been those of Ambassador to Belgium, Minister to Switzerland and Poland. His wide knowledge of Europe and foreign diplomacy was what led NBC officials to arrange for a series of talks by him from various capitals on the continent.

\* \* \*

**JOHN P. KENNEDY**—You are all familiar with the curt, incisive voice of John P. Kennedy. He has been on the air in one capacity or another since 1924.

Kennedy was born in Quebec and educated in England, Canada, and the United States. He started out in life as a writer, first doing newspaper work and then going over into the magazine field. During the World War he directed Knights of Columbus activities, working with Herbert Hoover. He has a number of decorations from foreign countries to show for his war work.

After the war he became managing editor of Colliers. The next step was associate editor. Then he went into radio.

\* \* \*

**WAVERLY LEWIS ROOT**—His is the voice you heard in conversation from Paris, talking to John Steele in London. Root has been handling the brunt of the broadcasts over MBS from Paris to America. He is just thirty-six years old, one of the youngest men on the air from Europe. Root joined the Paris staff of the Chicago Tribune in 1927. Did an excellent job on the arrival of Lindbergh. He stayed with the Chicago Tribune for eight years, then went to the United Press. After three years at this post he joined Time magazine in 1938. Since January, 1939, he has been working for Mutual.



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Leave on a film of this invigorating, softening cream overnight, to help skin stay active, combat unlovely dryness.

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There's a lovely, fragrant beauty cream that will help your skin stay active. If

you'll leave a thin film on as you retire, it will invigorate and soften your skin as you sleep. It's Woodbury Cold Cream containing an important Vitamin which helps rouse the skin's vital action.

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"Mr. Wright found out he was wrong!"



MR. WRIGHT: Gee, Honey, this stuff is awful! Why do all laxatives taste so bad?

MRS. WRIGHT: All of them don't. Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate.



MR. WRIGHT: Ex-Lax? That's all right for you and Junior, but I need something stronger!

MRS. WRIGHT: No, you don't! Ex-Lax is as effective as any bad-tasting cathartic.



LATER

MR. WRIGHT: I sure am glad I took your advice. It's Ex-Lax for me from now on.

MRS. WRIGHT: Yes, with Ex-Lax in the medicine chest we don't need any other laxative!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

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## Breach of Promise!

(Continued from page 31)

wrote those lettehs to Madam Queen."

"Oh—dose lettehs. Yes suh."

"Just let's start all ovah," said Lawyer Collins, a bit testily. "Did you write dis letteh to Madam Queen?" "Nosah!"

Amos was exasperated.

"But you did write Madam Queen, Andy. You can't lie in court."

"Suah I did," complained Andy, "but I didn't writ dat letteh Lawyeh Collins got there—dat's a bill from de Star Garage. I jus' seed him pick it up from ouah desk."

Amos glared at his old friend.

"We is jus' practicin'. Where is yo' brains?"

Andy grew indignant.

"What fo' you talk about a letteh I writ Madam Queen an' den you show me a letteh we gits here an' try to make me lie an' say I writ den? Huh?"

Amos closed his eyes and looked as if someone had plunged a knitting needle into his stomach.

"Some times I jus' don't feel like goin' on no moh'. Collins, you jus' gotta do the best you knows how. Your client is non campus metal."

The departure of Lawyer Collins to prepare his brief left Amos and Andy free to proceed to discuss in all its aspects the impending trial.

FEBRUARY 24th dawned at last—a day clear and cold—the day of the momentous suit of Madam Queen versus Andrew H. Brown.

Meanwhile, by 9:30 A. M., the chambers and corridors of the building housing the Supreme Court of the State of New York contained a swirling, chattering, excited crowd of lawyers, court officials and frenzied spectators determined to get seats in the courtroom to hear Madam Queen's suit. Right in the front rank, fighting their way in, was the Kingfish with Brother Crawford and his wife, the Battle Axe, and dozens of friends of Madam Queen and Andy. Most of the spectators, and they were mostly women, sympathized with Madam Queen. A few friends of Amos and Andy were gathered outside the courtroom door, awaiting Andy's arrival.

But when the judge swept into the courtroom—Amos and Andy were nowhere to be seen. In fact, the courtroom soon seethed with rumors of Andy's flight from town, of Andy having had a stroke and being taken to his bed. When he did arrive, half an hour late, it was found he had lingered in a drug store laying up an extra supply of headache tablets. Indeed, Andy got off to a bad start. He was publicly reprimanded by the judge and turned away only to meet the baleful glare of Madam Queen. And right on top of that, as soon as the usual preliminaries were disposed of, Madam Queen's lawyer, M. Smith, arose and made an impassioned speech to the court outlining the inexorable way in which he intended to present his case. Lawyer Smith's voice almost broke as he turned dramatically to the judge and exclaimed:

"We intend to show, Your Honor, that all the loving, lifelong plans this little girl had made were shattered when on that historical night of New Year's Eve the defendant, Andrew H. Brown, had the audacity to tell this

little girl those fatal words of rejection just twelve hours before the marriage was to take place.

"This defendant, Andrew H. Brown, had led her practically to the altar. He had forced her to depend entirely upon him, which she did. Suddenly he forced this little girl to give up all friends, all future hopes of happiness, for then—then—" Lawyer Smith dabbed at his cheek with a salmon-colored handkerchief—"he broke this little girl's heart."

The judge looked a little surprised and inquired mildly—

"Are you referring to the plaintiff, Madam Queen, as this little girl?"

"I am, Your Honor."

His Honor allowed a roaming eye to rove briefly over the portly figure of Madam Queen. He turned blandly to Lawyer Smith.

"The plaintiff, Madam Queen, appears to have reached her majority. Please refrain from referring to her as 'this little girl.'"

Lawyer Smith proceeded a little more cautiously and summarized the familiar events leading up to the trial. He described in glowing terms the happy romance of Andy and Madam Queen and when he had finished he suddenly called Madam Queen to the witness stand. Madam Queen, with a slight toss of her head, swept across the room and seated herself majestically in the witness chair. She gazed about the room and smiled slightly. But just as Lawyer Smith turned to address his first question to her those in the room were shocked to see Madam Queen put her hand to her throat, close her eyes, half rise from her chair and then fall to the floor in a dead faint.

Amos looked astonished. Andy was frightened and the spectators were in pandemonium. Madam Queen was rushed into the judge's chambers but all efforts to revive her failed and court was adjourned until the following day. Amos said little, but he seemed very thoughtful.

WONDER whut made Madam Queen faint befo' she even said a word?" he observed to Lawyer Collins. But the latter shrugged.

When Court opened the following day Amos underwent a brief examination at the hands of Lawyer Smith in which he detailed his friendship and business dealings with Andy over a series of years.

Amos stepped down and Andy was then called to the stand. Andy's knees had turned to water. Every safe and simple reply Lawyer Collins had rehearsed with him faded from his frightened memory.

Lawyer Smith consulted his notes. "Did you ever give Madam Queen a piano?"

"Yessuh! Fust time I heerd her play she played 'Come, Come I Love Yo' Only' and broke half de keys."

"Was Madam Queen fond of music?"

"Yes an' No!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Brown?"

"Well, Madam Queen had herself a cornet playeh when I fust met her. He was crazy 'bout her. But she told me dat cornet drove her crazy."

Lawyer Smith suddenly pulled a big packet of letters from his brief case and waved them at Andy, who

turned an unusual shade of chocolate green. Lawyer Smith extracted a single lavender colored letter from the pack and began to read—

"My dear darling sweetheart and sweet dumpling. Today is the day that we was supposed to get married on, but fate—well, you know—it breaks my heart to know that we can't get married today but I want you to know that I love you with all my heart and on January the 1st, when I get all the money that I IS gonna get, we will get married on THAT day and be love birds."

Lawyer Smith glared at Andy.

"Do you remember writing that?"

Andy writhed in the witness chair.

"If I writ all dat stuff, Misteh, my pencil slipped."

"Answer yes or no, Misteh Brown."

"Yes an' no—mostly yes," said Andy feebly.

"Then you not only told her that verbally—but you have put it in black and white!"

"Who?"

"You!"

"Oh."

"Oh? What do you mean oh?"

"Just plain oh. I just say OH."

Lawyer Smith's lips were a thin straight line.

"Please answer my first question—did you not?"

"Well, if I is, I guess I is."

Lawyer Smith mopped his brow and began to read another letter.

"Sweetheart, I will never be happy until I is married to my sweet dumpling, and I want you to promise that you will wait until January the first and become Mrs. Andrew H. Brown, Eskimo."

A ROAR of bewildered laughter burst from the spectators as the judge pounded for order. Lawyer Smith waved the letter again.

"What do you mean, suh, by Mrs. Andrew H. Brown, Eskimo?"

A light dawned in Andy's eyes.

"Oh, dat's es-ki—es-quire. Dat's it. Somebody extra special. Esquire."

"But you have here, Mrs. Andrew H. Brown, Eskimo."

The judge was banging his gavel against another wave of laughter.

Lawyer Collins almost groaned audibly. Amos covered his face with his hands. Lawyer Smith turned away from Andy with a bored look.

"That is all."

Andy stepped down from the stand, trembling like a leaf. Amos turned to Lawyer Collins—

"Don't look so good for Andy, does it? Yo' know, I'm still tryin' to figger out why Madam Queen fainted yesterday. She don't faint so awful easy."

Meanwhile, the second day of the trial rolled on. Andy grew more and more dejected as evidence of his duplicity with Madam Queen mounted higher and higher to the delight of the spectators.

Accordingly, when the final day of the trial opened the following morning, Andy was in a blue funk. He was terrified when he saw that even Lawyer Collins looked worried while Lawyer Smith beamed confidently about the court room. And Madam Queen seemed to sense victory in the air for she was dressed in the best of her finery, sporting a sea green clinging gown covered with a design of huge red poppies. Everyone in the courtroom felt that this would be no ordinary day and events soon confirmed this feeling.

For suddenly, just as Madam Queen

*Young "Lovelie" of 1939 says—*

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rose to cross the room and take the stand, there came an ear piercing shriek from the fifth row. And the woman who shrieked suddenly fainted, even as Madam Queen had done two days before, and fell to the floor. The courtroom was in an uproar as a bailiff fought his way through the crowd with a wet towel and strove to revive the prostrate figure.

Amos, with Madam Queen's fainting fit the previous day fresh in his mind, looked over at Madam Queen. She seemed very nervous, twisting her handkerchief and looking wildly from one side of the room to the other. Amos got up and without a word to Andy edged through the milling crowd just in time to enter the anteroom as a bailiff closed the door. Andy, his eyes fixed on the judge, did not at first notice his absence.

THE wheels of justice began to turn again. Andy became more and more dejected as Lawyer Collins and Lawyer Smith alternately examined various witnesses. But astonishment showed on his face when he heard Lawyer Collins ask the Kingfish if he ever heard that Madam Queen had been married three times and he sat up on the edge of his chair when the Kingfish replied—

"Yessah, I believe I IS heerd dat."

Andy turned to Amos—but Amos was gone! Testimony droned on. The day seemed interminable to Andy. At two o'clock Amos suddenly appeared, slid into the chair next to Andy and began to whisper excitedly with Lawyer Collins whose eyes popped like two fried eggs. Without a word to Andy, they both whisked out of the room and as the door to a waiting room opened Andy caught a glimpse of them talking with a policeman and the man who had followed the woman who fainted. Half an hour later Andy gulped when Lawyer Collins hustled in, sat down by his side and nudged him in the ribs.

"Don't you give up yet, Andy."

But Andy could not shake off his pessimism.

"Looks like dey got me, Lawyeh Collins. I'll be poundin' rock for the rest o' my days."

The crowd, too, had long since sensed victory for Madam Queen, who was primping and smiling in anticipation of her expected triumph. But just as Lawyer Smith finished questioning Brother Crawford about Andy's flight from the Kingfish's party, Lawyer Collins requested permission of the Court to put Amos on the stand again. Lawyer Smith's eyes narrowed as the judge consented. Amos, with an expression of great gravity, took his seat on the stand and stared hard at Madam Queen.

Then, prompted by Lawyer Collins, Amos touched off the fuse of his bombshell. First, he reminded the

judge of Madam Queen's sudden fainting spell just after she took the stand on the first day of the trial.

"I jes' couldn't git it in my head why Madam Queen fainted so easy so I done make inquiries," he explained to the judge. Then he called His Honor's attention to the lady who had fainted that morning.

"Two faintin's in two days is too much," explained Amos. "Dere's a reason for ev-thing, Judge, if you knows where to look for it—an' I looked." Amos suddenly stood up and pointed a finger at Madam Queen.

"Madam Queen fainted," he almost shouted, "cause she done seen her husban' in de court room that fust day. And that lady fainted this mornin' 'cause Madam Queen's husban' was her husban' first an' Madam Queen done take him away—an' still got him. An' when she seen Madam Queen up dere about to win dis here case it was just too much—and she faints—an' her husban' an' Madam Queen ain't never been divorced. Yo' Honor, dat is Madam Queen's second husband oveh there with that policeman. An' if whut I foun' out from de lady who fainted this mornin' ain't de truth—den why is Madam Queen fainted again? Look at her. She's cold."

The courtroom was in an uproar. Shouts of men and shrill cries of women rose over the steady pound of the judge's gavel. Madam Queen's family seemed flabbergasted. Once again Madam Queen was carried into the judge's chambers where it took an hour to revive her.

Lawyer Collins was jubilant as he pounded the astounded Andy on the back.

"Boy—pahdon me, Mister Brown—yo' wins. An'—an'—dis is de faintest trial I was ever, ever in."

Andy's eyes were popping.

"Yo' mean tell me Madam Queen had herself a husban' aroun' all de time we was courtin'?"

"No, no," explained Lawyer Collins. "We done find out her husban' skip and go to sea several years ago an' finally Madam Queen jus' think he gone for good. Den someone tol' her he had died two years ago and she don't never check up on it. But he come back from de Bahamas two weeks ago. He work there. So when she sees him right here in de court room—she just fall plunk on de floor. And when that missin' husban's fust wife come face to face wid Madam Queen—she kicked up, too. Lucky yo' didn't marry Madam Queen, Andy, yo'—all would-a been in a sitty-ation."

Andy laughed—actually laughed for the first time in seven weeks and turned to face a delirious crowd of spectators that suddenly surged around him and Amos.

"Boy," he said, "I always knew Madam Queen was startin' somepin' she wasn't goin' to be able to finish."

## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 7)

These fall nights in NBC's Town Hall Tonight every Wednesday you hear the Merry Maes and their aptly termed "bounce rhythm." But The Merry Maes are still without any real musical training.

Yet this amazing quartet of songsters (the added starter is Helen Carroll, vice-president) has rolled up an enviable record. They start their

second year with Fred Allen on October 4. They played four consecutive weeks at the New York Paramount, sandwiched between the nation's top dance bands—and became the first singing outfit in the theater's history to be signed again immediately to return at will. Their Decca records are best-sellers, and many a phonograph has been worn to a frazzle

grinding out their "Blowing Bubbles" and "Hawaiian War Chant" disks. And when the Hit Parade needed a hypo this summer, their smart manager, Harry Norwood (he's assistant secretary) was contacted. They've been on that show ever since.

One thing about the Merry Michaels. They'll rehearse at the drop of a baton. When two or more are seen together, that's enough of a quorum to start an impromptu practice session.

"Rehearsing isn't exactly the word," put in young Joe, "we just keep singing or humming. Before we know it we've got another arrangement. It happened that way with 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.'

On the Allen show, the Macs are backed up by a neat little musical organization. You couldn't ask for better accompanists than Chauncey Morehouse on the vibraphone, Carl Kress on the guitar (he's married to Helen), pianist Dick Costello, and Dick von Hallig on bass.

The McMichaels' mother was a professional pianist but none of the brood, including brother Jack, who used to sing with the others until Joe grew up and replaced him, expected to make a career of music. They knew the kids on the block liked their unorthodox style. And they always did an encore at the church socials. So Judd went to work installing chairs in theaters for his uncle, and Ted sold haberdashery. Jack forgot music altogether and got a nice job with the Western Auto Supply Co. He still works there.

But when Joe got old enough, the boys realized they had found the perfect third voice. Eddie Dunstedter of

WCCO, Minneapolis, heard them, and offered work. But cautiously the boys called themselves "The Mystery Trio" and wore black masks throughout the radio series—although television was a long way off.

At the conclusion of the broadcast series, Judd took one look at the fan mail and doffed his mask.

"Boys," he said quite officially, "we are no longer The Mystery Trio. We are now The Merry Macs."

In 1931 Joe Haymes passed through the flour belt, listened to their act and hired them.

The Merry Macs stayed with Haymes about a year, touring the south and east, and went on their own when they reached Chicago. Here they thought up the idea of adding a girl vocalist. This was a successful move although it took them about six years to get the right one.

Green-eyed, brown-haired, 21-year-old Helen Carroll is the fourth. Helen started singing in Indiana University where too many vocal engagements with small orchestras, combined with scholastic work, caused her to have a nervous breakdown. The breakdown resulted in a break. She came to New York to rest at Uncle Ed East's place. But Ed East heard that The Merry Macs were looking for Vocalist Number Four. He rushed his niece over to NBC.

At that time the country as a whole decided that if it was going to hear any more amateur programs—let Major Bowes run them all. Taking a hint, the Fred Allen producers chucked their tyros and looked around for something professional. The Merry Macs filled the gap.

Off the air the three boys and girl go their separate ways. Joe lives with his proud parents in Jackson Heights. Ted lives with his wife a few blocks away. Helen and Carl have their own quarters and Judd and his wife reside in Elmhurst, L. I.

Friday nights is about the only set time on their schedule for a definite rehearsal. Then they gather at the Jackson Heights branch, whoop it up as soon as they've finished ma's apple pie. There's a fifth member at these fireside jam sessions—Judd's two-year-old daughter, Nedda. The Merry Macs deny they're grooming her now to be vocalist Number Five when Helen retires.

## OFF THE RECORD

### Some Like It Sweet

(No picture in recent years has been blessed with a score like "The Wizard of Oz." The band boys have had a field day recording all these contagious Yip Harburg-Harold Arlen tunes. All the numbers by various bands and singers are available on Decca, Brunswick, Victor, Vocalion, and Bluebird records.)

Song of the Metronome; Drifting Down River of Dreams (Decca 2659) Everett Hoagland. A new sweet band that should manage to please everyone.

Man With the Mandolin; I'll Remember (Vocalion 4980) Barry Wood. Neat warbling on one of those tunes in the Umbrella Man, Penny Serenade motif.

Friends Medley; Oriental Medley (Victor 26340) Sammy Kaye. The dusty manuscripts get dusted on a disk as a half dozen tunes are ably revived.

Go Fly a Kite; A Man and His Dream (Brunswick 8439) Kay Kyser. A pair

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I Want the Waiter; That's All Brother (Decca 2628) Ella Fitzgerald. You'll all want dusky Ella and the waiter in a tune that promises to cop the looney lyrics prize of 1939.

Stay Up Stan; Cherokee (Bluebird 10373) Charlie Barnet. Boom! A swing tribute to WNEW's record-breaker Stan Shaw sincerely sung by Judy Ellington.

## The True Story of Mary Marlin

(Continued from page 41)

Finally Jane rose slowly from her chair. It was finished! Her eyes wandered across the street to a rustic sign. "Milan Dress Shop." She turned again to her typewriter. Milan? . . . Marlin? . . . Slowly she wrote. . . . "The Story of Mary Marlin."

For a moment she held the completed manuscript in her hand, and then dropped it in the opened trunk at her side. With this gesture a strange weariness came over her. She stretched out across the bed and slept. . . .

But once more taking up her work, she continued to find comfort in writing. She wrote poetry, prose, random thoughts, stories, and as each was completed she would put it away in her trunk, to be resurrected . . . she didn't know. But with this new found means of easing her loneliness she forged ahead with her singing. Once again eyes lighted up with pleasure as she sang. Once again she neared her goal. She was to make her debut at Monte Carlo in the fall.

IT came suddenly, that telegram, suddenly and without explanation. She must "come home at once!" Four words to shatter six long years of hard work. Just that simple was Jane's chance for success snatched from her, the word, "finis," written to her hopes and dreams. Catching the first boat, Jane returned to find her father had filed bankruptcy papers. He was penniless, broken in health and spirit, his fortune gone.

Jane suddenly realized the burden to be on her shoulders. She joined the swelling army of job seekers, who, in that year of 1932, were willing to do anything for a chance to live. Finally she found work, work with her hands that sent her home each evening so tired she could only fall into a deep sleep.

Yet she continued to hope, to plan for something better. Vainly she tried to get established in music, but the depression had closed that field for unknowns too. It seemed hopeless until one day, riding to work on the bus she suddenly remembered. "The Story of Mary Marlin!" She would rewrite it into a radio script.

The fact that she knew nothing of writing for radio, that the odds were a thousand to one against her, these things never daunted her.

Her only instructor was her ear. By the hour she'd sit and listen to radio programs, solving the mystery of sound effects and other broadcasting technicalities by simple logic. Her office hours were from six at night, when she returned home from

working all day, until twelve or one o'clock in the morning; not one night, but every night. Weeks, months of writing and rewriting, of disappointments and rejections, and finally, that day, never to be forgotten.

Her daughter, now a senior in high school, was studying at the dining room table as Jane lifted the phone and called the radio department of Lord and Thomas Agency.

"This is Jane Crusinberry," she said. "I submitted a script, the 'Story of Mary Marlin' . . ."

"Oh, yes, we've just finished reading it."

"Was . . . ?" Jane held her breath. "Was it any good?"

"Well," the voice on the other end of the wire chuckled, "if you want to know how good it is, we're putting it on the network as soon as we get a cast rehearsed. Drop in tomorrow and we'll draw up a contract."

Slowly Jane hung up the receiver, and a funny lump came to her throat. It was over, all the years of searching, emptiness, hardships and heartaches. Tomorrow was a new day, a new meaning. All that she had lived, her laughter and tears, success and failure, would go into "The Story of Mary Marlin," to bring joy and pleasure and courage to others. That was what she'd been searching for, and had never found: a chance to give, give something to the world. And at that moment her daughter, looking up from her work, came over and took her hand.

"Why, mother," she said softly, "you're crying."

There's really just a little more to this story. I mean, it belongs, sort of making everything perfect all around. It happened just a few weeks ago when a page boy at the National Broadcasting studios looked up from his desk to see a very old lady standing before him.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "I want to meet the author of the 'Story of Mary Marlin'."

"Well, she's pretty busy. Do you know her?"

The old lady smiled. "No," she said, "but I've come all the way from California to meet her. You see, that's my favorite radio program, and I want to tell her how much it has meant to me, how much it's inspired me, the happiness it has brought."

The page boy lifted the receiver of the office phone.

"I'll see if she's in. Your name, please?"

The elderly lady answered slowly, "My name is Carrie Jacobs Bond."

## Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 4)

Robert Oliver, takes her stepping one night in a custom built Rolls-Royce, and the next night in a station wagon!

\* \* \*

After the marriage of his girl friend, Shirley Ross, to a rival, Ken Dolan, the radio agent, Ken Murray was playing a role in a Universal picture. One day on the set he failed to register an expression of surprise correctly and Director Joe Santly told him: "It might help if you would look like you did when you heard about Ken Dolan and Shirley Ross!"

\* \* \*

**PREACHER MATERIAL:** Jerry Danzic, of Mutual's "Welcome Neighbor" program, and Kay Elliott, non-pro, are looking up a preacher: in fact I expect them to elope at any moment!

\* \* \*

Hollywood is whispering that Franchot Tone will head his own radio-show from Hollywood later this year.

\* \* \*

Nelson Eddy, the Chase and Sanborn warbler, was doing an impromptu spring dance with a red shawl, when I walked in on rehearsals the other Sunday.

The Bill Goodwins—he's Bob Hope's announcer—are expecting a visit from Babyland!

\* \* \*

The reported romance of Betty Grable and Artie Shaw will probably not last the month out: Artie's fickle and Betty has never been known to know her own mind!

Herbert Marshall has been signed to replace Charles Boyer on the Playhouse programs. Boyer is supposed to be in the front lines for his country: France!

\* \* \*

**MORE PREACHER MATERIAL:** Radio agent Nat Wolf and Edna Best, estranged wife of Herbert Marshall. Miss Best has declared she will file suit for divorce this month!

\* \* \*

Leith Stevens, that grand band leader of CBS's "Swing Club" has moved bag and baggage to Hollywood: and is directing music on Eddie Robinson's "Big Town" series. Leith is a composer-arranger of no mean ability and has tried for three years to make Hollywood: it was left to CBS producer, Charles Vanda to finally bring him out!

\* \* \*

Thanks to MBS, for the most complete coverage on the war news; Barbara Stanwyck for making a gratis appearance on a children's program. Johnny Davis, for having the courage to make a comeback with your grand swing band, after Hollywood passed you up. H. V. Kaltenborn, for your "uncensored" and clear-cut war news analysis over CBS. Elliot Roosevelt, for having the ability and courage to stand on your own two feet, and for becoming a topnotch commentator! Maxine Gray, for song styles streamlined to television! Regrets to: Irene Rich, for so many dull dramatic shows. Edgar Bergen for refusing to sign

autographs after rehearsals. Jack Benny for allowing Kenny Baker to leave your program. John Conte for such silly publicity stories.

\* \* \*

**GOOD NEWS OF 1940** started off in Hollywood for the fall series in fair style. Fanny Brice and Hanley Stafford however were the best bets. Meredith Willson's strait-laced music is too stiff. Warren Hull's spieling sounds like an actor's idea of an announcer giving a commercial. P. S. Hull is supposed to be an actor!

\* \* \*

All Hollywood is solidly behind Roger Pryor. The hard-luck actor and band leader who is trying his hand at emseeing the Screen Guild Show, may be happy to know that every film star is pulling for him to become one of the radiolane's top "talkie" men.

\* \* \*

Cary Grant is going on the Guild Show weeks before he was scheduled to, simply because Cary wants to be sure of adding his talent to the Guild Show. With the present war situation, Cary may be called to the front at any moment.

\* \* \*

**SUCCESS STORY:** Strolling through his garden late one recent evening, Dick Powell noticed the family butler, who makes a hobby of inventing all manner of strange formulas and contrivances, furtively dodging among the trees carrying a strange looking bundle in his arms.

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Dick, slightly mystified, watched hoping to find out what the to-do was all about. A few minutes later, he saw the butler throw his mysterious package into the "incinerator," and hostilely set it afire. Enough was enough, so Dick stepped out and confronted the man. "What's this all about?" Dick sternly inquired. "I'm just burning some of my clothes," replied the shamefaced butler, "I experimented with a new chemical formula tonight—but I must have used the wrong ingredients!" \*

For the first time in her musical career, Sybil Chism, pretty wife-organist of NBC praiser Hal Block, hit a sour note. The engineer failed to regulate the air-conditioning system properly for Studio 3, and it was so cold that Sybil could not make her fingers move. Now, no matter how sunny the day, Sybil is sure to be bundled up in furs as she goes into the radio studios!

Stars play an important part in the life of Dick Joy, the new announcer for the Silver Theater. After spending all day long rehearsing with the screen stars appearing on his radio-show Dick goes home to his laboratory for a grueling night with the heavenly stars. His hobby is astronomy!

How little Frances Langford turned the tables very neatly upon her husband, Jon Hall, who is extremely proud of his angling ability, was revealed upon their return to Hollywood a few days ago. All during their eastward trip, Jon kept boasting of how he would teach Frances the secrets of "hooking the big ones," while the dainty singer said nothing. Then, when they finally arrived in Florida, the long awaited day was at hand. "I'll show you how to do it," said Jon. "You watch me." "Never mind," said Frances, "I'll get along. Just give me a pole." And she forthwith caught a 38 pound barracuda, the largest fish landed on the entire trip.

\* \* \*

Tom McAvity, handsome director of radio for the Bob Hope program, spent his vacation in Canada just so he could play in the Canadian National Open Golf Tournament. Tom played in great style, carding 70, 71, 71, 70 for the four rounds. But on the final day of play, McAvity's opponent fussed around and held up the afternoon's playing until so late that the Tournament had been declared officially over when they turned in their final scores. If McAvity had finished twenty minutes sooner he would have placed third in the Tournament. A record for any amateur!

## Woman in Love

(Continued from page 34)

the girl silent, preserving in her humiliation and helplessness what dignity she could.

Perhaps time would help. Tam clung to that one hope as the weeks went by, and the letters that were worse than no letters came so sparingly from the south. Perhaps in time she might awaken some morning to a less bitter consciousness of shame; perhaps in time she might go to sleep some night not wishing that she might never wake.

She haunted the agencies; work as well as money was needed now. Only in work could she save herself, and unless financial matters improved the Todhunter family was threatened with ruin.

It was more than three months after the closing of "Five Sons" that she took a trolley car out to the Cliff House one morning and sat in the shade on the great rocks, listening to the barking of seals and the crying of gulls, and watching the blue soft June sunshine glitter on the surface of the ocean. The broad, eternally breathing ocean, that could not feel and suffer and be afraid and be ashamed.

Tam knew now. She could deny it no longer. She knew. There was no philosophy, no courage, no hope in dealing with this. There was no escape.

"So it's that, too, is it?" she said half aloud, after long, long thought. "It's everything, is it? I'm not going to be let off very much, it seems. Where—where do I go from here?"

The seals barked in the hot sunshine, and the gulls screamed; the ocean's wide opal levels breathed on. Surf made half-circles on the long strand and slid away again in a glitter of bubbles, and there was no reply.

"Tell me about it," the nun said, after a while.

Tamara stood with her back to the room; she fumbled in a shabby flat purse and found a crumpled handkerchief and dried her eyes. A fresh sob caught at her voice as she began to speak.

"It's just that," she said thickly.

Mother Laurence sat in the cool clean peace that had enveloped her since her novitiate twenty-eight years ago. Her life had known no storms. Responsibility she knew, fatigue and difficulty she knew, but her soul had already gained supernal calm.

"But, Tam, that doesn't sound like you," she said, puzzled.

"It isn't like me!" Tam muttered.

"But surely, my dear, dear child, just because a handsome man pays a girl of your type a little attention—I'm trying to understand, I'm trying to think it out. But I was always so sure of you; we called you one of our leaders! Where was your mind, where was your self-control, where was your code?"

"My code!" Tamara said with a brief laugh.

"I know how bad it was," she faltered. "But other women—women I know—get away with it! Some of them seem to be able to do anything they like and nobody cares!"

"How do you mean 'get away with it?'" asked the nun.

"Well, they do."

"There is no such thing as 'Getting away' with what is wrong," Mother Laurence said dispassionately. "Your own feelings are your judge, Tamara. By getting away with it do you mean reducing yourself to the state when you neither know right from wrong nor care what you do?"

"Why should one thing be right and another wrong; if it hurts no one but yourself?" Tam demanded, trying to remember some of the arguments the group at Persis's table had sometimes

used so easily, arguments not making acts right or wrong so much as denying the existence of either right or wrong entirely.

"I don't know," said Mother Laurence. "But of course I know when one or two or three apparently harmless acts bring us a harvest of bitter regret and shame, then it seems to me only common sense to decide that there is something unwise in those acts. You left me a happy, brilliant, good child, Tamara, two years ago. What have you done to yourself, if there is no wrong in it? Why are you so unhappy?"

BECAUSE life is so unfair to women," Tam said soberly. "Because for something you did without thinking—without meaning any harm—you find yourself—miserable."

She began to cry again as she spoke; her soaked handkerchief was wholly inadequate now; her finger-tips were wet, and tears fell on her blouse.

"I am so sorry, Tamara," Mother Laurence said. "It has been a shock—a severe shock to me. Your mother—no, she would not be able to help us now. And your sister—your brother—you wrote me that they are not the sort that—It is all too bad, Tamara, if I had not happened to meet you today, would you have come to see me?"

"I don't think so," Tamara said.

"To whom would you have gone?"  
"I don't know."

"We must think this out," said the nun pondering.

"I meant," Tamara faltered, her lips trembling again—"I meant my life to be so different! I tried; I did try."

"I think I have an idea," Mother Laurence said, after a pause. She sighed and raised her reflective look to Tamara's face. She saw the girl's thinness and pallor, her already altering figure, the shabbiness of her dress, the white young face marked with tears. "I think I know what we can do," she added. "Tamara, when all this is over, and you are free again, will you promise to come and see me every few weeks?"

"How can it ever be over?" the girl demanded dully. "One can't go back of this kind of thing."

"We never know. We can always be sorry and start again," the older woman said simply.

"Oh, sorry!" the girl said. And she slipped to her knees and buried her wet face and tumbled hair against the nun's knee. Mother Laurence laid a thin gentle hand upon her head.

THE Hutton place was more than a mile from Belmont Station; Tam walked it. She carried the smaller suitcase; the heavy one she had left at the checking counter; after all, she knew nothing of her destination.

The summer afternoon was very lovely and very still. The road led west toward the hills; an old dirt road under shaggy eucalyptus trees whose sickles carpeted the ground, and whose aromatic breath stole through the warm sweetness of the afternoon like balm. Brush fires were burning the orchards somewhere near; long scarfs of pale blue smoke wound themselves over the quiet gardens and the fields. Tamara had not been in the country for a long time; she drew in deep breaths of it gratefully.

A gate marked "Oak Dell" hung

straggling in a long line of picket fencing. Great bursts of pampas grasses, rambling roses unpruned and overgrown and throwing savage long arms into the air, dry lilac trees and tangled, indistinguishable masses of low garden growth rose to meet the drooping long whips of the discolored willows and the berried pepper trees.

The house was a large frame building with peeling chipped wide steps leading up to a fan-lighted door that was flanked by two bay windows. It had an eastern wing running off to a clump of redwood trees; beyond a kitchen dooryard, where fruit bushes were swaying loaded branches against the fences of all sorts of angled pens and sheds and paddocks, were the fine massive outlines of old stables and hay barns, chicken runs, fowl houses, carriage houses.

Mrs. Hutton was a squarely built gray-headed woman in the middle fifties. Her heavy figure was covered with a checked cotton dress over which she had pinned a strip of sacking; she wore an old brown hat and a green eyeshade. She had been gardening.

TURN off the hose, Lee Wing!" she called, as Tam came up to her. They talked briefly, the older woman's narrowed eyes fixed keenly upon her guest the while. "You're Emily Rogers' friend?" Mary Hutton asked.

"Mother Laurence?"

"I knew her as Emily Rogers—went to school with her. I'm glad to see you. She didn't tell me your name. Barbara Baker—suppose we call you Barbara Baker? From the Philippines, eh?" Mrs. Hutton said, brisk and

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businesslike. "And you'd better call me Aunt Mary. I think we'll suppose that you've married my nephew; I haven't any, but that's neither here nor there. You won't see many people, and those you do see won't be curious. What j'you tell your mother?"

"That I was going to Hollywood, and perhaps to New York. That I'd write her."

"That's all right, then. One more thing. I'll say it now, and then we won't have to say it again. I'd put my hand in the fire for Emily Rogers. She did something for me once—well, that doesn't matter now. She telephoned me and asked me to look out for you, for a while; it isn't exactly in my line, but I was glad to say yes. You'll be bored to death here, but you'll be safe. Nobody'll see you, and I'll be glad of your company. Lee Wing here is taking the truck in later, and he'll get your bag, and I think Hong fixed you a room. That's about all we've got to say, I guess."

Mrs. Hutton returned to her gardening, the hose began to splash once more, and Tam turned and went slowly to the open door of the house.

Escorted by a small Chinese boy in white coolie clothes, Tam went upstairs and found herself located in a wide airy bedroom, shabby but infinitely welcoming and comfortable.

STEADILY, with something of the expression that had been on her face when she had first come home two years ago, the girl unpacked. It was a serious expression, a little bewildered—patient with the patience of betrayed youth. Tam took possession of the bureau, hung her hat and coat in the closet. The house was very still with a beautiful, restful stillness.

The jangling of an old-fashioned dinner bell aroused her a few hours later, from a light waking sleep; she brushed her hair quickly and went downstairs. It was just six o'clock; there was still daylight in the garden, the tops of the oaks were varnished with gold, and bees were tearing by like bullets above the motionless flowers.

She and her hostess were alone at the meal; everything was put on the table at once by the little Chinese boy; there was no further service. Cold ham and a bowl of salad, muffins and honey, baked sweet potatoes in their plain brown-paper jackets, part of a rather stale chocolate cake.

It was all so artificial, her being here in this strange woman's house, her awkward and reluctant acceptance of hospitality perhaps as reluctantly and certainly as awkwardly offered. Her face burned, and when Mrs. Hutton spoke to her she found it difficult to answer.

The night had turned chilly and the big house seemed bleak and forlorn in the silent summer night. Fog had come down in a blanket over the hills. The Chinese boys had disappeared. There seemed to be no one left in the world but Tam's own weary and intensely depressed self and her squarely built, blunt, gray-headed hostess.

"I go to bed early," Mrs. Hutton said, after dinner. "I'm tired after gardening all day. You'll find all sorts of books in the library; help yourself."

"I'd like to tell you," Tam began suddenly, "how grateful I am to you for—I know of course that you're doing it for Mother Laurence—" She stopped; it sounded so flat.

Mrs. Hutton looked at her thoughtfully as she stopped in confusion.

"There isn't much I wouldn't do for Emily Rogers," she said in her blunt and unsympathetic way.

"You know that I haven't any money at all?" Tam went on, clearing her throat.

"You may have some day," the other woman said briefly, after consideration. "You can pay me back if you like."

Tears came to Tamara's eyes, and her lips trembled.

"I will!" she said.

"Your twenty-first year isn't all your life," Mrs. Hutton observed, as if thinking aloud. But Tamara heard the first note of encouragement, of interest in her voice, and her chilled and despairing heart was warmed.

"You wish you could go back!" she said in a trembling burst.

"Yes," the other woman said dispassionately. "You wish to go back. No one can ever go back, and the dead don't come back. They never come back! My husband—my son."

She stood staring into space for a moment. Tamara did not speak. Then Mrs. Hutton said:

"Well—good night."

"Good night."

This was July. December was five long months away; five endless months of days filled with today's strange sense of solitariness and shame and helplessness. Tamara thought of the girl who had so lightly thrown away honor and girlhood in a mood of careless confidence and high spirits only a few months ago, and for a long while she lay awake in the unfamiliar room, the unfamiliar bed, staring into space thinking—thinking. Thinking what a strange world it was, when joy and love and daring could end in the long pull of humiliation, tears, ill health, loneliness, dependence.

"Twenty-one! Almost twenty-one," Tam said half aloud, in the deathlike silence of the great spare room in the Hutton house, hidden in the Belmont hills. "I wonder if by the time I am fifty-two I can sleep again, breathe again!"

MARY HUTTON had had a husband and a son and a daughter, Tam learned as the summer gave way to autumn; the little girl had died as a child, and some ten years ago she had lost the husband and had married a second time. It was something connected with this second marriage, and with the boy, that had broken the woman's heart and ended her life as a normal being.

"You've made a bad start," she said to Tam. "I did a lot worse than you did. We were poor. Sometimes I used to think that my little Mary might have lived if I hadn't been afraid of telephoning the doctor for nothing. I don't know. My husband died when my son was only twelve. Bunny—that's what we always called the boy, although his real name was George Alan—was so proud of being left to take care of his mother; I think we might have managed it some way. But I'd never worked, I'd never earned money, and when Clifford Hutton came along and asked me to marry him I could only see the money. I don't know that I ever asked myself if I loved him, or if he ever did. He hated my son. Poor little boy—his dream of having his mother all to himself was over! We put him in school, and it wasn't a

good school; the head was a disciplinarian; he didn't understand the child, and Bunny was spirited—he ran away. He came back, but he and his stepfather never got along together. Bunny would be in school for a while, in camp, home again and in trouble, gone again. I lost him. He was wild, I know that, but he mightn't have been wild if his mother hadn't failed him. It got so that Clifford wouldn't do any more for him and I had no money. They sent for me to Arizona; it was too late; Clifford and I had gone into Canada on a camping trip—he loved those trips because they were made so easy for him, but I hated them—and when I got back the telegram was ten days old. I didn't even have my last look from my boy, I didn't have a chance to go down on my knees and say, 'Bunny, will you forgive me?' He died all alone, perhaps he was asking for me. . . ."

**T**HE story came by fits and starts, some little sequence one day, and perhaps the next not for many days. Tam listened, never pressed her hostess, expressed no sympathy except the sympathy was in her eyes.

"Clifford Hutton only lived five months after that," Mary Hutton concluded it. "I came out here to get away, and I guess for a little while I was queer. I know I used to walk nights, talking to myself; the village thought I was a witch. But that was six years ago. After a while I began to garden; I didn't have John, or little Mary, or Bunny, but the flowers didn't know it!"

On Christmas Day, with a fire roaring in the dining room and the early breakfast smoking on the table, Ta-

mara went upstairs again, fumbled with a bedroom fire, gave up the task to little Hong. It was a bitterly cold day, without wind or sun. The low gray sky pressed closely down over the world; not a branch moved, not a bird hopped about in the stripped garden. Sounds came a long way today; Tamara could hear Christmas horns and church bells in the village as the endless morning dragged by; could clearly hear every motor car that came swiftly up the curves and twists of the low hills below the Hutton place. That would be the doctor—or this next would be. . . .

Mary Hutton came in to see her at about three o'clock to ask her smilingly if she and her daughter would like some turkey.

"Not this Christmas!" Tamara whispered. "Next Christmas! But they gave me some soup and it was delicious! Thank Lee Wing."

And much later still, before the evening lamps were lighted, when she and Mary were alone in the soft fireplace, she said:

"It can't be—it just fundamentally can't be that God would make anything so lovely as this from what was all wrong and sinful and twisted. There must be some way to work it out to rightness and goodness."

"There's always a way to do that," the older woman said.

"Yes, but how? How to begin so that it will be all right for her?"

"The way to begin living right, Tam, is only to begin. Everything strengthens itself out if we can do that. I talk for you," Mary Hutton said in a lower voice, her eyes fixed on space, "but I can't remember it for myself. You're young, you can start

again. But I'm old. I've nothing left but an old garden, and who cares whether or not my garden grows to be one of the loveliest in the world?"

"Mary and I do," Tam said quickly, under her breath, stretching out a hand to cover the rough hand on the sheet. "Some day we'll show you."

**Y**OU'VE paid me back everything I ever did for you," the older woman said presently. She turned aside to glance toward the big wash basket on the floor beside the bed. "Is it Mary?" she asked. "Is it for me?"

"Mary. And for whom else?"

Mrs. Hutton said nothing further. She sat looking down at the muffled occupant of the basket for a long time. Wood snapped sleepily in the round iron stove; the bedroom was warm in the cold twilight of winter afternoon. Outside twigs cracked in frost, and dry branches clicked together; at dusk a whining little wind rose and moved restlessly about the house. Tam lay with her head on her curved arm, her eyes upon the small, discontented saffron countenance of her child. One small mottled fist lay outside the blanket; now and then the little face wrinkled in a look of elderly despair.

Tam drank her milk. Presently, not thinking, not looking backward or ahead, she fell asleep.

*But when tomorrow comes, how will Tam rebuild her shattered life? With the added responsibility of her fatherless child, will she be able to find happiness and security? Don't miss the coming chapters of Kathleen Norris' remarkable novel in the January issue of RADIO MIRROR.*

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## The Last Lesson

(Continued from page 17)

Sometimes they were still puzzled, for they were hungry, so I would tell them, "The war has lasted longer than—than our Emperor thought. But soon it will be over and there will be peace for all—a peace that will last forever because men have had enough of horror. A new world is coming, children—a better world."

When peace came, a trumpet shrilled the news through the village, and we were so happy, for I had talked to the children of peace and it had come!

One morning Herr Professor Kraener said proudly, "Soon, Fraulein Heinrich, you will be teaching the children of our republic! We are to be a great republic—a democratic republic. But then, you would not know of that. I must explain it to you."

"But I do know, Herr Professor!" I exclaimed. "I have read—I know. The first constitutional government was the Union of Utrecht in the sixteenth century. And then the Bill of Rights of the English—I will tell the children of that—and the Declaration of the Rights of Man of the French—and the wonderful American democracy—"

I stopped, breathless with excitement, and Professor Kraener smiled

"But the things he says—"

"And I say the things he says do not matter! Once order is established, good sense will return. Let the others march with him—he'll bring them to order!"

And they did march with him—yes—the way they're marching now to me.

For a time, while the Leader shouted and stamped through the halls of the government, I was able to go on with my teaching undisturbed. While new idiocies were screamed over the radio and in the newspapers, I told my children of the true things; "We must believe in democracy. We must believe in liberty. We must hate war."

But one afternoon, Professor Kraener called me to his office. He was sitting at his desk, and he was sobbing. I had never seen this big, kind, imposing man cry, and it frightened me more than anything that had ever happened to me in all my life.

As he raised his head we heard a bugle blowing, far off in the hills around the village.

"When the end of the world came," he whispered, "they said the trumpet would blow. So!"

"But that is only the boys marching—playing—" I said.

"No Fraulein." He shook his beard.

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indulgently when he saw how beautiful these things were to me and how I longed to talk of them to my children. He smiled, but they were as beautiful to him, too.

So, for a while I taught my children these good things—that kings are not divine, that men are created equal, that each man is strong within himself. I said to myself that these were eternal, these truths, and that they would last—forever.

They did not last. Instead, a confused cry grew in the streets where men called for a "leader." Always there was that clamor for a "leader", for "discipline". Could I tell them what I knew to be true—that each man must stand strong alone; that liberty is greater than discipline? No. I could not tell that to these older people in the streets—only to my children.

The clamor grew louder, this crazed clamor for discipline and leadership, and more and more people began saying, "Democracy is weakness," until there was fighting in the streets at night, and out of the chaos there grew a Leader.

He brought order out of the confusion, but with it, he brought madness. "What does it matter, Fraulein Heinrich?" Professor Kraener said to me. "What does it matter what this little upside-down politician shouts as long as he brings order?"

ed head from side to side. "The end of the world—" Abruptly he shook off his fit of abstraction. "Fraulein Heinrich," he said, "you have been here for many years. You are my friend. And since you are my friend, I—I cannot speak. I can only say—the children are your responsibility now—your duty." You mustn't—you mustn't fail me."

"But, Herr Professor—" I stammered.

He gestured in dismissal. "Go on as you have been—tell them the truth in your own way. But leave me now, Fraulein—leave me—"

The next morning Professor Kraener was gone. Mysteriously, horribly missing. When I went out into the town and asked the Burgomeister, he was frightened, and all he would say was that "they had taken him away."

They? Who?

But no one would answer me.

At last the Burgomeister told me to go to a man named Ruger—Arnold Ruger. "Maybe he will tell you," he said. "I—I dare not."

Arnold Ruger! Of course I would go to Arnold. Once more I remembered what had happened so many years before—Arnold pleading with me to go away with him, telling me he needed me. Now I needed him. He could not fail me!

They showed me into the office he had set up in the Town Hall. Guards

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in brown uniforms stood at both sides of every door. And when they finally took me into Arnold's office I saw a man with a thin, lined, angry face and eyes in which the cold fire of madness burned.

"Arnold!" I whispered, wanting not to know that this was the man who had loved me.

He spoke sharply. "What is it, Fraulein? State your business."

"My business?" I said. "Only to speak to an old friend. . . ."

"Friend?" he asked with a frown. "I do not know—Elsa!"

"Yes. Elsa."

"You are still at the school?" he asked flatly.

"Of course."

His momentary surprise was conquered now, and in the first tone he had used to me, he said, "Speak quickly, Elsa. I am a man of many concerns."

This was not Arnold. I saw that. It was useless to pretend that I knew him. "I only wanted to ask where Professor Kraener has gone."

There was a pause, and then he said coldly, "There is no answer!"

"But—" "I tell you this. For the time being you are in charge of the school. You will receive your instructions from the local leader, who in turn will receive them from the Ministry of Education and Enlightenment."

"S that all?" I asked, frozen by his harsh tone, by the glitter of his eyes.

He looked quickly around the room, stepped nearer to me. Softly he said, "Elsa, listen to me! There have been many changes. We are awakened, and you must awaken. Do what you are told—obey—and you will keep the school and the children. A long time ago you said they were all you wanted—and to keep them now you must obey! Always obey! Without question! Do what you are told—do not speak, and you can live your life out here. Disobey, and you will lose the school and the children and—even more. Believe me, Elsa. . . ."

I crept home through the darkening streets—home to this very house, this very garden. I pushed the garden door open and fell back, stifling a scream in my throat. Men in uniform were coming toward me from the house, where a large black box had been laid. A coffin.

"What is that?" I asked the soldiers wildly. "Who?"

"His name was Kraener," one of them said.

"What happened? How did he die?"

There was no answer. He looked at me with small eyes. Then he said, "Bury him! Obey!"

Obey! Obey! Obey! I understood. Keep my children, my house, my life—obey. Yes.

I taught, then, what I was told to teach. "We alone are blood rulers of the world. Worship our Leader as the true voice of God. Liberty is not for us! Men must have a leader and our leader is for the world."

What did it matter? These were only words. All I wanted was to live. Everything the Leader was saying was right—as long as I lived. And so I lived, until—

Until one day the Leader himself came to visit my school.

It was a great honor for the school, for the children, for me. Everybody in the town said so. The children would recite and sing for the Leader,

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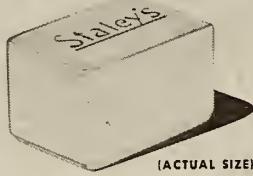
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A Unique Chest 6 inches x 3 inches made from  
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and he would smile upon them and give them his blessing.

The great day came. The hall of our school was packed, with children and their parents, and with uniformed men who carried pistols on their hips. The children, white and clean, and breathless with excitement, stood in rows on the stage—I with them. Near us he sat—the Leader—a little man. "Hail to our Leader! Our Savior, hail!" the children sang, and he smiled.

Then one of my little girls—tiny Thalia—so small, so frightened, sang the song she had learned:

"Unfurl our bloody banners,  
These cowards will run as we rise,  
And when our day of vengeance comes

We'll lead our flag through their morning's blood.  
Yes, following the flag of our leader unto our death."

For the first time—yes, for the first time, there in that crowded hall, I heard the words. From those tiny lips they came, and I understood them when before they had meant nothing to me. "Bloody banners . . . our day of vengeance . . . unto our death." Little Siegried—nine or ten—now he was coming forward to the Leader's smile. A head like the sun—baby lips to sing:

A hundred and ten bullets in my hand,  
Loaded rifles row on row,  
In my fist a hand grenade—  
Come on then, bloody foe!

A hundred times and more I had heard it—the children's marching song—and yet, sitting there, it was as if I heard it for the first time. What were they saying, these children of mine. Blood—guns—bullets—grenades! And then suddenly the hall was gone, and all I saw were fields, running blood red, green mists of gas—and through them marching chil-

dren—my children, hatred on their lips, in their hearts, marching for him to their deaths!

No! I jumped to my feet. "Children!" I screamed. "Children! Listen to me! I have taught you lies! there is no glory in war. War is terror and pain! They'll give you gas tearing at your lungs and bullets in your eyes! Children, listen! There is no God but the true God and all men have His blood in them and their blood is your blood, so they are your brothers. This man sitting here is a man like all men and he'll die—but this truth will live: liberty is the nobility of men and nations are great when each man has the liberty to reach for the greatness within himself! Children this is the truth! The truth!" That is what I told them, there in the hall. They all heard—the children, and their fathers and mothers, and the soldiers, and the little man, sitting there. When I had finished there was silence, and I turned and went out. My eyes were so filled with tears, mourning for the days I had lost by being afraid, that I could hardly see my way, so I stumbled out of the school and down the long road to my garden.

That is why I sit here now, in the sun, waiting. I must wait for them to come for me. If I run away, the children will doubt. If I stay they will remember.

Ah! There they are. I hear them coming, tramping down the street toward the garden, metal clinking, leather creaking. Strange, I am not afraid any longer. Were you like this, unafraid, when they came for you, Herr Professor Kraener? . . . I am sure you were . . . We found truth, didn't we, old friend? The sun is warm—life is good—but there comes a time when one must speak.

They are knocking on the door now. There is no need for them to break it down. I will let them in. I am not afraid.

## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

### FOURTH PRIZE OUR FIRST LADY

Orchids to you RADIO MIRROR, for the wonderful "mike picture" of our First Lady revealed in your September issue.

Standing as she does, Ace-High in American opinion, Jerry Mason's facts about Mrs. Roosevelt's simplicity, graciousness, punctuality, ability for self-control and quick-thinking in emergencies, set us a fine example.—Mrs. Edna L. Maddocks, Ruston, La.

### FIFTH PRIZE STOP PICKING ON "POOR DON"

I wish people would stop picking on Don Ameche. Imagine people not liking his gay singing! First the people didn't like it because Mr. Ameche smiled—so—he's smiling less now than he did. Now they don't like his singing. I believe it's Mr. Ameche's nature to be happy, and when a person is happy he smiles, laughs and sings. Please don't try to change him.—Alice Kozlowska, Buffalo, N. Y.

### SIXTH PRIZE JUST COMMENTS

Comments on Radio programs: Kay Kyser, merry clown of the airwaves, serves up an appetizing dish every

Wednesday night.

When Bing Crosby resumes broadcasting, here's hoping that he will sing more and talk less. He can croon for my money any day or night, but there's no necessity for all that excess verbiage on his program.

Dorothy Lamour's mistake is that she instills into her voice a tear-stained quality it does not naturally possess.—Mr. Hoyt McAfee, Los Angeles, Calif.

### SEVENTH PRIZE RADIO MAKES GOOD!

On these pages I've read of many fine things the radio has done for people: quarrels patched up, divorce averted, nervousness cured, etc.

My radio pays me money! I'm a CONTEST BUG. There's always a pad and pencil handy on my radio table and when I hear some announcer say, "Win \$1,000 first prize or an autographed baseball second prize, just by telling us 'Why you like Dilly Dally Dumplings'"—I dash down the address, dash to my typewriter, dash off an entry, and in a few weeks comes my check for the \$1,000 . . . or the autograph baseball . . . maybe! Incidentally my radio is a Contest prize.—Mrs. Mabel Williamson, Memphis, Tenn.



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tell-tale streaks of gray to a natural-appearing shade—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 27 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50¢ at drug or toilet counters always on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

## FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot negative (film) to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10¢ for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your negative returned with your free enlargement. Send it today. Geppert Studios, Dept. 646, Des Moines, Iowa



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SEND NAME AND ADDRESS  
Latest Shape High Grade  
7 Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash compensation for giving away FREE! Send us your pictures and ours yours for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored pictures with well known WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25¢ a box (we'll pay 15¢ retail) and remit per catalog. SPECIAL—or choose one of 20 fine premiums for returning only \$3. 44¢ year. Be First. Write today for 12 boxes of White Cloverine Salve. Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 65-42, Tyrone, Pa.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without 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 food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk 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. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned \$474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 18 months she earned \$1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments, 40th year. Send coupon now!

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## Fate's Bad Boy

(Continued from page 24)

to write it, he knew he would have to get away from New York. He was tired—and somehow, he couldn't seem to write about John Brown in that room over the Chinese laundry. An Indian actor, a Chippewa boy he'd met at the station where they were broadcasting his radio serial, offered him the chance to get a vacation and write his play at the same time. He invited him to come and visit his people on a Chippewa reservation in Lac Flambeau, Wisconsin.

They took a cross-country bus out across the prairies to Madison, Wisconsin, then traveled until they reached a lake, a flaming bowl of color in the light of the setting sun. Here they were met in a canoe by the old Chippewa father, chief of the tribe.

"We shall call you Young Bear," said the old chief gravely. And so, as Young Bear, Orson lived for three months, a part of the primitive simple life still led by these people in the wilderness. He slept in a wigwam of birch-bark, on a bed of pine-boughs. He swam, laughing, in the lake, with the pretty young squaws, or walked with them, on moccasined feet, through the woods, in search of wild flowers, herbs, birds only the Indians have ever seen. At night he sat around the campfire, listening to the rhythmic beating of the drums, or to the stories of the days when the beaver and the bison, the eagle and the Indian were the lords of America.

HE was as carefree and as young as he had been in Ireland three years before. But happier. For every day the manuscript of his new play grew thicker on the rickety table in his wigwam. The dream grew closer. Broadway. He would surely conquer it now.

But Destiny had not yet come to terms with Orson Welles. When he went back to Broadway, the same old game began again. Casual interest. Raised eyebrows. Shrugs. No—said the girls at the reception desks. He isn't in. But you can leave your play, if you like. One producer after another picked it up, toyed with it, laid it down. Finally one man, more experimental than the rest, bought it. But months went by. It was not produced.

Back again to the Chinese laundry—and the monsters and the fiends and the bullets made of ice. Until another idea for the theater came into his mind. An idea for a modern edition of Shakespeare that would set Broadway by its ears. He would go away again to some quiet spot and work. He decided to go to Africa.

To most people, the idea of trotting off to Africa to write an edition of Shakespeare is too fantastic for belief. But to Orson Welles, it was perfectly natural. He had been to Africa before—with his father in the old travel days. He knew an African chieftain—the Glaouii—or Eagle—of Telouet. Years ago, as a little boy, the Glaouii had given him a standing invitation to visit him in his Moroccan palace. Why should he not go now? It would be at least an adventure.

He went by tramp steamer to the West Coast of Africa, disembarked at a place called Casa Blanca, then penetrated to the very heart of the Riff

## WEDNESDAY NIGHTS



A GREAT VARIETY SHOW  
30 Minutes...  
from Hollywood!  
with

Kenny BAKER • Frances LANGFORD  
David BROEKMAN'S Orchestra  
Jimmy WALLINGTON AND  
Ken MURRAY, Master-of-Ceremonies

A GREAT DRAMATIC SHOW  
30 Minutes...  
from New York!  
Each week  
HIT PLAYS...

written by the world's foremost playwrights! FAMOUS STARS  
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Here's today's biggest radio value—the 1940 TELEVISION ADAPTED Midwest—at sensationally low factory-to-you price. Exciting foreign reception. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed on money-back basis. Send 1c postcard for FREE 1940 catalog. User-agents make easy extra money.

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# HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

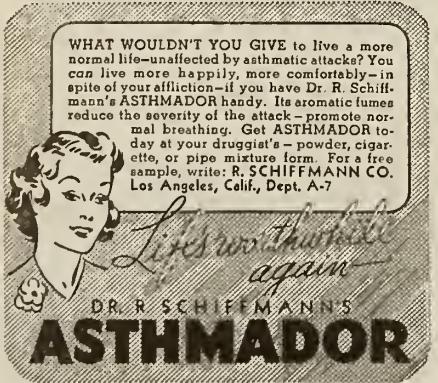
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territory through Tangier and Fez. The Glaouii's city was in the mountains, spread out on the top of a plateau. It was mud-walled, feudal, a city without a consul, a post-office, or a white man. Once inside, Orson was treated with great respect. The Glaouii remembered him at once—gave him a special guest palace, provided him with an army of servants and an Arabian stallion of his own.

For weeks he lived in a dream world. Or rather, two dream worlds. Outside, there was this fantastic Moroccan city—crowded, hot, tense with occasional Riff skirmishes. A Mohammedan city where, as a Christian, he must eat his meals alone, and wear a special gray wool fez to mark him from the red-fezzed Mohammedans. A dream city of soft velvet nights and veiled women. Inside him there was another dream world—the world of Shakespeare which he must somehow revivify for modern men.

It did not take him long to finish the editions in that strangely cloistered atmosphere. In less than two months he was on his way back to Broadway, ready to assail the fortress for the last time.

Once again—failure.

"Shakespeare ain't box-office," the Broadway boys told him. "It ain't commercial." He sold his edited classics finally to a publisher of school text-books, but not one legitimate producer would touch them with a ten-foot pole. He felt sick, discouraged, ready to give up for good.

PERHAPS he had been wrong about the whole thing. Perhaps—back there in Chicago—Dr. Bernstein, his guardian, had had the right idea. Harvard and a Phi Beta Kappa key. A job after graduation selling bonds. Perhaps that was what he should have done in the first place.

He got on the train and went back to Chicago for the first time in four years. Dr. Bernstein, Roger Hill—they were all delighted to see him. The prodigal had come home at last. They exclaimed over his size, his tan, his deep voice, his fantastic stories. They were proud of him, and a little afraid. And now? someone said—Harvard? Orson shrugged his shoulders.

"Maybe I'm too old to be a Freshman," he joked. But there was something dead and wistful in his eyes—something, in spite of his youth, that was lost and bewildered. Had it meant nothing after all?

Darkness before dawn. That was what it was. For Destiny, ever tricking, ever dogging the footsteps of Orson Welles, was about to meet him face to face.

He went one afternoon to a cocktail party with his old teacher and friend, Roger Hill. He hadn't wanted, particularly, to go. Just a lot of people jammed into smoky rooms. People he had never met. He did not even want to talk to any of them. But a quiet man, sitting in a chair nearby, struck up a conversation, asked him his name.

"I'm Orson Welles," Orson said it casually. "I write for the pulps."

"Not the Orson Welles!" The quiet man sat up in his chair. "But you're not the Orson Welles from Ireland everybody is talking about?"

The quiet man was Thornton Wilder, the famous novelist and playwright. And it seemed that he had known about Orson's work in Dublin for a long time—from an Irish poet

and writer friends of his. He shook his head when Orson poured out his bitter experiences with Broadway.

"But of course they didn't know about you," he said. "You have to know somebody who will introduce you, on Broadway. Somebody of importance. Here—I'll give you a letter to my friend, Alexander Woolcott. He knows everybody. He'll introduce you around. And by the way—I understand Katharine Cornell is looking for a man to play Marchbanks in her production of Shaw's *Candida*. Why don't you try for it?"

A miracle.

Orson didn't wait for that party to end. Armed with Wilder's note, he left for New York that very night. He was in the Cornell-McClintock office next afternoon—reading Marchbanks' lines in his basso profundo voice, while Katharine Cornell and her husband, Guthrie McClintock, sat listening with the expression people have when they know they are making a "find."

He was back in the theater at last—this time for good.

For nine months of heady excitement and happiness, he traveled with the Cornell troupe, as Katharine Cornell's leading man. He played starring roles in "Candida," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Romeo and Juliet." Once again the smell of grease-paint, the hot glare of footlights was a part of him. Actors and actresses were his friends. Once again he could go to bed at night with Shakespeare's immortal lines on the back of his tongue. He could walk down Broadway, and defy it to crush him now.

But there was still another note in his happiness than this. For the first time in his life Orson Welles had fallen in love.

They met just a month after Orson had left the Cornell troupe to start a little summer theater of his own, out in Woodstock, Illinois. It was the summer when Orson turned 21. She was 19—a little Chicago society girl, named Virginia Nicholson, who wanted to become an actress. She was a student at Orson's new Woodstock theater.

**S**MALL, ash-blond and frail—Virginia wasn't the type you'd notice right away. She had a soft voice, a shy way of slipping in and out of the way, when Orson appeared. Orson in fact hadn't noticed her at all until she was cast for the role of Trilby, against his Svengali.

They were playing the part where Svengali hypnotizes Trilby and puts her completely under his spell. The scene takes place in a garret room in Paris. Virginia in pale blonde bangs was sitting on a chair. Opposite was Orson, as Svengali, in a pointed beard and long flowing hair.

He moved toward her across the stage, speaking the words that enchant Trilby forever. They were familiar words to him. He had played many Svengalis to many Trilbys before. But somehow, as he came closer to the slight figure, a strange feeling swept over him. This girl opposite him was the loveliest thing he had ever seen—pure, angelic, with a kind of unearthly rapture on her face. In that moment Virginia Nicholson was Trilby.

The curtain fell on the scene. He did not go back to his dressing-room. He did not move. He was staring at her, looking into her eyes.

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From that hour on, life—the day by day living of it—was completely changed for Orson Welles.

Theirs was a simple, unassuming courtship—quite different from the flamboyant adventures of Orson's strange past. A boy and girl summer romance against a background of trees and sunshine and the carefree life of a theater. Days spent hammering scenery, designing costumes, talking about Art and Philosophy, with capital letters, on a grassy lawn. Nights of busy activity backstage. And after the play—two chocolate sodas at the corner drug-store—a drive in a ramshackle jalopy down some dusty country road.

Virginia was a revelation to him. He had met many girls before. But never any quite like her. Never anybody who looked at him with such a light in her eyes. Never anybody who believed so much in what he wanted to do—who took him as he came—who never laughed or criticized or was hurt by any of the things he said. You didn't have to explain things to Virginia.

HE wanted to be with her all the time—laughing, kidding around about plays and acting and beards and sodas and all the things young people in a summer theater kid about. Even his precious theater—the theater he had started in the hopes of interesting Broadway in his producing ideas—assumed second place in his mind. He began to live only for those moments when they would be rehearsing together—she in slacks and sweater, with her hair tied back with a blue ribbon—those moments when she would smile at him, or exult with him over some wonderful new idea. And yet—he was as shy about telling her his feelings as a high school boy—afraid to speak.

Then one night—just two weeks before he was to close up the theater and go back to Broadway—it all came suddenly, swiftly to a head.

They had just finished the ballroom scene in "Romeo and Juliet"—the scene where Romeo discovers that he loves Juliet. The gay music of the dance was ringing in their ears, when they ran offstage to change for the next scene. It was busy and cluttered up backstage. Stagehands were moving the scenery about. Glaring electric lights poured down upon them. But—running toward her dressing-room—Virginia stumbled over her long velvet dress and half fell. Orson caught her. In a moment, she was in his arms.

They clung together—heedless suddenly of the people, the dusty scenery, the spotlights pouring down. And Orson blurted it out—his love, everything that had been on his mind so long. He asked her then to marry him. Virginia did not say a word. It was a long time before he realized she was crying. Then she turned her head away and said:

"Oh—Orson. I want to—but I can't."

Even in his love-story, Orson Welles was fated to be different. Next month, read the amazing story of the barrier that separated him and Virginia, and of how he went about surmounting it—and then follow him through the spectacular years which led to Broadway success. Learn the inside story of the radio program which terrified a nation, and go with Orson to Hollywood, where he started and puzzled filmland.

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By  
**Dr. GRACE GREGORY**

A good bathing routine is a cold shower in the morning and a warm, fragrant tub when you come home to dress for the evening. There is no such thing as too many baths. But as most water is hard and irritating, a good bath powder is often a necessity as well as a luxury. There is one, a prepared starch, which does not actually affect the water chemically but gives a delightfully soothing effect by powdering the skin with a fine fragrant film.

## *Eye Beauty*

There's nothing more refreshing than a warm, fragrant bath before dressing for dinner, says beautiful Marion Hutton.

**B**EAUTY is skin deep. And what contacts your skin the most times, and the most skin? Water, of course. Bathtubs full of water, once or twice a day. Wash basins full of water, oftener than that. You, who are so careful about your soaps and your other beauty aids, what are you doing about making your bath water soft and soothing?

Marion Hutton, one of your favorite radio singers, has a word for you. I interviewed her in a beauty parlor, while she was getting a wave, and believe it or not, even then she was beautiful! The drier fitted over her like one of those mediaeval peaked hats.

Marion comes from Detroit, a graduate of Cass Institute of Technology. She was taking a pre-medical course, majoring in chemistry under Mrs. Lindbergh (the mother of the Colonel). But a voice like hers could not pass unnoticed. She came to New York, and Glenn Miller, who was then just forming his orchestra, heard her sing. She has been featured with him ever since.

Although she has great natural beauty, Marion Hutton believes in doing everything she can to maintain it. Beauty baths? Certainly.

She loves the soothing effect of her favorite bath preparations and the smooth satin finish they impart to the skin. Just a sprinkle of quickly dissolving fragrant powder, and her bath is ready. She likes the garden odeurs.

Whichever you choose, the important thing is to make your bath soothing and relaxing. The cold shower and cold plunge are fine as a skin tonic, but they must be supplemented by a long luxurious soak in warm water if the full benefit for health and beauty is to be secured.

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**RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★**  
★ ★ ★ ★ *HOME and BEAUTY*

Miss Hutton is particularly successful in the matter of eye make-up. You never think she uses eye shadow or mascara because she uses them so skillfully. When they are noticeable, they are wrong. Correctly used, they are a real enhancement to beauty.

Everyone is the better for a little eye shadow in the evening, and most of us can use it to advantage during the day also. The safest shades are the blue-gray, gray, and mauve. But some of the others are worth trying, particularly if your coloring is of an unusual type. Just a suggestion of shadow at the bottom of the lid is enough by day. At night, you may carry it higher. Be sure to powder over it so that it blends inconspicuously with the rest of your make-up.

Mascara for the eye lashes is an absolute necessity to most blondes, and a help to everyone. But put it on with a steady hand, in a strong light, with the aid of a magnifying mirror. If you smear it or get on too much, remove it with a cleansing cream and start over again. Do your eyes well, or not at all. No mascara on the lower lashes, unless they are too blonde.

Many women use mascara for the eyebrows instead of a pencil. It is a little more trouble, but well worth it. The make-up of the eyebrows, lids and lashes—is one of the most important of the beauty aids.

## First in The Ears of His Countrymen

(Continued from page 37)

Swing has done more to give the English people a correct conception of present-day Americans than any other man alive. He's talked about everything, from our jitterbug dancing to our economic set-up. He is proudest of the fact that in all the broadcasts he's done to Great Britain not one of his scripts has ever been censored—the BBC authorities here have so much faith in him that they have not even asked to see the scripts!

In his two and a half years at Mutual the same thing has been true. Not one of his scripts has ever been altered. In line with radio's strict censorship, this is quite astounding.

Although he has spent twenty years abroad as a foreign correspondent, Swing is as American as the Statue of Liberty. He was born in Cortland, New York, fifty-two years ago, the son of a Congregational Minister. As a kid he was shy, a studious type, with a head full of adventure and curiosity which he kept hidden.

WHEN he was very young, Swing's family moved to Oberlin, Ohio. Raymond went to Oberlin Academy and the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. Fresh from college, he went into the newspaper game, working on small papers all over the state of Ohio. He was a reporter, copy-reader, night editor, and finally at the age of 24 became the youngest managing editor in the country, holding down this position on the *Indianapolis Star*.

When Swing had gone as far in the newspaper game in America as he could go, he went to Berlin as a correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*. Even then, he was calling the turn of events. He was way ahead of all the other correspondents in predicting the first World War. He sent in a story on Germany's increased budget for munitions, the significance of which the editors failed to catch. They printed it on the back page under the title, "A Day at the Reichstadt."

His most spectacular scoop occurred when he learned about the huge, large-bore gun which was shelling Liège. Knowing that he couldn't wire it out of the country, Swing told his scoop, word for word, to a college student going to London. Once in London, the college boy dictated it to a stenographer in the office of the *Chicago Daily News*.

Swing saw Europe smashed by war. He hates war.

He was one of the few newspapermen to see the Allied Fleet attempt to force the Dardanelles.

He saw newspaper action on all fronts, talked with the biggest men in Europe.

But always he kept a clear head, seldom taking sides, always weighing, judging, thinking for himself.

Swing came back to America when this country entered the war. He served as an examiner for the War Labor Board. But then he was off again to Europe on a secret mission to France for Colonel House, the details of which cannot, even now, be revealed.

After the War, Swing went back  
(Continued on page 83)

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Fred Waring, energetic maestro of Chesterfield's Pleasure Time, keeps fit by eating dried fruits. For dessert, he's specially fond of this Dried Fruit Betty.



# Food for Vigor

By MRS.  
**MARGARET SIMPSON**

ALL that health and energy you stored up during vacation is carrying you through the autumn with renewed zest for your job. There's a reason for that, of course—and it lies in the fact that by the end of vacation you were rested and chock full of sunshine and vitamins. But now that you're back on the job, don't let your vacation vigor lapse. Maintain it by eating plenty of fruits, for fruits are one of the most important vitamin sources. You may find that fresh fruits are not so plentiful now, or so varied, but that needn't interfere with your vitamin regime. Now dried fruits reach you with all their rich fruit flavor and their health building qualities intact.

Orchestra Leader Fred Waring of Chesterfield's Pleasure Time, heard Monday through Friday at 7 P.M., NBC-Red, is a dried fruit enthusiast, with two desserts that he liked especially as a child, Dried Fruit Betty and Apricot Upside Down Cake, still on his preferred list. Incidentally, in making these desserts, Fred's wife follows the same recipes that his mother always used.

## DRIED FRUIT BETTY

- 2 cups soft bread crumbs or cubed stale bread  
1 pound mixed dried fruit  
½ cup seeded raisins

½ cup New Orleans type molasses  
½ cup water      ¼ tsp. nutmeg  
2 tbls. melted butter or margarine  
1½ tbls. lemon juice  
grated rind of ½ lemon

Soak dried fruit over night, then drain thoroughly. Place half the crumbs in a buttered baking dish. Cover with half the fruit. Combine water, molasses, butter, lemon juice and rind and nutmeg, and pour half the mixture onto the fruit layer. Cover. Arrange a second layer of crumbs, then a layer of the remaining fruit and add the rest of liquid mixture. Bake, covered, at 350 degrees F. for one hour. Serve with cream or a hot fruit sauce.

## APRICOT UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

1½ cup sugar, white or brown  
3 tbls. water      ½ tsp. cinnamon  
¼ cup butter or margarine  
2 cups cooked dried apricots, sweetened to taste

Combine sugar, water, cinnamon and butter in heavy skillet and place

in oven until butter melts. Arrange apricots, cut side down, in syrup in skillet. Pour batter (recipe below) over fruit and bake forty-five minutes. Invert on platter and serve, fruit side up, with lemon sauce or cream.

### BATTER

1 cup sugar	½ tsp. salt
½ cup shortening	2½ tsps. baking powder
2 eggs, beaten	½ cup milk
1¾ cups flour	1 tsp. vanilla

Cream together sugar and shortening, add beaten eggs and cream all together. Sift together dry ingredients and add alternately with milk, to creamed mixture. Beat in vanilla and pour batter evenly over apricots.

### SHORTEN YOUR SHORTENING BUDGET

One of the most pressing questions for every housewife is how to prepare well balanced, appetizing meals and still keep within the food budget. Margarine is the perfect solution for this difficulty. An important source of Vitamin A, its wholesome richness is unexcelled for shortening, pan or deep fat frying and seasoning, and it gives excellent results used in place of butter in recipes calling for butter. It is also the perfect basis for white sauce, using the basic white sauce recipe of one tablespoon each of flour and margarine to one cup of milk and salt and pepper to taste.

**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

(Continued from page 81)

to Berlin for the *New York Sun*. Then he returned to America to take a job on the *Wall Street Journal* in the Foreign Department. "Because," as he explains, "you cannot understand Europe unless you understand her economic structure."

In 1935 he came back to America to write a book about something nobody seemed to think was terribly important—fascism. It was called "Forerunners of American Fascism," and it called the turn again, before the Dies Committee even knew what the Fascist movement in America was all about. Swing wrote for *The Nation*, was one of its editors, but was fired, as he says with a smile, "Because I wasn't radical enough."

Since then, he has been traveling back and forth between America and Europe, writing for newspapers and magazines and broadcasting.

During this last crisis, Swing has been working from 18 to 20 hours a day, the heaviest part of his duties coming at night. He wrote one of his best talks during this time in less than an hour.

"Something inside me just kept pounding the typewriter," he smiles. "Of late, the pace hasn't been so terrific, but the hours are almost as long. I'm turning into a night person."

Swing is married and has three children. His wife was once a very important leader in the Women's Suffrage movement. When she married Swing, she agreed to take his last name if he would take her maiden name, Gram, as his.

THE Swings have a home in Trumbull, Connecticut, but Raymond Gram Swing hasn't seen much of it lately. He's been staying at his apartment in New York, just a few minutes on the lop from the MBS studios. If you walk that distance with Swing, you are sure to become involved in a swap of opinions on some political question and you may be just as sure that your opinions will come in a poor second.

When Swing isn't at work, he's usually playing the piano in what is called "the Swings' version of classical music." His son plays the cello and his daughter the violin. Swing's daughter thinks his greatest accomplishment is a sonata for violin, written especially for her. He wants to start work on another one.

Next to the job he is now doing, Raymond Gram Swing would rather be analyzing America for Americans. He thinks there is a great need for just that. And after talking to Swing, so do we.

"As to our own entanglements in this war," Mr. Swing states, "we are in a very ticklish position, but we must realize that we are ultimately in the same position as every other democracy in the world. Sooner or later, in some way or other, we will have to find some way of permanently blocking fascist aggression against the democracies. If we don't, our fate will be the same as the other democracies in this world."

But right now, when most men his age are content to sit back and talk about the way things were, Raymond Gram Swing is just reaching the peak of his life, bringing the light of his observations in the past into sharp focus on the crisis of today. He's really needed. And that's the finest tribute he can be paid.

## How to keep Baby well

THE U. S. Government's Children's Bureau has published a complete 138-page book "Infant Care" especially for young mothers, and authorizes this magazine to accept readers' orders. Written by five of the country's leading child specialists, this book is plainly written, well illustrated, and gives any mother a wealth of authoritative information on baby's health and baby's growth. This magazine makes no profit whatever on your order, sends your money direct to Washington. Send 10 cents, wrapping coins or stamps safely, to



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205 E. 42nd St., Dept. IF-1, New York, N. Y.

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Thousands of physicians and grateful mothers have written us of babies who found nothing else so acceptable, digestible, and strengthening as Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk. Ask your doctor about Horlick's. Partially pre-digested by malt enzymes. Contains minerals and natural vitamins of the milk and grain. For sample send 3 cent stamp to Dept. MWG-12, Horlick's, Racine, Wis., or Montreal, Can.

**Horlick's** *The Original  
Malted Milk*



Wrist Watch

**FREE**

With every matched  
Bridal Pair  
ordered now and  
paid for on our  
Easy Credit Plan.

ONE YEAR  
TO PAY for  
RINGS



MATCHED  
BRIDAL  
PAIR

Ladies' Yellow  
Gold Plate Wed-  
ding Ring set  
with brilliant  
also simulated  
diamond solitaire  
engagement ring.

SEND NO  
MONEY  
with Order

Choice of smart, new, jeweled Ladies' Wrist Watch or men's Curved, accurate, guaranteed 7 jeweled Wrist Watch FREE of extra cost with every Matched Bridal Pair (Wedding and Engagement Rings) ordered and paid for on our new one-year payment plan. Make only 2 easy payments of \$3 each, total only \$6. Send no money with order, just name and ring size. We trust you. No red tape. Wear 10 days on approval. Your package comes by return mail.

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THIS  
FREE  
Wrist  
Watch  
Coupon  
TODAY

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.  
Dept. 220, Jefferson, Iowa  
Your offer accepted.  
Send Lady's  Man's   
Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## INVENTORS

Write for new FREE Book, "Patent Guide for the Inventor" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for preliminary information. Clarence A. O'Brien and Hyman Berman, Registered Patent Attorneys, 1-W Adams Building, Washington, D. C.



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Your Way to a Beautiful Figure  
Easy exercises on Doorway Gym Bar—works wonders with figure-molds new lovely lines.  
**THIS DOORWAY GYM BAR only . . .**  
(An Ideal Gift) Can be quickly put up and taken down. No  
nails, screws, or tools required.  
**\$345**  
\$3.45 for Bar, Enamel Finish  
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ON 10-DAY TRIAL EXERCISE BOOK FREE with each bar. Send  
OLYMPIAN INDUSTRIES  
55 E. Washington St. Dept. M-1 Chicago



**TYPEWRITER Brand NEW!**  
Only \$19.95 and up  
10-Day Trial Easy Terms  
Guaranteed and Tested. RE-  
INCTON CADET originally \$10.95  
during this sensational sale. Also  
Royal, Corona and famous Feather-  
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SENSE FOR BIG FREE CATALOG IN COLORS.  
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DEWY-MOIST  
LUSTROUS Lips  
Tempt Romance!

Men are attracted to lips that have a moist, warm, inviting look. With new, amazing DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK lips remain looking dewy-moist, lustrous... alivel Nothing like it! Nine flattering shades. \$1 at drug and department stores. 10c size at ten-cent stores.



Twin Sisters  
**DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK**

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough Today  
with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. Then you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. At all drug counters. For generous FREE trial bottle, write to Pertussin, Dept. S-16, 440 Washington St., New York City.

# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Whenever there's a special news event being broadcast over the CBS network you usually hear Bob Trout's voice.

BOB TROUT, crack public events announcer of the Columbia Broadcasting System, has gone a long way since the day he first faced a microphone, required to read from a newspaper for five minutes. Radio history tells us that the audition proved quite successful—despite a bad case of nervous fright. And today, some eight years later, radioman Trout is reading more newspapers and more news bulletins than ever before.

Bob was born on a farm in Wake County, North Carolina, October 15, 1908, and made his debut as an announcer over Station WJSV in Washington, D. C. He's been with Columbia since WJSV joined that network in 1932, and during that time has presented the President of the United States on almost every occasion when the latter has been on the air.

During the past hectic weeks Bob has been on the air almost daily, acting as New York co-ordinator of news roundups from the various foreign capitals, and broadcasting all available war news material. In addition, Bob announces the weekly Professor Quiz show and has had a feature spot with Hal Kemp on Time to Shine.

Bob has long since lost his Southern accent, but never his taste for Southern cooking, and has often been known to invite his friends home for some fried chicken and corn bread a la Trout!

He weighs 140 lbs, is 6' 1" tall, and has dark brown hair and eyes. He dislikes noise and dirt, and some day wants to own a farm in the country . . . and a radio station in the city!

Miss Sue Yates, Little Rock, Arkansas—The theme song used on the Mary Marlin program is "Claire de Lune" by Claude Debussy.

Miss Marie White, Houston, Texas—Following is the cast of "Stella Dallas":  
Stella Dallas..... Anne Elstner  
Laurel..... Vivian Smolen  
Dick Grosvenor..... Macdonald Carey  
Steven Dallas..... Arthur Hughes  
Madeline Carter..... Nancy Sheridan

Jerry..... William Quinn  
Ed Munn..... Arthur Vinton  
Charles Martin..... Tom Tully  
Helen Dallas..... Julie Benell

Miss Pauline Frey, Maspeth, New York—Bob Allen, the handsome vocalist with the Hal Kemp orchestra, was born in Allendale, Ohio, twenty-five years ago. He made his radio debut at the age of seventeen over a Cincinnati station. After working for Ben Bernie for a while, he joined the Kemp organization in November, 1933 and has been with them ever since. He's 5' 11" tall, weighs 155 lbs., is unmarried and we can't understand why the movies haven't discovered him. He's that good-looking!

## FAN CLUB SECTION

All admirers of Enoch Light's orchestra, and particularly those living in the southern states can receive full information on starting a Light Brigade in their locality by writing to Albert Manning, 300 Gibbs Street, Mansfield, Louisiana.

A new Kenny Baker Fan Club has been formed in Toronto, Canada. All Canadians wishing to join, are invited to write to Miss Muriel Berry, 196 St. Germain Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. Anne Anderson of 595 North 14th Street, DeKalb, Illinois, President of the newly formed Tex Atchison Loyalty Club is anxious to increase its membership. If you are an admirer of Tex—why not send a line to Mrs. Anderson?

There is a very active Frances Langford Fan Club headed by Miss Roberta Aitken of 1438 E. 34th Street, Brooklyn, New York. She would like to double its present size and suggests that all Langford admirers write to her. And Mr. Ed Lally of 123 Gore Street, Perth, Ontario, Canada is supporting the other member of the family by putting on a vigorous membership drive for Jon Hall.



Your new  
**KALAMAZOO**  
has everything

NEW STYLE • NEW BEAUTY • NEW FEATURES • NEW VALUES



## FACTORY PRICES\*

Coal and Wood Ranges from \$49.60	Coal and Wood Heaters from \$39.55
Gas Ranges from \$59.60	Oil Heaters from \$39.50
Electric Ranges from \$89.75	Furnaces from \$79.60
Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges from \$99.50	

\*Prices at the Factory



## Your new FREE Catalog is ready

You're tired of old style stoves—you demand change—you seek new beauty, new elegance, smart streamlined design and every last-minute accessory and feature. You're through with yesterday—you're ready for tomorrow. And so is Kalamazoo with advanced 1940 models.

**Mail Coupon**—A thousand thrills await you in this new FREE colorful Kalamazoo Catalog of Factory Prices, just off the press. It's America's stove style show and price guide. It's all that's newest and best in Ranges, Heaters and Furnaces.

**Over 150 Styles and Sizes**—Glorious new Electric Ranges, trim new Gas Ranges, smart new Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, handsome new Oil Heaters, Coal and Wood Heaters, and sensational new Furnaces. all at rock bottom FACTORY PRICES—all on easiest terms.

**A Bookful of Modern Miracles**—Mail Coupon now. You'll find new excitement in cooking—new ideas for your home. You'll find dazzling new surprises in minute minders, condiment sets, clocks, lights, porcelain enameled ovens and new type door handles. You'll find new ways to prepare better foods with the "oven that floats in flame."

**Factory Prices—Easiest Terms**—You won't believe your eyes when you see these Factory Prices. You'll say "It just isn't possible." But it is. That's because we sell *direct from factory to you*. No in-between profits. You'll marvel at the easy terms, too—as little as 14¢ a day. 30 days trial. 24 hour shipments. Factory Guarantee.

Mail Coupon. Get this beautiful New Catalog—the greatest in our 40 year history. Save the way 1,400,000 Satisfied Users have saved—at FACTORY PRICES.



### MAIL COUPON TODAY

Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Company

469 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Send FREE FACTORY CATALOG. Check articles in which you are interested:

- Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges
- Coal and Wood Ranges
- Gas Ranges
- Electric Ranges
- Coal and Wood Heaters
- Oil Heaters
- Oil Ranges
- Furnaces

Name.....

(Print name plainly)

Address.....

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

**"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"**

Trade Mark  
Registered

*Wishing you  
more pleasure*



*Always welcome... CHRISTMAS CHESTERFIELDS IN ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARTONS*

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION

JANUARY

Another FREE song—  
Complete Words and  
Music of a new hit  
tune by SAMMY KAYE



**REUNION AFTER DIVORCE —** What a Young Girl's Broad-  
cast Meant to BETTE DAVIS

In Story  
Form

**SECOND HUSBAND**

The Intimate Diary of a Young Widow's  
Search for New Love and Happiness

ARE YOU  
**Embarrassed**  
 WHEN PEOPLE  
 GLANCE  
 Your WAY

BECAUSE OF **PSORIASIS** LESIONS?



**BUSINESS  
PROGRESS**

Few men or women can make headway in business if always embarrassed or self-conscious because of psoriasis lesions. Such blemishes are a bar to employment or advancement. Nor can women wear the sheer garments which add so much to charm. Instead, they tend to dress for concealment.



**SPORTS AND RECREATION**

No one wants to appear in sports costume or in a swimming pool if external psoriasis crusts and scales attract unfavorable attention.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Detroit, Mich., Dept. M1.  
 Siroil Laboratories of Canada, Ltd., Box 488 Dept. M  
 Windsor, Ontario

Please send me your booklet on Psoriasis

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



It seems cruel—psoriasis sufferers—to remind you of the hardships which you undergo and the heartache and mental anguish you constantly endure because of your unsightly psoriasis lesions. Nor is it strange if you become self-conscious and shrink from even the most casual glance. Perhaps even now external psoriasis lesions are depriving you of business and social contacts. If you are handicapped in this way, then try—

# **SIROIL**

**Internationally Famous. Enthusiastically Endorsed by  
 Psoriasis Sufferers in the United States, Canada,  
 Mexico—in Europe, South America and South Africa.**

*Siroil* tends to remove those crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and are located on the outer layer of the skin. Should such lesions recur, light applications of *Siroil* will help to keep them under control. This is an accomplishment above price to psoriasis sufferers. And thousands of men and women in all walks of life have written to the *Siroil* Laboratories expressing their thankfulness.

**SIROIL OFFERED ON A STRICT SATISFACTION-OR-MONEY REFUNDED BASIS**

If, after two weeks, *Siroil* fails to benefit your external psoriasis lesions to your satisfaction, merely return bottle with the remaining contents and the purchase price will be refunded. *Siroil* is applied externally, does not stain clothing or bed linen, and does not interfere with your daily routine. Avoid imitations. Try *Siroil*.

*If Your Druggist Cannot Supply You Write Direct to*

**SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC., DEPT. M1, DETROIT, MICHIGAN**  
**SIROIL LABORATORIES OF CANADA, LTD., DEPT. M, BOX 488, WINDSOR, ONT.**

**SIROIL AT ALL DRUG STORES**



## He first admired her Tartan Plaids but he lost his heart to her lovely smile!

• Tailored simplicity in plaid with schoolgirl collar, buttoned blouse and below-the-elbow sleeves.



Your smile is priceless—it's YOU! Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush".

Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter teeth!

HOW QUICKLY a bold, bright plaid can capture the eye of a man. But it takes a smile, a bright and sparkling smile, to hold his rapt attention.

For without a radiant smile, a girl wins not admiration, but indifference. Pathetic the one who spends hour after hour selecting the style that best becomes her—but ignores "pink tooth brush."

Don't let such tragic neglect threaten your smile. Remember "pink tooth brush" is a warning that gums are being neglected—a warning you should heed.

### Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

The very first time your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist! It may not be serious

—but get his advice. He may say that yours is another case of "lazy gums"—gums robbed of vigorous chewing by modern, soft foods—gums that need the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Every time you brush your teeth put a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your brush or fingertip and massage it into your gums. You feel a pleasant, exhilarating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means circulation in the gums is awakening—gums are being helped to health and to strength.

Get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage show you how bright and lovely your smile can be!



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

**ERNEST V. HEYN**  
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

**FRED R. SAMMIS**  
Editor

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(From a Warner Brothers photo)

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# What do you want to say?

## FIRST PRIZE Not So Silly

T WAS nothin' that could please the ole man, From mornin' till evenin', he was "Groucho" in person, Till one day across an ad I ran, "Don't be blue, listen to the world rehearsin'."

Without hesitation, I had one installed, And by "It" it seems we were all enthralled,

So a "Radio" will and did for sure, Make a new man of dad, what a cure! Of "Glooms" now for sure, we are rid, So thanks to radio for what it did. P.S. That's silly, isn't it? But it's the honest to goodness truth. I also want to say since we have the radio, I was and am a steady RADIO MIRROR customer.—Miss Josephine Grabowski, Detroit, Mich.

## SECOND PRIZE

### Wouldn't It Be Wonderful?

The spirit of Christmas moves the hearts of all people and many of them often wish they could make the Christmas of others as happy as their own.

Here is something that these people

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

### — — PRIZES — —

First Prize ..... \$10.00

Second Prize ..... \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of ..... \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than December 26, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

well enjoy them. If you feel that you can afford to make a present of a radio, I am sure that it will bring happiness to those people who might not otherwise have the opportunity to listen to music and other features that we in the outside world take so much for granted.—Joseph Croughwell, New York, N. Y.

## THIRD PRIZE

### Will Wonders Cease?

Radio has done a great deal to reshape my mode of living. At 7 A.M. I start for the front door at the sound of the morning paper hitting the stoop, but I'm interrupted by the news broadcast bringing me the headlines first.

At 8:30 A.M. my shopping list for the day is completed, but before noon I've rehashed the entire list because various programs have broken through my sales resistance and changed the pattern of my menus. The kitchen clock is covered with dust, but I never notice it because the radio keeps me abreast of the time.

Now, if some sponsor can arrange a program that'll get my dishes washed, my floors mopped, and Junior's home—

(Continued on page 69)

can do: Most every town and city of the United States has various hospitals and homes for the aged and poor. Many of these hospitals and homes have few if any radio sets for the hundreds of people who might

# Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

says

## "RED, CHAPPED HANDS SPOIL A LOT OF FUN!"



### NICER-LOOKING HANDS... in a jiffy!

I MAGINE! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps chapped hands look smoother, feel softer! Extra-creamy, extra-softening—Hinds brings soothing comfort. Tones down redness... smooths away rough chapping. Now contains Vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ sizes.

NEW! Hinds Hand Cream—in Jars. 10¢, 39¢.  
Copyright, 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.  
Bloomfield, N. J.



# HINDS FOR HANDS

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with  
**BURNS AND ALLEN**  
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast  
7:30-8:00 E. S. T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station

IN NEW  
SANTA CLAUS  
PACKAGE  
Hinds big gift size—in holiday red, with fat Santas all over it. Looks gay, looks impressive.

# Congratulations!

## ■ Radio Mirror announces the winners of its television contest

**F**INALLY weary, eye-strained editors have laid aside the last of your letters. They have an announcement to make: twelve of you who read Radio Mirror have won in the television contest which so many entered early this fall. To six go beautiful Philco television sets with which to fill the days and evenings with new magic. To the others, those equally magic portable radio sets that play wherever you are.

Perhaps you would like to know how most of you voted. Well, for instance, with scarcely a dissenting voice, you have all raised a hand in favor of male television announcers. Now that must come as a rude surprise to those program producers in Radio City and elsewhere, for just about every television program I've ever seen has had a feminine announcer in one capacity or another. Which seemed natural to me. You prefer the male—apparently willing to sacrifice the pulchritude of feminine announcers.

Then, you were unanimous in saying that you wanted your television programs in the evening. Proving, I would guess, that listening to the radio during the day doesn't interfere with running a satisfactory household, but that having to sit down to watch the television screen would seriously interrupt the routine of housekeeping.

And—while not quite so unanimous, most of you decided that you would continue to go to the movies just as much as you do now. That is important. Because so far, Hollywood has shown such great fear of losing you as a customer, should television become a part of your daily lives, that it has almost flatly refused to cooperate in any way with this new entertainment field.

Another surprising (at least to me) outcome of your voting was the preference of so many for news events as a television program. I somehow had thought of this as a masculine field of pleasure. Yet hundreds of women checked this type. As many, however, said that lessons in how to do things—cooking, sewing, etiquette, dancing, make-up—would be welcome. The one thing you all pretty well agreed on was how much you'd enjoy seeing your favorite dramatic program televised. The thrill of seeing the First Nighter broadcasts, or the Lux Radio Theater, obviously captured your imagination.

Last on the questionnaire came the thought-provoking query: "The radio or movie star I would most like to see in a television program is."

And here everyone of you had her own idea of

what star would bring the most television pleasure. Though I noticed a few names cropping up more often than the rest: Don Ameche, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Bette Davis, Deanna Durbin were a few.

**N**OW to the really important part of this message of congratulations—the names of those who won Radio Mirror's television contest. The six who won beautiful Philco Television sets:

Frances Rountree, Hole Center, Texas  
Marian W. Lamb, Portland, Oregon  
Gilson Willets, San Francisco, Calif.  
Rev. Julian S. Fayme, New York, N. Y.  
Mrs. Robert McLean, Burlingame, Calif.  
Lillian Russell, Quincy, Mass.

Those whose entries were picked out as the six next most interesting to the judges, and who will be sent portable radios are:

Mrs. Harry Steinhart, Maplewood, N. J.  
Mrs. J. R. Williamson, Memphis, Tenn.  
Lorraine Jarvey, Lakewood, Ohio  
Mary Schubert, Tacoma, Wash.  
H. B. Jordan, Cheyenne, Wyoming  
Mabel Mears Cullinan, Arlington, Vermont

Thank you for making this contest such a grand success. And to you who didn't win, my deep appreciation for your interest.

Before we meet again next month, may I recommend to you two half hours of very pleasant listening for the winter hours—for music immediately after dinner, Tune-up Time, with Tony Martin who is doing a grand job, Andre Kostelanetz and Kay Thompson, Monday evenings on CBS; and for novelty a little later in the evening, Alec Templeton, who makes me laugh out loud with his musical mimicry, Monday nights on NBC-Red.

A last word—you may be interested to know that Kate Smith has joined our staff of editors. In future issues, look for her name on our cooking pages where she will bring you her favorite and most successful recipes. I hope that's good news for you who have been wanting to brighten up the dinner table with new dishes.

Be sure and look for us with our new issue on sale December 27. We'll be wearing an exquisite Madeleine Carroll portrait on the cover.

—FRED R. SAMMIS

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A  
COLD OR SORE THROAT  
**LISTERINE-**  
**QUICK!**



THIS prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

#### *Eight Years of Research*

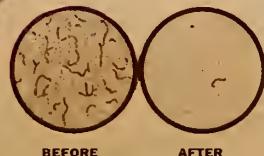
Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over 8 years revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

#### *Kills "Secondary Invaders"*

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that breed in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

#### *Reductions Ranging to 96.7%*

When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.



#### **NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS!**

The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.





By KEN ALDEN

**G**LENN MILLER replaces Paul Whiteman on the CBS ciggie show December 27. The trombone-playing, bespectacled protege of Tommy Dorsey is now in first place in the hearts of jitterbugs, surpassing even the great Arthur Shaw.

\* \* \*

Carmen Lombardo told me that Guy will not use their kid sister Rose Marie in the Roosevelt Hotel grill or on their commercials, but might try her out on special performances.

\* \* \*

Benny Goodman is back at the Waldorf-Astoria and doing a grand job. He is really looking forward to his concert engagement in Town Hall on January 10.

\* \* \*

Chalk down Johnny Green as Tin Pan Alley's latest proud papa. It was a baby girl and the mother is ex-film actress Betty Furness.

\* \* \*

Additions to your favorite bands: Sammy Kaye has added Dale Cornell, recently of Ray Kinney's band, to his brass section. Jimmy Fitzpatrick took over third trumpet chair in Hal Kemp's band.

\* \* \*

Clear-voiced Stuart Allen, for years Richard Himber's crack vocalist has stepped out to handle his own band.

\* \* \*

Big blow to Jimmy Dorsey's band was resignation of drummer Ray McKinley, who, with Wilbur Schwichtenberg, is forming a new dance band.

#### THE MUSIC FACTORY

**O**UT in Hollywood where special musical bridges are an integral part of big coast to coast dramatic shows like Star Theater, Lux, Silver Theater, and Woodbury Playhouse, concocting these scores is a big job. So orchestra leaders like Dave Broekman and Meredith Willson have converted their offices into music factories.

To turn out the vast amount of music needed on a sixty-minute program, Star Theater director Dave Broekman has a staff of eight. Here's how they work:

After the dramatic script is written, Broekman composes the original music. For Kenny Baker and Frances Langford's songs, as well as orchestral specialties, the bushy-haired con-

## FACING THE MUSIC



■ Arranging the music for a Texaco Star Theater program: Kenny Baker, David Broekman, Frances Langford.

ductor selects standard numbers from his large library or from the vast army of song pluggers.

Then comes a check-up with the dramatic producer and soloists. Keys are established. The styles and arrangements okayed. Broekman returns to his factory and outlines the entire show to his staff of arrangers, copyists, and librarians. When the staff has the entire week's music in mind, arrangements are sketched by arrangers Ray Harrington, Sid Cutner, Charles Henderson, and Sid Fine. The arrangers first work separately. The finishing touches are done in collaboration under Captain Broekman.

Copyists write out the arrangements for the twenty-nine individual pieces. All work is done by hand.

The final step is preparation for the weekly broadcast. All the tunes are put in numerical order for each musician. This is done by copyist Charlie Eggert on a giant music rack.

The music factory's sole expenditure is the library, valued by Broekman at \$30,000. It's carefully catalogued by custodian Ben Berenblatt, who can supply any piece of music at a minute's notice.

#### THE ALL STARS

**E**VER since Herculean Horace Heidt first organized a dance band fifteen years ago, he has defied all the traditions carefully observed by the majority of maestros.

His first outfit in California had the conventional small dance band combination of five men. In addition he employed the services of an amazing canine. Lobo, the dog, stole the act.

When the band played New York's Palace theater, kingpin of them all, in 1929, Lobo was still occupying the star dressing room, but never had blasé New Yorkers seen so many talented members in one dance band.

Still Horace Heidt wasn't satisfied. More revolutionary ideas came into his head and his heart told him they would work. Absent from New York for a good many years, he arrived in the swank Bowman Room of the Hotel Biltmore, with a new bag of tricks.

They just didn't play conventional dance music, these bold Brigadiers. First it was the toy band, then Alvino Rey's electric guitar. The band clicked (Continued on page 62)

■ Vivacious Peggy Adams, right, is Horace Heidt's vocalist. That's her boss waving at you, just behind the musical note.







# REUNION after

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

■ The true story of the dramatic broadcast which may yet spell new happiness together for Bette Davis and the man she still loves

■ Harmon Nelson, above, and Bette Davis, right, with Pamela, the young girl whose radio career brought about another meeting of Ham and Bette after their divorce.

T isn't because the Bette Davis-Harmon Nelson story is unusual that it is so sad. It is because it is commonplace, something that happens to so many bewildered men and women. Every day dozens of couples go to the divorce courts, not because that is what they want to do but because they can't endure the incessant irritation which some outside influence has introduced into their lives. And often, after these couples separate, they realize their arguments had no valid basis and they wish something might happen to bring them together again. They are satisfied that if they could meet, before too much time and too many experiences came between them, they would have a chance to reclaim their married lives.

In most cases, however, nothing

ever does bring separated couples to any meeting. Bette and Ham were lucky.

Sometimes Fate is disguised as a slip of a girl with freckles spattered on her nose, expectancy lighting her eyes, and nervousness turning her hands into little lumps of ice . . . a slip of a girl like Pamela Caveness the night she made her debut on the Raymond Paige broadcast on CBS.

That was a great night for Pam. And everyone in the broadcasting

studios—the audience, the orchestra and the technical staff—knew it. So when her voice lifted with the first phrase of her song, there were many, aware of the drama of the moment, who had a catch in their throats.

But very few in the studio were mindful of a far greater drama that took place that evening. Because the dark young man and the crisply golden girl with whom this drama was concerned, stood quietly on the sidelines and gave no sign that be-

# DIVORCE

ing together there was important to their hearts and maybe to their very lives . . . even if their divorce decree was being ground through the courts at that very moment.

It had been five months since Bette Davis and Ham Nelson had finally decided that love was not enough to hold them together; five months since Bette had taken their pattern of marriage and destroyed it by a simple announcement to the papers. And now she was standing beside Ham again.

Yes, Bette and Ham were lucky. The slip of a freckle-faced girl, Pamela Caveness, had brought these two together once more, and if happiness is to be theirs again, they must always breathe a silent prayer of thankfulness to the radio broadcast on which Pamela made her debut.

BETTE couldn't have foreseen the dramatic role that radio was to play in her private life the day that Ham brought Pamela to her. For that was over a year ago and Bette still clung to the illusion that love, deep enough and true enough, could hold a husband and wife together and weave a design of happiness for them.

"This is Pamela," Ham said, "a little girl who can have a brilliant future if we just give her the help she needs now."

As though Bette and Ham didn't need all the help anyone could give them for themselves! Futures for small girls can wait a little, but marriages which are beginning to tremble need immediate attention.

Yet there was something in Pam's eyes, perhaps, or a memory of her own dreams of success, that held Bette. And the fact that Ham was trying so desperately to succeed as an agent—that unusual and sometimes extremely profitable Hollywood career of finding new talent.

In the end, Bette took Pam into their home, although any third person must add to the strain. So began a new and wonderful life for Pamela Caveness, whose home was in the middle west and whose parents had never imagined they had a daughter with such promise that Bette Davis would take the child under her wing.

Pam couldn't have suspected that she had (Continued on page 71)



■ Bette's making new working arrangements for fewer pictures a year—to give her more time to be a wife?

# How to get the most

■ Here is a way, as simple and beautiful as the Christmas story itself, for you to make the coming holidays the most memorable of your whole life

WHEN my daughter Betty was a small child she used to notice the heavy mail which arrived each day in my mail box and wondered why it was that she didn't get many letters. So one day she called me into a private conference and said to me:

"Now Dad, I want to know something. You get a pile of mail every morning and I only get a letter once a month or so. How do you get so many?"

I said to Betty: "Well, dear, it's this way. I get a lot of letters because I write a lot of letters and if you expect to receive mail you will have to write it."

"Oh, I see," she said, reflectively; "so you have to work for it?"

"Yes, Betty. In fact, you have to work for anything in this life that is worth getting."

So it is with this business of how to get the most out of Christmas. You have to work for it. The best way I know of getting the most out of Christmas is to give the most to Christmas.

The happiest Christmas I can remember in all my days is a certain Christmas in Moundsville, West Virginia, back in the depression—we called it a panic then—of 1892. My mother came from a wealthy Kansas family. My father had gone to Winfield, Kansas, from Moundsville and found a job in a grocery store. One of the families which dealt in that store was named Robinson. They had a beautiful young

daughter named Etta. She came for the family groceries and met my father, fell in love with him and married him. By doing so she stepped out of a home of luxury into a home of poverty. Added to that poverty there were soon five children. I was the oldest of those five children.

On this Christmas of 1892, my father was out of work and we were very poor. Mother came to me because I was the oldest of the five children and said to me: "Willie, Father has not had any work for several months and I'm afraid that we won't have much of a Christmas this year unless we have a home-made one. I'm talking to you because you are the oldest of the children and I'll have to depend on you to help Mother make a Christmas for the rest of the family."

I remember agreeing with my mother outwardly, with seven-year-old solemnity, but I also remember that it was quite a shock to me that I was to have to create that Christmas and not to be on the receiving end of the line. To my mother I gave a cheerful assent; but alone I wept over that prospect.

And so we started in to get things ready for that memorable Christmas. Mother and I together strung pop-corn strings to decorate the tree. We made simple little toys; we made candy. We went out into the woods and cut a tree. It was all a lot of fun and the smaller children did not know anything



Illustration  
By B. Rieger

# out of Christmas..

By

**Dr. Wm. L. STIDGER**

*Well known writer and philosopher, and star of Getting The Most Out of Life, heard on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Fleischmann's Yeast.*



■ Even today, when we children gather together for a family reunion, we always speak of this day as "Mother's Christmas."

about our plans for Christmas.

Then one day in the morning mail there came a big, official-looking letter from Winfield, my mother's old home. The stationery came from a National Bank. I came home from school that noon and found Mother laughing and crying all at the same time. Then she took me aside and she showed me a check for fifty dollars which had that morning come from her brother, Uncle Will Robinson, the banker in Winfield. She read me a part of that letter. "Dear Etta: I happen to know that you have not had a new dress or a new hat in five years. I am sending this fifty dollars so that you may buy a new dress, a new hat and anything else that you want. I want this fifty dollars to be spent on yourself and not the children. They will be happy enough at Christmas time."

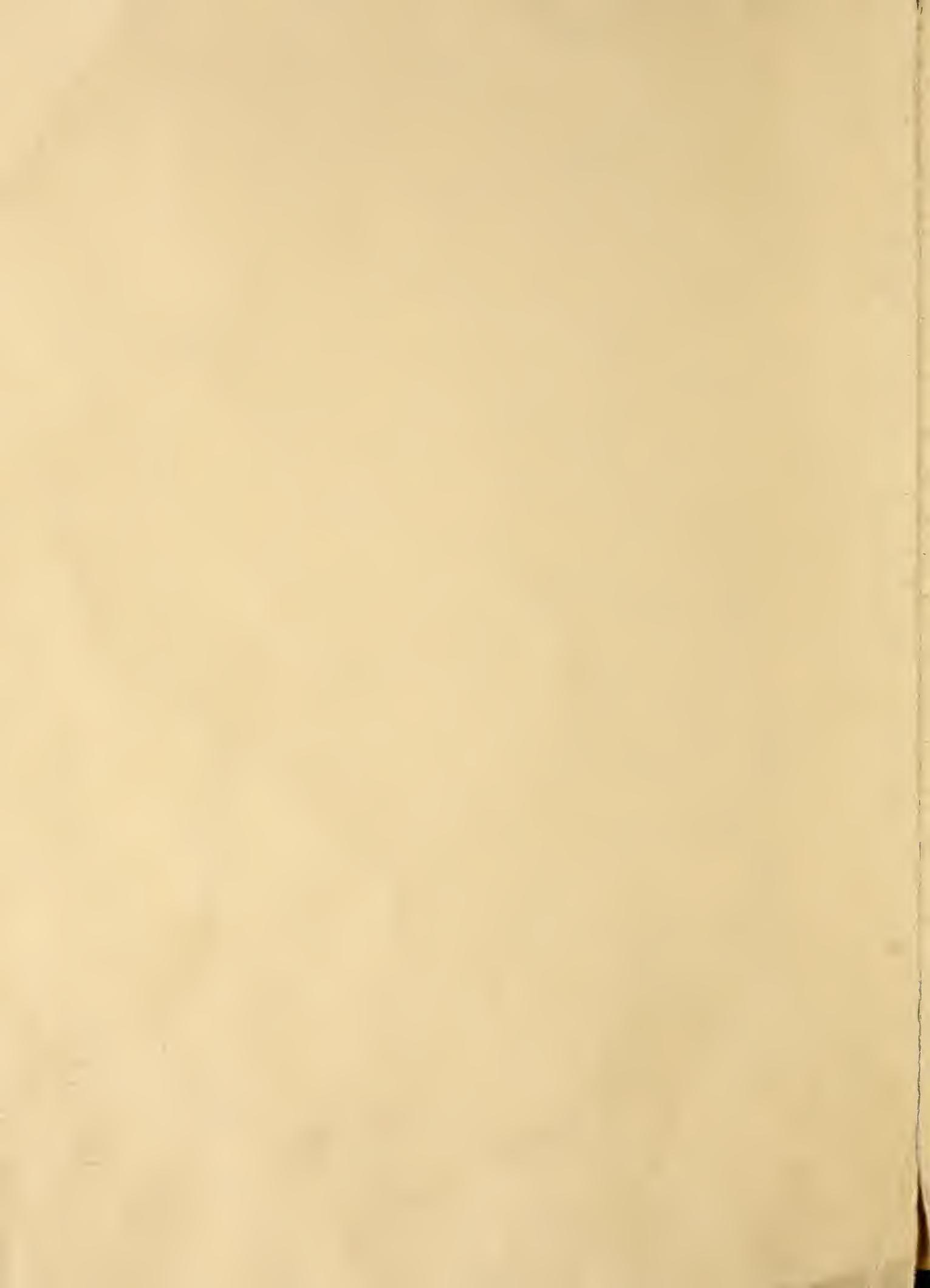
One Sunday morning thirty years later I was telling that story in a St. Louis church. At the end of the story I said, more for dramatic effect than anything else: "And does anybody in this audience think that my mother spent that fifty dollars on herself?"

I had asked that rhetorical question a dozen times in telling that story, never expecting and never receiving any answer to it; but that morning it was different. Suddenly a five-year-old boy who was sitting with his mother in that church popped up and in his shrill treble voice said, "No sir!"

His reply was as much of a surprise to that audience and to himself as it was to me. I stopped dead still in my sermon; the audience laughed and applauded; and the boy snuggled up to his own mother and wept. He had been so moved by my story that on a sudden impulse he had answered my rhetorical question. Then when he realized what he had done, and heard that audience laugh, he was so embarrassed that he wept.

So did the rest of us and it is safe to say that that Sunday morning audience has never forgotten that scene and that boy's "No sir!"

For that boy knew mothers. He knew with a child's intuition that my mother did not spend a cent of that fifty dollars on herself; that she never even thought of buying that new (Continued on page 61)



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Illustration  
By B. Rieger

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

JANUARY, 1940

By

Dr. Wm. L. STIDGER

Well known writer and philosopher, and star of *Getting The Most Out of Life*, heard on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Fleischmann's Yeast.

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■ Even today, when we children gather together for a family reunion, we always speak of this day as "Mother's Christmas."

# Second

*Second Husband* is brought to you in story form through the permission of Bayer Aspirin, sponsors of the radio serial heard every Tuesday evening over the CBS network.



Illustrated by Alex Redmond

Thursday, March 10th . . .

DEAR DIARY: I'm frightened. I tell myself people like Dick and Fran and I don't go to the poor-house. But I'm not too sure . . . I've worried about money before. But it used to be when I woke up at three o'clock in the morning that I would lose all my courage. Now, underneath, I'm frightened all the time.

It does no good to tell myself "Tomorrow is another day!" That's just what worries me. Tomorrow is another day. And bread and milk at least must be bought and Dick and Fran will ask for pennies. And there'll be scarcely enough for this in my bag. There won't be anything over for the rent.

Right now I owe two months rent for the store and our living quarters. No one seems to buy dresses any more. The girls in Thompsonville seem to have given up trying to look pretty for their sweethearts. And the wives here never have made it a point to be attractive when their husbands came home.

Today I could scarcely face Ben Porter. I knew he hated to ask me for money. Ben's as kind as he is gruff and just about the best friend the children and I have. But this building doesn't belong to him. He's only the agent for Grant Cummings. And men as rich as Cummings are supposed to want their pound of flesh *always!*

Friday, March 11th . . .

Maybe it's because Grant Cummings is in town that I'm more worried than I ever was before. He might very well go over the accounts with Ben and insist I pay up or get out. When he's right here on the spot he seems more of a menace than when he's in New York.

He doesn't look like a menace at all. I've been telling myself that ever since he came into the shop this morning looking for Ben. His eyes have little sun wrinkles around them. They're the kind of eyes I'd like Dick to have when he grows up, the kind of eyes men get when they live out of doors and play golf and swim and sail a boat. And his voice is strong but gentle too. It was his voice, strangely enough, that reminded me how lonely I am.

I should scratch that last sentence out. It smacks of self-pity and if there's one thing I loathe that is it. Besides I have no right to be lonely. I have Dick and Fran.

March 14th . . .

Grant Cummings has asked me to marry him! One thousand exclamation points should follow that announcement. He tells me, over and over,

# Husband

■ Beginning in intimate diary form,  
the vivid story of a young mother  
who thought it was no crime to love  
and marry again—based on the popular radio serial of the same name

■ Everything I say makes them resent Grant more—for they worship the memory of their real father!



that he fell in love with me in the same moment he came into my shop. And I believe him! Because in the same minute he was falling in love with me I was falling in love with him. That must be why I felt so insupportably lonely after he had gone.

Today Grant drove the children and me out to his ranch. After dinner Dick and Fran went to the corral. And Grant and I sat in his living-room by the big fire. Beyond the windows the Montana mountains shifted from rose to lavender and then they grew soft in the twilight. I've watched them change like this for years but tonight they were more beautiful than ever before. Tonight the whole world was more beautiful than ever before. . . .

*Grant Cummings has asked me to marry him!*

I have to keep saying it and writing it or I wouldn't believe it. He's asked me to marry him and he's waiting, impatiently, for my answer. He

knows what it will be and I know what it will be, but I did feel, as a matter of form, I should talk to the children first. All of which Grant understood. For their lives will be changed too. And we've played at being the Three Musketeers, all for one and one for all, for so long that I wouldn't hurt their feelings by failing to consult them about anything as important as this.

I can imagine how excited they will be about moving to New York and having summers here on Grant's ranch. I wanted to tell them all about it tonight but they were so exhausted I decided to wait until morning. We'll have a celebration breakfast, with pancakes.

Grant is so sweet, so dear. I didn't know men like him lived outside of story-books. And I never believed there really was such a thing as love at first sight. I've been a very stupid woman, it seems. . . .



■ Helen Menken plays Brenda Cummings in the drama, *Second Husband*, heard every Tuesday night on CBS.

Tuesday, the 15th . . .

Dick and Fran don't want me to marry Grant! They don't want to move to New York! They would rather live here over the store than live on his "old ranch."

At first I couldn't understand their reaction. Then, slowly, I realized they were jealous of him. They're afraid he will take me away.

"If you married him I wouldn't be head of our family any more," Dick said.

And Fran added, more quietly, "Somehow it just wouldn't be right for Mr. Cummings to be your husband but not our really and truly father."

I tried to talk to them, but everything I said made them resent Grant more, made them feel more intensely about him taking their father's place. They don't remember their father, for it's now six years—it doesn't seem possible—since he was burned to death in that automobile accident. But they worship the memory of him which I've given them.

I have to laugh—a little bitterly—when I think how hard I've tried to make Richard Williams seem a man of whom they could be proud . . . how I've talked only of his charm and never of his weakness which made him drink and kept us poor and finally caused his death.

I'm trapped by my own words . . . How can I tell Grant?

Later . . . Tuesday . . . I had another talk with Dick and Fran. It didn't seem right to per-

mit them to stand in the way of my happiness, and Grant's, and their own. For Grant made it clear that he wanted them to have everything he would give his own children.

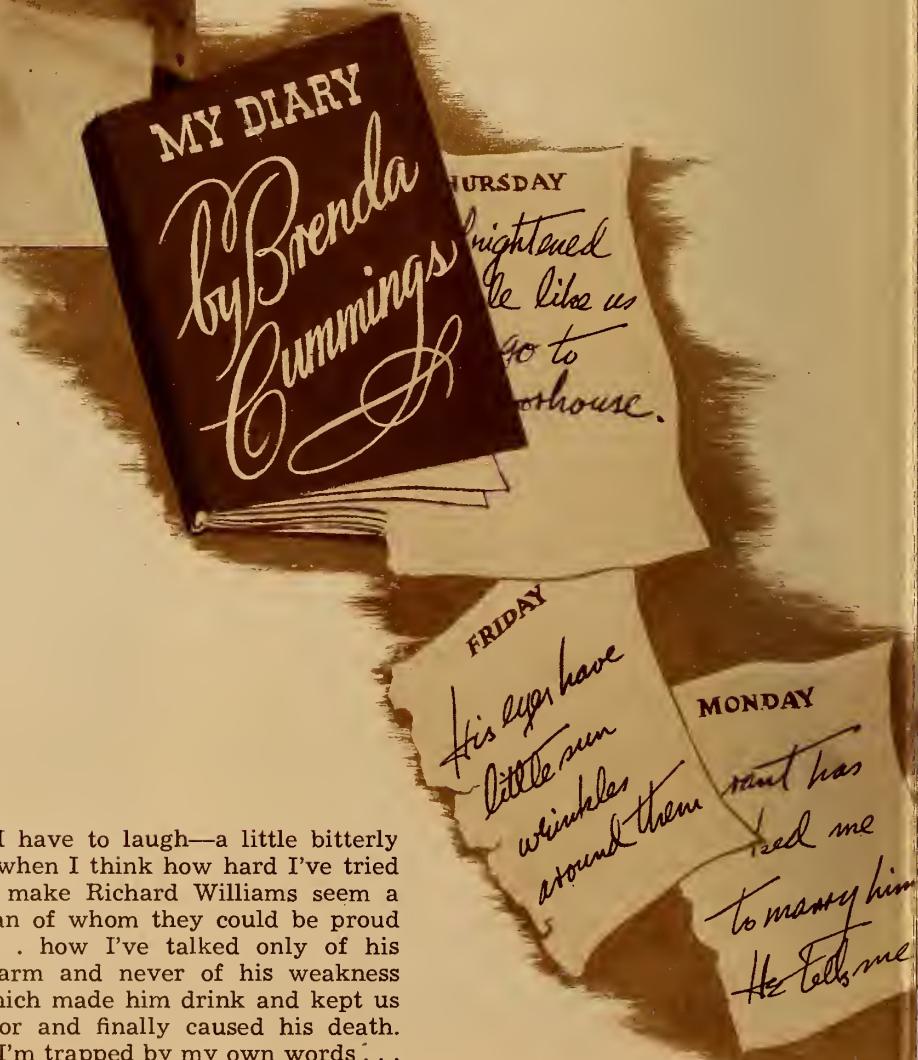
They were sweet. And when Fran caught sight of tears in my eyes she was almost frantic in her assurance that everything would be all right if I married Grant Cummings. She even swayed Dick.

But a minute ago I went in to see them in their beds. They were asleep with tears on their lashes. They reassured me, the blessed angels, and then cried themselves to sleep.

There's nothing I can do. Nothing! If I married Grant I'd always be tearing my heart in two, trying to give it to him and the children . . .

Wednesday . . .

I've told Grant I must stay here, without him. It took courage. He looked as if everything inside him that was young and warm and



hopeful had died. And I felt the way I felt years ago when Fran was a tiny baby and so close to dying that all the doctor could do was shake his head and pat me on the shoulder. That's the only other time I ever remember feeling smothered, as if unhappiness was suffocating me. . . .

Thursday . . .

Grant leaves tonight. He says he never will return to Montana. That means I'll never see him again. Which would be worse . . . To see him again and then watch him go away . . . Or never to see his crinkly blue eyes or hear his beautiful voice . . .

Dear, merciful God . . . Help a mother to be as brave as she should be!

Saturday, March 19th . . .

**G**RANT and I are going to be married!

It's a mad world and a beautiful world! We're on the train, bound for New York! The children are with us! Grant's room is just a car or two away and in a few minutes we're going into the diner! But I had to steal a few minutes while Fran and Dick are looking out the window at cowboys to make this entry.

Thursday night Ben Porter came over and told me Grant Cummings was practically penniless, that he had lost his fortune, been wiped out. And that he was returning to New York on the 11:05. This was more than I could bear. I jumped into Ben's Ford and tore to the station.

Instead of boarding the Special which had been flagged for him, Grant took me in his arms. The conductor of the Special was furious. He threatened to have Grant arrested for flagging the train needlessly. It was wonderful, just like the movies.

Dick and Fran know Grant has

lost his money and they're anxious to do what they can to make him happy too. Dick made one proviso—Grant isn't to be their father, but a friend.

There may be problems ahead. I suppose a woman with children who marries a second time must expect jealousy and other emotional difficulties. But I'm so strong in my new happiness that I know I can manage.

How stupid it is to give up hope—whatever happens! Life can spin around in one minute!

Wednesday, March 24th . . .

I'm Mrs. Grant Cummings!

And I'm rich, rich beyond the wildest dreams!

Grant didn't lose any money at all. That was Ben Porter's scheme to win me over to Grant's side. He told Grant I'd never risk the children's happiness because of anything Grant could do for me, but that I might very well risk it if I thought I could do something for him. . . .

I should be cross with Grant and Ben—who arrived yesterday and who is going to stay on in some capacity. But I forgive them and bless them.

The children are in ecstasy over the ponies they ride in the park, their suite of rooms with unbelievable toys and a piano and radio. And I'm so much in love with my husband that a red-headed woman I haven't seen in years smiles back at me from my mirror.

Grant is the darling of the world. He anticipates every little fear I have about running this house—which is more like a palace than anything else. And he showers me with gifts—AND LOVE!

Saturday, March 27th . . .

I must find friends for Dick and Fran. They're homesick for Montana and the boys and girls they have known all their lives. Poor

darlings, I've been so busy I've neglected them. Grant can't bear to have me away from his side when he is home. We're naturally out a great deal in the evening. And I must learn to manage this house even though Mimi Hale, a cousin of Grant's, seems eager to keep on with the responsibility. She is here every day.

I can't get over the kindness people have shown me. There's Mimi willing to run my home for me. And Kenneth Stevens, an old friend of Grant's, has been so nice that he's given me courage about meeting Grant's other friends. After all, I'm on the spot, so to speak . . . A little Montana dressmaker in the very midst of New York's social whirl . . .

April 12th . . .

I wonder if Ben Porter is right about Mimi Hale . . . He hasn't liked her from the first. In his outspoken way he's told me, point-blank, that she's a fox, and sly, and that if I treasure my happiness and Grant's love I must watch her. It seems she hoped to marry Grant. And Ben says she hasn't given up that hope . . .

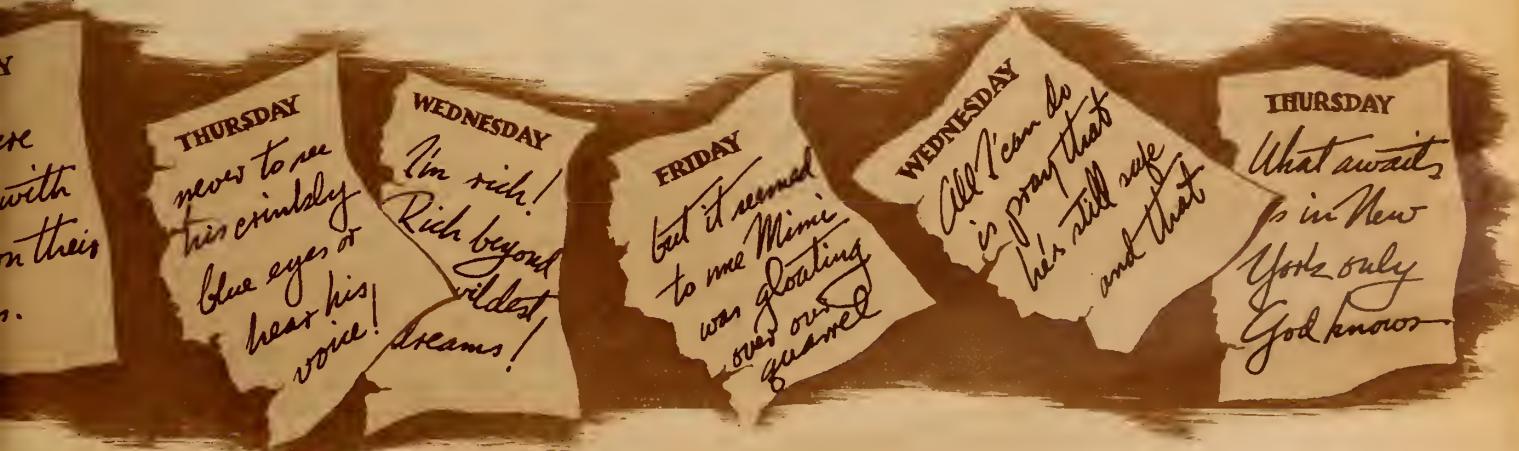
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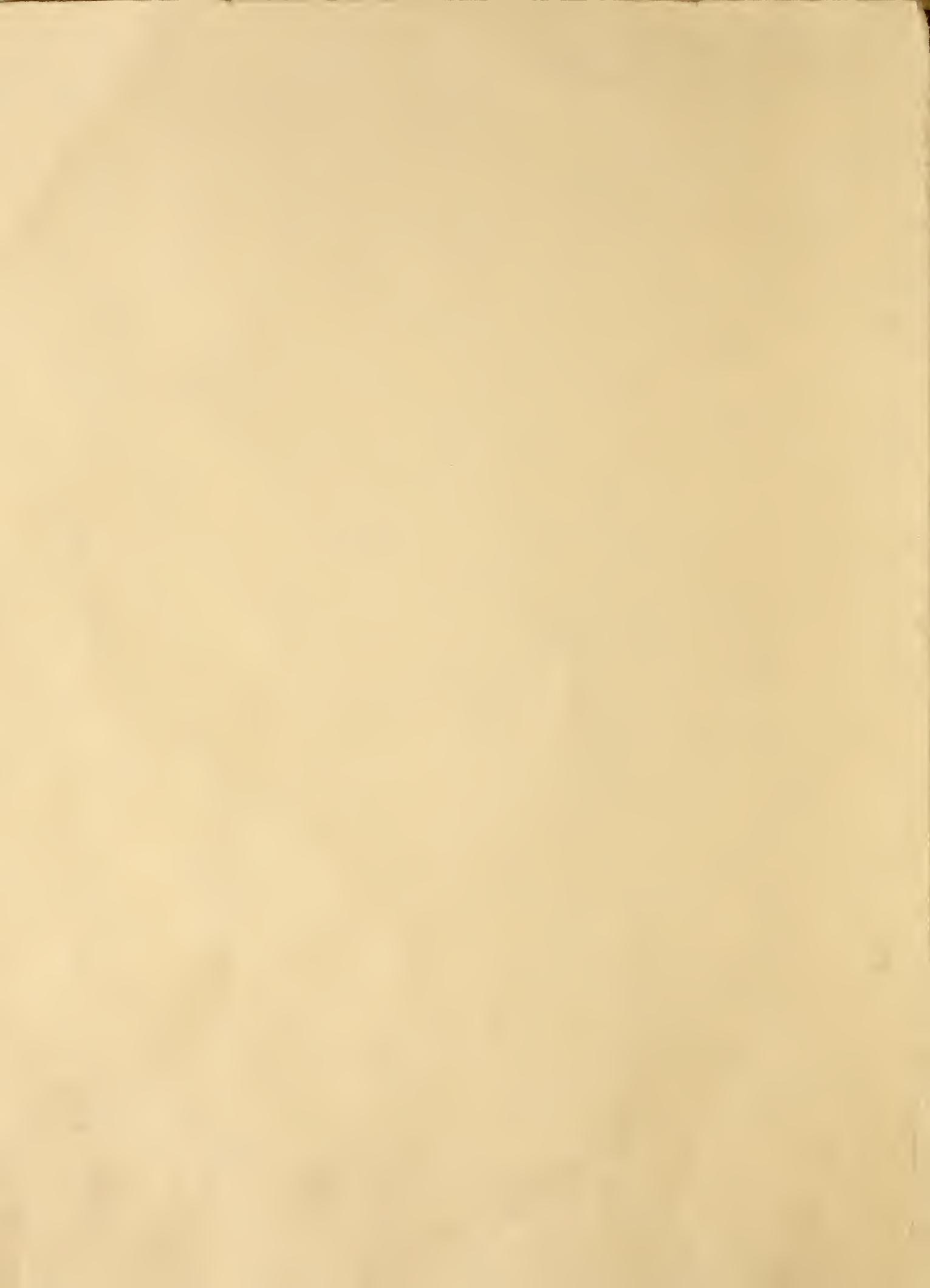
I PROMISED the children Grant and I would have dinner with them in their suite tonight. I ordered roast-beef because that's Dick's favorite food since he read it was Gary Cooper's. Gary Cooper is his idol of idols. And I ordered ice cream in flower moulds for Fran. Fran is feminine enough to like "fixings."

But Mimi reminded Grant that we must keep a dinner engagement.

I suppose I could have explained things to the children and gone with Grant. But I've left them alone so much lately and they're so homesick and I'm so afraid they will feel estranged from me and be hurt . . .

Mimi (Continued on page 65)







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Tuesday, the 15th . . .  
Dick and Fran don't want me to marry Grant! They don't want to move to New York! They would rather live here over the store than live on his "old ranch."

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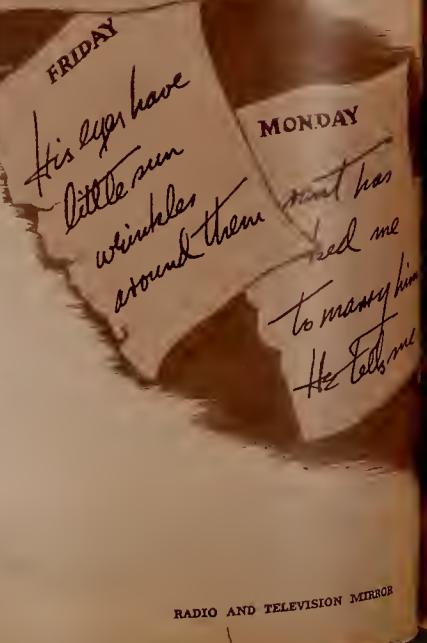
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Saturday, March 19th . . .

**G**RANT and I are going to be married!

It's a mad world and a beautiful world! We're on the train, bound for New York! The children are with us! Grant's room is just a car or two away and in a few minutes we're going into the diner! But I had to steal a few minutes while Fran and Dick are looking out the window at cowboys to make this entry.

Thursday night Ben Porter came over and told me Grant Cummings was practically penniless, that he had lost his fortune, been wiped out. And that he was returning to New York on the 11:05. This was more than I could bear. I jumped into Ben's Ford and tore to the station.

Instead of boarding the Special which had been flagged for him, Grant took me in his arms. The conductor of the Special was furious. He threatened to have Grant arrested for flagging the train needlessly. It was wonderful, just like the movies.

Dick and Fran know Grant has

lost his money and they're anxious to do what they can to make him happy too. Dick made one proviso—Grant isn't to be their father, but a friend.

There may be problems ahead. I suppose a woman with children who marries a second time must expect jealousy and other emotional difficulties. But I'm so strong in my new happiness that I know I can manage.

How stupid it is to give up hope—whatever happens! Life can spin around in one minute!

Wednesday, March 24th . . .

I'm Mrs. Grant Cummings!

And I'm rich, rich beyond the wildest dreams!

Grant didn't lose any money at all. That was Ben Porter's scheme to win me over to Grant's side. He told Grant I'd never risk the children's happiness because of anything Grant could do for me, but that I might very well risk it if I thought I could do something for him . . .

I should be cross with Grant and Ben—who arrived yesterday and who is going to stay on in some capacity. But I forgive them and bless them.

The children are in ecstasy over the ponies they ride in the park, their suite of rooms with unbelievable toys and a piano and radio. And I'm so much in love with my husband that a red-headed woman I haven't seen in years smiles back at me from my mirror.

Grant is the darling of the world. He anticipates every little fear I have about running this house—which is more like a palace than anything else. And he showers me with gifts—AND LOVE!

Saturday, March 27th . . .

I must find friends for Dick and Fran. They're homesick for Montana and the boys and girls they have known all their lives. Poor

darlings, I've been so busy I've neglected them. Grant can't bear to have me away from his side when he is home. We're naturally out a great deal in the evening. And I must learn to manage this house even though Mimi Hale, a cousin of Grant's, seems eager to keep on with the responsibility. She is here every day.

I can't get over the kindness people have shown me. There's Mimi willing to run my home for me. And Kenneth Stevens, an old friend of Grant's, has been so nice that he's given me courage about meeting Grant's other friends. After all, I'm on the spot, so to speak . . . A little Montana dressmaker in the very midst of New York's social whirl . . .

April 12th . . .

I wonder if Ben Porter is right about Mimi Hale . . . He hasn't liked her from the first. In his outspoken way he's told me, point-blank, that she's a fox, and sly, and that if I treasure my happiness and Grant's love I must watch her. It seems she hoped to marry Grant. And Ben says she hasn't given up that hope . . .

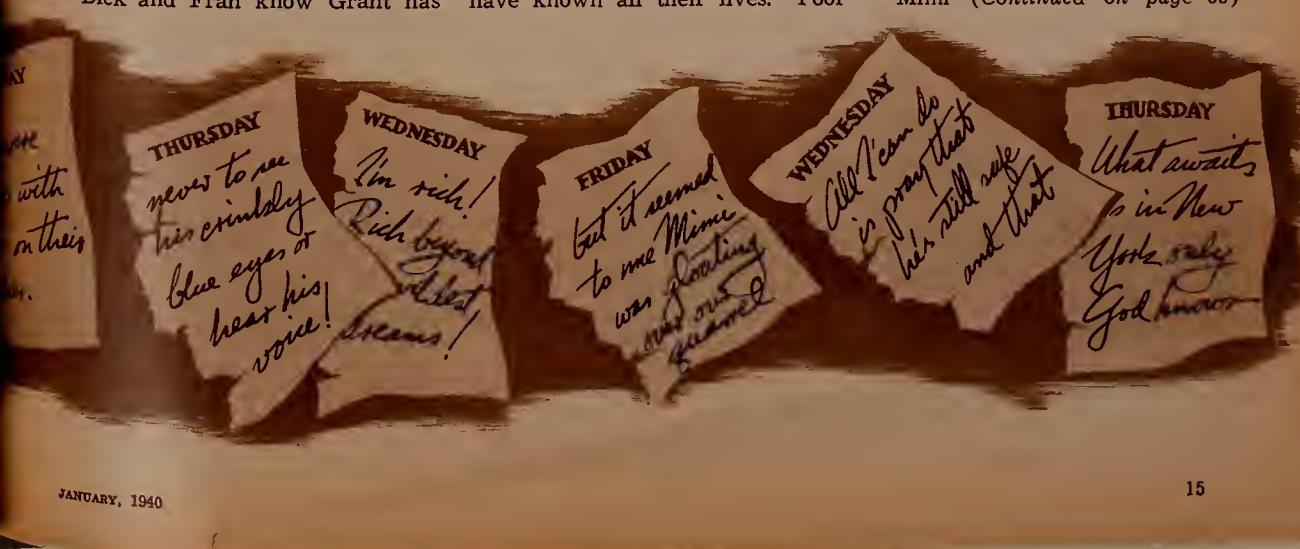
Friday, April 16th . . .

PROMISED the children Grant and I would have dinner with them in their suite tonight. I ordered roast-beef because that's Dick's favorite food since he read it was Gary Cooper's. Gary Cooper is his idol of idols. And I ordered ice cream in flower moulds for Fran. Fran is feminine enough to like "fixings."

But Mimi reminded Grant that we must keep a dinner engagement.

I suppose I could have explained things to the children and gone with Grant. But I've left them alone so much lately and they're so homesick and I'm so afraid they will feel estranged from me and be hurt . . .

Mimi (Continued on page 65)



# HENRY ALDRICH IS

By NORTON RUSSELL

THIS is really a very wicked story, because its only lesson is that the way of the transgressor is as easy as the dickens, and leads not only to a nice job every week on one of radio's top programs, but to romance as well. It points out the advantages of deception and of disobeying your parents. It will probably do a great deal of harm in respectable homes, where the young folks behave themselves and tell the truth and agree that Father (and even Mother sometimes) knows best.

The hero and heroine of this shocking story are Ezra Stone and Ann Lincoln, who play Henry and his sister Mary on that funniest of family serials, *The Aldrich Family*, heard Tuesday nights on NBC. I wouldn't want to bet a week's pay that they won't be Mr. and Mrs. Stone by the time you're opening up Aunt Hattie's Christmas present, because right now they're in love.

They've been in love ever since that day, a little more than a year ago, when an actor friend of Ezra's brought Ann up to him and said, "Ezra, I'd like to have you meet my niece."

Which was starting off on a low moral plane, because Ann wasn't the actor's niece at all. She was nothing but a nineteen-year-old girl from a small town in Maine, who had come to New York because she wanted to be a great actress. At the moment, she hadn't come any nearer to Broadway than the bargain-basement of a big department store.



■ Only twenty, and Ezra Stone is a radio and stage star, a producer's right-hand man and a dramatic teacher.

Ezra, on the other hand, at the age of twenty, was already a radio star, a famous dramatic producer's right-hand man, and a teacher at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He was important, a Somebody. Ann hoped he'd like her and help her to get a job, but she certainly never thought he'd upset her by deciding to fall in love. Or by being so nice that she'd fall in love with him too.

She'd sort of forgotten that even if Ezra was a big shot, he was, after all, only twenty, and just as susceptible as any other twenty-year-old to brown eyes and dusky hair and a special kind of innocence that doesn't, as a rule, grow along Broadway.

She didn't know that her own gallant determination to be an actress would strike an answering chord in Ezra's own heart. He knew

just how she felt. He, too, had wanted to be an actor when it seemed as if the whole world was against him.

Now is the time for what the movies call a flashback, because you've got to understand what sort of a kid this Ezra Stone is. It doesn't mean anything to say he's the current boy wonder of Broadway, astonishing everyone by his ability as actor, director, businessman and all-around showman. You have to go back to the stage-struck youngster in Philadelphia who was darned if he'd go to college.

Ezra's story must be the one to end all stories about boys who bucked parental opposition to go on the stage. As a child, he was the despair of his father, who had once been a chemistry professor. He hated school and wanted only to act on the stage and in radio, and he



It's the airways sweetest  
romance, but if Ann hadn't  
lied to Ezra about her name  
and if he hadn't disobeyed  
his parents about college—

■ First he changed Ann's name to Lincoln—and perhaps he'll soon be changing it again—to Mrs. Ezra Stone.

ended up by flunking his father's own subject—chemistry—in his last year of high school.

And so, then asked Ezra reasonably, why not forget college and send him to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York so he could learn to be an actor? For he'd already had enough experience in local theatrical projects to know how much he didn't know about acting; and the fame of the American Academy, which has turned out such distinguished alumni as Spencer Tracy and Jane Cowl, had mightily impressed him.

I T didn't impress his father. But Ezra was only fifteen—really a year too young for Yale—so after various arguments he won his point. He was sent to New York and the Academy on the understanding that he'd take only the junior course and

would then be tractable and enter college.

After the six-month junior course, however, the Academy took a hand in Ezra's future and invited him to remain for the senior course—an honor reserved for only fifty or so of the three hundred ambitious youngsters who each year enter the Academy. Frantically Ezra begged to stay, and once more his father consented.

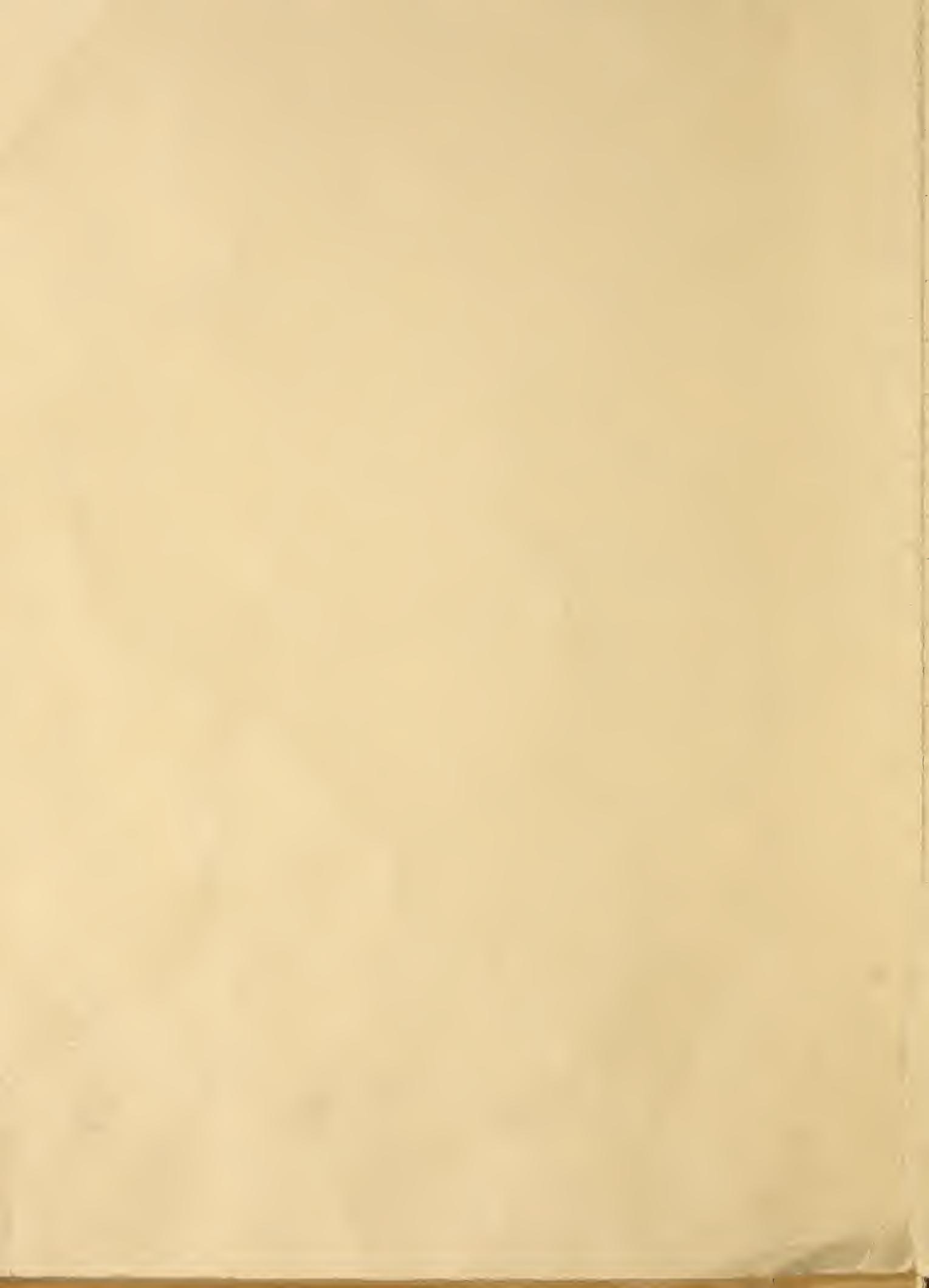
Even senior courses at the Academy can't go on forever, and in another six months the gates of Yale were opening wide to swallow one Ezra Stone. He was all packed, ready to leave Philadelphia for New Haven—when a telegram came from one of his former Academy teachers, now directing a Broadway revue, offering him a job. Well, his father reluctantly conceded, after Ezra had used up some oratory, all right.

The revue was a quick flop—so quick that by hurrying Ezra could still have entered college before registration closed. But before his father could get wind of the show's failure, he had scurried around Broadway and found a part in another production.

It flopped too.

Let's skip the gory details, but for a year Ezra was just one jump ahead of college. The worst of it was that every time he managed to get a tiny part in a play, the show would go to Philadelphia on a try-out tour. Sometimes it would even close there, leaving him stranded right in the clutches of his college-minded family. That made it tough, but always, just in the nick of time, he would manage to find another job until at last he made the connection with George Abbott, one of New York's most successful producers, which led to stardom as Henry Aldrich in the play, "What a Life." And "What a Life," of course, led just as naturally to The Aldrich Family on the air.

He was playing Henry on the stage and in radio (on Kate Smith's program) when Ann Lincoln met him. Ann just wasn't getting anywhere. The only stage experience she'd ever had was in high school dramatics, and when she told this to managers and theatrical agents they had trouble concealing their pitying smiles. She finally found herself a job in a department store, but here it was November and the theatrical season was in full swing and she (Continued on page 72)





By NORTON RUSSELL

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Mytyl and Tyltyl find a thrush which they intend to keep for a pet.



Mytyl crossly refuses to give the bird to the sick girl next door.



At home, their father has received word he must go off to the war.



# Shirley's Christmas Present

■ It's the very first radio acting of her life—  
you'll hear her on December 24—in a story that's  
one of the sweetest and most inspiring ever told



Home again, Mytyl finds that her own thrush has turned into a blue bird, and she gives it happily to her little neighbor.

AT last Shirley Temple is going to act on the air—and, appropriately, Christmas Eve and the Screen Actors Guild program mark her debut. You'll hear her on CBS at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T., in a radio version of her new 20th Century-Fox picture, "The Blue Bird."

Here RADIO MIRROR presents a picture preview of the broadcast with scenes (reading clockwise from the one above) from the movie, in which Shirley plays Mytyl, with Johnny Russell as Tyltyl, Spring Byington and Russell Hicks as her

father and mother, Sybil Jason as the little girl next door, and Gale Sondergaard and Eddie Collins as the Cat and Dog. For the first time, Shirley plays a mean little girl, dissatisfied with her life. One Christmas Eve Fairy Berylune appears and says if the children can find the blue bird they'll always be happy. After many adventures, they return home dispirited at their failure, to find that their own dingy thrush has turned into a beautiful blue bird—proving that happiness is right at home all the time.



Even in the Land of Luxury they fail to find the blue bird.

That night, Fairy Berylune sends the children to seek the blue bird.

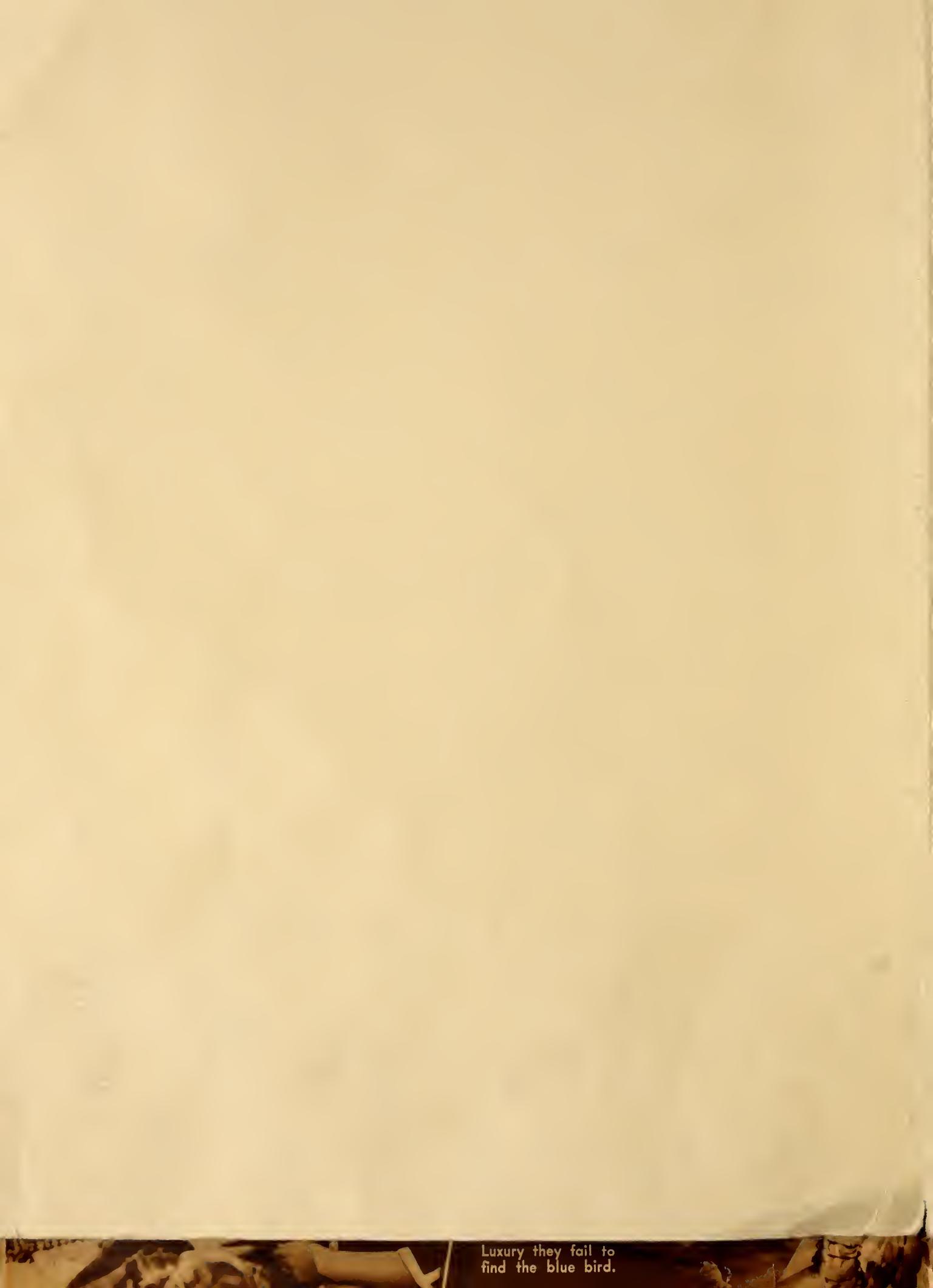
To accompany them she changes the dog and cat into human form.

Led by the beautiful fairy, Light, they set forth on their journey.

The wicked Cat first takes them into a dark and gloomy grave-yard.

There they find their dead grandparents who live again through love.

RADIO'S  
PHOTO-  
MIRROR



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PHOTO-  
MIRROR

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# It's the

A loud and hearty *boo* is the answer of Elizabeth

THIS is the season when all across the nation, eager ladies are thinking of necklines and waistlines, of the frills which winter will bring, while their husbands are thinking of the bills which winter will bring too.

Here in New York, nearer to Europe than most of the country, there are strange stories being told, news from the old world that old styles are coming back, news of bustles and laces and corsets stiff with whalebone.

To the ladies—who may yet wear such things; to the men—who will suffer just as much—this is news of grave import.

Now to tell us the truth about this year's fashions, comes Bob Trout to interview Elizabeth Hawes on his CBS Time to Shine program, sponsored by Griffin Allwite. Miss Hawes is famous in New York for her dress designs, famous throughout the nation for her book called "Fashion is Spinach."

"Miss Hawes," says Bob, "what do you think of the new fashions?"

"How would it be if I started out by saying that all this talk of bustles and corsets coming back is *just plain bunk*? Because, although fashions come in cycles, and about every fourteen years the same old things reappear, still, over the years,

■ Elizabeth Hawes' recipe for being well dressed: forget extreme style dictates and buy clothes that are right for you. And she proves her point in this coppery satin evening dress Bea Wain wears.



■ There's nothing fantastic about these two Hawes outfits. Left, Bea Wain in a plaid tweed suit; right, Helen Ward, Bob Crosby's singer, wears a soft wool suit and turban with an amusing novelty handbag.

# Bunk!

## Hawes, famed stylist, to today's trick fashions

the entire trend is toward sensible comfort. Anything that interrupts that trend is artificial, false, no good. Take the hats!"

"I wish I could, Miss Hawes—I wish I could throw them all away, or do something with them."

"Nobody has to do anything with them. Trick hats are on their way out, thank goodness. And, also, it won't be long before you've seen the last of those shoes with no backs and no toes."

"Miss Hawes, you're wonderful. I knew you were the women's style authority, but I didn't know you were the husband's friend."

"Of course I am! I say the family

clothes budget should be split fifty-fifty between husband and wife."

"Yes, but in the average family, would a wife be well dressed on a fifty-fifty budget?"

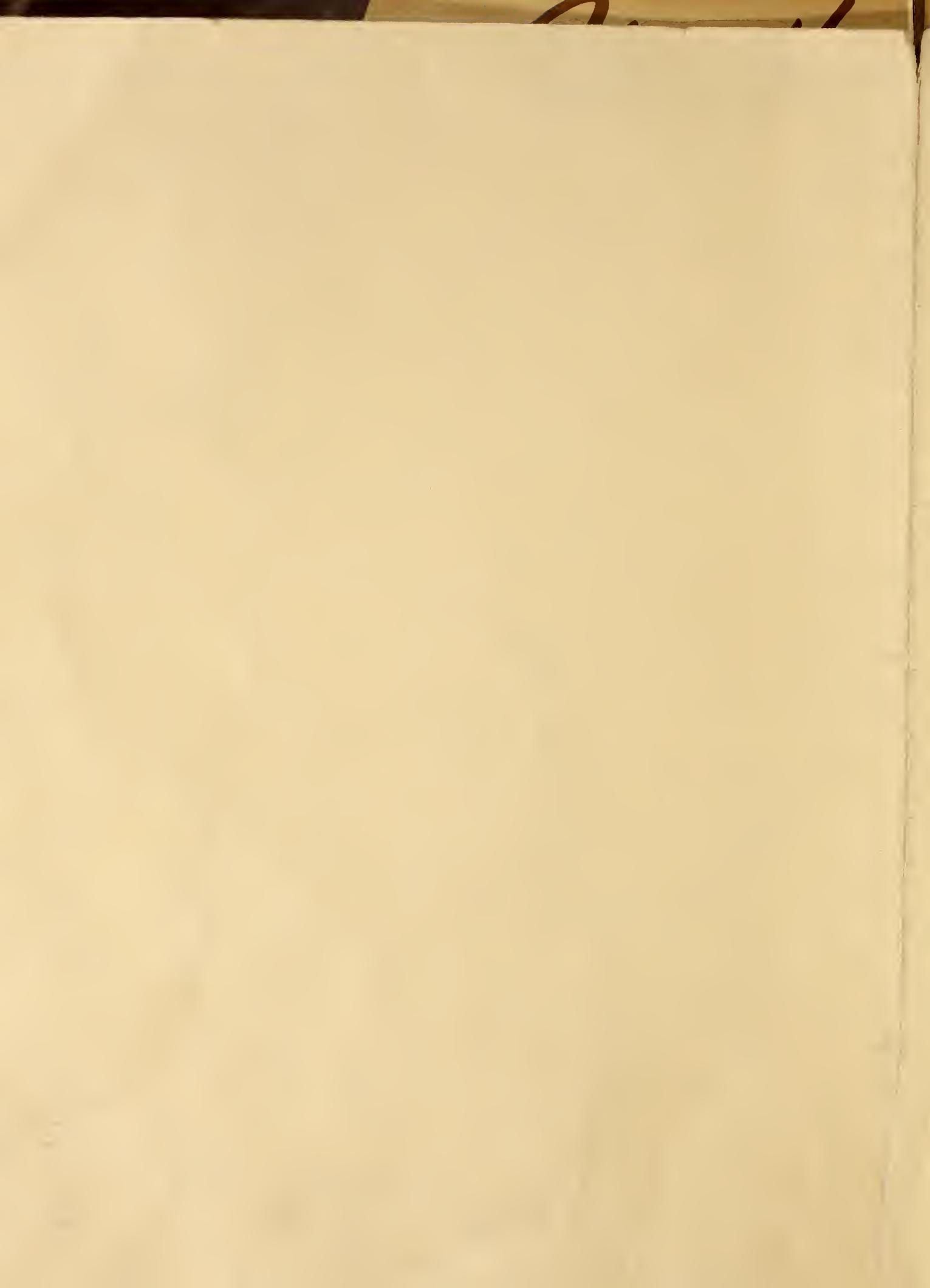
"Mr. Trout, any modern woman can be well dressed at any price as long as she can afford one set of clothes. Recently, I made an experiment about the cost of women's clothes. I carefully checked the prices of three different women's outfits. The first belonged to an opera singer whose clothes on that particular day cost more than \$200. The second girl I checked was a photographer's model, and she'd paid \$125 (Continued on page 64)

■ Nor has the budget anything to do with being well dressed, says Miss Hawes. Below, Helen Ward in a black camel's wool coat whose lynx cuffs serve as a muff, and in a jumper dress and sweater.



■ "Lucifer in Starlight" is the romantic name of Bea's bouffant black tulle evening gown. But no matter what it's called, Miss Hawes points out, it will be just as stylish next year as it is now.

Photos by John Schuts, CBS



# To the Bunk!

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Photos by John Schulz, CBS



# Woman in Love

■ "Be sure your sins will find you out"—but must the past rise up once more to bar Tamara from finding a new happiness in life?

Continuing a compelling novel of lost innocence:

by  
Kathleen  
Norris

FIVE years in a convent school were poor defense for Tamara Todhunter when she met Mayne Mallory, handsome, unprincipled film actor. To her dazzled eyes, he symbolized everything she hated in her own life. Instead of the shoddy, catch-as-catch-can existence in her mother's apartment, Mayne offered—or seemed to offer—glamour and romance and beauty. Only afterwards did she realize what an easy conquest she had been for him. A few strings to pull—and he had secured a job for her in the San Francisco theatrical company where he was playing a guest-starring engagement. A few more strings—and she went with the company on its brief tour of the state. But then Mayne went back to Hollywood and his picture work, leaving Tamara with her old life—the same old life, only so much worse now because of the shame that she must carry with her. In a few months she realized that she was to have a child. No help could be expected from her mother or sister or brother, all intent on their own affairs, and Tam was in the lowest depths of hopelessness when she met the Mother Superior of her old convent, in San Francisco for a brief visit. Mother Laurence helped her by sending her to an old friend, Mary Hutton, who lived on a farm south of San Francisco. Mrs. Hutton took Tam into her home, spreading the story that she was her own nephew's wife, and in the days that followed the girl regained some of the pride and self-respect she thought had been lost. When the baby came—a girl—she named it Mary, after Mrs. Hutton.

N THE end, it was the stage to which Tam returned, leaving little Mary behind, with Mary Hutton.

It was luck, and luck alone, which led her back to the theater. She had

not been back in San Francisco two weeks when she was given a part with the Peter Willey Company, and after that she played parts under Willey's management for six or seven years. It was not especially exciting; the plays Willey put on were all old and seasoned, but the company itself was like some fine old windjammer steadily sailing the agitated seas of the theater; its stout manager said himself that he never played anything but winners, and Tamara thought herself extremely lucky to get on board.

Month after month, year after year, she went steadily about her business. Men followed her about; some of them fine, some not; it made little difference. She was only

■ Kathleen Norris is the first nationally famous writer to have her works brought to radio listeners as a daily serial program. "Woman in Love" can be heard Monday through Friday over the CBS network, at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by General Mills. So that you may read this stirring drama of love, as well as hear it, Radio Mirror presents the story in its original novel form.

vaguely aware of their existence. She and her mother had a small apartment in Pine Street. Lance was serving a term in jail for misappropriation of funds. Coral, after having threatened him with breach of promise proceedings, had married her friend Arnold French and had gone off with him to Europe. Willette was the same as ever. She sometimes cried over Lance, but not often. Tamara was gentle with her; she herself was too busy, too grateful for work and happiness, to be anything but generous.

Happiness—yes, it had come back. She was happy again; the taste of life was good. And every Saturday night after the play, she went down to Belmont to be with Mary. When anyone in the theater asked her where she spent her Sundays she answered truthfully, "At a sort of rest cure." To her mother she said that she liked Mrs. Hutton, and Mrs. Hutton's little granddaughter was a darling.

Between the theater, the apartment, and the old house down among the low Belmont hills, Tam's entire interest lay and her entire time was spent. She never accepted an invitation or wanted anything more. Her work and her books and the secret garden to which she escaped for every moment of leisure were all her world. For seven years . . .

"Tam, why won't you marry me?" asked George Davis.

"I have to see a man twice before I will marry him, George," Tam said, busy with make-up.

"You've seen me four times," he said.

"And I've known you five days." "I like your air of flustered feminine evasiveness, Tam. It seems to indicate that you are beginning to care—that way."

Tam studied her reflection in the mirror thoughtfully, pushed a smooth wave of hair into place. She

■ Tears blinded Tamara's eyes as she saw mother and son meet . . . heard the one thick cry: "Bunny! My little boy!"



Illustration by Carl Mueller

glanced at a clock. "I guess the curtain's late tonight," she said.

"Why won't you marry me?" he asked again, stubbornly sticking to first principles.

"You might be a good husband for some woman," Tam conceded with a speculative glance.

"Only for you. I'll go straight to the dogs if you don't at least say you like me," the man said.

"The dogs have probably been missing you," Tam suggested.

"You're right," George said, with a little laugh not quite pleased. "But how you know it I don't know."

Tamara, facing him again, answered seriously, "If you really don't know—that seems to me the worst of all."

In the littered hot dressing room the lights were very bright. They piteously revealed the man who faced her. He was still young, perhaps in his early thirties, he might have been handsome if his face had

not been marked so deep with dissipation. It was an intelligent, even aristocratic face, with a once-white skin and black eyes, a wide mouth, and deep eye sockets under waves of thick black hair. He was a lawyer—the politician type of lawyer—witty, clever, eloquent. Pete Willey had told her that George Davis could have been anything he liked, if it were not for alcohol and roulette tables and dicing and races and all the other things that usually

dragged a man of his type to destruction, and Tam could read a confirmation of it in his disorderly dress and blotched complexion, his hoarse voice and careless manners. And yet there was something likable about him, fine in him, even now. At the Willeys' anniversary dinner, where she had met him five days ago, she and George Davis had had one of the most refreshing conversations she had ever had with any man. Before, that is, he had drunk too much.

He took a hurt, lofty tone now. "Listen—don't talk about me as if I were a lost soul. A little drinking and a few bets on the ponies aren't such a crime. When you say that the dogs have probably been missing me, I suppose you're trying to indicate that I've already gone to the dogs. Where'd you get that idea? I work darned hard, when I do work. There's nothing the matter with me!"

"If you don't really think there is," Tamara repeated seriously, "then that seems to me the worst of all."

"I'm in very bad shape, is that it?"

"Well, I don't know," Tamara said, busy with a comb. "I think you're unhappy; that's always bad. You told me yesterday you were ambitious; you want to get on; to run for the Senate. You're certainly going about it—" she hesitated—"in a funny way!"

"Does it occur to you that that sounds at all smug?" he asked.

"Yes, it does," Tamara confessed, unperturbed. "But you invited it. You asked me—I don't know how serious you were—but you asked me to marry you. I'm not going to marry anyone, as it happens. But if I were—"

"It wouldn't be a man like me," he supplied. Tamara turned about to face him over the back of the dressing-table chair.

"That's the worst of it!" she said. "It would. It might. You say I'm smug. God knows I haven't got much to be smug about! I'm a second-rate actress in a completely unimportant city, theatrically speaking. I'll never be anything else, and I don't want to be. I've no pride. I've no ambition. You have! You can talk with anyone; you can do anything. You could build yourself a life I couldn't touch—a home with gardens and—and distinguished people coming there, and a library—everything. I couldn't. You're a college man and an aristocrat, and I'm nothing! I was born of cheap theatrical people and I'll never be anything else. You make me tired!"

Fired almost to tears by her own

## HOBBIES IN THE WHITE HOUSE



By Eleanor Roosevelt

**F**IRST I'd like to tell you something about the President's hobbies. He has one main hobby—that is collecting anything which has to do with the American Navy. He's collected prints and models of ships and letters and books and I think that he must have almost one of the best collections in the country that deals with our own Navy. He even has caricatures.

But of course, everybody knows that he collects stamps. That collection began with his Grandmother Delano, who gave her collection to my husband's mother and she gave it to her small boy.

Then I suppose you might call fishing a hobby because he likes it very well. And, of course, he has one other hobby. He likes birds. We always tease him because he can't recognize his friends across the street—he's very short-sighted—but he can tell me any bird at any distance anywhere.

Now, as to the rest of the family, I think, perhaps, my daughter's hobbies might be called her job and her children. James collects historical books. Elliott likes ranching and cattle-raising. Franklin, Junior—well, he's going to be a lawyer so perhaps his hobby is a good one. He likes to argue. He'll argue about anything on any side of the subject. And Johnnie, he likes to ride and then, I think perhaps he's my most conscientious child about doing his job and doing it well.

As for myself, well, I don't think I have many hobbies. When you live in a house with someone who has a good many, you can't afford to have many yourself. The house gets cluttered up. And so we'll say that mine is writing and meeting people.

(Broadcast on the Hobby Lobby program, sponsored by Fels Naptha Soap, now heard on CBS Sunday afternoon.)

eloquence and its childish conclusion, she turned back to the mirror, and there was a long silence in the room. George, who once or twice made a movement to interrupt her, was lost in amazement now, and only sat staring.

"You're the most remarkable woman I've ever met," he said presently.

"Thanks," Tamara said coldly. "There's my call!" And was gone.

It was some twenty minutes later that, coming back through the confusion of wings and sets, she was stopped by a stagehand holding out a man's old-fashioned gold watch on a fob.

"Miss Todhunter, did you drop this?"

Tam took it, turned it about.

"No, where'd you find it?"

"Here on the floor."

"Have you opened the back?" Tam said. "Sometimes there's a monogram."

The man with a dirty split fingernail pried open the back of the watch; there was a picture there. Tam held it to the light. Under her make-up the color drained from her face.

"I know whose it is," she said. "Yes, I'll take it. It belongs to—I know—I'll take it. Thanks, Joe."

She snapped it shut, walked toward her dressing room. There was a trunk standing in the passage behind the wings, and for a dizzy moment Tamara sat down on it—breathing hard.

"I don't believe it!" she said aloud.

When she reached her dressing room, George Davis was still there, sitting just as she had left him, staring moodily into space.

"I know damn well I'm not the sort of man you like," he said, looking up.

"Have you been brooding on that?" Tamara smiled at him. He got to his feet, he and she were close together, and she looked up into his eyes with an odd look in her own.

"I like you," he said. "I guess everyone does. But I know I'd never have a chance with you!"

Tam's eyes did not stir from his.

"Then why don't you make yourself into the kind of man I like?" she breathed.

"What are you getting at?" George's hands were like a vise on her shoulders.

"Oh, wait!" She freed herself with an abrupt jerk, displayed the watch that was still in her hand. "Isn't that yours?"

"Yep." He took it indifferently, disappointed by her change of mood. "My mother gave me that—I must have laid it somewhere and forgotten to (Continued on page 58)

RADIO MIRROR'S PREVIEW OF A HIT!



*ONCE IN A DREAM*

WORDS AND MUSIC  
BY SAMMY KAYE...

Copyright 1939, by Sammy Kaye, New York



# ONCE IN A DREAM

WORDS AND MUSIC BY SAMMY KAYE

■ Still another in Radio Mirror's parade of hit tunes!  
It's a new romantic ballad written for you by "Swing and Sway" Sammy Kaye—tune in and hear him play it on the air

Copyright 1939, by Sammy Kaye, New York

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff shows a vocal line with lyrics: "Once in a dream — your vis - ion came ta me — Once in a dream —". The middle staff shows a vocal line with lyrics: "af you — There in my dreams — I knew it". The bottom staff shows a vocal line with lyrics: "had to be — This dream of you — must come true —". The music includes various dynamics (e.g., forte, piano), rests, and grace notes. The tempo is marked as 3/4 time throughout.

I searched ev - ry where ev - ry place  
 And

then when I saw your sweet face I knew that you were my love —

and in re - al - i - ty You are the girl in my

dream — I — II —

# FATE'S BAD BOY

## THE ROMANTIC STORY OF ORSON WELLES' IMPETUOUS LOVE

THEY stood there, backstage at the theater, locked in each other's arms. Virginia in her long velvet Juliet gown; Orson Welles in Romeo's doublet and hose. It had all been so sudden, this realization that they loved each other. For up until that moment, when she had tripped and almost fallen, Virginia had been no more than a playmate to Orson—someone it was fun to be with. Now, suddenly, he was blurting out thoughts he'd hardly known were in his mind. Asking her to marry him.

Virginia did not say a word. It was a long time before he realized she was crying. Then she turned her head away and said:

"Oh—Orson. I want to—but I can't."

For a long moment he stood looking at her. Then his hands dropped to his sides. His voice came harshly.

"But Virginia—why not?"

Her cheeks flamed. "It's just that—I promised my family I wouldn't fall in love with you. Mother—asked me last night—and I—I promised I wouldn't."

"But why, Virginia—why?"

"Because—" her voice was a frantic whisper now. In a few moments the curtain would rise upon another scene. "Oh, Orson, it's because they don't want me to marry an actor. They—they want me to make my debut, and be—rich—and . . . oh, I can't explain."

Her voice broke into a little sob, and without another word she turned from him, and ran into the shadows.

He stood there looking after her, too dazed, for a moment, to move. Then hurt gave way to anger—and anger to a fierce determination. So that was it. They did not want their little Virginia to marry an actor. They wanted her to marry society instead. Well—he would show them.

He loved Virginia more than anything in the world. He knew it now. An hour ago, she had been a dream, a lovely girl he enjoyed being with. Now she was a woman, who might be taken from him. She was his destiny, and he must fight for her.

By LUCILLE FLETCHER

All the other things he had fought for—success in the theater, adventure, the chance and the ability to express himself—all these things were suddenly unimportant. His vivid and checkered career, up to this moment, now seemed shoddy and fruitless. For what had he gone charging off to Ireland, to Africa, to the ends of the earth, when he should have been at home, working to create the self that Virginia would be proud to marry?

Tall, and a little overgrown in his Romeo's costume, he stood there backstage, feeling resolution harden in his mind. From somewhere the whisper came: "Curtain going up in five minutes!" He walked quickly to his dressing-room, changed his clothes, hurried back to the wings. He went through the play, outwardly absorbed.

That night, he drove Virginia out in the old jalopy to a place where

they could be alone. And he told of his decision.

"Virginia—if you love me, you'll have to break with them all. You'll have to marry me now, and come with me to New York. We'll start life over again—by ourselves."

Virginia's young face was very white and still in the moonlight. She trembled against him.

"Oh, Orson," she said. "I'm afraid."

"Why?" he asked. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No. But I'm afraid they'll be angry with me. I love them, and I wouldn't want to hurt them. And Mother says she's only doing it for my own good. She—she said she didn't want me to be poor or unhappy—ever. . . ."

"So she thinks you'll be poor and unhappy with me?"

"No, Orson, no!" Afraid to hurt him, Virginia denied what she knew was the truth.

"And what about you? Do you believe in me, Virginia?"

"Yes, Orson, you know I do. With all my heart."

"Then that's all that matters. Come. We can be married and leave for New York tomorrow!"

But poor little 19-year-old Virginia was too frightened by the idea. The suddenness of it, she said. The shock. He pleaded with her, argued with her, but still she held firm. "No," she insisted. "I'll go, but not so soon. Wait—wait till this fall—a little while—until I make my debut. Then I'll come."

"You'll never come if you don't come now!" Orson insisted gloomily. But he promised to bide his time. They made plans. He would go to New York and find a wonderful job in the theater. A glamorous, glittering successful role that would impress her family beyond a doubt. She would stay in Chicago and make her debut. Then at the psychological time, he would fly back from New York, the knight in shining armor, and whisk her away for good.

But somehow things didn't work out that way, when he reached New York. Somehow, when he got back



■ A lovely family portrait—  
The Orson Welles' pose with  
their newly-born baby girl.



to Broadway, the idea of a glittering glamorous role seemed a bit off the track. He was full of his little theater in Woodstock. And one night, just a few days after he'd arrived, a man he'd met backstage with the Cornell troupe, asked him if he'd like to do something experimental and new on Broadway.

The man was John Houseman, who had gained fame for his sensational production of Gertrude

■ Orson Welles has everything now, but his daughter Christopher Marlowe is his greatest delight.

Stein's opera "Four Saints in Three Acts." He'd seen the manuscript of a play called "Panic," he said, by the poet, Archibald MacLeish. An altogether different kind of play. Poetic. Real. True to the times. A play of shadows and angry crowds and brutal faces. A play that should

be produced—even if it were only for a night. Houseman had enough money for a three-night run. Would Orson come in with him as co-producer? Orson didn't hesitate. He shook hands with Houseman, talked excitedly with him until dawn—and it was a deal.

What did glamour and glitter matter compared to this new alive thing that one could shape with one's hands and voice and brain? He

sat down and wrote Virginia a letter.

"I'm sorry, Virginia—but you simply must try to understand. I've found the chance I've been waiting for. I'm afraid I won't get back to Chicago now. It seems to me that your place is with me in New York. I want you to share this wonderful thing. I've got a job for you, Virginia—a job as assistant stage-manager in 'Panic'. Will you come?"

**S**HE arrived on Christmas Day—just a few days before "Panic" opened. A blonde wisp of a girl with expensive luggage, shivering in spite of her fur coat and her saucy little fur hat. She was frightened as she stood there in Grand Central station.

They were married at once. There wasn't any honeymoon. No time for that with "Panic" opening. In true bridegroom spirit Orson hired a furnished suite in the best hotel in town—and they moved in there. He didn't have more than one hundred dollars in his pocket.

There was the thrill of those three nights when "Panic" surpassed his wildest dreams—the thrill of seeing the MacLeish manuscript translated into terms of living theater—and the incredible joy of having Virginia always there.

Two weeks later, still in a daze, he and Virginia were sitting in their palatial suite, when a knock came at the door. Orson went to answer it. A suave man with striped trousers and pomaded hair entered. In his hand he held the hotel bill, a week overdue. And Orson had no money with which to pay it.

Until that moment, Virginia hadn't known they were so near to poverty. When the suave hotel man had retreated, taking with him Orson's promise to depart that very night and leave his baggage behind, she looked at her husband, white-faced. He went to her, put his arms around her, tried to comfort her. But she was shaking with fear.

With a sickening realization he remembered the night of "Romeo and Juliet." And Virginia's words. Poor and unhappy. Her family had said that. And a failure. He remembered his own angry defiance. And now—at the very beginning of their married life—he had fulfilled every one of their predictions.

They slept that night on a day bed in a friend's Greenwich Village apartment. And next morning—art or no art—Orson set out to find himself a job.

There weren't any, of course, on Broadway. The season was well along, and nobody was producing any new plays. Not even his good

friend Katharine Cornell. But he had to find something. Day after day went by, and every night he went home to Virginia, empty-handed—home to the over-crowded apartment of his friends. Virginia couldn't stand it any longer.

"I'll look for a job too," she said, and together they trudged up and down Broadway, the tall shaggy boy, and the pretty frail girl in her expensive clothes. Pretty soon there were no expensive clothes. Virginia pawned her muff, her fur scarf, and then her pretty dresses, one by one, for food and carfare and new soles for their shoes.

It was the most painful winter of Orson's life. And yet in a way the happiest. For after that first shock of terror when she discovered that all their money was gone, Virginia

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**It's authoritative!**  
**It will help you to**  
**find fame and riches!**  
**Read How to Sing For**  
**Money, by Deanna**  
**Durbin's vocal coach**  
**—coming next month**

did not fail him.

Finally Orson got a job.

It wasn't much of a job. His old friend, the Chippewa radio actor, told him about it. Just yelling "Walla-walla" over and over again as an extra in a radio mob. But it paid \$10 for the rehearsal and broadcast.

The next day on the strength of that ten dollars, they moved into a room on the ground floor of an old brownstone house on 14th Street. But it had a chipped marble fireplace, high ceilings, an air of old-world elegance. And to add to their happiness, Orson got another part on the air.

"You wait and see," he promised, as they went shopping for a red-checked tablecloth, a dish-pan and a set of dishes. "We're going to save money. No more insecurity."

But after the first few days of thrift, the money seemed to burn a hole in his pocket again. When he got his first real role on the air, he earned \$50 in one gulp—and spent it all on a spaniel puppy for Vir-

ginia. She still didn't have a good dress to her name.

But somehow they muddled on. Somehow they got along, helping, teaching each other. And finally, they were able to move to a little better place—a Greenwich Village studio apartment, where they had their own furniture.

How happy they were in that little flat. Orson was on the air regularly now—reading poetry, acting in radio shows, and there was money coming in. They bought an old car, and went off to the country on week-ends. They entertained their friends. They dreamed of having a baby.

And then, one night, the vision popped up again. The temptation Orson had been trying to forget. John Houseman dropped in to see him, and told him there was a chance to do another experimental play—for the W. P. A. Federal Theater Project.

Houseman had a Negro group in Harlem—actors, all of them—on the W. P. A. With Negroes one could do something wonderfully exotic—something that would stir the blood. He painted exciting pictures—dreams like the ones he had once conjured up about "Panic." Orson sat there, his head down. He would not look at Virginia. But he was thinking, remembering the dread that had once come into her eyes.

Finally he said:

"I'm sorry, John. It—it sounds grand, but I can't make it."

There was a long pause. Then, quite unexpectedly a shy voice came out of the shadows. Virginia's voice.

**O**RSON, if you're turning down John's offer for me, I'll go away forever. Please, Orson, I want you to take this job. It's a chance of a lifetime. You must, Orson, you must!"

The two men turned to look at her, in amazement. She came forward, rising out of her chair, a thin, childish figure, her face strangely alight.

"Please, Orson, don't you remember? The things you told me about doing Shakespeare? Well—here's your chance—to do Shakespeare. Only in a different way. Orson—please. Why don't you do Shakespeare with an all-Negro cast? It's never been done before. Why don't you do 'Macbeth,' Orson—and—and lay the scene in Haiti? And—and—"

She stopped, too carried away to go on. But, sitting there in that Greenwich Village living-room, Orson and John Houseman knew—somehow—(Continued on page 52)

Paramount

He smokes bigger cigars than Jack Benny and owns a sportier car—read the not-so-private life of Sunday's big laughter-provoker

# ROCHESTER VAN JONES RIDES HIGH . . .

F A black cloud threatens the private and professional prestige of radio's number one playboy, Jack Benny—his name is Eddie Anderson, alias Rochester J. Syracuse, alias Rochester Van Jones, alias just Rochester.

He's small and he's dark and he's not a bit handsome. He's bug-eyed and getting shiny like a tan shoe at the temples. But he's got more steam than a calliope, more bounce than a golf ball.

Already Eddie Anderson has become such a lodestone for laughs on the Benny Jello show that if Jack were the jealous type he'd be pea green with envy by now. On the screen too, Eddie has butted so bumptiously against the funny bones of the nation that he's being hailed as the greatest colored comic since Bert Williams. Theater owners hang

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

his name right up along side that of his boss Jack in the bright lights. Critics call him a sure fire picture thief. He has more jobs in Hollywood than he can handle. He's the only member of the whole Benny troupe who made the picture of pictures, "Gone With the Wind."



But if Rochester is just beginning to rival Jack Benny in a show business way, on the personal side he left him panting in the shade long ago.

It's the private life of Rochester Van Jones that's handing Jack Benny an inferiority complex. And no wonder. Rochester is stepping out—high, wide, and handsome. Just exactly who's the butler and who's the *bon vivant*—Jack or Rochester—is strictly a matter of opinion. But here are the lurid facts:

Rochester smokes bigger cigars than Jack. He drives a sportier car and airs a much more splendiferous wardrobe. He pilots a plane, he sojourns at swank desert dude ranches. He canters his own saddle horse on the bon ton bridle paths; he races thoroughbreds under his silks at (Continued on page 49)

# HILLTOP



"Oh, Robbie," Bess cried, "do you have to operate? . . . suppose something should go wrong—Are you so sure an operation is really needed?"

# HOUSE



■ When all else had failed, could marriage fill her life? That was the question Miss Bess asked—and answered—while Dr. Robbie waited and the fate of Hilltop House hung in the balance

#### The Story Thus Far:

BESS JOHNSON thought she had put the past behind her when she came to be matron at Hilltop House and care for its orphans—but on the day Steve Cortland came to see her she realized she was wrong. Cortland once had loved her, then he had married her sister Marjorie instead. There had been a child, at whose birth Marjorie died, begging Bess never to let Cortland have his son. This child, Tim, Bess had brought with her to Hilltop, pretending that he was an orphan like all the other children. Now Cortland, catching sight of Tim, recognized him and accused Bess of having lied to him when she told him his son was dead. Bess admitted the lie, but refused to let him have Tim. An unseen listener to their conversation was Stella Rodnick, a sulky, unhappy orphan who hated Bess because she believed Bess had punished her unjustly. Stella heard just enough to believe that Tim was Bess' own son—and her first act was to carry the gossip to Dr. Robbie Clark, the young Hilltop physician, who was in love with Bess. Dr. Robbie, stung by the slander, lost control of himself and slapped Stella. Sobbing, she cried, "All right, if you don't believe me, ask Miss Bess!"

#### PART Two

BUT Dr. Robbie did not, after all, ask Miss Bess if she was Tim's mother. On the drive back to Hilltop House, with Stella sitting white and scared beside him, nursing her bruised cheek where he had

struck her, his first impetuous resolve weakened. He couldn't, he simply couldn't walk in to Bess Johnson, face those clean blue eyes and say, "Is this thing true that Stella told me? Is Tim your son, yours and this Steve Cortland's?"

He couldn't dignify such gossip by taking it seriously enough to ask about it. Because of course it wasn't true. It was simply malicious, childish babble. Over and over he told himself this, trying to still the small, persistent clamor deep down in his mind—trying to forget Bess' agitation that afternoon when the mysterious Cortland had been announced. He'd swear she was afraid at that moment. And—his thoughts groped among jumbled memories—hadn't there always been something a little different, a little more personal and tender, in Bess' attitude toward Tim, alone among all the other orphans?

In the end, he simply let Stella hop out of the car at the Hilltop entrance, and drove off again, spinning his wheels furiously in the gravel.

Yellow light shone out of Hilltop House's front door as Stella went up the steps. From inside came the cheerful hubbub of just-before-dinner. Stella walked more slowly; now that Dr. Robbie was gone and she was no longer frightened, tears of self-pity began to fill her eyes. Everybody was against her! Everybody hated her—Miss Bess and Dr. Robbie and all the other children!

Miss Gidley, too, fussed at her as she entered the hall. "Stella! You're late. Dinner will be ready in a few . . ."

And then she caught sight of the girl's reddened eyes and quivering lips. "Gracious, child! What's happened?"

An audience of curious orphans fell silent as Stella sobbed, "Dr. Robbie! He—he hit me!"

Thelma Gidley's eyes widened, then narrowed in sudden satisfaction. "Dr. Clark struck you? But why?"

Stella looked around at the circle of interested faces, then once more up at Miss Gidley.

"I guess I better not say why," she decided. "You'd be mad, too, maybe."

"I certainly shall if I don't find out the whole truth about this matter," was Miss Gidley's prim answer. "If Dr. Clark struck you, I want to know why."

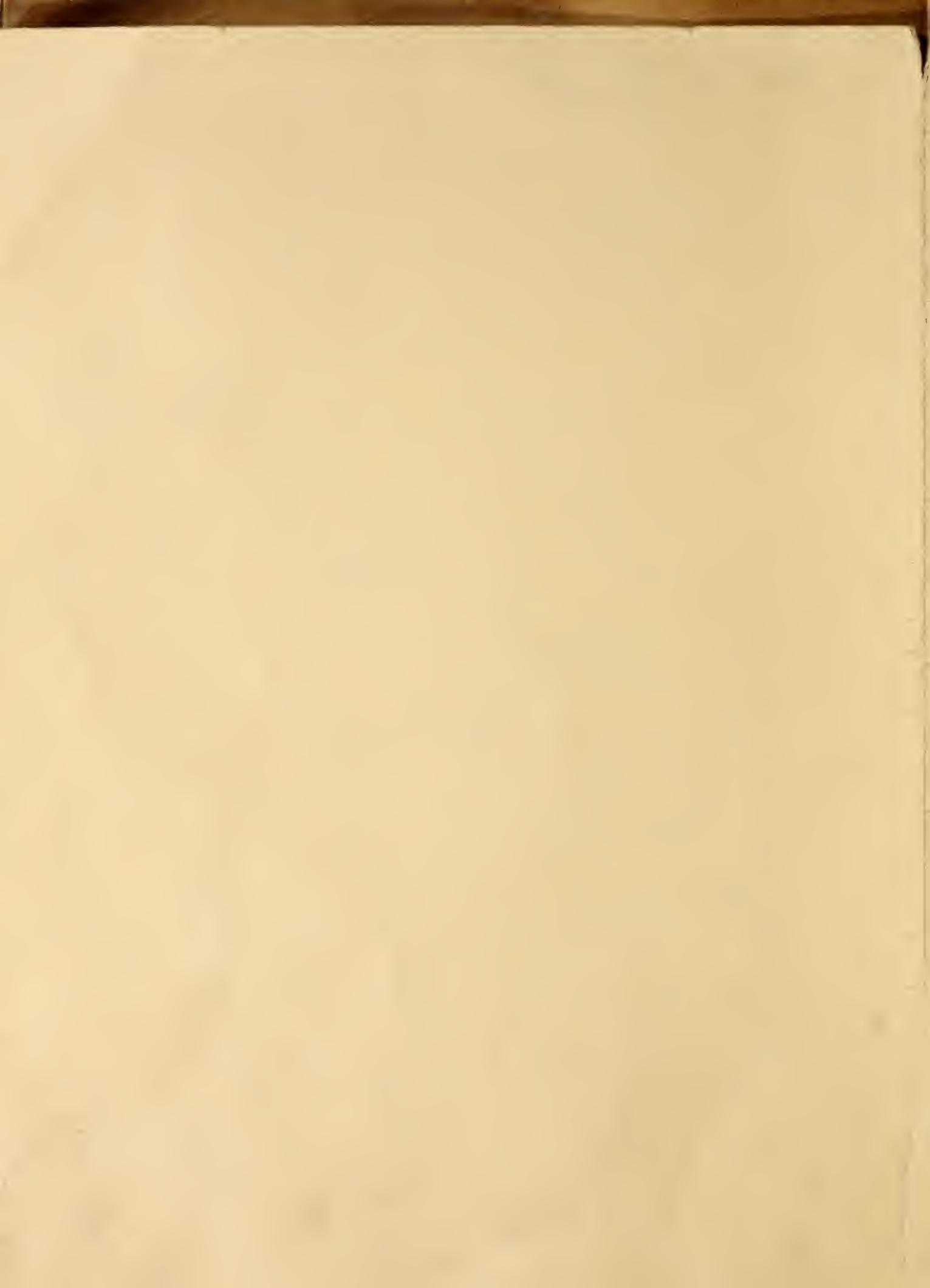
"It was only because I told him something—something I found out. And it was true, too!" Stella cried, once more overcome by the injustices visited upon her. "I told him—" She stopped, stood on tiptoe and beckoned Miss Gidley's ear to her lips. "I heard Miss Bess tell the man that came to see her today that Tim was her little boy," she whispered.

"Tim!" Miss Gidley gasped. "Oh, no! That can't be true—" And then the same doubts that were in Dr. Robbie's mind visited hers. But with this difference: where he hated them, tried to reject them, she welcomed them.

"Come into my office, Stella," she said softly. "I want to talk to you."

But as they turned, Bess Johnson came quickly down the stairs from the second floor.

IN DRAMATIC FICTION FORM, RADIO MIRROR PRESENTS THE POWERFUL  
AND LYNN STONE, HEARD MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY ON CBS, AND SPONSORED BY COLGATE PALMOLIVE PEET



# HILLTOP HOUSE



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RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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"I certainly shall if I don't find out the whole truth about this matter," was Miss Gidley's prim answer. "If Dr. Clark struck you, I want to know why."

"It was only because I told him something—something I found out. And it was true, too!" Stella cried, once more overcome by the injustices visited upon her. "I told him—" She stopped, stood on tiptoe and beckoned Miss Gidley's ear to her lips. "I heard Miss Bess tell the man that came to see her today that Tim was her little boy," she whispered.

"Tim!" Miss Gidley gasped. "Oh, no! That can't be true—" And then the same doubts that were in Dr. Robbie's mind visited hers. But with this difference: where he hated them, tried to reject them, she welcomed them.

"Come into my office, Stella," she said softly. "I want to talk to you."

But as they turned, Bess Johnson came quickly down the stairs from the second floor.

IN DRAMATIC FICTION FORM, RADIO MIRROR PRESENTS THE POWERFUL AND LYNN STONE, HEARD MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY ON CBS, AND SPONSORED BY COLGATE PALMOLIVE PEET  
JANUARY, 1940

RADIO SERIAL BY ADDY RICHTON

"Miss Gidley," she called, "would you mind calling Dr. Clark? Tim's complaining of a headache, and I think he's running a high fever."

For an instant there was silence in the hall. Thelma Gidley let her eyes linger on Bess' drawn, worried face before she nodded. "Very well, Miss Johnson. I'll call him at once," she said, and there seemed to be a note of triumph in her voice.

Dinner with Bess and Miss Gidley sitting silently at opposite ends of the long table, was over before Dr. Robbie arrived. Preoccupied with her worry over Tim, Bess did not at first notice anything strange about his manner—did not notice how his eyes refused to meet hers directly, but searched her face covertly when she was not looking.

THEY went directly to Tim's tiny cubicle in the little boys' dormitory, and Robbie made a quick examination. Bess, standing by and watching his quick, sure hands, thought distractedly how wonderful it must be to hold in oneself the power to heal, how doubly wonderful to heal the tiny and the helpless.

He straightened up.

"I'm not sure," he said slowly. "I won't be, until tomorrow. But I think—" He broke off. "How long has he been ill?"

"Why—not long. That is, he didn't seem very well this morning, and I was afraid he might be catching a little cold. And then this afternoon he—that is, something upset him." She flushed, thinking of the child's hysterical invasion of her office while Steve was there.

"Um," Robbie said abstractedly. "Well—it just might be serious. We'll wait until morning. Then, if he isn't better, I'd like to move him to the hospital."

Bess' face shocked him, so white did it become. "The hospital! But—what is it?"

He hated himself for suspecting her—but would she have been so concerned over a mere orphan?

"Might be mastoid," he said shortly, unnecessarily and intentionally cruel. "Can't tell now."

He was about to leave, but then the misery in her face, her weary figure, brought him back to her. "Don't worry, Bess," he said awkwardly. "It may not be that at all. I'll look in first thing in the morning."

Driving back down the hill, he cursed himself. Why, if he could not dismiss from his mind what Stella had told him, didn't he have enough courage to ask Bess about it straight out? She would despise him if she knew his secret thoughts, despise him the more for keeping them secret.

There was little sleep for him that night, and even less for Bess. Lying awake in the darkness, she found her thoughts going in a never-ending, maddening circle. Steve Cortland—her promise to Marjorie—Tim—Tim's illness—Steve Cortland again....

And suddenly the remembrance of Robbie's strange manner, dormant in her thoughts since he had left, sprang into full life. He had been so remote—not at all the dear friend she knew. Fruitlessly she tried to think of some way in which she might have offended him. And so a new problem, a new worry, took its place in the circling parade of thoughts.

Several times she tiptoed down the hall into Tim's room, and at dawn she was there again, staring down at his hot face, ringed with damp hair.

He was not better. He was worse, and at nine o'clock Dr. Robbie came and moved him to the hospital.

The necessity for hiding her anxiety almost drove her frantic. In Thelma Gidley's eyes she had caught already a look of suspicion—so definite a suspicion that it was useless to tell herself she was only being nervy.

SHE plunged desperately into the morning's work—only to find herself sitting at her desk, letters and lists spread out in front of her, neglected while she stared into space.

She had planned, after lunch to go to the hospital, find Robbie and learn all he knew of Tim's condition. But before she could leave the house, she had a visitor—Steve Cortland.

He came directly into her office without waiting to be announced.

"I want to talk to you about my son," he said without the briefest of preliminaries. "Are you going to let me have him? Quietly?"

"No," she said, leaning back in her chair, gripping the edge of her

desk with her hands.

"Then I shall start a suit to get custody of him. I'll win it, too, you know. You haven't a shadow of right to him."

"Steve," she begged, "you don't want Tim. You know you don't. You only want to hurt me. Please, Steve, don't use that helpless child as an instrument for your own bitterness!"

His face didn't change. He might not have heard her.

"There will be a scandal if I have to sue. You'll probably lose your precious job here."

She took a deep, shuddering breath. "You can't sue now. Tim is ill—very ill. They took him to the hospital this morning."

"Ill!" Anger darkened his eyes, pulled at the muscles of his face. She'd forgotten his sudden, fierce rages. "And you sent him to the hospital? Without consulting me? What hospital? Who's the doctor?"

His anger helped her to be calm. "He's at the Glendale Hospital, and the doctor is our own doctor here. A very capable one."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Mastoid, we think," she said.

HE stood up. "I'm going to see him. I want to see that doctor, too."

"Don't you think you are being just a bit ridiculous—all this concern now, when you weren't even interested enough to come to the hospital when he was born?"

He didn't answer, but she saw hatred flare in the look he gave her, and for a moment after he'd gone she could only sit there, trembling; seeing Tim taken away from her, Hilltop House and her work crumbling before her eyes.

Then she got up and started downtown, to the hospital.

Steve was there before her, pacing the polished floor of the corridor outside Tim's room. He met her furiously.

"Who is this Dr. Clark you have on the case?" he demanded. "He refuses to let me into Tim's room."

"He's quite right," she said coldly. "Tim is ill, he doesn't know you, you would probably be very bad for him."

"The insolent young fool! See here, Bess, I'm calling in another doctor on this case, from Chicago...."

"I'll have to ask you to be quieter," cut in Robbie's voice from behind them. He was standing outside Tim's door, which he had just closed, looking at them both with icy bitterness. Then ignoring Cortland, he said to Bess: "It is mastoid. I would like to operate at once."

You'll (Continued on page 54)



# RIGHT THIS WAY

— for the first movie  
by that madcap master  
of melodic mysticism,  
that mogul of music  
and mirth, Kay Kyser!



Kay's whole radio gang is in his movie, "That's Right, You're Wrong." Above, pretty vocalist Ginny Simms.

No wonder Kay looks delighted; the honeyed looks come from RKO star Lucille Ball, who's in the movie too.



You'll see "That's Right, You're Wrong" about Christmas-time. Above, Kay with Adolphe Menjou; below, with May Robson.



Get the mental agony in  
that bitten thumb as Gin-  
ger puts a point across!

An outflung arm to add a  
dramatic accent—and in  
the background Gable is  
awaiting his first cue.



Clark and Ginger togeth-  
er—can't you hear that  
typical Rogers chuckle?

Photos by Fink



The mike's all Clark's  
now—but Ginger's ready  
to pounce in a minute.



The title of this pic-  
ture is "Oh, and so you  
think you're tough, hey?"

RADIO'S  
PHOTO-  
MIRROR

# Glamour at work

Intense concentration in the Gary Cooper manner takes the form of gnawing on the tongue.



THE camera couldn't be candider! Here's something new in the way of pictures—actual performance photographs of Hollywood's biggest stars, taken from the front row of the audience at Earl Carroll's Theater Restaurant during broadcasts of the CBS Sunday-night Gulf-Screen Guild show. They told RADIO MIRROR's Hyman Fink that he couldn't take any pictures because his flashlight bulbs would distract the performers—so he went ahead and took pictures without the flashes, and got shots which for informality and charm surpass any we've ever seen before. They're black-and-white proof, too, that Hollywood stars, taken off their guard and hard at work, can make just as endearingly funny faces as anyone else.



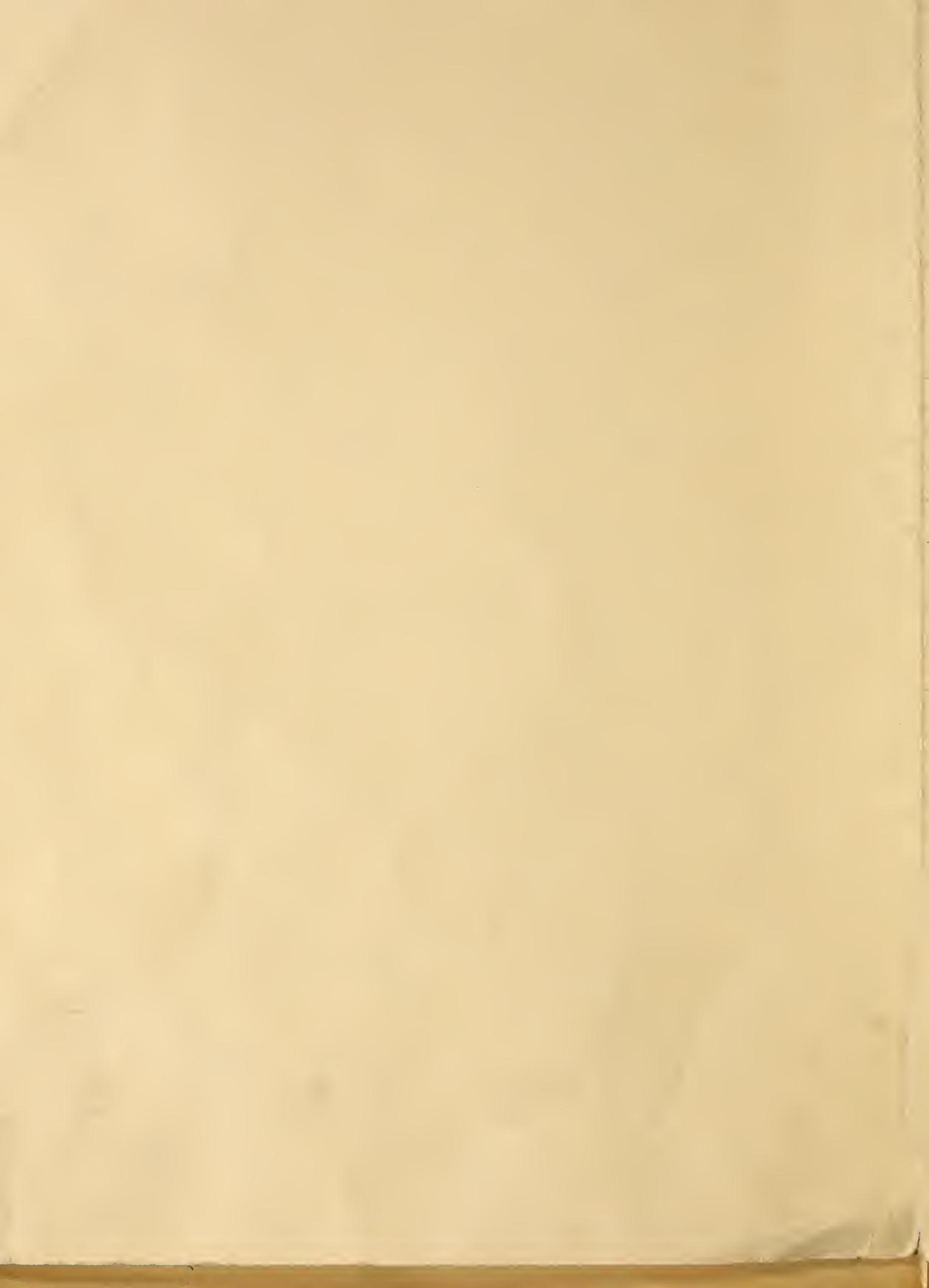
Specs and all—they're master of ceremonies Roger Pryor and screen star Margaret Lindsay.

Mickey Rooney, too, takes no chances on misreading his lines.

A raised hand helps Ann Sothern get the mood of her spot with leading man Cary Grant.

That's Zasu Pitts, in the process of acting like Marlene Dietrich, who couldn't attend.

Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, all solemnly as they watch for the director's signal.



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that bitten thumb as Gin-  
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# WHERE WAS I WRONG?

■ Must she pay for divorce with a lifetime of loneliness? One of radio's best-loved actresses brings you her own drama-filled story

By VIRGINIA CLARK

**A**ND this decree will become final six months from this day...." It seemed strange, now, to walk out of the courtroom free. Strange, and—terrifying. For I was free to live my own life and to guide my son in the directions in which I thought he should travel—but also I was free to walk the streets in the endless search for a job, for bread and for shelter not alone for myself but for the tiny boy I had brought into the world.

It seemed to me that my life had come to a full stop, and that when it began again I should be a different person. Not the girl who had gaily taken parts in college plays and dreamed of being a "real" actress. Not the girl, either, who had studied at Mrs. Barnum's dramatic school, working to pay her tuition. I looked back upon these two selves as upon strangers. But most of all, I felt the difference between the Virginia Clark of this moment and the Virginia Clark who had married Ray, who had seen her marriage fail, had gone through the experience of having a child, had taken the agonizing decision of divorce.

I still loved Ray. It was as if I had cut a part of me away, coldly, deliberately—as if I had rejected a part of the essential me. Something new would have to grow, slowly, quietly, to take the place of what I had cut away.

\* It would have been good for me if I could have gone directly from that courtroom to begin broadcasting the story that was later to bring me so much—The Romance of Helen Trent. How much unhappiness it would have saved me! Not because of the money, although that of course would have helped—but for the lessons it would have taught me.

The Romance of Helen Trent, you see, is very much my own story, from the moment my divorce was granted. By some trick of fate, I was to find myself, months later, reading lines as Helen Trent which might have been my own innermost thoughts; enacting the fictional role of a woman who believed that divorce had put an end to her life, just as I had enacted that role in real life. As Helen Trent, I saw mistakes that I myself had made; as Helen Trent I found a happiness that I almost missed in real life....

But all that came later.

We moved into a small kitchenette apartment, my child and I, across the hall from my mother. I made the kitchen into a bedroom for the boy, because until we could make other arrangements we were to take our meals with Mother. I spent my days traveling from one office and employment agency to another, seeking work. Again I knew the discouragement of coming home in the dark evenings after long hours of job-hunting—but now I could always take fresh courage from the smile of a little boy who knew that his mother wouldn't let him down.

Days passed into weeks, weeks into months, and it was always the same. I could do nothing, and I could think of nothing but the problem of money. I had had no training for any particular job. There was little or nothing in the theatrical world, and for the few openings that did occur, fifty trained girls stood ready to step in. As time passed my doubts increased and I began to know a deep despair, a worry and a concern for the future that drove me almost frantic.

One night, at dinner, the telephone rang. It was Ellen Richards,



Illustration by  
Walter Clark Dower

one of my old friends, asking me to come to her home for a party that very night. I didn't want to go; I had reached the point where I dreaded meeting people, letting them see the lines of anxiety I was sure were beginning to show in my face. But Ellen begged me to come, and my mother seconded her. I shuddered inwardly today, thinking how near I came to missing the most



She's lived the life of Helen Trent—Virginia Clark, star of the daily CBS serial, sponsored by Edna Wallace Hopper.

thusiasm infected me. I'd never thought of radio; I hadn't even thought of myself, really, as a singer. But the moment after Jack made his suggestion I was again up in the clouds, dreaming of the success that awaited me. He made it all seem so easy, so simple!

A business man they called Bud drove me home. He had been so retiring, and I had been so preoccupied with my own problems, that we had hardly noticed each other during the evening.

When Bud stopped the car in front of my apartment house, and helped me out, he said—and I remember how nice, how warm, his voice was—"I'm out of town quite a bit, on business, but may I call you up when I am here once in a while?"

"Of course," I said. I didn't even think about him until the next day—when suddenly I remembered how indifferent he had been, except for that last-minute request. With what I suppose was typically feminine lack of logic, I forgot that I certainly hadn't paid much attention to him, and felt irritated because he hadn't seemed more bowled over by me. And then, after that momentary flash of pique, I forgot him again.

I had enough to think about, that day and the next. I still shiver a little when I think of the mental torture of those two days—and

important thing in my whole life.

How different this party seemed to me than the ones I remembered with Ray. Jack Richards, Ellen's husband, was an advertising man, and I think he must have sensed, or perhaps read in my strange restraint, my concern for the future.

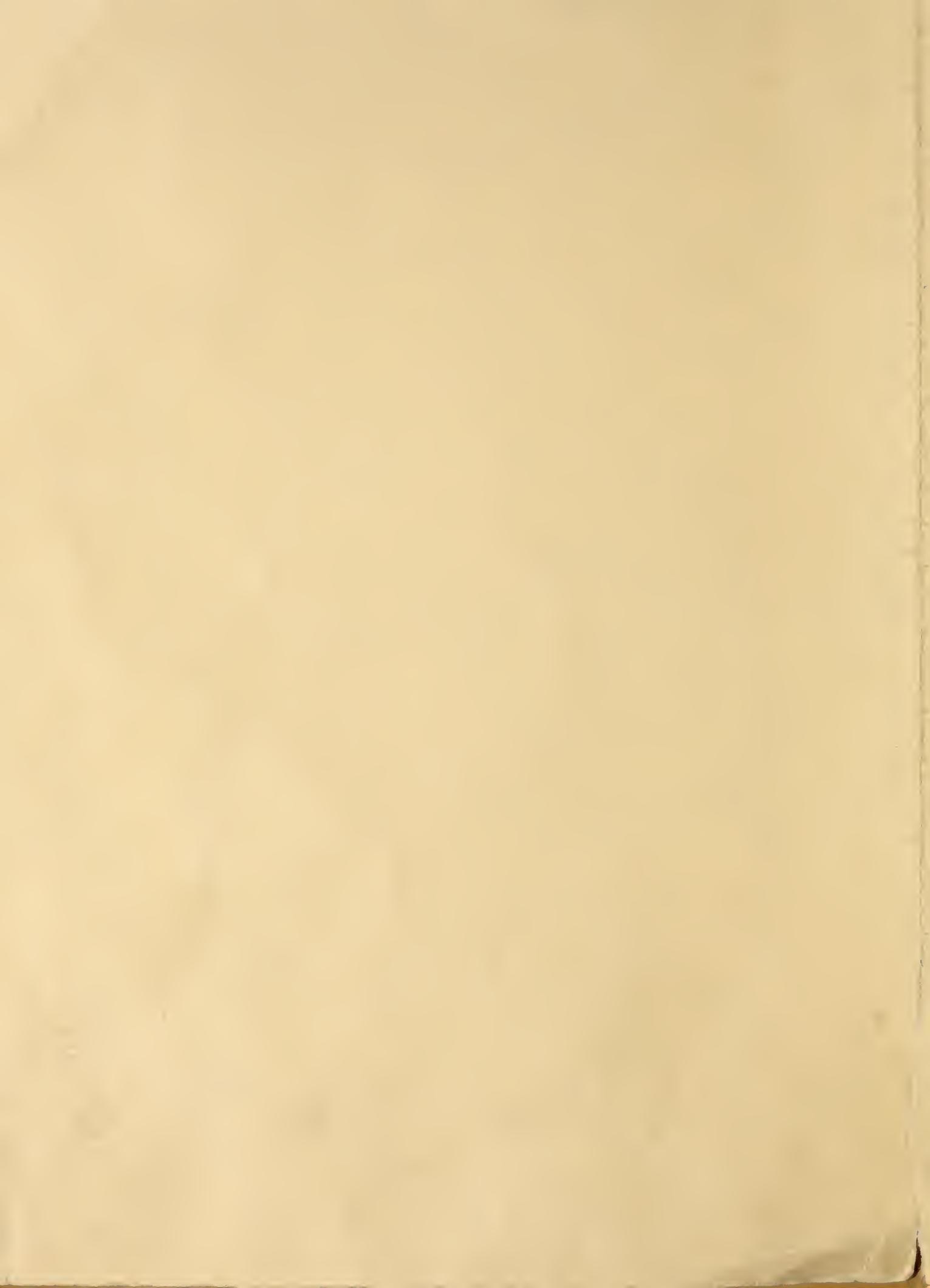
Toward the end of the evening, he took me aside. "How are you getting along?" he wanted to know.

A tall, not handsome man called Bud drove me home. How nice, how warm his voice was... "May I call you up when I'm in town?"

I was too tired to pretend. "Not very well," I admitted. "I've tried everything, but there just doesn't seem to be any opening. And the only training I've had has been in dramatic work."

Suddenly he snapped his fingers.

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nights. I couldn't think of anything but the audition, and how much it could mean. I thought of it so much I became panicky, and when the moment finally came when I stepped up to the microphone my heart was thudding and my breath coming in gasps. Of course I was terrible. I knew that long before the song was ended. I went home and cried myself to sleep because I had missed the biggest opportunity I had yet had.

**B**UT that audition had its effect, nevertheless. It showed me that there was such a thing as radio, which up to then I'd forgotten entirely. Almost overnight I became a ghost who haunted the offices of radio program directors and producers. I'm sure they all must have had to suppress a deep desire to hide under their desks whenever they saw me coming.

Six months. Six months of trying to get on the air before the lucky chance finally came. At WJJD, a singer had disappointed them at the last minute, and Cornelia Osgood—now a very fine radio actress but then the WJJD program director—let me fill in. There wasn't time to get frightened, and my performance went off naturally and spontaneously. Almost before I knew it, I was signing a thirteen-week contract with the studio, at fifteen dollars a week. It seemed a fortune!

It was soon after this that Bud called me up, for the first time since we'd met at the Richards'.

"Would you care to have dinner with me this evening?"

How different he was from Ray! His voice was quiet and business-like, and there was no humor or fun in it—none, that is, that I could catch then. Here was no wild attempt to sweep me off my feet; just a calm invitation to sit down at a table and have some food. I could take it or leave it. I took it.

"Been out of town on a selling trip," he said. "How've things been with you?"

He hadn't even heard of my "success"—that's what I called it in my thoughts. Somehow, he gave me the impression that he had no time for such things as radio, and I felt a little hurt that he hadn't been listening to my program. After dinner we went to a show and then for a drive. We talked about people and the depression and the weather, and he left me standing outside my apartment with a casual "See you again soon."

He was really very irritating. And very nice.

I was now throwing myself wholeheartedly into radio work.

Nothing else really mattered, you see. At last I had found a profession, a means by which I could support myself and son. Unconsciously, I had made a personal philosophy for myself, and it brought me a sort of happiness. In those days I believed it was real happiness. Boiled down to its essentials, this philosophy consisted of just one word: Work.

It didn't really matter that frequently I wasn't paid for my radio work. I had my fifteen-dollar-a-week job, but I took any other job that came along, pay or no pay. It was all experience; it all helped me along toward my goal of making good in radio.

I suppose I was rather coldly calculating about it all—but as I saw it, my late marriage had taught me

We were friends. Our relationship seemed to me to be as comfortable and safe as an old shoe. He was a confirmed bachelor, I said to myself. And, of course, he must understand how completely I was through with romance. I didn't even hear the note of disappointment that crept into his voice when he called and I had to refuse to go out with him on account of my work. I was either stupid or wilfully blind. I don't know which.

One day I was invited to audition for the role of Helen Trent at WGN. Blair Walliser, the producer of the serial, had auditioned actresses for the title role until he was blue in the face. Perhaps it was no more than exhaustion that made him break down and take me when my turn came, at the end of the long list—but I hope it was something more than that. I hope it was because I was Helen Trent, and for that reason gave my reading a sincerity no one else had been able to give.

Blair explained the part to me. Helen Trent is a young divorcee, broken by an unhappy marriage, beginning to face a cold world on her own. She is faced with the problem of building a new life for herself on the ruins of the old. As soon as Blair gave me that brief outline of her, I felt within myself that here was a part I could not only play, but really live.

Whatever I have put into Helen Trent, Helen Trent has given back to me, many times over. She—and the people who have made her come alive on the air—have helped me to find a real happiness that I could never have had otherwise. There is, for example, Agatha Anthony, Helen's motherly adviser and friend. In real life, Agatha is a grand actress, Marie Nelson. And just as she helped Helen Trent rebuild her life in the script, she has helped me in my own life. It was not long after I began playing Helen that Marie told me her story, the story of her love for her husband, who before his prolonged illness had been her leading man on the stage.

**T**HERE is nothing that takes the place of love in a man's or a woman's life, Virginia," she said. "You may think that all that has been killed in you, but you're wrong. Some day the right man will come along and you'll learn just how right I am and how wrong you are."

But I said to myself—my life has had love, and love played me false. No, although Marie's words were true for some people, they were not true (Continued on page 52)

**Coming next month!**  
**Another hit tune by a**  
**foremost danceband**  
**leader—an exclusive**  
**Radio Mirror feature**

one good lesson, never to let my heart run away with my head.

Time raced by. A new contract, at WCFL this time, at twenty-five dollars a week. Bit parts in this program and that. A job as mistress of ceremonies on a weekly variety program. Another as kitchen reporter for a food store. And suddenly—the realization that I had won. I was established in radio.

One day I rented a larger apartment and persuaded Mother to give up her work and then after almost ten years, I knew the joy of having our family together again. And while it was grand for me it was even more important for my youngster. He was beginning to reach the age where he needed more attention than I could give him and his grandparents made it possible for me to keep up with my work with the knowledge that he was in good hands while I was busy.

Life, I thought with satisfaction, was good.

It was good, too, to be seeing Bud on infrequent occasions.

# HOLLYWOOD

## RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.

BETTE DAVIS, two-time Academy Award winner and Hollywood's finest actress, is mulling a radio script of "Queen Elizabeth." Thirteen weeks series was written by Kay Van Riper, author of the "Judge Hardy" series, when she was in radio five years ago. Miss Van Riper not only wrote the series but enacted the title role herself, before joining MGM as a writer. With the release of Bette Davis' "Elisabeth and Essex", Miss Van Riper dug up her old scripts and made them available to cinemastar Davis. So don't be surprised to hear that LaDavis has joined the radio ranks!

\* \* \*

Most radio fans breathed a sigh of relief when they learned that idol Charles Boyer was not in active fighting on the Western Front, but actually was making French Propaganda films. Word from Paris assures us that Boyer will never re-enter the trenches as a buck private!

\* \* \*

### TELEVISION IS HERE!

The other night I witnessed the first public showing of radio and television combined on the Pacific Coast. The exhibition inaugurated the opening of the Pacific Coast Auto Show in Hollywood, and was released simultaneously over Thomas Lee Television Station (the only one on the coast) W6XAO, and radio station KHJ. The telecast was picked up five and one half miles away from the KHJ studios. His Honor, Mayor Fletcher Bowron of Los Angeles, who opened the Auto Show via Television, thus became the first American Mayor to become a part of the Pacific Coast's first public television demonstration. The telecast ran for two hours and included such talent as Morton Downey, Betty Jane Rhodes (the First Lady of Television), Maxine Gray, The Trojan Football Team, Thomas Lee, Willet Brown, Louis Allen Weiss, The King Sisters, and many, many more. The demonstration was pronounced an amazing success, since every speaker and actor was clearly visible to the thousands who watched the proceedings at the Auto Show.

\* \* \*

MORE TELEVISION: Your reporter will be the first Hollywood Commentator to make regular telecasts. I have already started a once-weekly series over W6XAO; broadcast is received by over 500 television sets in the Los Angeles area.

\* \* \*

Roger Pryor, emcee of the Screen Guild show, is returning to pictures, under the Bryan Foy banner. By the way, rumors still persist that all is not well between Pryor and his actress-wife, Ann Sothern!



A bit of cheek-tweaking goes on between the CBS Star Theater's Ken Murray and Irene.

Al Pearce is proud because Sandra, his Great Dane, has won over 25 blue ribbons.

"Blame It On My Youth" is the title of the story Judy Garland is writing. She hopes to have MGM produce it as a starring vehicle for herself.

\* \* \*

Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny's wife-comedienne, deserves the credit for discovering Dennis Day, new tenor sensation. She happened to hear him on the air one evening during her stay in New York last July, took the

trouble to inquire about him and obtained a record of Day's voice. This she took personally to Jack, who was then in Chicago. After hearing the record, Jack returned to New York to audition Dennis. Jack's new tenor discovery now has the top vocal spot in radio, after having sung professionally only twice when he was asked to audition for Benny. Incidentally, Day is one of the youngest  
(Continued on page 64)

**Eastern Standard Time**

<b>PACIFIC STANDARD TIME</b>	<b>CENTRAL STANDARD TIME</b>	8:00 NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
		8:00 NBC-Red: Organ Recital
		8:30 NBC-Blue: Treasure Trails of Song
		8:30 NBC-Red: Four Showmen
		8:45 NBC-Red: Animal News
		8:00 CBS: Today in Europe
		8:00 NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
		8:00 NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock
		8:15 9:15 NBC-Red: Tom Teriss
		8:30 9:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
		8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
		9:00 10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
		9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
		9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
		9:30 10:30 CBS: March of Games
		9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Morning Musical
		9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Children's Hour
		10:05 11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
		8:15 10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
		8:30 10:30 11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
		8:30 10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
		8:30 10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: News
		8:45 10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book
		9:00 11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
		9:00 11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Walter Logan Music
		9:30 11:30 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
		9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: On the Job
		10:00 12:00 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
		10:00 12:00 1:00 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
		10:00 12:00 1:00 NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
		10:30 12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Moods
		10:30 12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today
		11:00 1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: Great Plays
		1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
		11:30 1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
		12:00 2:00 3:00 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic
		1:00 2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: I Want a Divorce
		12:15 2:15 3:15 NBC-Blue: Bookman's Notebook
		12:30 2:30 3:30 NBC-Blue: H. Leopold Spitalny
		12:30 2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: News from Europe
		12:45 2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats
		1:00 3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
		1:00 3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Jimmy Dorsey Orch.
		1:30 3:30 4:30 NBC-Blue: Roy Shield's Orchestra
		1:30 3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: The World is Yours
		8:00 4:00 5:00 CBS: Hobby Lobby
		2:00 4:00 5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers
		2:00 4:00 5:00 NBC-Blue: Moylean Sisters
		5:15 NBC-Blue: Four Star News
		9:00 4:30 5:30 CBS: Ben Bernie
		2:30 4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Met Opera Auditions
		4:30 5:30 NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee
		3:00 5:00 6:00 CBS: Silver Theater
		3:00 5:00 6:00 MBS: Listen America
		3:00 5:00 6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
		3:30 5:30 6:30 CBS: Gateway to Hollywood
		3:30 5:30 6:30 NBC-Red: Groucho Club
		4:00 6:00 7:00 CBS: European News Roundup
		8:30 6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Jack Benny
		4:30 6:30 7:30 CBS: Screen Guild Theater
		4:30 6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: Mr. District Attorney
		4:30 6:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
		7:00 7:00 8:00 CBS: Orson Welles
		5:00 7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: Festival of Music
		5:00 7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: RUDY VALLEE, EDGAR BERGEN
		6:00 8:00 9:00 CBS: Ford Symphony
		9:00 8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
		6:00 8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
		9:15 8:15 9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
		8:15 8:30 9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
		6:30 8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
		6:45 8:45 9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
		7:00 9:00 10:00 MBS: Goodwill Hour
		7:00 9:00 10:00 CBS: Ellery Queen
		7:00 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
		7:30 9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Cheero
		7:30 9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Primrose Quartet
		10:00 10:30 11:00 CBS: Paul Sullivan
		8:00 10:00 11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

# SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Robert S. Allen and Drew Pearson go over their script.

## Tune-In Bulletin for November 26, December 3, 10, 17 and 24!

November 26: Marion Anderson, famous American contralto, is the guest star on the CBS Ford Hour at 9:00—and something you shouldn't miss. . . . The New York Philharmonic Orchestra, CBS at 3:00, is playing works by Berlioz, Elgar, Weinberger and Beethoven—o quartet of immortals.

December 3: Tonight at 8:00 is your last chance to hear Rudy Vallee as master of ceremonies on the Chase and Sanborn Hour, NBC-Red. . . . The composers represented on this afternoon's New York Philharmonic concert, CBS at 3:00, are Weber, Respighi, Wagner and Tchaikovsky. . . . Grace Moore is the guest star on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour.

December 10: Birthday greetings to two of today's stars—Dorothy Lamour of the Chase and Sonborn Hour (to which Don Ameche should be returning tonight) and Jean Dickenson of the American Album of Familiar Music, NBC-Red at 9:30. . . . John Charles Thomas is the guest on the Ford Hour.

December 17: Gladys Swarthout sings on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00.

December 24: It's Christmas Eve, and the air will be full of holiday good spirits. . . . Most eagerly awaited program is Shirley Temple's debut on the Screen Actors Guild program, CBS at 7:30. . . . Marion Anderson sings again on the Ford program.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Listen, Americo, featuring Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen in Washington's Merry-Go-Round, Groce Barrie and Erno Rapee's orchestra—on the Mutual network at 6:00, E.S.T.

The reason the paragraph above doesn't tell you who sponsors Listen, Americo, is that the show has a different pay-roller everywhere it's heard. In some towns it even doesn't have a sponsor or all.

Having several different sponsors makes Listen, Americo, a radio engineer's nightmare. Everything has to be timed to the split second. A day or so before the show goes on the air a cue-sheet has to be sent to all the stations carrying the show, so they'll know when to cut the program out and insert their own commercial announcements. Some stations that carry the program don't have a sponsor far it, so they don't cut into the show, and for their sake Erno Rapee and the orchestra have to play a musical "bridge" to fill in the time while the other stations are reading their commercials. And all the commercials must fit into the same reading time, so the program can get under way

again, all across the country. Complicated? It's too feeble a word.

Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, who twice during the program bring you news and predictions from Washington, are two of the United States' shortest reporters. Their reports are gossipy and racy.

Groce Barrie, the little musical comedy and revue star who is getting her first big network break in Listen, Americo, was scored to death her first few broadcasts because she'd never worked with such a highbrow bandleader as Erno Rapee. She was afraid he'd go Toscanini on her and scold her for halting a note half-a-second too long—but now that she's got to know him better she's not so nervous.

Listen, Americo, doesn't have a studio audience. It is broadcast from a small studio in New York because Mutual's big playhouse atop the New Amsterdam Theater is occupied during the half-hour just preceding and the one just following Listen, Americo. Besides, Pearson and Allen talk from Washington, and wouldn't be visible to the studio audience even if there were one.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**DENIS DAY**—the tenor who's been on Jack Benny's program (NBC-Red at 7:00) only a few weeks but has already made his song and comedy dialogue something to look forward to. Denis was born in New York in 1916 and went to Manhattan College. After graduation he studied music, although he really intended to be a lawyer until his air success. This is his first sponsored show.



**Eastern Standard Time**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00 NBC-Red: News
	8:15	NBC-Blue: <i>The Wife Saver</i>
	8:15	NBC-Red: <i>Do You Remember</i>
	8:30	NBC-Blue: <i>Norsemen Quartet</i>
	8:30	NBC-Red: <i>Gene and Glenn</i>
8:00	9:00	CBS: <i>Manhattan Mother</i>
8:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: <b>BREAKFAST CLUB</b>
8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: <i>Happy Jack</i>
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: <i>School of the Air</i>
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: <i>The Family Man</i>
	8:45	9:45 CBS: <i>Bachelor's Children</i>
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: <i>Life Can Be Beautiful</i>
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: <i>Pretty Kitty Kelly</i>
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Story of the Month</i>
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: <i>The Man I Married</i>
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: <i>Myrt and Marge</i>
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: <i>The Right to Happiness</i>
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: <i>John's Other Wife</i>
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: <i>Hilltop House</i>
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Mary Marlin</i>
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Just Plain Bill</i>
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: <i>Stepmother</i>
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Midstream</i>
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: <i>Woman in White</i>
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: <i>Lanny Ross</i>
10:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Pepper Young's Family</i>
10:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: <i>David Harum</i>
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: <i>Brenda Curtis</i>
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: <i>Road of Life</i>
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: <i>Big Sister</i>
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Jack Berch</i>
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: <i>Against the Storm</i>
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: <i>Aunt Jenny's Stories</i>
	11:45	12:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Getting the Most Out of Life</i>
10:45	11:45	12:45 NBC-Red: <i>The Guiding Light</i>
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: <i>Kate Smith Speaks</i>
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: <i>Carters of Elm Street</i>
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: <i>When a Girl Marries</i>
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: <i>The O'Neills</i>
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: <i>Romance of Helen Trent</i>
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Farm and Home Hour</i>
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: <i>Time for Thought</i>
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: <i>Our Gal Sunday</i>
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: <i>The Goldbergs</i>
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: <i>Life Can Be Beautiful</i>
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: <i>Ellen Randolph</i>
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: <i>This Day is Ours</i>
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: <i>The Chase Twins</i>
12:45	1:45	1:45 CBS: <i>Road of Life</i>
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: <i>Words and Music</i>
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: <i>Dick Barclay's Daughters</i>
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: <i>Betty and Bob</i>
2:15	2:15	2:15 CBS: <i>Dr. Susan</i>
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: <i>Arnold Grimm's Daughter</i>
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: <i>Your Family and Mine</i>
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: <i>Valiant Lady</i>
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: <i>My Son and I</i>
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: <i>Hymns of All Churches</i>
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: <i>Girl Interne</i>
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Orphans of Divorce</i>
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: <i>Mary Marlin</i>
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: <i>Society Girl</i>
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: <i>Ma Perkins</i>
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: <i>Pepper Young's Family</i>
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Ted Malone</i>
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: <i>Vic and Sade</i>
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Club Matinee</i>
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: <i>Backstage Wife</i>
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: <i>Stella Dallas</i>
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: <i>Lorenzo Jones</i>
3:45	4:45	4:45 CBS: <i>Skinlin' Ed McConnell</i>
3:45	4:45	4:45 NBC-Red: <i>Young Widder Brown</i>
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: <i>By Kathleen Norris</i>
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: <i>Girl Alone</i>
6:00	5:15	5:15 CBS: <i>Billy and Betty</i>
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: <i>Midstream</i>
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: <i>It Happened in Hollywood</i>
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Affairs of Anthony</i>
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: <i>Scattergood Baines</i>
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Tom Mix</i>
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: <i>News</i>
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: <i>Edwin C. Hill</i>
	5:30	6:30 CBS: <i>Hedda Hopper</i>
	6:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Lowell Thomas</i>
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: <i>Amos 'n' Andy</i>
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: <i>Fred Waring's Gang</i>
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: <i>Lum and Abner</i>
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: <i>I Love a Mystery</i>
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: <i>Blondie</i>
7:30	7:30	7:30 MBS: <i>The Lone Ranger</i>
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: <i>One of the Finest</i>
7:30	7:30	7:30 NBC-Red: <i>Larry Clinton</i>
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: <i>Tune-up Time</i>
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Sherlock Holmes</i>
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: <i>Tommy Rigs</i>
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: <i>Howard and Shelton</i>
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: <i>True or False</i>
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Voice of Firestone</i>
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: <i>LUX THEATER</i>
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: <i>Doctor I. Q.</i>
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: <i>Alec Templeton Time</i>
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: <i>Guy Lombardo</i>
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: <i>Raymond Gram Swing</i>
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: <i>The Contented Hour</i>

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Alec Templeton at the piano, with his manager beside him.

## Tune-In Bulletin for November 27, December 4, 11, 18 and 25!

November 27: Jimmy Lunceford and his swell band open at the Southland Cafe, Boston, tonight, and from now on you'll be hearing a lot of them over NBC-Red and Blue. December 4: Good listening for adults as well as kids is the CBS School of the Air program—and to help you pick what you want to hear on it, your Almanac will list the subjects each day. . . . Today's is Tomorrow's Fuel, in the Frontiers of Democracy series. . . . Time is 9:15 E.S.T., 2:30 C.S.T. and P.S.T. December 11: Today's School of the Air subject: Mastering the Machine. December 18: The Chose Twins, on NBC-Blue at 1:30 this afternoon, is your old favorite, Peabody Tokes Charge, under another name. December 25: If you can spare time from opening all those packages, radio has many fine Christmas programs for you—and it doesn't make any difference what network you pick, they'll all be worth hearing.

## ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Alec Templeton Time, on NBC-Red at 9:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Alko-Seltzer.

Alec Templeton, the British-born pianist who after five years in America is just beginning to be fully appreciated by American listeners, is the hub around which this sparkling half-hour of music revolves. It has a twelve-voice mixed choir directed by William Miller and a seventeen-piece orchestra conducted by Daniel Soidenberg, and each program has a guest star. Other shows have choirs and orchestras and guest stars, but no other show has Templeton—reason enough for lending your ears at 9:30 tonight.

Although the fact is never paraded in his publicity, it's no secret that Alec Templeton is blind, and has been so from birth. Despite this handicap, which he insists is no handicap at all, he's a unique sort of musician. He's probably the only legitimate classical pianist who can play jazz and swing and other popular music with such ability and enjoyment that jitterbugs wouldn't think of calling him a "longhair."

Alec prepares all the special musical arrangements for the broadcast, working with Eugene Osterberg, music counselor, who sits by with paper and pencil, jotting down the music as Alec works it out on the



**CHARLOTTE MANSON**—who plays Bryn Clark Barrington, the Number One Glamour Girl, in the CBS serial, *Society Girl*, at 3:15 this afternoon. Like her radio character, Charlotte is a New Yorker. Her childhood ambition was to be an actress, but her parents disapproved and wanted her to teach dramatics instead. Just before she graduated from college, though, she went into radio.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**Eastern Standard Time**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Program
		8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
		8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Manhattan Mother
		8:00	NBC: News
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		8:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
		8:30	NBC-Red: Family Man
		8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
1:00		9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15		9:15	10:15 CBS: Myra and Marge
		9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
		9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30		9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
		9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
		9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45		9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
		9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
		9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45		10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30		10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
		10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00		10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
		10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
		10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15		10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
		10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00		11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Carvers of Elm Street
9:15		11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15		11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30		11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30		11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30		11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Our Spiritual Life
9:45		11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00		12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15		12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15		12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30		12:30	1:30 CBS: This Day is Ours
10:30		12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:30		12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music
		12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
11:00		1:00	2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00		1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15		1:15	2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15		1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30		1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45		1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45		1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00		2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00		2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00		2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15		2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15		2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30		2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45		2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45		2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00		3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00		3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15		3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30		3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45		3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45		3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00		4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00		4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		6:00	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15		4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30		4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30		4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
		5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45		4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15		5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
		5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00		6:00	CBS: News
		6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00		6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00		6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00		6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15		6:15	7:15 CBS: Jimmie Fidler
4:15		6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15		6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
4:30		6:30	7:30 CBS: HELEN MENKEN
8:30		7:00	8:00 CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
5:00		7:00	8:00 MBS: La Rosa Concert
8:30		7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: The Aldrich Family
8:30		7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
9:00		7:30	8:30 CBS: Walter O'Keefe
9:00		7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:30		7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
9:30		8:00	9:00 CBS: We, The People
9:30		8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30		8:30	9:30 CBS: Bob Crosby
6:30		8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Meet Mr. Weeks
6:30		8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Fibber McGee and Molly
7:00		9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00		9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bob Hope
7:30		9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Fun With the Famous
7:30		9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ We, the People on the air: o guest, Heotter, Wornow, Von Zell.

## Tune-In Bulletin for November 28, December 5, 12, 19, 26!

November 28: Lumberjack songs ore being featured today on the CBS School of the Air program . . .

December 5: Last Tuesday's lumberjock songs ore followed up today with songs of teamsters on the School of the Air.

December 12: Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights open tonight at the Ambossedor Hotel in Los Angeles. You'll hear them over CBS. . . . Courting songs are featured on the School of the Air—listen and you'll find them very funny.

December 19: Your old friends of The Guiding Light, the Kronsky Family, ore the principal choracters of Irno Phillips' newest serial, The Right to Happiness, on NBC-Blue at 10:15 this morning.

December 26: For thot after-Christmas let-down, your Almonoc prescribes the EASY ACES on NBC-Blue at 7:00, Johnny Presents on NBC-Red at 8:00, and Fibber McGee and Molly on NBC-Red at 9:30. They ought to help you cheer up.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** We, the People, sponsored by Sonko Coffee, heard on CBS at 9:00 E.S.T., with a rebroadcast reaching the Pacific Coast at 9:30, P.S.T.

The stagehand at Columbia's Playhouse No. 1, where We, the People originates, soy he knows this is the croziest show on the air because he hos had to build so mony special pieces of equipment for it. For instonce, he recently mode a huge choir for Robert Wodlow, the eight-foot-nine-inch tall boy from Alton, Illinois. Other chores have been to build a cage for a gorilla (it had to be strong enough so the gorilla couldn't get out, too) and a complicated wire and glass enclosure for a colony of bees.

The fact is, nobody ever knows whot strange persons will show up on o We, the People broadcast, because the whole ideo of the show is to present a cross-section of American life. Anybody with an interesting story is opt to find a welcome. On one program, guests were Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, a former prizefighter named "Battling Nelson," and a Southern shorecropper who could neither read nor write. The three of them got along fine and had a nice chat after the show.

About two dozen behind-the-scenes workers are necessary to get We, the People on the air. There's a research

staff which reads the thousands of letters written by folks who think their lives ore interesting enaugh ta be brodcast. This staff also searches newspapers and magazines for likely prospects, and sends about fifty suggested names to the program producers every day. Out of these, seven or eight are selected for one week's show.

Part of the production staff is assigned to meeting We, the People's guests when they arrive in New York the Sunday morn-ing before the broadcast, and taking care of them while they're in town. This isn't as easy as you might think. One woman could never be left alone, even for a minute, because she had a genius for getting lost in the city streets. Another fellow got grumpier and grumpier os Tuesday night and broadcast-time approached. Nobody knew what was the matter with him until one of the stoff got him to confess that he wasn't satisfied with the food he'd been getting in New York. They took him out Tuesday night, before the program, and gave him a steak dinner that would have fed six truck drivers, and after that he was happy. Everyone who appears on We, the People of course has his expenses for Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, plus railroad fare, paid by the pro-gram.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**WILLIAM N. ROBSON**—who directs and produces the Big Town program on CBS at 8:00 tonight. You don't hear Bill's voice on the air but he's responsible for much of the enjoyment you get out of the program. Born in Pittsburgh in 1906, Bill has been a newspaper man, musician and movie writer. He entered radio as a writer in 1933, and in three weeks was producing his own program. Before that, he'd toured Europe three times at the head of his own orchestra. He's well over six feet tall, and he likes symphonic music and chess more than athletics, though he daes enjoy sailing and swimming.



**Eastern Standard Time**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
		8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
		8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Four Showmen
		8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:00	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		8:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30		2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
		8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
		8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00		9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15		9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
		9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
		9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30		9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
		9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
		9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45		9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
		9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
		9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
8:00		10:00	11:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30		10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
		10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00		10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
		10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
		10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15		10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		11:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out o' Life
		10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00		11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00		11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15		11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15		11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neill's
9:30		11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30		11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30		11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Homespun
9:45		11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00		12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15		12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15		12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30		12:30	1:30 CBS: This Day is Ours
10:30		12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:30		12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
10:45		12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		10:45	12:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
11:00		1:00	2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00		1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Roy Shield Revue
11:00		1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15		2:15	2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15		2:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30		2:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30		2:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45		2:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45		2:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00		3:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00		3:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00		3:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15		3:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15		3:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30		3:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45		3:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45		3:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00		4:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00		4:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15		4:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30		4:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45		4:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45		4:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00		5:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00		5:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00		5:15	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15		5:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30		5:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30		5:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
2:30		5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45		5:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15		5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
		5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
3:00		6:00	6:00 CBS: News
		6:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15		6:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
5:30		6:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. Kaitenborn
		6:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Gulden Serenaders
		6:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00		7:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00		7:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00		7:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15		7:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
4:15		7:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15		7:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30		7:30	7:30 CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
7:30		7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00		7:00	8:00 CBS: Al Pearce
6:30		7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Herbert Marshall
8:30		7:30	8:30 CBS: PAUL WHITEMAN
8:30		7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Quick Silver Quiz
8:30		7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Avalon Time
8:00		8:00	9:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
9:30		8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: FRED ALLEN
7:00		9:00	10:00 CBS: Dr. Christian
7:00		9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00		9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

## WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Woman in Love cast stops rehearsal for a cup of tea.

### Tune-In Bulletin for November 29, December 6, 13 and 20!

November 29: Woody Herman and his band open tonight at The Famous Door, New York swing night spot. Listen to them on NBC. . . . Canada Joins the Map is the subject for today's School of the Air story, on CBS at 9:15.

December 6: Here's your last chance to hear Glenn Miller's orchestra playing from the Meadowbrook Country Club in New Jersey. . . . The School of the Air presents Dawn the Mississippi to the Sea.

December 13: William Hiram Faulkes talks today at 12:30 over NBC-Red, starring in his program called Hamespun. . . . The School of the Air story is about the discovery and purchase of Alaska.

December 20: Your Almanac's tip for a present to give that youngster you particularly like: a small radio set for his or her own room. . . . There's a prizefight being broadcast tonight from Madison Square Garden over NBC-Blue at 10:00. Bill Stern will do the announcing.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** By Kathleen Norris, on CBS at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Wheaties. The serial you're hearing now is Woman in Love, adapted for radio from one of Mrs. Norris' best-selling novels, and when it's finished the program will go right on with another story.

The idea of putting radio versions of the works of famous authors on the air originated in the fertile brain of Phillips Lord, who used to be Seth Parker but abandoned that far the job of thinking up and producing programs. He persuaded Kathleen Norris to let him adapt her novels first, and since they've been on the air has signed up Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, and the literary executives of the late S. S. Van Dine. The authors of the original books don't do any actual work on the radio scripts; their books are adapted in the Lord office.

You who have been following the serial, Woman in Love, in Radio Mirror will find added pleasure in listening to the air show. Arline Blackburn plays Tamara, and the rest of the cast is: Hause Jameson as Mayne, Lawson Zerbe as Lance, Effie Palmer as Mather Lawrence, Mildred Baker as Dalores Quinn, Eleanor Audley as Coral, Mary Cecil as Ivy Lippinger, Carl Frank as Jae Holloway, Betty Garde as Mrs. Wiley and Frank Lovejoy as Frank Feeney. You'll notice, probably, that although the story

has been changed very little in its transition to radio, a few of the characters have been made more important.

The picture above shows one reason radio actors like to work in By Kathleen Norris. It just happens that most of the members of the cast have very busy days in radio, and Brice Disque, the director, thought it would refresh them and make them give better performances if tea were served in the middle of rehearsals. So every afternoon at 4:00 (they rehearse from 3:00 until air-time at 5:00) a restaurant sends up a big tray of tea and cookies, and the entire cast knocks off work for ten or fifteen minutes, while Phillips Lord pays the bill. Shaw in the picture above are (seated) Lawson Zerbe, Arline Blackburn, Mildred Baker and Frank Lovejoy; (standing) announcer Dwight Weist, the sound-effects man, and Elsie Thompson, the organist.

The saliloquy comes into its own in Woman in Love as it's presented on the air. Every now and then one of the characters steps up to the microphone and whispers his or her thoughts, so the listening audience will know just how that character feels about a certain situation. Another innovation is having the characters repeat, at the start of each instalment, a few lines from the preceding day's script, in order to set the scene.

### SAY HELLO TO . . .

**ANN SHEPHERD**—who has replaced Elspeth Eric as Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, in the CBS serial of the same name, heard at 3:00 this afternoon. Ann isn't new to the program, since she's played other roles in it before now. She was born in Chicago, and began her dramatic career there when she was sixteen. Later she went to Hollywood, was featured in several pictures, and then came East to enter radio and continue her stage work. She stepped into the Joyce Jordan role when Elspeth Eric left the cast to be in the stage play, "Margin for Error." Ann's dark-haired, dark-eyed, tiny, and enjoys cooking.



Eastern Standard Time		
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME
8:00		NBC-Red: Variety Show
	8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:00	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00	CBS: Manhattan Mother
8:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	CBS: School of the Air
	9:15	
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	10:15	NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	10:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	10:45	NBC-Blue: Midstream
	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	11:00	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	CBS: Brenda Curtis
	11:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	11:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: American Life
9:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	CBS: This Day is Ours
10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
10:45	12:45	NBC-Red: Words and Music
	12:45	CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00	CBS: Do Barclay's Daughters
	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	3:45	CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	CBS: News
3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: The Guest Book
	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	7:15	NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
	6:30	CBS: Vox Pop
	7:30	NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
4:30	6:30	
9:00	7:00	CBS: Ask It Basket
	8:00	NBC-Red: One Man's Family
9:30	7:30	CBS: Strange as It Seems
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Joe Penner
9:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Those We Love
6:00	8:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Rochester Philharmonic
6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS
6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING
7:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	10:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
7:30	9:30	CBS: Americans at Work

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ One of the Town Meeting's audience rises to ask a question.

## Tune-In Bulletin for November 30, December 7, 14 and 21!

November 30: In some states this is still Thanksgiving Day, so the networks are playing no favorites—they are broadcasting Thanksgiving programs. . . . Mutual, for instance, has some special holiday music by Henry Weber on the Concert Revue program at 10:30 P. M., E. S. T. . . . Mutual's Inside of Sports program at 7:45 tells the story of Lucky Baldwin, founder of the Santa Anita race track. . . . The School of the Air this morning tells a story: Look See with Uncle Bill, by Will Jones.

December 7: With a whoop and a holler, Bob Burns returns tonight to the Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-Red at 10:00—and no doubt he has some new tall stories to tell. . . . Lorry Clinton's band opens at the Meadowbrook Country Club, broadcasting over NBC.

December 14: The secrets of a private detective are to be revealed on Americas at Work tonight. . . . And the School of the Air story is a Christmas one—The Poor Count's Christmas, by Frank L. Stockton.

December 21: For some good music, tune in the Rochester orchestra, NBC-Blue at 9.

### ON THE AIR TONIGHT: America's Town Meeting of the Air, on NBC-Blue at 9:30.

Here is a program that would shock the citizens of almost any other country in the world but the United States. They wouldn't believe it possible to put on an hour of discussion on vital questions in which nobody was censored or was afraid to speak his mind. They wouldn't understand how a working journalist could be allowed to argue in public with a cabinet minister of the American government—Madame Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins; or how an average citizen could appear on the same platform to oppose the President's wife.

There are things about America's Town Meeting that even experienced radio men in this country don't understand. Up to its first broadcast, in May, 1935, radio program men insisted that an hour's discussion of political problems was too dry and high-brow for the listening audience. They added that even if a few men might listen to it, no woman ever would, because women didn't understand or enjoy politics. So the first Town Meeting broadcast went on the air—and by the following Monday 3,000 fan letters had come in, most of them from women. Women are still in the majority of those who write in.

You only hear half of the Town Meeting program, because it really begins at 8:30, a whole hour before it goes on the air. Led by Dr. Arthur E. Bestor, President of Chautauqua and chairman of the Town Hall Board of Trustees, the discussion of the evening's question gets underway. For this first hour, there aren't any scheduled speakers—people just stand up in the audience and tell what they think.

At 9:30 the broadcast starts, and George V. Denny takes over the job of being moderator from Dr. Bestor. The scheduled speakers are given a certain amount of time to make their points; then a sign on the manuscript-stand in front of them flashes, and they know it's time to stop and let the opposing speaker have his say. This more or less formal debate goes on until 10:00, and then once more the people in the audience are invited to ask the speakers questions. Now comes the really hot part of the evening, with the speakers having to think up answers to embarrassing questions shot at them from all parts of the auditorium.

Only twice has any one in the audience lost his temper in the heat of argument. Each time some one called the speaker a liar, and had to be asked to leave. Both times the offending member of the audience felt sorry afterwards and apologized.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**PATTY CONLEY**—the winner of a contest sponsored by the Chicago Boys Clubs, and at present the lad who plays the role of Spottie in Scattergood Baines, this afternoon at 5:45, E. S. T., on CBS. Every boys' club in Chicago entered someone in the contest, which required boys to write, act in, and produce a radio script—and even build their own sound equipment. Patty was the winner, the committee of judges decided. He's thirteen years old, one of a family of thirteen children from Chicago's South Side, and has never until now had any formal dramatic training. Even without it, he usually steals the show.



**Eastern Standard Time**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
		8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
		8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:00	9:00	CBS: Manhattan Mother
	8:00	9:00	NBC: News
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
		9:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		9:45	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
1:00		9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15		9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
		9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
		9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30		9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilton House
		9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
		9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45		9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
		9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
		9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
8:00		10:00	11:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: Brenda Curtis
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
		10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neill's
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Dr. Daniel A. Poling
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: This Day is Ours
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Revue Program
		2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	6:15	CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
		5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: News
		6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Guiden Serenaders
		6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
6:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: Professor Quiz
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Josef Marais
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: Kate Smith
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Carson Robison's Buckaroos
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: Johnny Presents
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:15	8:30	9:30	CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: George Jessel
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Grand Central Station
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Lady Esther Serenade
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Young Man With a Band

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Guy and Carmen run over tunes for the Hit of Tomorrow.

## Tune-In Bulletin for November 24, December 1, 8, 15 and 22!

November 24: Duke Ellington is the star tonight of CBS' Young Men with a Band program at 10:30. . . . Bob Chester and his band open at the Hotel Nicollet in Minneapolis, broadcasting over NBC. . . . While Joe Sanders' band goes into the Blackhawk Hotel in Chicago, to be heard on CBS. December 1: Lou Ambers and Henry Armstrong fight tonight for the welterweight championship of the world, and as usual Bill Stern will be right there to tell you all about it over NBC-Blue at 10:00. December 8: They've got another quiz show for kids now—called Name It and It's Yours, with Ed East as master of ceremonies, on NBC-Blue at 8:00. December 15: For prize-fight fans—a fight from Madison Square Garden tonight on NBC-Blue, with Bill Stern telling you about it. December 22: For a pleasant half-hour, how about Carson Robison and his Buckaroos, on NBC-Blue at 8:30?

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians, on NBC-Red at 10:00, E.S.T., sponsored by the Lady Esther Company.

Bonds may come and bonds may go, but the popularity of the Lombardos goes on forever. Here they are, in one of the few network programs built completely around a danceband and dance music, without news commentators, glamorous guest stars, or comedians. Just music, Lombardo variety. You hear them also on CBS, Monday nights.

The Lombardo band consists of thirteen musicians, plus Guy. Included in the thirteen are the Lombardo trio and brothers Carmen and Lebert, who sing charuses.

The biggest feature of the Lady Esther Serenade is the "Hit of Tomorrow"—a new song which Guy predicts will be a big success. The "Hit of Tomorrow" was started an age of Guy's unsponsored broadcasts a few years ago, and grew into such an important listener attraction that he transferred it to his commercial shows. It's one of the few accurate forecasts of a song's popularity on the networks. No less than sixty-five per cent of the nation's hit songs have been introduced and played for the first time by the Lombardo band. Music publishers often bring their manuscripts to Guy and Carmen before making up their minds whether or not to publish

them. On days when the band rehearses for the Serenade, Guy and Carmen spend two hours looking over possibilities for the following week's show, and generally sift through about a hundred tunes before selecting one.

Carmen, of course, is a songwriter himself, but he never takes advantage of his position as co-selector of the "Hit of Tomorrow" to push his own tunes. He submits his song under a pen-name, and lets it stand entirely on its own merits when the time comes for Guy to inspect it.

A Lombardo rehearsal is a study in contrasts. Up until two o'clock, when it actually begins, the studio is full of radio editors, music publishers, song-pluggers, and booking agents, making a cheerful hubbub. After two, they are all gone and the room is serenely quiet, except for the soft Lombardo music. The music itself never needs much rehearsal—all the musicians are too experienced and expert—but Guy always insists on a "balance test" to make sure every man is exactly the right distance from the microphone to make the music blend harmoniously. Each instrumentalist plays the scale, while Guy sits in the control room and watches the electric indicators to find out if the music registers correctly. He's been known to switch a man's position as many as fifteen times.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**BETTY GARDE**—who plays Connie in *My Son and I*, on CBS at 2:35 this afternoon, and Belle on *Lorenzo Jones*, NBC-Red at 4:30 this afternoon. She's one of radio's best actresses, and won laurels on the stage recently as well. Born in Philadelphia in 1906, she got her first professional stage job just after graduating from high school. She'd intended to go to college, but liked the stage so much she gave up the notion. She played on Broadway and on tour, and was in several movies when the talkies were young. For several years she was Mrs. Wiggs of the *Cabbage Patch* in that serial. She's red-haired, blue-eyed.



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch.
	8:00	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Dick Liebert
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
	8:00	9:00 NBC: News
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
	8:15	9:15 CBS: Fiddler's Fancy
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Cloutier's Orch.
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Morin Sisters
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Wise Man
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda Snow
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: No School Today
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Barry McKinley
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
	8:00	10:00 11:00 CBS: Young People's Concert
	8:00	10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: Charioteers
	8:00	10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: Ross Trio
	8:15	10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn
	8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Hilda Hope, M.D.
	9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: Education Forum
	9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Eastman School of Music
	9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: Country Journal
	9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Let's Pretend
	9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: FARM BUREAU
	9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
	10:15	12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
	10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Three Quarter Time
	10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: Matinee in Rhythm
	11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA
	11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Ray Kinney Orch.
	11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
	12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Orchestra
	12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Sonny James Orch.
	1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: Laval Orchestra
	2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Red: Orchestra
	3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: News
	3:00	5:00 6:00 NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
	3:05	5:05 6:05 CBS: Albert Warner
	3:05	5:05 6:05 NBC-Blue: Les Brown Orch.
	3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: What's Art to Me
	3:30	5:30 6:30 NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted
	3:30	5:30 6:30 NBC-Red: Religion in the News
	4:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: People's Platform
	4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
	4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Orchestra
	4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: Gay Nineties Revue
	4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
	4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Art for Your Sake
	8:30	7:00 8:00 CBS: Gang Busters
	9:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Melody and Madness
	5:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: Wayne King's Orch.
	5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: Youth vs. Age
	5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Stop Me If You've Heard This One
	9:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
	9:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
	6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Hall of Fun
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Death Valley Days
	6:45	8:45 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Benny Goodman
	7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: ARTURO TOSCANINI
	7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Arch Oboler's Plays

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Milton Berle (center) with gag-busters Hershfield and Flippin.

## Tune-In Bulletin for November 25, December 2, 9, 16 and 23!

November 25: The Melady and Madness program shows up tonight at a new time—8:00 to 8:30 on NBC-Red, with a repeat broadcast reaching the Pacific Coast at 9:00. But whether Bab Benchley will still be its star wasn't known when your Almanac went to press. . . . Bill Stern describes the Harvard-Yale football game over NBC this afternoon. It's being played at Cambridge.

December 2: All the networks are scrambling to be on the spot to tell you about the Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia today. It's scheduled on NBC, CBS and Mutual. . . . Music-lovers will tune in NBC-Blue at 2:00 this afternoon to hear the first broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House. . . . And they'll tune in the same stations at 10:00 tonight for Arturo Toscanini's last broadcast until after the first of the year. It's to be a gala occasion, held in Carnegie Hall instead of the NBC studios, and Toscanini will play Beethoven's Choral Fantasy and his famous Choral Symphony, the Ninth.

December 9: There's a new conductor for the NBC Symphony Orchestra tonight at 10:00—Desire de Fauw, a Belgian conductor who is making his American debut tonight.

December 16: Arch Oboler's plays are coming from Hollywood now—NBC-Red at 10:30—and their quality is just as fine as it ever was.

December 23: It's fine to be able to hear Wayne King on the air again—tune him in tonight at 8:30 over CBS.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Stap-Me-If-You've-Heard-This-One, an NBC-Red at 8:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Quaker Oats.

Have you any favorite jokes? If you have, mail them in to this program, and if they're used on the air you'll get paid good money. Better yet, if they're used and none of the three gag-buster experts on the show can think of the right tag-lines to them, you'll get paid even more.

Stap-Me-If-You've-etc. is a variation on Information Please, only instead of questions, jokes are used. Comedian Milton Berle tells the first part of a joke to a board composed of Harry Hershfield, Jay C. Flippin and a guest star. They're supposed to think of the correct tag-line. If they don't, the person who submitted the joke wins.

Cal Tinney (say hello to him below) is the lad who thought up the idea for Stap Me. Not only isn't he on the program, but he's running his own program at the very same time Saturday nights on NBC-Blue—so maybe Cal doesn't really care what people listen to at 8:30 tonight, as long as they don't tune in CBS. He gets a royalty from the Stap Me show for the idea.

Nat much rehearsal would be needed for this show, if it weren't for the fact that every week a guest band, called the Band of Hanor, supplies the music. Since it's a comedy program, and comedy means careful timing of cues, Milton Berle and announcer Dan Seymour have to rehearse with the new band every Saturday.

Milton Berle is busier at a rehearsal than any other radio star. He personally supervises every little detail, tells the orchestra leaders how he wants the music played, runs into the central room to listen to it, dashes back to the microphone for his lines—as full of activity as a cat on a hot stove. He wears his hat all the time, and addresses everyone on the program, male or female, as "baby."

Because Stap Me goes on the air at 8:30 and lasts until 9:00, a Broadway play has to delay its Saturday-night performance. "See My Lawyer," in which Berle is starred, doesn't raise its curtain until five minutes after nine on Saturday nights. Even at that, he has to do some tall sprinting to get to the theater on time. Naturally, he wears his make-up at the broadcast in Studio 8-G of NBC's Radio City.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**CAL TINNEY**—master of ceremonies on Youth vs. Age, on NBC-Blue at 8:30 tonight. His full name is Calvin Lawrence Tinney, and he got it because a woman who lived on a neighboring ranch in Pontotoc County, Oklahoma, where he was born, offered his mother a set of diapers for the privilege of naming the new infant. Cal went to the local schools and then enrolled in the University of Oklahoma—but left when authorities discovered he had never finished school. He started newspaper work when he was eleven, as a printer's devil, then advanced until he had a syndicated column and moved on into radio.



## Rochester Van Jones Rides High

(Continued from page 31)

Santa Anita and Hollywood Park (a luxury Jack Benny gave up long ago.) For a while Rochester even had his own night club in the sophisticated center of Los Angeles' Harlem, Central Avenue. He whips about in silken high hat and tails, far more socially arrived in his circle than Jack ever was in his. He has his own gentleman's gentleman to keep him in "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." He sports more official badges, civic citations and honors than Jack ever bagged. He plays a snappy game of golf. His wedding this year was one of the gala social events of the Central Avenue cafe society season.

Even Jack Benny scratches his thinning gray thatch in wonder as he surveys the smoke in Rochester's wake and mutters his favorite line, "What's that guy got that I haven't got?" Last Christmas Jack presented Rochester with a lucky rabbit's foot on a gold chain. Now he wishes he had it back. "Rochester doesn't need it," grins Jack. "I do!"

THE transformation of Eddie Anderson, in and out colored vaudeville hoofer and straight man, into the professionally and personally glorious Rochester Van Jones is mixed up mainly with two frolics of Hollywood fate. One involved a train trip of Jack Benny's gang back to Hollywood from New York; the other certain delusions of Oscar, the Paramount studio bootblack. It happened like this:

Some two and a half years ago, Jack and his ace writers, Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, who plot all the funny business each week on the Benny show, huddled their harried heads with no more ideas for the show next week in Hollywood than rabbits. They were riding west, somewhere near Chicago. The roadbed was bumpy. "How can you think on a train anyway?" grumbled Jack. "It's a headache."

"Headaches can be funny," said Bill. "Let's work out a train routine."

"What'll we use for a straightman?" asked Jack. "The conductor?"

"A porter's funnier," offered Bill.

"Boys," cried Jack, "we've got it. Wire Hollywood and get a colored porter for the show. Now let's get a script together."

Maybe you remember the "Albuquerque" program of Jack Benny's a couple of years ago. The gang were supposed to be rattling Westward on the Santa Fe Chief. The gags were screaming; it was one of Jack's funniest shows. A negro porter gave him the business all through it. The porter was Eddie Anderson.

He almost wasn't. Because the colored boy who shined Jack's shoes on the Paramount lot, Oscar the bootblack, was Jack's choice in his Hollywood wire. But Oscar, picture wise, had an agent. The agent demanded \$300 for Oscar. Now, Jack's not quite as stingy as he makes out on his program, but that was too steep. Oscar kept on shining shoes and Eddie Anderson was plenty glad to take the break. The show was on Easter Sunday, 1937. When it was over Rochester Van Jones hadn't exactly risen, but he was certainly on the ascent.

He wasn't "Rochester" on that

show,—just an unnamed porter. But Eddie Anderson got laughs. And like all people who get laughs the first time in radio, he came back. Once as an elevator boy; once as "Pierre," the western waiter in Jack's "Buck Benny" series. Then Jack decided to build a house in Beverly Hills. If you know the Benny show, you know right away that every halfway important act in Jack Benny's personal life is gagged to the limit for the air. The house was too good for Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin to pass up. "What would certainly make you look funny as a householder," mused Bill, "is a butler."

"I resent that," huffed Jack. "Who'll we get?"

Well, to tidy up a story, Eddie Anderson got himself that job too. Rochester, the eye-rolling eight-ball, not only clicked from the start—he rattled right out loud.

Eddie has shivered through a lot of lean and cold years for this his day in the sun. He peddled firewood on the side streets of San Francisco as a pickaninny. He hoofed for pennies later on as a kid and worked his way through grammar school, until he finally busted in and out of corny negro revues that folded as regularly as Chamberlain's umbrella. He was sick and hungry and footsore a million times before he hit Hollywood.

Even his first few picture parts, such as Lowell Sherman's valet in "What Price Hollywood" and Noah in "The Green Pastures," before he hooked up with Jack Benny, hadn't lifted Eddie out of the red. It was strictly from hunger with Eddie Anderson until he met up with Rochester Van Jones. Then suddenly it was plush. Eddie sort of figured he had a spree coming.

SO the first thing Rochester Van Jones did was open a night club. Eddie Anderson thought he knew the night club business inside and out. When he first hit Hollywood he had snagged a semi-steady meal ticket for a year or so in Frank Sebastian's Cotton Club, heaven for Hollywood's colored entertainers. Eddie joined the Sons of Syncopation and did riffs and scats and jives and things before they ever caught on to become famous. Peckin' started at the Cotton Club, and if you believe Eddie Anderson, truckin' did too.

Anyway, when he caught on with Jack, Eddie put a little cash with a lot of credit and became mine genial host of Central Avenue in a big way. He bought himself a high, shiny silk hat, white tie and tails. He put them on and hustled over to the broadcast. The Benny gang almost swooned when they saw Rochester butting so magnificently in soup and fish. But when the show was over, they all took a run down for a quick look. It was a good thing they did. The club didn't last long. Eddie Anderson had a hot high-brown spot, but his hospitality obscured his business judgment. His darktown friends put their drinks on the cuff—Eddie's cuff. Pretty soon the cash register tinkled with a hollow sound. The club folded and Eddie was broke. But he still had (1) his job with Jack Benny and (2) his high hat and tails. He kept the job—but he changed the en-

semble.

Every turn in Eddie's private projects, social or sporting, has involved a little private fashion premiere at the Jello broadcast. When Eddie shows up with a new outfit, the Benny gang know some new blossom of Eddie's personality is bursting the bud. Eddie believes clothes make the man. He hired himself a colored valet the day his option was taken up, to lay out his sunburst creations, checks, zig-zags and stripes which comprise the wardrobe of the sartorially perfect Central Avenue boulevardier. When it comes to the well-turned-out man, Eddie refuses to miss a trick, and he is really stepping high.

NOR does anything substantial loom in the offing to slow him down. Not even marriage. A few months ago Eddie decided that a man of his position, having reached the mature age of thirty-five, should take unto himself a wife. His choice was Mamie Wiggins, a comely, dusky worker in the County Clerk's office. Their wedding was a big event. The Benny show troupe were on hand, of course. "Madame Queen"—that's what Eddie calls his new wife, has no intention of cramping Eddie's splendidiferous style as a public figure. In fact, right after their wedding, she accompanied Eddie as he achieved the greatest triumphs of his career—in Waukegan, Illinois, where Jack Benny took him for the world premiere of "Man About Town".

In Waukegan, "Mr. and Mrs. Rochester" stayed at the best hotel, were feted at the country club, and mobbed for autographs as enthusiastically as any movie star could wish. State and town potentates called on Eddie and bestowed honors. In no time at all Eddie had a flock of official badges—city collector, deputy sheriff, special investigator, mayor's assistant and four or five more. He pinned them all on his suspenders and strutted into Jack Benny's hotel room. Jack exploded.

"Say," he yelled, "whose home town is this anyway? Mine or Rochester's?"

Right now Eddie Anderson is trying to work a little black magic and cut down his outgo to squeeze under his income—the while maintaining his scorching pace as Rochester Van Jones, man about Hollywood. The reason is that Eddie and the missus crave to be solid citizens and build themselves a big house. They want one like the place Phil Harris has out in the Valley.

Eddie's chances of getting that big house, too, aren't a bit bad. Because, while he still keeps up his private spend-for-prosperity campaign, his checks are ballooning every week. He just finished a fat part as Uncle Peter in "Gone With the Wind", and Bill Morrow was writing more Rochester than ever into Jack Benny's next picture, "Buck Benny Rides Again."

The other day Jack looked over the advance script. After a few pages, he rolled his cigar thoughtfully and said, "I've got a suggestion."

"What is it?" asked Bill Morrow.

"Let's change the title," said Jack. "Let's make it 'Rochester Rides again'. Who's this guy Benny, anyway?"

# WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

YOU don't hear so much about it on the air any more, but the battle of wits between Jack Benny and Fred Allen is still going strong. Fred's latest contribution to it was his remark that he hadn't laughed at Jack since the time Benny got stuck in a street grating. "Naturally," Fred drawled, "the grating thought Benny was a heel."

\* \* \*

Wynn Murray, the new singing star on the Allen program, is only eighteen but even at that she's more of a radio veteran than her boss. She started her air career in 1931, one year before Allen did. Her parents were so pleased when she succeeded in getting on the NBC Children's Hour at the age of eleven that they immediately enrolled her in the Scranton Conservatory of Music. They wanted her to be an opera singer—and certainly never expected her to provide musical relief for a reformed juggler!

\* \* \*

While we're on the subject of that whimsical jester of Town Hall, here's a further bulletin on the efforts of

By DAN SENSENEY

Portland, his wife, to move him into a real home instead of living in a hotel room. Fred's so used to existing in a trunk he can't get very pleased or excited over his first apartment, but Portland had the time of her life shopping for furniture. She dragged Fred along on one expedition on the plea that she wanted him to test an armchair for comfort. He sat down in the chair, Portland wandered away to look at some bookcases, and when she returned a few minutes later he was fast asleep. She bought the chair, but Fred still grumbled. "Why can't we move in here?" he wanted to know. "More variety around this store than we'll ever get at home."

\* \* \*

With Arturo Toscanini back in America, conducting his Saturday-night broadcasts over NBC again, stories and legends about the little gray maestro are cropping up again. One of the best (though I wouldn't vouch for its truth) is that one afternoon at rehearsal Toscanini got so angry at one of his musicians that he

threw his \$500 platinum watch on the ground and smashed it to pieces. The next day an NBC executive sent him a box of dollar Ingersolls with a note: "These are for rehearsal time."

Half a dozen guards are always posted outside NBC's big studio 8-H on the afternoons Toscanini rehearses, because nothing irritates him as much as the intrusion of an outsider. But, despite precautions, he did have a visitor one day. Just before the rehearsal started, one of NBC's engineers was in the studio repairing a Hammond electric organ. He had to crawl into the loudspeaker cabinet, a big box with about enough space inside it for one man, and while he was still in there the rehearsal commenced. The engineer was afraid to come out, because cleverer tricks than getting into a loudspeaker have been used by folks anxious to hear a Toscanini rehearsal, so he closed the panel door and stayed there. More than an hour later he emerged, dripping with perspiration and almost suffocated—but safe from the maestro's wrath.

\* \* \*

Ben Grauer has one of radio's hardest jobs announcing the NBC Pot o' Gold show, which stars Horace Heidt and his band. This is the program, you know, which gives away \$1000 every week to some lucky telephone subscriber, and it's Ben's duty to call the winners long distance and tell them of their good fortune. A pleasant task? Yes, but Ben never can understand what the fellow on the other end of the line is saying, what with his understandable excitement at winning so much money, and the band playing in the background. . . . Incidentally, if you've wondered why they don't fix it so you can hear all of the telephone conversations instead of only Ben's half, it's against the law, which forbids telephone wire-tapping.

\* \* \*

Do you know where there's one of those huge clocks jewelers often put outside their stores to advertise themselves? It can be with or without a lamp post, but it must tell time or you can't dispose of it to Raymond Scott, the swing musician and composer. Raymond wants one badly, and even went so far as to run an ad in the New York Times asking for it. He wants to set it up in his office at CBS because he and the members of his quintet are always sitting around there and talking and having so much fun they forget the time and are late to appointments—which is very bad for business. He hopes a big clock—one so big they couldn't forget it for a minute, and with a brassy clang to strike the hours—would remedy the situation.

\* \* \*

Hobbies can be overdone. Even Dave Elman, the Hobby Lobby man himself, admits it. In his office stands a big bookcase, made by a hobbyist, which was the cause of sending its maker to a hospital. It's constructed of millions of tiny pieces of wood, glued together in an intricate mosaic design, and by the time he'd finished it the man's lungs were so full of sawdust he had to go to a hospital. He's all right now, but he's changed his hobby. It's photography now.

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

# TO COAST

Vicki Vola, who plays the title role in the CBS serial, Brenda Curtis, wishes someone would tell her what happens to you when you put a piece of wedding cake under your pillow at night. Her sister, who was just married in Denver, sent her a slice of her wedding cake, and Vicki ate half of it (it was a *very* large piece), putting the other half under her pillow. She knew you were supposed to do that, even though she didn't know what was supposed to happen if you did. She asked me, but I wasn't sure of my ground either, so I wouldn't say.

\* \* \*

Annette Hastings, songstress with the Norman Cloutier orchestra and one of NBC's staff soloists, is also the NBC war baby. Ever since the European crisis began, the network has been making last-minute decisions either to stay on the air all night or to open up before dawn in the morning. More often than not, when this happened, it was Annette's telephone that rang, and Annette who had to climb out of bed and trudge through dark streets to sing between news bulletins or European broadcasts.

\* \* \*

If Richard Humber gets that new commercial show for a cereal manufacturer, it will be a miracle. In the past, Dick has been sponsored by cigarettes (he doesn't smoke), by automobiles (he can't drive), and by beer (never touches it). But he does eat those crunchy cracklers, and that's the reason he's afraid he'll never get the show.



Note for young singers in search of a job: One day Meredith Willson, musical director of NBC's Good News of 1940 program, found a wrinkled slip of paper in his pocket, on it a scribbled name and telephone number. He didn't know the name or how the paper got there. But he didn't have anything to do just then, so he said to producer Don Cope: "Let's call him up and audition him." They did, and the result is Good News' singing star, Frank Travis.

\* \* \*

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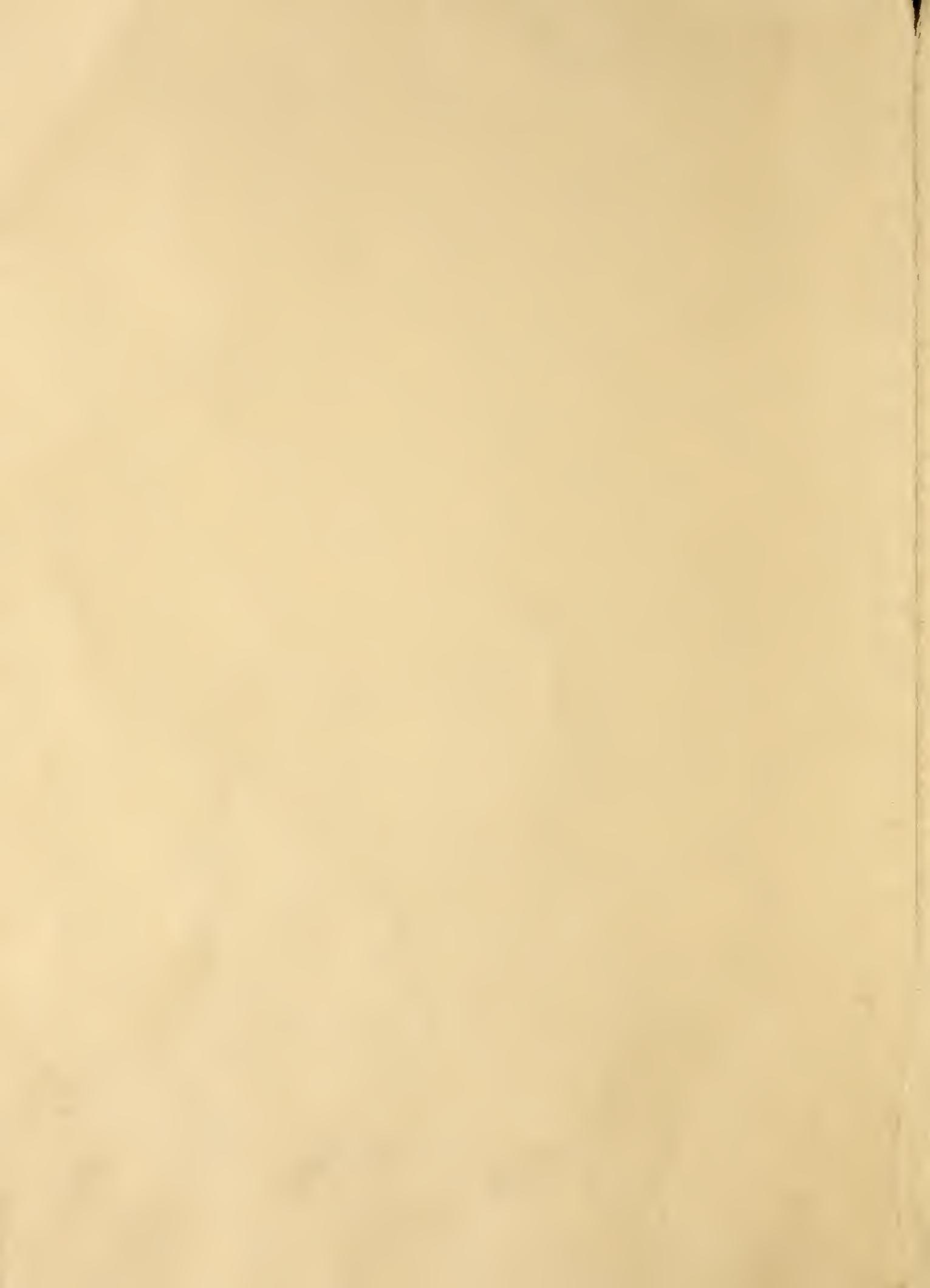
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(Continued on page 63)

Because of Martha Dulin, Women's World, on WBT, is one of Carolina's most popular shows.





# WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

By DAN SENSENEY

**Y**OU don't hear so much about it on the air any more, but the battle of wits between Jack Benny and Fred Allen is still going strong. Fred's latest contribution to it was his remark that he hadn't laughed at Jack since the time Benny got stuck in a street grating. "Naturally," Fred drawled, "the grating thought Benny was a heel."

\* \* \*

Wynn Murray, the new singing star on the Allen program, is only eighteen but even at that she's more of a radio veteran than her boss. She started her air career in 1931, one year before Allen did. Her parents were so pleased when she succeeded in getting on the NBC Children's Hour at the age of eleven that they immediately enrolled her in the Scranton Conservatory of Music. They wanted her to be an opera singer—and certainly never expected her to provide musical relief for a reformed juggler!

\* \* \*

While we're on the subject of that whimsical jester of Town Hall, here's a further bulletin on the efforts of

Irene Dunne looked like a million at her broadcast with David Niven for Cecil DeMille—but she had to borrow 35 cents to pay for parking her car.



Portland, his wife, to move him into a real home instead of living in a hotel room. Fred's so used to existing in a trunk he can't get very pleased or excited over his first apartment, but Portland had the time of her life shopping for furniture. She dragged Fred along on one expedition on the plea that she wanted him to test an armchair for comfort. He sat down in the chair, Portland wandered away to look at some bookcases, and when she returned a few minutes later he was fast asleep. She bought the chair, but Fred still grumbled. "Why can't we move in here?" he wanted to know. "More variety around this store than we'll ever get at home."

\* \* \*

With Arturo Toscanini back in America, conducting his Saturday-night broadcasts over NBC again, stories and legends about the little gray maestro are cropping up again. One of the best (though I wouldn't vouch for its truth) is that one afternoon at rehearsal Toscanini got so angry at one of his musicians that he

Ben Grauer has one of radio's hardest jobs announcing the NBC Pot o' Gold show, which stars Horace Heidt and his band. This is the program, you know, which gives away \$1000 every week to some lucky telephone subscriber, and it's Ben's duty to call the winners long distance and tell them of their good fortune. A pleasant task? Yes, but Ben never can understand what the fellow on the other end of the line is saying, what with his understandable excitement at winning so much money, and the band playing in the background. . . . Incidentally, if you've wondered why they don't fix it so you can hear all of the telephone conversations instead of only Ben's half, it's against the law, which forbids telephone wire-tapping.

\* \* \*

Do you know where there's one of those huge clocks jewelers often put outside their stores to advertise themselves? It can be with or without a lamp post, but it must tell time or you can't dispose of it to Raymond Scott, the swing musician and composer. Raymond wants one badly, and even went so far as to run an ad in the New York Times asking for it. He wants to set it up in his office at CBS because he and the members of his quintet are always sitting around there and talking and having so much fun they forget the time and are late to appointments—which is very bad for business. He hopes a big clock—one so big they couldn't forget it for a minute, and with a brassy clang to strike the hours—would remedy the situation.

\* \* \*

Hobbies can be overdone. Even Dave Elman, the Hobby Lobby man himself, admits it. In his office stands a big bookcase, made by a hobbyist, which was the cause of sending its maker to a hospital. It's constructed of millions of tiny pieces of wood, glued together in an intricate mosaic design, and by the time he'd finished it the man's lungs were so full of sawdust he had to go to a hospital. He's all right now, but he's changed his hobby. It's photography now.

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

threw his \$500 platinum watch on the ground and smashed it to pieces. The next day an NBC executive sent him a box of dollar Ingersolls with a note: "These are for rehearsal time."

Half a dozen guards are always posted outside NBC's big studio 8-H on the afternoons Toscanini rehearses, because nothing irritates him as much as the intrusion of an outsider. But, despite precautions, he did have a visitor one day. Just before the rehearsal started, one of NBC's engineers was in the studio repairing a Hammond electric organ. He had to crawl into the loudspeaker cabinet, a big box with about enough space inside it for one man, and while he was still in there the rehearsal commenced. The engineer was afraid to come out, because cleverer tricks than getting into a loudspeaker have been used by folks anxious to hear a Toscanini rehearsal, so he closed the panel door and stayed there. More than an hour later he emerged, dripping with perspiration and almost suffocated—but safe from the maestro's wrath.

\* \* \*

If Richard Himer gets that new commercial show for a cereal manufacturer, it will be a miracle. In the past, Dick has been sponsored by cigarettes (he doesn't smoke), by automobiles (he can't drive), and by beer (never touches it). But he does eat those crunchy cracklers, and that's the reason he's afraid he'll never get the show.

Vicki Vola, who plays the title role in the CBS serial, Brenda Curtis, wishes someone would tell her what happens to you when you put a piece of wedding cake under your pillow at night. Her sister, who was just married in Denver, sent her a slice of her wedding cake, and Vicki ate half of it (it was a very large piece), putting the other half under her pillow. She knew you were supposed to do that, even though she didn't know what was supposed to happen if you did. She asked me, but I wasn't sure of my ground either, so I wouldn't say.

\* \* \*

Annette Hastings, songstress with the Norman Cloutier orchestra and one of NBC's staff soloists, is also the NBC war baby. Ever since the European crisis began, the network has been making last-minute decisions either to stay on the air all night or to open up before dawn in the morning. More often than not, when this happened, it was Annette's telephone that rang, and Annette who had to climb out of bed and trudge through dark streets to sing between news bulletins or European broadcasts.

\* \* \*

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JANUARY, 1940

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(Continued on page 63)

## Where Was I Wrong?

(Continued from page 40)

for me. She read my thoughts, and added, "I know how you feel. Things like that hurt 'way down inside. But time—and love—make you see things differently."

And Blair Walliser said much the same sort of thing to me in an entirely different way. I wanted Helen Trent to be good. It was my first big dramatic part, and it was on the air coast to coast, on CBS. So, after each broadcast, I'd go into the control room where Blair sat and ask, "Did I do that all right, Mr. Walliser? Wouldn't it have been better if I'd read that scene thus and so?"

He stood it for a while, but at last he said:

"Miss Clark, there's probably nothing quite so dead as a performance that's finished. Post Mortems do little good, so let's forget about today's show and think of tomorrow's."

**W**HAT he meant, of course, was that he'd do anything to make a coming performance perfect, but it was a waste of time to keep bringing up what was past and done. For me, his words had a double meaning, though I didn't see that meaning very clearly at the time.

Modern, busy, successful as I was, I was nevertheless living in the past. I was letting old bitternesses and old fears rob me of the happiness that lay all the time within my grasp. If I had been able to interpret Blair's words correctly, they would have said to me, "Think of the tomorrows. Let the dead yesterdays bury themselves."

But I was working terribly hard and had little time for introspection. I still saw Bud, but often I was forced to refuse his invitations in favor of work. And one night, when I told him that I was busy, he didn't understand.

"You mean you don't want to go out with me?"

"Of course not, Bud. You know I'd love to, but I'm swamped with work. Don't you see, Bud?"

But he didn't see. It was the third time within a month that he'd called me in vain. And if that was the way I wanted it, all right. He hung up. After that, he didn't call any more.

At last, I came to my senses. Not hearing that grand, familiar voice on the telephone, not resting in the quiet companionship of his presence—the lack of these good things taught me how much Bud meant to me. I knew now what Marie Nelson had meant when she said that when the right man came along I'd understand how wrong I'd been.

I missed the smile that was always in his bluish-green eyes. I missed him so much that I used to cry myself to sleep nights thinking of him.

But still there was enough of the old Virginia Clark left in me to prevent my calling him up. I would not beckon him back. I would not let him know how much I needed him.

That summer, Helen Trent went off the air and I gave up all of my other work. I wanted to get away from familiar scenes and people. They all reminded me of Bud. And so I went to Europe—to France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, England. It was no good. He followed me wherever I went, or the thought of him did. A full month before I had planned to return, I was on the ship, headed for home. I would call him, I would confess how wrong I had been, I would even steel myself to bear the embarrassment if in the year since we had last seen each other, he had found another girl, became engaged or—or married.

As if the gods had listened to my heart, they saved me. On the first night I was home, before anyone knew I was there, the telephone rang, and it was Bud. Bud, talking almost as if he had spoken to me only the day before.

"Hello, Virginia. How are you? . . . It's good to hear your voice again. I've missed you." That was a large admission for Bud to make.

"It's good to hear you too, Bud. I'm awfully glad to be back."

"Have you been away?"

He hadn't even known.

Suppose I hadn't decided to return a month earlier than I'd planned. Suppose he'd called that night, and found that I was away, in Europe, without so much as a word to him?

I think, if that had happened, I'd have learned my lesson too late.

There was a difference in both of us when he came to get me and take me out that evening. A new tenderness. A quiet, delicious happiness, just from being together. I have no idea what we did. Maybe we went to a show, maybe we danced, maybe we drove—I don't remember. The glow of being with him was so strong, so dazzling, that smaller impressions couldn't find their way through it.

But still there was no word of marriage.

Before leaving for Europe, I had taken a screen test for a motion picture company, but nothing had happened and I'd forgotten about it. A few days after my return, I got a special delivery letter asking me to come to Hollywood for a picture. They'd enclosed a contract.

A year before I'd have been wild with ecstasy. Now the prospect left me strangely cold.

| TELEPHONED Bud, and told him about it.

"Well, of course you can't take it," he said emphatically. "I won't have my wife working so far away."

So I bundled the contract back into another envelope and returned it, unsigned. I remember I was humming happily, tunelessly, as I sealed it and trotted out to the nearest mail box.

I still do Helen Trent, ever since Bud and I have been married, but neither of us think of my playing Helen as being work. I live the part. I only wish for her, the happiness I have found.

The End.

## Fate's Bad Boy

(Continued from page 30)

that the flaming idea had come. The idea that was to set them on the road to fame.

Today, Orson Welles at 24 can look back upon that evening in the spring of 1936, and know it was the evening that changed his life. For since that night Orson Welles has been consistently—indeed, almost violently—on the highroad to success.

Few people—perhaps only those devotees of the W. P. A. theater in its heyday—may remember Orson's production of "Macbeth." Those who saw it will never forget its color and passion.

Orson might have rested a long time on the laurels he received for "Macbeth." But even while the reviews were chanting his praises, he was dreaming of other plays. And after "Macbeth" came the extravagant "Horse Eats Hat," a wild farce of the 1880's. And the somber "Dr. Faustus" by the Elizabethan playwright, Christopher Marlowe. And Marc Blitzstein's amazing "The Cradle Will

Rock." And—finally—Orson's own theater, which he named the Mercury.

He had it at last! The Theater of his dreams. A shabby old theater on a crowded street off Sixth Avenue. But his very own. A theater where he could do what he liked.

The Mercury's first production was of course—Shakespeare. "Julius Caesar" this time. The old play of his boyhood days. Only this time with a modern Fascist interpretation. "Julius Caesar" was an immediate hit. Broadway raved. Indeed—from "Macbeth" on, it seemed that every play Orson touched turned to gold. Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Shaw's "Heartbreak House." He lived in a fever of work and happiness.

He and Virginia rented a house in a place called Sneeden's Landing. An old fashioned frame house overlooking the quiet Hudson river. They bought a car—an ancient limousine with a speaking-tube and an easy-going Negro chauffeur.

Just a week before the opening of

"Heartbreak House" a little more than a year ago, Virginia and Orson's baby was born. Long before its arrival, they had named it Christopher—after Orson's favorite playwright, Christopher Marlowe. It was a blonde adorable little girl—but they named it Christopher just the same.

Orson was 23 years old then—Virginia 21. Two kids really. Two kids who'd carved out a life for themselves against disappointment, hardship, poverty—all alone. They had everything now, Virginia would say of a morning, as they sat with Christopher in the front garden, watching the spring sunlight dapple the river. A home of their own. The baby. Fame. Virginia's family had taken them both back proudly, long since. There was more to come.

Radio. Moving pictures.

He conquered radio first. For years Orson had hung around the studios in various capacities. Script-writing. Mob scenes. Bit parts and juicier roles. Even a stint as "The Shadow."

But none had given him the kind of chance he wanted—the chance CBS gave him finally in July, 1938, when the Mercury Theater on the Air started a weekly full hour series of fine plays over the Columbia network—with Orson in complete charge.

It did not take a "Man from Mars" episode to put Orson in the front rank of radio stars. Long before that hectic night in October when America got the wholesale jitters over his "War of the Worlds" broadcast, he had won an enormous following for the originality and beauty of those weekly radio plays.

"War of the Worlds" was not the high point, but the freak in Orson's life. It was the last bad card dealt out to him by destiny. The excited publicity, the angry editorials, fell upon him from all sides—and if he had been a lesser man, they might have ruined his career forever. But Orson Welles is not a lesser man. He is an artist, and he was big enough to pull himself out of the mess—and stick to his guns.

Look at Orson now—a young man of 24 with a radio show under one arm, and a moving picture under the other. "Heart of Darkness," the new film which he is writing, producing and acting in, is now in preparation in Hollywood. Just now Orson is in Hollywood most of the week. But every Friday night he steps into a plane and flies to New York, arriving on Saturday morning for the first Campbell Playhouse rehearsal. And after Campbell's rebroadcast to the West on Sunday at midnight, he takes another plane back to Hollywood and his film.

UNTIL last August, Orson had never been to Hollywood. He didn't know a thing about the moving picture business when he went out there. But ever since his arrival, he's been learning fast. He works 10 hours a day, at home mostly, in a rented house that once belonged to Mary Pickford—dictating constantly to two secretaries—taking time out only to play with Christopher.

Orson finished the script for "Heart of Darkness" in less than two months. He dictated it, floating on a rubber mattress in the swimming pool which is his pride and joy—gazing up at the cloudless Hollywood sky for inspiration. Before writing the finished scenario, he had filled seven volumes full of background material—whole novels about each character in the play, essays on the use of music, the kind of cloud-effects to be used, the sound-effects, the photography.

At night, during his first few months in Hollywood, he spent every available hour sitting in the dark projection rooms of RKO, watching old pictures—learning about technique from directors, actors, cameramen. In two short months he soaked up Hollywood's knowledge like a sponge.

This is Orson Welles at 24. At 24 most young men are scarcely out of college, scarcely out of the stage of worry and vague hopes. At 24 Orson like the proverbial cat has lived eight lives—and dedicated his ninth life to art. For in the world of art, there is no such thing as destiny or gambling—only the dreaming of great dreams and their fulfillment—only the vision, and the energy to carry it through.

Listen to Orson Welles on the Campbell Playhouse Sunday nights at 8, E. S. T., over CBS.

# "But mother... nobody's insulting you!"

John W. shows his mother the new way to raise a baby.



**1. SON:** Take it easy, mother... I only said Sally had a right to raise the baby her own way.

**MOTHER:** Oh well, if my own son thinks I'm wrong—



**3. SON:** But mother, we've been over all that a million times. The doctor told Sally and me how to raise the baby. And we're going to listen to him.

**MOTHER:** What did he say that I don't know?



**5. SON:** Certainly! It's called FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. And it's designed ONLY for children. It's mild... as a child's laxative should be. Yet it works thoroughly. And it's SAFE. You'll never find a harsh drug in Fletcher's Castoria.

**6. MOTHER:** Well... it does sound sensible. But how does he like the taste?

**SON:** He loves it! I never knew a baby could take a medicine and think it fun at the same time!

*Chas. H. Fletcher* **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

NOTE BREND A JOYCE'S  
lovely hands. With RICHARD  
GREENE in 10th Century-Fox  
hit, "Little Old New York".

## BRENDA JOYCE

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

says:

"Only  
**SOFT HANDS**  
are worthy of  
**LOVE**"

YOU'RE FOOLISH if you let work, or use of water, or cold, chap and roughen your hands. Exposure robs your hand skin of its natural moisture. But Jergens Lotion supplies new beautifying moisture to help keep your hands adorable. In Jergens, you apply 2 fine ingredients many doctors use to help soften harsh, rough skin. Easy; never sticky. For hands a man dreams of, use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters. Get Jergens today, sure.

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FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS



### FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to:

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3511 Alfred St., Cincinnati,  
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Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Hilltop House

(Continued from page 34)

do nothing of the sort! If an operation is necessary—and I doubt it—it can be performed by a specialist."

Silently Robbie waited, still paying no attention to Cortland.

"Robbie—" she faltered, "you're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," he said harshly. "Do you think I'd want to operate if I weren't?"

"This boy is my son," Cortland snapped. "You can't operate without my permission."

Robbie's eyes looked their question at Bess.

"Yes," she said. "Tim's his son." She saw Robbie's hands clench, but the gesture conveyed no meaning to her. Automatically she added: "Tim's mother was my sister."

Suddenly Robbie threw back his head and began to laugh. It was laughter of sheer relief—joyous, free. "Why, then," he said to their amazement, "then you're his aunt!"

OF course," Bess replied. Laughter? Why did he laugh? . . . And then, dimly, she sensed rather than knew what Robbie must have thought, and a stinging flush crept into her cheeks—the more painful because she knew she could never speak of this to him. It was one of the things that must be forever hidden between them.

Robbie took her arm. "Would you like to see Tim a minute? . . . I'm sorry, Mr. Cortland," he added almost cordially, "but he's a pretty sick boy, and as you're practically a stranger to him, I think it would be better if you didn't come in."

"If you operate on that boy before I get another opinion," Cortland said in a low voice, "I'll have you arrested." He turned abruptly and walked away.

Inside the room, standing over the little bed where Tim lay, Bess held fast to Robbie's arm with one hand while with the other she smoothed the tumbled hair away from Tim's forehead. The little face, drawn with pain, smiled up at her.

"Miss Bess—I was hoping you'd come. Miss Bess, they won't make me stay here very long, will they? I don't like it, and my head aches so."

"No, Timmy—you won't have to stay long. And you'll feel better soon if you'll only try to sleep."

"Yes, but you stay here. . . ."

"I'll stay."

His eyes closed; in a moment his deep breathing showed that he slept. Bess looked up at Robbie. "Oh Robbie, suppose something should go wrong. Are you so sure an operation is really needed?" She saw that she had hurt him, and hurried on. "No, I didn't mean that—I believe you know what's best—but I'm afraid of Steve. If you operated and weren't successful, he'd ruin you. I know Steve."

"I'm not afraid of him."

"But—couldn't you wait just a day—until he sent for the doctor he wants? So the other doctor can confirm your opinion?"

Robbie considered that. "Why, yes," he said at last. "I suppose we could wait that long."

But when the next day came, bringing with it the doctor Cortland had summoned from Chicago, they were no nearer a decision.

After seeing Tim, he advised delay.

Robbie, in a white-hot fury, brought the news to Bess at Hilltop. "It's utter nonsense to wait!" he raged, pacing up and down in her office. "I shouldn't have waited even this long—and now that fool of a society-doctor, anxious for fatter fees I suppose, mumbles about being careful! I tell you, Bess—" he stopped short and faced her—"I won't be responsible for Tim's life if there is any more delay."

Around her Bess felt the force of conflicting desires, hatreds, jealousies. For a moment she thought—Ah, but Robbie is unstable, impulsive, reckless. But, she added, he is brilliant, too. He has more to lose than I.

"I want you to operate," she said in a tense voice. "Today. Now."

With the words, she freed him of all his agitation, all his nervousness. It was a calm, strong Robbie who took both her hands in his, pressed them to his lips. "Thanks, Bess," he murmured. "Thanks for believing in me. It's more than I—"

But he left that sentence unfinished.

That afternoon, as she sat in the hospital waiting room, not reading, trying not even to think, someone thrust a folded paper into her hand. For a moment she scarcely realized it was there, for there was space for only one thing in her life just then: the consciousness that Tim was in the operating room, under Robbie's hands. But at last she looked down at it, unfolded it, read it.

AT first she couldn't understand the ponderous legal phrases. Only slowly she comprehended that Steve Cortland had started suit for the custody of Tim, and that the hearing was set for two days away. Two days . . . why, by that time there might not be any Tim.

The next forty-eight hours were the most agonizing of Bess Johnson's life. During them, Tim's life balanced on a slender knife-blade—for Robbie had been right; there had been too much delay, and Tim had become so weak that the operation struck close to the very pulse of his life.

While she waited, there were other things to which she should have given her thoughts. They crowded the background of her existence, these disasters that once would have seemed so terrible. The news of Cortland's suit had brought Thelma Gidley and Frank Klabber and their friends down about her like carrion-crows. It was little enough she knew of what they were saying, filtered as the reports were through Paul Hutchinson's sympathetic censoring. He did tell her, though, that there was a movement on foot to prosecute her for allowing Hilltop to support her nephew, and that Klabber was whispering that her sister had never existed—that Tim was her own son.

"Of course, I don't believe it," he added hastily, "and naturally neither does anyone that really knows you."

She managed to smile her gratitude. "Somehow," she said, "I can't care so very much whether or not anyone believes it—not until Tim . . ."

"No, of course not," he nodded. "But—Well, I hate to worry you with these things, but you must know, to be prepared."

She turned to him in sudden panic. "Paul—isn't there any way we can

postpone that hearing? I can't face it—lawyers wrangling over Tim while he's so ill."

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not. It's our bad luck that after this court session Judge DeWitt won't be back for another two weeks. It gives Cortland's lawyer a chance to argue against a postponement. Of course, your lawyer can ask for one. But he won't get it."

Nor did he. Bess, sitting near the railing on the day of the hearing, listened while the judge curtly overruled her attorney's motion for what he called a "continuance." And then Cortland's lawyer was on his feet, talking . . . talking . . .

She couldn't listen, couldn't fix her mind on what he was saying. In all but body, she was in the hospital, waiting in the anteroom where she had spent so many tortured hours in the last three days. Waiting for news from Tim's room, for a sight of Robbie's anxious, thin face. For today, Robbie had said, might tell the story of whether Tim was to live or . . .

SHE even tried to think of the one pleasant thing that had happened—a letter from her younger sister, Linda, which had arrived that very morning. Linda was tired, she wrote, needed a rest, and wondered if she could come to Glendale and visit Bess for a while. Of course Bess had wired a quick assent, but the prospect of seeing Linda, which at any other time would have filled her with anticipation, now seemed strangely unimportant.

Steve Cortland was on the stand now, talking, answering questions, making the good impression that only he knew how to create. Slowly, from his words, there emerged a distorted picture of herself—that of a hysterical, neurotic woman, hiding the fact of his son's existence from him, stealing away with the child to out-of-the-way Glendale. Bess clenched her hands, inwardly praying for strength to answer his lies as calmly as he spoke them.

Then Cortland had finished, and attorneys were whispering to each other while the close-packed courtroom sighed like one vast person. There was a stir at a side door into the room, and Bess saw Jerry Adair, one of the orphans whom she had left at the hospital with instructions to come for her if necessary. He caught her eye, beckoned to her with a folded slip of paper he held in his hand.

Forgetting everything but Tim's need of her, she rose and started toward him, just as someone called her name. Her attorney seized her arm.

"Miss Johnson! They're calling you. It's time for you to take the stand."

"I can't," she whispered desperately. "I'm needed at the hospital—can't you see? They want me!"

"But you can't run away now. They'll award him the boy by default."

They were holding her, trying to stop her. An excited buzz rose in the courtroom, only partially quelled by the sharp rap of the judge's gavel; and the judge himself spoke.

"Will the defendant please take the stand so this hearing can proceed?"

With one final effort, Bess shook off the restraining hands, turned to the judge. Perhaps, if she could only make him understand.

"Your Honor—please—don't you see I can't stay? Tim needs me—how can I sit here and talk—argue about who's

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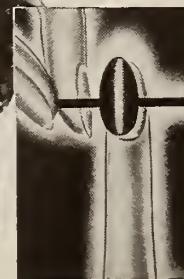
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to have him?" She caught sight of Cortland, of his contemptuous eyes, and the last shred of self-control fell from her. "It's criminal!" she cried. "If he loves the child so much, would he be sitting here calmly while Tim—while Tim may be dying?"

This time they were all too shocked to stop her as she ran from the room.

She met Robbie outside the door of Tim's room. "Thank God you could get here," he whispered. "I think he's going to be all right."

Then she was in the room, kneeling by the bed, murmuring soft, tender words to the little boy whose father, because she wouldn't let him love her, had done everything he could to show his hatred.

But it was the last time she was allowed to go into Tim's room, for her outburst in court had brought the custody suit to a quick conclusion with a judgment in favor of Steve Cortland—and Steve, in his triumph, left strict orders at the hospital that Bess was not to be admitted to see his son.

**O**NCE she knew the worst—that Tim was no longer hers—the pain of it seemed less sharp. She had lost the most beloved of her children, but there were the others.

Linda came to Hilltop, too, and her presence was good and comforting.

A week passed, and then Robbie came into her office late one afternoon. Bess greeted him with a smile.

"Come in, Robbie. I haven't seen much of you the last few days."

"I know," he answered, sitting down and twisting his hands together in a characteristic gesture. "I've—I've been thinking about—things."

"What sort of things, Robbie?"

"I've been thinking about us," he said directly. "You and me. Darling—" he was beside her now, kneeling—"won't you marry me? Hasn't all this shown you how wrong you are to give your whole life up to Hilltop? And I love you. I know," he added humbly, "I know you don't love me, so very much—"

"But I do, Robbie," she interrupted gently. "I do love you. Only—" She paused, hating to hurt him and yet knowing she must. "Only I don't love you so much that I can blind myself to the knowledge of how wrong we'd be for each other. We wouldn't be happy together, Robbie dear. You'd want me to give up Hilltop, and of course I wouldn't want to."

"You may have to give up Hilltop anyway, though," he reminded her.

"Yes, perhaps," she admitted. "But that hasn't happened yet, and maybe it won't. It's something I won't anticipate, anyway. As long as I can, I must stay here. It's my job and—oh, Robbie, I do love it!"

He stood up. "You love it—more than you love me."

How much better to hurt him and let him go away, not understanding the conflict in her heart, than to try to explain something she herself felt only as an intuition!

"That may be it, Robbie," she said.

In the silence that followed there was a knock on the door, and Linda came in.

"Oh," Bess said. "Linda, this is Dr. Clark. I don't think you've met."

Linda was so vital, so fresh and feminine, that as he spoke to her Robbie's face brightened up in spite of himself. Bess, watching, seeing the instant understanding between them, smiled to herself. No, Robbie's hurt would not last long.

But her own hurt—yes, that would last longer, if Klabber and Thelma Gidley were successful in ousting her from Hilltop House. She had lost Tim, she had thrown away Robbie, and now perhaps the only thing left that she loved was about to be taken from her. Without Hilltop, without the knowledge that she was building the future in every one of the children under her care, she had nothing but loneliness and futility.

"Here!" she said softly into the silence of the office. "Self-pity is deadly. You've got to fight, Bess Johnson—and even if you lose, the fight will be good."

The door opened and Steve Cortland came in.

For a moment she could only stare at him. She had never thought to see him again.

"What are you doing here?" she asked when she gained her voice.

"I came to say good bye." He moved forward into the room, and now she could see his face. He was looking at her almost beseechingly.

"Good bye? But Tim can't be well enough to leave Glendale yet?" she asked in alarm.

He shook his head: "That's the point. I'm not taking Tim. Won't you take him back here?"

"Take him back. . . ." Old habit made her wary. She couldn't trust him. "What do you mean?"

"I can't keep him," he said simply. "You've won, Bess—won over me and the courts too. I've tried, in the last week, to make the boy forget you. But he won't. He keeps asking for you. I open the door to his room, and as I come in I see his face light up, because he thinks it's you at last—and then, when he sees who it is he turns away and won't even talk to me."

**N**OW she believed him. Steve Cortland would never humble himself this way unless he had to.

"Oh, thanks!" she said, between laughter and tears. "Take him back! Of course I'll take him back!" Then she stopped, remembering. "Oh, but—it's too late. They wouldn't let me, now they know he's my nephew. They may not even let me stay myself."

"I think they will," he said. "I just talked to your friend Hutchinson. He said if I'd pay Hilltop House for Tim's support since you brought him here, and a regular amount every month from now on, he could fix things up with the Board of Directors. It would knock the props out, he said, from the movement to get you dismissed."

This time tears won the battle for possession of Bess. She cried, softly and persistently, from relief and happiness. For a time, he stayed there, trying to comfort her. Then he tiptoed out.

It was later that she looked about her, drying her eyes, laughing a little at herself for giving way. It was almost dark, and all through Hilltop House there was the bustle of children—sudden shrieks of laughter, the scuffle of feet, even someone crying. . . All the beloved bedlam of Hilltop House, without which life would have been so empty.

Bess Johnson has solved one of her problems—but her adventures and those of the other Hilltop House people are continuing on CBS every day except Saturday and Sunday. And next month, in a special easy-to-read synopsis, RADIO MIRROR brings the story of Hilltop House up to date. Watch for it!

# WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

BY HORACE BROWN

THE QUIZZ CLUB . . . with 85% of the Saturday evening Canadian radio audience, this 8:00-8:30 EST program, sponsored by Nova-Kelp, originates "live" from CFRB, Toronto, and is disked to twenty-two stations from coast-to-coast in the Dominion. Emcee and "Club Host" is genial Roy Ward Dickson. Directors are Fred Saxon-Brent and Frank Grant. Norm Child is Secretary-Treasurer, the gent who pays out the prizes on behalf of Nova-Kelp.

Quizz shows are the international rage in radio. Wiseacres thought they'd die off from their peak of last year, but instead they seem to be going on from where they left off. And in the van of good audience participation programs is The Quizz Club.

Informality is the keynote of the Quizz Club. Questions are based on a single topic each week, going over such subjects as sports, music, the animal world, history, English grammar, geography, etc. Club members, i.e., persons selected by lot from the studio audience, are quizzed; in turn, they draw questions and fire them at the Directors. Prizes, of course. The winners on six consecutive programs compete in the finals on the seventh show in a stiff general knowledge test for a big cash prize.

The program now has its own weekly paper, "The Quizz Club News", mailed to thousands of listeners. Nova-Kelp plans to invade the U. S.

with this Made-in-Canada product, and I'll venture a prediction that when that time arrives some major questioners-and-answerers are going to sit up and take more than a little notice.

ROY WARD DICKSON . . . Roy was born in London, England, in 1910 . . . educated there at St. Paul's school . . . then finished his schooling in Canada at the University of Manitoba . . . proud daddy of a boy of ten and a girl of eight . . . while at varsity, worked as hired man on farm . . . specialized in agriculture and chemistry . . . chemist for large packing concern . . . high school teacher at 19 . . . promotion manager for Vancouver, B. C., newspaper . . . joined staff of Toronto Daily Star . . . from there to advertising layout in big department store . . . into radio, and here comes the original question-and-answer man . . . hobbies are chess and economics.

FRANK GRANT . . . another Londoner-born, some thirty-odd years ago . . . accomplished pianist and composer . . . was in vodvil when it flourished in the sticks of the States . . . has been in radio 14 years . . . made a notable success of the original "Uncle Bob and Happy Harry" program, 1931-32 . . . joined staff of CFRB in 1934 . . . married to Celia Huston, well known pianist . . . they pair up also as piano duo in broadcast, "Twin Keyboards" . . . likes the

outdoors more than indoors, so gets out of studio to hunt and fish whenever possible.

NORM CHILD . . . born Accrington, Lancs., Eng., 1911 . . . reaches six-foot-six, even with a hole in his sock . . . intended to be a chartered accountant, but was chartered by radio and Roy Ward Dickson instead . . . is Roy's business manager . . . can add up a column of figures as high as himself, quicker than you can write them! . . . the only "single act" on the Quizz Club, but some day a little lady will be looking up to him, and how!

FRED SAXON-BRENT . . . rounds out the quartet of expatriated Englishmen . . . born in 1887 . . . printer, he went into the Canadian publishing business . . . has written a number of books, published newspapers in Ontario . . . is the Jeff to Norm Child's Mutt, coming up to Norm's belt with his five feet, one and three-eighths inches . . . very important that "three-eighths" . . . collects stamps and weeds in his garden . . .

. . . And the two glamorous young ladies who shepherd you through the intricacies of The Quizz Club, if you happen to be one of the two hundred persons who flock to CFRB every Saturday night to participate in the 8:00 to 8:30 broadcast, are the Misses Dorothy Clements and Sylvia Berrin. They're worth a visit to the show alone.

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## Woman in Love

(Continued from page 24)

pick it up. . . . Tam, listen a minute, you—you and I are going to be friends, aren't we? You—I'm not just like all the others, am I?"

"No," she answered slowly, thinking. "You're not like the others. . . . You—you're half fooling. I'm not fooling. I never thought I'd say this to any man again, and I haven't—for eight years. But you could make me like you, if you tried!"

An odd expression came into the man's eyes. He lifted her small hand to his lips. "Maybe I will, Tam," he said, as he left.

THE weeks began to slip by and it was summer, but Tam stayed on in the city, working, and George was always with her. Then the Willey company went to Portland and Seattle and Salt Lake City in repertory, but still he had a surprising way of turning up in her dressing room now and then; he "happened to be in the neighborhood," or he "was coming to Tacoma anyway." She came to depend upon him; sometimes he held the book while she recited her lines, learning a new part, and always while they were having supper together he told her of his cases. He was working with a fine law firm now, a firm with a splendid reputation, Martell, Hunter & Martell. One day he asked her what she would think of his running for district attorney. Oscar Mullins had the job now, but his term would soon be over, and he was more or less in disrepute.

Tam considered it. She had known him for seven months, eight months. Quite simply, quite naturally he had come to be the most important person in her life.

"I think it would be splendid if you became district attorney," she said. "Would you have a chance?"

"Reilly says so, and if anyone knows, it ought to be Reilly. The political situation is peculiar right now. He thinks I could get the party nomination hands down."

"Well—" Tam smiled. "You'd like it?"

"I'd like anything that brings you a little nearer. Do you realize that on January twentieth it'll be a whole year? You said a year, you know."

He came across to the big chair in which her slim figure had almost lost itself. They were in his rooms at the Sir Francis Drake; Tam had been having tea with him. George knelt down before her and locked his arms about her waist, and Tam laid both hands on his collar.

"Will you marry me, Tam?" he said. "I was sliding downhill fast when I met you. You're the one who pulled me back up. It was because of you that I stopped drinking and gambling. I belong to you, Tam. Surely, you wouldn't have done all you've done for me to throw me down now?"

"Just—just being good friends isn't enough, George?"

"Not half enough! We want to find a little apartment somewhere on a hill, Tam, with a view, and have lamps and teacups and all the rest of it."

"But, George, suppose that after we're married things go badly again? Suppose you began to wish you were back—back in that old time, before you knew me? Then I'd have no hold

over you, would I?"

"I don't think you need worry, Tam. I'm awake now, and it's more than I've been in ten years. I'm myself. Do you know what I mean when I say that I'm myself?"

"Yes, I know what you mean," she said, as he paused. "I did something once that wasn't myself—something rotten—and how frightful it felt until I came back to being myself again!"

"I don't believe," he said, "that you know what it is to do anything rotten. It simply isn't in you."

"You're extremely generous, George. This," Tam said reflectively—"this may be as good a time to tell you as any other. Sooner or later of course I'll have to tell you."

"You don't have to tell me anything, you simp."

Tam pushed him aside and went over to stand and look out of the window. "Thank you, dear, for your belief in me; it's very sweet," she said after a pause. "But . . ."

And then she told him the whole sad, sordid story, leaving nothing out—of Mayne Mallory and the Telegraph Hill crowd, of those first dazzling days in the theater with Mayne, of her home, of the evening before the fire in Mayne's hotel room and the tour that followed, of the rainy Sunday in Sacramento when she said good bye to the man she had loved, or thought she loved. And, finally, of Aunt Mary and "Little Mary," who was not Aunt Mary's niece at all, but her own daughter.

He heard her to the end without interruption. But when she had finished—

"You darling!" he said, his arms about her, and her head down on his shoulder. "You little, sweet, ashamed darling! You didn't have to tell me this!"

OH, but I did," Tam said after an interval, quite simply drying her eyes. "Because now you can see why I can't marry you, or anyone, and how I happen to know that a life can be picked up out of ruins and made full and square again."

"Do you ever see him, Tam?"

"Never. He has never even known that there was a child."

"You never wrote him!"

"Oh, yes, but only at first—only when I first knew there would be a baby. He didn't answer, and I didn't think he would."

"I'd like to meet him," George said evenly.

"Would you like to know his name, George?"

"I would not. Forget him!"

She smiled at him, but there were tears behind the smile.

"I'm horribly sorry," she said.

"Tam," George said, "if anything could make me love you more than I do—but nothing could—"

"Then," she said, not daring to believe, "then what I told you doesn't make any difference?"

"It only brings you nearer, Tam. It only makes me love you more. There's no one else in the world except you. What happened eight years ago, or two years ago, doesn't matter. What does matter is that you found me in the gutter and put out your beautiful strong hand and saved me. And what I'm going to do for you is

make you the happiest woman in all the world. We belong to each other, Tam! I need you always, to scold me and make coffee for me and tell me what a rotter I am and how good I am! We know all about each other! I've seen you tired and blue and mad and hungry and dirty, and you've loaned me money and borrowed from me—"

He was kneeling beside her chair again; her soft hand was against his eyes, and she felt his lashes wet.

"Hush, darling," she whispered.

"And you will, Tam?"

"Oh, if you want me—yes—of course!"

**WOULD** you be surprised some day if I found a man I liked and wanted to get married?" Tam asked. The older Mary, who was hulling strawberries, looked up quickly.

"When a girl asks that," Mary said, "the young man is usually picked out and waiting."

Tam laughed again. "I'm afraid so," she admitted.

They were in the old grape arbor; midsummer day lay still and fragrant over California. There was no motion in the high canopies of the green trees; a fountain splashed and was still and splashed again.

"You're sorry?" Tam asked. The other woman looked up as if for a quick denial, shrugged faintly, returned to her work.

"A little Tam," she said reluctantly.

"It seems like fate," Tam observed, thoughtfully. "There seems to be a time when a certain man comes out of the crowd—meaning nothing to you one week, meaning everything the next. He's such a man. I thought for a while that he was the one who cared. I know now that I am."

"It'll change things," the other woman said after a moment. "It'll mean Mary and I see much less of you. And . . ." Mary Hutton's honest square sunburned face flushed a little; she looked significantly at her companion, spoke in a lowered voice, "what about that, Tam?" she asked. "You'll tell him?"

"I told him everything, months ago. I told him just as soon as I knew how important he was going to be to me," Tam answered quickly.

"You were right."

"And he only said," Tam added, in a dreaming voice, "that it made me dearer to him."

Young Mary charged across the lawn like a cantering colt, all legs and arms and blowing wild hair. She stopped to kiss Tam; she smelled of tarweed and dried grass and pine gum, Tam thought, and somehow of gingham and sunburned smooth young brown flesh, too. A moment only, and then she was gone again. Tam watched her out of sight.

"A little girl and a devoted old Gran are something, Tam," Mrs. Hutton said wistfully. "Don't—don't be in too much of a hurry, my dear. She—we both love you so!"

"George was an only child," Tam said slowly. "His father would have been a very distinguished lawyer, but he died young, and George's mother brought him up. He adored her, but she married again, and he felt himself out in the cold; in fact his step-father told him he didn't want him in the house. His mother didn't know that, and he never told her, but she knew things weren't happy for him. He was in trouble all the time at

school—in fact, he's a sort of genius; you feel it as soon as you know him, and geniuses aren't ever very lucky in childhood, are they? Anyway, he wasn't. So things went on until he was seventeen, and then he ran away and took care of himself."

"Poor lad!" Mrs. Hutton said, listening absently.

"And finally," Tam went on, "he landed himself in jail."

There was a pause; the blunt brown hand, holding an unstemmed strawberry, was still. The warm late afternoon smelled of strawberries.

"And then what? He got out of jail?" Mary Hutton asked presently.

"He got out, but there was a queer circumstance about it. This is what I've been leading up to, this is what I wanted to tell you," Tam said. "His name was the same as that of another George, a colored man, as it happened, who had died in jail a week before. There had been an epidemic of some sort, the clerk in the registry office had died, there was a new warden. I imagine there had been a good deal of confusion in the records. Anyway, they wired his mother that he was dead."

"Tam, don't tell me any more of this," Mary Hutton said, pushing away the bowl of berries, rising to her feet. "I cannot—it makes me feel a little faint. It reminds me—I can't talk of it—but it reminds me—I think I will go in and lie down."

"You see, a week went by after the wrong telegram had gone before he knew," Tam said quickly, "and there had been no word from his mother. He thought—he thought she had forgotten him. So he let the mistake go. He never let her know he was not dead."

The older woman was breathing hard; she had her back turned to Tam, her two sturdy hands, gripped there for support, held tightly to the back of one of the chairs.

"No—no—no: you mustn't let me think what I am thinking!" she said in a choked voice.

"The boy's name was George Davis," Tam said. Mary Hutton stood immovable; she made no sound. Tam did not dare speak again. After a long silence the older woman said:

"This boy—you know him?"

**H**E'S my George, Aunt Mary. Your son."

Mrs. Hutton came blindly to the table, sat down, resting her elbow upon it, her face, with its closed eyes, covered by her hand. "My God!" she whispered.

"Perhaps I should have told you sooner," Tam said with concern. I've known it almost from the beginning. But I didn't tell him until last Christmas."

"And he—"

"Oh, he burst out blubbering like the great big baby he is," Tam said, tears in her own smiling eyes.

"But how did you know him?"

"By his watch—your picture pasted inside the back cover of an old gold watch, and the initials 'G. D.' And 'From his Mother, M. D.' It all flashed on me when a stagehand found his watch and showed it to me, and I looked down and saw a snapshot of you that I'd seen before, with George, when he was about twelve."

Mary Hutton whispered. "To see my boy again—my little boy, who didn't want me to marry—who was so puzzled and so hurt that I'd put another man in his father's place!"

## EX-LAX MOVIES

### The Awakening of "Mr. A."



MR. A.: Whew! I hate the very thought of having to take a cathartic.

MR. B.: You wouldn't, if you'd try Ex-Lax. It tastes swell—just like chocolate.



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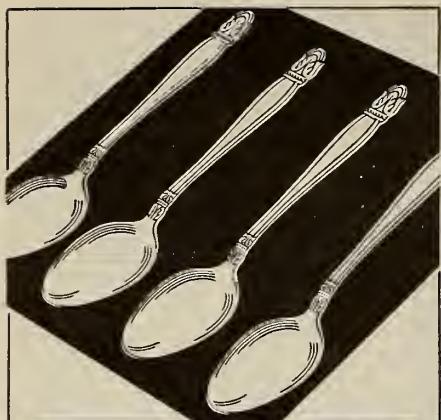
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"Tam," she said, her face turned away, "those terrible years—eighteen of them!—couldn't be just a bad dream! Where is he?"

"Well, I think," Tam said, glancing toward the tree-shaded drive and the green mellow sweetness of the garden—"I think that's he walking across the lawn with Mary there. I told her to look out for him at half-past four o'clock, and I told him not to come until I stood up—as I did just two minutes ago."

Tears blinded her eyes as the other woman turned to look in the direction of the drive. She saw the man drop Mary's guiding little hand and begin to run, she saw mother and son meet, and she saw the gray head go down on his shoulder and heard the one thick cry: "Bunny! My little boy!"

Then she beckoned to the interested Mary, and they went through the green side gate together. "We'll fix some figs and raspberries for supper," Tamara said. "Gran told me once he loved raspberries."

"Does Gran like him?" Mary demanded.

"She loves him very dearly. He's her little boy that was lost."

"But why are you crying, Aunt Tam?"

"Because I'm so happy, darling. Because life is so wonderful," Tam said.

THE weeks flew on in an unreal and dreamlike beauty that made Tam feel that she was floating—flying, rather than going about familiar, well-worn duties. They were to be married, she and George, as soon as the sensational Elliot case, which he was defending, was finished. But before that day could come, so many things happened that Tam lived in a constant whirl of excitement. First, her mother was married—for the third time, and to a stout elderly man in the theatrical advertisement business. And then, according to a schedule, George's political party nominated him to run for the district attorneyship, leaving only Hatty Elliot's trial to run its course before they could be married.

George defended Hatty Elliot, accused of the murder of her child, against the prosecution of Oscar Mullins, the incumbent district attorney, who would also be his opponent in the election. Defended her, and won at last a brilliant acquittal which, everyone said, assured him a second victory over Mullins at the polls.

The day after the jury had returned its verdict of "Not guilty," Tam and George were married—at nine o'clock in the morning in the small tree-shaded church that stood at a turn in the road near Mary Hutton's farm. Only Mary Hutton and little Mary were there when Tam and George took their vows.

Fifteen minutes later George and Tamara kissed the others good bye and climbed into the waiting car. With a final wave they went down the shady road and turned into the highway. The miles began to slide by; the closely packed environs of San Francisco were gone; they struck out westward across the long bridge that spanned the upper bay.

There was a stop at the Lake Hotel to freshen and change and to enjoy with ravenous appetites the impromptu meal of eggs and corn and fresh hot rolls. Then Tam appeared once again in the camping regalia of jeans and sweater, red kerchief and brimmed hat, tin cup and bowie knife,

and the late afternoon rocking-chair sitters on the hotel veranda saw the tall, lean cowboy lead up the horses, and Tam and George mount them, and the little cavalcade set off for the timberline country.

The "outfit" was composed of the laconic cowboy, Roy, and his nephew, young Roy, four horses and four pack mules. In Roy's yakacks, strapped securely with greasy, heavy belts to the mules, was the entire camp equipment.

Late in the afternoon, they stopped on a strip of forest meadow, a branch of the mighty Kings River plunging down over the rocks beside it. Immediately the horses and mules strayed away into the meadow. The bags were opened and Tam had her towels and her jersey dress over her arm, and was picking her way along the creek bank, past the pools and the rapids to that special basin Roy described as "where the last woman I had along liked to wash herself."

Coming back to camp, damp of head and scented from head to foot with the sweetness of it all, Tam found George ready for dinner and comfortable in old clothes, waiting on a great log that formed a seat by the fire. The two Rroys shared their supper with them. Tamara was so tired, so sleepy, so deliciously ready for the night that she could hardly keep her seat at the smooth-topped stump that served them for a table. But quite suddenly, after supper, she felt almost rested again, and she and George went with Roy to the river bank and tried for trout before they returned for a drowsy half-hour of campfire talk, and the goodnights that said it was nine o'clock in the mountains.

In the night she awakened to hear the horses' big teeth tearing at the grass, and the river running and rippling, and little wood animals contributing cheeps and crackles and grunts to the utter peace and beauty of the mountain night. "Twenty days of it—twenty days in heaven!" Tam thought, and fell to sleep.

But twenty days were not so very many, and almost at once, it seemed, they were emerging once more into the commonplace daily world. Again the hot little valley towns moved by the speeding car, and again in the late afternoon they reached cooler weather, this time foggy weather, for the mists were pouring in in great waves. George's mother and Mary came out of the house as the motor stopped, and there was a babel of welcome, questions and embraces. "Oh," said Tam, trailing upstairs, with Mary hopping after her, "I'm not sure but that this is the best of all! Oh, I need a bath!"

"Some letters came for you, Tam," the old Mary called from the lower hall. "They're up on your bureau. But supper'll be ready soon."

"I'll hurry," she called, and it was not until she had bathed and changed that she picked up the mail.

The top letter was only an advertisement. The handwriting on the second envelope made her throat thicken and her spine turn cold. She knew that hand!—Mayne Mallory's!

What is the news in the ominous letter that greeted Tam on her return from her honeymoon? Is Mayne about to return and once more throw his shadow over her life? Read the exciting coming chapters of Kathleen Norris' dramatic novel in the February issue of RADIO MIRROR.

## How to Get the Most Out of Christmas

(Continued from page 11)

dress and that new hat. Mothers never do; for mothers have learned, also intuitively, that the best way to have a happy Christmas is to see to it that others are happy.

BUT the point of the matter is that that particular Christmas has always, in our family circle, been looked back upon as the happiest Christmas any of us, now grown up children, remember. Mother, as long as she lived, spoke of it as "My happy day." When we children, all of whom now have families of our own, gather together for a family reunion, we always speak of this day as "Mother's Christmas"—the Christmas when she spent her fifty dollars on us.

For Mother had learned what we all learn, sooner or later, that we get the most out of Christmas when we put the most into Christmas. I think that we all learned something that year which has made all Christmases since that one happier.

And, curiously enough, my second illustration for this thought came from a blue, homesick, lonely theatrical troupe.

The first story came out of the "panic" of 1892; the second one comes out of a Christmas which might have been a lonely and harassed one for the boys and girls who were the actors and chorus of one of Fred Stone's musical comedy companies.

Fred was playing Kansas City on Christmas Day. The day before Christmas he said to me: "Bill, these

boys and girls are all far away from home this year. I want you to arrange a Christmas party for us between the Matinee and the evening performance and I'll pay the bill."

So I arranged for a Christmas dinner between the matinee and the evening performance. There were eighty in the company. Most of them came with their make-ups on, for there wasn't time to change between shows. I had the room beautifully decorated with a Christmas tree, holly, mistletoe. Then I sent word to every person in the company that I would expect each of them to stop at the "Five and Ten" and get small presents for anyone they wished. We sat down to the dinner at six o'clock; ate turkey and dressing; and celery and plum pudding; made merry as we ate and then had a simple little program. Members of the company did stunts; we sang "Silent Night, Holy Night" and all the Christmas hymns. It was a bit incongruous to hear "Once Upon a Midnight Clear" pouring forth from chorus girls with their make-up still on. I remember seeing the tears running down over the cheeks of one girl who had on a white make-up; and I swear that she looked like a Madonna herself as she sang. Several of the girls in that company had babies of their own back in New York City and, before the evening was over, showed me pictures of their babies. It was a strange evening. But what had looked as if it might be the loneliest and most miserable Christmas any of them

could spend, turned out to be one of the happiest they had ever spent.

After that chorus of boys and girls had sung the old Christmas hymns and carols I read the simple story of the first Christmas as it is found in the Book of Matthew. When I had finished there was a hush over that crowd and then Fred said: "What do you say we repeat the Lord's Prayer, Bill?" And we did. And I for one will testify that I never heard that Prayer said with more sincerity and with more reverence than it was that night in the Kansas City Athletic Club by Fred Stone's chorus.

AND as the years have passed by I never meet any of the leads in that show, any of the chorus, or Fred himself, that they do not say to me: "That was the most beautiful Christmas I ever remember in all of my life."

And years afterwards in New York City Fred and I got to talking about that particular Christmas and Fred said to me: "Bill, somehow that Christmas stands out above most of the Christmases I have ever spent and I wonder why? I have often wondered if it was not that we sang those old hymns and carols and you read that simple story of Christmas from The Book?"

"No, Fred," I said, "you got the most out of that Christmas because you put a kind thought and your money into it. We get the most out of Christmas when we put the most into it."

## April Showers the Perfume of Youth

### MEN LOOK AND LINGER

Popularity smiles on the woman who uses the perfume with a youthful fragrance. That is why April Showers is a favorite among charming women everywhere. Each product—the talc—the perfume—the face powder—the cologne—as well as the others assure the wearer of a lasting, captivating fragrance.



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## JANUARY Song Hits

brings you ALL the Newest Lyrics!

Newest song hits from the latest movies and Broadway revues—lyrics everybody's singing—published in the new January issue of Song Hits. This issue is just chockfull of dozens of the very latest hits, including ones from "IGUANA LIVERS", "TRAVELS", and "BALALAIIKA". Interesting articles on singing stars, "A Weekend at Andy's", "Big Bands", written by Richard Himmer; "Meet the Songwriter", a new series by Nellie Revell, quizzer of music personalities on NBC program, that name is "Listen To The Mockingbird", story of a song romance.

Go to your nearest newsstand or 10¢ counter—buy the January Song Hits magazine, but be sure you get the red and black cover with picture of Princess from "Guillotine's Travels". Tear off bottom line on Page 34, print your name and address below and you will receive by mail—ABSOLUTELY FREE your copy of "Song Hits" for January member\*, containing over 400 famous songs. If your copy of Song Hits is out of stock, send 10¢ to SONG HITS, 1 East 42nd Street, New York, for the January issue and your free copy of "400 Songs to Remember".

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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 242, Jefferson, Iowa

## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 6)

solidly and played the hotel four consecutive years. They return to the Biltmore next March.

After losing one commercial that he'd held for four years, the 38-year-old Californian didn't just grab another routine show. Not imaginative Horace. The new one, as you listeners who jump now every time the phone bell rings, is the Pot O'Gold on NBC. Through an intricate system of dial-spins, some lucky listener with a telephone wins \$1,000 every week. It's radio bank night and instead of two "B" pictures, you get Horace Heidt.

Horace continued to bounce up with more novelties this year. He hired a blind whistler and wooed away from swing alley one of the greatest trumpet players in the business, Bobby Hackett. He hired pianist Frankie Carle who wrote "Sunrise Serenade" and two talented female violinists who had confined their work to the concert stages.

Now he's ready to unveil his latest plan: The All Stars. A band of individual celebrities, each one a star in his or her own right.

"I'm convinced that I can groom Bobby Hackett, Frankie Carle, my two romantic singers Henry Russell and Larry Cotton into big name attractions," Heidt said seriously.

Heidt's payroll is heavy. He's got 17 musicians, 2 arrangers, 2 office workers, 9 singers and entertainers.

Right now the Musical Knights are on tour, winding up December 12 in Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove.

Like a jig-saw puzzle, the band is broken down into many individual acts. Some of them are:

**Larry Cotton:** The tenor soloist started out to be a lawyer at Oklahoma U., but when he discovered that he had really paid off his tuition by singing, he dropped the idea of following a legal profession and joined Jimmy Grier's band. Larry has been with Heidt almost three years and leads the band when Horace isn't around.

**Frankie Carle:** The wiry, olive-skinned pianist from Providence began his career when he was six years old. He banged around the country with that champion band tourist, Mal Hallett, and never excited anybody. He penned a few songs but publishers snubbed him. Then he wrote "Sunrise Serenade" and netted \$20,000. Heidt is plugging his latest tune called "Shadows."

**Fred Lowery:** The blind whistler used to chirp for Vincent Lopez, but the Heidt organization is much better suited for his unusual talent. Fred lost the sight of both eyes two years after his birth. It was while a child in Texas that he learned to imitate all varieties of birds and discovered he could whistle two notes at a time.

**Bobby Hackett:** One of the truly great trumpet players in the country and a logical successor to Bix Beiderbecke. He also hails from Providence. For sixteen months he toiled in Nick's in the Village with his own band. But piloting such varied temperaments as those possessed by Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon and his own, was too much for 23-year-old Bobby. He threw in the sponge and joined the Heidt troupe.

**The Le Ahn Sisters:** Maree, 16, Virginia, 18, Jeanne, 19, Miriam, 21, come from Bellevue, Ohio. Their father was a minister. They were trained to sing as a unit from childhood by their ambitious mother. They replaced the Heidt-Lites who in turn, replaced the King Sisters.

**Mary and Virginia Drane:** Two girl violinists who somehow managed to escape Phil Spitalny's clutches. Often you will find them giving a concert engagement during the day, playing some Mozart Concertos, then rushing back to the Heidt bandstand for a little "Jumpin' Jive." Mrs. Roosevelt had them at the White House for a recital in 1938 and found them "charming young artists," according to a "My Day" item.

None of the eight girls in the band is married.

Heidt used to label his band "The Brigadiers" but his last sponsor owns the name and now Heidt cannot use it. That didn't stymie Horace. He bounced right back with a better title—"Musical Knights."

If he has added any more startling innovations since this piece was filed don't blame your reporter. You just can't keep pace with a guy like Heidt.

## OFF THE RECORD

### Some Like It Sweet

And the Angels Sing; Star Dust (Victor 26353) Alec Templeton. A grand takeoff of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts by a fine artist, plus a smooth piano solo of Hoagy Carmichael's immortal tune.

Melancholy Lullaby; Last Night (Bluebird 10423) Glen Miller. Miller continues to prove that his fine band can play them sweet or swing.

Are You Havin' Any Fun?; Good Night My Beautiful (Victor 26335) Tommy Dorsey. Two tunes from the "Scandals" that threaten to attain Hit Parade heights.

Stranger Things Have Happened; Tomorrow Night (Vocalion 5090) Henry Russell. Russell is given a blessing by boss Horace Heidt on his own records and reveals a promising baritone in the Bing Crosby tradition.

Good Morning; Honest John (Bluebird 10424) Abe Lyman. A splendid coupling, one from "Babes in Arms," the other from Disney's "Pinocchio." Rose Blaine shines on the sunrise vocal.

### Some Like It Swing

Utt Da Zay; Crescendo in Drums (Vocalion 5062) Cab Calloway. Heroic he-di-ho's with a Hebrew strain make this the swing platter of the month.

Shoot the Sherbert to Me Herbert; You Tell Me Your Dream (Bluebird 10396) Bob Chester. Up-and-coming Chester plays Radio Mirror's own hit tune.

Paper Picker; It's a Hundred to One (Decca 2738) Jan Savitt. A surprise waxing that should be discovered by the jitterbugs any day now.

World Is Waiting for the Sunrise; Blue Orchids (Decca 2734) Bob Crosby. Delirious Dixieland and sharp piano playing by Joe Sullivan.

Between the Devil; Found a New Baby (Victor 26355) Bob Zurke comes through again with a neat package of swing as it's played in New Orleans. A sharp relief from the rest of the pack.

## What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 51)

people there know her ability that a play starring her is always given to sold-out houses. Only on week-ends does she take time out for relaxation. A favorite way of spending Sunday is to tramp over the Carolina countryside to a mountain stream where she casts for bass with a talent that would make any professional fisherman envious. Or she invites people to her own home for informal Sunday-afternoon parties where she earns her reputation as a charming hostess and an interested listener.

Martha's such a skilled psychologist that the Ford Motor Company recently engaged her to tour the Carolinas, delivering talks to officials and salesmen on the psychology of the woman buyer—a job which she blithely took on, and performed despite the press of her other duties.

\* \* \*

**BRISTOL, Tenn.**—There's a pleasant contrast between modernity and the past when Roy Nelson goes on the air over Bristol's WOPI, for he uses that very up-to-date invention, the radio, to bring back memories of old times in the southern mountains.

The Reader and His Poems is the name of Roy Nelson's program, which is heard every Sunday afternoon at 1:30. It's a pleasant, informal quarter-hour, with Nelson reading poems or philosophizing against the musical background of an organ played by Martin Neff.

Being a radio star is only one of Roy's activities. He is also a lawyer and the Governor of the Tennessee-Kentucky district of Kiwanis International. It's been due to his efforts, too, that many radio sets have been given away to mountaineers who couldn't afford to buy them themselves.

Roy was born on a farm in Buchanan County, Virginia, thirty-five years ago, near the home of John Fox, Jr., who wrote of that district in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and other novels. Perhaps it was the Fox influence that made him want to be an author. Even after he became a lawyer he kept up his literary work as a sideline, writing a weekly column for the Elizabethton News and a Sunday column for the Elizabethton Star. These columns attracted the attention of W. A. Wilson of WOPI, who invited him to conduct a program on the air. That was five years ago, and The Reader and His Poems has since been sponsored by various different firms.

Many of Roy's human interest stories are so touching that people write in to get copies of them, and he may soon publish a book of them called "Rural Mountain Sunsets."

\* \* \*

The most Broadway-minded radio program on the air is Walter O'Keefe's Tuesday Night Party on CBS. Boss O'Keefe is the only important member of the cast who isn't working in a stage play or musical comedy. Singer Mary Martin is in one called "Nice Goin'," stooge Keenan Wynn is in the cast of "Madam Will You Walk," Bobbie Dolan is leading the orchestra in the new musical, "Very Warm for May," and the Martins Quartet are in Simone Simon's first American stage show, which may be called "Three

Blind Mice," "The Gibson Girls," or something else entirely.

\* \* \*

Several years ago, at the height of the depression, a couple of fellows named Manny Lee and Fred Dannay gave up their jobs. They were good jobs, too, and all their friends thought Manny and Fred were crazy, particularly as they didn't make any effort to get new ones. A little later, their friends began to think the two men must be gangsters, or something, because they always had plenty of money and nobody knew where it came from. But now the secret's out. Manny Lee and Fred Dannay together are Ellery Queen, the mystery-story writer whose books are all best-sellers, and whose adventures are now heard Sunday nights on CBS.

### WLW'S COWGIRL SWEETHEART

**A**FTER only a little more than a year of appearing on a weekly variety show, Helen Diller has become so popular with Cincinnati listeners that she's been elevated to a program of her own.

Helen's twenty-two years old—she was born in 1917, in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Two years later her family moved to Brandon.

Although there was a time in her high school days when she thought she wanted to be a school teacher, Helen as a child showed the talent that has now led her to radio stardom in WLW's Boone County Jamboree Saturday nights. She sang and recited pieces at every school and church entertainment given in Brandon.

Toward the end of her high school course, she happened to hear a cowboy yodeller, and was immediately entranced. She persuaded her father to buy her a guitar and started out to teach herself to yodel. A year later, as she was completing her first year in college, a new radio station, CKY, was established in Brandon, and Helen's proud father urged her to sing on the air. Reluctantly, because she was scared to death, she consented—and found that radio was so exciting she wanted to give up school and take it up as a profession.

After she'd dropped her college work, her father helped her to get an audition on a Winnipeg broadcasting station, which was so successful that it led to several air appearances and a trip to Montreal to make some records with a cowboy orchestra.

Then Helen gambled on a trip to New York and an audition for Major Bowes' amateur hour. The gamble was a lucky one—she not only appeared on the program, but was such a hit that the next day she boarded a plane for Milwaukee to join one of the Bowes traveling vaudeville units.

After a nine-week tour she returned to Canada, and got a radio job in Winnipeg. The pay was only six dollars a week, and five of that went for room and board, but she got along somehow and wouldn't accept any help from her parents. She'd probably still be traveling if an offer hadn't come from WLW fourteen months ago.

Cincinnati folks hear her singing her western songs on her own program Saturday mornings, and on the cowboy variety show, Boone County Jamboree, Saturday nights.

# COUGHS DUE TO COLDS

### Piso's PLUS-ACTION\* Explodes Theory That Cough Medicine Only Soothes Your Throat!

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These normal fluids thin out and liquefy thick, clogging phlegm... it's more easily flushed away and expelled...your cough is "loosened"!

Depend on Piso's (Pie-so's)...not for its local "throat soothing" action alone...but for its more important inside-working systemic effect. Piso's is good for adults and children. At all druggists in 35c-60c bottles.

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(An ideal gift) Can be quickly put up in any doorway 22" to 36". No nails, screws, or tools required.  
\$3.45 for Bar, nameplate Finish  
\$1.00 for each Gym Bar  
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Exercise Book FREE with each bar. Send TODAY!  
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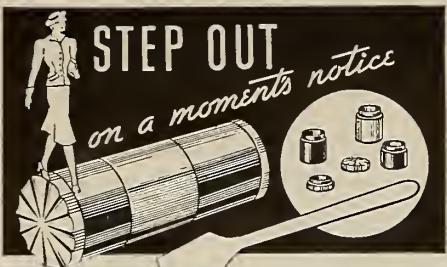
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## It's the Bunk!

(Continued from page 21)

for her clothes. The third was a salesgirl in a large department store. She was by far the best dressed of the three, and her outfit cost \$22.50."

"You're more than the husband's best friend, Miss Hawes, you're the silver lining in the dark cloud of next month's bills. But tell us, can the woman who doesn't live in New York dress as well and as cheaply?"

Certainly. Anywhere in the United States, a dress for \$3.75 might be better than one for \$375. Perhaps one reason that the salesgirl was the best dressed woman of the three was that she couldn't afford to throw her money away for ridiculous, haywire fashions. Moreover, if a woman really shopped wisely last year, her clothes would be just as stylish, this year—and next year, too." "What do you mean by shopping wisely?"

"Here's my prescription for being well dressed on any size budget, any time, any place: Decide who you are.

Find out what you're really doing—then forget all about your physical dimensions. Just buy what will best express the part you want to play. Don't worry about the so-called 'latest thing' and don't listen to any advice from your best friend!"

"No discussion of the ladies' clothes would be complete without some mention of skirts: long or short?"

"The length of a skirt is something that is determined by the shape of a lady's leg. The main thing is not to wear a skirt—ever—that ends just below the knee. Either just above the knee—and that's no joke—or else half-way down the calf. A skirt that comes just below the knee utterly ruins the line of the leg. The way for a woman to determine her best skirt length is simply to get a mirror and look at the back view. And if more women would look at their backs, most of them would be delighted with the flared skirts they'll be wearing for the next few years."

## Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 41)

singers ever to hold so important a radio job. Just a year out of college, Dennis celebrated his twenty-second birthday on May 21st.

\* \* \*

Lum and Abner were sitting in their office rehearsing their script under trying conditions because someone in the next office was banging on the piano. Not wanting to hurt the "pianist's" feelings, they sent the following note: "We can hear your playing real good!"

\* \* \*

Edgar Bergen last week became one of the few persons to witness a broadcast of the One Man's Family serial. Without Charlie McCarthy, Bergen visited the studio, met Carlton Morse and the cast, and stayed through the broadcast. Bergen remarked: "I'd trade places with Paul or Jack or Cliff any day!"

\* \* \*

Mary "Bubbles" Kelly, newest regular member of the Burns and Allen radio cast, is probably radio's first and only stand-in. Having known Gracie for nearly fifteen years, (she introduced George and Gracie, stood up for Gracie at their marriage) she can imitate Gracie to a "T." She knows every movement, voice inflection, characterization, and stands by to take over if anything should at any time happen to Gracie.

\* \* \*

What is probably a new high in fan devotion has been set by two young admirers of Frances Langford. For more than four years, two high school girls have never failed to send Frances two white gardenias whenever she appears on the air. It took Frances a year to learn their identity but she finally managed to thank them personally for their remembrances. Now they are frequent house guests at the home of Frances and her husband, Jon Hall.

\* \* \*

CONFIDENTIALLY, Helen Wood,

of "Those We Love" program, is trying to decide whether it will be a church wedding or an elopement with her Doctor-friend!

\* \* \*

Reports that Don Ameche took his eight weeks vacation off the Charlie McCarthy show are greatly exaggerated. Don is actually suffering from a mild case of stomach ulcers, and hopes the layoff will help him recover. Last year he spent his whole vacation on his back getting over an emergency appendectomy after being stricken in Europe!

\* \* \*

Cecil de Mille is about to become a grandfather! His daughter, Katherine de Mille Quinn, is expecting a visit from babyland at Christmas! Papa Tony Quinn is a Paramount actor.

\* \* \*

Look for Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston to elope at any moment!

\* \* \*

Kay Kyser's film debut in "That's Right—You're Wrong!" is said to be terrific!

\* \* \*

In his pre-broadcast audience warmup speech, Jack Benny introduced Eddie Anderson (Rochester) as the "guy who stole my last picture."

\* \* \*

Jimmie Fidler's wife, Bobby, considered Hollywood's best dressed woman, owns Hollywood's smartest dress shop, The Gladys Parker Shoppe!

\* \* \*

Dick Powell, in New York for personal appearances, may stay there to do a Broadway dramatic play. He will not appear in a musical comedy!

\* \* \*

AFTER DARK: Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone hosting Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck at the Brown Derby. In a booth across from them sat Frank Fay, alone. (He is Barbara's ex-husband!)

\* \* \*

## Second Husband

(Continued from page 15)

agreed with everything I had to say along these lines when I was trying to make Grant understand. And she offered to go with Grant in my place.

I've just watched them leave in the big car . . . watched them from my window while I hid behind the curtain like a jealous wife. *And that's exactly what I am!* For when I saw Grant help Mimi into the car I felt deserted, pushed aside. And now I'm torturing myself with mental pictures of the two of them arriving at the party . . . of people raising their eyebrows and asking each other if the fact that Mimi is with Grant means there is a rift in the Cummings household already!

Saturday, April 17th . . .

SOMETIMES the harder you try to have things right the more complicated and dangerous they become . . .

Last night when the children and I were having our little dinner party Kenneth Stevens dropped in. The children like Kenneth and he seemed pleased to accept their invitation to remain.

I didn't want him or the children to suspect that I was put out about Mimi and Grant so I tried to be very gay indeed. After dinner—when all I could think about was Grant and Mimi together—I turned on the radio and suggested we have a dance. Most of the time I danced with Dick and Kenneth danced with Fran. It was out of courtesy I danced with Kenneth once or twice. And it was while I was dancing with him that Mimi and Grant returned, surprisingly early.

Grant's face went dark. And trying to help things I said something about the fun it had been to have Kenneth there, that he was one of the children's favorite people.

If Grant's face hadn't alarmed me so I would have known better.

"I never knew you liked children, Kenneth," Grant said in icy tones.

"I never did—before;" Kenneth was just as disagreeable as Grant.

Then Mimi chimed in: "You see, Grant darling, I told you Brenda wouldn't be so lonely. Beauties with red hair never are, you know!"

Ben's suspicions may have poisoned my mind but it seemed to me Mimi was gloating.

Wednesday, April 21st . . .

Grant and I have had a long, heart-to-heart talk. We've promised to believe in each other. This won't be easy for Grant. I know that. He's intensely jealous by nature.

When he saw Kenneth Stevens dancing with me last Friday night he was ready to knock him down. I saw his fists clench.

And I know there are times when he resents the claim the children have on me, when he feels I give them more time than they require.

He denies that he ever has been jealous of Dick or Fran but when I reminded him that a house divided against itself couldn't stand he looked so serious and frightened that I knew my thrust had gone home.

Tuesday, May 12th . . .

Grant has given me the most beautiful diamond bracelet. I'm almost afraid of it, it's worth so much, it's so very grand. He planned to give me an old sapphire brooch that be-

longed to his mother instead—and I would have preferred this—but Mimi assured him the bracelet would be better for me, that I'd hardly care for the brooch since I hadn't known his mother.

I'm getting a little tired and more than a little suspicious of Mimi's interest in my affairs . . .

Dear, sweet Grant—how I love him! He can't do enough for me. And he never wearyes of telling me how happy I make him and of how completely he loves me. Reverently, I thank God for that; I would be lost without him.

Wednesday, June 1st . . .

It looks as if the time had come for Dick and Fran and me to go back to Montana—*where we belong!* People who pass this great house probably envy those who live in it and think we must be marvelously happy because we're so rich. Little they know . . .

Grant loves me and I worship him. But we're making each other desperate and miserable. And things promise to get worse, not better. Grant just can't keep his promise not to be jealous. Jealousy is like a disease with him.

Tuesday I took the children on a picnic. And as we were opening our lunch basket Kenneth Stevens joined us. He had called the house and Mimi had told him where he could find us. (I shouldn't blame her for doing this, I suppose, but I do. I don't believe it was anything she did innocently. She knew it would upset Grant and make trouble between us if Kenneth and I spent an afternoon together!)

Grant questioned me about my day at dinner and I knew from his manner that he had been informed about the picnic and about Kenneth. When I explained that Kenneth had caught up with us, Grant flew into a rage.

He insists Kenneth is in love with me, that Kenneth admitted this to someone who told him about it. Unless I'm very much mistaken the "Someone" is Mimi Hale.

Friday, June 3rd . . .

I KNEW Grant's quarrel with me about Kenneth Stevens was only the beginning of more and more and more unhappiness . . . for all of us! Yesterday he lunched with Kenneth, my name came into the conversation, he accused Kenneth of being in love with me—told him Mimi had admitted he had confessed this to her—and Kenneth said "Well, you know it now, so what!"

Now he and Kenneth are no longer friends.

Wednesday, June 15th . . .

Kenneth Stevens is out to ruin Grant in business!

Friday, June 17th . . .

I don't know what I would do without Ben Porter. He takes Dick and Fran to the park, to the movies, for bus rides.

Now, more than ever, I must be with Grant. He's frantic with worry. If Dick and Fran were his children it would be different. Then I wouldn't be so fearful they would get on his nerves. As it is I send them away whenever they come knocking on our door. They're healthy little rascals and they can make a fearful racket. I don't want Grant to snap at them.

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# MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

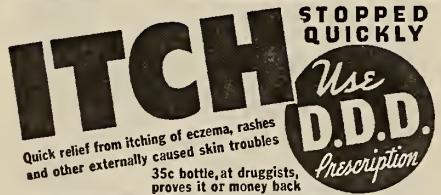
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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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It wouldn't mean a thing if he did, he's so overwrought, but they might not understand.

Wednesday, June 22nd . . .

Dick has run away.

All I can do is pray he's still safe and that he will be found. Grant has the police and private detectives working on the case. And he is sure everything will be all right. After all, Dick isn't his son. And when things aren't too important to you you can afford to be optimistic . . .

Hours seem eternities. Days and nights are torture. Grant sleeps in snatches and when I hear his regular breathing I resent it. I mustn't be unreasonable. I tell myself that over and over and over.

Fran has tried to comfort me, poor dear, but every word she has uttered has increased my torture. It is my fault Dick has run away. I married Grant Cummings and brought Dick and Fran here where Mimi Hale could get at them with her reptile's tongue. Some people are truly evil. She is. Ben Porter was so right . . .

"I told Dick he was foolish," Fran explained to me. "I told him we weren't in the way here at all. How could we be when we're in our rooms almost all the time? Why we've hardly seen you and Mr. Cummings lately . . .

"I told Dick you were only busy with Mr. Cummings the way you used to be busy in the shop. But Dick said Miss Hale knew more about it than I did. And Miss Hale is always telling us when mothers get married a second time children—like Dick and me, you know—never get a new father but that they lose their mother. Because their mother has to belong to her new husband, that it's the law."

Dear God, take care of my poor little fellow. He's so frightened and lonely. He thinks he's lost his mother. . . .

Saturday, June 25th . . .

DICK is home! Thank God for that! I can only hope the scare he had when he found himself alone in the city will teach him a lesson. They found him in Grand Central Terminal. He was trying to get back to Montana.

I've had a long talk with Dick and Fran. I've explained to them that we're the Three Musketeers as we always were and that if anyone tells them anything that worries them or anything they can't understand they must come to me about it.

This isn't the time to expose Mimi. Grant has enough on his mind. Kenneth Stevens and his interests are still fighting him tooth and nail. He may lose a great deal of money. He even could be ruined.

Friday, July 1st . . .

When Grant hears about the hardships we knew in Montana he has a habit of stooping to kiss my hair and of whispering "Red Badge of Courage!" But these days when I look in the mirror I feel my hair should be white . . . for cowardice and from worry . . .

Things are going badly for Grant. Unless there's a change in the market trend soon he'll be wiped out. And it will be my fault! If I'd stayed in Montana, Grant still would have Kenneth for his friend. And the horror of the past two weeks—with the worst yet to come, I'm afraid—never would have been.

When it's all over and Grant has time to count the cost he can't fail to resent me. I think Mimi senses this.

For she has trouble in hiding her elation when bad news comes over the wire. For if Grant should lose his money and turn against me she would have things her way once more . . . and she has money enough for both of them.

Tuesday, July 5th . . .

I'm going to see Kenneth Stevens. If he loves me as they say he does surely he won't take my life away from me. And if Grant should resent me as a result of all that has happened there'll be nothing left. I'll be such a bitter, lonely woman that I won't even be fit company for my children.

Wednesday . . .

I WENT to Kenneth Stevens. And it was the hardest thing I've ever had to do. He tried to take advantage of me being there. He told me that he loved me enough to use any means to get me. But when he saw how entirely I belong to Grant, he changed. He gave me his hand and promised he would do what he could to stop this horrible financial slaughter—that's exactly what it is, too. But he's involved with other men and he may not be able to pull out. I don't understand Wall Street affairs. I can only hope and pray.

Sunday, July 17 . . .

This is such a day as I've dreamed of living in this house. Kenneth Stevens and Grant are friends again. The fight is off and Grant's money is safe.

Grant and Dick and Fran and I went to church this morning. We sat in the Cummings pew with a silver plaque on its side and thanked God for our blessings.

Grant has been sweet with the children, too. I expected a scene this afternoon. Dick broke a rare porcelain figure and came to our suite to tell us about it. I had to scold him, much as I dislike doing this in front of Grant for I know Dick has great pride.

"Dick," I said, "how many times have I told you that you must not touch things that don't belong to you . . ."

"Hey there," Grant interrupted me, "that porcelain belongs to Dick just as much as it belongs to you or me. This is his home and these are his things . . ." Then he put his arm about Dick's shoulders and they went off together to mend the figure as well as they can.

Fran was as delighted over all this as I was. She threw herself into my arms and sighed "Oh Mommy, I'm so terribly happy." And her pretty blue eyes were like stars.

Monday, August 1st . . .

It's weeks since I've written. Probably because things, on the surface at least, are going so beautifully. It's when I'm in difficulties that I take refuge in these pages.

Grant and the children are getting along beautifully. It's been a dozen days since I've had to worry about dividing myself satisfactorily. Suddenly I seem to have time for all those I love. My heart isn't sore from stretching in two directions.

Only one thing worries me—Mimi Hale! Ben was here this morning. He dislikes her so much that he isn't quite sane about her. I reminded him how pleasant and cooperative Mimi has been lately. But he only shook his head. "Look out, that's all I say!" he told me. "She's out to get you. She'd have been out to get anyone who married Grant. And you're beau-

tiful and that makes her jealous too."

Friday, August 5th . . .

We're going to the Montana ranch for a month's holiday.

Last night, cook's night out, Grant took Dick and Fran and me out to dinner and showed us the railroad tickets—yards and yards of them. It was his beautiful surprise. Ben's going too, of course. It wouldn't be Thompsonville without him. I'll see my beautiful mountains again.

Wednesday, August 10th

We're traveling as if we were royalty. Our accommodations take up almost an entire car, with Ben occupying the drawing-room on the end. He complains, bitterly, about the luxury but it's evident enough that he's proud of Grant and his social position and his wealth. I think Ben's pride would suffer much more than Grant's if all this should be taken away from us.

I like the luxury of my room. I adore my little morocco case with my private bed linen. I love the beautiful flowers Grant keeps around me. I enjoy all the things that money buys. But above all this—far above it—there's the joy I know because Grant and my children seem to be growing fond of each other. He seems very proud when he introduces them to his friends. And they call him General Grant. That, of course, implies a great compliment.

No wonder I go around with a little prayer of thanksgiving in my heart.

Thursday, August 11th . . .

Grant and I are aboard a privately chartered plane flying back to New York. The children and Ben remained on the train. What awaits us in New York only God knows . . .

Little did I think when I made the entry before this that my joy was going to be so short-lived. Oh, we do well to treasure our moments of happiness—to enjoy any security we have while we have it!

I've been cold and numb now for hours, ever since Grant came into my drawing-room with that telegram in his hand. It was from Kenneth. It seems a lawyer named Slemp insists my first husband, Richard Williams, is alive.

If Richard Williams is alive I'm a bigamist. They can arrest me. Grant and I won't be man and wife any more. And they can take my children from me.

Grant, dear that he is, keeps trying to reassure me. He says the whole thing is probably nothing more than a blackmail scheme . . . that some unscrupulous lawyer probably hopes we will turn over a large sum of money rather than face a scandal.

Poor, dear Grant . . . Since he married me—and because he married me—he's had enough worry to drive him mad.

Later . . .

Maybe I should tell Grant that Richard Williams could be alive . . . that the man they found in that wrecked automobile, the man who was buried as Richard Williams, was so badly burned that the only means of identification was a ring.

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# BE ALLURING — and Thrifty too

By

Dr. GRACE GREGORY

MORE and more people give perfumes as Christmas presents. A gift of perfume is always a safe bet to please any woman, whether you choose her favorite, or yours, or a new one that intrigues you. Consequently January usually finds us with a renewed assortment of scent containers. It is a good time to give some thought to their proper use.

Lucille Manners, whose warm soprano voice comes to you for Cities Service Friday nights at eight, NBC Network, is a connoisseur of perfumes as well as of music. Miss Manners has a soprano voice of unusual range, with a certain richness in the lower notes which has misled some of her fans into supposing her a contralto. She made her debut at the age of seven, so that by the time radio discovered her she was an experienced artist. She takes the choice of her songs very seriously, often rewriting the lyrics when they are not up to her exacting standard. Her chief interests are (in the order given) music, the new home she has bought in Manhasset, and the perfumes with which she so cleverly enhances her unusual charm.

"How many perfumes do you usually keep on hand?" I asked. "About fifteen at a time," she replied. "More than that," said her mother. Miss Manners varies her perfumes according to the season. "Heavier odeurs for winter," she says, "Woodsy and floral scents for Spring and early Summer, and spicy ones for late Summer and Autumn."

Whether you vary your perfume according to the season as she does, or according to the time of day, or the occasion, or just according to your mood or whim, the main thing is to keep varying. It is a simple psychological fact that we cease to be aware of any odor that continues too long. The woman who sticks to one or two favorite perfumes soon ceases to smell them. So do her friends. She might as well have no perfume at all. Moreover, the woman who has ceased to be aware of her own perfume is likely to put on too much. This brings us to the second point.

When I recently suggested a variety of perfumes to one of my friends, her eyebrows went up quizzically. "I certainly would like to own lots of different perfumes at the same time," she said, "but they are so expensive I cannot afford to have more than one or two on my dressing table."

This woman was under the impression that perfume must be expensive to be alluring. Actually, there are several very inexpensive perfumes on the market which can be bought for no more than the cost of a lipstick. These are put out by reputable manufacturers who produce quality perfume, attractively priced, because they are sold in such tremendous quantities.

A woman's fragrance should be ap-



parent only within "kissing distance." Subtlety is the keynote in using perfume. Men say they do not like to get a whiff as a woman comes towards them. They want it to linger as she passes.

For the best results, perfume should be applied directly on the skin. Behind the ears, on the wrists, on the backs of the hands, or on the part of the hair are the preferred positions. But not all at once, please. If perfume is used on the skin, the body warmth diffuses it gradually. If you find that it disappears too soon, better carry a small flacon in your handbag and renew it, rather than trying to get it on too strongly at first.

Perfume on the garments should be applied with an atomizer. Better still, use a toilet water, the milder version of perfume, for this purpose. Perfume on the dress or coat is likely to be too strong at first. A spray of toilet water on the underwear is better. Or a drop of perfume on a bit of cotton tucked in your hatband. Or a drop on a tiny handkerchief concealed in the breast of your gown.

Perfumes come from many sources. There are simple floral or herbal

Lucille Manners, of Friday's Cities Service Concerts, knows how much a delicate scent can add to feminine loveliness.

scents. There are heavier odeurs which have as their base such substances as musk, civet and ambergris. Let the skilled chemists of perfume concern themselves with such matters. It is for us to educate our neglected sense of smell until we can select our fragrance with artistry.

#### A TIP ON DAINTINESS

THERE is another side to the story of subtle fragrance. It must be founded on personal daintiness. In these months of warm rooms and closed windows the morning beauty bath is not enough. Choose your favorite deodorant, and use it as directed. Not every day. Most of them last several days. There are liquids, creams, powders, and pads. They are inexpensive, safe, and especially necessary in these days of closed windows and hot rooms.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

work done, it won't make a particle of difference to me if Grandpa Crabtree continues to contend that "this radio is just another fool fad!"—Mrs. R. H. Fletcher, Carrollton, Ga.

### FOURTH PRIZE

#### Can Radio Keep Us Out of War?

I wish to commend our American radio for the fairness it has shown both sides in news reports of the present European conflict.

Reports of bombings and such have been given in a cool, calm, objective manner with no attempt to draw conclusions or place the finger of blame, only giving reports from the various sources as received. Of course, there have been several commentators who let their prejudice and emotions run away, but on the whole, the war news has been delivered to us in a highly satisfactory manner.

If our radio can continue in this vein, we Americans will be better prepared to throw off propaganda.

America must stay out of this war! That is one of radio's prime responsibilities.—Thelma Louise Smith, Memphis, Tenn.

### FIFTH PRIZE

#### A Challenge to the "Lady in Maine"

A lady in Maine remarks that . . . "It is no wonder children of today start out in life with a snarl and end up that way" . . . because of "screeching and squabbling radio broadcasts."

That's all hooey! Children and adults snarled before we ever had radio broadcasts. It isn't because of what they hear on the radio. They are just the snarling kind.

My child has listened to this type of broadcast for years and she's still as sweet as they come.—Mrs. Clyde C. Carlson, Spokane, Wash.

### SIXTH PRIZE

#### Think it over, Rudy

I understand that Rudy Vallee is thinking of disbanding his orchestra and starting a career as an actor.

I'm not writing to criticise Rudy, but maybe he would be making a serious mistake in making such a move. Personally, I think Rudy is a swell band leader and master of ceremonies. Rudy still "packs them in" with the Connecticut Yankees—but would Rudy Vallee, the actor?

Think well before stepping into oblivion, Rudy.—W. J. Donovan, Lewiston, Maine.

### SEVENTH PRIZE

#### Her Wish Was Granted

About May 25 I submitted the following suggestion:

"I am confident that a new Sherlock Holmes series, featuring Basil Rathbone in the title role, would be welcomed by many radio listeners.

"My family and friends used to enjoy that program very much and missed it greatly when it stopped.

"If this program could be put on in the evening I am sure it would prove as popular as it did when it was conducted by Mr. Hector, and would be looked forward to eagerly."

I notice that this program has already been started, so although I did not receive credit, my suggestion was followed.—Florence Elliott, Chicago.

# Beginning Next Month

## ANOTHER GREAT TRUE STORY CONTEST

# \$25,000.00 *in Prizes*

Here are the important facts. A new true story contest will begin on Tuesday, January 2nd, next. It will run for four months through January, February, March and April, closing on Tuesday April 30, 1940.

There will be ten master prizes of \$1000 each—30 other prizes of \$500 each, forty in all, totaling \$25,000.

Think what 10 master prizes of \$1,000 means! To win one of them your story does not have to be the best, nor the fifth best, nor the ninth best. It can even be the tenth best and still you will receive just as much for it as though it were the very best true story submitted.

And then think what thirty prizes of \$500 each means! If your story falls anywhere between eleventh and fortieth best you will get \$500 for it regardless of its position in the lineup. We doubt if we have ever made a more attractive offer.

And then again, do not forget that in addition to prize winning stories we buy many other true stories each year at our regular rate (approximately 2c per word) which means that even if your story falls slightly below

the prize winning grade we may purchase it from you at a good figure provided we can use it.

We are giving you this advance information so that you can begin immediately to prepare your story. If you have never taken part in TRUE STORY contests by all means send for a free copy of "Facts You Should Know About True Story Magazine," which will describe to you the method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective. A coupon is provided for your convenience.

Watch the February issue of this and allied Macfadden magazines (on sale during January) for complete contest rules, prize schedule and other important information.

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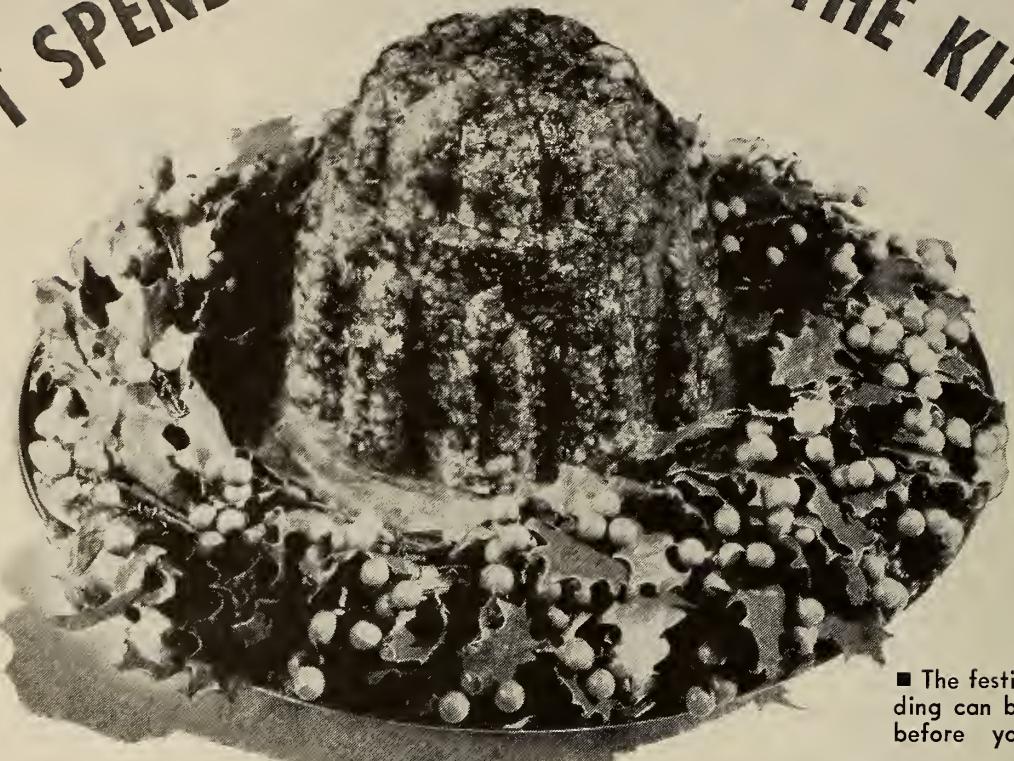
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# DON'T SPEND CHRISTMAS IN THE KITCHEN



■ The festive plum pudding can be made long before you serve it.

**C**HIRSTMAS with the O'Neills! Could anything be more fun than to spend the most important day of the year with this delightful radio family? An unforgettable treat, surely—but, since it is out of the question, we are doing the next best thing and bringing you Kate McComb who plays Mrs. O'Neill in this absorbing NBC serial. For an ideal Christmas, in Mrs. McComb's opinion, most of the cooking and preparation must be completed the day before, leaving the hostess free and rested to entertain her guests on the great day. Her recipes and routines will make your own Christmas easier and gayer, so we are passing them on to you.

The most important task of the day before Christmas, suggests Mrs. McComb, is getting the turkey ready. Clean, stuff and truss the bird and cook the giblets for the gravy. When the turkey is tucked into the refrigerator ready to go into the oven on Christmas morning, wash the celery and salad ingredients, place them in the refrigerator along with a can of cranberry jelly, bottles of olives, pickles or other relishes that are to be served cold, and make the French dressing or mayonnaise for the salad.

As the next step, Mrs. McComb suggests preparing sweet potatoes with marshmallows and baked white onions, both to be served in the casserole in which they are cooked.

#### SWEET POTATOES WITH MARSHMALLOWS

Boil sweet potatoes with the jackets on. When tender, and still hot, remove the jackets and run potatoes through a ricer. For each medium-size sweet potato add two chopped marshmallows, a teaspoon of butter and a few drops of lime juice. Add salt and pepper to taste and turn into a buttered casserole.

#### By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

##### BAKED WHITE ONIONS

Cook small white onions in boiling salted water until they begin to get tender. Drain, turn into buttered casserole, dot generously with butter, dust lightly with nutmeg.

Both onions and sweet potatoes are placed, covered, in the refrigerator over night. They should go into the oven on Christmas day about three-quarters of an hour, before the turkey is done, but be sure to take them out of the refrigerator well in advance, otherwise the sudden change in temperature from refrigerator to oven

■ Kate McComb is the wise and kind mother of The O'Neills.



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

may cause the casserole to crack.

Now you are ready to make the dessert, the festive plum pudding shown above. It is served with almond flavored hard sauce and the ingredients are:

1 package lemon or cherry gelatine	1/2 tsp. cinnamon
Dash of salt	1/4 tsp. cloves
1/4 cup finely cut raisins	1 pint hot water
3/4 cup finely cut cooked prunes	
1/4 cup finely cut citron	
3/4 cup finely cut nut meats	
3/4 cup nut-like cereal	

Combine gelatine, salt and spices. Add hot water and stir until gelatine dissolves. Chill. When slightly thickened fold in combined fruits, nuts and nut-like cereal. Turn into mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm, and let stand in refrigerator until ready to serve. Unmold.

##### ALMOND FLAVORED HARD SAUCE

1/2 cup butter	1/2 cup sugar
1 cup sugar	Pinch salt
3/4 tsp. almond flavoring	

Cream together the butter and sugar, work in the salt, then add the almond flavoring.

**W**ITH all these preparations out of the way, Christmas day will be a happy, carefree one. The salad will be simple as well as colorful if you follow Mrs. McComb's suggestion of tomatoes and alligator pears, cut into small cubes and served with French dressing or mayonnaise. The green vegetable, if you wish to serve one, must of course be left until Christmas day. Mrs. McComb prefers green peas since they are quickly and easily prepared and cooked.

And may your Christmas be a merry one!

## Reunion After Divorce

(Continued from page 9)

entered a home electric with tension, fraught with the danger of two people in love, blindly seeking an escape from the worry that was destroying their love.

Until the last moment, Bette would not admit that her marriage was crashing. "Ham and I are still in love," she insisted whenever she spoke on the subject at all. But Bette knew, and her friends knew, that there was despair in her heart.

NEVER in her life had Bette been working so hard. The period of her harvest had finally begun. At last she was reaping the pleasant fame that was following so many years of learning, desperate years of apprenticeship, struggling for a foothold.

She was a whirling dervish of an actress, working such long hours and under such tension that at times it might be said she had no life of her own—that she was fit for nothing by the time she reached home but exhausted sleep. And Ham was human and masculine.

What man ever can easily accept a wife who is more important than he? Or can stand seeing that wife come home a shadow that needs sleep, sleep, sleep so that when she faces the cameras in the morning she can come to life again?

There are those who live like this and stay married. Divorce isn't inevitable. But it helps so much when the woman is past her first wild rush to the top and when the husband is secure in successful work of his own.

No two people ever fought harder than Bette and Ham. For two heart-breaking years they did everything in their power to resolve their differences. When at last they had no choice, they were even more bitterly unhappy than before.

Bette had reached one conclusion. She told Ham, and she told her friends, "Only one thing could save our marriage. My giving up my

career. I thought about it. Seriously! And I decided it was no use. For if I should quit now before I finish all the things I set out to do, it is altogether too likely I would turn resentful, even bitter."

So two lovers, who had been pledged to each other since childhood, turned from each other and sought separate lives of their own—too proud, too discouraged to try and meet again, to consider the possibility of beginning together again.

Which would have been the end of most marriage stories. And might very well have been the end of this except for that day so long ago when Pamela Caveness had met Bette.

For Pamela was not the same timid child that had shyly said hello to Bette. She had learned many important things quickly, by absorption, the way little girls will, in those short months she had stayed with Bette.

Self confidence had been what Pam needed most of all. Bette had sought in every way to endow her with it. She had been quick with praise. She had even found a role for Pam in one of her plays on the Silver Theater radio program so that the girl would have some experience with the microphone.

And then, just as Bette's own life seemed to crash beyond repair, word came that Pam was wanted in New York—Raymond Paige had signed her, she was to make her real debut, was to sing with a wonderful orchestra. Pam's life was just beginning.

"You'll be there with me, won't you?" Pam pleaded. And without thinking, knowing only that this was a moment for Pam that could never be repeated, Bette had said, "Of course, Pam. I'll be there!"

It was later, when the night of Pam's debut was drawing near, that Bette realized what she had promised. Not that leaving Hollywood, taking the long journey across the country, was much. But when she got there,

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she would find Ham! For Pamela was still his protegee!

Bette could have turned back. But a promise to a child is so much more difficult to break, perhaps because children don't understand as well, or perhaps because they understand so much better. So she came to New York.

All too soon the night of the debut came and Bette was standing beside Ham in the wings of the radio studio, sharing again a common excitement and hope and belief in someone. And there was Pam, before the microphone, waiting, young and smiling, unconscious of the drama about her.

At that moment it isn't at all likely that it was Pam and Pam only of whom Bette was thinking. Then, I suspect, Bette's heart welled up within her, and Harmon Nelson's heart welled up within him—and the loneliness they had felt all the months they were parted was gone.

Yet there had to come the time for departure once more. The broadcast finished and Bette could turn to Ham and they could honestly rejoice in a job well done. Pam's debut had brought thunderous applause from the audience. I don't pretend to know what Bette said to Ham or how they

phrased their second farewells. But I do know what Bette told me on the telephone when I talked to her soon afterwards. She had gone to New England for her first rest in a year.

"Are you and Ham reconciling?" I asked. "That's the rumor."

"People naturally think that," Bette said. "But it's not true. Nothing has changed. And if we couldn't get on before we wouldn't get on now. Even though I still think Ham's a pretty swell guy . . ."

"I have your word you're not reconciling?" I persisted.

"You have my word," she said. And then she added, "Not this year!"

"Not this year. . . ." Bette might have used that phrase idly. She might have used it sentimentally, loathe to speak so finally of the rift between her and Ham. Or she might have used it literally.

At the time I didn't attach as much importance to Bette's "Not this year!" as I have lately. For since I talked to Bette many things which stood between her and Ham have changed!

There's Pam's radio success. It may be the golden key that will open the doors of Hollywood success for Harmon Nelson—for now Pam promises to be important enough to elevate

Ham to the rank of topnotch agent—to such importance of his own that he could take Bette's fame and stardom in his stride.

That's one aspect of the situation that has changed. There's another, too—a change of Bette's own making.

She is making new working arrangements with her studio. Never again—she swears it—will she make five pictures in one year.

Is it only because she is tired and worn out that she has made this resolve? Partially, of course—but there may well be a deeper reason. If Bette made only two pictures a year, she would be so much more a wife. She could supervise her home in the way her New England heart longs to supervise it—even to such details as to how the bedroom chintz should be hung and the cut of the Sunday roast. She could then be a patient, loving wife to someone—and unless all romantic signs fail, she would rather be this to Ham than to anyone else.

It may be that Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson will find their way back together again . . . because they met that night to hear Pam's song. It may be that the professional success Pam knew then can only be counted a small part of her triumph. Time will tell. . . .

## Henry Aldrich Is In Love!

(Continued from page 17)

had a hunch the store would lay her off as soon as the Christmas rush was over; and then where would she be? (The hunch, incidentally, later proved to be well-founded.)

She'd made a few "connections," but none of them seemed likely to do her any good except an acquaintance with an actor who knew Ezra Stone. Because of the disreputable part he plays in this story, we'd better call him Mr. Sanders, which is definitely not his name.

"I'd like to meet Ezra Stone," she told Mr. Sanders.

"I don't know," Mr. Sanders demurred. "He's pretty busy. But perhaps—I know the restaurant where he goes after the night's performance. I'll take you along there and introduce you as my niece."

Ezra liked Alec Sanders' little niece. There was something about her . . . her shyness, the way she smiled, the warm sincerity in her voice.

They talked, and danced a little, and Ezra told her to come and see him backstage. He was, as Mr. Sanders had said, pretty busy, so he and Ann didn't meet very often in the next month or so, but he didn't forget her, and shortly after the first of the year, when the department store had laid her off, he was able to tip her off that a walk-on part was soon to be open in "What a Life." Ann got the job. She signed up for it, using the name by which Ezra still knew her—Ann Sanders.

Ann's mother came down from Maine to visit her daughter for a week or so, and of course she had to meet Ezra. Ann, blushing furiously, warned her that when Ezra called her "Mrs. Sanders" she must answer calmly, as if she'd been used to carrying that name for years and years. "It's—it's only a stage name," Ann said, "but Ezra doesn't know that and—it'd be too hard to explain now."

But when her mother had gone back to Maine again, Ann did explain, haltingly. Maybe he'd be mad. Accuse her of deceiving him—pretending to be an actor's niece when she wasn't at all. It was a bad moment, but she went through with it.

"I'm not Alec Sanders' niece," she confessed, "and my name isn't Sanders. It's Muensch—Ann Muensch."

Ezra jumped. "It's what?" he cried.

"Muensch—M-u-e-n-s-c-h," she spelled it out.

"Oh, but that's terrible," he said. "That's an awful name for an actress. Can you imagine that in lights?"

"But don't you care about the way I pretended to be somebody I wasn't?"

"Of course not," said Ezra. "If you hadn't I might not have paid enough attention to you to know how much I liked you. And besides, I pretend to be somebody I'm not every night and twice on matinee days. How can you be an actor if you don't?"

So that was all right—all except the complete unsuitability of Ann Muensch for a stage name.

That night, strolling along Forty-fifth Street after the performance, Ezra and Ann tried to think of a good name for her, now that she was no longer Miss Sanders and couldn't be Miss Muensch. They tried several names and rejected them all. Then they went past the Plymouth Theater, where that season's biggest hit was playing. Ezra glanced up at the signs over the marquee.

"I've got it!" he cried. "We'll give you the best box-office name on Broadway. See?"

Ann looked where he was pointing—at a sign advertising "Abe Lincoln in Illinois."

Maybe the name was good luck. Anyway, Ann kept her walk-on part in "What a Life" on the stage, and last spring when they were auditioning young actresses for the role of

Mary in the summer Aldrich Family series, she walked right into the part. Ezra, who had nothing whatever to do with the casting, didn't think she'd get it—she'd only been on the air, in small parts, once or twice and knew practically nothing about how to conduct herself in front of a microphone—but he sent her up to the agency to audition just the same. She won the role in competition with about thirty others, too.

They'd like to get married, Ann and Ezra. There's only one thing that stops them—they're both pretty young and they know it. Two people their age who were still in college wouldn't be so conscious of their youth. But when you're working in a mature world like that of the theater and radio, busy every minute of the day and night with real work, you feel different about things. You know that you have tried marriage and failed at it. You suspect, then, that the wisest thing is to wait a while.

In the meanwhile—oh, there are a lot of things that make life well worth the living. Working together is one of them—very much one of them. After rehearsal of the Aldrich Family at NBC they can always run out to dinner together, and meet again after the broadcast. Ann can find out how Ezra is getting along at the American Academy, where, a distinguished graduate, he is teaching a course in acting; and Ezra can get from Ann the latest news of what they're saying in Times Square. It's a special language they talk together—partly lover's language, partly theatrical slang, all of it thoroughly comprehensible to each other.

They're happy. Deplorably happy, when you consider that their contentment is built upon a boy's determination to disobey his father and be an actor, and a girl's prevarication in the matter of a name.

MORE MEN AND WOMEN WANTED AT ONCE ! . . . .

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*"Camels are so very mild—  
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lasts longer!!"*



*Lady Marguerite Strickland of London (seated, left above)  
photographed with Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer of New York*

MRS. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer is a charming member of an ancient colonial family which descends from the first Dutch Patroon to settle in America. After dinner, Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Lady Marguerite exchange views about people, travels, preferences in smoking.

"Camels must be quite a favorite over here," says Lady Marguerite. "It seems to me that every time someone offers me a cigarette, it's a Camel."

"Oh, yes, we'd much rather smoke Camels!" replies Mrs. Van Rensselaer. "Camels are definitely my favorite—as you can see! They have such grand fragrance, and they're so mild—"

"So I noticed!" agrees Lady Marguerite. "Really delightful to smoke—and to smoke steadily too!"

"Camels never tire the taste," continues Mrs. Van Rensselaer. "And a Camel burns more slowly. So it lasts longer—and the pleasure does too!"

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**



Here are facts about cigarettes recently confirmed through scientific laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling brands:

**1** Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

**2** Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

**3** In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

Smoke a Camel yourself. Camels can add *more pleasure* to the fun of smoking. Better smoking—and more of it! Camel's costlier tobaccos *do* make a difference.

**MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF—  
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!**

Penny for penny  
your best cigarette buy

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

# Camels—Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos

# Radio AND TELEVISION **MIRROR**

FEBRUARY

10¢

A MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION



MADELEINE CARROLL

Why  
ARTIE SHAW  
Walked Out On  
Love and Music!  
Also His Farewell  
Hit Tune

**OUR GAL SUNDAY'S ROMANCE—**

Radio's Engrossing Story of  
a Bride Without a Groom

**WHAT THE "OTHER WOMAN" TAUGHT ME—**

The Strange Admission  
of a Radio Star's Wife



# Beauty to the Fingertips!

- SORE

- UNSIGHTLY  
- HANG-NAIL

- IRRITATED

- NEAT

- TRIM  
- ATTRACTIVE  
- WELL-KEPT

DON'T COURT TROUBLE—

*Don't Cut Cuticle!*

Cutting cuticle is a hazardous practice to say the least! It can be painful. It can irritate or scar the sensitive surrounding flesh to an extent that the appearance of the nail is marred. It can cause troublesome hangnails. And the possibility of serious infection is always present, even when the cutting is done by an expert manicurist! Small wonder then that thousands of women are using Trimal as an aid to nail beauty! You'll say it's marvelous too, the very first time you use it.

**Use Trimal—**  
The Simple, Safe, Time-Saving Aid to Hand Beauty

This remarkable method of softening and removing dead cuticle is simplicity itself! It actually reduces manicuring time by one half. It's the safe way to give your nails the symmetrical, trim appearance you seek. That's why leading beauty shops everywhere use and recommend Trimal. Just wrap the end of an orange-wood stick with cotton—saturate with Trimal—apply to cuticle. Then watch the dead cuticle soften until you can merely wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed with the results. We're so sure that Trimal will thrill you, as it has thousands of others, that we ask you to try it on an absolute money back guarantee.



# TRIMAL

(PRONOUNCED TRIM-ALL)

The Original All-In-One Aid  
To A Quick Manicure

MADE BY TRIMAL LABORATORIES, INC.  
1229 S. LABREA AVE., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

GET TRIMAL  
AT ANY DRUG,  
DEPARTMENT OR  
10-CENT STORE



• New "two-faced" coat—beige Teddy Bear cloth on one side, bright Scotch plaid on the other.

## Her "Teddy Bear" Coat caught his Eye— but her Lovely Smile captured his Heart!



Your smile is your prize possession—it's yours alone!

Help guard it with Ipana and Massage.

THE RIGHT KIND of sports coat will do things for a girl—but where are her charms if her smile is tragic, if her coat says "Stop" but her smile says "Go!"

For even the allure of a smart swagger coat is shattered if her teeth are dull and her gums are dingy. How pitiful the girl who spends time and thought on her clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Avoid this tragic error yourself! For your smile is *you*—lose it and one of your most appealing charms is gone.

### Never Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist. It may not mean anything serious. Often his opinion will be that your gums are

lazy—that too many soft, creamy foods have denied them the vigorous exercise they need. He may suggest, as so many dentists do, "more work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to aid gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums, arousing stimulation, helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Use Ipana with massage to help make your smile as attractive and lovely as it can be.



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE



*"Eyes of Romance"*  
WITH THIS AMAZING  
**NEW Winx**

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new improved WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved.

Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*



Now DOUBLE Your Allure  
with New WINX Lipstick!

Your lips look youthful, moist...the appeal men can't resist! 4 tempting colors. Non-drying STAYS ON FOR HOURS. Raspberry shade is fascinating with Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Try it! At 10¢ stores, *today!*

MAGIC HARMONY! **Winx LIPSTICK**  
**WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!**

FEBRUARY, 1940

VOL. 13 No. 4

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN  
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN,  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS  
Editor

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COVER—Madeleine Carroll by Sol Wechsler

(Courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

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# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

## FIRST PRIZE IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

**G**OODY dinner . . . I'll see what's on the air. Crooning? No. Game? Too many ball-game programs lately. Here's a voice . . . familiar. Could it be Roosevelt? No, haven't heard of a "fireside talk" for tonight. Besides, it isn't quite the timbre, the calibre. It's pitched a little higher, for one thing. But has the same speech rhythms; the same cadences of tone. Talks like Roosevelt . . . perhaps developments abroad have brought the President to the microphone with an unexpected announcement . . . Here's the commercial. Must stay tuned in. Here he comes again. Ah! What? "Their blood will drip . . ." Never the President! No ghastly suggestions ever creep into his speeches.

This chap must be a double for Roosevelt. Who can he be?

Here comes the wind-up. All right, spill it. Who? Turn up the volume! ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT! O-O-O-Oh! So that's Elliott! Well, it runs in the family . . . —Thora Thorsmark, Winnetka, Ill.

## SECOND PRIZE JUST VOICES?

Do you dread the time when the announcer steps in the middle of a program, to extol the merits of the fine product he sells. Not me.

Especially not, when gentlemen like Andre Baruch with his clear, crisp voice or the booming voice of Harry Von Zell do the interrupting.

I also admire the deep, rich mellow voice of David Ross, and the jolly, convincing voice of Don Wilson.

The highly educated voice, the flawless diction, combine to make Milton Cross also one of the finest announcers the airways offer.

Let's give these gentlemen a hand for showing us how beautiful the English language can sound when properly delivered by their highly trained voices.—John Horhota, Buffalo, N. Y.

(Continued on page 83)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

### YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN — — — PRIZES — — —

- |                          |         |
|--------------------------|---------|
| First Prize . . . . .    | \$10.00 |
| Second Prize . . . . .   | \$ 5.00 |
| Five Prizes of . . . . . | \$ 1.00 |

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than January 25, 1940. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

Lady Esther says

# "Let me send you 12 SHADES of MY NEW 7 DAY NAIL POLISH FREE!"



Choose your most flattering—  
your lucky nail polish shade—  
without buying a single bottle  
of nail polish!

WOULDN'T you like to be able to take the 12 newest, smartest nail polish shades and try each one of them on your nails at your own dressing table? You can do just that . . . and do it with amazing speed. For, in a jiffy, merely by holding one of Lady Esther's Magic Fingertips over your nails you can see exactly how each shade of polish—the actual polish itself—looks on your hands.

### What are these "Magic Fingertips"?

They are life-like reproductions of the human nail . . . made of celluloid. Each wears a true tone of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You see instantly which shade flatters your hands...accents your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. See how this marvelous new polish gives your nails gleaming, exciting loveliness for 7 long days. And just one satiny coat is all you need!

### FREE! Send For Your 12 Magic Fingertips!

Clip the coupon now for your 12 free Magic Fingertips. Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty . . . that looks smartest, loveliest with your costume colors.

Lady Esther's  
**7-DAY  
NAIL POLISH**

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)  
LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me by return mail  
your Magic Fingertips showing all  
12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day  
Cream Nail Polish. (52)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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



■ Dennis Day (right), Jell-O's new tenor, confers with his music coach, Charles Henderson, the author of "How to Sing for Money."

# Wanted-singers

**H**OW many times have you been listening relaxed after a day's work, to some pleasant music on your radio, only to have your ears assaulted by a voice which grated on your nerves, singing badly the melody of a simple tune that you felt you could hum better yourself?

That has always seemed to me to be one of radio's most irritating and perplexing faults. Why should any orchestra have difficulty finding a singer who won't aggravate the listener? Yet, let's be honest. I can't tune in my radio for more than half an hour before some singer's nasal qualities or inability to stay on key has brought my listening pleasure to an abrupt end. Because dance bands prefer girl vocalists to add a dash of good looks the singer is usually feminine.

Why should it be so difficult to find singers who possess a pleasant voice? One bandleader a few weeks ago told me that he had been searching two months for a girl whose only qualifications were basic good looks and a singing voice that came quietly and decently over the air. In those two months he had auditioned perhaps a hundred girls, given two or three a week's tryout with the band and was still without a permanent singer. He was leaving the week after he talked to me for a long tour around the country. He was hoping somewhat pessimistically that perhaps somewhere, somehow by then he would find the voice he wanted.

Yet certainly there are thousands of young people who hope some day to sing for a living, young people who have pleasing voices right now and only need professional polishing to make good on the air. Given the proper training, the greater percentage of them could become singers that you

and I would enjoy tuning in, could easily bridge the gap between a promising amateur and a successful professional.

There has never been such a bridge that I know of, to cross that gap. Which is why I am so interested in the new book recently published by George Palmer Putnam. It is called "How To Sing for Money" and was written by Charles Henderson and Charles Palmer.

Charles Henderson is a music coach, probably the most successful one in radio. He is now in Hollywood and works with stars like Deanna Durbin, Frances Langford, and Dennis Day, the new singer on Jack Benny's program. It is his job to see that these stars make the most of their talents, that their voices are pleasing to us when we tune them in. He doesn't give two whoops for art in singing. Either the voice pleases us, the listeners, or it's no good for radio. All that he has learned in years of being associated with singers in vaudeville, night clubs, musical comedies and radio he has put down in this new book.

"How to Sing for Money" is written in behalf of those thousands of young people whose rose-edged dreams can be turned into wonderful reality. With the right instruction and training, they can start out on the high road to success.

That is why I am publishing in RADIO MIRROR a series of articles taken directly from this book. You will find the first chapter on page 24 of this issue. If the publication of this series brings just one new voice to the air that will add to your listening pleasure, I will count it a success. And perhaps that voice is yours?

—FRED R. SAMMIS



# Then why have I never married?"

*She was one of those stunning, Aquarius types . . . tall, regal, red-haired . . . about thirty; of obvious means, and with a hand that showed personality, health, brilliance of mind, daring and romance. Fortune's child if ever I saw one.*

*Yet here she was confessing unashamedly that she'd had little luck with men and almost tearfully demanding to know why. Should I tell her . . . dare I tell her . . . that the answer lay not in her hand—but in something else\* that most people do not even mention, let alone discuss.*

One of the most damning faults in a woman is halitosis (bad breath)\*. Yet every woman may offend this way some time or other—without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

How foolish to take unnecessary risks of offending others when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution against this humiliating condition. You simply rinse your mouth with it night and morning, and between times before engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Some cases of halitosis are caused by

systemic conditions. But usually—and fortunately—say some authorities, most bad breath is due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth and gums.

#### *Makes Breath Sweeter*

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend others.

In the matter of charm, your breath may often be more important than your clothes, your hair, your skin, your figure. Take precautions to keep it on the agreeable side with the antiseptic and deodorant which is as effective as it is delightful.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

---

**LISTERINE for HALITOSIS**

---



## HOW THE TELEPHONES ARE RINGING —to tell of Tampax!



NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR

NO WONDER Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of the new Super Tampax size, 50% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

Perfected by a physician, Tampax is worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. The wearer is not conscious of it, but can keep up her regular activities without fear of any chafing, wrinkling or showing of a "line." No odor can form; no disposal problems.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! Comfortable, efficient, compact to carry in your purse.

*Three sizes:* Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters: Introductory size 20¢; but large economy package saves up to 25%.

Accepted for Advertising by  
the Journal of the American  
Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED  
New Brunswick, N. J.  
MWG-20

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

( ) REGULAR

( ) SUPER

( ) JUNIOR

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# WHAT'S NEW FROM



■ Two of his discoveries meet—Rudy Vallee introducing Alice Faye to his new prodigy, Sylvia.

THE reports that Connie Boswell is able to walk were a little premature, but the truth is good news enough. After being confined to her wheel-chair since childhood, Connie can now swim and ride horseback, and is so delighted about this that she doesn't really mind not yet being able to stand and walk by herself. As she remarks, she's making a good living for herself and the people she loves, and that's more than many a person who has the use of his legs can say.

\* \* \*

One of radio's most happily married couples, the Del Sharbutts, will have another baby in about four months. Mrs. Sharbutt is the former Meri Bell, who used to be in radio herself until she began being a wife and mother, and Dell announces for the Ask-It-Basket, Guy Lombardo, and Hobby Lobby programs. They already have one child, an eleven-month-old daughter.

\* \* \*

This is the saga of a hat, the most expensive one ever bought by Franklin P. Adams of the NBC Information Please program. He paid thirty dollars for it—at least five times as much as he'd ever paid before—and brought it with him to the program. While he was on the air, he laid it down alongside a few dozen other hats, and when he went to retrieve it, found it missing. The only hat left was a battered brown felt, pretty old and a size and a half too small besides. The furious Mr. Adams made the best of a bad bargain, picking up the old hat and wearing it. A few days later he met an acquaintance of his on the street—a man also connected with the Information Please show—who at sight of Adams began to scream, "Thief! Robber!" and ended up by snatching the shabby old head-piece from F. P. A.'s head and clutching it lovingly to his bosom. Of course it belonged to him, and he was convinced that Adams

had stolen it, darling of his heart that it was. There was a tense moment before everything was explained, but now the two men are good friends again, each happy to be owning and wearing his own hat.

\* \* \*

When Edgar Bergen made Charlie McCarthy's voice come out of Mortimer Snerd's mouth on a recent Chase and Sanborn broadcast, he got the biggest laugh of the evening. But if you think the fluff was planned, you should have seen his face.

\* \* \*

If it hadn't been for the good sportsmanship and energy of Robert Benchley and Fred Allen, the Screen Actors Guild program would have found itself in serious trouble a few Sundays ago. They were two of the guest stars on one of the broadcasts which emanated from New York; Tallulah Bankhead was the other. Miss Bankhead, though, didn't appear on the program, and here's the reason why. Several days before the broadcast the script was submitted to her. She rejected it and asked for a new one, saying she didn't like the material. The new one was written, and though she still wasn't quite satisfied she consented to appear on the show. But Sunday afternoon's rehearsal came, and the temperamental Tallulah didn't show up at all. At the last minute, Benchley and Allen had to sit down and whip up a comedy script to go into the time that was to have been occupied by Tallulah. What made it all the more difficult was that it was almost time for the sponsor to renew the program's contract, and a bad broadcast might have resulted in no renewal—and hence in no more money for the Screen Actors Guild charity fund. . . . Winchell has a word for Miss Bankhead's lack of consideration.

\* \* \*

Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf of Gang Busters is extending his sympathies to the latest of his four name-

# COAST TO COAST By DAN SENSENEY

sakes, Norman Kent Schwarzkopf of Bison, Kansas. The new baby, he says, can look forward to losing about ten per cent of his mail due to a misspelling of his name, having that name mispronounced by forty per cent of the people he meets, and spending fully 234,000 minutes of his lifetime spelling out S-c-h-w-a-r-z-k-o-p-f over the telephone.

\* \* \*

Babs, of the Smoothies vocal trio, wants to get married, but she's postponing her wedding and staying with the trio until Charlie and Little Ryan find somebody to take her place—not an easy task. When the wedding happens, Delmar Sandburg, Cincinnati radio executive, will be the lucky man.

\* \* \*

The champion gate-crasher of the Toscanini concerts on NBC was none other than Lou Gehrig, the former baseball star. He never had tickets, but he managed to get into every one of the maestro's eight concerts in the first series, and will probably repeat when Toscanini returns in March. Here's how he did it—the manager of NBC's Guest Relations department is an old Gehrig fan and always sneaked him into the studio if there was an extra seat to be found. And



■ Doing the Hollywood night spots in a big way these days, are Mary Livingstone, Bob Preston, Dorothy Lamour and Jack Benny.

since the studio's a big place, there was always at least one unoccupied seat in the auditorium.

\* \* \*

Somebody in Radio City thought up a cute idea and managed to get it put into operation. Most elevators flash

white lights when they're going up and red ones going down, but nowadays the Radio City elevators use blue lights for up-bound cars. Get the idea?—NBC's Blue and Red networks!

(Turn to next page)

"For loveliness all over—try my  
Beauty Soap, Camay!"



SAYS THIS CHARMING NEW YORK BRIDE

*I t's a treat to use Camay for my beauty bath as well as for my complexion. Its thorough, gentle cleansing makes it a grand beauty aid for back and shoulders.*

New York, N. Y.  
May 15, 1939

(Signed) MARIAN BROWN  
(Mrs. Boyd Paterno Brown)

NOWADAYS, it isn't enough to have a lovely complexion! Back and shoulders must look attractive, too! "Why not help them to stay lovely by bathing with your beauty soap?" asks Mrs. Brown. "I always use Camay!"

Camay gives you a priceless beauty cleansing combination—thoroughness with mildness. We have proved that mildness with repeated tests against a number of other famous beauty soaps. Time after time, Camay has come out

definitely milder. You'll find Camay helps keep skin lovely!

So try Camay. Notice how refreshed you feel after your Camay bath—so dainty and fragrant you know others will find you attractive! Get three cakes today. It's priced so low.

Trade Mark Reg.  
U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



**TEST**  
Thynmold  
for 10 days  
... at our  
expense!

GIRDLE OR  
BRASSIERE  
may be worn  
separately

## Appear **SLIMMER** ... at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses sizes smaller? That is just what the Thynmold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

### BULGES Smoothed Out INSTANTLY!

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out instantly!

#### Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

#### Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate . . . its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Send for free illustrated folder

**Thynmold**  
GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.  
Dept. 182, 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.  
Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold  
Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated  
material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

# WHAT'S NEW FROM



■ Herbert Flraig (seated right) brings Clyde McCoy and a bevy of chorus girls to the WLW microphone.

Lili Valenti, who plays Rose on the CBS serial, Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, has also played minor parts in the same story from time to time, and in them has "died" three times—all on the same program. The last time she "died" she walked out of the studio after the broadcast, slipped, and sprained her ankle. Lili says she's not superstitious, but she doesn't want to be in another death-bed scene, for fear something worse might happen.

\* \* \*

That Alan Reed, announcer on Colonel Stoopnagle's Quixie Doodle show over MBS, is none other than your old comedy friend, Teddy Bergman. Teddy decided to change his name as a matter of business. The old one limited him to comedy jobs on the air, but the new one, with its added dignity, gives him a chance to be an announcer and an actor as well. Already he's playing the role of Rocky Marshall on the NBC serial, One of the Finest, besides announcing the Stoopnagle program. Incidentally, he and Stoop claim to be the heaviest announcer-comedian team on the air. Together they weigh 439 pounds, of which Alan—or Teddy, if you like him better by his old name—accounts for 237.

\* \* \*

THE poet who wrote that "Man may work from sun to sun" didn't have a radio special events broadcaster in mind. Herb Flraig, special events man of Cincinnati's two Crosley stations, WLW and WSAI, knows that his work, like woman's, is never done. This is particularly true on stations like WLW and WSAI, because they pay special attention to putting newsworthy happenings on the air.

Herb, who is a dark-haired youth with handsome, regular features, pursues and sometimes is pursued by celebrities of all sorts—chorus girls, movie and opera stars, aviators, politicians. Sometimes it's easy enough

to get them on the air, but on the other hand he frequently has to work days arranging a single fifteen-minute interview with some person who is shy of a microphone and the listening public.

Herb's two stations have all sorts of equipment for going into the highways and byways for news and entertainment. Besides maintaining transmission lines to railroad stations, airports, and all the leading hotels and night clubs, they have three mobile units and two pack transmitters. Two of the mobile units are housed in large automobiles and the third in a midget car, while the pack transmitters weigh thirty pounds each and can be strapped to an announcer's shoulders while he threads his way through crowds at football games, parades or other large gatherings.

The worst thing that ever happened to a reporter carrying a pack transmitter, Herb says, occurred during the judging of a livestock show at the Ohio State Fair in Columbus. "Our announcer, John Conrad, was carrying the pack, when one of the bulls decided he didn't care for radio or radio announcers. He broke loose from his owner and took after John. They raced around the ring for two whole minutes before John could hand the mike to an assistant and leap over the railing to safety."

Almost as nerve-shattering was the occasion when, after days of preparation, a coast-to-coast broadcast of an Easter pageant from Marion, Indiana, was lost to the nation simply because a technician in the telephone company's control room left a repeater open. Or the time when a sudden storm came up just before a remote-control broadcast and tore down the lines it would have traveled on.

All these alarms and excursions have given Herb Flraig a hardened calm that nothing much can shake. He has to have it, to go through some of the catastrophes he's seen, among

# COAST TO COAST (Continued)

them the horrors of a mine explosion and the great flood of 1937.

He's been with WLW and WSAI two years, during the last of which he's been married. In spite of the demands of his work, you can sometimes find him at home, where his favorite form of relaxation is to don an apron and cook a batch of spaghetti, with meat balls to match.

### SOPHISTICATED LADY

Five feet, five inches of scintillating personality—a voice with soft, mellow depths and a soothing quality—red hair (though she insists it's auburn) — a creamy complexion. In short, an eye-full. That's Olga Vernon, the Sophisticated Lady of Song who appears with Bob Sylvester and his orchestra on a hand-picked network of Southern stations.

You can hear her every Tuesday night at 10:00, E.S.T., over WJSV, Washington; WRAV, Richmond; WBT, Charlotte; WGST, Atlanta; and WAPI, Birmingham, in a program sponsored by the Lance Company and originating in the WBT studios in Charlotte.

Olga studied voice at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago, and got her professional start singing with Charlie Agnew's orchestra. Then



■ Attractive-looking Olga Vernon sings with Bob Sylvester's orchestra over station WBT.

came a number of appearances on various Chicago radio programs, in which she built up a reputation which reached the ears of Jan Garber. Jan lost no time in signing her up as his radio songstress.

Now Olga's present boss, Bob Sylvester, enters the story. He'd heard her singing with Agnew, and liked

her voice, but he never met her until one day they were introduced by a music publisher. At that time Bob was Hal Kemp's arranger, and it was through his influence that Hal heard her and hired her away from Jan Garber.

Five years ago, Bob became ambitious for a band of his own, and when he left Kemp and organized his own group Olga went with him. The ups and downs of the band business left them stranded, at last; the band broke up and Olga went on the musical comedy stage on Broadway while Bob returned to arranging. He didn't give up his dream of having a band of his own, though, and eventually tried it again—this time profiting by the mistakes he'd made before. Once more Olga gave up her job—which then was singing on a network sustaining program in New York—to go with him.

The Cavalier Beach Club at Virginia Beach was the new band's first stop, and since then it has climbed steadily.

Olga has a soft, deep alto voice that blends aptly with the original and distinctive style of the Sylvester arrangements. It's a combination that should prove a best bet on anybody's dial. (Continued on page 51)

**Honey** BEAUTY ADVISOR says

"CHILDREN'S CHAPPED HANDS NEED REAL SOOTHING COMFORT"

UMM... THIS HINDS FEELS NICE, MISS HONEY. I'D LIKE SOME ON MY FACE TOO.

HONEY, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL TREAT MY OWN DRY CHAPPED HANDS TO HINDS. IT SURELY IS SOOTHING.

GOODNESS... MY HANDS LOOK SMOOTH ALREADY.

I ALWAYS RECOMMEND HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM, MARY — FOR HOUSEHOLD CHAPPING AND CHILDREN'S CHAPPING, TOO... YOU KNOW HINDS IS EXTRA-CREAMY, EXTRA-SOFTENING!

### SOFT, ROMANTIC HANDS FOR YOU

HARD-WORKING hands need a fine, extra-creamy lotion. And Hinds is just that—extra-creamy, extra-softening! It coaxes back the soft, thrilling look that dish water, harsh cleaners, snow, and wind take away. Quick comfort for chapping and chafing—quick loveliness for your work-abused hands! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream contains vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. At toilet goods counters . . . NEW! Hinds Hand Cream—fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.

Chapping • Dryness  
Rough skin, elbows, arms  
Weathered skin  
Hangnails • Calloused heels  
Powder base • Body-rub  
After-shaving lotion

Copyright, 1940  
by Lahn & Fink Products  
Corp., Bloomfield, N.J.

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with  
**BURNS AND ALLEN**  
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast  
7:30-8:00 E.S.T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station.

# WHAT THE "Other Woman" TAUGHT ME

ALL my life I've been beautiful. I've grown used to hearing conversation falter when I entered a room full of people, and then begin again on a changed note; to having men's eyes follow me on the street. I've known and accepted admiration since I was a child, until I came to think of it as my right. And when I married Roger I knew that he and all his friends considered him a lucky man. If I must

tell the truth, I thought him lucky too.

And yet, a few days ago, I woke abruptly to the knowledge that I had lost him.

I was listening to him on the air when the realization came. Roger is a radio actor, and although I'm usually too busy, I occasionally listen to his programs. This particular one was a daily serial, and since I was home alone and didn't have

anything else to do, I tuned it in.

Roger and the leading lady were playing a love scene.

"Oh, darling," the girl's voice said, "I've missed you every minute of every hour . . . I'd wake up in the mornings, and even before I opened my eyes I'd think, 'Maybe this is the day he'll come back to me.'"

"All those precious moments when we might have been together—all of them wasted," my husband whispered. "Dearest, dearest . . . It hasn't been living, without you."

I smiled. It always amused me to listen to one of Roger's love scenes on the air. He didn't really do them at all well—at least, I didn't think so, although everyone else did. But then, I had had the opportunity of listening to him in real life love scenes—the autumn afternoon he asked me to marry him, the moonlit nights in Bermuda on our honeymoon, the day I told him that the baby was coming. Then, his voice had had a vibrancy that he could never counterfeit—something intangible and beautiful whose only name must be sincerity. It came from his heart, not his brain. Roger was a good actor, but he wasn't good enough to put this glorious quality into his voice in a play-acting part. That went beyond good acting—

Unconsciously, as I listened, I stopped smiling.

"Your sweet lips," he was saying now, "the way you smile, with your head tilted back a little and your mouth turned up at the corners—and the way your hair frames your face—such a funny little face . . . I think I must love that funny little face more than anything in the world."

It was really beautiful—that deep, masculine voice, with its undertone of romance, awakening in me emotions and passions I'd forgotten I ever knew. For a split second an unbearable thrill of delight ran



The love-note was there, in his voice—now! My first reaction was one of fear; then came anger.

**Why did his voice, as  
it came over the air,  
carry that thrilling  
note of passion she  
remembered from long-  
ago honeymoon nights?**

through me, a sensation of pure exaltation. It was entirely instinctive; the next moment, as I realized what it meant, I was weak and shaking.

The love-note was there, in Roger's voice—now! He was playing a love scene in a radio studio, with a girl I'd never even met—but he was not pretending! This was the real thing. I, who knew every intonation of his voice, could not escape the shattering knowledge that Roger was in love with another woman.

I stood up and with shaking hands turned off the radio. I thought I would scream if I heard once more that long-forgotten timbre in my husband's voice.

My first reaction was one of fear. Then came a deep, burning anger.

What I had thought was an ideal marriage wasn't ideal at all. It was no more than a shell, pleasing to the eye but hollow inside. When Roger came home at night and kissed me, his thoughts were with another woman. I felt insulted, humiliated.

Because I knew I wasn't mistaken. For ten years, ever since our marriage, I had listened to Roger on the air. I had heard him play innumerable love scenes—and never once had I caught the unmistakable ring of passion that had been there today. It was as certain a betrayal of his feelings as a love-letter in his handwriting.

Who was the girl? Desperately I tried to think back to what Roger had told me about the program. A month or two earlier they had brought in a new actress to take the leading lady's part. That much I remembered. Her name was Judith something—Judith—Judith Moore. A newcomer, a girl they'd brought on from Chicago especially for this role.

Some cheap, obviously pretty little thing, of course, I thought. Her voice had been sensuous and slightly husky over the air. And poor



If I had seen Roger and Judith Moore, repeating with their eyes what their lips had just said . . .

Roger was probably proud of his conquest.

I remembered things that had happened in the last few months, things I hadn't paid any attention to at the time. Perhaps it was partly my fault, I admitted. I'd thought our marriage had settled down to a quiet, friendly affair, with sex and love relegated to their proper place. But Roger, after all, was a man, like other men, and probably I'd been foolish to forget that.

Well! I was back to my senses at last. I had beauty, too, the same beauty that had made Roger fall madly in love with me in the first place. Neither marriage nor the arrival of Bruce, our little boy, had blurred that beauty. With it I could hold Roger, win him back to me—and I would—I must! Even if I

had to play the strumpet to do so!

It's easy now to see how wrong I was, how false my reactions. Perhaps, if I could have been present in the studio that afternoon, and could have seen Roger and Judith Moore after the broadcast, their scripts forgotten, silently repeating with their eyes everything they had just said with their lips . . . perhaps, then, I would have understood a little better. But I don't know. Probably not. I was so vain, so used to thinking of my own loveliness as the most precious thing in the world, and therefore the most powerful, that I don't think there was room in my mind for anything else.

It was the last straw when, a few minutes later, the telephone rang  
(Continued on page 77)



# Beginning OUR GAL

■ Presenting for the first time in thrilling story form, radio's engrossing drama of Our Gal Sunday, an orphan girl who thought she had found love and riches and instead became a bride without a groom



LORD HENRY

■ This is a fictionization of the CBS serial, Our Gal Sunday.

DON'T like his looks," said Jackey firmly. "Sunday, you keep away from that galoot." "But—" Sunday began, and then stopped—because Arthur Brinthrope had warned her not to tell Jackey or Lively that he was going back to his home in England, and wanted her to go with him.

A tiny frown of worry appeared between her violet eyes. Of course, she was only eighteen, and Jackey and Lively were so much older, and they were always right—had been, ever since she could remember—but they couldn't be expected to understand how she felt about Arthur.

"What's the matter with Bill Jenkins?" her elderly guardian grumbled now, chewing bitterly at the ragged fringe of his sandy mustache. "Fine a young feller as any you'd find in the state o' Colorado."

"Oh—Bill!" Sunday sighed. "Bill's all right, but—but—"

"But you've known him all your life, and he lives right here in Silver Creek," Jackey finished for her. "Yep—grass is always greener in the other feller's back yard. Well now, I tell you, Sunday—"

"But Jackey darling, you don't even know Arthur!" Sunday expostulated.

"Don't need to know him. I know his kind, all right. And I don't want him fussin' around you. Told him so, too, yesterday when I caught him comin' up the trail." And with this parting shot, Jackey marched out of the cabin.

So that, Sunday thought, was the reason Arthur had waited for her down in the pine grove by the river, instead of coming up to the cabin—and the reason, too, why he had asked her to meet him there at sunset today. She was conscious of a brief pang of regret—a shadow on her mind, nothing more—that he hadn't defied Jackey and come to

# SUNDAY'S *Romance*



SUNDAY

heard Monday through Friday, sponsored by American Home Products.

the cabin anyway. But of course it was only because he wanted to spare her any unpleasantness.

Did she really want to marry him and go to England to live? It was so hard to decide! England would be lovely, of course—the great Brinthrope manor Arthur had told her about, and the gay times they had there, and Arthur himself always at her side, handsome, polished, devoted. But it would mean leaving Jackey and Lively—and worse than leaving them: running away from them. It would be just like leaving your father and mother, because, hard-bitten old miners that

they were, they'd been father and mother to her since long before she could remember.

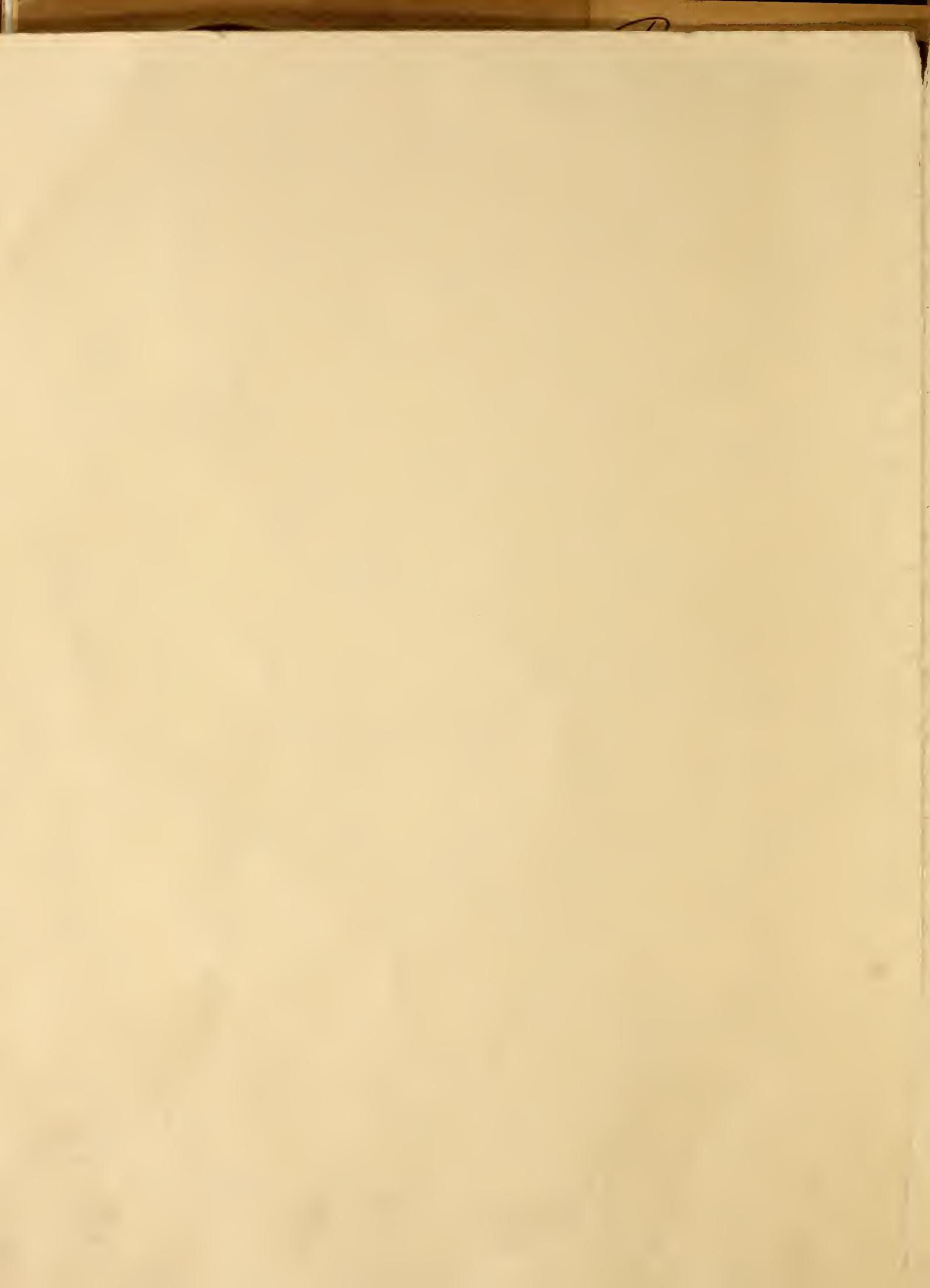
The sun was out of sight already, behind the tall pines that surrounded the cabin. In a few minutes it would be touching the peak of Old Baldy, and Arthur would be at the river, waiting for her answer—an answer she didn't have. If only she didn't have to tell him right away! If only she could talk it over, sensibly, with Jackey and Lively, without running into their stubborn conviction that Arthur was a "no-good, smooth-talkin' galoot!"

Still undecided, she went down

through the sweet-smelling woods to the grove by the river; and, as she had known he would be, Arthur was there waiting for her. At sight of him she felt a tingle of excitement. He was always so clean, so well-barbered—not at all like the Silver Creek men, who shaved only for special occasions. Not Bill, of course—but Bill would be as bad as the others, given another five years in Silver Creek.

Arthur Brinthrope heard her light step and jumped down from the rock where he had been perched.

"Sunday darling," he said tenderly, "I was afraid you weren't





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coming! I'm so happy you came."

It was good, but somehow a little frightening, to feel the hard young muscles of his arms around her, and the firm touch of his lips on hers. "You've got my answer for me, Sunday? You're going to come with me to England?"

"I—I—" Gently she freed herself and sat down on the rock, hands braced at her sides, her long hair, the color of the gold-tinted clouds in the west, falling down straight behind her. "I don't know, Arthur. Couldn't we be married here, first, and then go?"

"No, that wouldn't work out," he assured her quickly. "Darling, I don't think you quite understand. We can't be married, you know...."

"We can't be—married? But what—" She stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"No—you see, I come from a very old family—I may be the Earl of Brinthrope some day—and I couldn't—well, it wouldn't be right for me to marry you, Sunday. But I love you, darling, and we could have such wonderful times together!"

Eagerly, he tried to take her once more in his arms.

"No, no!" she cried. "Don't, Arthur! Please! I couldn't—"

"Brinthrope!"

It was Jackey's voice. He stood just behind them. And Sunday screamed when she saw what he held in his hands. The scream mingled with the sharp whine of a bullet, and Arthur fell to the ground.

"Come back to the house, Sunday," Jackey said in a tense voice.

"Jackey!" she whispered. "You've killed him!"

Jackey's expression did not change. The shaggy brows were still drawn down over the old eagle eyes; deep lines were still carved between nose and mouth. "Figured to," he said. "No man can say what he said to any gal of mine and get away with a whole skin. Come on back to the house."

She began to edge around the rock, keeping as far as possible from the still figure on the ground, whimpering with fright.

"Oh, Jackey—what are you going to do now?"

"Ain't quite figured that out. You leave him be, now. I'll come down after dark and get rid of the body, somehow."

"They'll find out though, Jackey—somebody will find out!"

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That night, when he returned to the pine grove, Arthur Brinthrope's body had disappeared, and in the morning, when he inspected the spot more closely, he found wolf-tracks....

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And that was the situation when Lord Henry Brinthrope, Arthur's brother, arrived unexpectedly in Silver Creek—to find that Arthur, with whom he had intended to discuss the local Brinthrope mine holdings, had disappeared without leaving a trace behind.

It was only a day after his arrival that his inquiries led him up the trail to Sunday's cabin.

She watched his long-legged fig-

ure climbing the steep trail with a sense of panic. And yet there was no use in running away. Her only hope was to meet him, answer his questions directly and apparently with honesty, and do her best to keep him from interrogating Jackey. Bill Jenkins had already told her Lord Henry was in town. She'd known this moment was inevitable.

Drawing a deep breath, she went to answer his knock.

He wasn't at all like Arthur, she saw when she opened the door. He was taller and a year or so older, and there was a strong line to his chin that Arthur hadn't had. Most striking difference of all, though, was in his eyes. They were direct, honest, friendly, and they told her at once what Jackey had meant when he said he didn't like the look of Arthur. Jackey would like the look of Arthur's brother.

"I'm Henry Brinthrope," he said. "And you must be—well, you must be Sunday. I'm sorry, but down in the village I can't remember that anyone ever mentioned your last name."

"It's Smithson," she said blushing. "But everyone calls me Sunday."

"No wonder—it suits you perfectly." He had an English accent too, like Arthur's. "It's probably impertinent—but how did you get it?"

"I was an orphan, and I was left on Jackey's and Lively's doorstep on a Sunday. So—they just called me that."

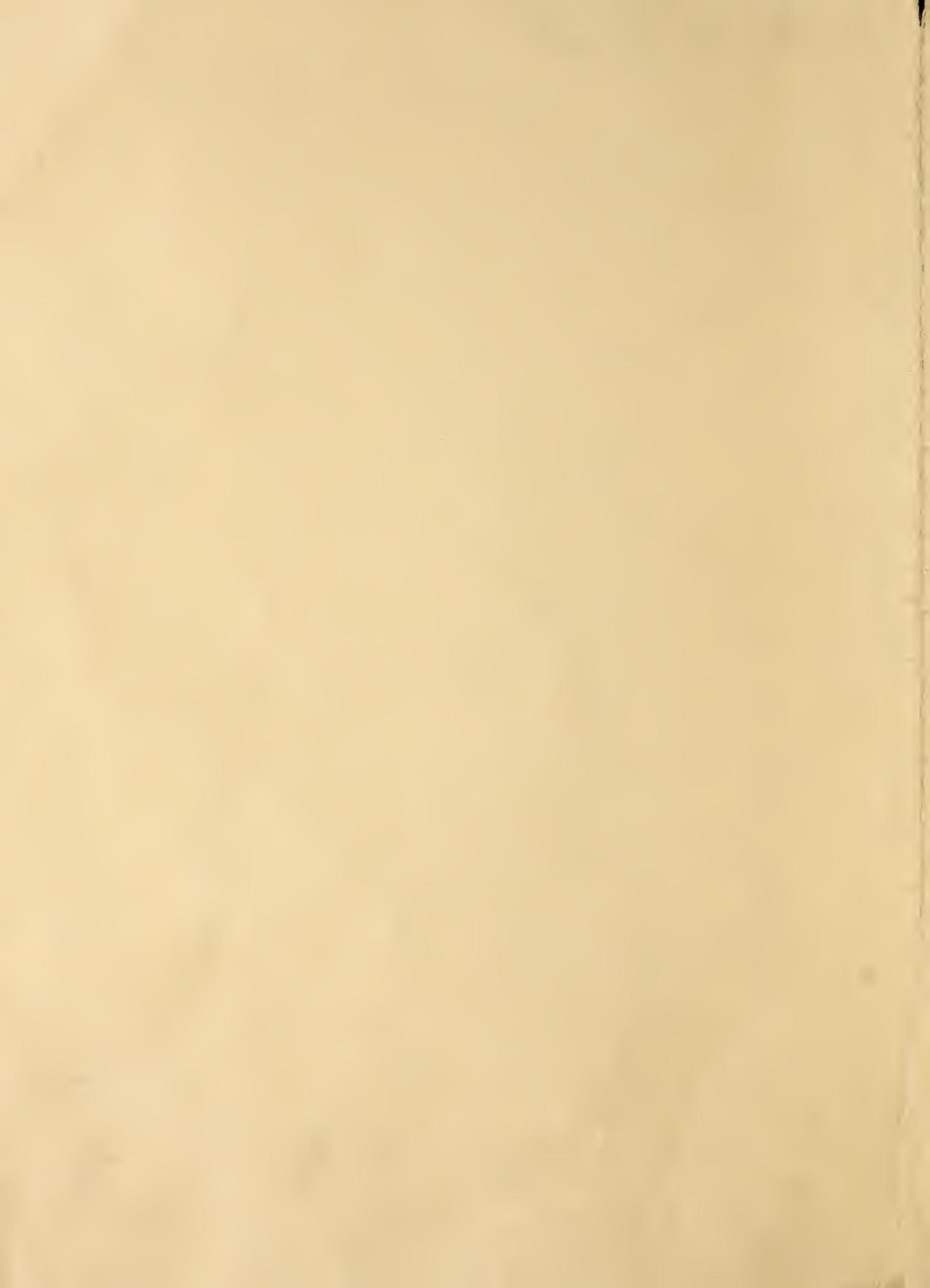
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"No," she said quickly. "No—he didn't. Did he know you were coming?"

He shook his head. "I wanted to surprise him." No need to tell this lovely child just why he had wanted to surprise Arthur: that funds were strangely missing from the Brinthrope Mines, and it was more than likely Arthur could, if sufficiently frightened, explain their disappearance. "Well," he said lightly, "it doesn't really matter. Arthur's always making up his mind to leave a place overnight. He'll turn up, I suppose."

But when he had gone back down to Silver Creek, he wired a firm of private detectives in Denver, asking them to send one of their best men to see him.

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# THE WOMAN of TOMORROW

By Eleanor Roosevelt

■ With idealism, but with realism too, the First Lady of America paints an inspiring word-picture of the future's most important person—the woman you hope to be

T'S hard to say what the role of a woman in the world of tomorrow will be, but we can at least say what we *hope* her role can be.

Today, because we live in a very serious world, a very terrible world to many of us, we have to think very seriously of the position of women. I think I will try to draw for you a portrait of what I hope the woman of tomorrow may be because of the seriousness of her responsibility. I think the woman of tomorrow, in this democracy at least, must be a responsible citizen: one who takes a keen interest in her own environment, in all the people of her community and of her country, who studies conditions as they really are and tries, so far as she is able, to formulate plans which will better whatever she finds not good in her community.

I hope that this woman of tomorrow can have a gay side, too. The world is so serious that we must keep a certain gaiety and a sense of humor always, no matter how sad our surroundings may be. But I hope that she is going to feel primarily one great responsibility. For if we do not find a way to preserve peace, then I think we might as well make up our minds that civilization is slowly going to disappear.

We've talked a great deal about what we should do to bring peace into the world. We've hoped that individuals would change, that they would *will* peace. We have hoped that there might come to the world

the spirit of Christ. We have hoped that everywhere there would be enough people in every nation who long for peace so that we could solve our difficulties without resorting to force. We know, however, that in a world where there are people who are predominantly bent on using power and force, the rest of the world, no matter what their ideals may be, probably will have to use force too for a time.

If that is so, very well. Then we must be very careful, we who want peace. We must watch ourselves and never allow that force which we must have to take complete possession of us.

So far our people have had so much that they never felt the compelling desire to go out and take something from somebody else. That is something that we have to remember and watch in a world where force is still supreme. As women, we must go about our whole problem without any bitterness, with the feeling that human beings everywhere are deserving of respect and are to be pitied when life is hard, with the realization that we can only hope to be of use if we can keep a kindly spirit to deal fairly and realistically with situations as they arise.

My portrait of the woman of tomorrow would not be complete unless I added that I am setting up for her an extremely difficult role. It will be almost impossible for people who are actually at war to

think and plan a just peace. So my woman of tomorrow (in this country, I hope, and in many other countries) will school herself to remember that men perhaps would find it even more difficult than she does to think of conservation, to think of preserving the values in the world and in everyday existence. It does require unselfishness! It does require vision! It does require that we shall think of all people as our brothers.

PERHAPS the responsibility is greatest on us because of all the nations today we have suffered least. We are strong. We have a chance still to think and grow and to be at peace. I hope that in this world of tomorrow all the women of this country and of South America and of other countries as well, will be able to join together to make peace their great crusade! I can think of nothing else which will save civilization.

I realize that if we are going to do this we must be practical. We must realize that people have to live. You cannot drag them down and expect them not to try to get the things which make life worth living.

We've done that over and over again. We've taken away from people the things that really made it worthwhile to stay at peace. And then we expected that they would adjust themselves to that. Instead, they would suffer and fight. I think



It's up to you to help  
the nation and its peo-  
ple make a better future.

H. Armstrong Roberts

we women in America have got to be more realistic in the future. I think we have got to realize that here at home we begin our job. We must begin by proving that we can solve our domestic problems in a democracy. So that when peace does come, we can at least show that free people can govern themselves and can face their problems and meet them and solve them, no matter how difficult they are and no matter what changes they require in our usually accepted form of life.

Changes are hard, but changes

have to come. Perhaps we are facing a more co-operative womanhood! But no matter what we are facing, we have got to make it our first duty to acknowledge what is before us—when we do not know the answer to say so—to say that we will make it our business to try until we find the answer!

That is the only way we can preserve our freedom. That is the only way that we can be worthy of being at peace. And this will take great sacrifice, for you cannot destroy without eventually having to

build up again. We don't seem to have learned a great deal from the destruction which we've been through before. But it will come to us in time. For what you destroy, you have to build again.

And if we are fortunate enough to be at peace, it will be our job to give; to give of ourselves, give of what we have. And I believe that it's the woman of tomorrow who has the responsibility of making herself the kind of person who can help her nation and her people to make a better future.



# WHY NOT BE *Lovely*

■ Radio's loveliest guest star had to learn to be beautiful. Once she caused scarcely a ripple in Hollywood, but now—

*Paramount Photos*

HE is feminine perfection, as exquisite and symmetrical as a bit of Sèvres porcelain, as vibrant as the plucked string of a violin. Her allure is that of irresistible beauty—a beauty which strangely combines the freedom and naturalness of a wind-swept English moor with the sophistication and smartness of Monte Carlo.

Loveliness like Madeleine Carroll's is such a precious thing, you

think when you see her, that there's no wonder it is also rare—a gift of the gods bestowed only on the favored few.

Yet Madeleine Carroll had to learn to be beautiful! There was a time, short years ago, when she appeared in films and made not a ripple on the surface of the public's attention. If you saw a few of those early motion pictures of hers you must remember (if you remember

her at all) that her beauty was nothing to bowl you over.

How she changed—what she did and continues to do for her beauty—is an exciting story, exciting because it is a revelation of what you or any woman may do to benefit herself.

So often it is just the opposite—the world's incontestably beautiful women refuse to share their secrets. But the same charm and generosity

# to look at

By MITZI CUMMINGS

■ With the freedom of naturalness and the sophistication of smartness, Madeleine Carroll has the allure of irresistible beauty. The secret of how she gained such perfection now can be yours too!

which, caught by the microphone, make Madeleine radio's favorite Hollywood guest star, make her a really gracious person as well—willing to talk frankly about subjects that must vitally interest every woman.

There was no hedging, then, when Madeleine and I sat down in a booth at the Beverly Brown Derby and began to talk about that most fascinating of all feminine topics—how, in a word, to be beautiful.

"Do you want to know what men consider beauty?" she asked seriously. "Three things—three *musts*. Simplicity. Naturalness. Femininity."

I asked her to explain.

"First, the basis of all beauty is good health. Add another commandment to the original ten: 'Be good to thyself.' Take care of your body. Give it rest. Give it circulation. And never let up on either. The results? Vitality. Poise. Tolerance. Good nature. The importance of these cannot be underestimated. For the more visible assets: good health gives lustre to your hair, a glow to your skin, makes your nails and teeth strong, and your eyes sparkle. No man alive can resist these points of natural beauty, whether the woman has lovely features or not.

"Naturalness, however, goes beyond these things. No affectations. No obvious ego. Forget yourself. If you have good health, you are able to relax in the presence of men,



■ Madeleine's rules for beauty will please you with their common sense and surprise you with their delightful results.

particularly if you keep in mind that they prefer a relaxed woman. And if you wear a pleasant expression, they consider you charming!

"Keep yourself simple in dress. That's another *must*. Above all, don't fuss! If a curl is out of place, or your collar doesn't sit right, pay no attention. First of all, don't present yourself unless you are perfectly groomed and immaculately clean. A man notices only the general effect, not details, so why call attention to a stray curl?"

"Do you think women dress to please men?"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you."

She smiled. "I dress to please other women. In so doing, it also

turns out that I dress to please men."

A bit subtle, but I got the point. "How about a few fundamental rules to go by?"

"Well . . . black dresses for simplicity and smartness. Large, but simple, hats for femininity. No excess jewelry. Wear pieces that, if they aren't real, don't pretend to be. Wear simple, well-made shoes that keep their shape. And men, don't forget, abhor too-red fingernails and plucked, exaggerated eyebrows."

By this time, of course, I'd taken a good eyeful of Madeleine herself. Her dress was black, with touches of radiant blue (her favorite color, with the exception of black). Her hat, crownless, and showing

gleaming gold hair, also filled the prescription. Her quiet hands were tipped with rose-pink nails, and her eyebrows were long, sweeping ones, unplucked, medium heavy.

I wanted to know something about what she thought of perfumes, and she thought enough to make an interesting little commentary to hand over to you.

"They are more effective on the skin than on your clothing. Touch your scent lightly where the heart pulse is nearest the surface, like the temples, behind the ears, the inside of your wrists, and in the palm of your right hand."

**S**HE knows what to do, but she doesn't often do it! Out of her array of perfume bottles, squat ones, slender ones, modern ones, quaint ones, she uses only a soupçon of fragrance, something light, something floral, something feminine. But she has mixed herself something special, something she wears on important occasions, which she won't tell about. It is a combination of several perfumes, and is so completely hers that the fragrance in the air says "Madeleine Carroll has been here."

For her bath (she likes showers but rarely) she occasionally goes lushly luxurious. A milk bath, not from a cow but from a formula, or crystals, or scented oils. Afterwards, a sparkling cologne to tingle and to scent. Yet lots of times, none of these at all! And lots of times she turns out the bathroom lights and sinks into a restful doze right in the tub. Her hair is tied up, cold cream is probably on her face. If it is, she finishes up with some splashes of icy water, either after she removes the cream, or when it's still on.

Sun and circulation, these are

Madeleine's preachers. For the former—to acquire a golden glow on your skin, take her advice and use plenty of oil. Lave in it, and when you're through with the sun, take a nice, warm bath with pure castile soap, and a hardy rub with a heavy towel.

Her teeth are perfectly beautiful. She brushes them frequently, when she isn't using paste or powder, with a mixture of salt and bicarbonate of soda which gives you more cleanliness, more lustre, and eliminates acid. She keeps the mixture always ready on her bathroom shelf, and once in a while uses milk of magnesia instead, which serves the same purpose. The dentist cleans her teeth twice yearly, but no more, because she thinks so strenuous a cleaning, if done more often, would harm the enamel. She has her teeth examined, however, every other month.

She drinks coffee, which she loves, but she takes it without cream. She also eats practically anything she wants, with judgment, of course, because proper food is necessary to good health. Every so often she goes on a diet. One of the main items of this diet is avoidance of liquids. Liquids, you know, are fine to put on weight, so don't feel virtuous when you take a glass of orange juice, or a cup of coffee between meals. You're defeating your own purpose.

If you want to keep your figger the Madeleine Carroll way, include a lot of tomatoes and grapefruit, or grapefruit juice with every meal. Do it for four days a week; then eat what you will the following three days. Then go back to it for another four days, and you're through. You can have spinach, two lamb chops and saltine crackers in lieu of bread. And the last day, which is the fourth, you can substitute broiled chicken or broiled fish for the lamb chops. The wisest way is to eat your biggest meal at noon, so that if you go to bed early there isn't a lot of food lying in your stomach during the night. This, incidentally, applies to anyone, any time. It's conducive to good digestion. And make your breakfasts, when you are on this diet, light ones. A sliced orange, or half a grapefruit along with plain coffee. And don't forget—no liquids between meals.

As for make-up—she wears practically none, during the day. Only lipstick. And for the three hours or so that we sat in the Derby, she didn't even use that. It was a little mystifying how, without retouching, her mouth remained scarlet, smooth and satiny. She explained

that she put her lipstick on, in the beginning, with a maximum of care. Edges were meticulously gone over for outline. When her lips were completely rouged, she waited a moment for her mouth to "set," then blotted the surplus on a tissue. Then she went over it again. This kept her lips perfect until eating disturbed them.

With nothing but her lipstick to remove at bedtime, and a face that has been washed several times during the day, she doesn't need to indulge in any complicated routine of make-up removal. Soap and water and a little cold cream do the trick.

At night, her make-up includes face powder and a little mascara. This very slight gilding of the lily is a far cry from the days when she first arrived in Hollywood. Then she believed that she must emulate someone great if she wanted to be a success. She picked out her "someone great" in the person of her screen heroine, Marlene Dietrich. She did her face like a snowy mask, tricked up her eyes to look enigmatic, kept the eager, vital, interested lights out of her face—and became expressionless.

**B**UT as time marched on, Madeleine was neither too happy nor too successful in Hollywood. She returned to England and to herself. She made "The 39 Steps" with Robert Donat, and "I Was a Spy," and was splendid in both. Then she was recalled to Hollywood. She made her re-entry a wiser and more beautiful girl. No longer was she a copyist. Off came the Dietrich mask and out came her own radiance, her own natural personality. Boom! She was a success!

"Don't you do anything besides diet occasionally for that beautiful figure of yours?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Ballet. Three times a week. Not because I want to reduce, nor because I want to be a dancer, but for the exercise, and above all, because it gives me a good carriage."

And now it was time to end our beauty talk. But there was one more question, and I asked it:

"Look, I said, "how about the girls who weren't born beautiful? What can they do?"

"They," she said, "can try as I try. And they can remember the advice my mother always drummed into me when I was a little girl. 'Madeleine Carroll,' she'd say . . .

'Be beautiful if you can—  
Be witty if you must—  
But be amiable if it kills you!'

"And that's why," she added with a smile, "I have such a good disposition!"



# WHY ARTIE SHAW WALKED OUT ON *Love and Music*



**He had fame, riches, a  
romance with beautiful  
Betty Grable—and yet  
he gave all this up,  
for an amazing reason**

**By JUDY ASHLEY**

WONDER how he felt when he picked up a newspaper that November afternoon and saw the front page headline: "ARTIE SHAW PAYS OFF HIS BAND AND GOES TO MEXICO FOR HIS HEALTH". That was just before he pulled out in his car. The reporters said he was heading for Mexico. But maybe he wasn't. How could they say that when he wasn't sure himself? He was news. Big news. He was the kind of man for whom newspaper ink was made.

The thing was incredible—nothing like it had ever happened before. He was well on his way to earning a million dollars with that black clarinet of his yet he said to the devil with it. He had charm and personality and good looks. There were women and love waiting for him. There was one in particular. Blonde, lovely Betty Grable. She was waiting in Boston but

Artie turned his back on love. He threw it all away. He didn't want any part of it. I wonder if he smiled that peculiar one-corner smile of his when he read that he was going away for his health. They all printed that story. But they didn't know Artie Shaw. They didn't know why Artie had kicked everything away. It wasn't because he was physically sick. If he was sick at all, it was an emotional illness. Not something a doctor could put his finger on and say this is a result of that sickness you had in Hollywood.

I know why Artie quit. If you can forget all the misleading facts which have been printed, try to remember a few characteristics of one of the most talented musicians ever to catch America's fancy. Remembering them, you, too, will be able to make sense out of a situation which has rocked the entertainment world.

To begin with, Shaw is sincere. That's a simple word but it can mean paragraphs. In Artie's case it does because it implies a complete lack of hypocrisy and half-meanings. He has few good friends, for instance, only because he refuses to associate with people and things he doesn't like wholeheartedly. There's a second important key to Shaw's character: he is honest. Honest in every single thing he does—in his work, in his thinking, in his love. Most importantly, he is honest with himself. There, in a sentence, lies the clue (Continued on page 54)

# The Day Before Yesterday

■ Another new tune for Radio Mirror readers—this time composed by the "King of the Clarinet," Artie Shaw—written just before he left music-land—perhaps forever!

Words by  
REES MASON

Music by  
ARTIE SHAW

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The vocal melody begins with the lyrics "I have -n't been lone-ly Since you came my way. Could it have been on-ly THE". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and harmonic chords.

A continuation of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with "DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY? You took my heart a - way \_\_\_\_\_ And made it". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with its bass line and chords.

A continuation of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with "yours \_\_\_\_\_ And now for ev -'ry day \_\_\_\_\_ Some one a - dores \_\_\_\_\_". The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic and rhythmic patterns established in the previous systems.

you. I tried to find ro-mance But it was just play, — 'Till you made my

heart dance THE DAY BE-FOR-E YES-TER - DAY Is it real-ly true?

Are you real-ly you Or some-thing I dreamed THE

DAY BE-FOR-E YES-TER - DAY? DAY? 8.

SONG OF  
THE MONTH

# How to Sing for Money

January 25, 1940 No. 1000

Day to the Order of \$100,000  
Thousands of Dollars The Public Dollars

By CHARLES HENDERSON (with Charles Palmer)

*Deanna Durbin Says:*

*"After the hours of personal instruction I've had from Charles Henderson I loved reading this. Everything he ever taught me is in it and so much more that I don't see how any popular singer can do without it."*

**S**HOW business! A kaleidoscopic world with streets of gold, peopled with inhabitants of unreal beauty and charm, bathed in a mist of glamour. To the outsider, that is. To the insider, it's another way to make a living—a world of contradictions, of drab hours and breathtaking moments, of hokum and honest art, of generous friendships and knives in the back, of heartbreak failure and skyrocket success, of monotonous mediocrity and flashing inspiration. The most exhausting and well-rewarded work in the universe, and—the hardest gate to crash.

But it can be crashed, and it's worth crashing. Even if it weren't, I wouldn't waste good typewriter-ribbon trying to argue you out of it. You want to sing for your supper—and a good deal more than your supper—and it's my hope and intention here to show you how.

For this article, and those which will follow it, are messages of hope. Thousands of you sing a little, for your own pleasure or for that of your friends. You'd like to turn

that modest little talent of yours into something that would work for you and make your living—but you don't know how to go about it, and so, until now, you've done nothing. I'd like to show you the right road—tell you how to get a start, how to audition, how to find the songs and the styles that will fit most naturally into your own personality, how to meet and conquer all the problems—some of them big, some



■ By all means stay away from the old-fashioned teacher who tries to build up your volume.



■ Decide what type of song your vocal equipment and personality enable you to handle best.

little—that stand in your way.

And even if you're pretty good, as a singer, I think you'll find some things here that will be useful to you.

You see, most singers don't know their business. They know that a song goes over or flops, but they don't know why. More, they don't realize that singing for money is a selling job, and a two-level one at that.

The singers aren't entirely to

# At last! In an absolutely unique series of articles that cut straight through all the old taboos, Hollywood's most successful vocal coach tells how you too can become a star

blame for this. How can they learn? Only by digging the knowledge out of the solid rock for themselves, or by taking a chance on an expensive vocal coach. And how can they learn what goes on inside the minds of talent buyers? Only by the bitter experience of losing out on jobs they wanted desperately to get or hold.

I'm going to try to do something constructive about it: to shortcut this bitter period for the beginning singer. If you want to be a singer and don't know how to start, I'm going to try to show you. If you are determined to be a singer, and had started before you opened the pages of this magazine, I'm going to try to help you avoid mistakes and difficulties that still lie ahead in your unguided path.

Before we begin, let me point out something that has, perhaps, never

writers on the subject have ignored these changes. So did the buggy builders.

As the professional singer, you will be in the business of furnishing entertainment. Baldly, to get money from your customers, the listening public, you must give them what they want. Here I'll give you as artistic a training as the public taste will permit, but when the



■ When you're getting a start, don't disdain beauty contests. After all, what can you lose?

a number. You don't need a big voice nowadays: the "parlor" voice of light but even volume throughout its effective range, free from objectionable breathiness, is actually better suited to the microphone. You should have a comfortable range of an octave plus two or three whole notes (Their register doesn't matter, because you can choose the key in which you will sing.) Even less range will do in a pinch: Ruth Etting got along with just an octave.

Is your voice free from the quaver of a faulty vibrato? The vibrato is primarily a pulsing variation in pitch; an emotional quality of natural beauty in some voices, but a cultivated one of doubtful attractiveness in others. Is yours a waver over which you have confident control, or a quaver which gives the effect of uncertainty?

Do you sing in tune and in rhythm? Do you stay on pitch without too much difficulty, and is your attack sure and true? If you sing along with phonograph records, do you stay in tempo with them easily, or do you find the orchestra constantly getting out of line?

If the answers to these questions are honestly favorable we are ready to go ahead, at least on songs of average voice requirements. But if you feel that your voice, our raw material, is not yet up to these standards there is another question which you will ask. That is: Should you engage a voice teacher?

Now, the only purpose of voice training as far as it affects getting started in the popular field is to see that your tone is true, that you breathe naturally and sing without visible strain, that you have the ability to keep time, and that your voice has a pleasing quality.

However, some instruction on voice culture (Continued on page 70)



■ Gone is the old exaggeration of gesture, the bellowing that was necessary a few years ago.

artistic and the commercial considerations come in conflict, the commercial will get the call.

Now then, here are the tools you need before you go any farther. A pleasing voice; a natural sense of tone and rhythm; something in the way of looks or personality; an emotional awareness (by which I mean simply a zest for life, which translates into an ability to feel what you sing); and a genuine liking for popular music.

Have you these tools? Let's ask a few questions about

## YOUR VOICE

AND when you ask yourself these questions, be honest in answering them.

Is your voice pleasing to most listeners? In other words, do people like to hear you sing? Somebody must have heard you—not necessarily radio audiences—your friends, your family, your fellow-members of the Junior League or the Employee's Mutual Benefit Association. And remember, I said "Do they like your voice"; not, do they admire it, or marvel at its technical excellence, but do they like to listen to it? There is a very real difference.

Do you produce tones without obvious strain? The public dislikes to tighten up its tummy muscles and strain with you as you puff and pant and belabor your way through

occurred to you. It's just this: the technique of singing for money has turned completely upside down in the very recent past. There is now, and always will be, a demand for glorious voices in opera and on the concert stage, yet 99 per cent of the singing which the average American hears and enjoys comes to him through the agency of a microphone, in one or another of the streamlined forms of modern entertainment which are here to stay. The accent today is on intimacy, and gone is the old exaggeration of gesture, the vocal mugging and bellowing which was not only accepted, but necessary under the conditions of a few years ago. It's modern science rather than lung power that carries today's entertainer over the distances to the cheap seats.

Unfortunately, a great many singing instructors and almost all



DEAR DIARY: So many times lately I've thought I didn't have the courage to write down the things that have happened to me—and yet, when I have confided in you it has always brought me a measure of strength to go on. You are my only intimate, my only confessor.

What is a young widow to do? I always thought she had the right to love again, to give her children a new father. When I met Grant Cummings, he was everything I'd ever hoped to find in a man. It seemed right, then, that we should marry. It had been nearly three years since that terrible day when I lost my first husband, Richard Williams. He had been driving, it was a wet night, the car skidded and Richard lost control. He died without regaining consciousness.

Three years as a widow in the little Montana town, struggling desperately to earn a living for myself and Dick and Fran—such sweet, adorable children—and then . . . the day I met Grant Cummings. He was from New York, wealthy, socially prominent, charming. When he asked me to marry him, I couldn't refuse. I loved him, and he could give my babies so much more than I could.

It wasn't that easy, though; and that is why I say perhaps a widow has no right to love again. We went back to New York to live, and soon I began to see that Dick and Fran resented Grant, while he in his turn was jealous of my affection for them. Mimi Hale, Grant's cousin, was another problem. She had

grown used to running his home and even his life, and now she was bitterly disappointed at his unexpected marriage.

Mimi took advantage of times when I felt I must be with the children, to undermine Grant's love for me. Jealousy was like a disease with Grant, and it wasn't long before Mimi had him believing I was unfaithful to him with Kenneth Stevens, his best friend. I managed to convince him he was mistaken, but the shock of knowing how little he trusted me left a scar that hasn't healed yet—may never heal.

Only a few days ago we were all on our way to Montana, for a long vacation—Grant, Dick, Fran and I. But we had hardly unpacked our bags when a wire came from a New York lawyer named Slemp, telling us that Richard, my first husband, was alive!

Grant and I took the first plane

back East, leaving the children to follow by train, intending to confront Slemp and demand to see the man who said he was my first husband. It didn't occur to me, when I boarded that plane, that I was taking the first step toward losing Grant.

Yes, I've lost him, and the brief happiness, too, that I thought would always be mine. Mimi has won. Fran, Dick and I are living in an unspeakable New York boarding house. Night and day the heat is stifling and filled with thick smells. Tonight we tried to sit on the fire-escape. But we had to come in and close the window. A man and wife who live across the court were saying things to each other which stripped them of all decency, all pride. They loved each other once, I suppose. Well, I've saved Grant and myself from an ending like that. . . .

■ **A vivid new chapter in the exciting life of Brenda Cummings, a beautiful young widow who thought she had the right to love again**



Portrait of Brenda Cummings  
By Alec Redmond, 1939

CONTINUING, IN THE INTIMATE DIARY OF BRENDA CUMMINGS, THE DRAMATIC STORY OF SECOND HUSBAND,  
STARRING HELEN MENKEN, AND SPONSORED BY BAYER ASPIRIN—HEARD TUESDAY EVENINGS ON CBS

Loneliness, at least, is clean.

It's hard to believe that the events of the last five days, since we went aboard the plane in Montana, have really happened. They've come so fast, with such kaleidoscopic frenzy.

The air, as we neared New York, was bumpy, but I had no idea we were in any danger until, suddenly, the plane gave a sickening lurch and plunged to the ground. Unbelievably, I was not injured, but Grant was white and still in the wreckage. He was still unconscious when they got him to the hospital, and the doctor, though he tried, was unable to give me much hope.

I battled back frenzy to think what I must do. Even with my mind full of Grant, I knew I must not forget the reason we had come to New York, and as I waited for some change to come in Grant's condition they brought me a telegram at the hospital. It was signed "Richard"—and it instructed me to meet him that night at eight o'clock in the Olympic Hotel.

I'm not very clear about what happened after that. Of course I was tired and overwrought, but I do remember telephoning the hos-

pital and learning that Grant would not regain consciousness before morning. And I remember that Mimi gave me a bromide at dinner, "to calm my nerves." I suspect it did more than that.

I got to the Olympic at eight. The desk clerk told me to go to Room 310 and wait, that Mr. Williams would be back shortly. He had, the clerk said, already registered for both of us.

I went to Room 310. And the next thing I knew Edwards, our butler, and a hotel detective were standing over me and it was four o'clock in the morning! That was when I suspected that Mimi had given me something stronger than a bromide.

But the horrible thing was that the doctor had been wrong. Grant recovered consciousness while I was sleeping in the hotel. *And when he opened his eyes it was Mimi who sat beside him.*

He soon found out, the next day, how Edwards had found me at the hotel—and about the damning way the register was signed: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Williams.

I tried to explain how things really were. But suddenly, overpowered by Mimi's viciousness and Grant's willingness to believe her, I couldn't go on. Words just wouldn't come.

A man either trusts his wife, or he doesn't. Grant doesn't trust me. And that is why I am living here, in this boarding house, away from him. But I'm miserable.

August 29th . . .

I have a job! I'm to design dresses. Model them too sometimes. Pierre, the owner of the shop, even has given me a contract. And he's paying me thirty dollars a week.

Now I can rent a little house in the country. And eventually, if Richard really is alive, I'll hire a lawyer to get me a divorce. Then perhaps life will be good enough at least. Without Grant I don't expect to be happy.

September 1st . . .  
What was Mimi doing in Slemp's

"I went after you. Van Doorn was on the floor, a knife beside him. It was horrible . . ."

office today? I'd better watch out!

She was surprised to see me. But I must say it didn't take her long to pull herself together and explain she *naturally was interested in Grant's marital status.*

I told Slemp—with more courage and conviction than I felt—that I didn't believe his "Richard Williams"—if indeed there really was such a person—was my husband.

"I'll call upon you tomorrow at this same time," I said. "And if Richard isn't here I'm going to sue you for blackmail!"

I think Slemp was frightened.

September 2nd . . .

I'VE had a show-down with Slemp and I've won!

I have a paper, signed by him, which testifies no one named Richard Williams exists—to the best of his knowledge and belief! And he has a paper, signed by me, acquitting him of any responsibility in this matter. He wouldn't name the person who involved him but I know it was Mimi.

When Richard wasn't in the office I demanded a detailed description of him at least. Slemp put me off until he had made a telephone call. Then he described "Richard Williams" as a man resembling Gary Cooper. Richard didn't look anything like Gary Cooper but little Dick always thinks of him that way. And when I reached home I learned from the children that Mimi had met them at their play-school, taken them for ice-cream, and questioned them about their father!

That's all I need to know!

Ben Porter was right about Mimi from the start. She's madly in love with Grant and she'll go to any lengths to get him. Well, I'm certainly out of her way now.

Saturday, September 3rd . . .

Women are strange. When I first left Grant I resented the messages he sent me. I prayed he would leave me alone so I might go my own way and make a life for my children. But since his messages have ceased I've been miserable. A woman's independence seems to diminish as her loneliness increases . . .

Monday, September 5th . . .  
We're home again. I've had Grant's (Continued on page 61)



# Hollywood Radio Whispers



Fink photo

■ What a party they made for Kate Smith when she went to Hollywood to preview 20th Century-Fox's "Drums Along The Mohawk"! Left to right, Joan Crawford, Merle Oberon, Kate and Claudette Colbert.

**H**OLLYWOOD "inside" has it that the Burns Mantle portions of the Star Theater program will be dropped. The full hour, with Ken Murray, Kenny Baker, Frances Langford and Dave Broekman, will then originate entirely in Hollywood.

\* \* \*

The Bob Hopes are telling friends they want five kids: but want none of their own. They'll adopt four more, one each year.

\* \* \*

Ken Murray is telling those jokes to Nancy Kelly in private. But insists it's no joke that she's to become the leading lady in his new home!

\* \* \*

M-G-M is dickering with Ray Noble for a musical.

\* \* \*

Charlie McCarthy, in his new picture, "McCarthy Detective," has a wig made of real red hair.

\* \* \*

**PREACHER MATERIAL:** Jack Carson and Kay St. Germaine—as soon as the divorce between himself and his wife becomes final.

**By GEORGE FISHER**

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.

One reason that Edgar Bergen is pushing Mortimer on the air is said to be to popularize his comic strip!

\* \* \*  
Ed Sullivan declares in his column that "the best comedy on the air recently was Winchell's message to Atlantic ships to look out for two men who fell overboard."

\* \* \*  
Hollywood is all ears when Drew Pearson and Bob Allen spout their "very exclusive" Washington gossip on "Listen America," over Mutual. This network is certainly hitting the big time.

\* \* \*  
**PREACHER MATERIAL:** Skinny Ennis, the band leader, and his singer Carmine Calhoun have finally set the date: Christmas.

\* \* \*  
Gertrude Niesen spent two months in Hollywood without singing at one nightclub and without signing a film contract.

Your reporter was host to Andrew Jergens (Winchell's boss) for his yearly visit to Hollywood. "Andy" met most of the film stars and spent the remainder of his time in Hollywood's "After Dark" spots, with glowing praise for Earl Carroll's show palace.

\* \* \*  
Jim (Fibber McGee) Jordan and Mrs. Jordan (Molly) spent a few anxious hours after learning of the sinking of the British ship Sirdhana off Singapore. Jim's sister, Josephine Jordan Hugo, was a passenger, with her husband, Charles Hugo, business manager of the Nirola dance troupe, also aboard the vessel. Jordan cabled the U. S. Consul at Singapore for word of her fate to relieve anxiety, but before a reply could come, NBC learned Mrs. Hugo was among the survivors, and relayed the happy word to Jim.

\* \* \*  
The "I Want A Divorce" program is trying to help couples stay married by dramatizing some domestic situation that might easily lead up to the divorce courts for lack of a common (Continued on page 73)

When Fibber McGee and Molly  
saw their dream house, it was—

# Love AT FIRST SIGHT

BY MAUD CHEATHAM



■ It's charming, this beautiful white Monterey home, with the first floor rooms opening onto the terrace.



■ Jim and Marian outside their playhouse which is just over the bridge from the big house. It's complete with a game room, fireplace and kitchen. Right, Fibber's greatest joy is his own workshop.

Photos exclusively taken for Radio Mirror by NBC

MR. AND MRS. JAMES JORDAN (really our good friends Fibber McGee and Molly) firmly believe in love at first sight.

They'll tell you this miracle has touched them twice. The first time when, as shy youngsters of 17 and 16, they met one eventful night at choir practice in their home town of Peoria, Illinois, and immediately fell in love. There followed a story-book romance and, after they had grown up a bit, they were married.

Years of troupng, of living here and there, had been warmed by the dream that some day they'd have a beautiful home of their own. Again and again, they talked about (Continued on page 53)



■ In front of their home, showing the long front balcony onto which the bedrooms open, overlooking the beautiful gardens.



■ Outdoor living in the true California manner—romping with the family dogs before leaving for their Tuesday night broadcast at NBC's Hollywood studio—only nine miles from the McGee home.



■ If he's not in his workshop, then you'll find Fibber, in his den, a real man's room with huge comfy chairs. Below, the swanky living room, with a huge fire-place and baby grand piano.



■ Molly's bedroom is in the softest shades of peach and green. Right, Jim Junior poses at the swimming pool.



■ The McGees are proud of the huge oak tree shading the garden and the barbecue pit for picnicking.

# Woman in Love

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

FIVE years in a convent school were poor defense for Tamara Todhunter when she met Mayne Mallory, handsome, unprincipled film actor. To her dazzled eyes, he symbolized everything she loved and wanted. Instead of the shoddy existence in her mother's apartment, Mayne offered her glamour, romance, beauty. Only afterwards, when he left San Francisco and returned to Hollywood, leaving her to bear his child in secrecy, did she realize what an easy conquest she had been.

The Mother Superior of her school helped her by finding her refuge with Mary Hutton, an old friend who lived on a ranch south of San Francisco. Mrs. Hutton took Tam into her home, and in the days that followed the girl regained some of the pride and self-respect she thought had been lost. When the baby came—a girl—she named it Mary, after Mrs. Hutton, and then returned to San Francisco to pick up her life once more. During her association with Mayne she had done a little stage work, and now it was to the stage that she returned. For seven years she worked, devoting all her energies to making a living, until she was a moderately successful star. Every week end she would run down to visit little Mary, who was accepted in the community as Mrs. Hutton's niece.

Then she met George Davis, a handsome but dissolute young lawyer. Through her influence, he stopped drinking, and eventually she realized she was in love with him. By an accident, she also discovered that George was the long-lost son of Mrs. Hutton, and one afternoon she brought mother and son together again. Before she agreed to marry George, however, she told him the truth about little Mary's father. George refused to allow this to make any difference in their love, and they were married. But on returning from their honeymoon, Tam found a sinister letter waiting for her—addressed in Mayne Mallory's sprawling handwriting.



Illustration  
by Carl Mueller

Copyright 1934-1935 by Kathleen Norris—  
Originally Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

AT supper, George's mother mentioned the Maynard Mallory case.

"Didn't you two see anything of it? But of course you didn't! It only happened about a week ago. He's a Hollywood actor, isn't he, Tam?"

"Yes . . . used to be," George supplied. "I haven't seen his name for years. He married an actress named Florice Fanette, I think."

"Well, that's it, you see. He murdered her."

"No-o-o?" George said, widening his eyes. "Confess?"

"Confess nothing! But they say they know he did it."

"They were divorced," Tam's dry throat said.

"Yes," Mrs. Hutton answered. "But it seems they were remarried again about a year ago. They came up to San Francisco last week and gave some parties, and they say there was a quarrel. The next day he says he woke up about nine and

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is entangled in the sordid  
web of Mayne's, as this  
dramatic novel reaches  
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"Either you do like I want you to," Mayne said, "or tomorrow morning the papers'll have the whole story."



Listen to *Woman in Love*, by Kathleen Norris, Monday through Friday on CBS at 5 p. m., E.S.T., sponsored by Wheaties.

instantly roused the whole place. She was lying in the bathroom, dead, with her head beaten in."

"He did it, eh?" George asked. "What duck soup for Mullins!"

"Mallory was indicted day before yesterday," the elder Mary said.

"They didn't find a gun or stick or anything in the bathroom?"

"He had a walking stick with a metal head, but it wasn't bloody."

"Any blood on him? There was probably plenty of it."

"The floor was a pool, and the walls were spattered. But the blood on him might have been because he knelt down and caught her up in his arms and tried to revive her."

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"I suppose so. But he has money to fight. She was rich, and she left everything to Mallory."

Tam was very quiet. She ate nothing. It was late in the evening, and Mary and her Gran had gone

upstairs to bed before she began quietly:

"George, we're in trouble."

"Who's in trouble, infant? This," George said, luxuriating in firelight, with his wife half on his knee and half on the arm of his chair, "this doesn't seem to me like trouble."

Silently she put a crumpled sheet of cheap hotel letter paper into his hand. He leaned back and jerked on a light to read it.

"My dear old Tam," he read, "I am in pretty bad shape for something I never did. I want to see your husband, and I want to see him mighty soon. Someone has got to see me through this like he did the Elliot case. Get in touch with me . . ."

The formless, blustering writing ended with the signature "Mayne."

"What's he to you?" George asked, staring at her, completely at a loss.

"That's just it. That's what I didn't tell you when we first talked. That's what you said you didn't

ever want to know. He's Mary's father."

After a long time George said: "Well, what of it? I suppose he wants me to defend him. I'll tell him I can't. And that'll be that."

"But then if that made him mad," Tamara said apprehensively, "what could he do?"

"Exactly nothing, Tam. The day has gone by when the—what was it?—the lightest breath of scandal against a woman's name was enough to damn her in decent society."

"He thinks you don't know," Tam surmised shrewdly.

"I suppose that's it. I suppose he saw your whole life in his power. Well, he's in pretty deep water now."

"It's only on Mary's account that I'm afraid," Tam said suddenly.

"Does he know about Mary?"

"I wrote him once. I wrote him that I must see him, that 'something had happened.'"

"And what did he say when you saw him?"

"I never did. He didn't write. I've never seen him, since . . ."

"Ha!" George said. "So you don't know whether he knows or not?"

"No. But he may have my old letter—would he have kept it, George?"

"Probably. He wouldn't have written you as he did if he hadn't some evidence of some sort."

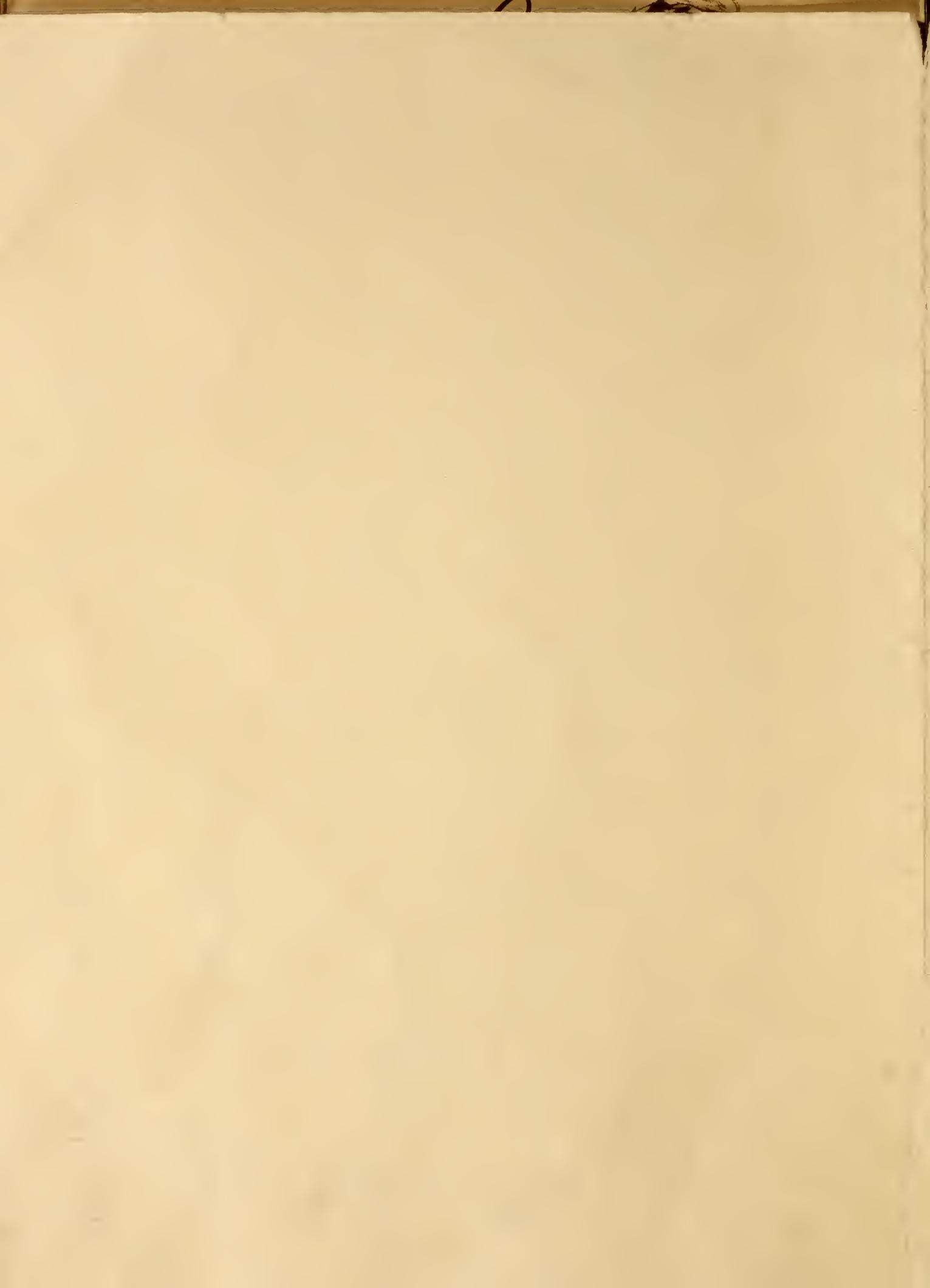
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"I don't see how," George pointed out reasonably. "He can't really know of her existence. If he suspects it, he must think that you gave the baby away for adoption. You had six or seven years playing in stock, with no talk of a baby, no story of adopting a baby. All we have to do is sit tight until they hang him."

"You think they will?"

"Well, it looks that way."

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But she wondered if he was a little more concerned than he chose to let her suspect when he went away early the next morning, and she knew that matters had taken

some sort of unexpected turn, when he telephoned her about four o'clock to come into town and have dinner and stay the night. He had to see "a man" and was not coming home.

He looked tired when she met him in the room he'd taken at the Fairmont Hotel; but he brightened at the sight of her. After a moment he said:

"I've seen Mallory."

TAM'S healthy mountain brown faded a trifle. "You've seen Mayne?"

"Yep. He's here in the city jail. I talked with him for about an hour."

"Why did you see him?" Tam asked, in a light, frightened voice.

"Well—it looks as if I'll have to defend him," he confessed. Then, rapidly, he explained the tangled skein of circumstances which was dragging him into the Mallory case. His own candidacy for the district attorneyship, and the necessity for defeating Oscar Mullins, the incumbent who would naturally prosecute Mayne. Pressure from old Martell, the head of George's own law firm, and from Warren Hunter, one of the partners. Both felt that the case would be invaluable publicity for George, particularly if he could get any other kind of verdict beyond a flat "Guilty." And in the meantime, George said finally, Mallory had written the firm, asking that George handle the case.

"I didn't see," he finished, "what else I could do but say I would take it. In fact, the firm had practically committed me to the job before I knew anything about it."

Tam's eyes were far away. "Oh, it is strange!" she said, under her breath.

"Yes—it is strange."

"Can you make any sort of case for him, George?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. I think they'll hang him. Poor fellow, he was trembling and sweating as he talked about it."

Throughout dinner, which they took in their room, Tamara was silent and afraid; but afterwards she sighed, relaxed a little. "Oh, well," she said, "it's started—and once things get started we can go on. It was having it sprung on me so suddenly that you'd have to defend him that frightened me."

"You mustn't be frightened. There's nothing to be frightened about."

"George!" Red-cheeked, round-eyed, she was facing him squarely, her hands clamped on the arms of the chair. "Do you mind horribly? I mean—its being Mayne."

"I don't think of him as having

anything to do with us at all," George said. "Women do that sort of thinking. The past doesn't mean so much to men. A man may wish he hadn't been such a young skunk to his mother—something like that," he added musingly. "But as a general thing the future's the big bet!"

"A girl keeps wishing she could go back!" Tamara said, on the same reminiscent note. She drew a great breath. "But we go on from here!" she said. "Only I can't have my Mary hurt."

"Marriage is a damn' marvelous thing," George said reflectively. "Well, I'll go to it tomorrow and see what I can dig up. But I don't believe I can do much for him!"

On the last day of Mayne Mallory's trial, Tamara and the charming middle-aged wife of Warren Hunter were smuggled into inconspicuous chairs in the court room.

said. There was an odd weight at her heart. The best thing that could happen would be to have a quick verdict of "guilty" returned, and a retrial refused. But then what of Mayne? How would he fight? "Mayne Mallory reveals old affair with attorney's wife in claiming Davis did not exert full powers of defense!" Would that be a headline some night?

"No, no," she said in her heart. "Newspapers don't do that sort of thing!"

Now Oscar Mullins was on his feet and saying everything that of course one knew he must say. Her heart began to beat hard and steadily with a sort of sickening fright; she looked now and then at Mayne's silhouette.

"This man has placed voluntarily outside the category of those of us who are still old-fashioned enough to appreciate our women, who feel only reverence and gratitude for the sacred gift of a woman's love and companionship . . . Florice Fanette was young and lovely . . . in the radiant flower of her extraordinary beauty . . . other men desired her, longed for her . . . her heart was true to the man she first had loved . . . not as successful as she . . . not rich . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, if this monster leaves this court room a free man, then justice is indeed dead in San Francisco, and no one of our women may lay herself down to sleep tonight beside her little children in safety . . ."

"Bosh," Tamara said fiercely in her heart as she listened. "Bosh, bosh, bosh!" But was the jury thinking it was bosh?

When Mullins had finished, there was a pause, then George stood up and began to talk quietly, and the blood came back to her heart. The room was completely still. No one moved; there was neither murmur nor rustle as the words went on, clear and natural. George skimmed the general history of the crime and the trial smoothly; there was but one point he wanted to make. He felt it was what might be called a small point, but if it happened to be one that his learned colleague Mr. Mullins could not, with all his eloquence, explain, then it was as valuable to his client as the most perfect alibi.

The jury had seen the bathroom walls that had been the silent witnesses of either a brutal murder or a strange, dramatic accident. He was prepared to reconstruct those walls from photographs right now before their eyes; show that they had been spattered lightly, evenly, with a (Continued on page 57)

**■ Next month! Read the  
Secrets of the Lux Radio  
Theater—the unrehearsed  
and unexpected dramas  
that happen behind the cur-  
tain, to the embarrassment  
of Hollywood's biggest stars**

Tamara's eyes were on the prisoner as he was led in. She felt the blood leave her face, and the cold sweat on her hands. Mayne Mallory again. He looked an old man—fat, soft, fearfully sobered.

The usual rustling of papers and moving of figures was going on inside the rail; the usual whispered consultations. But for an hour every seat in the courtroom had been occupied. Nobody moved there. Tamara studied the jury; six men, six women. They were serious-looking folk; one man looked stern and cruel, one woman motherly and soft and irresolute in type.

"Warren looks terribly blue. I'm afraid it's all up with us," Margaret Hunter whispered.

"George looks tired too," Tam

# Facing THE MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

THE Dorsey competition continues. Tommy and Jimmy are both currently in Chicago, Jimmy at the Sherman, Tommy at the Palmer House. But on January 4, Orrin Tucker replaces T. D.

\* \* \*

Latest maestro-to-be: Tony Pastor, Artie Shaw's popular tenor sax player and novelty singer.

\* \* \*

Arnold Johnson, who formerly had Benny Goodman, Russ Morgan, Bob Chester, and Freddie Martin working for him, is trying a comeback. He will feature an eight-piece sax section.

\* \* \*

With all the big name bands on MBS, CBS, and NBC, radio row wonders where Elliott Roosevelt will snare orchestras for his proposed new web.

\* \* \*

Dave Tough, as authentic a jive drummer as you could find in swing alley, is really very ill.

\* \* \*

Al Donohue, who junked a sweet band for a swing one, opens in New Jersey's Meadowbrook in January with a MBS wire. He succeeds Larry Clinton . . . Jan Savitt grabbed Gabe Gelines, hot tenor sax man, from Glenn Miller. . . .

## BANDOM'S BAD BOY

Too much money almost changed the career of Bob Chester and deprived radio of its newest dance band threat to the currently established swing kings.

The stepson of Albert Fisher, retired head of world-renowned Fisher Bodies, Inc., Bob could have left the portals of Dayton University, armed with an impressive-looking brief case, that contained among other things, one possession many of us always strive for, but never attain—security. Instead the determined lad tossed all this away for a shiny saxophone, and a job in Russ Mor- (Continued on page 74)



Glen Gray, Judy Garland and Jimmie Fidler go in for a bit of jive at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, where Glen's band was playing when Judy and Jimmie stopped in.



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■ Drama—Marjorie Clarke  
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■ Comedy—Duet by  
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# 11½ HOURS

■ The camera reaches to the four corners of the world in the search for new subjects for the 690 minutes a week of television programs



■ Debutante—Society's Cobina Wright, Jr., and night club entertainer, being televised.



■ Vaudeville—The medicine man returns for a laugh.

# A WEEK

FROM the newest styles for your hair to a fencing exhibition, the television cameras every day range over dozens of new subjects, truly making "the greatest show on earth." Pictured on these pages is proof that the telecaster is thinking of other ways than the more obvious spot news broadcasts to bring you new hours of pleasure. Here are some typically interesting performances that are daily being televised by NBC in New York.

Schedules are expanding rapidly—television now has a working week of 11½ hours!

■ Novelty—The Kidoodlers, radio's popular entertainers, play queer instruments for you to see and hear.



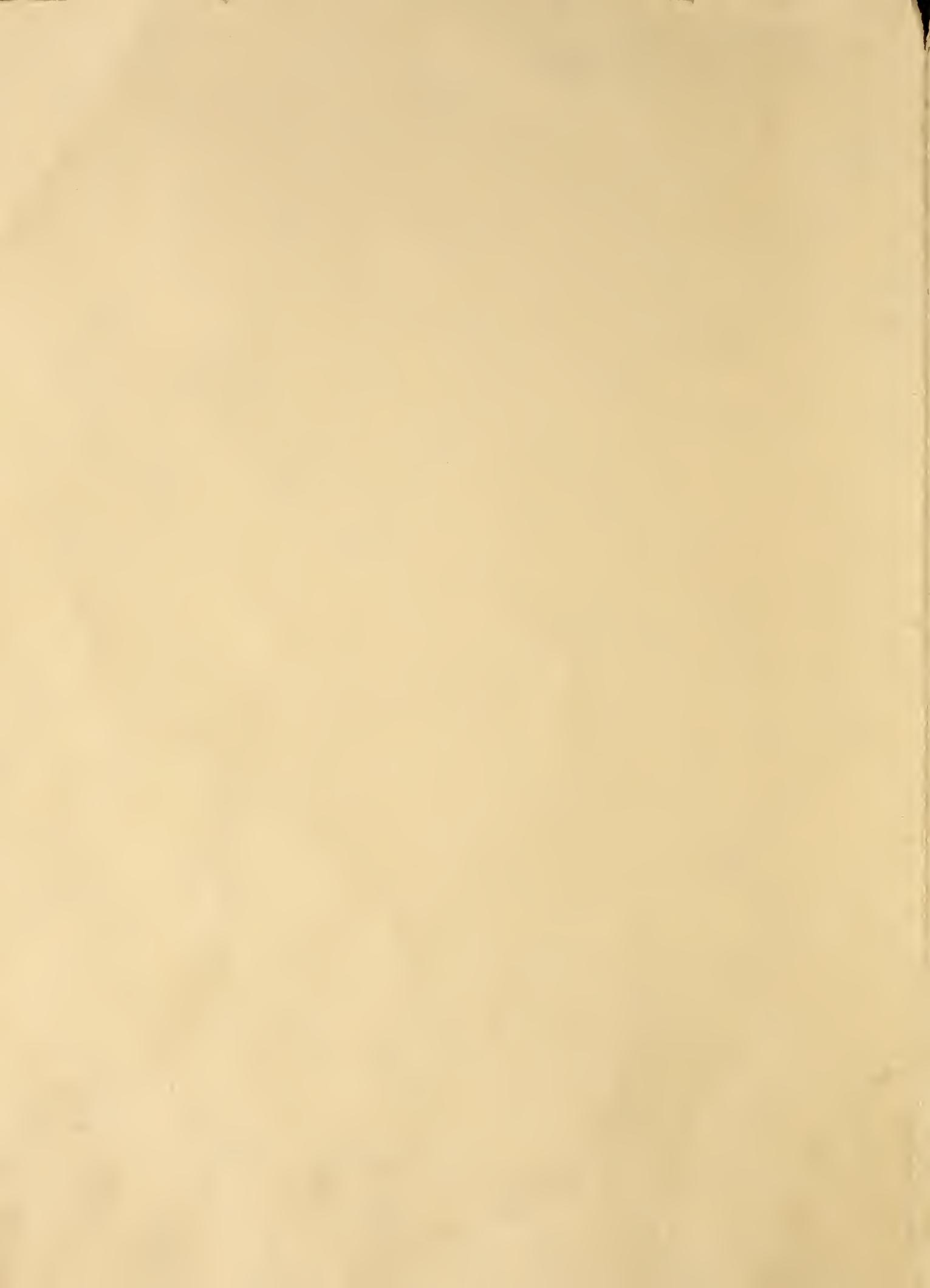
■ Fashions—a popular feature for women is the showing of the latest clothes.

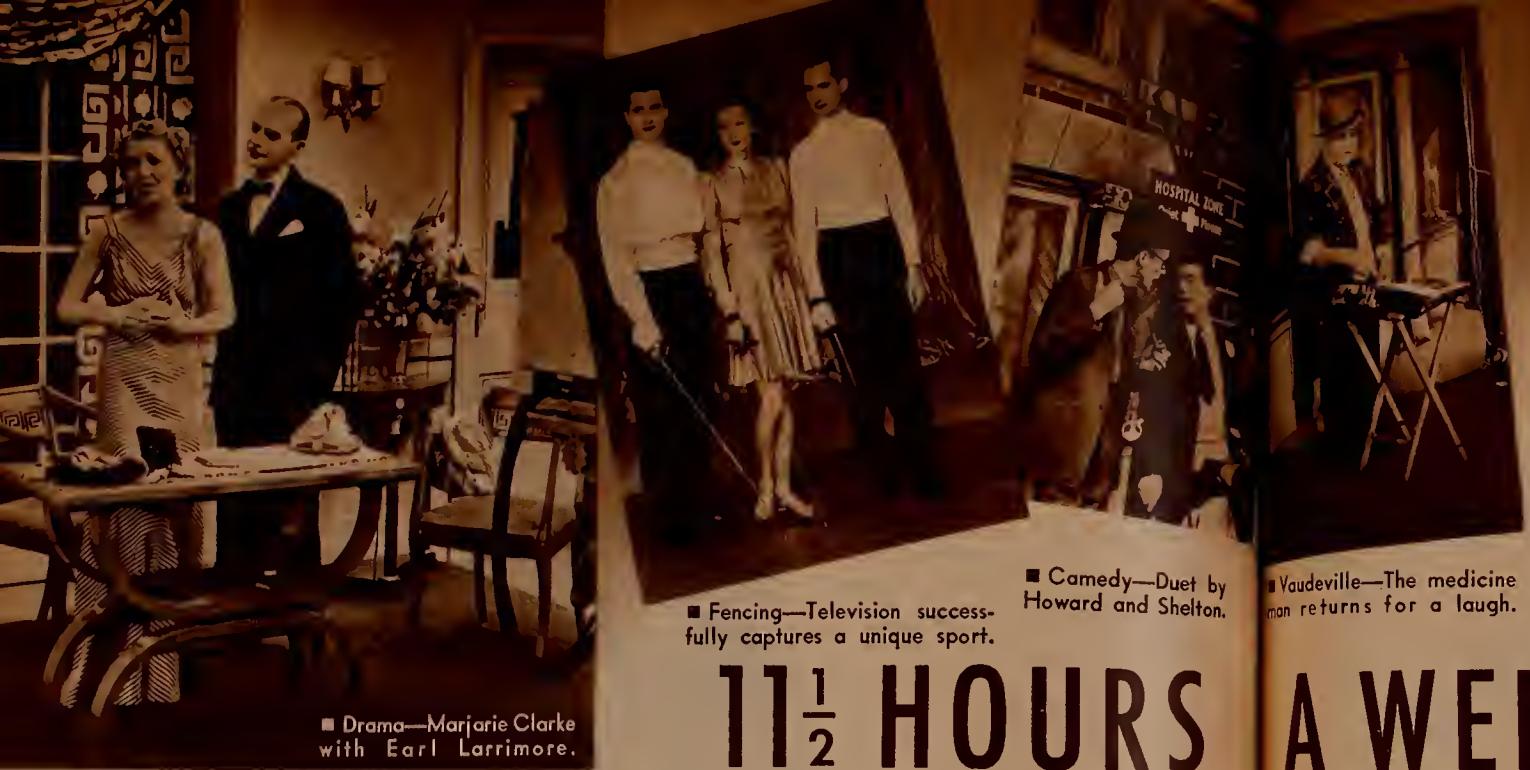


■ The Duncan Sisters—in their Topsy and Eva roles famous for so many years.

■ Hair Stylist—Emile demonstrates the latest in fashions for the hair.







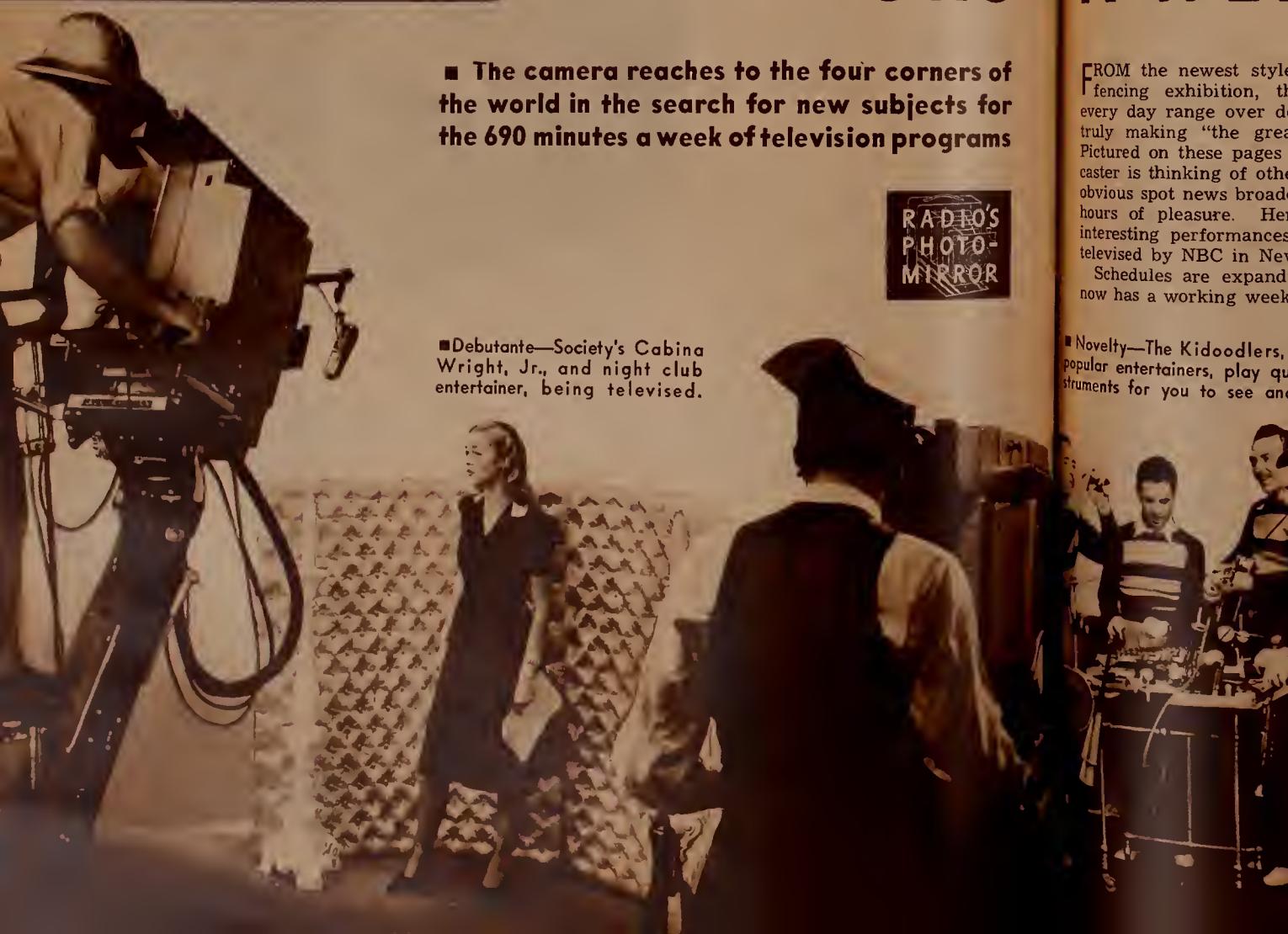
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# HERBERT MARSHALL'S *Love Tangle*

The personal life story of a gallant lover, whose pursuit of an ideal has brought both heartbreak and happiness to the women he has loved

SOME of you who read this story may say that Herbert Marshall just doesn't know what he wants from love, or marriage. And, of course, you're entitled to your own opinion, but I think you wouldn't be looking very deeply into his character and emotions if you dismissed him as lightly as that.

The trouble with Bart Marshall is not that he does not know what he wants in love. Not at all. He does know. He wants the ideal, and the vision of that ideal is always with him, giving him warmth, coloring his fine, masculine voice, putting an eternal aura of romance about him. It has made him what he is—a very great lover, on the air, the screen, the stage, and in private life; it has given heartache and ecstasy to him and to the women he has loved.

His trouble is simply this: that he does not know that none of us can maintain such ideal loves even if we find them. They are too perfect. They are too wonderful. They are all climax. No woman can possibly live up to them, hour by hour, in the stress of everyday existence. That is why the other loves replace pure romance, mature loves founded on tolerance and friendship and association and knowledge. But that is something Bart has never been

able to understand, and so he has never given any one of his loves the chance to reach the beneficent peace of maturity.

And because he has never given love a chance to grow up, he is part of a foursome that Hollywood sees as a most modern rectangle. You—depending on your point of view—will find it either very sad, or very cynical, or very civilized. Or, perhaps, a little of all three.

No matter how you see it, you will most certainly get an insight into the soul of a charming man, who is still in love with love.

Perhaps you were listening on the evening of last October 23, when Herbert Marshall, supported by Edna Best, played "There's Always Juliet" on the Hollywood Playhouse program. "There's Always Juliet" is an ardent love story and Mr. Marshall and Miss Best, the latter making her air debut, were most delightful in it.

There were many reasons for that. For one thing, it is a beautifully written play. For another, Edna and Bart had already played the show, both on the London and the New York stage. They knew exactly where the laughs were in the lines, and where the tenderness. Such knowledge helps a performance greatly.

But there were, also, two important reasons why they might have been awful. The first was the heart of Mr. Marshall. The second was the heart and memory of Miss Best. For when they had originally played "There's Always Juliet" they had been one of the most famous of ideally married couples. Their love story was the kind that you liked to know existed in real life—the kind that you'd like to have happen to you. They had exquisite twin children. They were magnificently successful, and beautifully in love.

BUT on the recent night of "There's Always Juliet" on the air, while still man and wife, the Marshalls were no longer in love with each other. Bart was in love with Lee Russell, a quiet, beautiful girl. Edna was engaged to Nat Wolff, who is the personal agent for both his fiancee and her husband.

Mix into this the fact that Nat Wolff was quietly sitting in the studio audience, watching them at the microphone; and the further fact that Miss Russell, though not present at the broadcast—because she never does come to them, holding that Bart's work is personal to him and that she shouldn't interfere—is also one of Edna Best's good friends. Add that up. See, as Hol-

By

CAROLYN HOYT

■ Edna Best, Herbert Marshall's lovely wife, and Lee Russell, the girl he plans to marry after his divorce from Edna.



Fink

lywood often does, the four of them frequently dining together, in peace and amity. And you have that modern rectangle I spoke of.

Edna Best is Bart's second wife. His first was Mollie Maitland, whom he married before the war. It's hard, now, to find out much about Mollie. His closest English pals in Hollywood say little about her except, "She was a very good woman, Mollie."

They might, of course, have stayed married if it hadn't been for the war. Bart left her to fight for his country, and though he wasn't killed he came so near to it that his career and his whole life were almost ruined. That war made a cripple of him. He, a man in a profession where physical beauty is all-important, seemed doomed to hobble out the rest of his life in obscurity.

It is to his eternal credit that he refused to accept that sentence. He, who was then and still is in practically continual pain, came back to the theater, learned to walk with incredible smoothness, overcame his handicap so that audiences never for one moment pitied him, but accepted him as the personification of all that (Continued on page 83)

■ His trouble is simply that he has never permitted any of his loves to reach maturity.

RKO

# The Cooking Corner

By KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR'S  
NEW FOOD COUNSELLOR

HELLO, everybody: This is Kate Smith speaking to you from the cooking pages of RADIO MIRROR where each month I'm going to visit with you and talk about the most important item in the housewife's notebook—food.

From time to time we'll discuss other matters, too. If I hear about a new gadget or a different way of doing some household task that will make your kitchen workshop function more efficiently, I'll pass the news on to you. But for the most part, we'll concentrate on planning nourishing, appetizing meals which are economical and simple to prepare.

Since so many of my friends seem to feel that baking is the most difficult of kitchen arts, we are going to consider first of all cake and cooky making. Many people believe that baking requires a special knack. That is quite true. But—and this is the important thing—you can acquire that knack.

The first step in acquiring it is to use only the best ingredients. Be sure that such important items as flour, shortening, baking powder and flavoring are the best the market affords.

Before you start to bake, read your recipe over carefully and be sure that everything you require is at hand. Next—and I can't stress this too much—follow your recipe to the letter. Measure accurately, combine the ingredients as directed and see to it that your oven registers the exact temperature specified.

This month I've a very special recipe to give you—a recipe that you can use to make at least three entirely different and equally delicious cakes. What a blessing to be



Tune in Kate Smith's noon-day talks Monday through Friday at twelve, E.S.T. and on Friday nights at eight, both over CBS.

able to master just one recipe and still get a variety of cakes! Your family will cheer the results. I've tried the recipe myself and I know.

## Basic Cake Recipe

2 cups sifted cake flour	
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder	
1/2 tsp. salt	
2/3 cup shortening	1 cup sugar
3 egg yolks, well beaten	
1/3 cup milk	
1 tsp. vanilla extract	
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten	

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar and cream together until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg yolks and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small quantity at a time, and beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla extract. Fold in egg whites. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans at 375 degrees F., until done (25 to 30 minutes).

The first time you use this recipe,

**An exclusive new feature to solve your kitchen problems  
and to make more zestful the meals you serve—written  
by a star as famous for her cooking as for her singing**

put the layers together with all-around chocolate frosting. (See illustration upper right).

**All-Around Chocolate Frosting**

4 tbls. butter  
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  tsp. vanilla extract  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt  
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted  
4 tbls. hot milk

Cream butter, add half of sugar gradually, creaming after each addition. Add vanilla, salt and melted chocolate. Add remaining sugar, alternately with milk, until mixture reaches right consistency for spreading (you may find that you won't need quite all the milk) beating smooth after each addition.

**N**EXT time, make a coconut covered layer cake, using coconut seven-minute frosting. (See illustration right).

**Coconut Seven-Minute Frosting**

2 egg whites, unbeaten  
1½ cups sugar      5 tbls. water  
1½ tsps. light corn syrup  
1 tsp. vanilla extract  
1 can moist sweetened coconut  
Combine egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in top of double boiler, beating with rotary beater until thoroughly blended. Place over boiling water, beat constantly and cook for seven minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake, sprinkling with coconut while frosting is still soft.

Next, you might want to try the chocolate loaf cake (illustrated). Use the same basic recipe, plus four squares of unsweetened chocolate. The chocolate is to be melted and added after the vanilla and just before the egg whites are folded in. Bake this in a greased 15 by 10-inch tin at 375 degrees F. for 25 to 30 minutes. As soon as it is done, turn it onto a rack and cut away the crisp edges. When it has cooled, cut it into half lengthwise, then into half crosswise. Spread three of the quarters with  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup whipped cream which has been sweetened and flavored with vanilla to taste.

Fit the sections together like a layer cake, placing a plain layer on top, then cover top and sides with all-around chocolate frosting.

For a richer cake, add one cup of chopped nut meats to the basic recipe just before folding in the egg whites. Use either all-around chocolate frosting or seven-minute frosting between layers and on the top and sides, sprinkling with nut meats while the frosting is still soft.

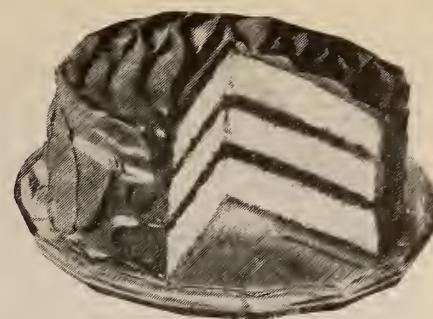
Now let's turn our attention to cookies. Here again we have a basic recipe. It will give you the best plain sugar cookies you've ever eaten—and many people believe that the simple, unadorned sugar cookie is the perfection of the baking art—or it can be given last minute variations which will assure you a cookie jar full of pleasant surprises.

**Basic Cooky Recipe**

3 cups flour       $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt  
1 tsp. double-acting baking powder  
1¼ cups sugar  
1 cup shortening      3 eggs  
1 tsp. vanilla extract

Sift flour, measure, then sift together with baking powder, sugar and salt. Break up shortening with a fork, then work it into the flour mixture. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each one. Add vanilla extract. Roll thin on floured board and bake on greased cooky tin at 375 degrees F. for eight minutes.

Just before the cookies go into the oven, decorate the tops so that instead of one kind you will have an infinite variety. Sprinkle some with

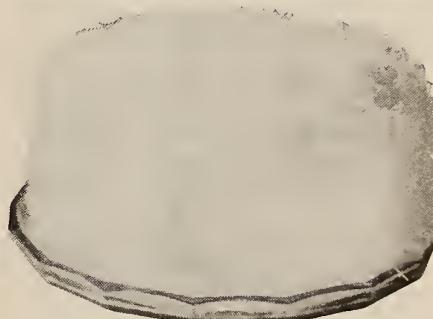


A luscious chocolate layer cake made from the basic cake recipe.

shaved chocolate. Dot others with cinnamon drops. Press raisins, currants, chopped candied fruits or nut meats into the tops of some, and dust the remainder with fruit lozenges—the kind you'll find at five cents the package at any candy counter—which have been ground up in your meat chopper. With these as a starter, I know you will work out other combinations and variations of flavor yourself.

And so—happy baking day. I'll be seeing you here next month.

Here's a trick I consider invaluable for removing onion aroma from the hands. As soon as you've finished peeling onions, run for your favorite deodorant. Use it liberally on your hands and allow it to remain for at least five minutes. Then wash it off and, presto! all onion odor has disappeared.



The same basic recipe cake, with a coconut party dress this time. Bottom, an attractive chocolate loaf cake, from the same recipe.



**RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY**

## Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME
		8:00 CBS: News
		8:00 NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
		8:00 NBC-Red: Organ Recital
		8:30 CBS: Morning Moods
		8:30 NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
		8:30 NBC-Red: Four Showmen
		8:45 NBC-Red: Animal News
		8:00 9:00 CBS: Today in Europe
		8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
		8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock
		8:15 9:15 NBC-Red: Tom Teriss
		8:30 9:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
		8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
		9:00 10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
		9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Morning Musicale
		9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
		9:30 10:30 CBS: March of Games
		9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Four Belles
		9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Children's Hour
		10:05 11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
8:15	10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell	
8:30	10:30 11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY	
8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Southernaires	
8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: News	
8:45	10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: Music and Youth	
9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL	
9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book	
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle	
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: On the Job	
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air	
10:00	12:00 1:00 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone	
10:00	12:00 1:00 NBC-Red: Music for Moderns	
10:15	12:15 1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone	
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Grand Hotel	
10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Moods	
10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today	
11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Democracy in Action	
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: Great Plays	
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams	
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: So You Think You Know Music	
11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table	
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: N.Y. PHILHARMONIC	
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Norman Cloutier's Orch.	
1:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: I Want a Divorce	
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Blue: H. Leopold Spitalny	
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: News from Europe	
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers	
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Glenn Miller Orch.	
1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: Pursuit of Happiness	
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Blue: Richard Himber Orch.	
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: The World is Yours	
8:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: Hobby Lobby	
2:00	4:00 5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers	
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Blue: Moyle Sisters	
2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC-Blue: News	
2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats	
9:00	4:30 5:30 CBS: Ben Bernie	
2:30	4:30 5:30 MBS: The Shadow	
2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Met Opera Auditions	
	4:30 5:30 NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee	
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER	
3:00	5:00 6:00 MBS: Listen America	
3:00	5:00 6:00 NBC-Blue: New Friends of Music	
3:00	5:00 6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour	
3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: Gateway to Hollywood	
3:30	5:30 6:30 NBC-Red: Grouch Club	
4:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Evening News Roundup	
4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: Dinah Shore	
8:30	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: JACK BENNY	
4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: SCREEN GUILD THEATER	
4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: Mr. District Attorney	
4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon	
7:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: ORSON WELLES	
5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: Festival of Music	
5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE McCARTHY	
6:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY (Jan. 7)	
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: FORD SYMPHONY	
9:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell	
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	
9:15	8:15 9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family	
8:15	8:30 9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich	
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music	
6:45	8:45 9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review	
7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Goodwill Hour	
7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Ellery Queen	
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm	
7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Cheerio	
7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: NBC String Quartet	
10:00	10:30 11:00 CBS: Paul Sullivan	
8:00	10:00 11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra	

## SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Benny's Dennis Day . . . and Dennis' talkative "Mother."

## Tune-In Bulletin for December 31, January 7, 14 and 21!

December 31: Here it is the last day of 1939, and nobody's sorry to see it go. The networks are doing their bit to send it on its way, with all-night dance programs chasing 1939 across the continent and clear out to Honolulu. . . . From 2:00 to 3:00 this afternoon, E.S.T., NBC-Blue broadcasts Headlines of 1939, a review of the year's news events. . . . The Rose Bowl Pageant in Pasadena is to be described on Mutual tonight. . . . Grace Moore is the guest star on the Ford Hour.

January 7: One of your old favorites returns today when Grand Hotel begins on CBS at 1:35 this afternoon. . . . And the Chase and Sanborn show, NBC-Red at 8:00, is cut to a half-hour beginning tonight—with One Man's Family in the other thirty minutes.

January 14: Today's your last chance to hear Paul Wing's Spelling Bee program over NBC-Red at 5:30. . . . Ted Malone makes a pilgrimage to Oliver Wendell Holmes' home in Boston at 1:15 over NBC-Blue. . . . Gladys Swarthout is the guest star on the Ford Hour.

January 21: Helen Traubel, soprano, is the Ford Hour's guest tonight. . . . Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's home is visited by Ted Malone at 1:15.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** A new singer and a new comedienne—in fact, you might agree with lots of folks and call them the new singer and the new comedienne of the current radio season. They're Dennis Day and his "mother," heard on Jack Benny's Jell-O show on NBC at 7:00, E.S.T. and 8:30, P.S.T.

"Mother," Mrs. Lucretia Day, of course isn't really Dennis' mother at all. In real life she's Verna Felton, a veteran radio actress who has appeared frequently on the Benny show in the last three years. In fact, at one time or another, she has played mother to everyone in the gang. Besides her radio experience, she has a long and honorable stage career behind her too, for she made her theatrical debut in 1901, when she was nine.

Verna is married to Lee Millor, a former stage director who is now a radio actor too, and they have one son, fifteen years old. Young Millar followed in his mother's footsteps by appearing on the stage when he was nine, but since then he's decided that he likes music better than acting, and now is studying piano.

The Millars live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley, where, in spite of her

heavy radio schedule, Verna manages to do most of the cooking for her family, and a good deal of the sewing besides. She and her husband always criticize each other's radio performances, and wouldn't think of going on the air without first rehearsing at home and getting suggestions from the other. "Mother" is Verna's favorite role at all times.

Her "son," Dennis Day, after three months of amazing success on the Benny show, is the same self-assured but unassuming kid he was when he first stepped up to its mike. He's entirely given up his early notion of being a lawyer, and is so definitely committed to a singing career that he refuses to drink or smoke because such things are bad for the voice.

He lives with his real mother in a small North Hollywood house surrounded by flower beds. This garden, next to his second-hand coupe, is Dennis' greatest joy, since he was born and brought up in New York City, where he never had a chance to cultivate anything more extensive than a window-box. He's no night-clubber, and his idea of a really good time is driving his car all over Southern California. He hasn't any "steady girl."



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**BILL JOHNSTONE**—who plays "The Shadow" on the mystery thriller of that name this afternoon at 5:30 on MBS. Bill was born in Scotland in 1908 and came to America as a boy, where he was first a reporter, then switched to acting. He owns a farm in Connecticut and spends his summers on it, living in a New York apartment in winter. His eyes are hazel, his hair prematurely gray.

## INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

**Eastern Standard Time**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00 CBS: Today in Europe 8:00 NBC-Red: News
	8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver 8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember	
	8:30 CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac 8:30 NBC-Blue: Norsemens Quartet 8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
	8:00 9:00 CBS: Manhattan Mother 8:00 9:00 NBC: News	
	8:05 9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB 8:05 9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack	
2:30	2:30 9:15 CBS: School of the Air	
	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man	
	8:45 9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children 8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful	
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly 9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married	
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge 9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness 9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House 9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Martin 9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill	
1:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Stepmother 9:45 10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream 9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White	
8:00	10:00 11:00 CBS: LANNY ROSS 10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family 10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum	
11:30	10:15 11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis 10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone 10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life	
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: Big Sister 10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch 10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm	
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories 11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life	
	10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	
9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS 11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street	
9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries 11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent 11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour 9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought	
9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday 10:00 12:00 1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs	
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful 12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph	
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: This Day is Ours 12:45 1:45 CBS: Road of Life 10:45 12:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music	
11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters 11:00 1:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob	
11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter 1:30 2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine 11:30 1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	
11:45	1:45 2:45 CBS: My Son and I 1:45 2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches	
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Girl Interne 12:00 2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce 12:00 2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Martin	
12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: Society Girl 12:15 2:15 3:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins 12:15 2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family 12:45 2:45 3:45 CBS: Ted Malone 12:45 2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee 1:00 3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones 1:45 4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell 1:45 4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	
2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: BY KATHLEEN NORRIS 2:00 4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone	
2:15	5:00 5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty 5:15 5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream	
2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood 2:30 4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony	
2:45	5:45 5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines 5:45 5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix 5:45 5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie	
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: News 6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill	
3:15	5:15 6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper 5:30 6:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN	
	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy 8:00 6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: FRED WARING'S GANG	
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner 6:15 7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery	
7:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: BLONDIE 7:30 7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger	
4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest 7:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Larry Clinton	
9:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: TUNE-UP TIME 9:00 7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes 5:00 7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Tommy Riggs	
8:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: Howard and Shelton 5:30 7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False 8:30 7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone	
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER 6:00 8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor J. Q.	
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: ALEC TEMPLETON 7:00 9:00 10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo 7:00 9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing 7:00 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour	

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Michael and his Kitty—Clayton Collyer and Arline Blackburn.

## Tune-In Bulletin for January 1, 8, 15 and 22!

January 1: And a Happy New Year to you! That's your Studio Snooper's wish, as well as the wish of CBS, NBC and Mutual. . . . Don't be sad if you don't live where you can see the Rose Bowl football game—you can hear it on the air, over Mutual or NBC. . . . Listen to the newest network—the Transcontinental—which goes on the air today. Elliott Roosevelt is its president, and it includes stations all the way across the continent.

January 8: Have you listened yet to Young Dr. Malone? It's been on NBC-Blue at 11:15 in the morning for several weeks now, and it's a realistic, human serial.

January 15: Don't forget that Monday is the night for two of the season's best musical half-hours—Tune-Up Time on CBS at 8:00 and Alec Templeton on NBC-Red at 9:30.

January 22: It's your last chance to hear Woody Herman tonight, playing from the Famous Door.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Pretty Kitty Kelly, sponsored by Wonder Bread, heard on CBS at 10:00 A.M., E.S.T., 9:00, C.S.T., 8:00, M.S.T., and 1:00 P.M., P.S.T. And if you live on the West Coast you are always a day ahead of your fellow listeners to the east, because the morning broadcast is always a repetition of the same episode that was put on the air the afternoon of the preceding day.

Arline Blackburn, star of Pretty Kitty Kelly, also plays Tamara in By Kathleen Norris, on CBS at 5:00 this afternoon, and Eileen Turner in The O'Neills, an NBC at 12:15—So you can see she's a pretty busy girl. That's probably the reason that though she collects dogs for a hobby, none of them is alive. Like the title character of Pretty Kitty Kelly, Arline has red-blond hair, green eyes and a fair complexion.

Her leading man, Clayton Collyer, who plays Michael Canway, has been on the air since his undergraduate days, when he was always billed as "Bud" Collyer. He's thirty-one years old, and is the brother of June Collyer, film star. True to the family tradition, he always wanted to act, but was persuaded to study law instead—and though he graduated from law school he gave up legal practice for the stage and radio as soon as he could. Three years ago he met Heloise Green an a

blind date, and now she's Mrs. Collyer.

Pretty Kitty Kelly has a large cast, but of course everybody in the story doesn't appear on every single program—if they did, the small CBS studio where they broadcast would be filled to overflowing. The "regulars," though—the people who are on the air from time to time, are Helen Chaot as Bunny Wilson, Artells Dickson as Slim, Howard Smith as Inspector Grady, Charme Allen as Mrs. Murger, Dennis Hoey as Mr. Welby and Ethel Intropidi (pronounce it Ahn-tro-peh-di) as Mrs. Welby. Matt Crowley is the narrator who sets the scenes when they change, between stretches of dialogue, and Andrew Stanton is the man who does the commercial announcements.

Because everyone on the cast is working on other programs, rehearsals for Pretty Kitty Kelly are businesslike affairs, with everyone doing his or her best to get the most done in the least possible time. They're all good friends, though—they've worked together so long. Arline and Helen Chaot, who plays Bunny, are just as fond of each other off-stage as they are on.

Artells Dickson (Slim) is a specialist in Western types, and Howard Smith (Inspector Grady) can play a policeman and a gangster with equal ease.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**FRANK NELSON**—whose voice carries the opening message of the Lux Radio Theater tonight on CBS at 9:00. He's also a regular member of the cast in supporting roles, and you heard him opposite Bette Davis in that memorable drama, "Alter Ego." He's married to a radio actress, Mary Lansing, is an enthusiastic candid cameraman and possesses a big collection of shots of picture stars.

Complete Programs from December 27 to January 25

**Eastern Standard Time**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00 CBS: Today in Europe
	8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Program
	8:15	CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac
	8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Manhattan Mother
	8:00	9:00 NBC: News
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Family Man
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Or. Malone
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Traveling Chef
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:15	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neill's
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Our Spiritual Life
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: This Day is Ours
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smillin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
	5:00	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	5:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: AMOS 'N' ANOY
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jimmie Fidler
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: HELEN MENKEN
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
5:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: La Rosa Concert
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: The Aldrich Family
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heldt
9:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: We, The People
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Meet Mr. Weeks
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: McGEE AND MOLLY
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: BOB HOPE
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Brent House
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Kingsley Colton and Betty Gorde co-star in *My Son and I*.

## Tune-In Bulletin for January 2, 9, 16 and 23!

January 2: The Travelling Chef, Richard Kent, will give you some kitchen pointers on his new program, NBC-Blue at 11:30 this morning.

January 9: That weekly serial, *Brent House*, is on tonight now, at 10:30 on NBC-Blue . . . with Kathleen Fitz in the role of Portia Brent.

January 16: Better stay close to home tonight, so you can answer the telephone if Horace Heidt's Pot O' Gold program draws your name. If you're there to answer when the phone rings, you'll get a thousand dollars—if you aren't you'll only get a hundred. . . . But of course if your name isn't drawn you won't get anything.

January 23: Information Please is well into its second year of sponsorship tonight—and just as witty as ever. Have you seen one of those movie shorts they've made out of this clever program?

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** *My Son and I*, starring Betty Gorde and Kingsley Colton, on CBS at 2:45, E.S.T., and sponsored by Calumet Baking Powder and Swans Down Flax.

This is just what it sounds like—the story of a mother and her son, and the love between them. Its appearance as a radio serial grew out of two one-act plays which author Frank Provo wrote especially for Betty Gorde and Kingsley Colton to act in on the Kate Smith program. That was last year, and Betty and Kingsley gave such good accounts of themselves that it was decided to put the characters and their adventures into a long-run serial.

As Connie Vonce, the stage mother who struggles to provide for her ten-year-old son, Betty Gorde has a part that's exactly suited to her. Betty won laurels for her stage work last year in "The Primrose Path," but she might never have been an actress if her father hadn't been a newspaper editor. In Philadelphia, where she grew up and appeared in amateur plays, the dramatic critic on her father's paper always wrote about her performances in very complimentary terms. Her father was skeptical—he thought the reviewers were just being nice because they were his co-workers—so to prove that she really could act, Betty left Philadelphia as soon as she was old enough and came to New York to get a stage job. It was a long pull, but she finally got the job and proved that

the reviewers were right, after all.

Kingsley Colton, who plays Buddy, is twelve years old, and studio workers like him because, they say, "he isn't the kind of kid that gets in your hair." He's as well-poised and self-assured as an adult, whether he's at the mike, diving off on eight-foot board or putting on the third green of golf. He got into radio a little more than two years ago, when an enthusiastic uncle brought him to Nilo Mack, CBS children's program director. Before that he'd been a successful model for commercial photographers. He's been in a few movie shorts, but his principal interests are radio and school.

Also in the cast of *My Son and I* are Gladys Thornton, playing Aunt Addie, Agnes Young as Aunt Minto, and John Picard as Bruce Barrett. Looking at Agnes Young, you'd never guess that she could be the elderly spinster you hear on the air. As a matter of fact, she's unusual in that she plays young roles on the stage and character parts—old ladies, immigrant women, embittered villoinesses and the like—on the air. Gladys Thornton, the Aunt Addie, has been in radio for ten years, starting with a daily serial over WOR in which she played all the characters as well as writing it herself. She has the distinction of being one of the few women who have ever appeared on the Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts—and under her own name, too—though it was only an one night's program.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**LEE C. MILLAR**—the austere judge of *Big Town*, on CBS at 8 tonight. He's the husband, in private life, of Verna Felton, whom you can read about on page 42. Besides being one of Hollywood's busiest radio character actors, he has a wide range of animal impersonations, and is proud because once he won out over twenty-five dogs in an audition for the movie version of "The Voice of Bugle Ann." His is also the voice of Pluto, the dog in Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse cartoons—but his face hasn't appeared on a movie screen since 1914, when he was Dorothy Dalton's leading man in one called "Across the Pacific."



**Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.**, popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.



**Miss Bette Miller** helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.



# Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary



**A Southerner**, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.



**Mrs. du Pont** arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unworn after a quick shopping trip to New York.

*—but BOTH  
follow the same famous  
Skin Care*

**QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:**  
Southern women are famous for their complexions, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

**ANSWER:**  
"Yes. I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

**QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:**  
Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

**ANSWER:**  
"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"

**SEND FOR TRIAL  
BEAUTY KIT**



**Pond's, Dept. 8 RM CV-B, Clinton, Conn.**  
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

**QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:**  
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

**ANSWER:**  
"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

**QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:**  
When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

**ANSWER:**  
"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."



**Off to work.** After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.



**Bette and her companion** share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!

Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME
8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac
8:30	NBC-Blue: Four Showmen
8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30 9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
	8:45 9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45 10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
	9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
8:00	10:00 11:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
	10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15 11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
8:15	10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Homespun
9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: THE GOLDBERGS
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: This Day Is Ours
10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music
	12:45 CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: Music for Young Listeners
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45 2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45 2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45 4:45 CBS: SMILIN' ED McCONNELL
1:45	3:45 4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
3:00	5:00 CBS: News
	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
5:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
	6:30 NBC-Blue: Guiden Serenaders
	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Lum an' Abner
4:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: Al Pearce
8:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: Johnny Presents
6:30	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
8:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: Glenn Miller
8:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Quick Silver Quiz
8:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Avalon Time
8:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
9:30	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: FRED ALLEN
7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Dr. Christian
7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

## WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Effie Palmer and Richard Gardan of *Orphans of Divorce*.

### Tune-In Bulletin for December 27, January 3, 10, 17 and 24!

December 27: Tonight at 8:30 an CBS is your last chance to hear Paul Whiteman on the Chesterfield program. His place will be taken next week by Glenn Miller and his orchestra. . . . Doesn't seem possible, but Pop Whiteman just passed the twentieth anniversary of his start as an orchestra leader.

January 3: It's a big night for Glenn Miller and his band—they get their first commercial program, the Chesterfield show at 8:30 on CBS (the Andrews Sisters are on it too), and they open at the Meadowbrook Inn, playing over NBC.

January 10: The winter horse racing season opens today at Hialeah Park in Florida. It's the Inaugural Handicap, and you'll hear it over CBS.

January 17: Have you heard the new Johnny Presents show on NBC-Blue at 8:00 tonight? It stars Johnny Green and his orchestra, and Beverly, a very sweet singer. January 24: Is Charles Boyer back on the Hollywood Playhouse—NBC-Red at 8:00 tonight?

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** *Orphans of Divorce*, an NBC-Blue at 3:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by the R. L. Watkins Company.

It's time this continued drama were brought to your attention, because it hasn't had much ballyhoo and maybe you've missed it—which would be too bad, because the acting performance of Effie Palmer as Nora Kelly Worthington is something that shouldn't be missed.

Effie Palmer has been working in radio for seventeen full years, and knows everything there is about acting in front of a microphone—but this is her first starring role. She didn't have it originally, either, because when *Orphans of Divorce* first went on the air as a once-weekly nighttime serial, Margaret Anglin had the part. But when it changed into a daily show Effie took over and did a grand job.

Effie was born on a little farm near Albany, New York, but later moved to Bastrop, where she studied acting. After her graduation she came to New York for a stage career that was soon interrupted by radio. Since then she's been on the air almost every day, except for brief vacations, and has played every kind of part.

She's married and lives in Brooklyn. Besides *Orphans of Divorce*, her most important radio role just now is that of Mrs. Eeps in *Just Plain Bill*.

Playing opposite Effie in the role of Cyril Worthington is another radio veteran, Richard Gardan, who gained

fame as Sherlock Holmes when the adventures of that master-detective first hit the air. Before that, though, he'd played in scores of New York dramatic successes with such actresses as Ethel Barrymore, Gertrude Lawrence, and Judith Anderson. He's married to the woman who wrote one of the plays he acted in, and they have a grown son.

On *Orphans of Divorce* you hear one of radio's most unique actresses—Madeline Pierce, who makes a very good living by crying, hawling, gurgling and cackling. She's a baby specialist, although she also is able to do other parts with skill. Madeline got her unusual talent by imitating her four younger brothers and sisters, but she certainly never thought it would be anything but a parlor trick. She came to New York to study dress designing, gave that up to get married and have a baby of her own, and three years ago was persuaded by her friends to get a radio audition. Only a week after the audition—at which she squealed, chuckled and bawled in a way the audition committee had never heard before—she was called to work on an Al Jolson program. On *Orphans of Divorce*, of course, she plays Baby Sandy.

The other members of the cast are Claire Wilsan, Pat Peardon and Warren Bryan as Juliet, Jaan and Dick Worthington; Geraldine Kay and James Krieger as Barbara and Alex Pratt, and Vivian Ogden as Annie.

### SAY HELLO TO . . .

**MARVIN MUELLER**—whom you hear as Dr. Lee Markham in *The Woman in White*, NBC-Red at 10:45. Marvin is also a poet, a fact that's proved by the listing of his name in the "Biographical Dictionary of Contemporary Poets." He began his radio work in St. Louis eight years ago, and now lives in Chicago. Marvin's married, is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. He also plays the role of Howard Andrews in *Midstream*, but since that's on the Blue network at the same time *Woman in White* is on the Red, he can only be in one show when the action of the other doesn't need him.



*Lady Esther says*

**"You can't expect to win  
NEW LUCK  
if you wear an Old Shade of Powder!"**

**Is the powder shade that flattered  
you once . . . spoiling your charm  
today? Find the one shade of my  
powder that's lucky for you now!**

**H**OW MANY MONTHS have passed since you checked up on your face powder? Can you be sure that right now you're not wearing a shade of face powder that is robbing you of your charm, perhaps

ruining your chance for popularity?

The shade you wore as little as four months ago can be all wrong for your skin as it is today. For your skin tones change with the seasons—and the one right shade will flatter you, but the wrong shade can make you look older—years older.

That's why I make my powder in ten lovely and lucky shades. This year my new Rachels are particularly flattering.



*It's really important to find your lucky, most flattering face powder shade!*

And in every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder... but only the opalescent film that lets your own true beauty come shining through.

**Find your lucky shade.** Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you free. Perhaps my new Champagne Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette—or Natural. Compare all ten—don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one right shade for you.

**Make the "Bite Test".** When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Next, make exactly the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit. Now you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for four full hours.

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier you!



*Men's eyes will tell you  
when you've found your  
Lucky shade of Lady  
Esther Face Powder!*

(You can paste this on a  
penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,  
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (52)

**FREE!** Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID  
your 10 new shades of face powder,  
also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



**LADY ESTHER POWDER**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00 CBS: Today In Europe
8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
8:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
8:15	8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	8:30	CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac
8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	8:00	CBS: Manhattan Mother
9:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:05	8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	8:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
		8:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
		8:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45 NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	9:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	9:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	9:15	9:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Rosa Lee
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: American Life
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: This Day Is Ours
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Let's Talk It Over
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
1:00	2:00	2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
1:00	2:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Ideas That Came True
1:00	2:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: TED MALONE
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
		5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
		5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: The Guest Book
		6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		5:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
		6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Warling's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
		6:30 CBS: Vox Pop
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Ask It Basket
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: The Green Hornet
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: One Man's Family
9:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Strange as It Seems
7:30	8:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Joe Penner
9:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Those We Love
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Rochester Philharmonic
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Americans at Work

## THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Kate McCamp and Jimmy Tansey—Mather O'Neill and Danny.

## Tune-In Bulletin for December 28, January 4, 11, 18 and 25!

December 28: The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand—which is another way of saying that the CBS Americans at Work program, at 10:30 tonight, dramatizes the work of the U. S. Marines.

January 4: The Green Hornet, mystery thriller, is an NBC-Blue now, with an installment tonight and another one Saturday night. If you like excitement, don't miss it.

January 11: Tonight's your last chance to hear Henry Busse's orchestra playing over CBS. He closes tonight at the Netherland Plaza in Cincinnati.

January 18: One of those unpredictable Columbia Workshop Plays is an CBS tonight at 10:00. Unpredictable because it might be wonderful and it might be terrible—why don't you listen in and see?

January 25: Those We Love, an NBC-Red at 8:30, is gathering more listeners every week for its good acting, good writing, and generally human qualities. Your Studio Snapper thinks you'll like it.

ON THE AIR TODAY: The O'Neills, sponsored by Procter and Gamble Co., heard today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12:15 P.M., E.S.T., over NBC-Red.

Tune in The O'Neills, and it's like dropping into any American family circle—because The O'Neills is the story of an American family and its friends. It's been on the air for almost six years, and is still one of the most popular of daily serials.

The author of The O'Neills is big, jolly Jane West. She also plays the part of Mrs. Trudy Bailey on her program, and has done so ever since it first went on the air. She didn't have an easy time selling her idea for a family serial, because in those days it was considered too large a slice of real life, and too lacking in glamorous romance, to put on the air. Jane argued, however, that everybody likes to know everybody else's business, and that this curiosity couldn't help but make housewives tune in a story about an ordinary family. She gets her material for The O'Neills from actual happenings in real life—in fact, when Peggy O'Neill Kayden had a baby, she had twins—and Miss West herself is the mother of twins.

The twins are played on the air by Janice Gilbert, who also is heard as Janice Collins. Janice is another of radio's few baby-specialists, although that's a small part of her versatility. She isn't sixteen

yet, but she plays various young-girl roles, from babies to debutantes, and is also an accomplished dialect artist. She looks more of a grown-up young lady than she really is, with her brown curly hair, gray-blue eyes and fair complexion.

Mather O'Neill is Kate McCamp, a stately, white-haired veteran of the stage and radio. Nothing thrills Kate more than having parents write to her that their own children have become more considerate and affectionate after they've listened to her kindly philosophy on the air. Young Danny O'Neill is played by Jimmy Tansey, who is as Irish-American as his air character, and who has been on the stage since he was eight. Traveling around the country with his mother in a stock company, he managed to attend twenty-three schools in fifteen states before he completed his education.

The other regular members of the long cast are Claire Niessen as Peggy O'Neill Kayden; Chester Stratton as Mante Kayden; Jimmy Dnelly as Eddie Collins; Jack Rubin as Morris Levy; Helen Claire as Sally Scott; Linda Carlan as Mrs. Scott; David Gathard as Bruce King; Selena Rayle as Jaan; Arline Blackburn as Eileen Turner, and Ray Fane as Grandpa Hubbard. And the theme song, in case you hadn't already recognized it, is the Landderry Air (Danny Boy), played by organist William Meeder.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

CHARLES CARROLL—Or Dr. Tubby Scott in Valiant Lady, on NBC-Red at 2:30 this afternoon. Charles probably would be a musician today, except that despite five years of studying the saxophone he never learned how to play popular music—and there isn't much of a living in the saxophone if you limit yourself to the classical kind of music. Charles is six feet tall, and is too superstitious to whistle in a dressing room. He's acted on the stage, and back in 1930 and 1932 he made a couple of trips from Seattle to the Panama Canal on freight vessels, just to see how much he liked traveling on the ocean.

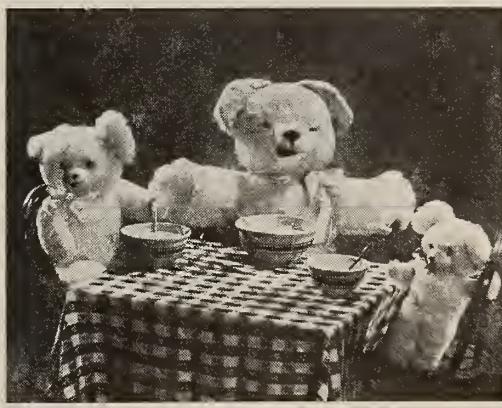


# ...ever pack a suitcase?



**How much more** you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they're wadded up and tossed in! And this same principle makes a Kotex\* sanitary napkin less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers...

Kotex has a soft, carefully *folded* center (with more material where you need it . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally —it's less bulky! Less apt to chafe, too . . . for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it's wrapped in gauze!



**FEEL**  
**ITS NEW SOFTNESS**

**PROVE**  
**ITS NEW SAFETY**

**COMPARE**  
**ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS**

**Why be self-conscious!** With Kotex your secret is safe! Pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make embarrassing, tell-tale outlines . . . the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

And — for complete peace of mind — remember this. Between the soft folds of Kotex there's a moisture-resistant panel! A special safeguard . . . newly developed by the Kotex Laboratories!

**Kotex\* comes in 3 sizes, too!** Super—Regular —Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

## "You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	8:00	CBS: Today In Europe NBC-Red: Variety Show
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver 8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
	8:30	CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:00	CBS: Manhattan Mother
	9:00	NBC: News
	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	8:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
	8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Dr. Daniel A. Poling
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: This Day is Ours
12:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Road of Life
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
1:00	2:00	2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Music Appreciation
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Name It and Take It
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:15	5:15	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:30	5:30	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
	5:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Guldien Serenaders
	6:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Josef Marais
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:25 CBS: Lum an' Abnor
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
6:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ
7:30	7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Yesterday's Children
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
7:00	8:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Carson Robison's Buckaroos
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: George Jessel
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Lady Esther Sonora
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Young Man With a Band
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Behind the Headlines

## FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Stella Dallas and Laurel—Anne Elstner and Vivian Smolen.

## Tune-In Bulletin for December 29, January 5, 12 and 19!

December 29: It's getting near to 1940, and Colonel Stoopnagle solemnly observes the fact by broadcasting his New Year resolutions tonight on Mutual's Quixie Doodle show, 8 o'clock. . . And Mutual celebrates its third anniversary of being a coast-to-coast network with some special gala programs . . . Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra opens at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago tonight—you can listen over CBS. January 5: There's a championship prizefight coming to you tonight over NBC-Blue from Madison Square Garden in New York—between Melio Bettina and Fred Apostoli for the light heavyweight championship. Bill Stern does the announcing. January 12: Xavier Cugat's orchestra goes into the Colony Club, veddy-veddy swank Chicago night spot. It will broadcast over NBC. January 19: Benay Venuta's back on Mutual these Friday nights—listen to her at 9:30.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Stella Dallas, on NBC-Red at 4:15 this afternoon, E.S.T., sponsored by the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company.

Remember the heart-tugging movie that Barbara Stanwyck starred in a few years back—or the previous one with Belle Bennett as Stella? Well, here are the further adventures of Stella and Laurel and Steven.

Anne Elstner plays Stella, bringing to the part all the experience and ability gained in a radio career that goes back to 1923, when she appeared in a radio version of her stage success, "Sun-Up." Old-time radio listeners will remember her as "Cracker" in the long-run series, Moonshine and Honeysuckle. She's a Southern girl—born at Lake Charles, Louisiana—and came to New York to go on the stage. Anne has brown hair, likes to ride, hunt and swim, and hopes to travel when she retires from radio work. She's married, and likes to putter around the house, cook and sew.

In the role of Steven Dallas you hear Arthur Hughes. Talk to him away from the microphone and you'll find that his voice is the same in real life as it is over the air—deep and resonant, and warm with human understanding. He can change it, though, to play villains—and does, every now and then, for a part on some other program. Like Anne, he likes to travel, but his idea is to see America first—and always has been, even before the war.

He's fond of plain American cooking, doesn't go in for night clubs, and spends many evenings in the theater.

As Laurel, their daughter, Vivian Smolen has her first important radio job. She's a petite New York girl, unmarried and so far not even interested in marriage—in spite of the fact that her love-interest in the serial, Dick Grosvenor, is played by Macdonald Carey, one of radio's handsomest leading men. Carey is a comparative newcomer to radio, but he's gone a long way in a short time.

Stella Dallas has two theme songs for your enjoyment—the haunting "Old Re-frain," and "Memories," which is one more than most day-time serials use. The other folks in the cast are Jane Huston as Mrs. Grosvenor, Julie Benell as Helen Dallas, Richard Keith as Arthur Mason, and Arnold Moss as Ahmed.

Like all the NBC serials which originate in New York, Stella Dallas is broadcast from one of the tiny studios in Radio City. Sound-proofed and windowless, these small studios honeycomb the third and fourth floors of the big RCA Building, and if you tried to find your way around without a guide you'd probably get lost. The big third-floor foyer, though, is a friendly place, where all the actors and actresses congregate before and after rehearsals. Gossip flies thick and fast there, because, with its roominess and comfortable chairs, the foyer is the nearest thing to a club New York radio actors have.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

ETHEL OWEN—another of the Valiant Lady cast, who plays Abby Trowbridge. You also hear her regularly in character parts on Mr. District Attorney, Sunday evenings on NBC-Blue. Ethel only recently came to New York from Chicago, where she was doing all right on various programs. She just packed up and left, thinking she'd like to see how things were in New York. Now she's doing just as well there as in Chicago. Tall and blonde, Ethel is one of radio's best-dressed women. At rehearsals, when she's not actually at the mike, she sits in one corner of the studio, chatting and crocheting, which she says relaxes her.



## What's New From Coast to Coast?

(Continued from page 9)

Don't ever let yourself be impressed by the glib way Sunda Love, star of the CBS Stepmother serial, can speak French. It sounds wonderful, but the truth is Sunda has a remarkable pair of ears—so remarkable that she has learned to speak French just by hearing it. But she'd be as lost as anybody else in Paris, because she understands the language almost not at all.

\* \* \*

Selena Royle had to wait six months before she received congratulations from her husband on her fine work as the star of the CBS serial, Woman of Courage. The reason was that Woman of Courage isn't broadcast over any of CBS stations near New York, and Earl Larimore, Selena's husband, never heard her until he went on tour in the South in a stage play. Then he sent her a telegram telling her how good she was.

\* \* \*

It will be a long time before South Carolina's station WCSC broadcasts another "salute to Orson Welles." On the first anniversary of the Orson Welles "Man from Mars" program which terrified thousands of people all over the country, WCSC put on a fictional radio play in honor of Orson, dramatizing a fantastic story which included a death ray that went berserk and began sucking up and destroying all the atmosphere of the earth. Seven times during the broadcast the story was halted and an announcer carefully explained that it was all in fun—there was no death ray, and the earth's atmosphere was still intact. But by the end of the hour several hundred people had run out of their homes in their night clothes, terrified, and the station's switchboard was swamped with calls from frightened listeners. Locally, it turned out to be almost as big a panic as the Welles affair had been nationally.

\* \* \*

So you thought swing musicians were the only ones who ever indulged themselves in jam sessions? Not at all—the dignified instrumentalists of the New York Philharmonic Society can, and do, jive right along with the rest of them. After a particularly hard rehearsal, these musical greats like to swing out in a half-hour jam session, trading instruments, picking up a chance musical phrase and embroidering on it as their fancies dictate, and having a fine time generally. Close your eyes so you can't see Carnegie Hall's austere lines, and you'd swear you were in the Onyx Club.

\* \* \*

Did you know that Elaine Sterne Carrington, author of radio's Pepper Young's Family and When a Girl Marries, recently published a book of short stories too? Its title is "All Things Considered," and it contains ten short stories, Mrs. Carrington's favorites among her own work over a period of several years. The publisher is Julian Messner, Inc.

## SEEIN' DOUBLE



**Millions of women know** that tattle-tale gray hasn't a chance—when the golden Fels-Naptha bar tackles the wash. They know it's the liveliest, busiest dirt-chaser that ever swished in a tub. But did you know this...?



**You can now get Fels-Naptha** in chip form, too! Huskier chips that work wonders just like the grand golden bar! Chips specially made to whisk all the dirt out of clothes—to banish tattle-tale gray! Now at last...



**You can get Fels-Naptha's extra** help any and every way you wash! For in the chips as well as in the bar, you get richer, golden soap combined with that wonderful dirt-loosener, naptha! Use the bar for bar-soap jobs. See how quickly it hustles out dirt—without hard rubbing! See how gorgeously white and sweet it gets your clothes. And ...

**Wherever you've been using box-soap,** put the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips to work. They speed washing machines because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they give oodles of rich suds because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. So try Golden Chips or Golden Bar—and banish tattle-tale gray.

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WHEREVER YOU USE  
BAR-SOAP-USE  
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WHEREVER YOU USE  
BOX-SOAP-USE  
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS



BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA—BAR OR CHIPS

## Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EST. STANDARD TIME
		8:00 CBS: <b>Today In Europe</b> 8:00 NBC-Blue: <b>Cloutier's Orch.</b> 8:00 NBC-Red: <b>Musical Tete-a-tete</b>
		8:15 CBS: <b>Odd Side of the News</b>
		8:30 NBC-Blue: <b>Dick Liebert</b> 8:30 CBS: <b>Phil Cook's Almanac</b> 8:30 NBC-Red: <b>Gene and Glenn</b>
		8:45 NBC-Blue: <b>Harvey and Dell</b>
		8:00 9:00 NBC: <b>News</b>
		8:05 9:05 NBC-Blue: <b>BREAKFAST CLUB</b> 8:05 9:05 NBC-Red: <b>Texas Robertson</b>
		8:15 9:15 CBS: <b>Old Vienna</b> 8:15 9:15 NBC-Red: <b>Cloutier's Orch.</b>
		8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: <b>The Crackerjacks</b>
		9:00 10:00 CBS: <b>Bull Session</b> 9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: <b>Ross Trio</b> 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: <b>The Wise Man</b>
		9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: <b>Rakov Orchestra</b> 9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: <b>No School Today</b>
		9:30 10:30 CBS: <b>Hill Billy Champions</b> 9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: <b>Charlatteers</b> 9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: <b>Bright Idea Club</b>
		9:45 10:45 NBC-Blue: <b>The Child Grows Up</b>
8:00 10:00	11:00	CBS: <b>Young People's Concert</b>
8:00 10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: <b>Cloutier Orch.</b>
8:00 10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: <b>Ross Trio</b>
8:15 10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: <b>Smilin' Ed McConnell</b>
8:30 10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: <b>Our Barn</b>
8:30 10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: <b>Hilda Hope. M.D.</b>
9:00 11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: <b>Education Forum</b>
9:00 11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: <b>Eastman School of Music</b>
9:15 11:15	12:15	CBS: <b>Country Journal</b>
9:30 11:30	12:30	CBS: <b>Let's Pretend</b>
9:30 11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: <b>FARM BUREAU</b>
9:30 11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: <b>Call to Youth</b>
10:15 12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: <b>Calling Stamp Collectors</b>
10:30 12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: <b>Three Quarter Time</b>
10:30 12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: <b>Matinee in Rhythm</b>
11:00 1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: <b>METROPOLITAN OPERA</b>
11:00 1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: <b>Ray Kinney Orch.</b>
11:30 1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: <b>Golden Melodies</b>
12:00 2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: <b>Orchestra</b>
12:30 2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: <b>Sonny James Orch.</b>
1:30 3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: <b>Laval Orchestra</b>
2:30 4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: <b>Del Courtney Orchestra</b>
3:00 5:00	6:00	CBS: <b>News</b>
3:00 5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: <b>Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten</b>
3:05 5:05	6:05	CBS: <b>Albert Warner</b>
3:05 5:05	6:05	NBC-Blue: <b>Les Brown Orch.</b>
3:30 5:30	6:30	CBS: <b>What's Art to Me</b>
3:30 5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: <b>Renfrew of the Mounted</b>
3:30 5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: <b>Religion in the News</b>
4:00 6:00	7:00	CBS: <b>People's Platform</b>
4:00 6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: <b>Message of Israel</b>
4:00 6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: <b>What's My Name</b>
4:30 6:30	7:30	CBS: <b>Sky Blazers</b>
4:30 6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: <b>Uncle Jim's Question Bee</b>
4:30 6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: <b>Art for Your Sake</b>
8:30 7:00	8:00	CBS: <b>Gang Busters</b>
5:00 7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: <b>The Green Hornet</b>
9:00 7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: <b>Glenn Miller Orchestra</b>
5:30 7:30	8:30	CBS: <b>Wayne King's Orch.</b>
5:30 7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: <b>Youth vs. Age</b>
5:30 7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: <b>Stop Me If You've Heard This One</b>
8:00 8:00	9:00	CBS: <b>YOUR HIT PARADE</b>
8:00 8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: <b>National Barn Dance</b>
6:00 8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: <b>ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS</b>
	8:30	NBC-Red: <b>Death Valley Days</b>
6:45 8:45	9:45	CBS: <b>Saturday Night Serenade</b>
7:00 9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: <b>Bob Crosby</b>
7:00 9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: <b>NBC SYMPHONY</b>
7:15 9:15	10:15	CBS: <b>Gay Nineties Review</b>
7:30 9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: <b>Dance Music</b>

## SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Joe Howard and Beatrice Kay in a Gay Nineties number.

## Tune-In Bulletin for December 30, January 6, 13 and 20!

December 30: This isn't really New Year's Eve, but you can start celebrating—and your Studio Snooper bets you will—if you like. . . . From 11:30 A.M. to noon, CBS puts on a program from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, Bob Trout announcing. This is the first time in the history of the Exchange a microphone has been allowed there. . . . Desire de Fauw, Belgian conductor, directs the NBC Symphony orchestra for the last time tonight, NBC-Blue at 10:00. . . . CBS presents Twelve Crowded Months, reviewing the news highlights of the last year, from 10:15 to 11:15 tonight. January 6: Bernardino Molinari, famous Italian conductor, starts a month's series of concerts with the NBC Symphony tonight—NBC-Blue at 10:00. . . . Bob Crosby and his orchestra take over the Camel Caravans—tonight at 10:00, NBC-Red. January 13: One of the quiz shows that has proved its popularity over a long period of months has moved to NBC-Red. It is called What's My Name—tonight at 7:00. January 20: There's a rip-roaring aviation-adventure program on CBS at 7:30 tonight, called Sky Blazers, and starring Colonel Roscoe Turner.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Gay Nineties Revue, on CBS from 10:15 to 10:45, starring Joe Howard and Beatrice Kay.

Here's a rambunctious show that kids the living daylights out of the Good Old Days and gives everybody listening in a lot of fun in the process. Everybody in the CBS playhouse where it originates has a lot of fun too, because all the singers and actors appear on the stage wearing Gay Nineties costumes.

As its master of ceremonies you hear Joe E. Howard, who is 73 years old this January. Quite a character, Joe is. He's been in the entertainment business sixty years, has made and lost \$1,500,000 in that time, has written more than five hundred songs, some of them international hits, once claimed the bantam-weight boxing championship of the world, has been married seven times and now is the proud father of a nine-year-old son, and is still going very strong.

You've sung or whistled many of his songs—one you must remember is "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" which sold three million copies. Another big success was "Somewhere in France is the Lily," for which he received \$50,000 for the recording rights alone. The songs Joe sings on the Gay Nineties Revue are all those he has written himself, and he's nowhere near

the end of the list, though he's been with the show ever since a few weeks after it first went on the air last July.

The Revue's "soubrette" or comedienne is Beatrice Kay, of the high and squeaky voice. Beatrice was a successful stage and night club singer before she came to radio.

The other members of the company, with Ray Bloch's orchestra, are the Elm City Four—Philip Reep, first tenor, Claude Reese, second tenor, Hubie Hendry, baritone, and Darrel Woodyard, bass—the Floradora Girls, who are Elizabeth Newberger, Marjorie Bullard and Ann Seaton; Billie Green, who appears with Beatrice in comedy skits, soprano Genevieve Rowe, and Broadway Harry, who is played by Frank Lovejoy.

It's not as much of a job as you might think to dig up old costumes for every broadcast. Different costumes are used each week, but Beatrice has a large collection of them, left to her by her mother, a famous modiste, and two great-aunts who were noted costumers back in the nineties. She even has a pair of red cotton stockings with lace inserts in the insteps, which belonged to her grandmother but were never worn because Grandma's family considered them too naughty. Other old-time clothes, for Beatrice and the rest of the cast, come from professional costumers.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

BERNARDINO MOLINARI—The present conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, heard tonight on the Blue network at 10:00. While not as famous as his countryman Toscanini, Molinari is one of Italy's best-known conductors, internationally as well as in his own country. He's tall and rather stern-looking, but the musicians who work with him say he isn't as forbidding as he looks. In music, he likes modern composers almost as well as the classical ones, and you'll probably hear him leading the NBC men in at least one or two new compositions. He's scheduled to continue directing the orchestra through February 3.



## Love at First Sight

(Continued from page 30)

it, joyously planning each detail. Then, one sunny day last May, Fibber took his Molly for a drive. Going through the famous Pass into San Fernando Valley, just over the hills from Hollywood, he turned down a shady lane and drove slowly past a white house, set in a garden.

"McGee, look!" suddenly exclaimed Molly. "There's our dream house come to life. Let's drive in and pretend it is ours."

So, McGee, almost bursting with excitement, turned in at the wide gate and drove through the tree-lined driveway straight up to the front door. Then he told her he had discovered this spot the day before, that it was for sale, and that he had brought her out to see it!

Again, it was love at first sight for both of them and a few days before their twenty-first wedding anniversary, they were moving in.

There were tears in Fibber's eyes that day, tears of happiness that Molly pretended not to see. It wasn't just that they had their own dream house at last. It was so much more. For finally, after almost a year's illness, Molly was well again—and would stay well as long as she could live here in the valley, in the warm, health-giving sunshine. Fibber and Molly, together again on the air, sharing a home they'd only been able to share in their dreams until now!

OUTDOOR living—the truly California custom, is carried out in this white Monterey-type house, which gives the feeling of rooms and gardens merging together. Every room on the first floor opens onto the wide terrace, gay with lounging chairs and swings, that extends the entire length of the house in the back. Beyond the terrace is the swimming pool.

Upstairs, the bedrooms open onto the front balcony, and Molly's room is in the softest shades of peach and green, the colors being repeated in the dressing room and bath. There's a fireplace for cool evenings and deep comfortable chairs.

In the garden is a live oak, the largest in the valley, which has its own tradition. Long ago, so it is said, Indians traveled many miles to lean against the tree's broad trunk, believing they would absorb some of its mighty strength. McGee has built a barbecue pit, with all the picnic fixings, under the spreading branches.

McGee's greatest joy is his workshop. It is fully equipped with machines and gadgets, which Molly says he's been collecting for years, and here he indulges in his pet hobby of carpentry.

Just over a little bridge is the playhouse, very complete with a game room across the front, a corner fireplace, and a miniature kitchen.

"We have nearly three acres," says McGee enthusiastically, "and that's all the responsibility I want. We're getting a terrific kick watching our fruit and nut trees, berries and grapes grow like magic. We're within nine miles of the NBC studios in Hollywood, where we broadcast. There's a contentment, a peace that is very satisfying, and as our son and daughter love it too, it looks as if we have finally found a place to stay put the rest of our lives."



"**LOVE is your friend  
when your HANDS  
are endearingly soft,**"

says

**Nancy Kelly\***

(20th Century-Fox Star)

\*NANCY KELLY and JOEL McCREA in the 20th Century-Fox hit "He Married His Wife". Her hands are delightful! Cultivate romantic softness in your hands with Jergens Lotion.

Your Hands need not get wretchedly rough and chapped. How other girls help prevent this . . .

YOU'LL hardly know your hands after just a few applications of Jergens Lotion—they're so much lovelier! More desirably soft to touch. Jergens supplies beautifying moisture most girls' hand skin needs, especially in winter. Gives your skin the benefit of 2 fine ingredients many doctors use to help harsh skin to satin-smoothness. Regular use helps prevent sad

roughness and chapping. No stickiness! Easy to apply after every handwashing. No wonder more women use Jergens than any other lotion. Have romantic, smooth "Hollywood" hands. Start now to use this famous Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters everywhere. Get Jergens Lotion today, sure.

### CUPID'S HINT

Rough, red hands are so disillusioning! Jergens Lotion furnishes beauty-giving softening moisture for your skin.



### FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to: The Andrew Jergens Co., 3512 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

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LOTION**

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS  
New—for satin-smooth complexion—  
Jergens all-purpose Face Cream.  
Vitamin blend helps against dull dry  
skin. Try it! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



# VISITING FIREMAN SAVES LADY!



1. "Stop that noise!" pleads Mrs. Cates. "I've got trouble enough... with a sinkful of dishes—and the drain clogged tight!"



2. "My Ma knows how to fix clogged drains!" states Fire-Chief Billy, the boy from next door. "She uses some stuff in a can. I'll get her!"



3. Billy's Mother appears with Drano—puts Drano down the drain. It *digs out* all the clogging grease and muck—clears the drain completely!



4. "That's the easy, modern way to clear a clogged drain!" smiles the neighbor. "And a teaspoonful of Drano every night helps *keep* drains clean!"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drano to guard against clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.



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# Drano

CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

## WHY HUSBANDS HURRY HOME!

It's really amazing to see how you can put new spark, new temptation, into everyday meals, without spending a cent more for food! Actually, these tempting meals often cost less, and husbands hurry home because these menus are the kind men rave about. Nothing fancy, no frills, just smart cooking ideas.

ONLY 25¢ Wrap stamps or coins safely.

These menus, and over 900 easy, economical recipes, are in the new "EVERY HOMEMAKER'S COOK BOOK," written especially for readers of this magazine. Bright colorful washable cover, 192 pages, patent "lie-flat" binding stays open at the right place. 17 helpful chapters; quick easy index.

Address Dept. CB-19, Readers' Service Bureau, Radio and Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.



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**with regular use of...**

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2. Contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular advertised brands of lotion.
3. Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin. Leaves no stickiness.
4. Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Priced—10c, 20c, 35c, 60c, \$1.00 a bottle.

OVER 90 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

## Why Artie Shaw Walked

### Out on Love and Music

(Continued from page 21)

to why he quit; he could not go on and continue to be honest with himself. That self-honesty has torn Artie apart. Ever since I've known him—and that was before an unknowing public made him an idol—he has been one of the unhappiest of men. I don't think he has ever been really happy. Too many varying forces have plucked at him and destroyed that delicate balance of soul satisfaction which is so important to every human. So many times he has tried to find happiness. Each time he thought he had it in his hands and each time it escaped him.

His agonizing search brought him too quickly from boyhood to maturity. He ran away from home when he was 15. He starved and he sweated but the rainbow didn't come any nearer. When he was 20, he was a successful free-lance musician. He should have been happy but there was a gnawing inside that wouldn't let him alone. He tried to ease his unrest by educating himself. Then he thought he'd found love in a gracious interlude that brought peace and joy and a gentle quiet. But it was a marriage doomed from the first. Three short months it lasted and then it was smashed. Another dream, another search ended.

THREE years later, he turned his back on the music business for the first time. He wasn't important then and only his co-workers ever noticed that he was gone. He was hunting again for that elusive wraith of happiness. It had slipped farther and farther away from him. He was honest with himself then, too, and found that music was no longer a joy to him—but a business. With that discovery the wraith vanished. He returned to a farm and tried to write. He married again. The ache was dulled, the daggers inside of him turned on themselves. For a year he had happiness and then it fled. He had to admit to himself that music, not words, was his gift. Love and happiness left together and now there was only his clarinet.

He fought to beat life. On the surface he did. He built a dream band and it failed but he shook his head and put another orchestra together and won. There isn't a music lover in America who doesn't know how great that victory was. But it was a material victory. Only for a while did it satisfy the wild longing within Artie. He thought he would be able to do the things he had dreamed about. He longed to play a new kind of swing music, music that kept time to the rhythmic heart-beat of America. Box-office calculators and idol-worshippers wouldn't permit him. They demanded not genius but a mob psychologist.

If you were observant, you caught the first hint of Artie's final decision when reports of his activities on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's movie lots began trickling in from the Coast. Astonished columnists reported that Shaw refused to repeat the lines of dialogue assigned to him in his first starring picture, "Dancing Co-Ed". His excuse was "they sound silly." They couldn't understand that. But if you know Artie, you know that

now, definitely, he would refuse to compromise with himself, with his own sincerity and honesty.

They attacked him again when word got around that he had bought a house in Beverly Hills. The boys who congregate along Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard thought Artie was showing off. They didn't know that that house was a symbol of happiness to him.

Just a week before he left New York, he told me about his house:

"It is perched 'way up on top of a bluff. You can sit there on the front porch and look straight out to the ocean. Look another way—the mountain is your background and the view stretches for 60 miles. It's quiet and it's peaceful—and it's beautiful. I'm going to give up all this soon and that's where I'm going to live."

IT was in Hollywood, too, that Artie met Betty Grable. The gossips hopped on that quickly. Here was another story made to order for the city room and they worried it like a cat worries and tosses a mouse. Betty and Artie parted when he had to head east, but New York was to be their meeting place.

Before he and his band returned to Manhattan, they spent weeks on the road—playing at dance-halls, theaters, hotels. Artie was tired, awfully tired, when he reached Broadway and the Strand Theater. He had noticed jitter-bug exhibitionism, he had heard the comments about himself, the remarks about Betty and him, and his pride—in himself, in his work, in his band—suffered. When a newspaperman came to interview him, he told him exactly what he thought.

The results of that interview hurt. It was said that Shaw hated jitterbugs, that he was biting the hands whose applause made him what he was. And Artie had meant nothing of the kind—his remarks were aimed only at a relatively small group of exhibitionists whose poor taste and manners had given swing a bad name. Then Shaw cancelled his radio contract and the wise-acres reported that his sponsor had fired him because he had offended his followers.

I was at the Pennsylvania the night he opened. Betty was there, too. It was the first time I had ever seen her and I discovered then what must have drawn Artie to her. He began to talk of marriage again. But Betty's divorce from Jackie Coogan was almost a year in the future. They were together only when he could take a few hours away from work or she could spare time from rehearsals. That wasn't the sort of thing he wanted. And music could no longer quiet the longing within him. He began to be dissatisfied with his orchestra. He

couldn't transmit to his men the ideas, the inspirations he felt. Music, once again, had come to be nothing but a business. I noticed that, I thought, when I spent an afternoon with Artie and the band at a recording session. Something was gone. The fire, the spirit Artie and his clarinet had given to sometimes prosaic tunes to make them great and unique.

That was when he told me about his California home. He told me how he planned to spend his years there, give up the band business and make whatever money he had to have playing his kind of music as a soloist on radio or records. He would devote the rest of his time to composing and trying to write again. He was ready to seek happiness once more.

**T**HAT is why his story is incredible. In 22 of the 29 years that Artie has lived, he has lifted himself from poverty, from a background with no advantages, to wealth and glory and security. But he tossed it away because he refused to compromise with life. He left when thousands were calling his the country's greatest swing band and he himself was already known as music's foremost clarinetist. A completely normal person in that position may have withstood the constant pressure of agents with contracts to sign, of autograph hounds, of people on your track day and night with recording dates, theater engagements and dollars—thousands of them—to be made. Another may have taken more quietly the bold theft of his private life—never a look, a word or an embrace that wasn't noted and recorded.

But Artie couldn't. He refused to accept the true with the false; the gold with the dross. He saw no reason why his privacy should be invaded. Why his music, instead of remaining on the high level of art he had set for it, should be commercialized.

He has gone. But, though many disagree with me, I think he'll be back. Once again he'll try. This time, too, there will be no compromise. From now until his return, I believe he will work on another new musical idea. If the public likes it, he will be ready to give it to them. If not? He has the answer ready.

Does Betty fit into that picture? I don't think so. A few days before he left, a gossip columnist rumored that Betty already had a new heart interest. That may have hastened Artie's decision. But it had to come. He was nearing the end of his soul-rending, almost breathless search. He had to be free. His self-honesty demanded that he say good-bye to all he had drained the blood of his young years to build.

I hope he gets there this time.

## DEVIL'S ORGY

Perhaps you saw the newsreel . . . "Buildings fell on all sides of me . . . My only thought was to get to my wife and children . . . Bullets were whizzing everywhere . . . For three days I wondered like a madman . . . Finally in the smouldering ruins of what had been our home . . . I found them!"

Read this poignant story AMID SHANGHAI'S BOMBS I PRAYED by Wong Gin Chun in the January issue of the non-sectarian magazine

YOUR FAITH  
At Your Newsdealer's  
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SMART MODERNS PREFER  
**DELONG**

## BOB PINS

Show off your figure with a flattering corset dress. Show off your hair with secure chignon, fluffy bangs.



Softly draped berets make smart headlines... 'won't slip' Bob Pins keep coiffures smooth.



## EX-LAX MOVIES

### The Taming of Tommy the Terrible



TOMMY: I won't! I won't take that awful medicine! I can't get it down!

MOTHER: All right, young man. I think I know something that you will like!



TOMMY: M-m-m! Gee whiz, Mom, that's a cinch to take. It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, its name is Ex-Lax and it's not only good—it's good for you!



LATER

TOMMY: Whoopie! That Ex-Lax made me feel fine . . . You'll never have to force me to take that!

MOTHER: Right! From now on, Dad and I are going to use Ex-Lax, too!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



## WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



From a one-time spot to a regular feature on the Kate Smith Hour—meet funnymen Abbott and Costello.

YOU'LL always see them together—a short, fattish one with a large cigar, and a tall, slender one with a penchant for green suits. They're Abbott and Costello, comedians on the Kate Smith Hour, heard every Friday night at 8:00 o'clock over the Columbia Broadcasting System. They breeze into the studio with a "hi'ya neighbor" to everyone, go on the air for five or six minutes, never using a script because they prefer to memorize their lines, and then they dash back to the musical show, "The Streets of Paris", in which the boys play the comedy leads. This, not seeming to keep them quite busy enough, the Messrs. Abbott and Costello are playing an engagement at the Versailles, one of New York's fashionable supper clubs.

This three-ring stardom climaxes a hectic career in burlesque and vaudeville, but Bud Abbott (the straight man) and Lou Costello (the fall guy) attribute it largely to Ted Collins, who gave them their first big-time chance on the Kate Smith show. Ted spotted them in a New York vaudeville house and booked them for a one-time spot, which led to another—and finally, they were signed as a regular feature.

Bud Abbott was born in a circus tent at Coney Island and comes from a family long identified with show business. Lou Costello won a scholarship at a prep school for being a crack baseball player; wearied of that and hitch-hiked to Hollywood, where he appeared in about sixty silent pictures, playing every conceivable type of part. When talkies arrived, Lou returned to New York and went into vaudeville. When the straight-man in his act fell sick, Abbott volunteered to step in . . . and so the team of Abbott and Costello was formed.

Both Lou and Bud married stage girls whom they met in Washington just ten years ago—the first year they started working as a permanent team . . . and from all the indications, their zany kind of humor, which seems so made for each other, will keep them together a long time to come.

Mrs. R. I. Richards, Antigo, Wisconsin—Ken Griffin, who plays the leading role in Road of Life and Backstage Wife is a strapping six-footer, who was born in Enid, Oklahoma, thirty years ago. He arrived in Chicago six years ago, a helper on a motor truck with a single dollar in his pocket, and without any previous dramatic experience, he secured a \$15.00 a week job as an actor at the Century of Progress Exposition. Later, he took a radio audition which brought him to the air. Ken's one extravagance is his motor boat "Revenge". Some day, when Ken retires from the radio, he'll be found building bigger and better boats.

Miss Shirley Dawson, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada—The cast of the radio drama Big Sister is as follows:

Ruth Evans Brewster . . . Alice Frost  
David Brewster . . . Alexander Kirkland  
Dr. John Wayne . . . Martin Gabel  
Sue Evans Miller . . . Haila Stoddard  
Jerry Miller . . . Ned Weaver  
Ned Evans . . . Junior O'Day  
Harriet Durant . . . Elizabeth Love  
Wellington Durant . . . Charles Webster  
Asa Griffin . . . Teddy Bergman

### FAN CLUB SECTION

Miss Dorothy O'Brien of 343 Lakeview Park, Rochester, New York, is president of a newly formed Alice Reinhart Fan Club and is most anxious to enlist a lot of new members. Miss Reinhart plays the role of Chichi Conrad in Life Can Be Beautiful.

Cute little Donna Dae of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians now has a fan club in her honor. If you'd like to join it and receive a personally autographed picture of Donna, write to Miss Alice Robertson, 47 No. Bleeker Street, Mount Vernon, New York.

If you would like to join the Jeanette MacDonald International Fan Club, you can do it by writing to Miss Marie Waddy, 567 Smith Street, Buffalo, New York. Incidentally, the club reports that there's a fine prize for the member who brings in the greatest number of new members.

## Woman in Love

(Continued from page 34)

spray of fine blood drops. Across the farther door, across the walls on both sides this evidence had flown in a fine spray. Where had the murderer been standing when that first wild shower of drops had flashed evenly from Florice Fanette's head to those walls?

"He must have been standing somewhere, ladies and gentlemen. If a man killed her, some of that blood struck him. And where he stood the wall must be clean. Where is that clear space at all? That, simply, is my point. And I say that until it can be settled we may run the danger of condemning an innocent man.

"We don't deny this man and his wife quarreled. We don't deny that he had accused his wife of having too much to drink, and that she cried in anger at his reproach. That is admitted. We do assert that after the quarrel the friends who were spending the night in the room next to the Mallorys, Mr. and Mrs. Burnett, old friends from Hollywood, left the Mallorys. That before they went to their own room, and adjoining room, Florice said to Helen Burnett, 'When you two have finished with the bathroom let me know. I feel woozy. I'll take a hot bath.'

"Then you heard Helen Burnett testify that while she was brushing her teeth she heard heavy breathing from the adjoining room and called in to her husband, 'Could Mayne be asleep already? It sounds as if someone was sawing wood in there!'

"Helen Burnett finishes her ablutions and calls in to Florice, 'All clear, Florry!' and she goes out of the bathroom and hears Florice fussing around in there. Florice turns the key in the lock and calls through the door, 'Nighty-night, Gus and Helen! Lord, I do feel queer!'

"Not long afterward—Helen Burnett says perhaps fifteen minutes and perhaps half an hour afterward—she hears a bump and a splash and then hears Florice chuckling. Or, she says, it might have been someone laughing in the hall. We know now it was the breathing of a dying woman, but she didn't know that . . ."

THE voice went on, on. George was not weary. Tamara, her whole soul and being and consciousness concentrated through the eyes that watched him so fixedly, knew that he believed what he was saying. And when the judge's turn came to speak, she thought that he believed it, too.

The jury, duly instructed, filed away, and again the court emptied and Tam and George went home to the new little apartment, to look at the papers and rest and await results. The summer afternoon was cold and windy, with grit blowing in the gray unfriendly streets.

They went out for dinner, glancing at every newspaper headline they passed; no more news of the Mallory case. At nine George went out to see his client. "No news until tomorrow," he said when he returned. Tamara was conscious of wishing herself in the middle of next year.

After two days of suspense, the jury was unable to agree, and was dismissed.

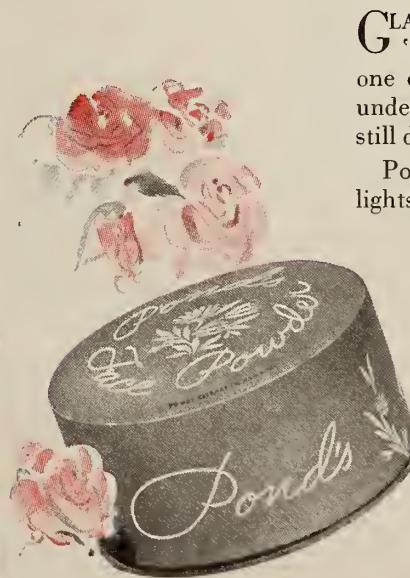
Martell telephoned George the

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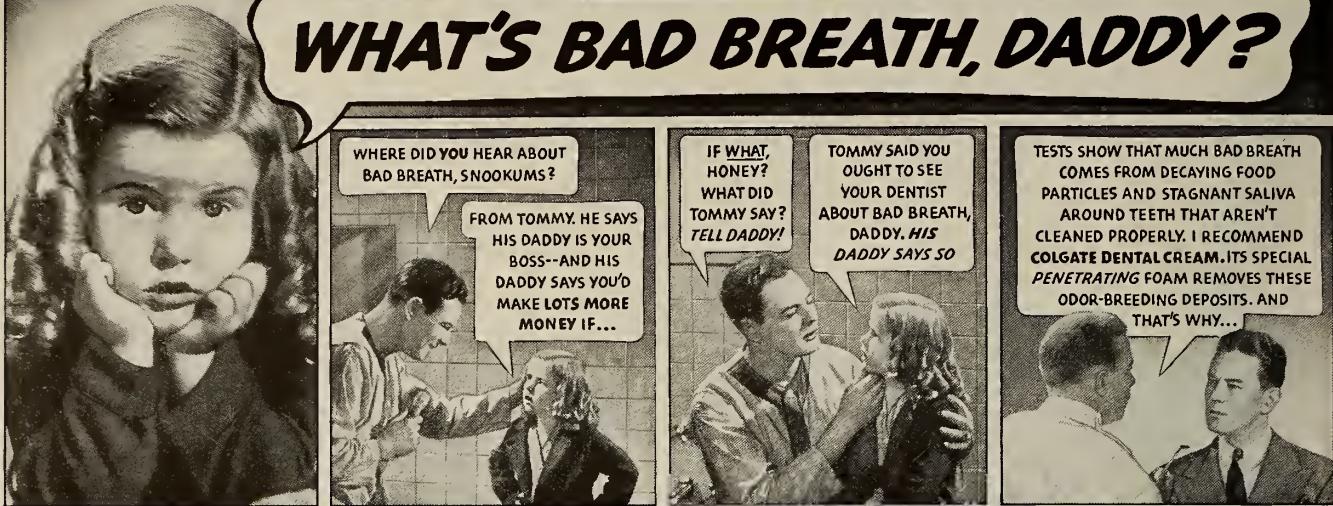
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news late at night, and Tamara could see how pleased he was. Another triumph! He and she slept late, and in mid-morning left the dingy city and the flowing fog behind them, and went down to Belmont.

During the strangely quiet two weeks which intervened before Mayne Mallory's second trial, Tam and George and Mrs. Hutton between them reached a difficult decision—to send little Mary, with Mrs. Hutton, to Europe. On the surface, the only reason for going was to put Mary in a good art school, where she could develop the talent for painting she was already showing. Underneath, and only hinted at, there was another reason—to take Mary and Mrs. Hutton away from the scene of Mallory's trial, for safety's sake in case Mullins or Mallory himself might dig up some connection between them and Tam.

THEY left, going by way of the Panama Canal, a few days before the trial began, leaving Tam in that mood of exhaustion and flatness and heartaches that only partings give.

The campaign for many municipal offices, including that of district attorney, ran its course parallel to that of the second Mallory trial. George made speeches, raced about the city in a big car, was cheered at large meetings. Mayne shuffled in and out of the familiar shabby court room, sat dully staring at the floor, or raised heavy eyes to study the animated, confident face of his old enemy, Mullins. Mayne had dismissed George with dramatic dignity, to George's and Tam's enormous relief, and his lawyer this time was the famous old criminal defense star, Willoughby.

Mullins had found fresh evidence. He produced witnesses to the fact that Mayne when he had been drinking was a man given to violent displays of passion; he had once kicked a polo pony almost to death; he had injured a bellboy once by knocking him down.

"They've got him this time," George said.

Quite suddenly, without the threatened recount and despite the dire predictions of Mullins, George was elected district attorney.

"Well, that's over," George said on election night, as they walked home after spending the evening at old Judge Moore's house, where they had heard the returns.

"The only thing now is the verdict," Tam said. "When that's settled one way or the other—then I'll feel that I can start making a home for you!"

"You started a long time ago," George told her. "But about the verdict. If it goes against him he'll not bother us long. But if they find him innocent, or the judge gives him life, then we may have Mayne to deal with again."

Three days later George returned home at midmorning.

"Guilty?" she whispered when she saw him.

"They were out all night," he said. "They came back at ten-twenty this morning. Guilty, and no plea for clemency or anything else. Judge Oppenheim will sentence him Monday. They say he's to die in the week of December 10th."

Tam sat silent, stricken. She had expected it, but it was none the less terrible, none the less a thunderbolt.

when it came.

"They take him to San Quentin tomorrow. Tam, he wants to see you before he goes."

The last color drained from her face. Her lips moved without making a sound.

"I know," George said. "But he has asked for you. Willoughby came to the office and told me an hour ago. He doesn't know anything. He just said that Mallory had always admired my wife and had an old friendship with her, and he would like very much to see her."

"George, I could not! I—I would faint, I think. I could not." But before George could speak, Tamara's mood had changed, and she added in a whisper of infinite distress, "He is a dying man. Perhaps he never meant to be what he is, perhaps it isn't all his fault. If it made him feel happier . . ."

There was a long silence.

"Tam, it seems the turn of the screw," George said. "I know how you dread it. But it'd be tonight, only for a few minutes."

HER face was ashen and her blue eyes looked black.

"Of course," she said quickly. "Of course I'll go!"

Tam kept close to George as they crossed a wide marble-flagged entrance hall with a domed roof, entered large doors and walked down strange hallways scented with carbolic acid, past guards and warders, to a large room where there were four or five newspapermen, as many cameramen, several officers—and Mayne. Mayne saw them at once and got up from his chair.

They sat down at the end of the table, and Mayne took a chair that made their group somewhat apart from the others in the room.

"It surely is a long time since you and I have talked together, Tamara," Mayne said. And remembering what he had been, she found something heartbreaking in this hint of the old gallantry and ease.

"Oh, a long time!" Tamara agreed, her face colorless. Mayne looked heavily at George.

"I am surely in a mean jam, Mr. Davis," he said. "If you and I hadn't split, I'd be a free man tonight."

**O**H, I don't think you can say that. We might have put up a better show, but you never can be sure with a jury," George said. "It's too bad. You'll appeal, of course."

"He said so," Mayne answered indifferently. "But I think our best bet is the governor."

"He's a pretty hard man," George said doubtfully.

"Rose? Sure," Mayne conceded. "And that's why we want Tamara to get at him."

The old stupid, easy arrogance, the detestable plural, the significance of the glances he occasionally sent toward her, as one who had a secret understanding with him, all chilled Tamara's heart with a deadly chill. She tried to manage a sickly smile in answer to him.

"I don't know the governor," she said.

"That doesn't make any difference," Mayne assured her. "You get in touch with him, see? You tell him why you want him to let me off, see?"

"Yes, I think the next move could

very well be an appeal to the governor," George said briefly. He looked at Tamara, whose expression of reluctance and sickness betrayed the misery she was in, and he put a hand over hers. "That will be quite simple, Tam," he said, "and not more than anyone would do for an old friend."

"If you want to put it that way!" Mayne said significantly.

"You know I will do all I can for you, Mayne," Tamara said for herself in a rather faint voice, but quickly. "George did do all he could—"

"But he ran for the office of district attorney right in the middle of my trial!" Mayne said angrily. "I saw he was giving just about half his attention to my case, and I switched to Willoughby."

"You told me to get out," George reminded him mildly.

"Well, they told me Willoughby could swing it," Mayne muttered.

"I thought he might myself," George said.

Mayne regarded him gloomily in the silence that followed. Then he seemed to make up his mind to take the plunge. "Maybe you don't know just exactly what good friends Tam and I used to be," he said, with his old trick of narrowing his eyes on a faint superior smile. "This is an important thing to me, Davis, and I'm not going to mince words with you. Your wife wrote me a letter a few years ago; I've got it—we don't need any of that 'old friend' talk. What she's got to tell the governor is that she and I were sweethearts a long time go. She got her husband to defend me because she still remem-

bers—that's the line! No woman ever gets away from her first love; everyone knows that. What do I care what he thinks as long as he signs a pardon?"

Tamara was very white. She spoke simply.

"You don't think for one moment that George doesn't know all you know of me, and more?" she said. "I'm not quite such a fool as that."

Mayne looked from one to the other, suspiciously.

"Well, maybe he does," he said. "And maybe he'd like to look at that."

From his pocket he took a folded sheet of pale blue paper. This was not a long letter; it was but a dozen lines. She knew them all. George glanced at it, leaned toward his wife: "Here, you'll want that back again," he said.

"You aren't going to get away with it just the same," Mayne said sharply. "I'm in a tight corner, and you've got to get me out! I've never told anyone a word of this; I've never mentioned Tamara Todhunter to anyone. But you threw me down—and I could make it hot for you, Davis!"

**Y**OU talk it over with Willoughby," said George, still speaking quietly, "and if you both think it the wisest thing Tam will certainly write to the governor, or see him—"

"Write him, nothing," Mayne said. "You've got to play this up big. Her old love returns—she will fight for his life—"

"I think I would rather have you do anything you can do, Mayne, than that I should do that," Tamara said with sudden spirit.

"How d'you mean, you'd rather have

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# DENTYNE

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me do anything I could? You aren't going to have much reputation left, anyway, when I get through!"

"Don't talk like a fool, Mallory; you're only wasting breath," George said, rising. "I've told you Tamara and I'll do what we can for you; you'll be much more sensible to keep your personal affairs under your hat. By spreading stories about her, you'll only hurt yourself. San Francisco loves her; they don't care what she did or didn't do eight years ago."

Mayne said hotly, "Maybe not, but just the same a story that she once loved me and is willing to sacrifice anything—everything—to save me, would go over just as big as ever! And that's what I want her to do."

"Nonsense!" George said sharply. "I think you're crazy." He folded the blue paper and put it into his breast pocket. "I think I'll keep this for a while, to be returned to you if the right occasion arises. Come on, Tamara!" White lines were showing at his jaw.

NOT so fast," Mayne said, rising too. "You can't get away with it! You'll write a nice letter to the governor and be sorry when they hang me! Well, I won't have it. Either you do like I want you to, or tomorrow morning the papers'll have the whole story."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't." They were all three standing now, and the watchful guard moved a little nearer. "Anyway," said Mayne, "I'll be photographed kissing my daughter good-bye."

There was a silence. Tamara sat down again.

"That makes a difference, doesn't it?" Mayne said. "Yes, I know about my little girl. Nobody ever knew I knew, but eight years ago I was sick in a hospital with a cut foot. The nurse I had talked to me—she's dead now. She didn't tell me any names, only that she'd had theatrical people before; she'd taken care of a little actress that was having a baby a few months before! Somehow I tied it all up. I'd bring in Tam's name and watch her; I'd lay traps, and she fell into them all. She talked about Belmont; she'd been there until a few weeks before my case."

"One day after I got well I went to Belmont. The rest was easy; the man at the gas station identified Tam, and I went up the road to the Hutton place. The old lady was there, digging plants, and the kid with her."

Tamara and George, seated again, regarded him in silence. Tam's face was drained of color.

"If you feel that way about it," she said presently, in a dead voice, "then there's nothing more to say. Mary is in Europe, you couldn't see her. But I suppose you could hurt her—

scar her. I'll go to the governor. I'll talk him over—I'll get something, reprieve or retrial or pardon—something." She stood up, lovelier, George thought, than he had ever seen her before—her eyes dark, her mouth scarlet in her pale face.

"Well, remember time counts," Mayne said ungraciously. He tapped George's arm. "Perhaps you'll hand me back that letter," he said.

"I think I'll hold it," George answered. "You'll get it back, but I'm going to keep it now."

"Oh, no, you're not!" Mayne said.

"Mayne, Tamara began quickly, "can't you be generous? You weren't generous to me; but I've forgotten all that—"

"How do you mean I wasn't generous?" A dull, ugly red crept up under Mayne's unhealthy looking skin. "I suppose you're hinting now that all that—eight years ago—was my fault! Throwing that up to me! You weren't to blame at all, oh, no! Women never are—it's always the man—but you can bet your life the women know what they want—"

Words, quiet, swift, incredible poured from him. Tamara stood looking at him, panting a little, the fingers of one hand lightly touching her cheek.

"Oh, no, no, no! I was never like that!" she said in a whisper.

"You can shut up, Mallory!" George said, not raising his voice. But the hand moved, and the clenched knuckles connected with Mayne's jaw. George had one arm about Tamara as the big figure went down heavily like a log, Mayne's head striking something with a horrible meaty sound as he fell. "Come on, Tam, let's get out of this!" George said, rushing her through the group that instantly collected about them. "You know where I am," he said impatiently to an officer who tried to bar their way. "You know where to find me!"

TAM was frightened: Mayne's great limp body looked so boneless and helpless as men raised it from the floor.

"What happened?" the sergeant demanded at the door.

"Nothing. The man is a damn fool!" George said harshly. "Let us pass, will you? I want to get my wife out of this!" The officer stood back; Tam and George went out together.

Mayne Mallory never recovered consciousness. Two days later he died.

*Has George's one moment of fury wrecked his and Tam's whole future? Read the enthralling final chapter of "Woman in Love" in the March issue of Radio Mirror, on sale at your favorite newsstand January 26.*

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## Second Husband

(Continued from page 28)

arms around me. I've seen love and faith in his eyes!

"Dear, darling Brenda," he has said over and over and over, "never doubt I love you. It's my fear of losing you that keeps me jealous. Love me enough to understand!"

Bless Ben Porter for hurrying to me with the news that Grant had telephoned me at Pierre's a dozen times—been told I would be given his message—that I was too busy to come to the 'phone. And not one message did I get.

Now, of course, I'll stop working for Pierre. I'm needed—at home.

September 21st.

I was very gay today. I went with Mimi to a grand cocktail party. She wants to be friends, apparently, and for Grant's sake I'm glad to hoist the white flag, too.

I haven't told Grant about Mimi. I didn't want to hurt him or worry him. Besides if he refused to believe some of the more incredible things she's done I couldn't blame him. For Mimi has never done anything but generous and loving things to him.

But to get back to the cocktail party . . . I wore my new forest green suit. Peter Van Doorn, a portrait artist I met at Southampton, was there. And he implored me to sit for my portrait.

"Women with Titian hair often wear green," he said. "And it's fitting they should. But they wear jade usually. You would know enough to wear that darker shade."

September 22nd.

Peter is painting my portrait. I had my first sitting today.

Last night at dinner Mimi and Grant and I were talking of Grant's birthday which is only a few weeks off. And I decided to give him my portrait. So later, while he and Mimi were having coffee, I stole into the library, telephoned Peter, and arranged for sittings.

It's going to be just a little difficult sitting for Peter. He isn't all business. But soon he'll discover it's really a portrait I want—not lovemaking and not flattery. Then we'll get on splendidly.

Later.

Peter just telephoned that Grant had come to his studio in a rage!

At first Peter denied I had been there. He knew, he said, that I wanted my portrait to be a surprise. But Grant found my bag stuffed in the side of a chair.

Now my surprise is ruined. Grant will understand when I explain—I hope. And tomorrow I'll pick up the sketches Peter has made and tell him I can't go on with it.

What most concerns me is how Grant knew I was at Peter's studio. I didn't use the family car. I took a taxi. Could Mimi have eavesdropped on my telephone call?

If only Grant wouldn't walk into the traps Mimi sets, counting on his jealousy. If only Grant wouldn't be jealous. He'll bring disaster to all of us if he doesn't learn to discipline his

emotions. I'm sure of it. . . .

September 23rd.

Peter Van Doorn has been murdered!

It was four o'clock when I left Peter's studio. And he was alive.

Grant reached Peter's studio at four-thirty. And he was dead.

"Let me tell you about it from the beginning," Grant said tensely. "I called home here this afternoon to make my peace with you. I wanted to apologize for not coming home last night—after I'd found your bag in Van Doorn's studio and he'd lied to me about you being there. You know all about that, of course. He telephoned you, naturally."

"Well, when I called here Joseph told me he had driven you to Van Doorn's studio and you had told him not to wait. I went after you. And found Van Doorn on the floor, a knife beside him. It was pretty horrible. . . ."

September 24th.

They've arrested Grant. They traced me through the notations in Peter's appointment book. And the elevator boy they brought to identify me accused Grant.

"There's the gentleman I told you about," he announced excitedly. "There's the gentleman who was so white and shaky when he left poor Mr. Van Doorn's studio and I took him down in my car. . . ."

Grant's fingerprints tally with the fingerprints on the knife. I knew they

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would. Dazed, he picked up the knife and looked at it. He told me so last night.

September 25th.

Everyone believes Grant guilty—even Hellman, the famous criminal lawyer we've engaged for our defense. It's horrible to see Grant in a cell . . . Horrible, horrible . . .

Money isn't always an asset. Right now Grant's money is a handicap. The public and press are taking the attitude that too many rich men commit murder, thinking they can buy their way free, and that it's time a stop was put to it.

September 25th—Later.

I've just come from Peter Van Doorn's studio. The day before yesterday when I was there—it seems an eternity ago—there was a half-finished portrait of a woman on the easel. It's gone! And in Peter's appointment book the initials "J.L." are noted again and again.

"J.L." is the woman of the unfinished portrait. I'm sure of it. And somehow she's involved in his murder. Otherwise why would she have taken her portrait away?

I'll recognize "J.L." if I see her. But will I ever see her?

My only hope is that she may not be able to resist coming to the trial.

September 26th.

I've just put the children to bed. I try to keep our tragedy away from them. But they hear the servants talk. And sometimes, for all my care, they see newspapers.

"God bless General Grant and let him come home safe . . ." Fran said.

Dick was more definite. "Don't let them put him in the electric chair," he prayed. "Please God!"

I cried out at that. And I was grateful when their warm little arms were thrown around me.

November . . . 15th, I think.

I'm in court all day. There's been no time for entries.

Grant pretends he has hopes of acquittal. And I pretend I'm delighted with the impression we're making on the jury. But we both know our days together are few indeed unless a miracle happens.

"J.L." could prove to be that miracle. Every day I watch for her.

November 18th.

"You could save Grant," Mimi told me tonight as we drove uptown. "Testify Van Doorn was your lover and the jury will consider Grant has every right to defend the honor of his home."

I looked horrified. "There must be another way . . ." I said.

"Don't be so pure," Mimi taunted me. "After all, it's because of you that Grant is in this mess . . ."

That was more than I could take.

"It's because of you Grant is on trial for his life—not because of me," I told her. "You listened to me talking on the telephone and you played upon Grant's jealousy and sent him to Peter's studio."

She was pale. But she ignored my accusations and continued talking.

"The unwritten law is Grant's only chance," she said. "Hellman, incidentally, asked me to broach the subject to you."

I didn't say so to Mimi but if that is the only way, I'll do it.

November 19th.

I've found "J.L." of the unfinished portrait! Her name is Judith Litchfield. I saw her in court and followed her home. But she dares me to put her on the stand.

"I'll tell them Peter Van Doorn was painting my portrait," she defied me. "I'll tell them I was in the studio when he was murdered. And I'll tell them I saw your husband kill him!"

Hellman begs us not to bring her into court. Nevertheless I've had her called. Grant feels, with me, that she may break under cross-examination.

November 20th.

Judith Litchfield went on the stand today. And she testified as she said she would.

"I saw the defendant stab him," she concluded. And there was no question about her effect on the jury.

"I doubt," Hellman told me coldly, "that even you can save your husband now."

And Mimi looked at me with hate naked in her eyes.

I wore a simple black dress as Hellman had instructed me to do.

I took the stand. And I testified in the way Hellman had coached me.

"I was lonely in New York," I began. "Mr. Van Doorn was kind to me. At first I didn't know he expected favors in return for his friendship . . ."

Every word I uttered gave me pain. I had to keep telling myself they were only words and that if words could save Grant I should give them gladly.

"But when Mr. Van Doorn did ask favors," I went on slowly, "I . . ."

Grant sprang to his feet. "Stop," he cried. "Stop, Brenda, stop!"

The judge rapped for order. The District Attorney asked for a mistrial, insisting it all was a plot to influence the jury.

Then, down the center aisle, came a man no longer young, a man with a face the color of ashes. Every eye in the court-room was upon him. The attendants let him pass. And the air was fraught with tension, the way it is before a storm. And when that man came up to the judge's bench the storm broke.

"I killed Peter Van Doorn!" He screamed it. "I'm the husband of Judith Litchfield who has just testified. Men like Van Doorn should be killed—like rats. But I can't let an innocent man die for my crime."

Then, before anyone had fully grasped his words—there was the sharp report of a pistol and he fell—gladly I thought—to the floor while Judith Litchfield screamed.

November 21st.

Grant is home! Grant is free! We're going to drive into the country and rest for a while at an old inn Grant knows about. We're taking the children with us.

In many ways I feel I should go off with Grant alone. On the other hand the children have come through a frightful time too. I don't want them to feel even a little slighted now.

A woman with children who takes a second husband needs a sensitive antenna. For she must anticipate even those trivialities of conduct that might cause her husband or her children to feel insecure in her affections.

But one thing has happened to make me hope that the future will be easier. Mimi has left New York. I think she felt a little ashamed, when she saw how far I was really willing

to go to save Grant . . . and when she saw how stanchly Grant supported me. I feel no bitterness toward Mimi.

January 12th.

How quickly life can change! For more than a month I have felt safe, happy. And now . . .

Tonight, as a treat for the children, Grant and I had our dinner in the nursery suite. Fran, learning to assume housewifely duties, had ordered our dinner.

These days I include Grant in the little treats I plan for Dick and Fran. I used to arrange such treats when he would be busy and I would be free. But I think this the better way.

Our evening started off beautifully. Then Nana Norton arrived. She's an actress. Once she and Grant were practically engaged. In a way she's attractive. But I wonder about her.

She complained she had no show on Broadway because no one will put up money for a musical production right now.

"The Broadway money men must be insane, Nana," Grant protested. "Personally I'd consider a production in which you starred a fine investment."

Nana turned his polite remark into an out and out offer.

Tomorrow Grant is lunching with Nana and her manager, Higgins.

I mistrust Nana. I said so. And Grant resented what he called my "feminine snap judgment."

January 15th.

Ben Porter investigated Nana for me. A few years ago she caused a divorce in the Jonathan Cook family. And right now she is threatening a fine young man who is half infatuated with her with blackmail.

February 25th.

I know now how right I was in mistrusting Nana. Grant decided to back her new show. I didn't say anything. I only prayed he wouldn't get hurt—and hoped I wouldn't.

But she is a great star, and her show was a great success when it was put on a week ago. Grant thinks she is wonderful, and refuses to believe anything against her.

Last week-end a party of us went skiing up in New England. It was Nana's idea.

The last day we were there Grant and Nana got lost. She started down the wrong side of the mountain and, of course, he went after her. When darkness came they took shelter in a summer cabin.

"Fortunately," Grant told me later, "there was food in it!"

I didn't tell him that one of the local men who searched for them with me had told me the cabin in which we found them belonged to Benny Higgins, Nana's manager.

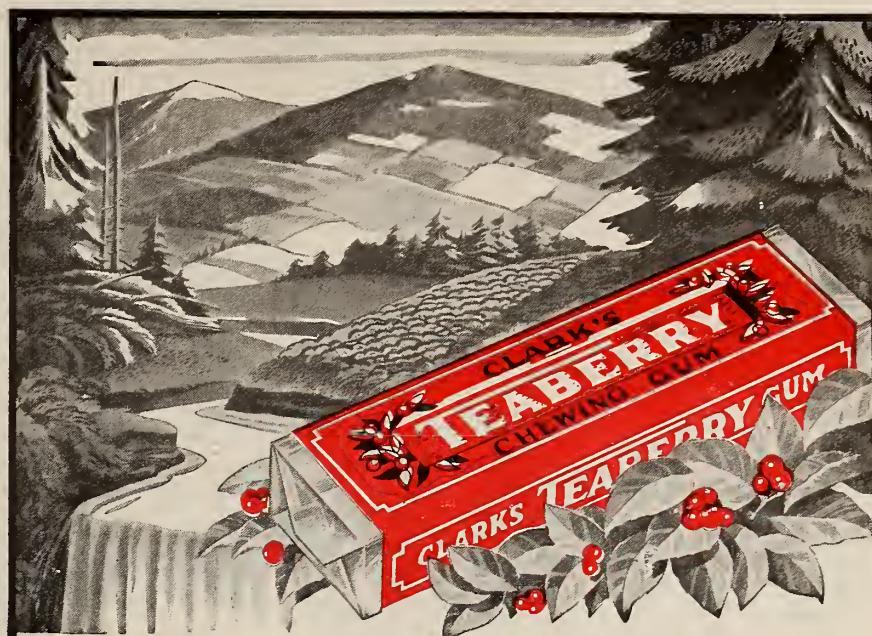
I did say I doubted that Nana really had sprained her ankle—that I thought that had been her ruse so he would carry her.

And never before has Grant been so angry with me. He left for the office without kissing me good-bye. But I think he was as angry as he was because he knew I told the truth.

That means it won't be long now before Grant and I will be good friends again . . . without unspoken differences between us.

The 25th—Later.

What an optimist I was when I made the entry above.



## SEARCH THE WORLD OVER

Search the world over and nowhere will you find the flavor of mountain freshness—the zip and tang of the clean, sweet mountain air as you will in Clark's Teaberry Gum. It has a distinctive taste all its own—a flavor fresh from the mountains.

Buy a package—get that taste! It's wonderful!

**CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM**

**SHE TOOK OFF  
80 POUNDS**

Not long ago this girl weighed 196 pounds. She was embarrassed, ashamed and miserable. Then she made up her mind to reduce. Look at her now—116 pounds of slim, trim loveliness. In Physical Culture for February she tells exactly how she took off 80 pounds of excess weight, improved her health infinitely and realized her secret ambition to become a photographic model. If you are overweight remember that what she did you can do. Be sure to read her story, apply to yourself the information she imparts and streamline your figure.

**BEWARE THE COMMON COLD**

The common cold is one of the most universal of ailments and probably causes more misery and loss of time than any other disease. In Physical Culture for February Rasmus Alsaker, M.D., gives a program for health that will prevent colds and outlines instructions for quick relief of symptoms that everyone should know. In your own best interests get a copy of Physical Culture today and read his extremely valuable advice.

**YOUR PERSONAL HEALTH PROBLEM!**

Everybody has a health problem of one kind or another. Readers of Physical Culture are invited to write in regarding them. Each month a number of health questions are answered. In the February issue neuritis, boils, abdominal noises, backache and asthma are discussed. Maybe your problem is among them. If not write the "Questions from Health Seekers" department regarding it and watch for the answer in an early issue.

**ALSO IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE**

War Rations—Destroyer of Unborn Children • Congress Should Investigate the A.M.A. • Physical Culture Girls on Tropic Shores • The Body Beautiful • "I'm Going to Walk Again" by Connie Boswell • Hockey—Fastest Game of All • Sleep, Lady, Sleep, Keeping Fit With Helen Macfadden • Protect Your Baby's Delicate Skin • Stretch Out for Health • Pacific Adventure • Why Grow Old by George W. Calver, M.D. • Wilderness Wife • A Chapter from My Physical Culture Life • Exercise Your Cares Away. Physical Culture Nutrition Department.

Read Physical Culture every month. It is a good habit that pays dividends in health.

# Physical Culture

# Priscilla LANE tells you how to take an ACTIVE-lather facial—



**COSMETIC SKIN**—little blemishes and enlarged pores—spoils good looks. Don't risk it! Make sure you remove stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. Use all the cosmetics you like, but let Hollywood's ACTIVE-lather facials give your skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing. Buy three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today. Use it during the day—*ALWAYS* at bedtime. It's a care *your* skin needs to stay soft and lovely.

9 out of 10  
Screen Stars use  
**Lux Toilet Soap**

Grant and I are through, finally and completely. When he reached home this evening he had not regained his good temper. But that isn't what I can't forgive him. It's the fact that he turned on the children!

Dick and Fran were cutting out pictures of Grant and Nana and me. The newspapers featured a story about Grant, wealthy theatrical producer, and Nana, star of his musical production, being lost overnight in the snowy mountains of New England.

"Does the whole house have to be upset," Grant stormed, "just because you children take it into your heads to cut a lot of stupid pictures out of the paper?"

They gathered up their papers and scissors and scurried away like frightened little animals. But at the door Dick found his courage.

"You never did like us anyway," he told Grant. "Not really, not the way our own father would like us if he was there."

"You're an ungrateful little boy," Grant said.

And Fran, sobbing in the hall, kept calling "Dick . . . Dick, come on . . . Don't say anything . . . Dick, please."

I thought, sitting there, listening to those I love quarreling, that my heart would break.

February 26th.

The children and I are living in a hotel. Once again I'm faced with the fact that I must earn a living. After last night it would be impossible for Grant and the children and me to live together. And once again I'm confronted by my photograph in the newspaper.

I don't blame Grant for making our separation public. It was Nana undoubtedly who set the press on our trail. For the more definitely she can estrange Grant and me the better it will suit her. It's Grant's money she wants. And the way she would be most certain of getting it—and keeping it—would be by marrying him.

Ben Porter brings me contrite messages from Grant. He asks that the children and I return or that I let him take care of us financially, at least. But in all instances my answer must be "no."

March 7th.

I'm in the theater. Fantastic and unbelievable, that's what life is!

Several days ago Christopher Harwood, the famous producer, called on me. He saw my picture in the paper and considered me the ideal type for the leading feminine role in "The Girl from Arizona", which he's about to produce.

He asked if I would read for him and his associates—so they might determine whether it would be possible to coach me for the part. I read for them and—as I thought and as they feared—I wasn't up to anything like a leading role. Finally, however, they signed me to play a maid.

Raymond Rogers, the leading man, is charming. He goes over my lines with me and shows me how to get the most out of them. He takes me to luncheon. And several times when newspaper reporters have besieged me for statements about my personal affairs he's been invaluable in helping me avoid their more embarrassing questions.

Today Grant was waiting at the

stage door when Raymond Rogers and I started out for luncheon. So the three of us went along together.

Raymond had to rush back to the theater because Helen Hope, who is playing the feminine lead, was being difficult about many things. So Grant and I did have a little time alone. And I was glad. It was the first time I'd seen him since I moved away from his home.

"Brenda darling," he said, "I want you to know that Nana Norton isn't important to me. She never was personally. And now I've had enough of her professionally, too. As soon as this play closes I'm saying good-bye to her. For good."

He looked at me tenderly and meaningfully. "She's cost me dearly," he added.

I believed him. I've never thought Nana was important to Grant personally or emotionally. But now I wonder . . .

This afternoon Benny Higgins stopped in to watch our rehearsal. He was, he explained, leaving for Hollywood within a few hours—to get things under way for a picture in which Grant is backing Nana.

And the evening papers corroborated his story.

I'm hurt and confused. Never before has Grant told me an untruth.

Has Grant committed some new folly that will ruin the understanding he and Brenda are so frantically searching for? Can a young widow really be happy in a new marriage? Be sure to read the concluding instalment of "Second Husband," in the March issue of Radio Mirror.

# WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

BY HORACE BROWN

THE KITCHENER-WATERLOO Y. M. C. A. CHORUS . . . tuned to CFRB, Toronto, or CKCR, Kitchener, any Sunday night at ten o'clock, you'll hear a half-hour of negro spirituals, popular songs, ballads, marches and hymns by forty fresh young voices.

Those kids *really* have something. I'd heard them myself on several occasions, and marveled at their musical proficiency and the sweet and earnest quality of their singing. But when I heard the story behind the Kitchener-Waterloo Y. M. C. A. Chorus I marveled even more. This 'teen-age group of 36 young gentlemen, and six very charming young ladies, cannot read a note of music. It sounded like a gag, but Don McLaren, their talented conductor, explained the why and wherefor. The chorus is never allowed to see a note or a word. In other words, the conductor is the boss; the chorus is the instrument upon which he plays. He thinks, acts, and all but sings for forty young persons (who can't read a note of music among them, remember), and the chorus never sings a number in public or on the air until it has been thoroughly learnt.

Now, that in itself is remarkable, but when I tell you that this is a sponsored program that isn't commercial, you will begin to feel some of my own bewilderment when I explored this unusual and, to say the least, refreshing setup.

J. M. Schneider is head of J. M. Schneider, Limited, and J. M. Schneider, Limited, is the biggest thing in the little town of Kitchener, Ontario. Schneider bacon and other products are justly famous; Mr. Schneider is very proud of them. So, when he sponsors the Kitchener-Waterloo Y. M. C. A. Chorus he insists that there be no sales talks on his program! It all came about because of Mr. Schneider's philanthropic interest in the work of the Y. M. C. A., an interest that has extended over the years.

**I**T all gave me a bit of a heart-warming glow. After all, radio is a business, very often a hard-boiled business, and to find a genuine case of "one for all and all for one," without thought of a material reward, leads to pleasant reflections that "human nature isn't so bad when you get down to bedrock."

Don McLaren, who was born at Maniwaki, Quebec, was employed by the Y. M. C. A. during the World War to direct entertainment and educational work amongst the garrison at Quebec City. He is a graduate of McGill University. In 1926, he was in charge of the boys' work at Quebec City Y. M. C. A., following which he took charge of the Kitchener "Y," where he has been for the last ten years.

All membership of the chorus is on

a purely voluntary basis, with a waiting list, in case someone should have to drop out. The boys and girls work in and around Kitchener in factories and stores and with insurance companies.

The program has also been a matter for civic pride. On every broadcast some prominent resident of Kitchener gives a little talk on the history of Kitchener, its development, etc.

**T**Hese are the members of the chorus: first tenors, Fred Handy, Bill Stumpf, Claude Chislett, Jim Brown, Frank Cottingham; second tenors, Lloyd Current, Rex Carson, Max Zink, Stan Bock, Cam Williams, Ken Brand, Geo. Ruhlmans, John Sheard, Jeff Hancock; first basses, Stewart Snyder, Harry Hihn, Vincent Dietrich, Jack Slumkoski, Ken Henrich, Harold Seifried, Art Seabrook; second basses, Ed. McAvoy, Walter Bentley, Ted Cudmore, Albert Gammon, Frank Danney, Harold Current, Bob Brown, Ted Wright; girls, Edna Franks, Gert Franks, Evelyn Weis, Rita Weis, Phyllis Current; accompanist, Dorothy Schweitzer.

Try the Kitchener-Waterloo Y. M. C. A. Chorus on Sundays at 10 p.m. over CFRB, Toronto, and CKCR, Kitchener, for a half-hour of charm and vitality. At the very least, I can guarantee no commercials on this sponsored program.

Beech-Nut Gum

WHEN NERVOUS TENSION  
GETS YOU DOWN  
JUST USE THIS GUM  
FROM FLAVOR-TOWN

It is always refreshing and restful. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies (candy coated)—Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Below is the famous "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N.Y.—known for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.



# MAMMOTH 1940 CONTEST NOW RUNNING

## WE WILL PAY

# \$25,000.00 in prizes

## FOR FORTY TRUE STORIES

Year after year Macfadden Publications, Inc., extends to men and women everywhere a wonderful opportunity to add handsome sums to their incomes by setting down in words true stories that have happened in their own lives or the lives of friends or acquaintances.

Already we have paid out well over \$600,000 in prizes alone for true stories and in addition we have purchased many hundreds of other true stories at our liberal word rates. Of this vast sum, a large, a very large percentage has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication.

The chances are that you have lived or observed a story that we would publish gladly if you would write it and send it in. Do not feel that because you have never written that you cannot write. If these other men and women had felt that way they would be poorer by perhaps a half million dollars. Simply say to yourself—"Others have done it—I can do it—I will do it."

In writing your story tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings, and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit regardless of how skilfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis to each of the best ten true stories received will be awarded the munificent sum of \$1,000 and to each of the next best thirty true stories will be awarded the handsome sum of \$500. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Contest closes Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

### CONTEST RULES

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

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll. DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HAND-WRITING. THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

### Prize Schedule

10 Prizes of \$1,000 each.....	\$10,000
30 Prizes of \$ 500 each.....	15,000
40 Prizes—	Total \$25,000

### Contest Rules—Continued

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON, OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

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

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**This contest ends Tuesday, April 30, 1940.**

**Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

**COUPON**

RM-2

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C  
P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station  
New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full.)

### Our Gal Sunday's Romance

(Continued from page 15)

When they were children, Bill and Sunday had roamed the hills together, fishing in the tumbling mountain streams, sharing thoughts and experiences and confidences. But lately something had happened. They could not talk to each other any more except in stiff, difficult sentences, and each seemed afflicted with an intolerable shyness in the presence of the other.

"It isn't that I'm jealous, Sunday," Bill said, keeping his eyes on the floor. "I guess you—know how I feel about you. I don't need to tell you. If you'd have me I'd be the happiest man in the world. But if you should find somebody else you like better—and if you'd only tell me—why then I'd know where I stood, and I could wish you all the luck in the world—"

SUNDAY said affectionately, "Dear Bill. I wish—oh, I wish I loved you the way you want me to. Maybe I do, and don't know it yet."

"Then you're not in love with this Brinthope fellow?" Bill asked.

"Oh, no!" she said too emphatically. "Why, I hardly know him!"

"Yeah?" Bill's voice was doubtful. "Well, he's been spending a good deal of time up here, and the other night I saw you out riding in his big car."

"He was just being nice to me," Sunday insisted stoutly. "And as soon as he gets his business affairs straightened up here, he'll go away and I'll probably never see him again."

Why should that prediction, made so defiantly, make her turn a little cold with the fear that it might be true? She didn't love him! She mustn't! How could there ever be any happiness for the two of them, with the shadow of Arthur Brinthope—dead or alive—between them?

And besides—she heard again Arthur's own words, equally true of Henry: "I come from a very old family—it wouldn't be right for me to marry you, Sunday."

The door opened, and she looked up to see Jackey come into the room. From his face she knew at once that something was wrong.

"Excuse me, Bill," Jackey said, "but could I talk to Sunday a minute?"

"Sure," Bill assented, getting up. "I was just leaving. G'bye, Sunday. Remember what I—I mean, g'bye."

"Listen, gal," Jackey blurted as soon as they were alone. "We're in trouble. Plenty trouble. I just talked to a feller named Poole—a detective young Brinthope's hired to track down his brother. And he's on to somethin'."

"How could he be? What did you tell him?"

"Didn't tell him nothin'. But he's a smart feller, and he knows Arthur didn't just melt into thin air. He's been talkin' to Lively, too. Found

### IMPORTANT!

The winners of Radio Mirror's Hobby Lobby contest will be announced in the March issue

**ON SALE JANUARY 26**

that out when he asked me where I was the afternoon before Brinthrope disappeared. He meant the afternoon I shot—”

“Yes, yes!” Sunday exclaimed with a shudder. “I know.”

“Well, I told him I was out in the hills prospectin’ with Lively. Then he looks at me sort of funny, and says, ‘Well now, that’s strange, considerin’ Lively told me an hour ago he was out prospectin’ alone that afternoon!’”

“Oh, Jackey! If we’d only warned Lively! Now the detective knows you lied to him, and he’ll be suspicious.”

Jackey turned to the door. “This finishes it,” he said. “Knew all along I ought to give myself up. Can’t have a detective snoopin’ around here, gettin’ everybody in trouble. I’m goin’ down and see the sheriff right now.”

“No, Jackey, no!” Sunday cried. “I can’t stand it if they take you to jail. It was all my fault anyway! I’ll fix things up somehow, so nobody’ll ever know. Lord Henry’s coming up this afternoon and I’ll speak to him—”

“Yain’t goin’ to tell him you knew what happened to Arthur all along?” Jackey asked suspiciously.

“No—I won’t do that. Only, won’t you go away and let me see him alone? And don’t do anything until after he’s gone!”

“Well, all right,” Jackey agreed.

It was sunset, the hour of her meeting with Arthur, when Henry Brinthrope came to the cabin.

“Hello,” he said cheerfully. “What’s the matter, Sunday? You look worried.”

“Lord Henry,” she said seriously, “will you do me a favor?”

He looked down at the youthful gravity of her face, and said in amusement, “Of course, Sunday. What is it?”

“Will you tell your detective to go back to Denver and forget about finding your brother?”

In the silence that followed she saw the look of amusement fade from his face, and as if to forestall the question he was bound to ask she began to talk rapidly.

“It isn’t as if anything could have happened to him, Lord Henry. He must have just gone away somewhere—you’ll hear from him again, I’m sure.” (And for all she knew, she told herself fiercely, it was true. He must still be alive!) “And it doesn’t do any good to have a detective prowling around Silver Creek—it makes people here think you suspect them of doing something to your brother, and—and they don’t like it—”

“Just a minute, Sunday!” he broke in. “You know this is a very serious thing you’re asking me to do. Aren’t you going to give me any reason for it?”

Her eyes faltered. “I—can’t.”

“But you must,” he said gently. “Sunday, darling, you can’t do this to me. Don’t you know how fond I’ve become of you—just in the few days we’ve known each other? And I hoped you were fond of me, too—fond enough to trust me.”

“Oh, I am!” she said. “But—can’t you trust me, too?”

“Yes,” he said surprisingly. “I can. I’ll call the detective off, if you say so, Sunday. But I wish you’d tell me why. Not because I don’t trust you, but just because I want us—you and me—to be good friends. I . . . love you, Sunday.”

She turned away from him, burying

her face in her hands. “Oh, no, no,” she sobbed. “You mustn’t say that. We—we can’t—”

“But why not, Sunday?” he persisted.

“Because—because I’m going to be married pretty soon—to Bill Jenkins!” Sunday said wildly.

LIVELY complained that everybody was acting pretty glum, when you considered it was Sunday’s wedding day. He pointed out that Sunday was pale and jumpy, Jackey’s face was so long it scraped on the ground, and even Bill didn’t seem to know how lucky he was.

There might have been a good reason for Sunday’s pallor—she’d fallen off her horse a few days before the wedding, and scratched her arm so badly that it had to be bandaged. But when Lively asked her if it wasn’t hurting her more than she let on, she said it wasn’t, in a tone that sent him away grumbling to himself even more.

All the same, Lively’s concern was justified. The whole arm was numb, with a sort of dull, burning numbness, and Sunday knew that its condition was reason enough for postponing the wedding. But she didn’t dare postpone it. Another day, she might not be able to stand quietly while the minister made her and Bill man and wife. Another day, the vision of Henry Brinthrope’s face might send her flying into his arms.

All morning on her wedding day, she held fast to one thought—that in marriage to Bill there lay safety—trying to fill her mind with it so completely that there would be room for nothing else. And she succeeded, until the moment when she entered the little church in Silver Creek, and saw Bill waiting for her at the altar. She tried to smile at him, then, though her lips felt stiff. Then her eyes slipped past Bill, and found Henry, standing alone in one of the pews, looking at her so intently that she knew he wasn’t aware of anyone else in the room. She took another step forward, but her legs wouldn’t work very well, and her arm felt as if it were burning up, and suddenly she didn’t know anything else at all.

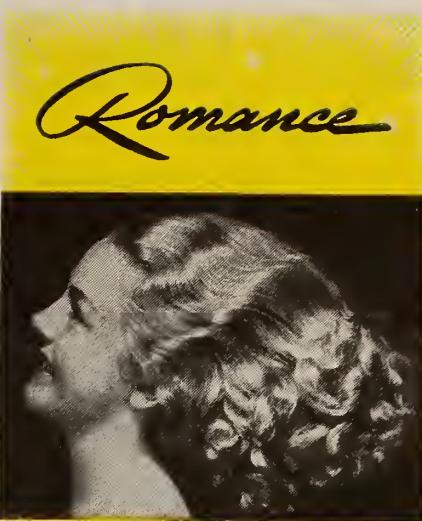
A week later Sunday was still in her room at the little Silver Creek hospital, recovering from the attack of blood-poisoning, due to her injured arm, which had interrupted the wedding. It had been good to have this respite, she knew now—good both for herself and Bill. She’d been able to think things out, quietly and alone, and in the process she’d realized that it wouldn’t be fair for her to marry Bill, no matter how much he wanted her.

When she was better, she’d tell Bill she couldn’t marry him, and if Henry hadn’t left Silver Creek by then, she’d get Jackey and Lively to let her go away to college, so she could start life all over again. But meanwhile, it was pleasant to lie here in this bright, sunny room, with its flowers and books, and be fussed over, and see Jackey and Lively and Bill and Henry every day.

She looked up eagerly as she heard the voice of the nurse out in the hall. “Just a minute, please. I’ll see if she’s awake.”

The nurse entered and said, “There is a woman to see you. She says her name is Miss Morehead.”

“Miss Morehead?” Sunday puzzled.



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25 LBS., NEW STRENGTH  
THIS SCIENTIFIC WAY

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You see, it's now been scientifically proved that thousands of people are thin, wornout and cranky—hardly able to eat, sleep or work—simply because they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

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If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you long for, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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"I don't know any Miss Morehead—"

But Miss Morehead herself had already followed the nurse into the room. Sunday saw a large, flashily-dressed woman, with curly blonde hair under a big hat, and a face that was at once guarded and bitter.

"I'm Violet Morehead," the visitor announced. "I'd like to see you alone, if you don't mind." She seated herself and drew out a cigarette case while the nurse, disapprovingly, left the room; then she blew a cloud of smoke at Sunday and came to the point.

"I CAME here," she said, "to find out if it's worth anything to you to have me keep quiet about who killed Arthur Brinthrope."

"Who—killed—" Sunday's lips could barely form the words. "But I don't know what you're talking about."

"Quit the kidding," Violet Morehead advised her briskly. "I know your old man—your guardian, or whatever you call him—shot Arthur. And I know you'd hate to see the old boy get into trouble over it. I'm willing to keep quiet—for ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars! Why—I haven't got it. And besides—"

"Besides nothing. You can get it, or I'll go straight to Henry Brinthrope and tell him what really happened to that brother he's been trying to find. He might think the information was worth the ten thousand."

"But where could I get that much money?" Sunday cried in despair.

Violet Morehead's hard eyes narrowed. "If you're smart," she remarked, "you can get it from Henry." She stood up, dropped her cigarette on the linoleum-covered floor and

ground it out beneath a pointed toe. "Well, there it is. I'll be back at the same time day after tomorrow, and you'd better have the money."

When she had gone, Sunday lay with helpless tears running down her cheeks. She'd done the best she could—she'd put away all thoughts of loving Henry, she'd persuaded him to dismiss the detective—and now, in spite of everything, the truth was to be told at last! Of course she couldn't get the money. Jackey and Lively didn't have it, and she wouldn't ask Henry. Not even to save Jackey.

She had two days' grace before the Morehead woman was due to call again, and she used them in trying to find a way out of the dilemma she was in, trying to find some way other than the one her heart told her she must eventually take. Because there was no other way, this time. At last she must tell Lord Henry the whole story and appeal to him for whatever help he could give her.

She told him on the morning of the day Miss Morehead had said she'd return—told him everything, her infatuation for Arthur, Jackey's warning, Arthur's proposal and its tragic consequences. He listened with a grave face, holding tightly to her hand, and when she had finished he said:

"Sunday! You poor, darling baby—carrying this secret all by yourself! Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I couldn't! He was your brother, Henry! I was afraid you'd hate us—Jackey and me—and that you'd have Jackey arrested!"

There was a new tenderness in his smile. "Of course you'd think that—because I never told you my own

opinion of Arthur. I daresay it's just as low as Jackey's. Arthur's the black sheep of the family, dear, and while I don't say I'd approve of having him shot, his absence isn't a loss to anyone that I know of. I'm glad to know he's still alive, though."

Sunday's eyes widened. "But, Henry—Miss Morehead said Jackey had killed him!"

"Nonsense," Henry said briskly. "I don't suppose she bothered to tell you how she knew that? I can't fill in all the details, of course, but I'd be willing to bet that Arthur picked himself up, sneaked away to Denver or San Francisco, met this Morehead woman and cooked up a scheme to get some money out of me through you. Morehead isn't a Silver Creek woman, is she?"

"No," Sunday said. "I know everyone in Silver Creek and I've never seen her before."

THEN that just about proves that Arthur's alive and living somewhere else. If she wasn't in Silver Creek when Jackey shot Arthur, how would she know that it had ever happened—unless Arthur has seen her since, and told her?"

"Of course!" Sunday breathed. "I should have thought of that—only I was so scared—and confused—"

He leaned over her. "You've had more than your share of trouble, darling. . . ."

Then, quite simply and naturally, he kissed her, and her unbandaged arm was around his neck, holding him close, so close it seemed that she would never let him go again.

Some time after, he said, "Now you'll marry me, won't you, Sunday?"

"Yes! Oh, yes, if—if you want me to."

"I'd like the wedding to be in England, I think—wouldn't you? How would Jackey and Lively like a trip to England? Could we transplant them for a while?"

"They'd love it, Henry."

"Then you lie here and plan your trousseau," Henry said. "And I'll go outside," he added grimly, "and see your Miss Morehead before she comes in here. I think I can send her on her way in a very short time."

Again it was Sunday's wedding day, but this time Lively had no need to complain about the general disposition. Even the sky was bright and shining.

Sunday, giving herself a last survey in her bridal gown, whirled and threw her arms around Mrs. Sedgewick, Lord Henry's aunt.

"Have you ever been so happy you felt as if you might burst? Just fly apart into a million pieces?" she demanded. "That's how I feel now. I hope—" she sobered a little—"I hope I don't get so excited I forget what I'm supposed to say during the ceremony."

"I'm sure you won't," Mrs. Sedgewick assured her, with a little hug.

"You know," confided Sunday, "there was just one thing I worried about. Bill. You know, the boy I almost married back in Silver Creek. I know we wouldn't have been happy together, and it was best for me to break the engagement—but I was afraid he might still be in love with me. And this morning I got a cable, announcing his marriage to someone else! It made everything perfect!"

Everything remained perfect,

throughout the ceremony and the wedding breakfast which followed it. Sitting at the head of the table, Sunday squeezed Henry's hand, and felt him squeeze hers back, in their silent language of adoration.

Lady Brinthrope! They were calling her that! A footman was at her elbow, whispering the name into her ear at that very moment.

"Lady Brinthrope—there is a young

### C A S T

On the air, the cast of Our Gal Sunday is as follows:

SUNDAY..... Dorothy Lowell

LORD HENRY..... Karl Swenson

BILL..... Carlton Young

JACKY..... Jay Jostyn

LIVELY..... Joseph Latham

person in the library who insists upon seeing you at once. I told her you were occupied, but she seemed very agitated, and said she'd only keep you for a moment."

"Why—" She looked down the table. Breakfast was over, and everyone seemed busy and happy enough. Henry, at her right, was talking to his aunt. "All right," she said.

In the shadowy library a young woman faced her.

"I am Diane Bradford, Lady Brinthrope," she said in a voice that showed she was near hysteria. Her

face was a dead-white mask above her black dress. "I tried to get here sooner, before your wedding."

"Before my wedding!" The words struck terror to Sunday's heart. "What do you mean?"

The woman stepped aside. In the leather chair behind her, Sunday saw a basket—a tiny basket of straw, lined with satin. Small pink hands waved wildly in the air; bright blue eyes regarded her with owlish interest.

"I couldn't let you marry him without knowing," Diane Bradford said in a voice that steadily grew louder and more hysterical. "This is Henry Brinthrope's child!"

Sunday heard herself say, stupidly, "You must be insane! Lord Henry is my husband."

The woman snapped open her bag, fished in it a moment and then produced a slip of paper which she held out in a shaking hand. "He admits it! Read this—the letter he wrote back when I begged him to marry me!"

Silently, Sunday obeyed. It was a sheet of the Brinthrope Manor newspaper. On it, in Henry's handwriting, were a few lines:

"I shall not try to evade my responsibility. I shall provide for the child. Nothing more. Henry Brinthrope."

How will Sunday receive the dreadful accusation Diane has made against Lord Henry? Has she found happiness only to lose it again? Read the next chapters of this exciting novel, based on the CBS air serial, in next month's RADIO MIRROR. And remember to tune in every Monday through Friday at 12:45 E.S.T.

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Here's help that Soothes Throat and then ...

Wakes Up Nature's "Protector Secretions"

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Liquefies, Loosens clogging Phlegm

THE immediate soothing action of Piso's, as it clings to your dry, irritated throat membranes, is only the first step in relieving your cough due to a cold. For you also get an important PLUS-ACTION in this modern formula Piso's.

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Depend on Piso's (Pie-so's)—not for its local "throat-soothing" action alone—but for its more important inside-working systemic effect. Piso's is good for adults and children. All drug stores in 35c, 60c bottles.

**PISO'S FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS**



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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passage with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## How to Sing for Money

(Continued from page 25)

from a competent teacher can be of great help to you. By competent I mean a teacher who understands the requirements of singing popular music, who sees what you want to do, and who sympathizes with your purpose.

By all means, stay away from the old-fashioned teacher who is steeped in the Italian tradition, who focuses on building up your volume, distorts your vowels, rubs his hands with satisfaction as you scream operatic arias, and swoons with ecstasy when your vibrato rattles the windows five blocks away. Stay away also from the charlatan, the musical racketeer, for he will ruin your voice along with your pocketbook. Recognize him by his over-emphasis on commercialism, by his glib sales talk, his too-attractive advertisements, and his impossible guarantees of what he can do for your voice and career.

So, choose your teacher carefully; don't hesitate to discard him if he turns out to be the wrong man, but once you have confidence in him, trust him and stay with him in preference to chasing will-o'-the-wisps, for a consistent following of one method is essential. But don't be strung along. Don't commit yourself for more than a few lessons at the start: anywhere from six weeks to six months should give you the basis you need to come up to our simple standards. On the other hand, don't go to the other extreme and try to cram everything into too short a time.

### YOUR SONGS

THE next important thing for you to do is to determine to what one Singertype you belong; that is, what type of song your vocal equipment and personality enable you to handle best. Of course, we're taking it for granted that you want to sing "popular" songs; but you may not know that there are no less than six different kinds of popular song, and that most singers can successfully deliver no more than three of these.

Just what is a popular song? The classical singer who dismisses everything not essentially operatic with the dated snort, "Jazz," is guilty of loose thinking, and unless he has already found his place in the sun, he's fore-going an opportunity to capitalize on his voice and training. Equally far from the truth, however, is the conviction of the rabid swing fan that popular music begins with Shoot the Likker to Me, John Boy, and ends with Hold Tight.

"Popular songs" are those commercially published in the style of the hits of the day, written with the intention of being played and exploited by the dance bands of the country and capable of being sung in tempo while dancing is going on.

In other words, songs with "foot-appeal," which boys and girls can sing to each other as they dance.

Popular songs, in turn, can be broken down into six subdivisions.

Operetta songs, at the top of the heap, are akin to "standard" and near-classical numbers, mostly of the light opera or operetta variety, such as I'll See You Again, L'Amour, Toujours L'Amour, Deep in My Heart.

One step down are the Torch Songs, songs of strong passion, unrequited love and the like, which are suited to a heavily emotional treatment: such as Body and Soul, Night and Day, Stormy Weather, and Moanin' Low. Both song types demand a good voice.

But the Ballad is the average popular song, the type most in demand and most often performed. Being the easiest to sing, it's the hardest to sing distinctively. The Ballad group includes songs of light romance (I'm in the Mood for Love), sentimental regret (The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else), philosophy (Save Your Sorrow Till Tomorrow), eulogy (You're a Sweetheart, and the Mother songs), nostalgia (the homesick idea), and so on almost without end. Waltzes and tangos are usually delivered in the manner of this group. Most ballads ask very little more of a voice than that it be pleasing, but the need for singing them with distinction calls for delivery-technique.

RHYTHM songs, generally bright and jingly, are meant to be sung in strict dance tempo. Examples are Goody Goody and I Must See Annie Tonight. Many musical comedy tunes are of this class, such as You're the Top and F. D. R. Jones; also the rhumba songs, and those describing certain dances, such as The Lambeth Walk.

Swing ("Hot") songs are "of the mode" of the day to the point of slavishness but the mode changes rapidly. What once was ragtime, blues, jazz and stomp is now swing, and will be something else soon. Flat Foot Floo-gee, A-Tisket A-Tasket and that unmourned epic The Music Goes Round and Round are examples.

Swing (or any "hot" treatment) is characterized by the use of the written melody primarily as a point of departure for spontaneous melodic and rhythmic variations, and while swing songs are often done by singers of excellent singing ability, they are even more effective in the hysterical manner, which requires only voice enough to shout, husk, whine, rasp, or what have you. Therefore, the requirement of voice quality is very low, but a highly specialized delivery-technique, plus natural flair, is vital.

Comedy songs are seldom published nowadays; they're usually written to order for a specific comedian, and designated in the trade as "special material." Still, an occasional comedy song reaches the public, such as the old Yes, We Have No Bananas and Joe Penner's I'm From the City. In this type the humor of the lyric or the delivery is everything. The song is more often "spoken" than sung, and the voice requirement is zero. However, the very peak of personalized delivery-technique must be used and the song done by one who is naturally funny.

Of course, our song classification is flexible. Tea for Two, for instance, can be rendered as a ballad, a rhythm number, or a swing song, and a singer like Connie Boswell can do it all three ways. But, while you are learning, leave this versatility to Connie.

Bing Crosby can do a professional job on all six Songtypes. He's an exception. The average girl singer will do well to master Torch, Ballad and Rhythm. The average male singer stops with Rhythm and Bal-

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## CASH FOR READERS' LETTERS

Look through all the advertisements in this issue of Radio and Television Mirror. Pick out the one you like or dislike most. Then write us a letter telling why. You need not praise the ad, but your letter must be frank, contain original suggestions or criticisms. Or, if you prefer, write us about the product itself; whether you like it or dislike it and why. For instance, how do you use the product, because of its great economy or measure of convenience, or some outstanding fact. Fancy composition is not important. 50 words is plenty for your letter. Macfadden Women's Group will pay \$2.00 for each letter accepted. Address letter to:

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\* Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: TRUE ROMANCES, TRUE EXPERIENCES, TRUE LOVE & ROMANCE, MOVIE MIRROR and RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR. These five publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

lads. Most swing singers, unless of the coon-shoutin' variety, can learn to sing Rhythm songs and Ballads.

Which Songtype or Songtypes are the ones you should sing? Well, that is something you must determine by trial, error, and plenty of thinking and self-analysis. You must learn what one Singertype you naturally belong to; that is, what type of song your vocal equipment and personality enables you to handle best. Then concentrate on it for a while, until you feel perfectly at home. Only then should you begin to work into the Singertypes just above and below it.

## GETTING YOUR START

It seems to be a custom of the day for actors to write magazine articles warning the beginner to stay away from show business. I don't agree. If it's so unattractive, why are these pro-tem authors in it themselves? I have only two cautions. Don't try to break into show business for its glamour (because there isn't much of any from the inside looking out) and don't enter it expecting a free ride to fame and fortune. It is, however, a very interesting way of making a living. If it has its drawbacks, so has any other business. The only completely satisfactory occupation is that of retired capitalist, and that's an even harder field to break into.

Well, about getting a start—bridging that broad gulf between amateur and professional status, the jump from doing it for fun to doing it for money.

It's a pet belief of mine that a lot of able singers fail to break into the professional field because they shoot too high for their start. You can't walk out of the house and crack a radio commercial, swank nitery, name band, musical comedy—or even pictures, no matter what you may gather from those criminally misleading Cinderella stories. Two reasons. First, no matter how good your friends consider you, you're terribly raw material until you've had commercial seasoning. Second, the competition is too tough these days. There are scores of able professionals after each one of these plums, and to beat them out, you must be better than any one of them. It just doesn't stand to reason that you are—yet. After all, it's a long life, so why not spot Fate a year or two and acquire a professional polish in some lesser job, which you are much more likely to get?

## The Small Radio Station:

There are hundreds of small radio stations in the big cities as well as the small ones. Most of them fill in their non-commercial time with phonograph records, and a live talent program might interest them, especially if you have a local following to point to. You'll probably get no money for it, Frances Langford didn't—but you'll be well paid in experience, plus the fact that you're building up a professional record, and going on the air where someone who needs a singer like you may hear you.

As to how to go about it, I recommend Kenny Baker's way, which was to take his music in one hand, his nerve in the other, and march down to the station, telling the man what he wanted to do, why he should like the idea, and asking for an audition.

# MOTHER! IT'S "CRIMINAL" TO SUFFER IN SILENCE!



## RELIEF IS YOUR RIGHT AND YOUR DUTY!

If any trouble is needful of attention, it is simple Piles!

Simple Piles cannot only plague and torture you, but they can tax your health. Yes, they can drain strength and vitality and make you feel and look like an old woman.

Both men and women suffer from simple Piles. But, women, during pregnancy and after childbirth, are particularly subject to this trouble.

### TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

### SEVERAL EFFECTS IN ONE!

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

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If you get a turn-down, try the next station on your list, and make enough of a nuisance of yourself in a nice way until somebody gives you the break you're after.

At each audition, say, and mean it, "I want you to tell me frankly and honestly just what you think of my singing." One or two adverse opinions may be wrong, but if they all stumble about in search of a tactful way to say you're awful, you probably are. Even if they say you're "fair" that isn't enough, because to get anywhere in this business you've got to be more or less outstanding.

### The Small Night Club:

You may find an opening in a small night club, or more likely in one of the roadhouses that dot the highways around even the smallest cities. An introduction to the manager will help you here, but if that can't be arranged, just drop in (possibly as a guest), and ask for an audition, having your music out in the car so that you can try out on the stand immediately if things work out that way. If you can point out delicately that your presence will bring new business, it won't do you any harm.

### The Local Dance Band:

Try the small-city dance band, or the non-name band in the metropolitan centers; you'll probably work free if the unions allow, but the experience will be worth your time. Meet the leader at a dance or in his off time and put up your story, asking him to let you sing for him at a rehearsal.

And keep an eye out for talent hunts, beauty contests, amateur hours, opportunity nights, and the like. The occasional crooked one is usually spotted by an entry fee, a tuition charge, or some more cleverly designed device to get your money. Many, however, are on the level and can really lead to something. Ginger Rogers got started by way of a Charleston contest.

Of course, if you should happen to be a channel swimmer, or a child bride, or a tennis champion, or the gal who just shot her husband, you need no help from me. The boys will come to you, carrying their checkbooks before them.

Well, suppose we take a deep breath and draw a conclusion or two? What do you need to get a start?

First, and all important, you need to know your trade well enough to be at least adequate in the engagement you're after. It's obvious? It should be, but if you could see the people who waste their carfare to come to auditions for work which is hopelessly beyond them, you'd agree that it isn't. I've mentioned this before, I'll mention it again, and I'll probably end up with it, because it's the most vital piece of advice I can give you. Know your trade.

Next, you need crust—or someone with crust to get in there and pitch for you. This is a highly competitive business, a necessarily callous one, and one in which the brushoff has been developed to a fine art.

Right along with crust goes persistence, the will to keep trying and trying in the face of discouragement.

Luck does enter, though not to the extent you might think. For one thing, a lucky break will do you no

good if you haven't what it takes to hold down the job it brings you. For another, the lightning of luck can't strike you if you're hiding in a subway; by which I mean that you can do a lot toward helping the breaks to happen. Every apparent break has something more substantial behind it. True, Vallee was lucky that the radio came along just as he was getting his real start, but he had the foresight to see the power of this new medium while others were still calling it a toy, and the courage to hitch his wagon to an untried star. The only topflight singer who got her start by pure, unreasoning luck, so far as I know, is Martha Raye. She was born into show business and began to sing commercially at the age of two.

As you may have noticed, I've been discussing this whole subject more or less from the angle of the dweller in the town or small city. The same sort of thing applies all the way along the line, because even New York (as far as starting in a small way is concerned), is really just a collection of neighborhoods, with the same small radio stations, the same small night spots, and the same local dance bands. If anything, it's a bit easier to get a start in the small place than in New York (certainly easier than in Los Angeles, which the over-supply of talent makes a special case). New York, Chicago, and the other metropolitan centers have more openings for singers, I admit, but the small city has less competition.

I hope, by the way, this answers that perennial question of the kids from Keokuk, "Shouldn't I leave home?" Stay where you are. If anything, the New Yorker might have a better chance of getting his foot on the ladder if he bought a one-way ticket to your little home town. I'm not just trying to soothe your heartburns; I mean it sincerely, and I know from experience what I'm talking about. Make your start where you're known.

BUT make yourself known. Don't keep your singing a secret. Get around. Grasp every opportunity to sing in public, and create the opportunities if you have to. Learn from these appearances all you can about pleasing audiences; drain your surroundings dry of all the information on your trade they can give you; and create a local following in the process, until everybody in town says, "Jane Jordan?—she's the girl who sings!"

To conclude. Once you get your start, your first job, remember it's only a start and nothing more. Now is the time to really go to work; to nail down your technique, polish off your rough edges, develop the beginnings of your style, and generally achieve the professional touch. I'll tell you, and a few years from now you'll agree with me, that you're a lot greener than you think. But six months, a year, or two years of exhausting but priceless experience in the fire of commercial practice, and you'll either be back earning an honest living, or ready for the next step.

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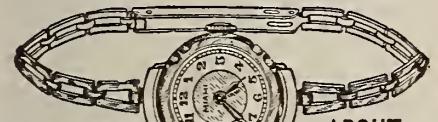
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## Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 29)

sense solution. What makes this an item, is that members of the cast believe in doing as they tell the listeners to do. Of the show's cast four are happily married to each other, and have been for years. They are Gale Gordon and Virginia Gordon and the Lee Millars.

\* \* \*

It looks like wedding bells for Maxine Gray, grand singer of songs, and Tommy Lee, radio magnate.

\* \* \*

Orson Welles paid \$150.00 just to arrange a late showing of a movie, which he couldn't get to until after midnight.

\* \* \*

**THIS COULD HAPPEN ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD:** Horace Willard, porter in the CBS building, was dusting off a cigarette machine in the corridor last week, when Glenhall Taylor, producer of the Silver Theater paused for a pack. "I wish you'd give me a chance, Mr. Taylor." So, Sunday, November 5, found Horace Willard playing two roles, one comedy and one straight dramatic, in "The Road Goes Further," which starred John Garfield. The next day he was back at his porter's job.

\* \* \*

Loretta Young leads the parade to date of film stars to appear as radio guests this year.

\* \* \*

Ann Todd, seven-year-old actress who plays the role of "Amy" in "Those We Love," is a second cousin to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

\* \* \*

**HOLLYWOOD MAIL BOX:** A note from Walter Winchell: "I think Ed. C. Hill's programs are fine!" And so do we, Walter.

\* \* \*

**ANENT THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES:** These are the poorest radio adaptations conceivable . . . just synthetic stories barely based on the Sherlock Holmes tales.

\* \* \*

**SOMETHING To LOOK FORWARD To:** When Marlene Dietrich appears in a radio playlet with her own grown-up daughter playing opposite her!

\* \* \*

Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, screen and radio valet to Jack Benny, ought to incorporate himself. He owns five race horses, one prize fighter, one-quarter interest in a bootblack stand, two-thirds interest in a butcher shop, and one-half of a sea-going yacht!

\* \* \*

Frances Langford and Jon Hall are thinking of adopting a baby.

\* \* \*

**PREACHER MATERIAL:** Mrs. Ethel Gumm, Judy Garland's ma, has set the wedding date of her marriage to William Gilmore.

\* \* \*

**NIGHTSPOTTING:** Madeleine Carroll and her newest heartbeat, Richard Halliday, dining tête-à-tête at Café la Maze. The Jimmie Fidlers, Bob Hopes and yours truly tossing off some spaghetti at Villa Nova.

\* \* \*

When your reporter announced that Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul would tie the knot, there were howls galore, but I still insist it's an "on-the-level" romance.

## HOW TO SING \$ \$ \$ FOR MONEY \$ \$ \$

**Secrets that Make Singers Popular Revealed by Vocal Coach of Stars**

Your voice may be far better than that of many who sing for radio and movies, yet they make big money. Why? Because they know what to sing and how to sing it to win fans and get contracts! They know how to get auditions; what the "mike" will do to and for the voice; they know the practical side of the singing business! Now this immensely valuable knowledge is yours. Charles Henderson, famed Hollywood vocal coach, tells you everything it takes to make a successful singer, all in a fascinating, fast-moving, easy-to-read book of 379 pages. It's the first book to tell you how to make a hit in putting over popular songs; first book that gives you the real "inside" on singing for radio, movies, dance orchestras, night clubs and recordings—first book that tells you clearly and completely what to do to turn a singing voice into big time money. Helps you whether you have a voice teacher or not.

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TIME Magazine: "Canny appraisal of the ins and outs of fame—singing, NEW YORKERS, money and so will you if you're a singer, who can put the Henderson lore into practice." ETUDE: "Hardly anything of practical nature it has not touched. We recommend it highly."

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Pat O'Malley is scoring a solid hit on the Alec Templeton shows. His Hollywood friends are pulling for him to be the next radio comic sensation!

Hollywood hasn't had high praise for CBS' new "Pursuit of Happiness" programs. Too stilted!

The "Drums Along the Mohawk" broadcast over Kate Smith's program was much better than the picture!

Mayor La Guardia is trying to get Hollywood to move to New York for pictures. La Guardia can't even hold the radio shows in New York. Every day they move more and more to Hollywood for origination!

When Joe Donahue, "Blondie" pro-

ducer, and Mary Eastman tied the knot, it was a surprise even to them. Couple were sitting in a Hollywood nightspot, imbibing and eating heartily, when the bandleader noticed them and played a romantic ditty in their honor. Joe and Mary took it seriously, called for a telephone, hired aviator Paul Mantz to fly them at once to Yuma. They haven't regretted it . . . yet.

Don Ameche departs from the Edgar Bergen show for good January 7, when it cuts its time to thirty minutes.

Whenever Clark Gable goes on the air he always asks for Paula Winslow to play opposite him. He even insists on her part being built up and that she gets billing.

## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 35)

gan's band, playing in Detroit.

When he made this decision in 1927 he knew he could expect little help from home. His folks had counted on Bob carrying on the tradition. Music was all right as a hobby. But if he insisted upon it as a profession, he would have to tackle it alone.

It took Bob twelve years to finally attain recognition—years crowded with obstacles and mistakes.

Perhaps if Bob hadn't hung around the neighboring late hot spots his life might have been a lot different.

There he discovered such visiting musical greats as the late Bix Beiderbecke, Louis Armstrong, the Dorsey brothers and Gene Krupa.

THEN one night Ray Ludwig and Don Murray suggested that they finish the evening with a jam session right in the goggle-eyed collegian's dormitory. Bix, Gene Krupa, and the Dorseys agreed. The surreptitious musicale awakened the whole school and the dazed Chester had to alibi masterfully to an irate dean.

And when Bob introduced Tommy Dorsey to Mildred Kraft, in the Grey-stone Ballroom a few nights later, he gained two friends for life. The Detroit girl soon became Mrs. Tommy Dorsey. Grateful for this favor, the bespectacled trombonist imparted to Chester a wealth of musical knowledge that Bob never learned at the University.

After working with Morgan in a Detroit theater, Bob hopped from one band to another—Paul Specht, Arnold Johnson, Ben Bernie, Irving Aaronson, Ben Pollack—until in 1935 he decided to organize his own.

Astute managers found it easy to get the handsome society scion engagements. The band played Detroit, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Kansas City and Dayton. The life was easy—too easy. Bob became smugly satisfied. He lost the perspective sharpened in early life by the teachings of the musicians he met back at school.

This was the way Tommy Dorsey found him early in 1939. His friend soon found out what was wrong.

"Say, this band doesn't sound like the one I thought you would lead," said Dorsey frankly.

"What's wrong with it, Tommy? We work. We break records around here," countered Chester.

"Okay, Bob, if that's the way you

want it," argued Tommy. "But you'll never reach the top. Chuck this band and start fresh in New York."

Dorsey soon won him over and Bob disbanded his aggregation and headed for the big time.

New York attracted him. The women were beautiful—too beautiful. The night clubs were numerous—too numerous. By the time Chester had exhausted his nocturnal tours, he had built up a reputation for gay living. Furthermore, other young musicians, eager to start bands of their own, had beaten him to the punch.

Tommy Dorsey kept after him and finally directed Bob to the door of Arthur Michaud, a veteran band manager. Michaud had from time to time handled the professional destinies of the Dorseys, Benny Goodman, Red Nichols, and Buddy Rogers. He listened carefully to Chester's ambitious, though belated plans. Then he lit a cigarette and spoke:

"Bob, the field is crowded with new bands. I don't need any more. Besides I have to get the feel of a band before I handle it."

"Come to a rehearsal," Chester suggested.

"I don't need to do that. Tommy has told me plenty and he is seldom wrong. He thinks that once you get started you'll really click. But let's be perfectly frank—" Michaud twisted his swivel chair around, and continued, "I have no confidence in you."

Chester just tightened his lips and went out the door.

The manager's reluctance to team up with him nettled Bob. It also woke him up. New York was not as easy to conquer as native Detroit. He kept rehearsing the new band although no engagements were in sight.

Instead of raiding other bands, Bob tried a new experiment. He dug up promising newcomers. One of these is pianist Buddy Brennan who soon revealed a savage boogie-woogie style. He picked up 18-year-old Alec Fila, a trumpet player in a Passaic, N. J., night club. Men like Garner Clark, another horn tooter, bass player Ray Leatherwood, and saxophonist Manny Gershman, had not seen active service in New York.

The news that Bob Chester's new band really had "something" flickered across the grapevine that clutters Tin Pan Alley. Chester became conspicuous by his absence from late-evening

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True Story

haunts. He moved to an inexpensive Broadway hotel. On week-ends he trekked to Tommy Dorsey's Jersey estate. Here he and Tommy took the band apart and put it together again.

The grapevine reports finally reached Michaud. This time the manager responded. By July he was handling Chester. Things began to happen. A guest appearance at the Hotel New Yorker resulted in a swing of the entire Hitz hotel circuit (which has just concluded). Leonard Joy, Victor record executive, signed him to make a dozen waxings for Bluebird. One of these turned out to be RADIO MIRROR's own "Shoot the Sherbert to Me Herbert."

In October he secretly wed Edna Torrence, a blonde ballroom dancer.

Once again he defied convention and upset the plans his parents had made for him. Only this time Bob is certain he won't find too great opposition. It's one booking he's got set for life.

### OFF THE RECORD

#### Some Like It Sweet

Baby, What Else Can I Do?; So Many Times (Victor 26386) Tommy Dorsey. Clean-cut sweetness as Dorsey introduces his new female warbler, Anita Boyer.

Bless You; Speaking of Heaven (Bluebird 10455) Glenn Miller. Miller proves his deserved success is no fly-by-night. Each record produces original qualities.

Scatterbrain; At Least You Could Say Hello (Decca 2767) Guy Lombardo. A waxed pancake sprayed with Lombardo syrup. Frankie Masters, an up-and-coming bandleader, penned "Scatterbrain" which has become a hit.

I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Give It Back to the Indians (Columbia 35236) Mary Jane Walsh. Intelligent caroling of two Rodgers and Hart classics from "Too Many Girls" by one of the cast. Mary Jane should attract some sponsor who wants a sophisticated songstress.

Who Told You I Cared; Just Got a Letter (Victor 26391) Sammy Kaye. Conventional capers cut by the swing and sway star. Sammy himself is featured on the correspondence.

\* \* \*

#### Some Like It Swing

Chico's Love Song; Jumpin' Jive (Decca 2756) Andrews Sisters. Exciting harmony, running the gamut of Broadway jargon, including a bit of Yiddish, double-talk, and dipsy-doodles. A must for everyone.

I Surrender Dear; Lady Be Good (Bluebird) Artie Shaw. Excellent revival of two old favorites.

Twee-Twee-Tweet; For the Last Time (Vocalion 5126) Cab Calloway. The hi-de-ho harbinger of hot-stuff continues to represent Harlem on the platters and we can't think of anyone who could do it better.

What Used To Was; Lilacs in the Rain (Decca 2763) Bob Crosby. One of those half-and-half platters, with Dixieland doings on one side and mellow moods on the other.

I'll Remember; Tap Dance (Bluebird 10433) Cliff Nazarro. This record is not swing or sweet but a classic exhibition of double-talk by Jack Benny's mixed-up monologist, Cliff Nazarro.

Willow Weep For Me; My Buddy (Columbia 35242) Harry James. A haunting trumpet played by one of the James boys (not Jesse) easily saves this one from the average rating.

Bud Westmore, Beauty Expert at 20th Century-Fox, applies Westmore foundation cream for Brenda Joyce.



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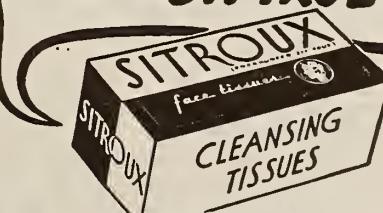
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After the court battle over the possession of little Tim, which ended with the boy's father, Steve Cortland, voluntarily giving Tim to Bess Johnson, Steve and Bess entered upon a new and friendly relationship. Steve had seen how selfish he had been, and now was willing to be Bess' friend, without thought of trying to renew their old love. Dr. Robbie Clark, meanwhile, showed signs of falling in love with Bess' sister, Linda, who was in Glendale on a short vacation.

Bess, feeling in need of a rest, accepted Steve's invitation to fly with him in his own plane to Canada. On the way they were forced down by bad weather, and were rescued in the North Woods by John Barry, an anthropologist and an old friend of Steve's. Bess, meeting Barry for the first time, found a strong bond of sympathy growing between them.

In Glendale, the friendship between John and Bess ripened into real love, and for the first time Bess found a man with whom she was willing to share her life, which had hitherto been given over entirely to Hilltop House and its orphans. When John asked her to marry him, she accepted. Gwen Barry, John's sister-in-law, learned of his whereabouts, however, and soon appeared in Glendale to make trouble between him and Bess by spreading the story that John was the father of her eight-year-old son, Roy.

John then revealed to Bess the whole tragic story of Gwen's background. She had been the wife of his brother, Roy, who died several years before John came to Glendale. All through her marriage with Roy, she had had designs on John, and had systematically tried to poison Roy's mind against his brother. In fact, Roy died believing that little Roy was in reality John's son. Nevertheless, he had made John

the executor of his fortune, the Barry Trust Fund which was being held for little Roy's inheritance when he grew up. Now it was Gwen's purpose to gain control of the Fund, by any means she could.

Meanwhile, the romance between Linda and Dr. Robbie reached a point where they decided to be married, but their plans were interrupted when Robbie received an offer to do special work in South America, and the wedding was postponed until he could return.

Gwen's actions in Glendale culminated in a suit against John, in which she claimed that he was not a fit person to administer the Trust Fund, and produced a letter signed by a Dr. Klinger as proof that he was in reality the father of little Roy. Through all the scandal, Bess kept her trust in John, and even persuaded Steve Cortland to look for Dr. Klinger, hoping that he would testify against Gwen.

At the climax of the trial in Glendale, Steve was successful in his search, and returned with Klinger, who testified that Gwen's letter, supposedly signed by him, was a forgery. This completely smashed Gwen's case against John, and she left town, exhibiting her real lack of interest in little Roy by telling John that since he seemed so concerned over Roy he could have him.

BESS and John then went ahead with their plans for being married on Christmas Day, but once again they met disappointment. Steve came to John with an order from the government in Washington, sending them both to the Island of Santo Rico, near South America, to investigate an important airplane project there. John, while hating to let anything interfere with his marriage to Bess, felt that his duty to the government was so great that he couldn't refuse to go—so once more the wedding was postponed.

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## What the "Other Woman"

### Taught Me

(Continued from page 11)

and Roger told me he wouldn't be able to come home for dinner, because he had a recording to make. We lived in the suburbs, and it was an hour's train ride to New York, so his excuse was perfectly logical. But to me, just then, quite unbelievable.

Some of that disbelief must have been in my voice when I answered, "Oh, Roger, another recording? Well, what time will you be home?"

"Why—not late," he said. "Why? You'll be all right, won't you?"

"Of course, dear," I managed to say. "Get home as soon as you can."

Bruce and I had dinner together—an unusual treat for him, which he welcomed with five-year-old cries of glee, because he usually had it with his nurse in his own room. I never believed in letting children dominate their parents' lives, but since I was alone anyway there was no reason I shouldn't have Bruce with me. I'm afraid I wasn't very good company for him, though. I couldn't put my mind on the task of talking to him, and before dinner was over he was watching me with wide, puzzled baby eyes. A little conscience-stricken, I took him into the living room afterwards and told him a long story before I put him to bed.

THEN I went to my own room. I put on my sheerest nightgown, and over it a negligee of pale blue that set off my eyes of a deeper color and my dull-gold hair. I touched my wrists and behind my ears with perfume, and carefully made up my face—not too much, just enough to heighten my natural color. After that I went downstairs, where a cheerful fire was blazing in the living room, and curled up with a book.

Nine o'clock—ten o'clock—eleven—almost midnight. At last I heard Roger's key in the lock, his step in the hall; and then he was coming toward me.

It flashed through my mind that I hadn't really looked at Roger for a long time. I'd forgotten how tall he was, and how handsome. He had thick dark hair, and heavy black brows over blue eyes, which gave him a rather stern expression except when he smiled, and then all the severity vanished and he seemed a delighted, rather mischievous boy. But I remembered, just then, that I hadn't seen that smile for some time.

He leaned over and kissed me. Perfunctorily. But I held him there a moment longer than he would have stayed of his own will, and it seemed to me that he pulled away from me.

"Hello, darling," I said. "I'm glad you're home—I missed you." I knew it was a stupid remark—he'd been late getting home before, and I'd never said I missed him—but I couldn't think of anything else to say. I felt a strange shyness with him. Because I had stumbled upon his secret, he no longer was my husband, whom I knew so well, but an inscrutable human being.

"Whew!" he said wearily, taking off his coat. "It's been some day. Let's go to bed, Jean. I'm tired."

"Poor baby," I said sympathetically. "But wait a minute. Sit down and

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let me fix you a drink, and you can sit back and relax."

He gave me a brief, insincere smile. "All right. It will be good."

A moment later, with a highball glass in his hand and his pipe lighted, he leaned back comfortably in the davenport. Beside him, I rested my head against his shoulder, and after a moment he set his glass down and put his arm around me.

"Remember Bermuda, Roger?" I asked softly. "I got to thinking about it tonight—about the wonderful time we had there. I'd like to go back some time, wouldn't you?"

"Umm," he said, in a sound that might have been one of agreement.

I pressed closer to him, rubbing my cheek against the rough material of his coat, then tilting my head back so my lips lay against his jaw, moved upward to his mouth. He turned and kissed me; but the kiss was cool, impersonal.

"Glad to see the old man at home?" he asked, and at the unexpected tenderness in his voice I said eagerly, "Oh, so glad! Oh, Roger, Roger darling. . ." And now I had thrown restraint away. For the first time in my life I was making love to my husband. For the first time, I was the pursuer, not he.

HE didn't move a muscle. Physically, he was still there in my arms. But spiritually, I could feel him drawing away from me in embarrassment. For a tiny bit of time we sat there, our wills in a silent struggle. Then he shifted his position.

Silently, I moved away from him. I could feel my cheeks burning, and I turned away a little so he couldn't see my eyes.

For a few minutes, we stayed there, talking, while he finished his drink. Then we went upstairs, outwardly friendly and casual. But he knew, and I knew, that I had offered him my love and been refused.

We undressed quietly and went to bed. I lay awake a long time, and somehow I knew that he was awake too—but though his bed was only a few inches from mine, it might have been miles away. Too many miles for me to bridge with my voice.

The next day I reached a decision. I could not fight in the dark this way. I must see Judith Moore!

Even now, I don't quite know all the motives that led me to that resolve. Mostly, I think it was instinct—the jungle instinct to meet one's enemy in open battle. But I have to admit that curiosity entered into it, too. I had to find out what kind of a girl had enslaved my husband.

I drove into town in the afternoon, leaving word that I was going shopping and would probably not be back for dinner. And as I drove I rehearsed what I would say to Judith Moore. I would be calm, but she couldn't help seeing that I meant what I said:

"I just came to tell you to stay away from my husband. I don't know what you expect to accomplish—I suppose you and he think you're in love. But I'll never give him a divorce, if that's what you're thinking of. And if you aren't interested in marrying him—" I'd make her feel my scorn here—"if you're willing to enter into some other kind of relationship with him, I simply wanted to tell you that I know all about it. And it has to stop, or I'll sue you for alienation of affections."

That was my real trump card. I knew how quickly a sponsor—any sponsor at all—would react to a scandal of that sort. He'd fire her at once. And Miss Judith Moore must know that too.

Would I carry out a threat like that? I didn't know. That was a question that could be answered later. The main thing now was to make the threat.

It would have been easy enough to meet Judith Moore at the studio, but there I would also have seen Roger, so I called a friend of mine at the advertising agency which produced the radio program, and learned her address and telephone number. About five o'clock I telephoned her there. Of course, perhaps she wouldn't be home, or Roger might even be with her, but those were chances I would have to take.

But she was at home, and alone. She hesitated, when I told her my name, and added, "I'd like to come up and see you for a moment, if it's convenient." Then she said, in her warm, slightly husky voice:

"Of course! Won't you come up now?"

It was hardly the answer I had expected, and on the way to her apartment house near the East River I decided she might be more clever than I had thought. Her coolness angered me so much that instead of being a little nervous, as I had thought I might be, I was almost looking forward to the meeting.

She opened the door herself. It was dark in the foyer of her apartment, and my first impression was only of a small, energetic figure who swung the door wide and beckoned me in with a generous gesture of her hand. Then we were in the living room—and I stopped, staring.

"Are—are you Judith Moore?" I stammered.

BECAUSE she was plain! There was none of the beauty I had expected to see in the pert, sharp-featured face before me. She'd been reading, and in one hand she held a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles; with them on she would have looked exactly like an earnest young school teacher. She wore almost no make-up, her brown hair was combed simply back into a short, neat bob, and her tailored suit, though it was a model of smartness, was also eminently practical.

Her eyes were twinkling with a secret amusement now as she answered my question with a simple, "Of course. And you're Roger's wife, aren't you?"

How coolly she introduced his name into the conversation—and his first name, at that! But my anger was mixed with confusion now. To cover it, I took refuge in my prepared speech:

"Miss Moore, I've come here to tell you that I know about you and Roger. I—"

She interrupted me quickly: "He told you?"

I didn't want to explain things to this woman, but something made me say, "No. I guessed. I heard you and him on the air yesterday."

Surprisingly, she nodded. "Oh, yes. Of course, then, you couldn't help knowing. But I didn't think he could have told you—because, you see, we've never spoken of—of being in love ourselves."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"I don't care in the least whether



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you believe it or not. I'm simply telling you: not one word or action of love has ever passed between Roger and me. Not that I would be ashamed if any had," she ended shortly.

"But you admit that he's in love with you—or thinks he is?" I pursued.

"Yes—I know he is. And to cut the cross-examination short, I'm in love with him."

"Then," I said, "I only want to tell you this: I won't get a divorce, ever. But, if necessary, I'm perfectly willing to sue you for alienation of affections."

She looked at me hard for a few seconds. "Do you know," she said slowly, "I really believe you would... Sit down, and let's talk this over. Would you like a drink?"

"No, thank you."

We sat down, facing each other, in two chairs which stood by the big window, overlooking the river. I thought, now, that I had frightened her, but her next calm words killed that impression.

"You must be quite a fool," she said. "You know that a scandal would ruin Roger's career just as much as it would mine. And then what would become of your nice house, your servants, your car?"

"Do you think that's all my marriage means to me?" I said angrily.

"Yes," she replied. "Yes, I do...."

I couldn't understand why, but suddenly our positions had been reversed. Now she was attacking me, and I was on the defensive.

LOOK here, Miss Moore," I said, "Roger and I have been happy for ten years. I've been a good wife to him. I've made him a good home, I've kept myself looking well, so he could be proud of me. We have a boy we both love. You can't blame me if I resent you—if I am angry when you walk in and upset all I've carefully built up."

"Are you sure Roger was happy until I came along?" Her voice was very quiet.

"Of course I'm sure!"

"He wasn't. If he had been, he wouldn't have looked twice at me, because Roger loves beauty and I'm—well, I'm plain, to say the least. He must have fallen in love with you, in the first place, for your beauty. But—

"Oh, you beautiful women make me sick!" she said suddenly, with an angry little motion of her head. "Just looking at you—perfectly dressed, perfectly done up—I can practically give you a history of your married life. You're vain. You're proud. And you think your beauty is something a man has to pay for. Somehow or other, you've got the idea that just for the privilege of possessing you a man ought to be glad to pay all your bills. And then you expect him to be faithful besides! It's too much to expect for something that isn't even to your credit to begin with!"

After this outburst she fumbled in a box on the table beside her, drew out a cigarette, and lit it, keeping her eyes away from mine.

I knew, deep down in my heart, that she had spoken the truth. For the first time in my life, someone had looked into my character and told me what she saw there.

"I'm sorry," she said a little sulkily. "I didn't mean to fly off the handle. Only—I do love Roger. I want him (Continued on page 81)

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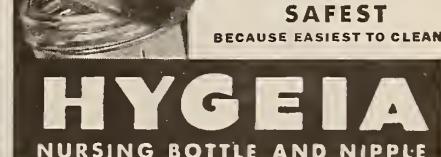
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# Photoplay Presents Its Great New Feature

## \*The MOVIE Book of the Month



Scene from Warner Bros. Current Picture "WE ARE NOT ALONE"

### COMPLETE in February Photoplay

The first of Photoplay's Movie Books of the Month is James Hilton's powerful novel "We Are Not Alone," recently produced and released by Warner Bros., starring Paul Muni and Jane Bryan. You may have seen it already or you may be planning to see it at the first opportunity. In either event it will be a decided pleasure to read the gripping novel from which the picture was created.

Buy your copy of the February Photoplay today. Read James Hilton's great novel, study the Hollywood styles that make Photoplay the recognized style authority of America, read its penetrating, informative articles, its thrilling and heart-warming stories, revel in its wealth of exclusive Hollywood photographs, its striking color effects and you will

understand why millions of appreciative readers look upon Photoplay as the aristocrat of motion picture magazines. Recognize it by its gorgeous cover — Clark Gable as Rhett Butler in Selznick's great production "Gone with the Wind."

#### Highlights of the February Issue

"We Are Not Alone," complete novel by James Hilton ★ Myrna Loy and Bill Powell Tell on Each Other ★ "How the Movies Can Help Keep Us Out of War" by Eleanor Roosevelt ★ Hollywood Fashions starring Madeleine Carroll ★ "Rhett Butler, Vivien Leigh and Me" by Clark Gable ★ Roundup of Neglected People including Ilona Massey, Lee Bowman, Helen Gilbert, Thomas Mitchell, and others and many other special features, stories and departments.

Nearly everybody enjoys seeing on the screen stories they have read and liked. Nearly everybody likes to read stories they have seen upon the screen and enjoyed. The editors of Photoplay recognize this fact and have done something about it that should please you immensely. Beginning with the February issue on sale January 10th, each issue of Photoplay will contain a complete full length classical or popular novel from which a current motion picture was taken—many thousands of words of thrill, suspense, drama, added to a magazine already filled with grippingly interesting Hollywood lore.



On Sale Wednesday, January 10

(Continued from page 79)

to be happy. If I thought I could get away with it, I'd take him away from you, but Roger's fine, and honest and clean. He wouldn't be happy, knowing that he'd thrown you and the little boy over. You've kicked him around for ten years now, and he doesn't really know it yet. He blames *himself* for falling in love with me, not the person he ought to blame—you. I'd never be able to persuade him that it was your fault, either, because these are things only a woman understands. He wouldn't even know why you came here today. He'd think it was because you loved him—not just because you didn't want to lose something that belonged to you."

"That's not true!" I cried. "No matter what else you say about me—at least that isn't true! I do love Roger! I wouldn't want to live without him!"

There was a long silence, while I heard my own words ringing in my ears and knew I had spoken the truth. I did love Roger. At this moment I loved him more than ever before.

She crushed out her cigarette. "Then," she said flatly, "I'm through, I guess. You needn't be afraid of me."

"You make me feel very humble," I said.

"That's what I mean," she said quickly. "You had everything a wife should have—beauty, brains, charm—except humility. That's all you lacked, and if you have it now, why—why?" she laughed in a choked sort of way—"you're practically perfect."

I GOT up to go, and held out my hand. "I can't thank you for what you've done," I said.

"You shouldn't. It's Roger who should do the thanking."

"I won't forget anything you've said, either."

"You'd better not," she said with another laugh—this time a more natural one. "Because I'll still be around, and I guess I'll still be loving Roger. Only I promise you—he won't know it."

My mind whirled as I drove home. I could see so many things clearly now, illuminated by the spotlight of Judith Moore's honest mind. Little things I had done to Roger, and big things too. Times I had made him feel how lucky he was to possess such loveliness. The selfish way I insisted upon keeping little Bruce in the background. My refusal to have another child. So many ways I had failed.

I felt deadly tired, almost ill as I turned the car into the driveway of our home. A light shone from the living room window, and the smell of burning logs drifted down from the chimney. I stopped the car and ran up the steps, through the front door, paused on the threshold of the room where Roger and Bruce sat before the fire.

Suddenly everything seemed real again, and Roger and my baby the most real of all—real, and greatly loved. A sob rose in my throat and I couldn't speak. I could only run to Roger and throw my arms around him, clinging tightly while I cried as if my heart would break.

It was the first time he had ever seen me in such a storm of weeping, and he must have been terribly puzzled. But perhaps Judith had called him—for somehow he understood, and stroked my hair with his gentle hand, and kissed me, and whispered tenderly against my cheek.

# BEATING THE MEAT BILL

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THE RIGHT WAY

*To Beauty*

By DR.  
GRACE  
GREGORY



■ The right way is the simple way, says  
Rachel Carlay, vivacious French singer.

AMERICAN women are admittedly the best groomed in the world. Also the busiest. In fact it seems that the women whose days are most crowded with activity are the very ones who make a fine art of looking their best.

The secret is, of course, that women who must plan every instant of their time develop simple, intelligent routines of beauty culture and stick to them. The difference between the time it takes to be merely decent and the time it takes to achieve maximum attractiveness is only a few minutes.

Rachel Carlay thinks so, and no one could be busier than this sparkling radio star. Yet when I saw her at the end of a hectic day she was at her loveliest—and that is very lovely indeed. Miss Carlay is a real American in feeling, although she was born in Belgium and educated in Paris where she made her debut at the Opera. She sang also at the Folies Bergères, and at the Opera Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels. Earl Carroll brought her to this country, and she has sung with Rudy Vallee. She is a versatile and accomplished musician. If she were not, she could never have achieved the most impossible task of adapting her powerful and brilliant operatic soprano to radio, toning it down to soft and colorful mezzo which so delights her fans on the Manhattan

Merry Go Round broadcasts Sunday nights over NBC. She sang a song for me both ways—as she would sing it for radio, and as she would sing it for opera. I could hardly believe it was the same singer.

The secret that Rachel Carlay and other busy but well-groomed women have discovered is that it takes no longer to do a thing right than it takes to do it wrong.

Consider the care of the teeth, for instance. We brush them two or three times a day. The wrong way does more harm than good. Industrious scrubbing, and brushing into the gum, tend to push the gum back and actually to wear away the enamel. Old and moist toothbrushes carry infection. Harsh dentifrices are harmful.

The right way is simple. Have two toothbrushes, and always use the dry one. Change your toothbrushes every month or so. Choose a good dentifrice. There are plenty of excellent ones—powder, paste, and the new liquid ones which leave your mouth feeling so refreshed.

Brush in the direction your teeth grow. Place the bristles on the gum, and sweep down on the upper gum and teeth, up on the lower. Use a

brushing-out motion. Scrub only the cutting surface of the teeth.

Remember that the object is not merely to clean the outside surface of the teeth, but to massage the gums and clean between the teeth. Do not forget to brush the inside of the teeth, also. We clean our teeth carefully for three reasons: for health, for the appearance of the teeth, and to keep the breath sweet.

Proper dental routines take no additional time. Proper make-up routines actually save time, because the make-up stays on. There are some women who are always fussing with rouge and lipstick. The knowing ones make up for the day and apply nothing but a little powder until the time for evening make-up. Here's how they do it.

First cleanse the face and neck with cleansing cream followed by soap and water. Next your powder base. Now take a little lipstick and soften it between thumb and forefinger. Use it as a cream rouge, blending carefully with the powder base. Now apply liquid lipstick to the lips—it has marvelous staying qualities. Over the liquid lipstick apply your usual lipstick. Now, it's practically indestructible.

Powder, apply your usual rouge, and powder again, very lightly. Now you are set for the day. Repeat the process for your evening make-up.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

## What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 3)

### THIRD PRIZE

#### THE BITTER SIDE OF RADIO

Every one sings radio's praises, and well they can. However, like everything else there is always the bitter side. To me, radio is almost a curse, with my son of school age fairly glued to it every moment.

In my childhood, mothers did not have radios to contend with in raising their children, but perhaps the worldliness which I must admit my son acquires through radio, and the self control which he eventually will have to exercise in order to tear himself away from it, for the more important business of school work, will make him a finer man.

I maintain if tuning constantly will make of him a successful radio announcer, I will give in to his wishes and let him continue his merry way.

—Mrs. Faun Fogel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### FOURTH PRIZE

#### THOSE DAYTIME SERIALS AGAIN!

I sincerely believe that I am an average American woman. I listen to the radio while I cook, iron, sew, etc., for relaxation and entertainment. And in the ensuing atmosphere of savage gorillas, gangsters, kidnappings, murders and attempted mob violence, with hysterical women and intolerant, mentally under-developed men as the chief characters, I scorch my clothes, or iron wrinkles into instead of out of them; my thread tangles into knots and breaks; my food cooks dry; and by the time my husband comes home from work I am as silly and screaming a nitwit as ever graced a daily radio drama.

Program directors, have a heart and protect your own sex from a domestic repeat in the home! If we must have radio dramas in the daytime why can't they be as frankly silly as Toby and Susie, or as humorously real as Vic and Sade?—Mrs. C. A. Hanson, Oakland, Neb.

### FIFTH PRIZE

#### WHEN IS A GROUCH NOT A GROUCH?

When you have to get up early in

the morning, you have a right to be grouchy. Haven't you? I don't know why not. And what could be more aggravating to that grouch than to hear someone on the radio being a little ray of sunshine?

But this Larry Elliott has a different effect. He gourches because he has to get up so early. He gourches because he has to sleep in the studio and then he turns around and gourches because he couldn't sleep there. One day he gourches because he had to make his own coffee; the next day he gourches because there wasn't any coffee to make.

The result is that, in spite of yourself, you can't help be glad you're not such a wretched mortal as one Larry Elliott, and so you start your day's work with your face shining like the mid-day sun.—Alta M. Toepp, Sloatsburg, N. Y.

### SIXTH PRIZE

#### WHAT A MAN!

John J. Anthony—what a man!

I think it is perfectly uncanny how he can grasp a person's whole life by a few questions and promptings, and lead him or her on to a safer, healthier, happier life—on the spur of the moment—and usually in such a manner that he leads the person to make his or her own decision—in such a way that they really think they decided for themselves—when it was really all his doing!—Miss Thora Eigenmann, San Diego, Calif.

### SEVENTH PRIZE

#### DELIGHTFUL TO HEAR

Tuning in on Alec Templeton Time is assurance one will hear music, not as heard last night and the night before, but melodic impressions which are different, clever, unique.

His flair for mimicry and subtle travesty are a source of delight—refreshing, captivating. For artistry as amazing as his perception is keen, a medal of merit to ALEC TEMPLETON.—Mary E. Lauber, Phila., Pa.

## Herbert Marshall's Love Tangle

(Continued from page 39)

was delightful and exciting.

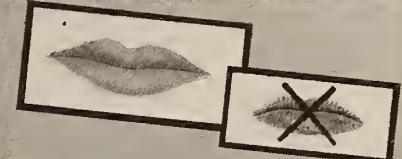
During this come-back in the theater, he met Edna Best. She had that extreme springtime freshness that sometimes comes to English girls, all clear, well-scrubbed skin, and shining brown hair and sturdy health and naturalness. Bart fell instantly in love with her. His debonair, ardent wooing easily captured her unworldly heart.

He might have tried to hide his love for Edna from Mollie. That would have been the natural, somewhat cowardly, and completely uncharacteristic thing to do. Instead, he went to Mollie, made a clean breast of things, and asked for his freedom. He and Edna were married on November 26, 1928.

Talkies came into Hollywood and the stock market crashed a year after that, but the triumphant Herbert

Marshalls were in enormous demand and, commuting back and forth between New York and London, they hardly noticed that. They were so in love. They played their love scenes every night and two matinees a week for the world, and played them at home every morning. Then the twins came. Babies really ruin speeches. Babies are literal. They have to be washed, fed, and put to sleep regularly. Telling them they're darlings just doesn't mean a thing to them. With Edna busy in the role of the delighted young mother, Bart went alone into pictures.

Bart was an immediate success in Hollywood. He liked the place and the people and the profession, and he urged Edna to get into movies too. Edna, in London, agreed more because she wanted to be with Bart than because she had any particular



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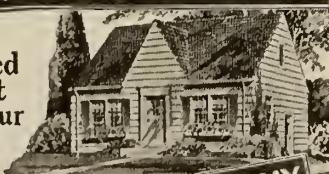
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picture ambitions. She came to America and got a part opposite Jack Gilbert, but just after she signed the contract Bart was called back to Broadway and she couldn't stand being further separated from him. She committed the unpardonable sin of troupers—walked off the picture and followed him East.

Hollywood laughed indulgently, really loving such a romantic situation. But it didn't allow sentiment to interfere with business, and it did not again cast her in a picture until Bill Powell was making his final one at Warner Brothers. They brought Edna Best back from London to play in that one.

**T**HEY should have let her stay in England.

For the whispers were just beginning about Bart's romance with Gloria Swanson and Edna's white, defeated face revealed that she had heard them.

Something had happened to the Marshall marriage. That something, of course, was that it had grown past the stage of romance, into the stage where Bart could not or would not follow it.

In Gloria Swanson he met his counterpart. Gloria has been married and divorced some four times, has borne two children and adopted a third. She is wise and witty, feminine and charming. Like Bart, she too retains to an astonishing degree the illusion of perennial youth.

Gloria, but this didn't mean that he and Edna picked up their life together where they'd left off. Bart stayed in Hollywood, Edna returned to London where she worked on the stage and in pictures. They were good friends—but they weren't man and wife.

That, then, was the situation when Bart met and fell in love with Lee Russell. For more than a year now Lee has had full possession of Bart's volatile heart.

Edna came to Hollywood most recently to play opposite Leslie Howard in "Intermezzo," but appearing in a picture was probably the least important thing that happened to her on that visit. She also met Nat Wolff, who is neither handsome nor dashing, but who is dependable and visibly much in love with her. She made the decision, too, to divorce Bart and marry Wolff, while Lee Russell becomes the third Mrs. Marshall. That, at least, is what will happen unless all present plans fail.

Nat and Edna, I believe, will live happily ever after. For Nat seems to love as the rest of us love, with that candor of wanting just to be near a person, to comfort and protect, to give and to worship. That is the kind of love Edna wants and needs now—the quiet satisfaction of his dependency.

Undoubtedly Bart, as their good friend, will approve of all that. He probably will never imitate it. Because he's still the romantic, the pur-



In Gloria Swanson, Bart met his counterpart. She is wise, witty, feminine and charming. Like Bart, she too retains to an astonishing degree the illusion of perennial youth. Here they are in one of the pictures taken while their romance seemed on the point of culminating in marriage—but Bart fell out of love again.

Once more, Bart went to his wife and told her frankly that he was in love with someone else, only this time the wife was Edna. He probably didn't recall that he'd played this same role before, and possibly Edna wasn't aware that she was playing Mollie's. But she waited, and while she waited she saw Bart fall out of love again. He fell out of love with

suer of the ideal, and will be, I have no doubt, until the day he dies. Don't condemn him, please. Let him be the dreamer that he must be—if only to show by contrast to his romantic search how comforting it is to be average.

And give him this enormous credit: he has loved his ladies so greatly, so well, that he has left them friends.

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1940

**Spring Dresses**      **\$3.98**  
Many as low as

*Just mail Coupon*

**FASHION FROCKS, Inc. Dept. B-200 • Cincinnati, Ohio**  
• I am interested in your offer. You may send me, without cost or obligation, the details of how I can make up to \$23.00 weekly and get my own dresses without a penny of cost.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Dress Size \_\_\_\_\_

*OUR 32<sup>nd</sup> YEAR IN BUSINESS*



Above: AN ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH.  
A. B. Mize of North Carolina  
grew some of the finest tobacco he  
ever raised—thanks to U.S. Govern-  
ment methods.

# Uncle Sam,

## TOBACCO EXPERT!

"U. S. Gov't methods have made crops better than ever...and Luckies always buy the choicer grades," says James Walker, 19 years an independent tobacco buyer.

Here's a 30-second interview with this veteran tobacco expert...

**Q.** "What are these methods of Uncle Sam's?"

**Mr. Walker:** "They're scientific ways of improving soil and plant food . . . that have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in recent years."

**Q.** "And that's what has made tobacco better?"

**Mr. W:** "The best in 300 years . . . even though crops do vary with the weather."

**Q.** "You say that Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"

**Mr. W:** "They sure do. The best proof is that they're the 2-to-1 choice of experts not connected with any tobacco company—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers. For my part, I've smoked them 10 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat—because it takes out certain harsh throat irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why...**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

Have you  
tried a  
**LUCKY**  
lately?



Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

ARCH

# Radio and Television MIRROR

10¢

A MACHINER  
PUBLICATION

GEY MARTIN

## I Want a Divorce

radio's Compelling Drama of a Faithless Wife

## WHEN A WOMAN DOCTOR LOVES

The Case History of HILDA HOPE, Daring Radio Heroine



*Yes,*

## YOU WILL BE MORE BEAUTIFUL WITH PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

*Its Color is Real—Not Artificial*

SUPPOSE YOU suddenly discovered a way to brilliant new loveliness . . . wouldn't you want it? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge certainly CAN'T give you all the beauty you *could* have if it leaves you with a painted, artificial look!

But PRINCESS PAT ROUGE is not ordinary rouge—it's duo-tone . . . an *undertone* and an *overtone* make each shade.

When you apply PRINCESS PAT ROUGE, a color-miracle takes place. Mysteriously, the true color of youth comes into your skin, so gloriously real *no one will guess it is rouge*. The effect is that the color comes from *WITHIN* your skin, like a blush, only much more thrilling. Hidden loveliness suddenly blooms. Somehow, you radiate fresh NEW charm . . . your new complexion beauty compels the admiration of those whom you have always wanted to love you. You actually SEE this amazing improvement take place—*instantly*.

But remember this—*only* PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the *duo-tone* secret. See it perform its color-miracle on YOU. Until you do, you *will never know* how lovely you really are.



**PRINCESS PAT**

*Tu-Shade*

Giant Size DOUBLE LIPSTICK

25¢



Here, in one double giant lipstick, are the two lipstick shades that fashion says you *must* wear now. One is a brilliant Bombshell Red—the other a Blue-Blood Red. Armed with a PRINCESS PAT Tu-Shade Lipstick there's no costume, mood or situation that your lips can't meet—with cheers! Two lipsticks in one. And think, it's only 25¢!



# Now! A Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps—ONLY CAMAY HAS IT!

*Let Camay help you to a Lovelier Skin and a More Radiant Complexion . . . Look for these Three Beauty Cleansing Advantages in the New Camay!*



We tested Camay against 6 other best-selling toilet soaps and PROVED its three amazing advantages. Now Camay actually brings most women a definite promise that its gentle, thorough cleansing will help them to a lovelier, more appealing skin.

THOUSANDS of beautiful women—brides, debutantes, wives and mothers—have thanked Camay for aiding them to a lovelier skin!

And now Camay is actually *improved!* You'll know it's different the moment you open a cake. There's a new, delightful, longer-lasting fragrance about it that you'll love.

#### *The Promise of a Lovelier Skin!*

Today, Camay's three great, beauty cleansing advantages—more abundant lather in a short time—greater mildness—new, exciting fragrance—all work in harmony to help give you new charm and allure.

Yes—now Camay actually brings most women a definite promise that its gentle, thorough cleansing will help

them to have a lovelier skin and a more radiant complexion.

#### *Try Improved Camay, now!*

Start enjoying the advantages of new Camay right away. Not until you try it on your own skin (a 3-cake trial will do) can you realize what a wonderful aid to beauty this new Camay is!

Go to your dealer. Look for Camay in the same yellow and green wrapper. It's cellophane covered for freshness.

Get 3 cakes of Camay. Then give Camay every test you can think of. Note its wonderful, new, longer-lasting fragrance. Feel how your skin responds to its gentle, beauty cleansing care!

#### **THE BEAUTY NEWS OF 1940 IS THE NEW CAMAY!**

**"EVER SINCE MY MARRIAGE—!"**  
Read this interesting letter from Mrs. Gilbert Berry,  
Kansas City, Mo.:

Ever since my marriage I've used Camay. Now more than ever, I love new Camay's gentle, rich lather and longer-lasting fragrance. I know now that Camay helps bring out the loveliness of my skin!

(Signed) MADELEINE BERRY  
(Mrs. Gilbert Berry)

November 2, 1939



A wonderful, new fragrance that 2 out of 3 women prefer!

You'll agree with the hundreds of women whom we asked to compare Camay's new fragrance with that of 6 other famous toilet soaps. Approximately 2 out of 3 women voted for Camay's delightful fragrance! It lasts in the cake just as long as there is a bit of soap left!





## "Eyes of Romance" WITH THIS AMAZING NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved.

Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!



**FOR A NEW THRILL—**  
Try the new WINX Lipstick—in 4 fascinating colors that harmonize with WINX Mascara and Eyebrow Pencil!

### HOW TO KEEP BABY WELL

The U. S. Government's Children's Bureau has published a complete 138-page book "Infant Care" especially for young mothers, and authorized this magazine to accept readers' orders. Written by five of the country's leading child specialists, this book is plainly written, well illustrated, and gives any mother a wealth of authoritative information on baby's health and baby's growth. This magazine makes no profit whatever on your order, sends your money direct to Washington. Send 10 cents, wrapping coins or stamps safely, to

READERS' SERVICE BUREAU,

### RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

205 East 42nd Street, Dept. F-3, New York, N. Y.

MARCH, 1940

VOL. 13 No. 5

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN  
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN,  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS  
Editor

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COVER—Mary Martin, by Sol Wechsler

(Courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

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# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

## FIRST PRIZE

### A YOUNG BRIDE'S ADVICE!

It seems funny to say, but it helped to save my home. As a sixteen-year-old bride, housework seemed to me a drudgery. After making a grand mess out of trying to make a happy home, I was about to call it quits.

We bought a radio, and now my work is fun, for I do it to music between taking down recipes, menus, and household hints that cut my work in half. All these, including interior decorating and style hints, make it all interesting now.—Mrs. Coldwell Daniel, New Orleans, La.

## SECOND PRIZE

### HATS OFF TO THE NEWS COMMENTATORS!

Hats off to the splendid news commentators on the radio.

Alert, dynamic, they bring every event within the range of actuality. They also mix a little sense of humor with the news, which is relished by us all when the world is in such chaos.

Certainly, news would be dull if we were forced to read it, all printed.

Three cheers to our most competent radio news men!—Beatrice S. Kemp, N. Adams, Mass.

## THIRD PRIZE

### "THANKS A MILLION, DON"

I'd like to pay a tribute to Don Ameche, the former master of ceremonies and star of the Chase and Sanborn hour, who had to leave the show on account of his health.

I'd like to tell him how grand we, the American public, think he is. His acting with the various guest stars was always sympathetic.

But, best of all, were his laughs, always so natural and so spontaneous that made you laugh, even if you didn't feel like it.

(Continued on page 5)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— P R I Z E S —

First Prize . . . . . \$10.00

Second Prize . . . . . \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of . . . . . \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than February 26, 1940. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

# No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum



## Why risk underarm odor—when Mum every day so surely guards your charm?

SHE TRIES SO HARD—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset...as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't all girls play safe with Mum—*every single day*?

For it's a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is *past*...but Mum *prevents* odor—keeps you fresh and sweet for the *hours to come*.

More business girls prefer Mum to any other deodorant. Mum is—

QUICK! A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh!

HARMLESS! Apply Mum *after* dressing...fabrics are safe. Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to *any* dress. Safe for skin, too.

LASTING! Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. And Mum does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be wise in business...be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum *every day*.

### WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS



#### Important to You—

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.



# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

# Your Hobby- AND MINE

■ The Editor offers a toast to the winners of the Hobby Lobby Contest and then speaks his mind about a few irritating broadcast manners

BY burning all our Christmas candles at both ends instead of saving them for the tree, Dave Elman, his staff and ourselves reached the last of your letters about hobbies just before a blessed Christmas Eve shut down on any activities except welcoming the holiday. The judges, oblivious to their unfinished shopping lists, went into consultation and finally, as the island of Manhattan darkened and then twinkled into a fairy-land of mazda lights—the winners!

Soon, if not already, all of you whose hobbies were judged the most interesting will be receiving your prize checks and one of you, Annie Walker Burns, of Baltimore, Md., will be on the way to New York (unless unforeseen circumstances should arise), to stand in front of a microphone and tell a listening world about the hobby that won the RADIO MIRROR contest. Tune in Sunday, January 28th, to the CBS network, the day that the winner is expected in Manhattan for what I suspect will be the most thrilling time of her life.

My sincere thanks to all of you who joined us in this contest. Before many issues go by, I'll publish as many of those letters that didn't win the big prize as there is room for.

Now, if it's permissible to change the subject from your hobbies to mine—which is talking about radio—let's let our hair down.

Listening lately, I've noticed some things on the air that I feel you and I both could do comfortably without. Probably there are other flaws you've noticed that I missed.

For instance:

The way Cecil B. DeMille insists on pronouncing the word as though it were spelled dram-are instead of simply drama. . . .

And The Good News announcer saying Illinois as though it were Illi-noise. . . .

Not to mention the offensive burst of whistling from the audience at the end of many broadcasts—those sharp, ear-piercing whistles I noticed especially at the conclusion of a We, the People program. Can't carefully constructed gags be stuffed into such noise makers' mouths?

The way Lou Holtz, who amuses me very much the first two or three minutes with his excellent and absurd dialects, bores me very much the next seven or eight minutes. If only Mr. Holtz would keep his story telling down to a reasonable time limit!

And have you noticed how childish is the dialogue of the gangsters who were plotting against Kay Fairchild, Stepmother, the last time I tuned in this program that otherwise is exciting and dramatic and which I can recommend, the prattle of supposedly murderous thugs notwithstanding. . . .

In conclusion, beautiful Helen Menken's one flaw in her dramatic acting on the Second Husband program—her continuous state of hysteria, whether she is happy or heartbroken. Brenda Cummings, the heroine she plays, certainly had her calm moments when life flowed on a more quiet level.

—FRED R. SAMMIS

## HOBBY-LOBBY CONTEST WINNERS

- 1—Annie Walker Burns, Baltimore, Md.
- 2—Mrs. Riley E. Heckert, Harrisburg, Penna.
- 3—Rosamond Laron, Freeborn, Minnesota.
- 4—Elsie McDonald, Vernonia, Oregon.
- 5—Russell McGirr, Sarnia, Ontario.
- 6—Mrs. Mabel G. Petty, Paynton, Sask., Canada.
- 7—Warren Hull, Lansing, Michigan.
- 8—Mrs. Grace V. Marlow, Spokane, Washington.

- 9—Lola Anderson, Topeka, Kansas.
- 10—Mrs. Grace Winings, Reading, Penna.
- 11—Eleanor Lemke, Ansonia, Conn.
- 12—William Cezinski, Mt. Carmel, Penna.
- 13—Mr. Joseph F. Figart, Altoona, Penna.
- 14—Mrs. John D. Ruppel, Kohler, Wis.
- 15—Joseph J. Lane, Philadelphia, Penna.
- 16—C. A. Burrows, Harmarville, Penna.

(Continued from page 3)

So thanks for the grand evenings you've given us, Don Ameche. Thanks, a million.—Claude Desautels, Montreal, Canada.

#### FOURTH PRIZE

##### ROMANCE VIA RADIO

I like the letter "Radio Decides Career," in October RADIO MIRROR. In my case, it is "Radio for Romance." A certain radio singer used to please me very much with his songs. So much, that my friends teased me about him. I didn't care because I enjoyed his songs. I had the last laugh anyway. Because one day when I was in his city visiting, I met him at a radio station. Now we are engaged and I surely thank radio for introducing me to my romance.—Miss E. McDonald, Vernonia, Oregon.

#### FIFTH PRIZE

##### TOO MANY DOCTORS?

Why do sponsors allow so many programs to weave their daily serials around physicians?

In the stories they are usually portrayed either as a saint or sinner: never as a man with the right to live his own life.

I respect physicians for their untiring efforts to aid suffering humanity and they deserve a better break than being created from a writer's fancy to use in dozens of daily serials which we hear on the air.

In other words, the "doctor stories" are being over done.—Jessie Ervin, Connersville, Ind.

#### SIXTH PRIZE

##### THE INCONSIDERATE HOSTESS

A certain lady played her radio almost incessantly. When guests entered her home they were momentarily deafened by the powerful sounds which filled the room. Yet, the hostess was never known to disconnect the radio or to lower its tone. Consequently, her callers found it necessary to raise their voices to the shouting point, in order to make themselves heard. Stock market reports, patent medicine advertisements, etc., all combined with numerous forms of static, served to torment the guests.

The hostess felt sadly neglected when her friends no longer called at her home. Apparently, she never suspected that she was solely to blame for her unhappy predicament.—Winnie Meeks, Rusk, Texas.

#### SEVENTH PRIZE

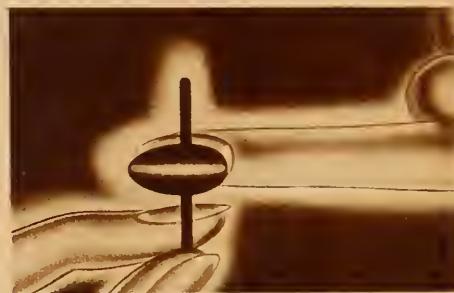
##### WHO WANTS POLITICS?

Why not keep politics out of the day-time scripts?

Mary Marlin has been overrun with senators and political talk ever since I can remember. Quite boring if you ask me. And now, here comes Ma Perkins, getting into the political "mud." Her future son-in-law is running for something or other.

Here's hoping none of the others "follow suit."—Mrs. Edward J. Andresen, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

# Lady Esther says "Get 12 SHADES-FREE-of my 7-DAY Cream Nail Polish"



Each shade is on a "Magic Fingertip" which you can try on right over your own nail! Find your lucky shade!

No longer need you wonder about which shade of nail polish you should wear—which shade is loveliest on your hands! For now you can try on all the newest shades—right at home—before buying a single bottle of polish!

##### It's all done with my Magic Fingertips!

I'll gladly send you free a set of my 12 Magic Fingertips. Each is shaped like the human nail—made of celluloid—and coated with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You simply hold each Magic Fingertip over your nail—and instantly you see which shade gives your hands enchanting loveliness—goes smartest with your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. You'll be thrilled with this rich, cream polish that gives your nails flattering beauty for 7 long days!

##### Send for your 12 Magic Fingertips!

Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty! Clip the coupon now.

##### ★ 12 shades FREE! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)  
LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (S3)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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



# MAMMOTH 1940 CONTEST NOW RUNNING

## WE WILL PAY

# \$25,000.00 in prizes

## FOR FORTY TRUE STORIES

Year after year Macfadden Publications, Inc., extends to men and women everywhere a wonderful opportunity to add handsome sums to their incomes by setting down in words true stories that have happened in their own lives or the lives of friends or acquaintances.

Already we have paid out well over \$600,000 in prizes alone for true stories and in addition we have purchased many hundreds of other true stories at our liberal word rates. Of this vast sum, a large, a very large percentage has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication.

The chances are that you have lived or observed a story that we would publish gladly if you would write it and send it in. Do not feel that because you have never written that you cannot write. If these other men and women had felt that way they would be poorer by perhaps a half million dollars. Simply say to yourself—"Others have done it—I can do it—I will do it."

In writing your story tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings, and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit regardless of how skilfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis to each of the best ten true stories received will be awarded the munificent sum of \$1,000 and to each of the next best thirty true stories will be awarded the handsome sum of \$500. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Contest closes Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

### CONTEST RULES

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

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll. DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

### WHAT'S

THE economy wave that resulted in cutting the Edgar Bergen show to half an hour is still rolling along, so don't be surprised if at least one more program falls under it. For a while it looked almost certain that Good News would become a thirty-minute show, and it may yet—except that they do say around Radio City that a shortened version was auditioned for the sponsors, who didn't like it very well when they heard it. So there's no telling at all.

\* \* \*

Your old professor, Kay Kyser, will be heading for Hollywood again in March to make a sequel to his very successful movie, "That's Right—You're Wrong." As Kay says, there's nothing like his romantic appeal to bring the nickels in at the box-office.

\* \* \*

Look for Claire Trevor to come back on the air one of these weeks, starring in a dramatic program of her own. . . . And there's also a good chance that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt will begin broadcasting again, starring in a series of sponsored programs. Several sponsors would like to have her, and the First Lady is said to be willing.

\* \* \*

Wandering into an NBC studio during rehearsal for the Saturday-night Camel Caravan show, I ran across Mildred Bailey, humming weird melodies to herself and looking over a letter she'd just received. The two activities didn't seem to go together, so I asked her what was happening. The letter was from a committee of Coeur d'Alene Indians, settled in Tekoa, Washington, who wanted Mildred to compose a tribal song for them. But why did they choose her for the job? Mildred explained—she is one-eighth Indian herself, and was actually born on the Tekoa reservation.

\* \* \*

Remember when I told you, a month or so ago, about Portland Hofa's persuading Fred Allen to move into an apartment? Fred didn't like the idea at all—he was used to living in hotel rooms and didn't want to

### Prize Schedule

10 Prizes of \$1,000 each.....	\$10,000
30 Prizes of \$ 500 each.....	15,000
<b>40 Prizes</b>	<b>Total \$25,000</b>

### Contest Rules—Continued

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

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

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**This contest ends Tuesday, April 30, 1940.**

**Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

### COUPON

R.M. 340

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C  
P. O. Box 629 Grand Central Station  
New York, N. Y.

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

Name .....

Street .....

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



■ Gene Autrey is now the star of his own CBS Sunday show.

# NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

By  
DAN SENSENEY

change—but he consented. Well, now the Allens have their own apartment, and Portland wishes she'd let well enough alone. Fred likes it so much she can't get him out nights, even to a movie. Fred simply parks himself in the most comfortable chair and recites "Home, Sweet Home" at her, stanza by stanza.

\* \* \*

If you happened to see a policeman driving a bread delivery truck around your town, think nothing of it. It was just a publicity stunt cooked up by the sponsors of the NBC serial, One of the Finest. The hero of the program is a policeman, and the sponsor sells bread; so in the cities of New York, Detroit, Chicago and Toledo the sponsor's truck-drivers were dressed up in policemen's uniforms, purely as a gag. The Toledo police didn't get any laughs out of it, though. They arrested the truck-drivers on a charge of impersonating officers of the law, and wouldn't let them go until they promised to replace their brass buttons with black ones, in order to look a little less like the Toledo cops.

\* \* \*

Radio was only one of the indus-



■ Charlie and Mortimer still keep Bergen hopping and you laughing.

tries that mourned the sudden death of Heywood Broun from pneumonia. Broun, besides his activities as columnist, critic, sports expert, newspaper publisher and occasional novelist and short-story writer, was a regular member of the Author, Author cast, Monday nights on Mutual. His death came only a few hours before the Author, Author broadcast, which was cancelled out of respect to his memory. A few months earlier, Broun had remarked to a friend that his radio work on this program was

one of the few things in his life he could take whole-hearted pleasure in—he did it just for fun, without thinking of the money involved.

\* \* \*

Life's most embarrassing moment came the other afternoon to Karl Swenson, who plays the title role in NBC's serial, Lorenzo Jones. (He's also Lord Henry Brinthrope in Our Gal Sunday on CBS, but that doesn't have anything to do with this story.) Hastily summoned to the telephone from the midst of a rehearsal, Karl heard a crisp feminine voice on the other end of the wire informing him that he'd just become the father of a bouncing baby boy. Karl knew something was wrong. He's married, but he'd said goodbye only that morning to his wife, and nothing had been mentioned about the arrival of a baby. So for five minutes he vehemently denied the charge, while the hospital nurse as vehemently assured him it was true. Meanwhile, an interested group of listeners gathered around the telephone, which was on the reception desk of NBC's eighth-floor studio. Finally, Karl saw the light. "Are you sure you want Karl Swenson?" he asked. "Oh, no," the nurse replied. "Mr. Al Swenson is the father of the baby." Karl dropped the telephone and ran to another studio, where Al Swenson was rehearsing as

## CHAPPED HANDS ARE CUT HANDS



THEY HEAL QUICKER  
WITH THIS SOOTHING  
MEDICATED CREAM—  
BECOME SOFTER,  
WHITER, LOVELIER  
ALMOST OVERNIGHT!



MAKE This Convincing Test! Apply snow-white, greaseless, Medicated Noxzema on one hand before retiring. So soothing! Feel the smarting and soreness disappear. In the morning compare your two hands. See how much smoother, whiter, less irritated your Noxzema treated hand looks.

SPECIAL: For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar of Noxzema for only 19¢. Get a jar today!

### Famous Medicated Cream Marvelous for Chapped Hands—Grand for Complexions, too

• Nurses first discovered how wonderful Noxzema was for red, rough Chapped Hands. And Nurses were the first to find what an effective Beauty Aid Noxzema is for Poor Complexions. Today over 15,000,000 jars are used yearly by women all over the world!

#### See for Yourself

If your skin is coarse or rough—if externally caused blemishes mar its natural beauty—if you long for a clearer, softer skin—try

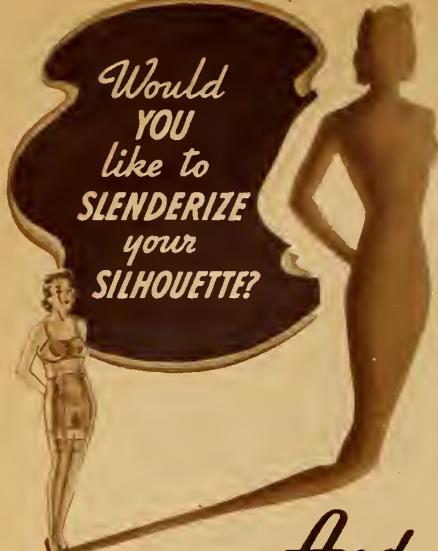
this dainty, Medicated Beauty Cream. Let Noxzema work Night and Day for your complexion. It helps reduce enlarged pores with its mild astringents . . . softens and soothes rough irritated skin . . . aids quicker healing of so many unattractive blemishes. Use Noxzema as a dainty Night Cream and as a day-long protective Powder Base. See if it can't help improve your complexion. Get a special 19¢ trial jar today!



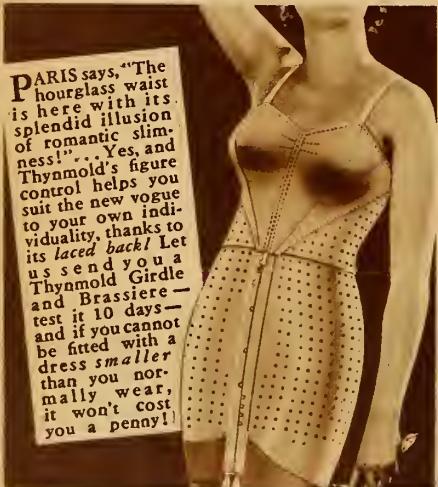
25¢ TRIAL  
JAR  
ONLY  
19¢

AT ALL DRUG  
AND  
DEPARTMENT  
STORES

## WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST (Continued)



*And..*  
**Wear Dresses  
SIZES SMALLER**



**Appear SLIMMER instantly!**

If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat . . . notice the thickness of your waist . . . the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out instantly!

**Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!**

Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

**Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!**

THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate . . . its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

**Thynmold GIRDLES**

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.  
D-183, 355 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.  
Kindly send me illustrated folder, describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

8

Great Uncle Allen Chase, III, in another serial, *The Chase Twins*. It was all right: Al was expecting his wife to have a baby. He'd left word for the hospital to call him as soon as it arrived, but he'd forgotten to give his first name.

\* \* \*

Such energy! Not satisfied with doing right well on the air, many radio stars also operate profitable sidelines which help them pick up an extra dollar or two. Of course, Bing Crosby's sideline, operating the Del Mar racetrack, is a familiar one. But Bob Barron, the villain in the *Jack Armstrong* serial, in his spare time practices drugless therapy. Bess Johnson, star of *Hilltop House*, is also the dramatic coach for the Girl Scouts of America. Angeline Orr, villainess of *The Trouble with Marriage* serial, puts her beauty to work for her and poses for billboard advertisements. Charles Grant, eleven-year-old juvenile in

Scattergood Baines, follows the example set by most youngsters his age and sells magazines on his own bicycle route. Irene Winston, actress in the *Johnny Presents* sketches, designs very beautiful jewelry. And Ezra Stone, the Henry Aldrich of *The Aldrich Family*, is a stage director as well as an actor.

\* \* \*

It looks as if you'll just have to listen to the *Court of Missing Heirs* on CBS every Tuesday night. It might cost you money if you didn't—unless you're quite sure you never had a wealthy ancestor. This program, which broadcasts all the information about unclaimed estates in hopes of digging up the rightful heirs, has just started its coast-to-coast career, but it was on a limited mid-western network for 39 weeks, and during that time it distributed two and a half million dollars of unclaimed money to unsuspecting heirs.



■ They're the Novelty Aces—Alan Rinehart, Harold Maus, Clarence Dooley, Lenore Burch and Hazel Turner, heard over station WLW.

CINCINNATI—they call themselves the Novelty Aces, and they violate the rules of poker as it is played in the most polite circles of society by numbering five instead of four. Listeners to Cincinnati's WLW seem to think five Aces are quite all right, though, and even more than all right.

This quintet is composed of three young men, Alan Rinehart, Harold Maus and Clarence Dooley, and two girls, Lenore Burch and Hazel Turner. Rinehart and Maus have been in radio since 1925, when they joined up as a vocal and instrumental duo. Hazel joined them in 1927; Clarence was adopted in 1932, and in 1934 Lenore came along to complete the quintet. Besides being singers, they are all accomplished instrumentalists—Clarence plays the violin, Lenore the piano-accordion, Alan the bass fiddle, Hazel the tenor guitar, and Harold the six-string guitar.

In the two years they've been at WLW the Aces have been on several sponsored shows, and now they have their own daily program, *Time to Shine*, besides starring on the Boone County Jamboree.

Before they came to Cincinnati, the Aces were in Chicago—and because, like many a radio performer, they had neglected to save their money, a call to Cincinnati to audition for

WLW found them broke. They had to borrow the money for their railway fares.

Alan Rinehart didn't like that, and it started him thinking. As soon as WLW hired them, he made each member of the quintet agree to give him \$2.50 a week to put in a savings account. A year later the amount was increased to \$5, and six months after that to \$7, where it stands now. Their savings fund totals more than \$2,500 today, but they still have a long way to go because they've set \$25,000 as their goal. By agreement, it takes the signatures of four Aces to withdraw any of the money—so far, they haven't made any withdrawals.

All five qualify as radio veterans, but Lenore Burch probably has had the most unusual experience in radio of the group. She worked alone for a while at KFAB in Omaha, where it was part of her duties to sing a hymn at 6:15 every morning. One day she sang "God Will Take Care of You." She didn't know it until the next day, when she got a letter, but that hymn saved a man's life.

He wrote, "Within the last year I have lost my wife and my business, and have become permanently crippled. I contemplated suicide and was up all night trying to reach a final decision. I happened to turn on my

radio at 6:15 this morning and heard you sing, 'God Will Take Care of You.' It was like a message straight from heaven, and I believe you were singing that message for me alone. God bless you. You saved my life."

\* \* \*

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The Golden Gate Jubilee Singers, four colored lads who could have had a big career in New York radio, are a star attraction of Charlotte's station WBT.

The four have been singing together ever since they were students in the Booker T. Washington High School in Norfolk, Va. Their names are Henry Owens, Arlandis Wilson, Willie Johnson, and William Langford, and they're such inseparable pals that if you find one you find the whole quartet. They broadcast regularly over WBT six times a week.

The Golden Gate boys spent a year in New York, singing on a network show, and were heard four times on the Magic Key program over NBC—all but the first time by the vigorous request of listeners—but they feel more at home down South and voluntarily gave up the career they could have had in New York.

They never have an argument. Willie Johnson is the business manager, and he never makes a decision without a unanimous vote. They all like the same things, laugh at the same jokes, sing the same songs.

They even eat together. Willie Johnson's wife is a fine cook, and every night, whether they are in town or on tour, all four sit down to a



■ The Golden Gate Jubilee Singers are a star attraction of station WBT in Charlotte, N. C.

dinner she has prepared, chipping in on the expense. Harry Owens is married too, but Wilson and Langford say they're "still livin'". Wilson and Langford live together.

Willie Johnson is their spokesman, because of his fine command of the English language. He reads Shakespeare every night at bedtime, and can readily quote Hamlet and King Lear.

They aren't superstitious, only if a black cat crosses the road in front

of them, it's bad luck if he runs from left to right. If he runs from right to left, that's good luck.

\* \* \*

ATLANTA—You know the story of the gifted understudy who gets her big chance when the star falls ill at the last minute? Well, this isn't it.

Mrs. George Moore, whom listeners to WAGA, Atlanta, know as Martha Hale, wasn't even an understudy. She was just an ambitious girl sitting on the sidelines who liked radio so well nothing could keep her out of it.

Every morning at nine, Martha Hale tells Atlanta housewives about the latest menus, gives them house-keeping suggestions, comments on fashions, and otherwise makes herself a member of every home she enters via the loud speaker.

Before joining WAGA, Martha was a buyer in a department store, a restaurant cashier, and had, on one occasion, worked for an electric concern. She was born in Sandersville, Georgia, and since girlhood has been interested in cooking—so much so that in school she took all available domestic science courses just for the fun of it.

A year of broadcasting requires Martha to supply listeners with 10,095 menus, she says, but she's confident she can produce them. She loves microphone work, and says broadcasting is no effort at all—the tough job is writing the scripts. She never takes a holiday, and Sunday is better than other days. Then she can work on a script without interruption.

# Honey

says

"YOUR SKIN GETS EXTRA DRY  
IN WINTER —  
NEEDS EXTRA SOFTENING"



## WANT THRILL-SOFT HANDS?

NO matter how tough the weather or how hard you work, you can have the soft hands that thrill a man. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to ease away chapping—help tone down redness. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening. Coaxes back the softness that cold weather and indoor heat take away! A grand powder base, too—not sticky. Contains Vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢... TRY Hinds Hand Cream, NEW! Quick-softening, fragrant, not sticky. In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.



Chapping • Dryness  
Rough skin, elbows, arms  
Weathered skin  
Hangnails • Calloused heels  
Powder base • Body-rub  
After-shaving lotion

Copyright, 1940  
by Lohn & Fink Products  
Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with  
**BURNS AND ALLEN**  
GRACIE SAYS: "I USE HINDS, TOO!"  
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast  
7:30-8:00 E.S.T. See newspaper radio column for exact time on your local station

# *It had*



*Paramount*



■ Most stories about Bob Hope tell about his wit—but here is a different view of him: the gentle, lovable chap with whom Dolores fell in love at first sight. Right, to add to their happiness, the Hopes adopted little Baby Linda.

By PAULINE SWANSON

**H**E CAME into the smart little Broadway supper club where she was singing on the night of December 21, 1933. They're both very specific about the date.

Someone muttered a few words of introduction, just as she was about to go on. He watched her as she moved into the spotlight, tall, graceful, poised. He liked her soft, naturally curly light brown hair, her straightforward blue eyes. He liked her slender hands, her simple black velvet gown. He marvelled that this girl could be so confidently right in this smoky little New York night club, and yet so different from the other girls who were singing in other little clubs up Fifty-seventh Street, and down Fifty-ninth.

He thought Dolores Reade was

the loveliest girl he had ever seen.

She didn't quite catch his name. George Murphy, who was playing in "Roberta", had introduced him, so she thought he might be some minor personality in the show. He might be a chorus boy. But she liked his laugh, and his funny face.

Before that night was over the magic thing had happened. She didn't know that he was the star of the biggest hit on Broadway, "Roberta". She didn't know his name. He didn't know if she were engaged or married or free. But they both knew that they were in love, differently than they had ever been in love before, somehow for the last time.

On February 19th they eloped, and were married by a sleepy jus-

tice of the peace in a living room stuffed with horsehair furniture and family photographs, in Erie, Pa. December 21 to February 19—less than two months—are dates which frame one of those unbelievable, breath-taking love stories that every girl hopes one day will unfold for her. It is a modern love story, as modern as skyscrapers and taxicabs pack-jammed in a New York street on New Year's eve, and yet as old as the story of the beautiful Princess and Prince Charming who came by on a white horse to carry her away.

Bob Hope has come a long way

# *to Happen —*

## THE UNCONVENTIONAL LOVE STORY OF BOB HOPE

■ Dolores Reade could have been famous as a singer—instead she chose to be just the wife of Bob Hope.

Fink



familiar to movie goers from Somaliland to the Virgin Islands.

The girl who was Dolores Reade, and whose own professional future had looked as bright in 1933 as did that of the handsome young star of "Roberta", is now content to be Bob Hope's attractive wife, except when her husband makes personal appearances. Dolores then is part of

the act, using her maiden name.

Until Bob walked into the Vogue club in New York that December night six years ago, Dolores Reade wanted nothing so much as success, and the money and fame that go with it. She had already captured hard boiled New York. She was in sight of the top of the heap and the rewards she wanted. That night changed everything. Suddenly she knew that nothing she had been striving for was important, that nothing meant so much as to be with the man she loved, and never to leave him, to be his wife, and to leave the (Continued on page 82)

since that winter of 1933. If he was a star then he is an institution now. On Tuesday nights twenty million people laugh at the nonsensical banter which is the Hope radio trademark. The ski-jump nose and the beforehand chin which captivated Dolores six years ago now are



They were laughing when he carried her through the doorway.

# "I want a

**S**HE should never have told Jack she would marry him.

Down in her heart, she knew she was being foolish and wrong. But she thought that time would be on her side. She thought that the days would pass, and the image of Rene would drift farther and farther back in her memory, until it was only a pinpoint of pain, instead of this all-enveloping agony. Other women had fallen in love with men who didn't love them—who married someone else—and those other women had still managed to go on living. Why shouldn't she?

But somehow, the minister's words, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony?" and all the rest of it—somehow, even as she repeated them after him, they sent a chill down her body, as if she were hearing not words, but the sound of a steel door closing . . .

There was no honeymoon. Jack was terribly busy at the office, and couldn't get away just then, and she had said she'd rather not wait—knowing miserably, as she watched his face light up, that he completely misinterpreted her words. The truth was, she didn't dare to wait. She needed something now, right away, to help her forget Rene.

After the ceremony, after all the chatter and laughter, they ran to his car, and he drove up Market Street, clear up to where it curves around Twin Peaks and beyond, into a part of San Francisco where the houses sit perched on the sides of steep hills. Eucalyptus trees tower whispering over these houses, with wisps of fog caught all day in their trailing branches.

Jack twisted and turned the car on the winding streets, and finally stopped it before a house like a white, shining box, all square angles and stucco, with a huge window overlooking the valley that spread between there and the sea.

"Here it is," he said shyly. "Our house. Like it?"

"It's beautiful!" she said. "Up here on top of—of everything—"

The sun was shining, yet here on the western slopes the fog swirled about the houses, and the combination of sunlight and mist gave them all a bright, unearthly beauty. She jumped out of the car, and because she felt self-conscious in her white satin gown and veil, started up the walk to the door.

"Wait!" Jack called. "Don't go in yet, Connie."

"Why not?" she asked in surprise, and a look,

■ "I WANT A DIVORCE!" IS FROM THE RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SAME NAME. ADAPTED FROM A STORY BY HUGH WILEY

# *divorce!*

■ A rare and tender story that will reach your secret heart—the radio drama of a woman who betrayed her love for a delusion of happiness

sheepish yet pleased, appeared on his square, tanned face, so that he looked like a freshly scrubbed small boy on his way to a party.

"Well—you know, the groom is supposed to carry the bride across the threshold—"

"Jack! The neighbors! Oh—well—all right."

They were laughing when he swept her lightly up into his arms and carried her through the arched doorway, straight into a pine-panelled room where comfortable chairs and graceful tables dug their feet into a deep-piled rose carpet.

"And you bought all this furniture yourself?" she marveled. "Jack, how did you do it?"

"Just asked myself what I'd want if I were a beautiful little wife—and right away I knew exactly what to buy."

He put her down, and she walked around the room, touching, exclaiming. It was perfect. Too perfect. It was the home she had dreamed of sharing with Rene. But Rene was far away, and it was Jack who led her through the kitchen, displaying its treasures of spotless refrigerator and streamlined sink; into the bedroom with its slipper chair and dressing table on one side, its masculine chest of drawers on the other, and between them, side by side, its twin beds.

"You like it, don't you?" Jack asked anxiously, and she forced herself to laugh and say:

"Of course. I love it. It's just that you did all this by yourself, as a surprise, that—that rather bowls me over."

He stopped walking around the room and came over to where she stood, taking both her hands in his. "I want you to be happy, Connie," he said in a voice that trembled a little. "I—well, I don't suppose I'll ever get over the wonder of the moment when you said you'd marry me. I thought all the time that you were in love with Rene, and—"

Her hands, imprisoned in his, contracted sharply, and a vise around her heart forced from her an involuntary gasp.

He heard her, and he nodded.

"Yes. That's what I meant. But don't be unhappy about it, Connie. I know that right now you don't love me as much as—as much as you loved him." It was hard for him to say this. He swallowed, and began again. "I just want you to know that no matter how you feel about me now, you've made me happier than I ever expected to be—just by marrying me. And maybe, after a while—"

Without warning, she (Continued on page 62)

■ LISTEN TO THESE STORIES, SPONSORED BY FOOD AND BEVERAGE BROADCASTERS, SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON NBC

MARCH, 1940



The sad end of the road they'd started on six months ago.

# My Most

■ By radio's fascinating new heroine, Hilda Hope, woman doctor, the story of an operation she could not perform—but must, for the man she loved

**A** LONG time ago a wise man said that women belong in the healing arts, that their wisdom and tenderness have fitted them for the task of helping those in pain.

Perhaps that is why I became a woman doctor when I could have had love—Bob's love, and been a gloriously happy woman. Instead, I chose a career few women ever enter. It hasn't been easy. You have to be so cold and impersonal if you are to be a good doctor.

And I am a good doctor. Usually I don't think about how an operation is going to turn out. I don't dare to. The responsibility is too great to face. I know, of course, that a human life depends on the skill of my hands. I know it, but I've learned not to let myself think about it.

If I sound heartless, remember that emotion makes one's hands tremble and grow unsure; it clouds one's mind and changes skill into fumbling uncertainty. That is why doctors don't operate on members of their own families.

It is why I should never have operated on Beatrice Warner.

Yet—I was forced into it. If I had not consented to operate, she would have died. I should have been as surely her murderer as if I had plunged a dagger into her heart.

Even today, when it is all over and finished, terror strikes me when I remember Beatrice's whispered words in that darkened hospital room. All over again, I feel the helplessness I felt then. And I



■ "I've never stopped loving you," he said. "Hilda, we were meant for each other, we should have married long ago."

# Dramatic Case



■ Specially posed by Selena Royle, who plays the starring role of Hilda Hope on this popular radio drama.

know, once more, that I made the only possible decision, perilous though it was.

But I'd better begin at the beginning, and the real beginning was ten years ago.

It was then that Bob Warner and I broke our engagement. Oh, we were in love, but we were also very young and very intense. We took ourselves and our futures more seriously, I guess, than we should have. Bob wanted me to give up my medical studies when I married him. "I want a real wife," he begged, "not a career woman. I want to be the most important thing in your life. Maybe it's old-fashioned of me—but, Hilda, I know we could never be happy together if you had to divide yourself between me and a job. I'm sorry—but that's the way I feel."

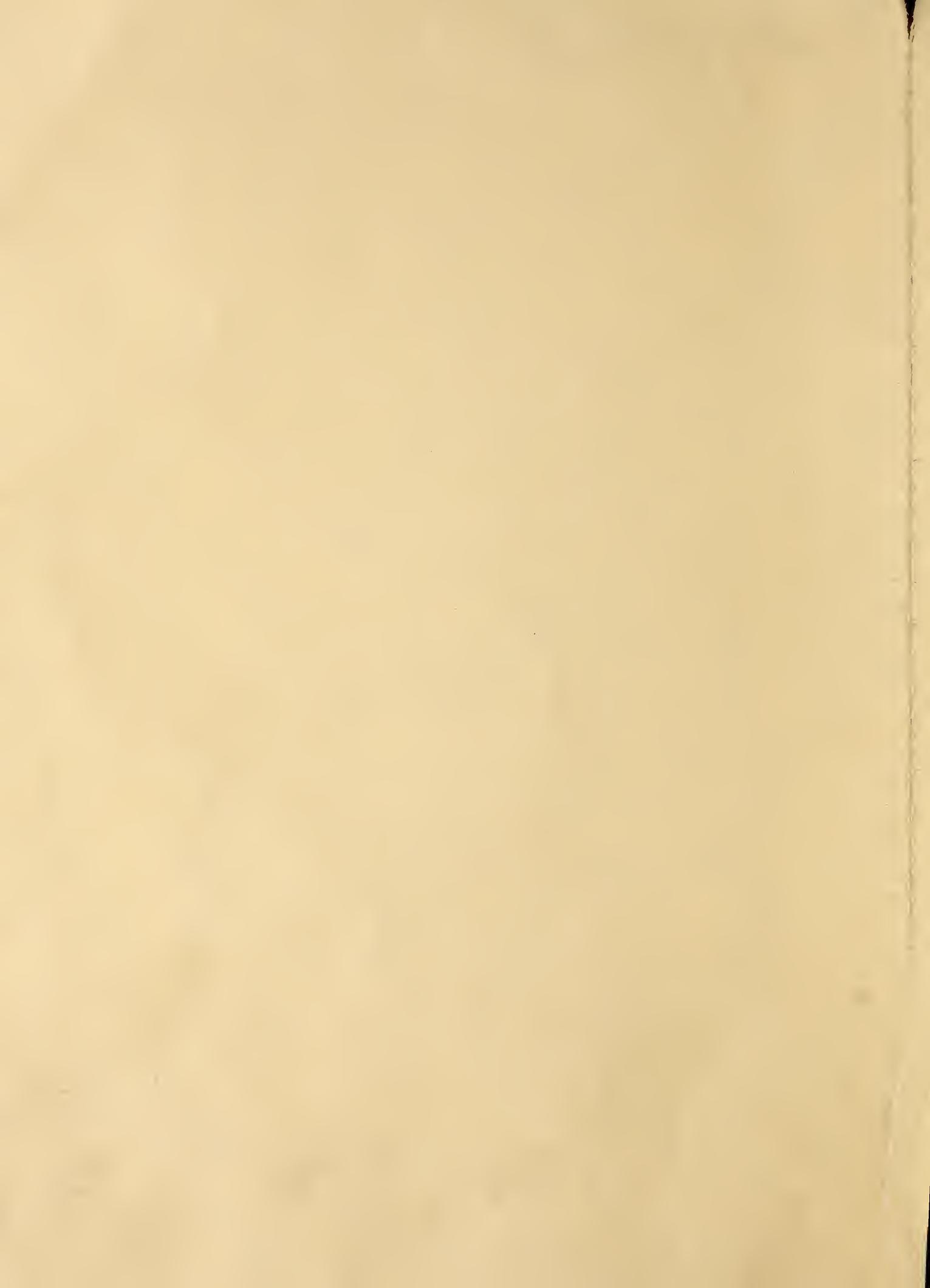
It was an ultimatum, and I accepted it as such. I made my choice. Ever since I was a little girl, I had wanted to be a doctor. Medicine and surgery were the breath of life to me, and I knew that love couldn't take their place entirely. Some people, and I am one of them, are made like that. I let Bob go, and a year later I heard that he was married to someone else. I wrote him, wishing him all the happiness in the world, and I meant it.

**R**EGRETS? Yes, I've had them. Sometimes at night, coming home late from the office, letting myself into a dark and lonely apartment . . . Or at Christmas time, or Thanksgiving, I've watched other women with their husbands and children. And I've wondered—

But I'm not a person who indulges herself in might-have-beens. I like to think I am willing to abide by my decisions, whatever they may be. So the regrets, when they came, were quickly banished—at least, until I met Bob again.

It seems strange to think that if Bob's profession had not been architecture, that second meeting might never have come about. In ten years our paths had not crossed, and then we met over the plans for the new Children's Clinic. And, having met, it seemed foolish to let the past stand in the way of friendship. We lunched together, and I

HILDA HOPE, M.D., IS HEARD EVERY SATURDAY MORNING  
OVER THE NBC-RED NETWORK, SPONSORED BY WHEATENA



# My Most Dramatic Case

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met Beatrice, his wife, and there were frequent conferences over the blueprints.

I thought he was happy. Beatrice was the kind of wife he had wanted me to be—very feminine, wrapped up in her home, clever at meeting his friends. A little too self-sufficient, perhaps, but most women are that nowadays. She was pretty, too, with a tiny, brunette kind of delicacy—she only came up to Bob's shoulder.

THEN, one afternoon, Bob came to my office and completely upset my neat, efficient plan of existence. Without any preliminaries whatever, he announced:

"Hilda, I can't stand it any longer. Beatrice and I are going to get a divorce."

It was so unexpected, I could only stare at him.

"Don't ask me why," he said. "You ought to know, if anyone does."

"But I don't," I told him. I knew, but I couldn't believe.

"Because I still love you. I've never stopped loving you." He wasn't like a man making love. His dark, sharp-featured face was tortured, and his hands, as he leaned over my desk toward me, were clenched. "Hilda," he said, "we were meant for each other. We should have married in the first place."

"Please," I said. I hadn't realized how fiercely the past could rise up and strike at my heart. "Please—that's all over and done with."

"But it isn't! We made a tragic mistake—I made it, by insisting that you give up your career. I was wrong—I know that now. We've wasted ten years of our lives paying for that mistake. We needn't go on paying until we die! I told Beatrice so, less than an hour ago."

"Bob! You told Beatrice you wanted a divorce so you could marry me? How could you!"

"When a patient of yours needs an operation, don't you perform it as quickly as you can?" he countered. "That's what I had to do with this situation. I couldn't waste time."

"But it was so cruel—and so futile," I said. "I can't marry you, Bob, even if you do leave Beatrice."

"You're just saying that because you think it will force me to stay with her."

"I'm saying it because I mean it," I said as firmly as I could. It wasn't easy, just then, to be firm, because suddenly a whole host of memories had come flooding back. Bob and I, walking arm in arm up Fifth Ave-

nue on a Saturday night, window-shopping, picking out a chair here, a table there, for our own home. His hand, warm and strong, covering mine as we sat in the darkness of a movie house. The touch of his lips against mine. So many things—so many sweet, dear, intimate things that I had made myself forget. And now when I could forget them no longer, here they all were, once more within my grasp—if I could be ruthless enough to reach out and take them. No, it wasn't easy to be firm.

My desk telephone rang, and still keeping my eyes on Bob's, I picked it up.

"Mrs. Warner is here to see you, Dr. Hope," the voice of Miss Gilmore, my office nurse, said.

"Just a minute." I held my hand over the mouthpiece. "Beatrice is outside, Bob."

"I know. She said she would come to see you. Let her come in."

I thought a moment. "All right. But she came to see me. I think you'd better go. Use that side door, so you won't see her."

"I'll go. But," he promised,

"nothing's going to change my plans. I'm going to leave Beatrice—and then I'm coming back for you."

The Beatrice Warner who came into my office was not the self-possessed young woman I had known before. Her eyes were red-rimmed, and she hadn't bothered with her usual make-up. She looked lost, miserable, confused.

Standing in the doorway, she asked, "Has Bob been here yet?"

"Yes."

"He didn't lose much time, did he?" she remarked bitterly.

"I'm so terribly sorry—" I began, but she interrupted me.

"It isn't your fault. This was bound to happen some time."

"I told Bob," I said, "that no matter what happened—between you and him—he and I could never have anything to do with each other."

Her face lit up eagerly. "And what did he say?" Then, as I didn't answer, the brief light died out. "That he would leave me anyway—wasn't that it?"

It was easier, with this pitiful woman before me, to hold to my resolution that Bob and I could never come together again. "I still think," I said, "that you two can make a go of things."

Beatrice sank into the chair on the other side of my desk. "No," she said hopelessly. "Bob means what he says. I've always known he didn't really love me—and I was afraid this would happen, when he met you again. . . . Maybe I could have won his love, if I'd been different—but I could never tell him how much he meant to me. I'm not—I'm not demonstrative. I've never been able to find words to tell him how much I love him. And now it's too late."

Pity tore at my heart. "I wish there were something I could do!" I murmured.

"There isn't anything. There never was. You can't help what's happened any more than I could. That's the reason I came to see you—I wanted to tell you there's no bitterness in my heart against you. And if Bob wants to leave me, I—I won't stand in his way!"

She got up to go. "That's all I wanted to tell you."

"Wait!" I said desperately, rising too. "I'll see Bob again—I'll tell him—"

"I'll tell him," she said, "myself." And she went quickly out of the room.

It was lucky, I think, that as soon as she had gone Miss Gilmore reminded me that I was late for my daily visit to the hospital. In the rush of (Continued on page 79)



Horace's friends gave him a party at the Cocoanut Grove when the wedding was finally revealed. Left to right, Gale Page, Bob Hope, Horace and the bride, Basil Rathbone, and Horace's mother, Mrs. J. W. Heidt.



# HORACE HEIDT'S *Secret Marriage*

■ Never was a bridegroom so unwilling to talk, but our reporter-sleuth brings you the story anyway

WHEN, on the afternoon of December 12, Horace Heidt walked, blushing, into the "Pot o' Gold" rehearsal room at the NBC studios in Hollywood with an attractive brunette (also blushing) on his arm, and made what he had obviously planned would be a casual announcement, he actually set off a good-sized tempest in a teapot.

"Boys, meet the new Mrs. Heidt," was what he said. And then, settling the lady in a convenient chair on the sidelines, he took off his coat and proceeded to the business of rehearsing for the next "Pot O' Gold" program.

That is, he attempted to proceed, but he didn't quite make it. In the

first place, to his orchestra boys, the boss getting married was an Event, a Big Event—especially when they hadn't known a thing about it, nor even suspected that a romance was brewing. They dropped their instruments and crowded around, pumping Horace's hand and (some of the more daring ones) kissing the bride and asking questions.

Where? How? When?

"In Reno," said Horace. "December fourth."

That was all, then. Even when the Los Angeles reporters arrived on the scene to cover the story, they didn't get much more information

than that. The bride was formerly Mrs. Adeline Slaughter, and she was from New York.

"That's all there is to it, boys," he insisted. "And now, for the love of mike, let me alone. Why all the hullabaloo? Can't a guy get married in peace?" Yes, he was getting a little hot under the collar by this time and his bride more than a little embarrassed.

Both were still uncommunicative that night when the Musical Knights opened at the Cocoanut Grove and some of the NBC officials gave a party for the newlyweds. The Bob Hopes were there, the Basil Rathbones, Gale Page and Horace's (Continued on page 43)

By JUDY ASHLEY

# HEARTBREAK BEHIND— Happiness Ahead

■ Nothing can stop Mary Martin now—but first the year's most exciting new star had to learn a bitter lesson in love from her weekend marriage

**A**S far back as she can remember, Mary Martin wanted to sing.

She was born in Weatherford, a quiet, friendly, human little town in Texas, where the sky has a dusty blue quality about it that makes you want to burst into poetry.

Her father was a lawyer, with a flair for making friends, so great, as a point of fact, that white folks called him "Judge" Martin and colored folks called him Mistuh Judge.

Long before she was a gangling member of the Weatherford ward school, people around town took

■ Mary's mother came all the way from Texas to okay her daughter's famous strip tease act in the Broadway show, "Leave It To Me."

it for gospel fact: Mary Martin was headed for some fancy singing career.

Only Billie, her mammoth nurse, knew what else lay in store. "Nothin' without pain," she would say, as though she could foresee the tears and the heart-break and the passionate love that lay ahead for Judge Martin's daughter.

In school Mary was the center of not only all vocal activity but all dramatic activity as well. There were those ungallant classmates who muttered, "Drat that Martin girl. She's in practically everything. And the best parts, too!" Sundays she'd sing in the choir, this budding diva. And loved it. She used to imagine she was singing in a grand cathedral.

And in summer there were picnics and open-air dancing—and Ben. Ben Hagman was a tallish lad with a cheerful sort of way about him. He and Mary—well, they "went" together. They couldn't foresee where those bright summer days and long, dusky Texas evenings would lead them, into what happiness and what sorrow.

When Mary graduated from Weatherford High School Judge Martin and Mrs. Martin put their heads together. All good Southern girls go off to finishing school, when their Pas can afford it. From this conference came the decision to ship Mary to ritzy Ward-Belmont, smack-dab in Tennessee, as they say in Texas.

Well, sir, to Ward-Belmont she went. There were tears in the Martin household. Even the stoical Judge fussed with his handkerchief when the train pulled out. Ben was there on the platform too, grinning and saying for a farewell, "Be good, honey. Be good."

Mary took to Ward-Belmont right away, and Ward-Belmont took to Mary. The Penta Tau club pledged her—there are no sororities at Ward-Belmont—and never regretted it. She made them a box-office smash at the Sunday open houses, by singing so memorably that the rush captains of the rival lodges kicked themselves for not snagging her first.

Thanksgiving holidays rolled around, and there was a general exodus of the girls. They were all going home—most of them, at any rate. But not Mary. She lived too far away. Two days would be consumed merely in travel. Besides, she was lagging in her studies. There was a term paper to get up.

She was sitting at her desk, wrestling grimly with her chore, when the telephone rang.





Paramount

## By HENDON HOLMES

She answered it, a trifle out of sorts. The paper was coming along beautifully, and she didn't much want to be interrupted. But when she heard the pleasant voice on the other end of the wire she let out a yippee.

"Ben!" she shrieked. "Where are you? Not in Texas, I hope."

"Here in Nashville," she heard over Mr. Bell's remarkable invention. "When can I see you?"

"You can't come too soon."

**S**HE was standing in front of the dormitory when Ben drove up—and they were zooming down the road at a mad clip before she thought to ask him what on earth had brought him to town, especially with him a law student at Texas Christian University down at Fort Worth and needing all the studying he could get.

He pulled over to the side of the road to tell her.

"Mary, I want you to marry me," he said. "I know you're young—we both are. But we'll make a go of it. We will, Mary."

She crowded an eternity into a single minute—and made her decision.

(Continued on page 65)

■ Always the town people said Mary (below at the age of two) was headed for fame, but even they couldn't foretell what actually was in store.





# THE *Don'ts* OF *Dating*

■ If he's the sort of fellow who drops in without warning, likely as not catching you with your face all cold-creamed, he needs a lecture about the uses of the telephone. And he's guilty of bad manners (right) if he doesn't get out of his car and open the door for you.



■ He only makes a spectacle of himself and you too when he tries fancy dance steps—unless you're both expert. And (right), couldn't you just scream with boredom when he starts reminiscing about old times with his friends, leaving you entirely out of the conversation?

■ Before you step out tonight, check up on your escort with these modern rules of behavior. If he's guilty of many of these errors, beware! Probably he's not the man for you





■ Beware of the man who tries to impress you by being clever with the waiter. It's really not very good manners. When you're out walking together (left) he ought to match his stride to yours, instead of taking such long steps that you have to run to keep up with him.

HERE'S the answer to the maiden's prayer, right on these two pages. If your husband, fiance, best boy friend or escort is guilty of any of the crimes against good manners depicted by Del Courtney in these photographs, you may not want to tell him about it in so many words. But you might just leave the magazine lying around, open to this page, so he'll be sure to see it. The chances are very good that he'll get the idea.

The pictures were specially posed for Radio Mirror by Dinah Shore, NBC's popular singer, as the long-suffering young lady, and Del Courtney, famous orchestra leader also on NBC, as her offending escort.



■ It's a sign of selfishness when he dates you up for a Saturday night, then leaves at eleven o'clock because he has an early golf date—and you with the rest of the evening on your hands. And (left) the thoughtful escort doesn't drive recklessly with a girl in his car.





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Clothes worn by Dinah Shore, courtesy of Lord & Taylor

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Photos by Sydney Desfors, NBC.

# So Comes The Rain

■ From Del Courtney, danceland's best bet for sweet music supremacy in 1940, comes a tender ballad that you'll be humming as soon as you've played it once

Words and Music by  
DEL COURTNEY  
and DELYCE DEERING

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G clef, 2/4 time, and B-flat key signature. The lyrics are integrated into the melody.

Staff 1 (Treble Clef):  
As the tears come SO COMES THE RAIN

Staff 2 (Bass Clef):  
As your heart aches So comes the pain As the

Staff 3 (Treble Clef):  
thun-der keeps on thun-der-ing in vain So beat the raindrops

on your win-dow pane

As the rain comes So come the

tears As your heart drums So come your fears

— And for ev'-ry tear that's cried in vain The An-gels send them down in rain, As the

tears come SO COMESTHE RAIN

# How to Sing for Money

January 25, 1940 No. 1000

\$100,000 DOLLARS

The Public

Pay to the order of YOU THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

**By CHARLES HENDERSON (with Charles Palmer)**

*Kenny Baker says:*

*"This is the only logical and complete treatise on popular singing I have ever seen. The information and helpful ideas are bound to bring success."*

**H**ERE I am again!—the daring man who says you can make a career of singing—if you want to.

Last month, if you were paying the attention you should, you and I started out on the road of learning how to sing popular music by looking over the various types of songs and deciding which type you sing best, so that you wouldn't waste

time singing swing when you're really at your best with a ballad. And remember? I told you that ninety per cent of today's popular singing is done in front of a microphone, and drew the obvious conclusion from that fact—namely, it's no longer necessary for a singer to have a voice that fills Madison Square Garden.

Then we took a quick look at the various methods of getting a start—local radio stations, small night clubs and dance bands, auditions and so on. We analyzed your voice and—I hope—decided that it possessed the basic qualifications for getting you into the professional-singer class. We seem, in fact, to have covered a lot of ground last month; but take a deep breath and settle back in your armchair, because we're about to cover a lot more.

This month we're going to find out how to handle a song—how to sing the words, how to breathe, how to please your listeners, how to make them laugh or cry. To begin

with, I want to talk about the six "spotlights" of popular singing, the six things you *must* do to be successful.

**D**OES Bing Crosby march stiffly to the microphone, clear his throat, shoot his cuffs, and then bellow at you impersonally that his "heart is taking lessons"? Never in a million years. You get the feel-



■ The all-time high point of Schmaltz—Al Jolson's rendition of "Sonny Boy."



■ If your breath capacity is small it's a good idea to do a daily half-dozen.

## ■ Your voice can carry you to fame if you will read and study this amazingly practical and authoritative series by the stars' own vocal coach



■ To become a swing singer you'll need, among other equipment, a phonograph.

ing that Bing just happened to feel like singing at the moment, and that he's letting you in on something that's very important to him, something he wants to tell you about now that you and he are alone together. Which brings us to the first of our six "spotlights," or essential points, of popular singing. It is—

### Seem Natural in Voice and Manner

Today your audience figuratively sits in your radio mike, or in the lens of the movie camera, and in effect is often no more than ten feet away from you. The result is a new and amazing accent on intimacy, which penalizes heavily the slightest tinge of affectation. In other words, you sing to a million strangers today in the manner you would use in singing to one friend. And with this accent on intimacy, you must seem natural, or you're lost.

### Keep Your Diction Clear and Attractive

That's spotlight number two. Sing with your mouth open, sing in American, and sing in as near to a conversational style as the melody and lyric will permit. Audiences today want to hear the words of the song. Remember, it's your ability to add words to a tune which lifts your voice above the other musical instruments.

### Create and Sustain One Mood

You must arouse a pleasant emotion in your audience. "Pleasant" does not mean laughter alone: some people enjoy crying a bit. And the normal heart likes to savor just one emotion at a time. So—sing your song with the object of arousing one pleasant emotion in your audience, and if you succeed you have mastered spotlight three.

### Perform With Authority

In a word, sing with confidence. To do so you must know your trade and the nuances of your song thoroughly—so thoroughly that you do not have to think about mechanical details as you sing. It is authority which distinguishes the professional from the amateur.

Singing with authority does not necessarily mean singing loudly. A quiet competence in the manner of Rudy Vallee or Dorothy Lamour is usually fully as effective.

### Sing With Sincerity and Vitality

When you sing a song, you are an actor; you are portraying the character to whom the song "happens," and you must do nothing, say nothing, and feel nothing that the character would not do, say, or feel if he or she were a real person living through the song's story. Feel what you sing as you sing it, convince yourself that the lyric is true, and don't sing down to it. *Sincerity* is the keynote.

There is really only one test of a rendition, and that is, "Did the audience like it?" And the reason why some singers can ignore or twist the rules successfully is summed up in one word: *Vitality*. It also does not involve singing loudly. Vitality—life—comes from the fusion of all the elements of performance into a stirring trenchant, living whole.

### Always Use Showmanship

That's the sixth and last spotlight. And what does showmanship mean? First, *Style*; to set you apart from the herd, make you into *you*, and answer the talent scout's catchword of "Nice voice, but what of it?" Second, selecting songs which suit your personality, carry conviction when you render them, and which

your listeners will enjoy hearing. Third, your deportment which refers to the management of your body and face, and also to your dress. The essence of acceptable deportment is that it be agreeable, attractive, and distinctive to your audience, and that it have a subtle flair. Here again, an ingratiating apparent naturalness, a stylized simplicity, is the watchword.

Now, have you memorized the six spotlights? Naturalness, diction, creation of one mood, authority, sincerity, showmanship.

You've memorized them—and now you want to know what to do with them.



■ In phrasing a song, mark the places on the music where you plan to breathe.

Well, suppose we imagine that someone has just handed you a new song, with instructions to get "up" on it for an audition. Let's go through all the steps you would take in getting a new song into shape for a professional rendition, and in the process we'll also find out exactly how to make sure of those six spotlights.

### First, Learn the melody perfectly

Modern orchestration supplies no melody line during a vocal, since no instrument can match the current conversational phrasing. The orchestra may actually be contrapuntal (contrasting in note and rhythm) to the vocal. The result is that you have no melodic accompaniment to lean on: you're out there on your own, and if you forget the melody, or don't know it well enough to maintain it against the orchestra's obbligato, you're going to be in very deep water indeed—probably with the sponsor holding your head under until the bubbles stop coming up.

I've learned to shudder when someone says, "I'm a very quick study." (Continued on page 76)



■ Remember the time your voice cracked just as you reached for a high note?

# Our Gal Sunday's

Now, in thrilling serial form, read the complete story of a favorite radio drama—the story of how Sunday, an orphan, met and became the bride of rich Lord Henry Brinthrope.

## The story:

IT was only half an hour after her marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope that Sunday was called to the library of Brinthrope Manor, where she found a young woman and a baby—a baby who, the young woman said, was Henry's son. For proof, she gave Sunday a note in Henry's handwriting, promising to support the child.

In that moment, all of Sunday's happiness fell in ruins. It seemed to her then that she should have known all along she was living a fairy-tale which would inevitably collapse. After all, her first meeting with the Brinthrope family had been disillusioning too.

Sunday was an orphan who had been brought up in a rough mountain cabin in Silver Creek, Colorado, by two old miners, Jackey and Lively. Near Silver Creek were the Brinthrope mining properties, and Arthur Brinthrope, visiting them on business, had fallen in love with Sunday. He almost persuaded her to return to England with him, but he revealed that he had no intention of marrying her. Jackey, overhearing him, shot him and, as he believed, killed him. But Arthur's body disappeared and Sunday and Jackey were left in doubt whether he had been carried away by wolves or had recovered and run away himself. A few days later Arthur's older brother, Lord Henry, came to Silver Creek in search of him.

Sunday and Lord Henry fell in love, but Sunday fought bitterly against her affection for him because she was convinced that she had been responsible for the death of his brother. She even consented to marry her childhood sweetheart, Bill Jenkins, but was prevented from doing so by an accident to her arm. Then a woman, Violet Morehead, appeared in Silver Creek, threatening to tell Lord Henry that Jackey had shot Arthur, and in desperation Sunday made a clean breast of things to Henry. He saw at once that Arthur must be alive, or Violet Morehead would not know of the shooting, and he made short work of her attempts at blackmail, afterwards explaining that Arthur was the black sheep of the Brinthrope family. "He'd been embezzling from the mines," Henry said, "and that was why I wanted to find him. But now that I know he's alive, I'm satisfied. As long as I have you . . ."

Sunday had thought then, that all barriers to her marriage to Henry were gone, and with Jackey and Lively she had come to his home in England. Yet here, only a few minutes after the wedding, was a woman who claimed that she was the mother of Henry's child . . .

THE sheet of notepaper fluttered down from Sunday's numbed fingers. Her eyes followed it, listlessly. It fell against the hem of her long satin wedding gown and, shuddering, she stepped away.

"I can't believe it," she whispered. "It—it just can't be true!"

The white-faced woman opposite her stopped and picked up the letter. "Oh, it's true," she said, bitterness threaded through her voice. "Perhaps I shouldn't have told you, Lady Brinthrope, but—I didn't know I'd be too late. I came as soon as I could. I hurried—"

"How old is this baby?" Sunday interrupted.

"Almost a year. Henry was in New York when it was born. I wrote him—again and again, but he never answered. Then, a few days ago, I heard he was back in England, so I wrote him again—and got this letter. I didn't know he was going to be married until I saw the notice in the *Times*."

No, Sunday said to herself, no one had known that the marriage would be so soon—until a few days ago. She remembered her happiness at Henry's sudden, unexplained eagerness to have the wedding at once. With his arms around her, his urgent lips against her cheek, she had thought it was simply his love for her that made it impossible for him to wait until next month, as they had planned. Now she wondered—hating the thought yet knowing it must be true—if he had decided to hurry the wedding on the same day he received Diane Bradford's letter.

"Lady Brinthrope—" the woman muttered; then she swayed, put her hand against her heart. Even in her misery Sunday was conscious that she looked deathly ill.

"What's the matter? Can I get you anything?" she asked quickly.

Diane Bradford shook her head. "No . . . I walked here from the village. I'll be all right. For a while . . ."

Quick steps in the hall broke into her words. The paneled door opened, and Henry came into the room.

"Sunday—what's keeping you, darling?" he began—and stopped. Sunday saw his face go white. "Diane!" he gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"I brought—our son," she said pitifully.

At that moment, Sunday saw guilt in her husband's face. It must be true, then. The stricken expression of his eyes was proof enough. But she must know, beyond the faintest little trace of doubt. She took the letter from Diane's lax fingers and held it out to Henry.

"Did you write this?" she demanded. Jackey and Lively were in the doorway too, now, and other people behind them, peering in curiously, but it didn't matter. Only one thing mattered.

"Yes," Henry admitted in a low voice. "Yes, Sunday, I did. I should have told you about it—"

"Oh!" she recoiled in horror from his outstretched arms. "And you married me—knowing that this poor girl—"

Stumbling over the long folds of her dress, she ran to the door. "Jackey—Lively—take me away! I can't stay another minute in this house!" Strong arms were around her, rough, work-worn hands holding her close.

"Sure, Sunday gal, sure," Jackey murmured. "We'll take you right away."

Then Henry was there again, beside her, arguing, pleading; but she turned her head away and buried it in Jackey's shoulder. "'Tain't no use, now, Lord Henry," Lively said. "She's all upset, like, and we'd better just take her down to the inn. Mebbe, after a while, you can see her, if she wants you to . . ."

The tears came in the car, on the way to the inn—tears until she had sobbed herself into exhaustion, into a state of semi-consciousness where only one fact existed. Henry had betrayed her—and not only her, but that other girl, and his son too.

In the room to which Jackey and Lively took her and put her to bed as tenderly as two mothers caring for a child, she sobbed, "Promise

# Romance



Sunday and Lord Henry—posed by Dorothy Lowell and Karl Swenson

Photo by CBS

## Follow the further romantic adventures of Our Gal Sunday and Henry—tune in this exciting program Monday through Friday on CBS, sponsored by Kolynos Toothpaste and Anacin

me I won't have to see him again! I couldn't stand it! Please—promise me!"

"Not 'less you want to, Sunday darlin'," Jackey assured her stoutly. "Me'n Lively'll go right up there to the Manor and get all your things. And later on, we'll decide what we better do."

T was dusk when she wakened from an uneasy slumber. The wedding dress which she still wore was crumpled, and she felt hot, feverish. She rose, washed her face, and changed to a fresh dress from the suitcases Jackey and Lively had brought while she slept. Then she went to the door and looked out. Jackey jumped up from the tall settee at one end of the dark hall, where he had been waiting.

"Feelin' better, gal?" he asked tenderly.

"Much better," she said. "I want to go back to America, Jackey. Right away. Have we money enough?"

"I reckon so," he answered. "Lively and me got a little nest-egg we was savin' to give you for a weddin' present. But don't you think you ought to see Lord Henry? He's been callin' up all afternoon, wantin' to know when you'd be ready to see him."

"No—I don't ever want to see

him," she insisted. "Please don't make me, Jackey."

"Well, mebbe you'd like to talk to that girl—Miss Bradford. She's here in the inn—that room down the hall. She came here special to see you again."

"Oh—of course I'll see her. Poor thing—she's the one who has really suffered the most in all this," Sunday said.

A feeble "Come in" answered her knock on Diane Bradford's door, and she found Diane bending over an armchair on which she had laid the baby. The woman straightened up as she came in, and Sunday thought she had never seen such weariness in any movement.

"Oh—Lady Brinthrope—" she began.

"Don't call me that," Sunday told her. "My name is Sunday—I don't ever want to be called Lady Brinthrope again."

"Then you've left him? Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry—I come into your life, and all I bring is trouble and heartbreak."

"It wasn't your fault." Sunday's gaze seemed to go out, far past the confines of this dingy little room. "It isn't so bad this way—a quick, sharp pain, as if something had been cut out of you. But if I had lived with him, watched him . . . learned, bit by bit, that he could lie to me—I couldn't have stood that," she said simply.

"I know—I believed in him, too—" She broke off into a violent fit of coughing which racked her frail body like a tornado, bending her nearly double with its violence.

Staring down at the waters, she almost wished that she could step out of life forever, quietly and softly.

Frantically, Sunday tried to help her, but she waved her away, and at last, when the attack had subsided, she gasped, "It's nothing. It comes this way—and goes away again. The doctor says it—won't be long."

"You mean you—?" Sunday was unable to finish, because Diane Bradford's own face, her wasted, pitiful body, gave her answer enough.

Diane nodded. "A month—maybe a little more. They don't know. But what will happen to Lonnie when I'm gone?"

"But Henry—his father said he'd take care of him," Sunday pointed out.

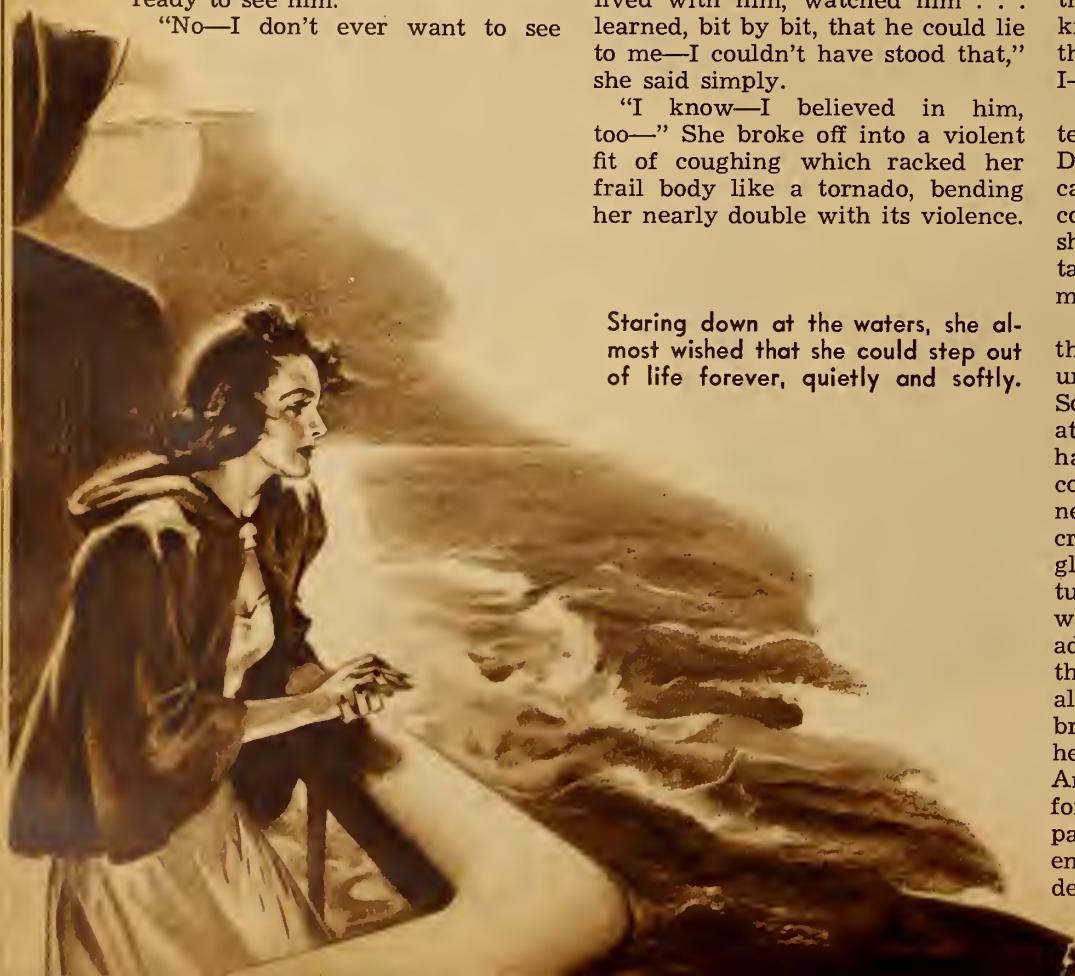
The scarlet mouth set itself in a thin line of determination. "I'd rather see him in an institution—or dead—than under Henry's influence!"

Sunday leaned over the chair. Bright unwinking eyes in a round face met hers; two chubby hands waved impotently in the air. "Oh, he's a darling," she said, feeling a strange, unfamiliar tug at her heart. Henry's child . . . a little bit of his blood and flesh . . .

Timidly, Diane said, "That's why I wanted to see you. Won't you take him? I'll sign papers—anything you say. You're good, and kind. And I do so want to know that he's all right before—before I—"

Sunday started to speak, to protest. Then she saw the entreaty in Diane's face. Its stark tragedy caught her and held her until she could do nothing against it. "Yes," she whispered. "I'll take him. I'll take him back to America with me."

The ship churned its way through the sullen sea, vibrating with the urgency of its return to America. Sometimes Sunday would wake up at night in the tiny cubbyhole which had been all Jackey and Lively could afford for her, and feeling the never-ceasing hum, would want to cry out. Every clink of the water-glass against its metal ring, every turn of the ship's propeller, every wave crushed beneath the steadily advancing bow was taking her farther from the man she loved, would always love. Yet in the morning, bringing Lonnie up on deck and hearing the familiar chatter of American voices, feeling the comfort of Jackey's and Lively's sympathy, she knew that love was not enough. You had to have confidence, and (Continued on page 58)



# Hollywood Radio Whispers

Nancy Kelly and Ken Murray—they're "going together"—wish Frances Langford and Jon Hall (seated) good luck on their first trip in their new yacht.



By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.

Barton Yarborough—Cliff of One Man's Family—broadcasts with movie star Loretta Young.

**D**ON'T say I didn't warn you. Some columns ago I itemed that Gene Autry was being paged for his own radio show: Well, Gene is now the star of CBS's new Sunday afternoon program for Wrigley's chewing gum. And here's another prediction: Gene Autry, the nation's "number one cowboy" of the screen, will replace the combination of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy and become number one man of the radio, too.

I watched \* \* \* \* \* Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Ruby Keeler and Paulette Goddard

play their charity golf match at Lakeside Golf Club the other week. As golf went, the match was terrible. But there were other things, for instance, Paulette Goddard. She wore a sports outfit that other women dream about and every time she swung her club one thousand males, who were following the match, sighed.

\* \* \*

Curiously, Ellery Queen's Sunday hour mystery program is closely followed in Hollywood. I've heard many filmstars bow out of cocktail parties and dinner engagements just to listen to Queen. It would indicate that the movies are interested in the young detective—and I think it would make an excellent film series, at that.

Starting with \* \* \* next column I am beginning a Confidential Ques-

Benny's Rochester treats himself to a drink in honor of his special contract with Jack.

tion Box—answers to your questions about Hollywood Radio Stars. Send your questions to George Fisher, c/o RADIO MIRROR, Box 2087, Hollywood, California. Only your initials will be used to identify you in the column. Send in your questions now.

\* \* \*

Eddie Arnold, who has his finger in every political pie, has just been voted president of AFRA—the radio actor's union.

\* \* \*

Betty Jane Rhodes, the First Lady  
(Continued on page 55)



■ "Now that Grant has a child of his own he is more tolerant, more sensitive to young thoughts, young fears, young ways."

**D**EAR DIARY:

I am rated the First Lady of Broadway . . .

I live in a pent-house—a magnificent pent-house—high above Fifth Avenue . . .

My co-star, Raymond Rogers, beloved by thousands of women, is in love with me . . .

I have only to wear a particular color or mention that I favor a certain perfume and the New York shops cannot fill the demand for it . . .

And if there is a more lonely and unhappy woman in New York City than I, I pity her with all my heart.

My husband is away—I don't know where. My two children are in a summer camp. Raymond Rogers would like to keep me company, but though he is gentle and considerate, all I want when the evening performance is over is to go home and confide my heartache to these pages.

It seems to me now that I should have known my marriage to Grant

Cummings would never work out. But I fell in love with him the first moment he walked into my little store, back in Montana. And it wasn't only the loneliness of three years of widowhood, either—there was something fine and good about him that I sensed at once. I couldn't refuse when he asked me to marry him. Though I told myself I owed it to my two children, Fran and Dick, to give them a new father and all the advantages Grant's riches could provide, the real reason I said "Yes" was simply that I loved him too much to say "No."

What I didn't foresee was the subtle resentment that was bound to exist between Grant and my two children. Grant felt, deep down in his heart, that my real love was only

*Read Second Husband here—then continue the adventures of Brenda and Grant Cummings by tuning in the radio drama of the same name, starring Helen Menken, sponsored by Bayer Aspirin, and heard Tuesday evenings over CBS.*

for them; and in their turn, they felt that Grant was taking me away from them. Their two points of view, it seemed, couldn't be reconciled, and in New York Mimi Hale, Grant's cousin, took advantage of the friction to maintain her hold over my husband. When that failed, she trumped up a story that my first husband, Richard Williams, had not been killed after all in an automobile accident, but was still alive! It was only by standing up to her and demanding to see the supposed "Richard," face to face, that I was able to prove that the whole story was a lie.

But somewhere in Grant were germs of jealousy that couldn't be killed. They, and they alone, brought about a situation which sent him into a court of law, accused of murder. For a surprise, I had begun sitting for my portrait to Peter Van Doorn. Mimi told Grant, and he paid a call on Peter—to find the artist dead, murdered.

# Second Husband

■ Concluding the intimate diary of Brenda Cummings,  
who found in re-marriage anguish and ecstasy, pov-  
erty and riches—and the fulfillment of a great love

They accused Grant of the crime, and he would have been convicted if at the last moment the real murderer—the husband of a woman with whom Peter had been having a love-affair—had not confessed.

I like to remember the brief period of happiness that was ours after Grant's acquittal. Mimi Hale had gone away, convinced at last that Grant and I must be left to work out our own salvation. But Nana Norton, a musical-comedy star whom I mistrusted on sight, persuaded Grant to back her in a new show—and Nana Norton is responsible for our estrangement and unhappiness right now. She's entirely unprincipled, but fascinating, and she set out to win Grant away from me. I could have fought for him, but when relations between us became so strained that Grant turned against Dick and Fran, I couldn't stand any more. I moved out of his home, taking the children with me.

It's just luck that I was able to shoot up to my present financial success. It doesn't even bring me any satisfaction, beyond the knowledge that Dick and Fran are provided for. I happened to get a small part in a new play—the star was so difficult they had to let her go—and Christopher Harwood, the producer, who had been very sweet and friendly from the first, let me read the leading role. It must have been some hidden awareness that I simply had to make good, that helped me to impress Mr. Harwood, the director, and the author at the audition; and made me a success beyond anyone's wildest hopes on the opening night. Goodness knows, I never thought of myself as an actress!

So I'm rich, and famous . . . but that fact seems remarkably unimportant beside Grant's silence. I saw him once, after I left his home,

and then he told me that he was through with Nana Norton—but the very same day I learned that he was backing her in a moving picture appearance. He'd never lied to me before.

Then came silence, and I heard he was out of town. Has he really gone to Hollywood, to make advance arrangements for Nana Norton's picture career?

June 3rd . . .

TODAY I met Nana Norton on the street. Even when I'm an old lady I'll shrivel up inside at the way she gloated when we were parting and, looking back over her shoulder, she called, "Oh, by the way, Grant's back. He telephoned me first thing this morning, just after he got in."

But he hadn't called me, at all.

June 5th . . .

Today was Ben Porter's birthday. Dear old Ben! He may be Grant's agent for his western properties, but somehow he remains loyal to me as well. I had Miss Reed, my secretary, buy a big pigskin wallet—the biggest one the store had—for him.

It wasn't the birthday present Ben wanted, however. And he said so.



"Honey," he told me, "maybe I oughtn't be saying so, but the only present I want is to see you and Mr. Cummin's together again."

I began to weep. I wept these days if anyone looked at me. I feel as if there was nothing inside me but a network of quivering nerves.

June 6th . . .

I'll try to make sense. But my head and heart are so filled with songs of thanksgiving that I don't know whether little practical words will come from them . . .

Grant and I are together again. He loves me! And it was Ben Porter and Nana Norton who sent him back to me!

When Ben left me yesterday he went to Grant's office. Grant had just sent Nana and her manager packing, told them he was through with them. They had come to his office on some business matter. But Nana, who had had too many cocktails for luncheon, began to talk. And she talked too much. She gave Grant clues concerning several cruel things she had done to me—in an effort to estrange me from Grant finally and completely.

On top of this it needed only Ben's white lie to send Grant to me, post-haste.

"Mr. Cummin's," Ben told Grant, "if my wife was as sick as Brenda is down there at the theater, gosh hang it, I'd want to be looking after her."

Quite deliberately he made Grant think I was really, physically ill. All the way to the theater he pictured me as being carried off in an ambulance. When he saw me in my dressing room his relief at finding me well was so great that it broke down all the barriers of pride and misunderstanding between us.

Now I am home again. In Grant's home, where I belong, surrounded once more by his love.

August . . .

The children came home from camp today. Dick is brown as a nut. He looks so handsome. Fran is inches taller—and she has a new poise.

August 30th . . .

Today Grant came upon me in Raymond Rogers' dressing room. Raymond was making love to me. And my arm was around his shoulder.

It happened like this. . . .

Raymond is leaving the play. He's going home to England. "I can't go on," he told me, "loving you as I do. I'll crack up if I try."

It was then I put my arm about him. *Out of friendship!*

"We'll discuss it tomorrow," Grant told me, as we drove home. "You probably have some explanation for what I saw. But I can't listen to it now—with any reason."

August 31st . . .

I NEVER knew that Grant had a brother—yet today Bill Cummings appeared in our home. He walked into the house and introduced himself, with an impudent grin, as "Ba ba Black Sheep."

Bill has just been released from prison, and that is why his existence had been kept such a secret. Yet I refuse to think he is bad. He was convicted ten years ago of embezzling thirty thousand dollars from the bank where he worked. I can't believe it. He's not a criminal.

Grant wanted to give him some money and send him away today. I wouldn't allow it. Instead, I did what Grant should have done. I took him down to the theater and introduced him to Mr. Harwood—with the result that Bill now has a job in the box-office as Mr. Harwood's personal representative.

September 4th . . .

I'm uneasy. Tonight as I was leaving for the theater Edwards admitted a man who had viciousness stamped all over him. He wanted to see Bill. They were cell-mates. Jake Hunter is his name and he left word for Bill to telephone him at the Hotel Deacon.

Grant sent him off without much ceremony. Perhaps that was right to do. But I wish he had done it—differently. Men like Jake Hunter are vindictive and dangerous.

September 21st . . .

Bill is going to be arrested. There's been a shortage at the theater. Carmichael, the older man in the box-office, reported the matter to Mr. Harwood and to the bonding company. That's what makes it difficult to save Bill. Bonding com-

panies take a high hand. And naturally they unearthed Bill's prison record in no time at all. Mr. Harwood admits Carmichael was officious in reporting the matter to the bonding company. Beyond this he won't go. But I do go beyond it! There's usually a reason for officiousness like Carmichael's. And I'm going to find out what it was in this instance. Bill swears he didn't touch a cent. I believe him!

September 22nd . . .

I posted a five thousand dollar bond guaranteeing that Bill wouldn't run away and the bonding company has given us ten days' grace. If we can't prove Bill's innocence or someone else's guilt in that time Bill will be arrested. And I've hired a detective, Fletcher, to investigate. Naturally, I've told Grant nothing. It would do no good. He would be as quick as the others to say, "Once a thief, always a thief."

## *Next Month—*

**A beautiful cover portrait of a beautiful girl—and a story about her romantic marriage to a millionaire sportsman... watch for NAN GREY on the cover of the April RADIO MIRROR**

September 24th . . .

Today I gave Fletcher orders. His investigations have been very half-hearted so far. "I want you to trace all the telephone calls Carmichael has made through the theater switchboard," I told him. "And I want you to check on a man named Jake Hunter who lives at the Deacon Hotel."

September 27th . . .

Carmichael and Jake Hunter know each other! For weeks they've been telephoning back and forth.

I know that, but it's about all I do know. We've questioned Carmichael about his connection with Hunter. And we've gotten nowhere.

"I didn't meet Hunter in prison," he said, with emphasis. "I knew him when he was in Wall Street. He used to handle accounts for me."

I am certain it is Carmichael and Hunter who are guilty. But I have no proof, no proof at all. And unless I can get proof in five days Bill is going to be arrested!

October 2nd, Midnight . . .

At eleven o'clock this morning Bill's days of grace expired.

At nine o'clock Fletcher came to the bonding company office to admit failure. A few minutes later Carmichael arrived. He brought a package of bogus tickets wrapped up in a piece of blue paper that had been torn from a larger sheet of paper. He had, he said, found the package in Bill's locker.

The bonding company executive and Fletcher threw up their hands with a gesture that said, louder than words, "That settles it!"

"The bond I've posted," I told them, "gives us two more hours. I want those two hours."

"Gee, Brenda," Bill said, "give up!"

Slowly, almost in a daze, I reached for that blue piece of paper. Obviously it wasn't the paper the man who had printed the tickets had used to wrap them. Where had it come from? If I could find out about that. . . .

I got Ben Porter to telephone Jake Hunter and trick him into leaving his room. Then, with a passkey I borrowed from Fletcher, I went to the Deacon Hotel and admitted myself to Hunter's room.

If I could find the piece of paper that blue paper in my bag had been torn from . . . and if I could find it in Jake Hunter's room . . .

It seemed logical to believe Carmichael had just come into possession of those tickets. And if Hunter had given them to him the night before, and his room hadn't yet been cleaned, the rest of the blue sheet from which the wrapping had been torn might be still there.

Hunter's room was a shambles. Carefully I emptied his waste-basket. And at the bottom of it found—blue paper! Blue paper with a torn edge that exactly fitted the edge of the sheet I took from my bag!

Just as I matched the two pieces together a key turned in the door. My heart flew to my throat. I knew before I turned what I would see. Jake Hunter stood in the doorway.

Slowly he locked the door and put the key in his pocket; then he sprang at me. I moved against the wall. I was sick with fear. Something pressed against my back. It was a glassed-in fire alarm. Quickly I turned and smashed it.

Jake Hunter pinned my arms behind me. (Continued on page 84)

# *Facing the Music*

By KEN ALDEN



Swing conquered the classics when Jan Savitt turned to jazz. Above, Jan with his five-man saxophone section. Shirley Lane (below), just out of school, sings with Gray Gordon's Tic Toc Rhythm band.

THOUGH it is reckless to predict anything about Artie Shaw, swing seers expect him back in the spotlight with a new band by February.

\* \* \*

Bob Crosby replaces Paul Whiteman at the Hotel New Yorker and Gray Gordon expects his tic-toc music to get the coveted Rainbow Room assignment.

\* \* \*

It was Johnny Green's band that Doris Duke Cromwell selected to play for her very swank party.

\* \* \*

The girl vocalists are on the merry-go-round again: Mary Ann McCall, formerly with Woody Herman, is with Charlie Barnet, replacing Judy Ellington. . . . Helen Forrest, formerly with Artie Shaw, joined Benny Goodman and Kay Foster who used to warble for Benny, signed up with Georgie Auld's band (formerly Artie Shaw's.) . . . Dot Claire left Bob Crosby to join young Bobby Byrne's excellent outfit.

The Hal Kemps expect a newcomer from heaven.

\* \* \*

When bands play theater dates they usually hire a make-up expert named Happy Goday. His trick is to apply a tan foundation, very mild lipstick, and a delicate powder over the whole face, and see to it that it stays bright through five shows. The strong stage lights demand good make-up.

\* \* \*

Johnny Williams, leader of his own swing ensemble on the Kate Smith hour, comes forth with a blast directed at his fellow drummers. "The drum is a foundation instrument and should be kept in its place and not made the object of annoyance and disturbance as has become the modern habit," squawks Johnny.

\* \* \*

Louise Tobin, former Benny Goodman vocalist, and wife of trumpeter-leader Harry James, has just recovered from an illness that almost took her life.

(Continued on page 68)



By KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's new Food Counsellor

# The Cooking Corner

## ANNOUNCES A CONTEST FOR

Tune in Kate Smith's noon-day talks, Monday through Friday at 12:00 E.S.T. and her Friday night show at 8:00, both over CBS.

I'VE got exciting news this month. RADIO MIRROR and I are going to have a contest that every woman in America can enter.

It's really much more than just a contest. It's a chance to exchange your own pet menus and recipes with thousands of other women all over the country. It's your chance to learn about dishes that will make your menus more delightful. Think of it! For the first time that I know of, women from Maine to California are being given an opportunity to "swap" favorite recipes as if they were back-yard neighbors. And not only that—in addition, you stand a chance of winning a valuable prize.

Here's what I hope you'll do. Send me the recipe or recipes you like best which you yourself have worked out (naturally, not a recipe that you found in a cook book or with a package of food, though it could very well be one that your mother and grandmother handed down to you). Then you'll be eligible to win one of the many cash prizes or one of a hundred beautiful packages of my sponsor's foods.

Then, after this contest is over, I'll select several recipes every month and you'll find them on these pages. I'm looking forward to getting all these recipes myself, to tell the truth. I'm anxious to find out how they cook in all the different sections of this great country of ours—and I'm sure you'll be anxious too.

It doesn't make any difference what kind of recipe you select to enter in the contest, because RADIO MIRROR and I want all kinds—recipes for baking, for soups, for desserts, for meat courses, for appetizers, for sauces—anything, as long as it's one you yourself have had particular success with. Enter as many recipes as you please, so long as each one is accompanied by the official entry coupon printed at the left.

And now, because I'm so excited about this contest, I want to start the ball rolling with two of my own pet recipes. I'm only sorry I can't send them in to the contest, because I have a hunch they'd win some prizes—but of course, being one of the judges, I can't.

### THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$50.00 IN CASH
SECOND PRIZE.....	25.00 IN CASH
THIRD PRIZE.....	15.00 IN CASH
55 PRIZES OF \$2.00 EACH IN CASH	
50 Additional Prizes of General Foods Beautiful Special Gift Packages	

### OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

#### COOKING CORNER RECIPE CONTEST

Radio Mirror Magazine, P. O. Box 556  
Grand Central Station, N. Y., N. Y.

Please enter the attached original recipe in your contest under the conditions governing the competition as detailed in RADIO MIRROR.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

Single ( ) Married ( ) Number in Family ( )

#### Cheese Souffle

4 tbls. butter or margarine	1 tsp. salt
4 tbls. flour	dash of cayenne
3/4 cup canned evaporated milk	6 eggs (beaten separately)
3/4 cup water	1/2 lb. creamed Old English type cheese

# YOUR FAVORITE RECIPE



■ Kate starts the contest ball rolling with her own favorite recipe for a fluffy cheese souffle.

Melt the butter, rub in the flour with the salt and cayenne. Combine canned evaporated milk and water and stir into the flour, using a low heat. When the sauce has thickened and is smooth, stir in the cheese. As soon as the cheese has melted, add the beaten yolks of the six eggs. Let mixture cool, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a buttered casserole, 2-quart size, and bake in a slow oven (300 degrees F.) for 1½ hours. Serve immediately.

## Nantucket Clam Chowder

1 large onion, minced fine	½ lb. salt pork sliced thin and diced
1 qt. potatoes, cubed small	3 tbsls. flour
4 qts. water	salt and pepper to taste
1 qt. clams (chopped) with liquor	1 pt. milk

Cook onion and potatoes in 4 qts. water for about five minutes. Add chopped clams and cook for five minutes more. Fry salt pork, being careful not to burn it, drain off the grease and add pork, together with liquor from the clams. When the potatoes are done, thicken liquid with the flour, and add salt and pepper to taste. Add milk just before serving, being careful not to let chowder boil after milk has been added.

For every woman in the land—the easiest contest you ever entered! Your favorite recipe can win for you one of many cash and food prizes. Write it down and send it in—now!

## THE RULES

1. Recipes must be typewritten or plainly written on one side of sheet only.
2. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, economy, nutritional value and appeal to the eye as well as the palate.
3. For the best entry judged on this basis RADIO MIRROR will award a cash first prize of \$50.00. The next best recipe will receive \$25.00 and the third will be awarded \$15.00. In the order of their excellence the fifty-five entries next best will be awarded prizes of \$2.00 each. The next 50 best recipes will be awarded special gift packages of General Foods products. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. The judges will be Kate Smith, conductor of the Cooking Corner, and the editors of RADIO MIRROR, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. Each entry must be accompanied by an official entry coupon clipped from RADIO MIRROR Magazine. All winning recipes will become the property of RADIO MIRROR for publication and use wherever desired.
6. Address entries to Cooking Corner Recipe Contest, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, April 15, 1940, which is the closing date of this contest.

# Woman in Love

■ The most wonderful happiness at last comes to Tamara on Christmas Eve—  
bringing to a close this enthralling drama by America's favorite novelist

FIVE years in a convent school were poor defense for Tamara Todhunter when she met Mayne Mallory, handsome, unprincipled film actor. To her dazzled eyes, he symbolized everything she loved and wanted—and only afterwards, when he left San Francisco and returned to Hollywood, leaving her to bear his child in secrecy, did she realize what an easy conquest she had been.

Tamara managed to keep her child a secret from her family, a shabby group of unsuccessful theatrical people. The little girl was born at the ranch home of Mary Hutton, an old friend of Tamara's Mother Superior in the convent school, and when Tam returned to San Francisco Mrs. Hutton accepted little Mary as her own niece.

In the eight years that passed after little Mary was born, Tam found a measure of success as an actress in San Francisco. She thought she would never fall in love again—until she met George Davis, a handsome but dissolute young lawyer. Through her influence, he stopped drinking and began in earnest to build the career he deserved, and gradually; beautifully, he and Tam fell in love. By an accident, she also discovered that he was the son of Mary Hutton, whom Mary had believed was dead, and she brought mother and son together again. Before she agreed to marry George, Tam told him the truth about little Mary's parentage, but he refused to let this make any difference in their love.

At last, as she and George were married and went on a glorious mountain honeymoon, Tam thought she had found real happiness. But on the very day they returned, Mayne's shadow fell once more across her life. Mayne was accused of murdering his wife, a wealthy woman he had married after his association with Tamara, and George was chosen to defend him. On the first trial, George succeeded in getting the jury to disagree, but on the second, in which Mayne was defended by another lawyer, he

was pronounced guilty. And then he sent for Tam, revealed that he knew of little Mary's existence, and tried to blackmail her into begging the Governor into pardoning him. When she refused, he grew so abusive that George knocked him down. George and Tam rushed from the prison waiting-room while Mayne was still unconscious. Two days later they learned that he had never recovered consciousness; that the interview with George and Tam, plus George's blow, had been too much for an already weakened heart.

GEORGE took Tam to dinner at the city's finest hotel a few nights later; they had soft music and mellowed lights about them when he told her the news:

"I think they're going to make a sort of example of me, Tam."

Her alarmed eyes came up from her plate. "How do you mean?" she demanded, paling.

"Oh," he said carelessly, "I think I'll have to go across the bay for a while."

"They're—they're not—" She choked on the words and was still.

"I think so."

"Jail?" she whispered. "Prison?"

"Oh, for a while. Nothing much."

"Oh, no!" Tam whispered. She looked about her like a creature in a trap. "Oh, why did you bring me here!" she breathed. "We could have gone some place—some little place—we could have had supper at home—"

"I wanted you to be somewhere where people could see you," George said mildly. "We'll have plenty of time to talk—we can talk all night. But I had to tell you this, and I thought it might be a good way. They weren't apt to let me off, Tam—you can see that."

She was hardly listening; her hands were clenched on her breast, and her eyes narrowed on space.

"No, no, no," she said, "I'll not let you! I'll tell everyone. You shan't do this for me!"

"I'm not doing it for you, Tam."

"Did you tell old Mr. Martell or

Mr. Hunter or Billy the truth?"

"Of course not!"

"They think that you simply lost your temper because Mayne was so insolent about your having thrown him down?"

"Of course they do."

"Then I'll tell them!" Tam said, her jaw set firmly. "I've wanted to talk all along. Now I will. Mary—all of us will have to take the consequences. But when they know why you hit him—because of me—maybe they'll let you go!"

"We'll talk about it later," George said evasively. "Listen, Tam—the evening paper said that Kohl had made you an offer?"

"The movie man." Tam's eyes were suddenly heavy and her tone dulled. "Yes. I suppose he wants to cash in on the publicity."

"Well, why not? Why not take it, I mean?"

An affronted look came into her pale face. "Take it?" she asked, surprised.

"Well, for a while. It'd mean a lot of money, Tam."

"I don't want to," she said restlessly. "I hate the movies. We have to settle this other thing first—George!" she broke off suddenly. "You think you are going to be over there a long time. Tell me, do you know? Does anyone know?"

"Nobody knows. And no matter what's done tomorrow, there'll be delays and appeals and all the rest of it. Old Martell has got his teeth into this, and he won't let go," George said. "But, long or short, I'd like to feel that you were working and interested."

Later he said to her: "It isn't for you, Tam. It's for my mother and Mary. Mary's such a grand little girl, with her hair flopping round and her dirty white shoes. It'd be a ghastly thing to get her home from France, get my mother here, mark 'em both for their whole lives with this kind of story! I don't say this way out is cheap, but it's the cheapest there is. You don't know what will happen, what kind of a break we'll get."

"I know that if I let you—go to



by  
*Kathleen Norris*

*Listen to Woman in Love by Kathleen Norris, Monday through Friday, on CBS, 5 P. M., E.S.T., sponsored by Wheaties.*

Illustration by Carl Mueller

prison—you'll be ruined forever. Where could we go that this story wouldn't follow us?"

"Where could we go? Nowhere. We'd stay right here. And in a few years it'd be, 'He hit a man once, and the man went out cold.' That'd be all there was to that!"

Later that night she went to sleep with her head on his shoulder and his arm about her. But George lay awake, with her sweetness and sleepiness and smallness close to him, all night long.

She had mercifully not realized it, but he knew. He knew that it was their last night together.

In the morning she was radiant and courageous. It was impossible to despair on such a singing Christmas Eve, with a bay ruffled and blue under a light wind and great galleons of cloud ballooning their way above the solemn silhouette of Tamalpais.

But at breakfast, seated opposite George in the sunshine-flooded breakfast room, the brightness suddenly went out of her face. Her glance had chanced to fall upon the morning paper, folded and thrown carelessly upon a chair, and she had seen the headlines: "Davis to be Sentenced Today." She made herself face him, she made herself be calm, but her soul was sick within her.

"Tam, do you want to do me a real Christmas favor?" George asked.

Instead of answering, she burst out, "It's too horrible to be true! If I—if I went to the governor—"

"That's just what I want to talk to you about, dear," George said in a businesslike tone. "The governor couldn't do anything with a pardon now because it would stir up too much mud. After six months or a year—"

"Six months or a year!"

"Well, maybe in much less than that, things will have simmered down and everything will be quieter. Then you and the boys at the office can get busy and do something."

(Continued on page 72)

Life came back into her veins. Somehow, in the cold and dark she was across the kitchen floor, and then the sky showed in the opened doorway.

# Secrets of the

■ Shhh! If you'll promise not to tell, we'll reveal some of the strange things that happen unexpectedly when a favorite Hollywood broadcast goes on the air!

By MARIAN RHEA



■ A tearful maid almost ruined Ginger Rogers' performance—until a piano cover came to the rescue!

THIS is a story of secrets that have been well kept all these years, a story of accidents, fright, forgetfulness, a story of Fate at her worst.

The secrets belong to the Lux Radio Theater and the glittering stars who bring you their dramas every Monday night—secrets that have made Cecil B. DeMille's hair turn even grayer and that have left the huge cast which puts these hour broadcasts on the air limp with nervous exhaustion.

It is the story of the human side of your favorite dramatic program and the human side of the stars, of Clark Gable who kissed the script girl, of Bob Montgomery who forgot his pants, of Connie Bennett whose dog wouldn't stay home.

These secrets would have stayed locked away for all eternity, probably, if certain strange markings on the sides of used broadcast scripts hadn't been translated by the

■ One Monday night, while you were unaware of it, a white kitten played an exciting part during the performance of "Cimarron." Above, Director De Mille, Edith Wilkerson, Virginia Bruce and Clark Gable.

girl in charge of these mimeographed sheets of apparently harmless paper.

The script for "I Found Stella Parrish," officially noted only that Connie Bennett was the star that evening. But off in one corner was the single word "dog". Doesn't make much sense, does it? It didn't at the time it all happened, either.

The dog belonged to Connie. A magnificent cocker spaniel whose life is pretty hollow unless he is within sight and smell of his glamorous mistress. Perhaps it was natural, then, that she take him with her to rehearsals for "Stella Par-

rish," but it wasn't quite so natural that he appear at the actual performance! He was properly shut up when Connie left home. But dogs are notably ingenious. Therefore, shortly before the close of the second act of the broadcast, apprehension suddenly swept the Bennett countenance and following her glance, the others assembled saw why.

Standing there in the wings, nose extended toward Connie, body immobile, tail rigid, was Chips. Connie gasped and went on with her lines. Director DeMille frowned; the producer made gestures of displeasure in his plate glass cage.

# Lux Radio Theater



■ Autograph hunters know Claudette Colbert for a good sport—but even you would never guess that she would broadcast, in a crisis, with her ex-husband!

Meanwhile, Chips having dutifully and characteristically saluted Connie as he had been taught to do, ambled over to her and sat up amiably, his fore paws dangling in front of him, honest brown eyes beseeching reward. And then it was that Connie nearly had a fit. You who listened to her that night, didn't know it, but all the while she was acting in that very dramatic story, she was frantically pushing at the bewildered Chips, trying to get him away from her, but at the same time motioning others bent on eliminating him, to stand back. The general effect was gymnastic to say the least. And when the "curtain" finally went down Connie was a wreck.

**W**HEN he sits up, he barks," she gasped, "especially if he's interfered with before he gets his dog biscuit." However, perhaps bewildered by the unfamiliar behavior of his mistress, or perhaps silenced solely by the grace of the god of radio, he hadn't barked on this occasion. He had just sat there. But it was a near thing.

I asked the script mistress, pretty Norma Lindbloom, if the pets of Lux artists were in the habit of visiting their owners at inconvenient moments, and she said no, they weren't. "We've only had one

■ That look of surprise on Robert Montgomery's face was nothing like the look he expressed the night he rushed out to answer the phone—minus his trousers.

■ Janet Gaynor has a standing invitation to be on the Lux show—but seldom accepts it for a very personal reason: the mike frightens her so much she almost faints!



Fink Photos

other such visitor in the history of the program," she insisted. That was a white kitten which some admiring fan had given Virginia Bruce at the stage door, the day Virginia and Clark Gable co-starred in the radio version of "Cimarron." A very self-possessed little creature, this, who managed to get out of the bas-

ket she came in smack in the middle of the show and meander, purring, around the stage, rubbing against Clark's and Director DeMille's trouser legs (leaving patches of white hairs) and coyly evading all efforts to catch her.

Finally she snuggled down between the footlights and went

to sleep. Yes, there is a notation about this on the "Cimarron" script. "Kitten," it says.

It was on this same day that some of Norma's co-workers got Clark to do a little good-natured ribbing at the expense of Norma and another "script girl," Helen Bushee. Norma admits she and Helen had been pretty thrilled at the prospect of meeting the handsome Mr. Gable face to face, and also that they hadn't exactly kept their thrilled anticipation to themselves. Came the Big Moment of introduction. Instead of bowing, impersonally, Clark strode across the room and threw an arm around each of them. "Hiya, Norma! Hiya, Helen!" he breezed. "I've been looking forward to this!"

HEREUPON, everyone laughed, and Misses Norma and Helen blushed to the roots of their hair. Norma didn't make any hieroglyphics on the script about this, but she had other things down there about Clark.

Seems he has a most disconcerting way, in radio performances, of forgetting to wait for necessary sound effects. He will rush through a door before it is opened, for instance, or say, "Come in," before a scheduled knock—things like that. So they always mark these bits of stage business on his script with large, bright red lines and this has helped, too, although in "It Happened One Night," he managed to

answer a telephone before it rang. If you listened in on that broadcast, did you notice it? Probably not. But Charlie Forsyth, the Lux program's sound man did. He nearly had a fit. And now, whenever Clark is on the program, Charlie watches him like a hawk. They even kid him about hurrying up his timing to make sure Clark won't "rob" him of the chance to do his stuff.

Paula Winslow's colored maid (Paula often appears in supporting roles on the Lux program) has also been known to add to the gray hairs of Lux producers. Her name is Pearl. She has been with Paula for years, and thinks her wonderful.

During broadcasts, she sits in the wings, and lives, heart and soul, the roles Paula plays. If it is a funny role, she is convulsed with laughter. If it is a sad role, she weeps copious tears. It was during Paula's recent appearance in "She Married Her Boss" with Ginger Rogers and George Brent, that this enthusiasm got out of bounds so to speak. Pearl, listening to her mistress' performance, became lachrymose with its pathos. Whereupon Director Sanford Barnett, fearing her reaction would become audible in the microphone, acted with dispatch. He threw a piano cover over Pearl, tears and all.

Of course, all of the trials and tribulations which can beset the producers of and actors in a radio show don't crop up during the

broadcast. One of the biggest mishaps in Lux annals (and you ought to see Norma's hieroglyphics on this script, what with the last-minute corrections and all) occurred when it was learned the Friday night before the Monday show, after rehearsals had been going on all week, that the radio rights for "Vive Villa," the intended production, were not available. That meant approximately two days and a half were left to select, write and rehearse a new show! The first problem was to get hold of a star who could work under pressure. "Walter Huston!" someone suggested. It seems that Walter is one of the best in the business when it comes to this kind of emergency.

So they asked Walter would he help out and he said sure.

"What play would you like to do?" was the next question.

"The Barker. I've done it in New York and I'm up on the lines," he told them.

"And whom would you like to play with you?"

"Claudette Colbert. She was in the New York show."

They called Claudette and she was willing to help also. "How about the other man in the cast?" was the next question.

"Norman could do it," this was Claudette's suggestion.

The Norman she referred to was her ex-husband, Norman Foster. He, too, had been in the New York show. (Continued on page 53)

■ No wonder Connie Bennett nearly had a fit when Chips followed her from home right into the Lux radio broadcast of "I Found Stella Parrish."



"More pleasure, more smoking... all in one grand, mild cigarette... Camel!"

MRS. MALCOLM E. MCALPIN  
SOCIALLY PROMINENT SPORTSWOMAN



Above, Mrs. Malcolm E. McAlpin wearing the colorful braided wool jacket. A great lover of winter sports—and distinctly an expert—Mrs. McAlpin is a familiar figure in Sun Valley. And in her own New Jersey country home, "Benalpin," she leads an active life year 'round. Ice-skating, bob-sledding, swimming—she enjoys them all.

"After hours of fun outdoors," she says, "I love to sit back comfortably—smoking Camels. I get *more pleasure* out of Camel's cool, delicate taste. And with Camels, I never tire of smoking. They're slower-burning, you know—*so much milder*. As for any effect upon my throat, there simply isn't any—with Camels!"

*A few of the many distinguished women who prefer the cigarette of slow-burning costlier tobaccos—Camel*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia • MRS. ALEXANDER BLACK, Los Angeles

MRS. GAIL BORDEN, Chicago • MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, Jr., Philadelphia

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2ND, Boston • MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3RD, Philadelphia

MRS. CURTENIUS GILLETTE, Jr., New York

MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia

MRS. NICHOLAS GRIFFITH PENNIMAN III, Baltimore • MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, Jr., Chicago

MRS. KILIAEN M. VAN RENSSELAER, New York



In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**



MORE  
MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND  
FLAVOR WITH  
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS



# WAS THIS THE MAN SHE HAD MARRIED?



ONLY a few short months ago—the excitement, the wonder, the surging happiness of walking beside him down the aisle... *bis bride!* Weeks of glorious honeymooning... all music and laughter, dancing and gaiety. Then, at last, home to the shining new apartment they had planned and furnished together.

And now, so soon, this puzzling change. The precious words, the tiny acts of thoughtfulness, were becoming less and less frequent. Somehow, even the way he looked at her seemed different lately.

Tonight... or rather in the small, lonely



hours of this morning... he was coming home after an evening without her. It was not the first time. There had been other such nights recently, vaguely explained away as "necessary for business."

Could he *really* be growing indifferent... this man she loved so much? What had she done? What could she do to hold him?

## *Why Risk Unhappiness?*

Probably nothing can wreck romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). And the insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom know

when you have it... or realize that you are offending. Why run that risk? Sometimes halitosis may be due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts this food fermentation... then overcomes the odors it causes... leaves your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Get in the habit of gargling Listerine Antiseptic before social or business engagements. Its pleasant, tangy taste makes it delightful to use. And it may pay you rich dividends in friendships and popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**Use LISTERINE Morning and Night for Halitosis (Bad Breath)**



No, Lanny Ross isn't being pinched—he's only feeding his husky escorts at the Philadelphia Food Show. Jean Paul King, left, is the announcer on Lanny's CBS program for Franco-American Spaghetti.

## Horace Heidt's Secret Marriage

(Continued from page 17)

mother, Mrs. J. W. Heidt, of Alameda, California, who had come south to meet her new daughter-in-law. The bride wore cloth of silver and a white orchid in her hair, and looked very beautiful. The photographers gathered around and when Horace joined her between numbers, they finally persuaded the two of them to pose for pictures. But pressed again for all the romantic details, Horace began to look stubborn again. He had nothing to say! He made that clear. The two of them had fallen in love. They had gotten married. Here they were—and now forget it.

That was about what he said to me when I way-laid him in the Grove rehearsal room the next day.

"Why all the excitement? People get married every day," he protested.

"Not a big orchestra leader," I pointed out.

"Heck, I'm not a 'big orchestra leader' . . . for the luvva mike, gimme a little peace, can't you?"

But what reporter can do that—that is, until she gets what she's after . . . especially with the boss wiring every half an hour reminding her she can't be very good if she can't get a simple marriage story. So I lost a lot of sleep for a couple of nights, but I finally thought of wiring a newspaper pal in Reno for the low down.

**"FOR PETE'S SAKE GET ME DETAILS OF HEIDT MARRIAGE. HE THINKS HE'S MONA LISA."**

And it was the answer to that wire that really set off the tempest in the teapot. Because my newspaper pal wired back that Horace Heidt and Adeline Slaughter had never gotten married in Reno!

Whoops! What was this! Scandal—or what? I called Horace, but by that

time he was recognizing my voice and wasn't having any conversation with me. I called his manager. He was out but I left a message for him, too. I called the bride and Mrs. Heidt, senior. They were out, too, at least to me. I called NBC and set the whole studio on its ear.

Not married? Their biggest orchestra leader mixed up in some kind of monkey-shines? Ohmy! Ohmy!

Whereupon, having started something—I hoped—I went home and read a book. I had been reading about forty-five minutes when the phone rang. A harassed voice came over the wire.

"This is Horace Heidt. You win."

"I'll be over in fifteen minutes," I said.

"All right, I'll be here."

I was and he was. "I wanted to keep the whole thing a secret," he complained when I arrived. "I think a guy's private affairs are his own."

"Not a famous guy's" I contradicted him once more.

"Apparently," he agreed, resignedly.

Then he sat down and I sat down, and he told me the story. No, it wasn't a very detailed story. There were a lot more things I should have liked to know. What he said when he proposed and what she said, and things like that. But I suppose I should be glad I got anything, since that Heidt guy is such a stubborn Dutchman (Holland), with a jaw that sets itself something like the Rock of Gibraltar when he makes up his mind.

Anyway. . . . He met Mrs. Slaughter in New York at a cocktail party several months ago and while he is serious and hard working and not much of a ladies' man, he insists, he liked her right away. Well, having met her, I can see how that's possible. Dark-

haired, dark-eyed, curved in the right places, poised and vivacious, she has many of the qualifications which should make her a successful wife of a successful orchestra leader. She is friendly and witty. She is intelligent and tactful. Incidentally, she is non-professional, which Horace said suits him exactly.

"One career in the family is enough," he remarked.

The new Mrs. Heidt was formerly married to a New York business man, and has two children. The couple were divorced in Reno last June.

No, they weren't engaged very long, Horace said, but when, a few months ago he made arrangements to tour the country with his band, playing a series of theater engagements, they decided that around Christmas time, they would meet somewhere and be married. Not a soul knew it, not even Horace's manager nor members of his band. En route to Hollywood, Horace simply stopped off in Nevada, ostensibly on business. Mrs. Slaughter met him there, and they did the trick.

AND right here is where the mystery came in. They had planned to keep the whole thing a secret for a while—at least until after Horace's Cocoanut Grove engagement—and then a certain columnist got hold of it and announced it. So hoping, still, to pare the news down to a minimum of publicity, Horace admitted the marriage but said it happened in Reno when, actually, it happened in Carson City! And since Reno is in Washoe county and Carson City in Ormsby county, there was, naturally, no record of the Heidt-Slaughter nuptials in Reno.

Judge Gill of the Ormsby county superior court performed the ceremony, with County Clerk Marietta Legate and a court attache looking on. The bride wore a dark traveling suit and orchids. They were both kind of jittery, Horace admitted, as who isn't, getting married? He didn't lose the ring, though, a very elegant affair of platinum and diamonds. After the ceremony, they flew to Los Angeles and during Horace's Cocoanut Grove engagement, honeymooned at Los Angeles' ritzy Ambassador Hotel. At present, they haven't any plans for a permanent home, since Horace travels around a good deal, but they think that eventually, they would like to live in Southern California.

Horace also has been previously married—to Florence Woolsey of Alameda, and they have a little daughter, Patsy, ten years old. This marriage took place in 1925, a couple of years after Horace was at school at the University of California. They were divorced in Reno in June of last year, but he still sees a lot of his little daughter and is extraordinarily fond of her.

And that is the story and the background of Horace Heidt's secret marriage.

"As I said, a marriage is a private affair, and we didn't want a lot of hurrahing over it," he repeated. "We fell in love, wanted to be together always and fixed it so we could. What's so unusual about that? A good many people—" grinning, "do the same thing, I feel sure."

"But not famous," I said, "you see, you might as well have broken down and told everything in the first place. Because marriage," I said, "like murder, always will 'out.'"

And isn't that the truth!

## PACIFIC STANDARD TIME

## Eastern Standard Time

**CENTRAL STANDARD TIME**

8:00	CBS: News
8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
8:30	CBS: Morning Moods
8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
8:30	NBC-Red: Four Showmen
8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News
8:00	9:00 CBS: Today in Europe
8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock
8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Tom Teriss
8:30	9:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Morning Musicals
9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30 CBS: March of Games
9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Four Belles
9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Children's Hour
9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
10:05	11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
8:30	10:30 11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: News
8:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Music and Youth
9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: On the Job
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00 1:00 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
10:00	12:00 1:00 NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
10:15	12:15 NBC-Blue: Vass Family
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Grand Hotel
10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Moods
10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today
11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Democracy in Action
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: Great Plays
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: So You Think You Know Music
11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: N.Y. PHILHARMONIC
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Norman Cloutier's Orch.
1:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: I Want a Divorce
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Blue: H. Leopold Spitalny
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: News from Europe
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Al Donahue Orch.
1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: Pursuit of Happiness
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Blue: Richard Humber Orch.
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: The World is Yours
8:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: Hobby Lobby
2:00	4:00 5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Blue: Moyle Sisters
2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC-Blue: News
2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats
2:00	4:30 5:30 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:30	4:30 5:30 MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Met Opera Auditions
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER
3:00	5:00 6:00 MBS: Listen America
3:00	5:00 6:00 NBC-Blue: New Friends of Music
3:00	5:00 6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30 6:30 NBC-Red: Grouch Club
4:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: The War This Week
4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: Dinah Shore
4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: SCREEN GUILD THEATER
4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
7:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: ORSON WELLES
5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: Festival of Music
5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE McCARTHY
5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: FORD SYMPHONY
9:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15 9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
8:15	8:30 9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:45 9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Ellery Queen
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Cheorio
7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: NBC String Quartet
10:00	10:30 11:00 CBS: Paul Sullivan
8:00	10:00 11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

## SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Screen Guild's M. C. Pryor attends the circus with Mrs. Pryor.

## Tune-in Bulletin for January 28, February 4, 11, 18 and 23!

January 28: Marlene Dietrich makes one of her rare radio appearances tonight on the CBS Silver Theater at 6:00. . . . Richard Craaks is the guest star on the Ford Symphony Hour, CBS at 9:00.  
 February 4: Grace Moore is the Ford Hour's guest star. . . . and at 10:00, John J. Anthony's Goodwill Hour celebrates its third year on the air. Listen to it on MBS.  
 February 11: Beautiful Gladys Swarthout sings on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00, with Reginald Stewart conducting the orchestra.  
 February 18: And tonight the Ford Hour's guest is John Charles Thomas. . . . Don't forget that One Man's Family is on Sundays now, at 8:30, NBC-Red.  
 February 25: Mr. District Attorney, NBC-Blue at 7:30 tonight, was slated to end its career a few weeks ago, but listeners kicked up such a fuss that sponsors decided to keep it on.

## ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Screen Guild Theater, an CBS at 7:30, E.S.T., sponsored by the Gulf Oil Company.

The only sponsored program on the air which gives all its profits to charity, the Screen Guild Theater is also the originator of this season's brightest new idea. Many Hollywood programs have glamorous guest stars, but none of them, until the Guild show began it, have had as entertaining a gag as the "farfeits" which close each broadcast.

In the last few minutes of a Guild broadcast, Roger Pryor, the permanent master of ceremonies, asks each guest star to answer a question. Usually the questions are about Hollywood people—like "What actor appeared in three gangster pictures during the last year?"—so the stars really ought to be able to answer them correctly. If they can't, they have to pay some sort of a forfeit, again indicated by Roger Pryor. Loretta Young had to blow up a toy balloon until it burst. Gertrude Lawrence had to play a tune on a comb covered with tissue paper. (She had so much fun with it that she was still playing after the show had gone off the air.)

The idea came up because every Hollywood program on which there are guest stars tries to insert a few minutes of informal, humorous chatter at the end. Usu-

ally the rehearsed chatter turns out to be about as informal as a visit to the White House, but the producers of the Guild show proved their genius by hitting on the forfeit notion. It's never rehearsed, and is one of the high points of this otherwise carefully-rehearsed program.

Roger Pryor, the master of ceremonies, is the only screen personality who receives a salary from the Guild program. It's right that he should, because he works on it every week. Roger is married to Ann Sather, screen star. They first met in the early 1930's, when they were cast opposite each other in a Broadway play, "Up Pops the Devil." Then they didn't see each other again for quite a while, until Roger went to Hollywood in 1934 and was again cast opposite Ann, this time in a picture called "The Girl Friend." He profited by earlier mistakes, and didn't let her get away. They were married on September 29, 1936.

Soon after his marriage Roger quit pictures for a musical career—thereby reverting to type, because his father was Arthur Pryor, famous bandleader. For several seasons he led a successful dance-band and toured the country, until the Screen Guild program engagement came along and he decided to settle down in Hollywood and devote all his time to radio.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



DONALD DICKSON—Chase and Sanborn's baritone tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red. Donald is 28 years old, and modestly hopes that in another 20 years he will be a good singer. Already, he's made a fine start by winning the Metropolitan Opera Auditions and singing on the Metropolitan stage, besides getting his Chase and Sanborn contract. He comes from Clairton, Pa., and is 5 feet 11 inches tall.

## INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME
8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
8:00	NBC-Red: News
8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac
8:30	NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet
8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
9:00	NBC: News
8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45 10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
	9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15 11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
8:15	10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Borch
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: This Day is Ours
10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: Streamline Journal
	12:45 1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:45	1:45 2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45 2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 3:30 CBS: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45 CBS: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Stell Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: BY KATHLEEN NORRIS
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: News
	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15 6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
	5:30 6:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
3:45	5:45 6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: FRED WARING'S GANG
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: BLONDIE
7:30	6:30 7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	7:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
7:30	7:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
9:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: TUNE-UP TIME
9:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes
5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Tommy Riggs
8:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: Howard and Shelton
5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
8:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: ALEC TEMPLETON
7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ They're the Voice of Firestone—Margaret Speaks and Richard Craaks.

## Tune-in Bulletin for January 29, February 5, 12, 19 and 26!

January 29: Joe Venuti, the wacky violinist and jitterbugs' delight, opens tonight with his orchestra at the Peabody Hotel, Memphis, Tennessee, broadcasting over CBS. February 5: Listen to Alma Kitchell's Streamlined Journal, an NBC-Red at 1:30 this afternoon, for an up-to-date women's program. February 12: It's Abraham Lincoln's Birthday, and all the networks have special programs in honor of it. . . . CBS is broadcasting the celebration from Springfield, Illinois. February 19: Harry James and his orchestra open tonight at the Southland in Bastian, and you can listen to their music late at night over NBC. February 26: All you Li'l Abner fans, did you know that NBC-Red is now broadcasting a radio version of his adventures? It's on at 6:45 tonight.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** The Voice of Firestone, on NBC-Red at 8:30 tonight, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast reaching the Pacific coast at 8:30, P.S.T.—sponsored by Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

The Voice of Firestone has two stars—Margaret Speaks and Richard Craaks, but this month you'll hear more from Craaks than you will from Miss Speaks. She's away on a concert tour and will broadcast only on January 29 and February 26. In between, Craaks will hold the fort.

Dick Craaks is a real American tenor, who was born in Trenton, N. J., and married the girl who had been his childhood sweetheart. Mildred Craaks says about her husband: "Dick has never said a mean thing or done a mean thing in all his life"—which is high praise from a wife. They have two children, Patsy and Dicky.

Craaks loves sports like hunting and fishing and camping, but he doesn't practice them exactly the same as other men. He likes to fish, but when he hunts he never takes a gun along. An excellent marksman, he has never shot anything but clay pigeons! He plays par golf and drives his own car. Once a year he and the whole family go to the Canadian woods on a camping trip—an expedition with which nothing is allowed to interfere. In camp, Dick and his son fetch water and chop wood, while the two "girls"—Mrs. Craaks and Patsy, look after the cooking and dish-

washing. Once, in the woods, Dick and Mrs. Craaks surprised four big grizzly bears who were raiding the camp. Afraid to run, they stood still while the bears reared up and looked menacing. Then Dick began to sing, and the bears turned and ambled away. He still doesn't know whether the incident was a compliment to his singing voice or not.

You hear him Saturday afternoons on the NBC Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. At the Met Craaks has a distinction that only the great Caruso has ever had before him. He's so popular with the stage-hands that before his first appearance each season they "decorate" his dressing room with praps and scenery from the stage.

Margaret Speaks, Craaks' co-star, is another nature-lover, although she concentrates on her Westchester home instead of going camping or fishing. Whenever anyone asks her what she wants for a birthday or Christmas gift, she always answers, "A tree," for planting trees is almost a passion with her. She plants one on the slightest excuse to celebrate an event of any kind, and her country home is fast becoming a regular tree nursery, with at least thirty varieties represented. Besides getting more trees, she has only one ambition. She hates speed of all kinds, and wishes for the day when she'll be able to ride exclusively in her own horse-drawn buggy.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

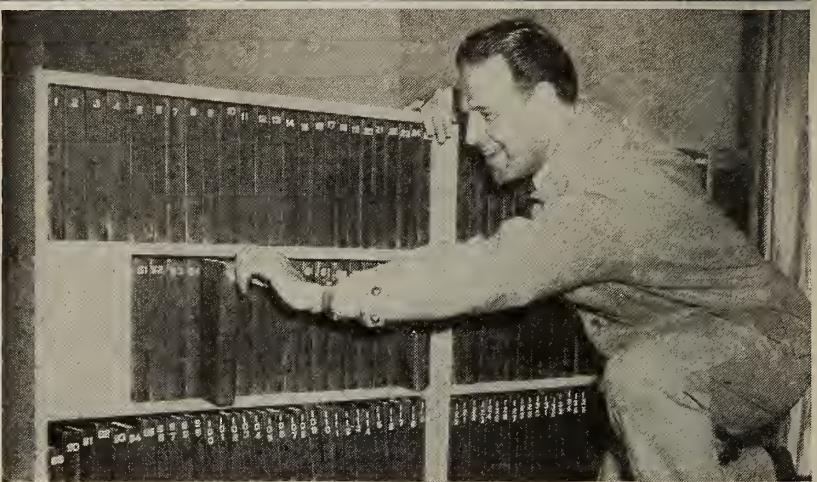
**MELVILLE RUICK**—better known as "Mel," who is the genial announcer on the Lux Radio Theater tonight at 9:00 on CBS. Mel augments his Lux duties with roles on other Hollywood dramatic programs. He came to radio first as the announcer for his own dance band, and has worked in pictures as a gangster and an orchestra leader. He served as an aviator in the World War, and gardening's his hobby.



Complete Programs from January 26 to February 27

Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CBS: Today in Europe 8:00 NBC-Red: Variety Program
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:15 CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac 8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver 8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage 9:00 NBC: News
8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB 8:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30 9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children 8:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly 9:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge 9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness 9:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House 9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin 9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Stepmother 9:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream 9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor 10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family 10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15 11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis 8:15 10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone 10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: Big Sister 10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: The Traveling Che 10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories 10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries 9:15 11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent 9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour 9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Our Spiritual Life
9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful 10:15 12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: This Day is Ours 10:30 12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music
	12:45 1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: Gallant American Women 11:00 1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15 2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	2:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	2:30 1:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine 11:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Girl Interne 12:00 2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother 1:30 3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45 4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Burton
	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45 5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: News
	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	5:30 6:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45 6:45 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: AMOS 'N' ANDY
4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gau
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Jimmie Fidler
4:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: HELEN MENKEN
8:30	7:00 8:00 CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
5:00	7:00 8:00 MBS: La Rosa Concert
8:30	7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: The Aldrich Family
8:30	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
8:00	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
9:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: We, The People
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Cavalcade of America
9:30	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Blue: Meet Mr. Weeks
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: McGEE AND MOLLY
7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: BOB HOPE
7:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Americans at Work
7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Brent House
7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Wiggily - Doghouse

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Horace Heidt finds Pot O'Gold's winning telephone book.

## Tune-in Bulletin for January 30, February 6, 13, 20 and 27!

January 30: It's President Roosevelt's birthday, and all over the country people will be dancing at Birthday Balls for the Benefit of the Warm Springs Foundation. Better join them. . . . On Americans at Work, CBS at 10:15 tonight (notice that this show is being broadcast now on Tuesdays instead of Thursdays), you can learn all about the Census Taker's job.

February 6: Guy Lombardo's band moves into the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles tonight—listen to them over CBS.

February 13: Don't forget the inspiring Covolcode of America program on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:00.

February 20: How does a job counsellor go about helping you to get a job? If you want to know, listen to Americans at Work tonight.

February 27: For fifteen minutes of smart dance music, tune in Glenn Miller's orchestra on CBS at 10:00 tonight. He's on at the same time tomorrow and Thursday.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Pot O' Gold, on NBC-Red at 8:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Tums—your chance to win a lot of money if you're very, very lucky.

Here's a radio program that's loaded with dynamite—the most controversial show of the 1939-1940 season. Theater managers are sore about it because, they say, it keeps people at home Tuesday nights. The United States government is rumored to be looking at it questioningly, wondering whether or not to call it a lottery—for lotteries, you know, are against the law. Some network advertisers are being skittish over it with the dubious complaint that it lowers the dignity of radio. But most important—millions of listeners tune it in every Tuesday night. Whether they'll still be tuning it in when you read this issue of Radio Mirror is something your Studio Snooper won't predict. All the accumulated criticism could squeeze popular Pot O' Gold off the air at any moment.

In case you haven't been in on all the excitement, Pot O' Gold is the show, starring Horace Heidt and his orchestra, that gives away \$1000 every week to some lucky telephone subscriber. All you have to do to win the \$1000 is have a telephone in your home, your name in the telephone book, and be at home to answer the phone when it rings. If it rings.

The NBC studio where Pot O'Gold

originates contains a big wheel called the Giant Selector, and bound volumes of Bell Telephone Company and connecting systems' phone books representing every section of the country. The books are bound into large volumes containing 500 pages each. Some volumes contain the books of thirty or forty small communities, while others contain only two or three larger cities. Each volume is numbered. The first spin of the selector chooses a volume number, the next spin a page number, and the third a line on that page. If the subscriber listed on that line is at home when the telephone rings, he gets \$1000. If he isn't home, he only gets \$100, the extra \$900 being carried over and added to the \$1000 on the next week's program.

Lorry Cotton, Horace Heidt's tenor, has the job of building up the suspense as the selector clicks along. With a portable microphone, he picks up the clicking sounds, and interpolates a running fire of chatter. But to Maestro Heidt goes the pleasant task of putting in the telephone coil which will tell someone of his good fortune.

The most deserving person to win the pot, so far, was Mrs. Ben Kluding of Norwalk, Ohio, who has four children and a husband who was injured several years ago and hasn't been able to work since. Mrs. Kluding didn't hear the program on which she won—her radio was broken.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**LOU MERRILL**—two hundred and fifty pounds of menace. If there's a villain on tonight's Big Town program, CBS at 8:00, it's probably Lou. His deep, powerful voice makes him an ideal "heavy" for such shows as the Lux Theater, Woodbury Playhouse and other air dramas in Hollywood. He has bellowed defiance into microphones for ten years, and was first heard coast-to-coast with Mary Pickford. Lou began his career as a choir boy in Montreal, Canada. In real life, he's leading man to Celeste Rush, radio actress, and is very mild-tempered. He has a varied list of hobbies—they are photography, poker, and good music.





Miss Margaret Biddle,  
attractive young  
daughter of Mrs.  
Henry C. Biddle of  
Philadelphia, enjoys  
one of society's smart  
indoor polo matches.



The younger social set  
loves skiing. To Margaret, a  
"spill" is just part of the fun,  
and she has a good laugh at  
her companion's expense.



After an exciting summer in  
Europe, Margaret is now back  
in the whirl of suh-deh gaiety.  
Season's high spots are exclu-  
sive Saturday Evening dances.

Prominent  
Sub-Deb

Popular  
Senior

BOTH  
*Young Moderns*  
CHEER THE  
SAME Thorough  
SKIN CARE

Miss Phyllis Boarman  
is a much-dated senior  
at East Orange High  
School in N. J. School  
haskethall games are  
social as well as  
athletic get-togethers!

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:

Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:

What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even touching a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Brenchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?



SEND FOR  
TRIAL  
BEAUTY  
KIT

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-CVC, Clinton, Conn.  
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Pal's Cabin.



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		8:00 CBS: Today in Europe 8:00 NBC-Red: Variety Show
		8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver 8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		8:30 CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac 8:30 NBC-Blue: Four Showmen 8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage 9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB 8:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
		8:30 NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
		9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children 8:45 NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly 9:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month 9:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge 9:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness 9:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House 9:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin 9:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother 9:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream 9:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family 10:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis 8:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone 10:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister 10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch 10:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories 10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries 9:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent 9:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour 9:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Homespun
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: THE GOLDBERGS
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful 10:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: This Day Is Ours 10:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music
12:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Music for Young Listeners 11:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Blue: Quilting Bee 11:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine 11:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I 11:45 1:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne 12:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl 12:15 2:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins 12:15 2:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony 12:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone 12:45 2:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee 1:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother 1:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: SMILIN' ED McCONNELL 1:45 3:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris 2:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	6:15 CBS: Billy and Betty 6:00 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood 2:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton 2:30 5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines 2:45 5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:15	5:15	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill 5:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN 6:30 NBC-Blue: Gulden Scenaders
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas 3:45 5:45 NBC-Red: Lili Abner
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy 4:00 6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES 8:00 6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Warling's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner 8:15 6:15 7:15 NBC-Red: I Love Mystery
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN 7:30 7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Al Pearce 8:00 NBC-Blue: Johnny Presents 6:30 7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian 8:30 7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: Quick Silver Quiz 8:30 7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Avalon Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER 6:00 8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Radio Guild 9:30 8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: FRED ALLEN
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller 7:00 9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing 7:00 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Dr. Christian's secretary, Judy . . . and Dr. Christian himself.

## Tune-in Bulletin for January 31, February 7, 14 and 21!

January 31: Peggy Wood presides over a novel program, the Quilting Bee, on NBC-Blue at 2:15 this afternoon—and if you're a woman, you're bound to hear something that interests you.

February 7: Fred Allen's back interviewing Persons You Never Expected to Meet. If all goes as planned, tonight at 9:00 on NBC-Red he'll talk to a Western Union Singing Telegram Girl.

February 14: Today is Valentine's Day, and somebody will be hurt if you forget it. Anyway, the networks won't let you forget—they've all scheduled special programs. . . . For racing fans, Mutual is broadcasting the Seminole Stakes from Hialeah Park.

February 21: For a Wednesday-night dose of drama, tune in the Texaco Star Theater on CBS at 9:00.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Dr. Christian, starring Jean Hersholt, on CBS from 8:30 to 8:55, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast reaching the Pacific Coast at 8:30, P.S.T. Sponsored by Vaseline Preparations.

When Jean Hersholt made that first movie with the Dionne Quintuplets back in 1935, he didn't know he was starting out on a career of doctoring that would last for years and years. "The Country Doctor" was its name, and it led to another movie in which Jean played the same character—and that in turn led to his "Dr. Christian" radio character—and now the radio show, while still bowing merrily along over the air, has led to a similar series of movies.

Sometimes Jean thinks wistfully back to the days when he was Hollywood's most dependable villain. He knows that now he couldn't possibly play a villainous part—in fact, after the first Quint picture he tried one, and the fans wrote in angrily telling him to stop it—they like him too well as the kindly doctor. Not that Jean is a villainous person himself, but he would like a little variety in his roles now and then.

Jean is now the Dean of Hollywood. He came there in 1913 from his native Denmark, and has been working in the movies ever since. No other star has been in pictures continuously, that long. Lionel Barrymore made movies before Jean did, but then he returned to the stage and was absent from Hollywood until talking pictures came in.

Besides acting Dr. Christian on the air

and in movies, Jean's biggest job is his presidency of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, the films' own charity. Profits of Sunday afternoon's Gulf-Screen Actors Guild radio show all go to the Fund, and it's part of Jean's duties to help keep the show running along on an even keel. For instance, though he won't admit it, he's responsible for Shirley Temple's Christmas Eve broadcast—it took him six months of talking to all the people interested in Shirley's future to get her booked for the program. Right now, he's hoping to persuade Garbo to broadcast. She turned him down once but Jean never takes no for an answer when it's a question of his beloved Relief Fund.

Besides being president of the Fund, he's on the board of directors of the Screen Actors Guild and the American Federation of Radio Artists, and is usually called on for extra jobs, such as helping to line up talent for a broadcast to benefit the Finnish Relief Fund. He's such a warm-hearted, generous soul that he never refuses to work for a good cause.

Rosemary DeCamp, who plays Dr. Christian's secretary, Judy, is an Arizona girl who has become one of radio's best actresses. Like Jean, she looks forward every year to Jean's "vacation," which is a trip to New York. Jean's contract specifies that at least four broadcasts of his program must come from New York so that he and Mrs. Hersholt can have their Manhattan holiday.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**WYNN MURRAY**—whose singing on Fred Allen's program at 9:00 tonight on NBC-Red gives the mighty Mr. Allen something he can't poke fun at. Wynn is a chubby little lady, eighteen years old—so chubby that until she made her big success in the musical comedy, "Babes in Arms," she always supposed opera was the only place for her and her glorious voice. She comes from Scranton, Pa., where she sang in church and on the local radio station until a talent scout heard her and brought her to New York to audition for the "Babes in Arms" producer. It didn't take him any time at all to realize he had a future star.





*Lady Esther asks*

# "Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"



**Unpopularity doesn't** just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly—that gives you a "powdery look" because it contains grit! Why not find out about your powder?



**Right in your own teeth** you have a testing laboratory! Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your present powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest possible trace of grit! But...



**What an amazing difference** in Lady Esther Face Powder! This superfine powder is free from all suspicion of coarseness or grit! When you smooth it on your face, your skin takes on a luminous, satiny look . . . a new loveliness!



**When you make** your entrance at a party, how wonderful to make it confidently! You can—if you use Lady Esther Face Powder! For no longer need you be a slave to your powder puff. Put on Lady Esther Face Powder at 8 o'clock...



**And at midnight**—after the gayest evening . . . your skin will still look exquisitely lovely! So today, send for samples of all ten shades of my face powder, at my expense. See for yourself that this superfine powder contains not a single trace of grit . . . goes on smoothly. And you can find your lucky shade, too . . . the one shade of Lady Esther Face Powder that will flatter you most . . . that will make you look years younger than you really are!

## Try the famous Lady Esther "Bite-Test"

**Test your Face Powder!** Place a pinch of your powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains no trace of coarseness or grit! You'll find it never gives you a harsh, flaky, "pow-

dery" look . . . but makes your skin look satin-smooth . . . flatters your beauty.

**Find your Lucky Shade, too!** For the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, at my expense. Try them all . . . don't skip even one. For the powder shade you never thought you could wear may be the one right shade for your skin—luckiest for you!

## ★ 10 shades FREE! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)  
**LADY ESTHER,** (53)  
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Eastern Standard Time**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00 CBS: Today In Europe
		8:00 NBC-Red: Variety Show
		8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
		8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		8:30 CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac
		8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage
	8:00	9:00 NBC: News
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
		8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
		8:45 9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
10:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Rosa Lee
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: American Life
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: This Day is Ours
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Words and Music
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Ideas That Came True
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	2:15	2:25 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	2:15	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	2:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	2:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: TED MALONE
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
	3:15	4:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
	5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: The Guest Book
		6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		5:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
		6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Warling's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
	6:30	7:30 CBS: Vox Pop
	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Ask it Basket
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Musical Americana
4:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: George Jessel
9:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Strange as it Seems
	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Joe Penner
9:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Those We Love
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Rochester Philharmonic
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Society Girl cast goes to work on a broadcast.

## Tune-in Bulletin for February 1, 8, 15 and 22!

February 1: If you live in the Eastern time zone, you can listen to Woman of Courage, a good serial, this morning—in the north at 9:00 and in the south at 10:15.

February 8: Jimmy Dorsey closes tonight at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, so it's your last chance to hear him from there on NBC.

February 15: For a half hour of unusual music—listen to Musical Americana, directed by Raymond Paige on NBC-Blue at 8:00.

February 22: We're celebrating the birthday of the Father of His Country today—George Washington—with appropriate programs from CBS, MBS, and NBC. . . . Mutual begins a new series of afternoon programs that sounds interesting—it's called Recent American Short Stories, and it's heard at 2:45, E.S.T.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Society Girl, on CBS at 3:15 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Linit and Kre-Mel.

Most radio serials deal with ordinary folks—the kind who sometimes don't have enough money but never have too much. Society Girl is different. Practically everyone in the story is rich, and glamour is rampant. It's a dramatized "at-home" of Cafe Society, that strange and very modern blend of Park Avenue's wealth, Broadway's brains and Hollywood's beauty. Bryn Clark Barrington, the heroine, is the 1940 Glamour Girl No. 1, "fourth richest girl in the world." But if you think even rich glamour girls don't have their trials and tribulations, listen in to Society Girl.

The producers of Society Girl planned at first to cast a real member of New York's blue-blooded 400 in the role of Bryn Barrington. Audition calls were noised around at Junior League meetings and within a week Roger White, the director, was being besieged by would-be talent in the form of mink-coated heiresses. The casting directors almost went crazy, but they couldn't find a suitable Bryn in the lot. Finally they found her, in Charlotte Mansan, an eighteen-year-old stage actress who never attended a Junior League meeting in her life.

In the picture above you see the cast of Society Girl at a regular broadcast. Left to right, they are Irving Kaufman, who plays Ben Parsons, the typical American grocer who reads the commercial an-

nouncements, Ted Steele, who plays the theme song and musical bridges on the Novachord, Beatrice Miller as Mrs. Constance Grant, Alexander Kirkland as Russell Barrington, Jackie Coogan as a playboy Broadway producer, Charlotte Manson, and Bernard Zaneville as a Broadway musician. Being in the cast of Society Girl is always interesting because from time to time celebrities are written into the script for a few weeks. Elaine Barrie Barrymore was a villainous Countess for three weeks, and Jackie Coogan did fine as the Broadway producer.

The program almost has "Ted-itis," because when someone calls "Tedi!" answers come from Ted Cott, the producer, Ted Miller, the engineer, and Ted Steele, the musical director. Steele not only plays the theme song, "Sunrise Serenade," but composes the musical bridges himself. If you're one of the curious listeners who have written in to ask how many pieces there are in the Society Girl orchestra, here's the answer—just one, a Novachord, one of those modern electric instruments that sounds like a whole band.

Not shown in the picture is Ed Jerome, who plays Bryn's father, Dwight Barrington. Her "mother" was in Europe when the program first went on the air, and until the present navigation hazards of war are over will stay there, so the part won't be cast until she returns. Another character not in the picture is Jim Backus, who plays Dexter Hayes, the millionaire aviator.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**HANLEY STAFFORD**—the nation's most long-suffering and harassed father. He plays Daddy to Fannie Brice's Baby Snooks on tonight's airing of the Good News program, at 9:00 on NBC-Red. Hanley Stafford isn't his real name—he was born in Hanley, Staffordshire, England, and adapted the name of his birthplace for his own use. A member of the Canadian army in the World War, he was wounded at Ypres, and organized a dramatic group during his convalescence. He's been associated with some branch of the theater ever since. He's a "daddy" away from the mike, too—his 17-year-old son wants to be an actor too.





"Shall we give it to Daddy? . . . Look—look, Daddy loves it! He'll take it all, if you don't eat it up quick!" . . .

Silly, eh? That's what a baby thinks, too.

*You don't need tricks if he likes the taste!* He's bound to like Clapp's and thrive on them. You'd like them ever so much better yourself!

## Cut the comedy and try Clapp's . . . BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!



**There's no mystery** about it really. Clapp's are garden-fresh when canned. That's one thing. They're ever so lightly salted according to doctors' directions—that's two. And years of plant-breeding and soil selection have made them rich in the minerals and vitamins that go along with appetizing flavor . . . Open up several different kinds of Strained Spinach, for instance, and taste them. You'll be astonished at the extra freshness and goodness of Clapp's!

**Here's another point** you might not notice—but babies do. Clapp's have just the right texture to give a baby's tongue real exercise without getting it into trouble. Babies appreciate that. So do doctors—they've been giving us tips about what babies like in texture and flavor for 19 years. For Clapp's is not only the oldest baby foods house—it is the only one of any importance that makes nothing *but* foods for babies and young children.

### 17 Strained Foods for Babies

**Soups**—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth  
Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup  
Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots  
Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—  
Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Pears  
and Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.

### 12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

**Soup**—Vegetable Soup • **Junior Dinners**—  
Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with  
Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green  
Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apple  
Sauce • Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice  
with Raisins.

# Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

## Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	CBS: Today In Europe
		8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
		8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
		8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		8:30	CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac
		8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:00	NBC: News
		8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		8:05	9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
	2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
		8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
		8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
1:00		9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15		9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
		9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
		9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30		9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
		9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
		9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45		9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
		9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
		9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30		10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
		10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
		10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00		10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
		10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
		10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15		10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT
9:00		11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15		11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15		11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neill's
9:30		11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30		11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30		11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Dr. Daniel A. Poling
9:45		11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00		12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15		12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15		12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30		12:30	1:30 CBS: This Day is Ours
10:30		12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
		12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00		1:00	2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00		1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Music Appreciation
11:00		1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15		1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30		1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45		1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45		1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00		2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00		2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Martin
12:15		2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15		2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
12:15		2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30		2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30		2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45		2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45		2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00		3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00		3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15		3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		3:30	4:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
1:30		3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45		3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00		4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00		4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Name It and Take It
2:00		4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00		5:15	6:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15		4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30		4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30		4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
		5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45		4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15		5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
3:00		5:00	6:00 CBS: News
		6:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15		5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
		5:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
3:30		5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Guldien Serenaders
		6:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45		5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Lili Abner
8:00		6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00		6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Josef Marnas
8:00		6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Warling's Gang
8:15		6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15		6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
6:00		6:30	7:30 CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ
7:30		7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30		6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Yesterday's Children
9:30		7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
		7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:00		7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Carson Robison's Buckaroos
8:30		8:00	9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
6:00		8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
6:00		8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30		8:30	9:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
8:30		8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: What Would You Have Done
7:00		9:00	10:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
7:00		9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00		9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Lady Esther Serenade
7:30		9:30	10:30 CBS: Young Man With a Band
7:30		9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Behind the Headlines

## FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Club Matinee's two masters of ceremonies—Ransom Sherman and Garry Morfit.

## Tune-in Bulletin for January 26, February 2, 9, 16 and 23!

January 26: There's a new quiz program starting tonight on NBC-Blue at 9:30, called *What Would You Have Done?*

February 2: Why not listen tonight at 6:15 to Hedda Hopper's *Hollywood?* Hedda broadcasts over CBS.

February 9: The month's most important prizefight is scheduled for tonight, and you can hear it over NBC-Blue, with Bill Stern and Sam Taub announcing. It's the battle between Joe Louis and Bobbie Goday for the heavyweight championship of the world, coming from Madison Square Garden.

February 16: A musical novelty is Josef Marais and his Bushveld songs, on NBC-Blue at 7:00 tonight.

February 23: Xavier Cugot's orchestra opens tonight at the Chase Hotel in Memphis, Tennessee, broadcasting over NBC.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Club Matinee, on NBC-Blue at 4:00, E.S.T.—a five-times-a-week variety show that's gay and lively and listenable.

There's a good reason for calling Club Matinee a variety show, because even the cast is varied. On Thursday and Friday, Ransom Sherman is the show's master of ceremonies; on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Garry Morfit takes the job. The Escorts and Betty broadcast on Monday and Thursday, the Three Romeos on Tuesday, and the Morin Sisters on Wednesday and Friday. Nancy Martin and Evelyn Lynne, contraltos, sing all five days of the week, but on alternate weeks. Even the time schedule can't be depended on—the program is on the air from 4:00 to 4:55 every day except Thursday, when it's only from 4:00 to 4:30. Johnnie Johnstone, baritone, is the only member of the cast, in fact, who stays put.

And any day, without warning, the elaborate schedule outlined above may be changed.

Ransom Sherman, today's master of ceremonies, is a cheerful guy 41 years old who was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, and has been in radio since 1923. He likes to travel, which explains why he has worked in studios in Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and then Chicago again—the latter being the city where Club Matinee originates. He might have been a violinist, but when he was a boy studying the instrument

he got his finger caught in a church door and had to turn to the saxophone instead. But he didn't much like saxophones, so he turned out to be a comedian.

Ransom lives in Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago, where he says he owns his own home, or will as soon as the mortgage is paid off. He was married in 1927 and has two children, George and Ann, who help him write his scripts—or so he claims. They take turns sitting in his lap when he's at the typewriter, until he's learned how to type while the kids beat different keys on the machine. Ransom says if he ever inherits a lot of money he'll travel and then come back to Chicago and go on doing radio work.

Garry Morfit, the Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday master of ceremonies, is a good deal younger than Ransom—just 24, in fact. He always was stage-struck, and when he was still in high school crashed Jean Harlow's dressing room while she was making a personal appearance in Baltimore by sending her a note and signing it "Bing Crosby." Jean liked his brashness, and talked to him for an hour, which made him more certain than ever that he wanted to be an actor. After high school, though, he got into radio, and in a few years worked up to his present job.

He's crazy about swing music and peanut-butter-and-devilled-eggs—and also about the new Mrs. Morfit, to whom he's been married less than a year.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

TED STRATER—the young man who is responsible for those swell choral effects on Kate Smith's program tonight at 8:00 on CBS. Music—and radio—have been Ted's careers since he was 14, when he got a job playing piano and singing over KMOX in St. Louis. By the time he was 17 he'd opened his own musical coaching studios and organized not one, but two successful dance bands. He came to New York when he was 21, and now, at the age of 26, is celebrating his fourth year leading Kate's chorus. He also leads a band which plays in exclusive New York night spots, with Ted directing it from the piano bench.



## Secrets of the Lux Radio

### Theater

(Continued from page 40)

Claudette knew he was by far the best bet for this emergency. She didn't let possible embarrassment to herself stand in the way.

Janet Gaynor can appear on a Lux program any time she's a mind to. Janet gets scared, though. It's the reason she doesn't appear oftener. She made an outstanding hit in the Lux version of "A Star Is Born" and "Mayerling." The producers have told her that any time she needs a piece of change, to call them up. But she doesn't. She shakes in her boots for hours after her broadcasts.

Bob Montgomery was pretty upset, too, but for a different reason on a certain day in September, 1937, when "A Star Is Born" was presented under the Lux banner. Seems they were having a heat wave in Hollywood about that time and Bob, having half an hour or so to himself between rehearsal and the broadcast, had hied himself to his dressing room (which was NOT air cooled) and did what a good many uncomfortably warm young men would do, discarded most of his clothes. He was dozing peacefully on the sofa when came a stentorian voice: "Mister Montgomery! Telephone!"

NOW the telephone below stairs in the Lux theater is in a sort of lounge, where people are wont to gather when they're not doing anything else. Several were gathered there now—Janet Gaynor, May Robson and others—and it was before this gathering that Bob appeared to answer the telephone.

"Hello," he said sleepily, into the mouthpiece. "Hel—" And then he became conscious that all was not well with his appearance. "Cripes!" he yelled. "GOODBYE"—and retired precipitately, amid assembled hoots and applause.

He was in his shorts!

As you'll remember, it has been the Lux custom in the past to conduct interviews between the second and third acts of the show. And on one occasion, it was Evelyn Keyes, DeMille's screen protege, who was interviewed. During the course of the conversation it was brought out that one problem of DeMille's in coaching Miss Keyes, a southern girl, was to eliminate her southern accent.

At the close of the program, DeMille was called to the telephone. "Long distance from Washington, D. C.," the operator said. Then an irate voice came on the wire.

"I resent youah effohts to change Miss Keyes' suthin accent!" he roared. "We suthinahs pride ouahsevelses on ouah speech, suh!"

"But my dear sir," Mr. DeMille tried to explain. "I have nothing against a southern accent, except that an actress must learn to be versatile. Miss Keyes is being trained for many roles. She may, for instance, one day play—say, Queen Elizabeth. You wouldn't have her play that role with a southern accent, would you?"

"And why not, suh?" he demanded. "And why not?"

To which, Star-Maker DeMille had no answer.

## "I'll be the laughing stock of the town..."



**MARY:** Oh, Mother, why did that snooty Mrs. Palmer have to drop in today! Now it'll be all over town that even my tea napkins look so gray, they aren't fit to be seen!

**MOTHER:** Lucky I dropped in, honey. That soap you're using is so weak-kneed it doesn't get things really clean. Come on—I'll show you how to say goodbye to tattle-tale gray.



**MOTHER:** There! Just hustle home and put Fels-Naptha to work with its richer golden soap and busy, dirt-loosening naptha. Use the bar or the grand new chips. Either way, your wash will be so sweet and white, you won't recognize it!



**MARY:** Whe-e-e, Mother! I'll say your tip about Fels-Naptha turned the tables! Mrs. Palmer came to tea again and her eyes simply popped when she saw my snowy linens. And she ended by asking Tom and me to a party!

## Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

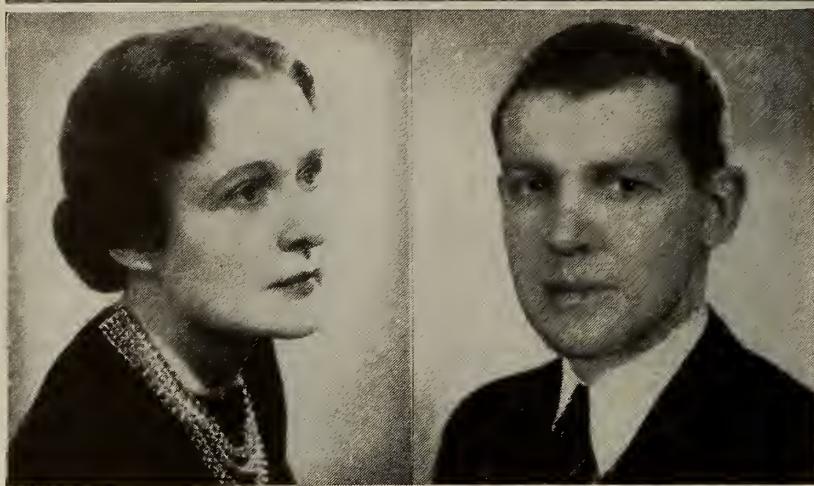
**Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips**—wherever you've been using box-soap. They speed washing machines—because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they whip up the creamiest suds ever—because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder!

**Use the Fels-Naptha bar** for bar-soap jobs—and get the extra help of richer golden soap combined with gentle naptha! Together, these two cleaners make the grimiest, greasiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing! They get clothes so white, they fairly sparkle in the sun!



Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME
8:00 CBS: <i>Today in Europe</i>	8:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Cloutier's Orch.</i>
8:00 NBC-Red: <i>Musical Tete-a-tete</i>	8:00 NBC-Red: <i>Gene and Glenn</i>
8:15 CBS: <i>Odd Side of the News</i>	
8:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Dick Liebert</i>	8:30 CBS: <i>Phil Cook's Almanac</i>
8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Texas Robertson</i>	8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Gene and Glenn</i>
8:45 NBC-Blue: <i>Harvey and Dell</i>	
8:00 9:00 NBC: <i>News</i>	
8:05 9:05 NBC-Blue: <b>BREAKFAST CLUB</b>	8:05 NBC-Red: <i>Texas Robertson</i>
8:15 9:15 CBS: <i>Old Vienna</i>	8:15 NBC-Red: <i>Cloutier's Orch.</i>
8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: <i>The Crackerjacks</i>	
9:00 10:00 CBS: <i>Bull Session</i>	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Al and Lee Reiser</i>
9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: <i>The Wise Man</i>	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: <i>The Wise Man</i>
9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: <i>Rakov Orchestra</i>	9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: <i>No School Today</i>
9:30 10:30 CBS: <i>Hill Billy Champions</i>	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Charioteers</i>
9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Bright Idea Club</i>	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Bright Idea Club</i>
9:45 10:45 NBC-Blue: <i>The Child Grows Up</i>	
8:00 10:00 11:00 CBS: <i>Young People's Concert</i>	8:00 10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Cloutier's Orch.</i>
8:00 10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: <i>Vass Family</i>	8:00 10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: <i>Vass Family</i>
8:15 10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: <i>Smilin' Ed McConnell</i>	
8:30 10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Our Barn</i>	8:30 10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: <i>Hilda Hope, M.D.</i>
9:00 11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Education Forum</i>	9:00 11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: <i>Eastman School of Music</i>
9:15 11:15 12:15 CBS: <i>Country Journal</i>	
9:30 11:30 12:30 CBS: <i>Let's Pretend</i>	9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: <i>FARM BUREAU</i>
9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: <i>Call to Youth</i>	9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: <i>Call to Youth</i>
10:15 12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: <i>Calling Stamp Collectors</i>	
10:30 12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Al Kavelin Orch.</i>	10:30 12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: <i>Matinee in Rhythm</i>
11:00 1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: <b>METROPOLITAN OPERA</b>	11:00 1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: <i>Ray Kinney Orch.</i>
12:00 2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: <i>Golden Melodies</i>	
12:30 2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: <i>Dol Brissett Orch.</i>	
1:00 3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: <i>Campus Capers</i>	
1:30 3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: <i>KSTP Presents</i>	
2:30 4:30 5:30 NBC-Red: <i>Del Courtney Orchestra</i>	
3:00 5:00 6:00 CBS: <i>News</i>	3:00 5:00 6:00 NBC-Red: <i>Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten</i>
3:05 5:05 6:05 CBS: <i>Albert Werner</i>	3:05 5:05 6:05 NBC-Blue: <i>Johnny McGee Orch.</i>
3:30 5:30 6:30 CBS: <i>What's Art to Me</i>	3:30 5:30 6:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Renfrew of the Mounted Police</i>
3:30 5:30 6:30 NBC-Red: <i>Religion in the News</i>	3:30 5:30 6:30 NBC-Red: <i>Religion in the News</i>
4:00 6:00 7:00 CBS: <i>People's Platform</i>	4:00 6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Message of Israel</i>
4:00 6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Message of Israel</i>	4:00 6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: <i>What's My Name</i>
4:30 6:30 7:30 CBS: <i>Sky Blazers</i>	4:30 6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Russ Morgan Orch.</i>
4:30 6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Russ Morgan Orch.</i>	4:30 6:30 7:30 NBC-Red: <i>Art for Your Sake</i>
8:30 7:00 8:00 CBS: <i>Gang Busters</i>	8:30 7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: <i>The Green Hornet</i>
8:30 7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: <i>The Green Hornet</i>	9:00 7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: <i>ARCH QUAHLER'S PLAYS</i>
8:30 7:30 8:30 CBS: <i>Wayne King's Orch.</i>	8:30 7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Stop Me If You've Heard This One</i>
8:30 7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: <i>Stop Me If You've Heard This One</i>	
9:00 8:00 9:00 CBS: <b>YOUR HIT PARADE</b>	
9:00 8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: <i>National Barn Dance</i>	
6:00 8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: <i>Youth vs. Age</i>	
8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: <i>Death Valley Days</i>	
6:45 8:45 9:45 CBS: <i>Saturday Night Serenade</i>	
7:00 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: <i>Bob Crosby</i>	
7:00 9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: <b>NBC SYMPHONY</b>	
7:15 9:15 10:15 CBS: <i>Gay Nineties Revue</i>	
7:30 9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Dance Music</i>	

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Selena (Hilda Hope) Rayle and her announcer Nelsan Case.

## Tune-in Bulletin for January 27, February 3, 10, 17 and 24!

January 27: St. Paul is having a high old time today with its annual Winter Carnival, and CBS microphones will be on hand between 4:30 and 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., to tell you about it. . . . At 4:15 this afternoon, Mutual broadcasts the Miami Beach Handicap horse race from Hialeah.

February 3: Bernardino Malinari, the Italian maestro, conducts the last concert of his series with the NBC Symphony—tonight at 10:00 on NBC-Blue. . . . Mutual broadcasts the Bahamas Handicap from Hialeah at 4:15.

February 10: Bruno Walter takes over the baton tonight for the NBC Symphony concert—NBC-Blue at 10:00. . . . NBC broadcasts the Boston Athletic Association track meet. . . . And Mutual is on hand again at 4:15 with the Everglades Stakes race from Hialeah.

February 17: Be sure to listen to Your Hit Parade on CBS from 9:00 to 9:45. Besides Bea Wain, Barry Wood and Mark Warnau's orchestra, it's now presenting Orrin Tucker's orchestra and Bonnie Baker, the "Oh, Johnny!" girl.

February 24: Two sporting events for today—the National Amateur Athletic Union track meet from New York, over NBC, and the Flamingo Stakes from Hialeah on Mutual and CBS.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Hilda Hope, M.D., on NBC-Red at 11:30 A.M., E.S.T., starring Selena Rayle and sponsored by Wheatena.

If you've read the story about Hilda Hope, M.D., on page 14 of this issue (and you really should; it's exciting and dramatic) you'll want to know something about the charming actress who plays Hilda—Miss Selena Rayle.

Selena, one of the great names of the Broadway stage for several years, has now become radio's busiest actress. She leaves her comfortable apartment, just off Fifth Avenue, at 8:30 every morning except Sunday and doesn't return to it until 6:30 that evening. That's ten hours of being on the go, and it represents real work—such real work that you wonder how the slim, perfectly coiffed young woman with ash-blond hair emerges from it so unruffled and cheerful.

First on her week-day schedule is Woman of Courage, in which she plays Martha Jackson, on CBS at 9:00, followed by a rebroadcast of the same program at 10:15. Then, at 11:30, she's due at NBC for the role of Mrs. Allen in Against the Storm, followed by The O'Neills, in which she plays Joann, at 12:15.

A hurried lunch is followed usually by a Betty and Bob broadcast at 2:00, playing Mrs. Gardner. Afternoons are filled up by rehearsals, or perhaps a part in some other serial—a part that may run a day or a week or even a month. And on Saturdays, of course, there is Hilda Hope, the role in which you'll hear her this morning.

She hasn't appeared on the stage for several years, and when asked if she intends to return to the theater just shrugs and says, "I'd like to, if I could find a play. My regular work all comes in the morning, so I could go on with it and be in a play too. But I went to several first nights this season, and all I could say was, 'Thank Heavens for radio!'"

Selena is the only member of the Hilda Hope cast who stays on the show week after week, but Nelsan Case has a regular assignment as the announcer. Nelsan is one of the tallest, one of the handsomest and one of the most versatile of NBC's announcing staff. He got himself a radio job, singing baritone solos, while he was still a high-school boy in Long Beach, California. He's been with NBC since 1934, is married and has two children, and likes to write fiction and compose music as a hobby.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**DAN SEYMOUR**—announcer on Milton Berle's *Stap Me if You've Heard This One* program, an NBC-Red at 8:30 tonight. Dan lost no time after receiving his B.A. degree from Amherst in getting a job in radio—in fact, it was the day after he graduated. For a year, in Boston, he announced everything from street interviews to operas, then came to New York and was successful in breaking into network announcing. While he was still in college, he fell in love and got married, and now is the father of two children. Dan and his family live in Great Neck, Long Island, and he commutes daily to his work in New York.



## Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 29)

of Television, is due to replace Bonnie Baker, in the singing role of the Universal picture "Oh Johnny, How You Can Love."

\* \* \*

Don't you agree that Don Ameche is letting down the people who made him the star he is today by giving up radio? Don has said he won't take less than five thousand dollars a week to return to the air. He makes only four thousand a week in pictures. And yet he made his reputation through radio!

\* \* \*

It's nice to hear that every time Joan Crawford makes a radio appearance she turns her check over to charity—and Joan gets about five grand a performance. Money hasn't gone to her head!

\* \* \*

### SOME NEW YEAR'S PREDICTIONS:

Look for fewer film stars to appear on this year's radio schedule. Look for more dramatic programs—serials and the like. Look for more "homey" programs—family type shows, to flood the airwaves.

Watch for "expensive" (\$30,000 and \$40,000 talent shows) to go out the window—to be replaced by \$3,000.00 and \$4,000.00 talent cost programs.

\* \* \*

This year, more than anytime in the past, I believe you'll hear more "spot" programs . . . shows five minutes in length as compared to the standard and so widely accepted "quarter hour" show. Watch for "crooning" to come back to popularity . . . singers like Crosby; stylists like Morton Downey.

Watch for Bob Hope to take the top comedy spot on the air. Watch, in particular, for more "one-man" programs. And don't say I didn't tell you to watch!

\* \* \*

When Shirley Temple's parents are asked to do something worthwhile for charity, they are people of their word.

The president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, Jean Hersholt, asked Shirley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, if the little movie star could appear on the "Screen Guild Theatre" radio series on Christmas Eve. They said yes, because the program is being presented in order to help needy film workers and build a home for them.

The next day, the Temples received a startling offer from another radio program if Shirley would appear on their show Christmas Eve. They offered \$35,000 for a single appearance. But the Temples refused the offer because of their first agreement.

\* \* \*

Nan Grey, star of the serial, "Those We Love", will not lie down in her dressing room without an alarm clock. One day Nan decided to take a short rest about an hour before the broadcast. She went to sleep, and page boys couldn't find her until five minutes before the show.

\* \* \*

There were near-fights back-stage at the Bob Hope broadcast between Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney who are about neck-and-neck now in the race for dates with Judy Garland.



\*JUNE LANG and ROBERT KENT—two popular Hollywood stars! Her soft hands are beguiling—as yours can be, if you use Jergens Lotion.

"**SOFT HANDS**  
*make LOVE more wonderful,*"  
says *June Lang*\*

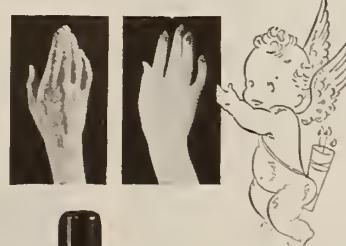
(Lovely Hollywood Star)

**It's so Easy, now,  
to help Prevent disappointing  
Rough, Chapped Hands**

MOST GIRLS' HANDS need extra help these days to keep them adorably soft and smooth. Your hand skin so easily loses its natural beautifying moisture!

Thousands of lovely girls turn to Jergens Lotion! Jergens quickly supplements the depleted natural moisture. Helps prevent unsightly rough, chapped hands.

You apply to your skin 2



fine ingredients in Jergens Lotion—the same as many doctors use for helping smooth and refine harsh, roughened skin. Even one application starts Jergens' lovely, softening work. No stickiness! Have romantic "Hollywood Hands". Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters. Get Jergens today, sure.

### CUPID SAYS:

"More girls use Jergens now than any other Lotion! It furnishes beautifying moisture most girls' hand skin needs for lovable softness."

# JERGENS LOTION

FOR ADORABLE, SOFT HANDS

New! For smooth, kissable complexion—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Its Vitamin Blend helps against unattractive dry skin. Try it! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



**FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE**

(Paste coupon on a penny postcard, if you wish)  
See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to:  
The Andrew Jergens Co., 3513 Alfred St., Cincinnati,  
Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# CAUGHT IN HIS UNDERSHIRT!



1. "Please pardon Theobald," gasps Mrs. G., "But our kitchen drain's plugged up and he's been struggling with it for hours!"



2. "Fiddlesticks," says her guest, taking charge. "We'll get some Drāno and show him how easy it is to clean a stopped-up drain."



3. "See," lectures the guest, "There's nothing like Drāno for cleaning drains. Just pour it down and it *digests* away that clogging grease and muck!"



4. "And remember," she admonishes at parting. "To guard against clogged drains, use a teaspoonful of Drāno every single night!"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard against clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.



Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

# Drāno

CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

## Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

BROKEN, SHORT — Ugly

LONG, TAPERING — Lovely

DON'T ENVY long, tapering, smart nails—have them! Simply covershort, broken, brittle nails with NU-NAILS. NU-NAILS can be worn any length and polished with any desired enamel. So natural they cannot be detected. They even have half-moons. Helps check nail-biting habit. Protects fragile nails while they grow strong again. Easily applied, remains firm, waterproof. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c at all ten-cent stores. Nu-Nails, Dept. 16-C, 462 No. Parkside, Chicago



**NU-NAILS**  
Artificial Fingernails

...TWO BLOCKS OF STERLING SILVER ARE INLAID AT POINTS OF WEAR ON THE MOST USED PIECES FOR LIFETIME BEAUTY  
50 piece service \$52.75—Budget Plans. At Authorized Dealers

**HOLMES & EDWARDS**  
STERLING INLAID  
SILVERPLATE

Lovely Lady First Lady Masterpiece Danish Napoleon Century Guest of Honor Princess

Copyright 1940, International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Division, Meriden, Conn.  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. In Canada, The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.

Ken Murray and Nancy Kelly are still trying to convince people that it was just a gag when the orchestra leader at the Victor Hugo announced their engagement over the mike the other evening.

It seems that Ken tried to pull a "fastie" and had the boys play "Happy Birthday" in honor of Frances Langford. Since it wasn't her birthday at all, Frances was a bit embarrassed—so hubby Jon Hall got even by tipping the orchestra off that it would be a scoop if the orchestra should be the first to announce the just-decided-upon Murray-Kelly engagement. Only honest, it was just a gag!

\* \* \*

Don't think Frances Langford is starting a "back to nature" movement when you see her minus nail polish. It's only that she has been working so hard with Husband Jon Hall on their boat, the Katapui, readying it for an ocean cruise, that she's been scraping off more nail polish than old paint.

\* \* \*

It'll be a long, cold winter before George Burns and Gracie Allen again trust their children, Ronnie and Sandra, to cut out paper dolls.

They were thus busily absorbed on a recent afternoon, so their nurse stepped out of the room to make a phone call. Returning a few minutes later, she found both of them with brand-new hair-cuts—personally styled!

\* \* \*

Frank Parker is wishing that Burns and Allen hadn't built him up as "Glamour boy" of the air, for since then he's received an average of 50 letters weekly from women who offer to marry him and make him settle down, or who simply advise him to quit running after the girls.

"Gosh," wails Parker, "I'm no cabaret kid. I spend most of my time playing golf and practising my singing."

\* \* \*

That famous "Yes, please" which has become Dennis Day's trademark on the Jack Benny program, was written into the script because the first time Dennis answered Jack after his audition, in his befuddlement, he used those exact words.

Ezra Stone, the star of "The Aldrich Family" and of the Broadway play, "What a Life," is in Hollywood working in Paramount's "At Good Old Siwash." But he's turned tourist just like all other visitors from the East, and passes all of his spare time snapping candid camera pictures of California scenery.

Because he hates to write letters, Ezra Stone sends his sweetheart, Ann Lincoln, a recorded message twice a week.

\* \* \*

Martha Boswell of the famous Boswell sisters emerged from retirement for the first time in several years. She came out from New York to surprise Connie on her birthday, and conspired with the gang to sing "Happy Birthday" on the program for her.

\* \* \*

Jack Benny signed Rochester to a new 39-week contract guaranteeing him a weekly check regardless of whether he works every week or not. (Some weeks he's not written into the script.) The first Sunday this contract went into effect, he didn't work so he's just that much ahead.

# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

**S**O you think you got some strange gifts for Christmas! Well, just cast your eye over a few of the gifts which the fans sent to their favorite radio stars—and then be grateful for that tie which seemed too red, the perfume which didn't quite express your personality, and the cocktail shaker which joined a dozen more.

Look who we have here.... Gracie Allen—all dolled up in a hand-woven Indian blanket, the gift of an Indian fan. All of which proves that even the Indians appreciate Gracie's imitable kind of nonsense.



**J**IM JORDON (Fibber McGee to you) received a teddy bear from one of his admirers this Christmas. Teddy has button eyes, oilcloth ears and a burlap face...as well as a soft spot in Fibber's heart. To make her more comfortable, a fan sent a lovely footstool to Bernardine Flynn, the Sade of Vic and Sade. Wendell Hall got so many old tunes from his admirers that he made a scrapbook of them which he greatly treasures.

Amos and Andy, those wizards who have been pulling radio rabbits out of hats for over fifteen years, are shown here below with their collection of bunnies—all of them gifts from their fans.



## FAN CLUB SECTION

**T**HE first Elsie Hitz Fan Club has just been organized, and all those wishing to become members can write to Miss Mary Gordon, 87 Wegman Parkway, Jersey City, N. J.

\* \* \*

In answer to Miss M. Keegan of 8940 213th Street, Queens Village, New York, who wants to join a Judy Garland Fan Club, we suggest that you write to Miss Jean Baron, 201-42



**Y**OU are all fairly familiar with the crude piece of gas pipe, otherwise known as the bazooka—on which Bob Burns rode to fame. A fan decided that he would send the Bing Crosby comedian a miniature, and Bob, pictured above, has been coaxing tunes from it ever since. We're waiting for him to play it on the air, but Bob—perfectionist that he is, isn't prepared to share this new gift with his listeners just yet.

Irene Rich made known her great love for small dolls of the various nations, and they've been pouring in ever since. Irene, shown below with two of her favorites, says they're really a very peaceful group.



119th Avenue, St. Albans, New York, for details.

\* \* \*

Miss Violet Barwald of 5617 So. Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, has formed a fan club in honor of the Ranch Boys. Get in touch with Violet if you're interested.

\* \* \*

Miss Carol Brickley, Box 43, Tallmadge, Ohio, is organizing a new Arline Blackburn Fan Club, and would like all of Miss Blackburn's enthusiasts to communicate with her.

\* \* \*

If you'd like to join a Phil Harris Fan Club and receive a picture of the popular maestro, you can do so by writing to Miss Marie Philson, 3740 No. 16th Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

\* \* \*

Miss Geraldine Svoboda, 3027 South Pitney Court, Chicago, Illinois, would like to know if there is a Red Skelton Fan Club, and if not, would like to hear from those Skelton fans who would help her form one.

# PREVENT CHAPPING

with the Skin Softener  
that gives you  
**COSTLIEST INGREDIENTS\***  
**SAVES YOU MONEY\*\***

\***1** Italian Balm contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular nationally-advertised brands.

\***2** ONE DROP is ample for both hands, per application. More is wasteful.

**3** Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin.

**4** Promotes healing—counteracts drying effect of hard water, harsh skin cleansers, severe weather.

**5** Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Priced at 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and \$1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

Over 90 Million Bottles Sold



## Our Gal Sunday's Romance

(Continued from page 28)

### EX-LAX MOVIES

# A Skeptic is Converted



**ANN:** I dread taking this awful-tasting medicine. It always leaves me weak as a kitten.

**RUTH:** You're just plain foolish to take a cathartic like that. Try my stand-by . . . Ex-Lax.



**ANN:** Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?

**RUTH:** Yes, indeed! Ex-Lax is thorough and effective—yet it doesn't upset you.



**LATER**  
**ANN:** Thanks to you and Ex-Lax, I feel wonderful this morning.

**RUTH:** I knew you would! In our family we all use Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



respect, as well as love. With them, love was fine and noble. Without them, it was only degradation.

Then night would come, and standing alone at the rail on the deck, she felt heartache returning. Staring down at the hissing, foaming waters, the thought would come before she could close her mind to it—what if she should sink, down, down, into the darkness, away from memory, away from love? Almost she wished, once, that she had not taken Lonnie, that she had kept herself free to step out of life, quietly and softly, leaving no loose ends behind.

**A**T first they had planned to return to Silver Creek, but one night a steward brought Sunday a radiogram from Henry, begging her to wait for him in New York, and she knew then that he had not given up and that Silver Creek would be the first place he would look for her.

"We'll have to go somewhere else," she told the two old miners. "At least—Lonnie and I will. I don't want to make you go, if you'd rather be in Silver Creek."

"We're a-goin' wherever you are," Jackey said loyally, and Lively seconded him with a fierce "You bet!"

Displays of emotion always embarrassed the two old men, so Sunday swallowed the lump that rose in her throat, and said, "Well, then—where shall we go?"

Jackey scratched his head. "Durned if I know!" he admitted.

"Got the whole United States to pick from," Lively pointed out, and in the end that was what they did—spread out a map of the United States on the floor of Sunday's cabin and settled on Blueridge, Kansas, because they all liked its name.

It was only days later, when the train slowed to a stop and the conductor bawled "Blue-ridge!" that Sunday felt a wave of panic. To begin with, Blueridge sat grimly in the midst of the prairie. There was not a ridge to be seen, let alone a blue one—nothing but miles and miles of flat farmland, dull tan now under the pale autumn sky. It was not like Silver Creek, and it was not like New York. It was something different and strange, and it frightened her. The atlas said there were five thousand people in Blueridge. Five thousand people, and all of them strangers.

Their money was going fast, and they couldn't afford a hotel. After some search they found a rooming house run by a tall, thin woman who eyed them with distaste before she reluctantly admitted that she might have some rooms for them.

Nor was the rest of Blueridge any more friendly. Early on the morning of their first day, Sunday started out to find a job. In high school she had studied typing and shorthand, and she hoped to get work as a stenographer. But that night, and night after night for the next two weeks, she returned home sick with discouragement. Everywhere she went—and in Blueridge there weren't many places to go—she was met with the same answer. "Sorry, but we haven't anything." And one man, franker than the others, had said, "The truth is, miss we have plenty of local girls that need jobs. You can't blame us

for giving them preference."

At last she was ready to admit defeat. It was a frightened trio that conferred in Sunday's room.

"Tell me the truth," Sunday begged. "How much money have we got left?"

Jackey shuffled his heavy shoes over the worn carpet. "Not what you'd call a lot, Sunday," he admitted finally. "Fact is—a little more'n two hundred dollars. Sounds like a good deal, but it won't last long when there's nothin' more comin' in."

Sunday's nails bit into her palms in desperation. "If there were only something we could do!" she cried. "Oh, I'm so ashamed of getting you into a fix like this—I should have made you go back to Silver Creek!"

"Tain't your fault," Lively assured her. "Trouble is, we should of picked a place where they was some minin' goin' on. That's all Jackey and me is good for." He brightened a little. "Y'know, they've uncovered a new strike up in the Gulch above Silver Creek. Maybe one of our old claims'll amount to somethin' now."

Jackey was interested. "Is that a fact? Where'd you read that, Lively?"

"Just got a letter this mornin' from Joe Henricks in the general store." Lively took an envelope from his pocket. "Joe says—"

"Lively!" Sunday exclaimed in dismay. "You didn't! You didn't write to Joe Henricks!"

**W**HY—why sure. How d'you s'pose he got my address if I didn't?" Lively asked innocently.

"Well, you blitherin', well-eyed, half-witted coyote!" Jackey said in a blistering voice. "With us breakin' our fool necks tryin' to keep Lord Henry from findin' out where Sunday is, you go to work an' write to Joe Henricks. When Lord Henry gets to Silver Creek—if he ain't there already—and starts askin' questions, don't you figger Joe's goin' to tell him he had a letter from you, and we're in Blueridge?"

Jackey looked from one of them to the other in dumfounded horror. "Great hop-toads!" he breathed at last. "Durned if I ever thought o' that!"

Sympathy made Sunday hide her concern. "Never mind, Lively," she said. "Maybe Lord Henry's stopped looking for us by this time. If he'd only leave me alone! If he'd only realize that I never want to see or hear of him again!"

"You miss him, though—don't you, gal?" Jackey inquired softly, and Sunday nodded.

"I'll miss him—all my life, I guess." She didn't add what she knew in her heart was the truth—that sometimes she missed him so terribly it was all she could do not to write him, tell him she forgave him.

"Well," Jackey broke the silence that followed, "we got to move. Here's my notion. We can't afford train fares, so let's put about fifty dollars into a second-hand car. Then we'll have enough left to get us out West. I'll get you and Lively settled somewhere, and poke my nose into Silver Creek—find out if Lord Henry's been there, and what's doin'. Mebbe Sunday can't go back there, but anyhow we'll be near home."

And there was something about the way he said "home," and the way Lively's eyes lit up at the word, that told Sunday how deeply her two old friends were longing for the sight of Silver Creek.

"All right," she said thoughtfully. "Let's do that."

Sunday felt as if she were drifting in the days that followed—long, eventless days of pushing the battered old car they'd bought over roads that stretched on and on. It shouldn't have taken them long to reach the country near Silver Creek, but the car was so bulky, so full of whims and infirmities that their total mileage each day was small. In a way, she was glad. On the road, there was no need to make decisions, no need to plan or think.

They were still two days' journey from the Silver Creek country one morning when Sunday, wrapping a can of flour in the Denver newspaper Jackey had bought the night before, saw a headline:

LORD HENRY BRINTHROPE  
GRAVELY ILL IN NEW YORK

FOR a moment she felt as if the blood had stopped flowing through her veins. Then it began again, violently, and she was so weak that her legs gave way and she had to sit down on the running-board of the car. She read the all-too-brief story:

"Lord Henry Brinthrope, head of the Brinthrope mining interests in Colorado, is gravely ill in a New York hospital, it was learned today. The exact nature of his illness was not disclosed, but it is known that he had been under a severe strain ever since last month, when the sudden disappearance of his wife, the former Sunday Smithson of Silver Creek, shocked British and American social circles. Lord Henry's most recent visit to Silver Creek occurred a week ago. At that time he was endeavoring to find some trace of the missing Lady Brinthrope."

She started up, calling, "Jackey! Lively! Henry's sick—terribly sick!" In a moment they were beside her, reading the paper, trying to comfort her.

"I've got to go to him," she cried. "No matter what he did, I must be with him when he's ill—maybe dying! If he's really been trying to find me—if that made him sick, as the paper hints—Oh, I'd never forgive myself!"

"That's right, Sunday," Jackey agreed seriously. "You're still his wife, and if he's sick your place is beside him. Let's see—maybe we got just enough money left to fly you to New York. We're almost home now, so we won't need much more."

"But the baby!" she said, struck by a sudden thought. "I can't take him."

"We'll watch out for him," Lively chuckled. "We took care o' you when you wasn't any older."

"Well, come on!" Jackey said briskly. "We got to head into Denver and get Sunday onto an airplane."

But late that afternoon, as they stood in the waiting room at the airport, Jackey was less matter-of-fact. "Sunday—" he said tentatively.

"Yes?"

"Sunday—y' think you might stay with Lord Henry now?"

It was a moment before she answered. "No," she said at last. "Not now. If he needs me, I want to help him. But when I've done what I can

1940 Debutante Beauty says:  
**"Pond's Rose Shades Give Skin Lovely New Glamour"**



**Hard and Shiny**

Under bright lights with just a pale powder, even Miss Peggy Anne Huber's dramatic young face would develop hard shadows

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With one of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose shades Peggy Anne has a melting glamour even in harsh light... she can dance without worrying all the time about "shiny nose"

New Rose Shades are "Glare-Proof"... Shine-resistant... reflect only the softer, pinker rays

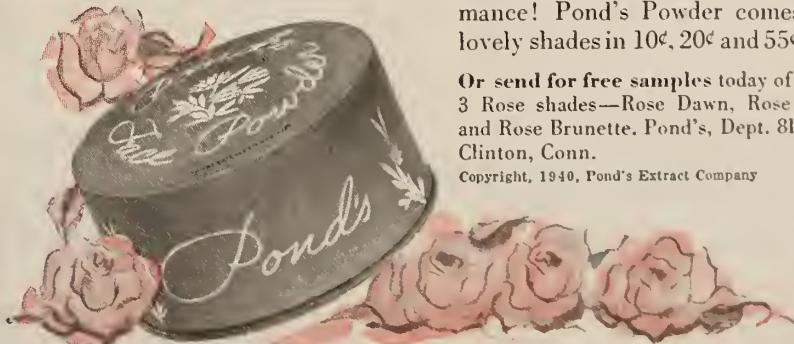
IN THE 1940 GLAMOUR SET, "sensational" is the word for Pond's new Rosy Powders. Debutante "pretties" have learned that even bright night-club lights won't cast hard shadows on their faces—with one of

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# IF NURSES COULD ONLY TELL!



HERE'S ONE STORY YOU MIGHT HEAR...

IT WAS YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. STEELE. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL TO SEE YOU TONIGHT

I THOUGHT MY ILLNESS MIGHT CHANGE THINGS...

BUT HE'S STILL NEGLECTING ME—AS HE HAS FOR MONTHS

MRS. STEELE, I'VE SEEN BAD BREATH BREAK UP SO MANY MARRIAGES THAT—WELL, WON'T YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

MRS. STEELE'S DENTIST TOLD HER...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop

the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB, NURSE, AND I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU

I THINK YOU KNOW HOW GRATEFUL I AM, NURSE—for EVERYTHING!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!

LARGE SIZE 20¢ GIANT SIZE 35¢ OVER TWICE AS MUCH



—I'll have to leave him again. We haven't a chance of happiness together now."

"Y' mean because of that Bradford gal?"

"Yes—partly. Though if it were Diane alone I could forget her, I think—if I could be sure Henry no longer loved her. But—there's Lonnie, too. He'll always be there, a reminder to both Henry and me. I love Lonnie as if he were my very own baby—but I could never forget that he was Henry's child. His unwanted child."

Jackey didn't say anything. He just took her hand and pressed it; and then the plane came in, and suddenly she was waving goodbye to Jackey and Lively, with Lonnie between them, growing smaller and smaller and perhaps a little blurred.

THE hospital was one of those huge, impersonal, white-tile-and-linoleum affairs that symbolize New York, and Sunday felt like an unwanted visitor as she entered it. But the mention of her name brought a look of amazement to the floornurse's face, and a moment later she was talking to Henry's doctor, a tall, stern-looking man with white hair.

"You may be the only person in the world who can save your husband's life, Lady Brinthrope," he told her flatly. "He is suffering from brain fever, brought on by shock and emotional strain. In his delirium he keeps calling for you."

"Oh, I knew! I knew!" Sunday breathed. "As soon as I read about him—I knew he needed me!"

He led her down a corridor, held open a plain, heavy door. Sunday faltered when she saw the high hos-

pital bed, heard the weak voice calling, "Sunday! Sunday! No, darling, don't run away. . . . She's gone! She's gone! Now I can't find her. . . ."

He didn't look like the Henry she had loved. He was so terribly pale, with a waxen, transparent pallor. His blond hair clung in damp curls to his forehead, and his staring eyes looked at her without seeing her.

She made herself go to the side of the bed. "I'm here, Henry," she said softly. "It's Sunday. I've come back."

He stopped turning his head. "Why . . . Sunday," he murmured. "It is you!"

"Yes, Henry. I'm here, holding your hand—the way I used to. It's all right now."

"But—how funny. I thought you'd gone off and left me . . . Sunday! You did go away! Because of the baby! That baby—I've hated it, because it separated us!"

"Don't darling—don't say that—don't—" she tried to quiet him.

"It doesn't matter, though," he said wearily. "It doesn't matter now, because you're back again. . . . You won't go away any more, will you, Sunday?"

"No, Henry. You must get well."

His eyelids drooped and his hand fell away from hers. "Yes . . . Get well . . . I feel so comfortable now . . . at peace . . ."

"He's asleep," the doctor said after a moment. "Lady Brinthrope, you have probably saved his life."

She walked dazedly out into the corridor, scarcely listening to the doctor's instructions to come back the following afternoon. Henry. Henry. Her mind kept saying his

name, over and over, and with each repetition the knowledge of her love for him grew stronger.

SHE was desperately tired, but she dreaded the silence and loneliness of her hotel room. Rather than return to it, she took a Fifth Avenue bus and got off at Forty-second street, then walked uptown, slowly, aimlessly.

"Sunday! Sunday!" She suddenly realized that someone was calling her name. She looked up. A tall man with a tan skin in which white teeth flashed brilliantly was coming toward her, hat in hand. For a second she stared incredulously, before she cried, "Bill! Bill Jenkins! What in the world are you doing—"

It was like a breath of Colorado air in her lungs to have him beside her on this crowded city street.

"I'm in New York for just a few days," he explained. "And I thought I didn't know a soul in town—and I ran into you! Is Henry with you?"

So he didn't know, Sunday thought, of all the things that had happened to her since she last saw him. "Henry's very ill," she said. "I've just been to the hospital. . . . We've separated, Bill."

"You've—" He stopped stock-still, heedless of the jostling crowds. A wry smile came to his lips. "That's funny," he said. "Really very funny. Joan and I—we haven't been able to make a go of marriage either."

"Oh! I am sorry, Bill!"

"It doesn't matter so much about us. I guess we weren't really in love. You remember Joan, don't you? She stayed at Jeff Bailey's dude ranch in Silver Creek for a while. That's how I met her."

"Why, yes!" Sunday remembered a dark, clever girl, perfectly groomed, with a humorous mouth. "Of course I remember her. I liked her."

"I like her, too. We're still good friends, even if we are getting a divorce. But I guess I never loved her like I—" He broke off abruptly. "Let's duck in here and have some tea—then you can tell me all about yourself and—and Henry."

Minutes later, Sunday said, "And that's the whole sordid story, Bill."

His big brown hand reached across the table to cover hers. "It's a tragic story. You two had so much—and you were really in love. Isn't there any chance that you can patch it up?"

I'M afraid not. I love the baby now—I couldn't give him up. And he would always be a reminder—to both of us—that Henry had once been cruel and cowardly enough to deny his own son. It wouldn't work out now—I'd rather," she begged, "not talk about it any more. And you've had troubles of your own."

"I'm afraid they don't seem very important to me, compared with yours," he smiled. "I must tell Joan about Henry, though. They got to know each other quite well in Silver Creek, staying at the dude ranch at the same time."

"Oh—they did?" Sunday felt an unwelcome, ridiculous pang of jealousy. "I—I didn't know that."

He shot her a keen look. "In fact, I've sometimes thought that Joan married me on the rebound about as much as I married her that way . . ."

It was late when they parted, with an appointment to meet the next day; and that night Sunday knew such a

sweet, dreamless sleep as she had not had for weeks. In the morning she called the hospital, to learn that Henry too had slept the night through, with a constantly decreasing temperature. She saw him again that day, for a few moments. He was still too weak to do more than whisper a few words of gratitude for her return, but the delirium was gone, and Dr. Hadley told her that recovery now was certain.

"I can leave him now," she said to herself. "I've done what I came to do." The thought brought her no happiness. Would another day matter? One more chance to see him?

She met Bill that afternoon, in a luxurious hotel lobby, and again they talked over a tea-table until dusk had fallen on the roaring city.

"I told Joan about Henry," Bill confided. "She's going up to see him today or tomorrow."

"Yes," Sunday said abstractedly. "I think it's wonderful, Bill, that you and Joan can still be friends."

"That's what happens when you don't start out with love," Bill said lightly. "Sunday—" There was a deeper note in his voice now. "Sunday—I hate to see you this way—so sad and unhappy. You know I'd do anything I could to help you."

She turned her head away to hide the tears that burned her eyes. "Of course I do, Bill dear."

"I've never really changed in the way I feel about you," he added huskily.

Consciousness of his goodness, his simplicity, swept over her. To how few women was it given to know a love like his—undemanding, adoring, certain! Perhaps she had always been

a fool not to recognize it for the priceless gift it was.

"I have an idea, too, Sunday," he was saying. "You need to go away somewhere—start all over again. And I think I know where you can do it. I've got a cousin—Brad Jenkins—who owns a factory down in Linden, Illinois, and I think I could get him to give you a job. It's a nice little town, Linden—you'd like it—just big enough so people don't pry too much into other folks' business. And I just got a letter from Brad this morning. He wants me to come down and visit him. Wouldn't you like to come along?"

O H, I couldn't," she said. "I've got to go back to Lively and Jackey and the baby."

"But if you liked Linden, and if you got a job with Brad—why, then you could send for them."

She hesitated. Linden—the word called up a picture of trees and green lawns and flowers, quiet old houses, a tall town hall beside a friendly square. Room to live, room to breathe. And a job. Most important of all, a job that would provide for Lonnie and Jackey and Lively.

"Yes, Bill," she agreed quietly. "I'll go to Linden with you."

So Sunday has determined to start life over again, in new surroundings and among new friends. Will they help her to forget Henry and her ruined marriage? Don't miss next month's instalment of this exciting serial, in which unexpected developments bring the story of Sunday and Lord Henry to a dramatic climax.

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#### THRILLING RANGE OF 9 SHADES!

Ask especially to see the very new "Magnet Red"...a vital red red, full of dash and style.



62

## "I Want A Divorce!"

(Continued from page 13)

found herself wanting to cry, at his honesty and his humility. "What a dirty trick," she said. "What a dirty trick it must seem to you—marrying you on the rebound. But it isn't really, dear. I do love you. I—I love you a lot. And if you'll just give me time—be patient with me—I'll forget about Rene. I know I will. I promise—"

Well, she admitted to herself three months later, some promises weren't meant to be kept.

In winter the fog was always there. The house across the street looked like something remembered from a dream, and the valley was lost in a gray void. The tall eucalyptus trees mourned overhead, drops of moisture falling from their leaves like tears.

She thought she would go crazy with the silence and the solitude and the everlasting gray fog.

JACK tried so hard; he was always gentle and considerate, but there was no use trying to avoid the fact: she did not love him. At first the memory of Rene had come between them, but now that had faded, and nothing was left to her but emptiness.

Christmas was coming. The gay season, the happy season. There was little happiness in her heart, but at least she could be gay. She and Jack had been invited out to several dinners and dances; and she, who had never cared a great deal for society, found herself looking forward to them. She went downtown and bought herself some new dresses, spent hours at the beauty parlor. It didn't really matter, she told herself, how she looked—but strangely, when she and Jack went out and she was conscious of admiring glances, she felt elation for the first time in weeks.

After Christmas there were more invitations, and suddenly she was able to drown herself in activity. Day after day, night after night, there was something to do—cocktails at the Top o' the Mark, dancing at the St. Francis, week-ends at someone's home down the Peninsula.

She hated it all, but she would not admit her hatred to herself. She hated Jack's meek acquiescence in all her engagements; she hated the way he went with her when it was obvious he was tired and wanted to stay home; later, she hated leaving him behind and going out with other men. She hated herself.

One afternoon, six months after their marriage, everything came to an end.

She was in the living room, staring out at the blankness of the fog, when Jack came home from the office. "Connie!" she heard him calling from the hall. "Connie! Where are you?"

"Here," she answered dully.

"Oh," he said, entering the room. "I didn't think you were here, with no lights . . . Tired?"

"No."

"How would you like to eat downtown tonight?" he asked.

"If you like," she said indifferently. "I'm not particularly hungry—I've food here if you'd rather stay in."

"I thought—I thought we might sort of celebrate tonight. It's our anniversary, sort of—six months ago today."

"Oh. Oh, yes." She jumped up, every nerve on edge. "For heaven's sake, turn the lights on! I can hardly see you, this room is so dark! It shouldn't be, but the fog—Sometimes I think this fog will drive me crazy!"

He snapped on the lights and stood staring at her for a moment. "Connie," he said, "maybe it would be a good idea if you went south for a while and got some rest."

"Rest? What makes you think I need rest?" she demanded, determined not to give in to his love. Because if only he didn't love her, how much better things would be!

"Just that I've noticed lately—you seem to jump on people for no special reason—"

"You're not by any chance getting a martyr complex, are you?"

He flushed. "No—I simply said a rest might help you."

"Well, it wouldn't."

"How do you know?" he persisted.

"Because—because—oh, there's nothing the matter with me that a rest could cure!" she burst out. "Please, Jack—let's not talk about it."

"But I've got to," he said. "I hate to see you—like this. I want to know if there isn't something I can do. I've tried—I've given you your head, let you do as you pleased—"

"Let me? I didn't know I had to have your permission!"

"You've gone out when and with whom you liked," he went on with increased spirit. "Sometimes with me, sometimes without—and I haven't said anything. But this moodiness, and your dissatisfaction with me—with your home—it's getting me down!"

"Getting you down! What do you think it's doing to me?" This, she thought, is the end of the road we started on six months ago—this degrading, brutal scene.

She took a deep breath, to gain better control of herself, and when she spoke again it was more quietly. "Jack, let's not be melodramatic. Let's face the facts and be done with it. I'm sorry—but it's no go. Our marriage has been a mistake from the start."

"You want a divorce."

It wasn't a question. It was a statement of something he seemed to have known for a long time.

"Yes," Connie whispered. "I'm sorry, Jack . . . But I said that already, didn't I? Well, I am . . . It isn't so tragic, though—is it? I mean, isn't it better we found out now that it wouldn't work, while we're both still young?" His face didn't change its frozen expression, and she heard her own voice growing shrill. "You'll forget me—you'll find someone else who is better for you—someone who fits into your scheme of life—"

"You were my scheme of life, Connie," he said.

SHE took a plane to Reno, because she'd never flown before and everyone said the train trip over the mountains was dreadful. She'd thought that perhaps one of her friends—those friends who had invited her and Jack to the Top o' the Mark, the St. Francis, their homes—would offer to drive her up. After all, it was only a short trip—a few hours. But somehow, none of them

seemed to think of that, and she could hardly suggest it herself.

Reno. The lawyer . . . a nice place to stay . . . "Keno tonight, \$50 drawing at eleven" . . . a girl crossing the street, wearing blue jeans and a mink coat . . . "Board and room is six dollars a day, and I'll be your residence witness when the time comes" . . . neon lights and cars parked diagonally to the curb . . . blue skies and a cold wind that blew all day long . . . at night the Colony Club, with cowboys standing close to women in chiffons and satins, drinking with them at the bar . . . the mingled odors of whiskey and saddle-leather and Aphrodisia . . .

Then, just when it seemed as though the six weeks would never end, Connie was in court. A few questions, a moment of silence while the judge looked over some papers—and it was over. She was no longer Mrs. Jack Sheldon.

She was glad of one thing. There'd been no talk of alimony. She had a little money of her own, left to her by her mother, and as soon as she got settled in San Francisco again, of course she would find a job. Perhaps George Staley would help her. . . .

**S**AN FRANCISCO had never seemed so beautiful. She found an apartment, high up on Washington Street; she called up people to tell them she was back in town.

"Connie!" the women said. "Darling! Back so soon? . . . Really? I can't believe it's six whole weeks . . . Oh, he's fine . . . And how does it seem to be back in circulation again?" And when she'd answered that question, there would be a pause, until she herself said brightly, "Well, darling, I just called to say hello. We must see each other soon."

"Oh, yes. I'll call you, Connie, shall I?"

But they didn't call.

She had lunch with George Staley. She'd thought, naturally, that he would take her to the popular Mark Hopkins, but instead he suggested a little cafe on Geary Street. "It's quiet there," he said. "We can talk."

Not that he did much talking. Was this the hearty, booming George who was such a grand host when he and Ann had had the Sheldons in to dinner? At last, in desperate irritation, she asked:

"What in the world is the matter, George? Surely I'm not being ostracized because I'm a divorcee! Didn't that sort of thing go out with Queen Victoria?"

He fiddled uncomfortably with his water-glass. "Of course not, Connie. It's just—the truth is—I'm not saying I feel that way myself, but—"

"Well?" she prompted.

"A lot of the folks—you know, they're all Jack's particular friends, and—"

"They think I treated him badly, do they?" she asked icily.

"Uh—not exactly, but—well, you know how people are."

"Thanks for letting me know, George," she said, and the rest of the luncheon was silent and uncomfortable.

She might have known something like this would happen, she thought. This was what came of losing track of all your own friends and getting to know only your husband's. Naturally they would all feel they had to be loyal to Jack. But when she came



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heretofore placid lives of the sequestered oldsters.

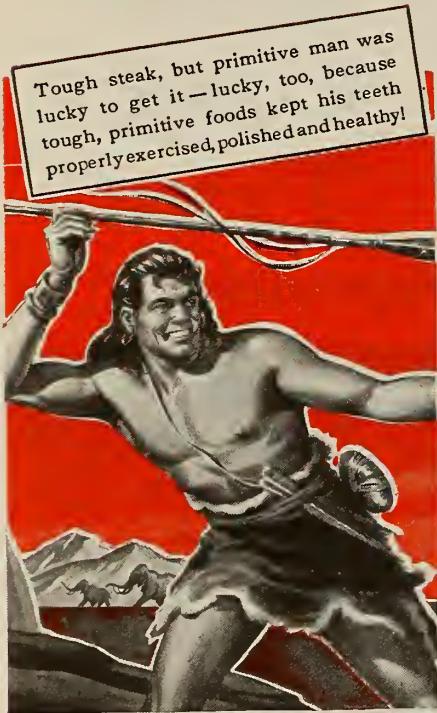
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to looking up some of the old crowd, the people she and Rene had known together, they had all disappeared, somehow. Or those that hadn't gone away seemed strange and stuffy.

One day she met Rene on the street. She hardly recognized him at first. He had just come back to San Francisco, he said, and for a moment they stood there, trying hard to think of something to say to each other; then they separated with vague promises about "getting together soon."

The old fascination was gone, entirely gone. She felt no emotion at all as she left the man who had made her marriage a failure.

It wasn't too long, luckily, before she found a job, as secretary-stenographer in a shipping firm. All day long she sat at a typewriter, slowly bringing skill back to fingers grown stiff from many months of idleness. But when she left the office the existence of her job vanished completely from her mind, because she had no real interest in it.

FOR the first time in her life, she took long walks. At night, on weekends, she tramped the city streets. To Fisherman's Wharf, then past rows of warehouses to the Embarcadero, where the air smelled of coffee and spices. Up the cobbled noisiness of Mission Street. Along the sparkling Marina, where the Golden Gate Bridge flung itself against the sky. But never out past Twin Peaks, into a part of town where the houses sat perched on the sides of steep hills, and there was always fog . . .

January . . . February . . . March. It was almost a year since her divorce—the longest year of her life.

And at last, late one Saturday afternoon, she could hold out no longer. Something was pulling her to the square little white stucco house, out on the top of the hill overlooking the valley that led to the sea. Her heart cried out for a sight of it. Just a sight, and then she would go away again.

It was foggy, of course. Terribly foggy, almost worse than she had ever seen it before; and the darkness had fallen early. There were no lights in the house, but a car stood at the curb. As she came closer she saw that it was a new one, and she wondered who owned it. She wondered who was living there now, too. Not Jack—he'd moved, she had heard.

Her heels clicked on the sidewalk as she went slowly past. The place seemed deserted, but it was as neat and clean as ever.

"Hello!"

She jumped. The voice—Jack's voice—came from the car at the curb. She had thought there was no one there. Now he was getting out, coming toward her, smiling and holding out his hand. "Connie. How are you?"

"Oh—just fine, Jack." How big he looked—so much bigger than she remembered.

"Taking a walk?"

"Yes, I—I was just taking a turn around the block to get some air."

"You live around here?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, no—I live quite . . . quite far from here. I really went much farther than I intended."

He half-turned, toward the house. "I came out to look at the old place," he announced.

"Why, of course," she said with a surprise that sounded false to her own ears. "This is it, isn't it? Haven't you rented it to anyone?"

"No . . . I preferred to leave it as it was."

"Oh." The monosyllable dropped into a vast silence between them, sank into it without making a ripple.

He threw back his shoulders, turned back to her again, and said in a conversational tone, "You're looking well, Connie. Having a good time?"

"The usual thing—a few parties—nothing really exciting. On the frivolous side, I'm afraid," she parried him. "I suppose you've been seeing the old crowd?"

"The old crowd?" he said vaguely. "Oh . . . yes, I see them now and then. Foggy tonight, isn't it?"

She smiled a little at that. "It's always foggy out here, Jack."

"Yes. Poor kid, it used to get you down, didn't it?"

"That was rather silly of me. As a matter of fact, I like the fog now."

He didn't answer. He simply looked at her, for a long moment, and then he said, "You're as beautiful as ever, Connie—and as sweet."

"Oh, don't!" His face began to swim through a mist of tears, and she fumbled frantically, unashamedly, for her handkerchief. "Don't say that. I'm not sweet at all. I'm—hateful!"

"Connie! What's the matter?"

ALL the emotion that had been locked in her heart for so long burst its bonds and came tumbling out. "I'm so miserable I could die. And so lonely. I threw away the only thing I really wanted—because I didn't have sense enough to see how much I wanted it. It took all these months of loneliness to make me see just how cheap and silly I'd been. And unfaithful! Because I really was unfaithful to you . . . in my mind. And now—now it's too late, and it's good enough for me. I deserve it."

He had her by both shoulders, holding her tightly with his big hands. "What are you talking about, Connie? What did you throw away that you really wanted?"

"Why—your love, of course."

"But you didn't," he said wonderingly. "I still love you. I'll always love you."

"Oh, no," she said, shaking her head. "I'm not going to inflict myself on you again. You're better off without me." And then the last remnant of dishonesty fell away from her, and she cried, "No, that's a lie! I will inflict myself on you, if you'll have me. I love you so much—and I've only just found it out, and I don't deserve it, but won't you take me back?"

The hands on her shoulders pulled her to him, and when they let her go again her hat was crooked and the flower on her coat was crushed, but her eyes were sparkling and her lips were laughing.

"It's a miracle!" Jack said. "It was a miracle when I found you the first time—and now it's happened all over again."

She shook her head. "That's not the miracle," she said wisely. "The miracle happened to me!"

"I Want a Divorce!" is heard every Sunday afternoon on NBC-Red, at 3:00 E.S.T., 2:00 C.S.T., 2:00 M.S.T., and 1:00 P.S.T.

Heartbreak Behind—

Happiness Ahead

(Continued from page 19)

"I believe we will, Ben," she said.  
"I do believe it."

And so they were married.

That statement is probably a surprise to most of you who have seen the incredibly youthful Mary Martin in Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert." As a matter of fact, all through the years of struggle and success that followed, Mary kept the story of that marriage a secret from all the world except the folks back home in Weatherford. Only recently did news of it leak out, and only here has the full story been told:

THE honeymoon was Utopia on wheels. They burned up a thousand miles over the week-end and Ben had to sprint to make Nashville in time for her to begin classes again.

All that morning, through her French class, her English class, her mathematics and her history, she heard pounding in her ears: "I'm Mrs. Ben Hagman, Mrs. Ben J. Hagman."

For a month she lingered, like a girl lost in herself. The crowd at Penta Tau wondered what on earth had happened to their star attraction. None guessed the secret.

At Christmas she returned home, never to go back to school. She was tired of being a secret bride. She made a clean breast of it as soon as she had kissed her family. She told the Judge all about it first. He took it philosophically. Mrs. Martin wept a little, as mothers will. Then it occurred to all concerned that what mattered were the days to come.

The marriage received twin blessings from both parents. Ben was summoned to Weatherford for the holidays and it seemed as though the gods were smiling.

It was wonderful to be back home, Mrs. Ben Hagman concluded. Weatherford had never looked more alive, more friendly.

June came and so did a parchment for Ben. Then the decision was made. Ben would take a job doing legal work for an insurance company in Fort Worth, and there the couple would set up house-keeping.

Which is exactly what happened. She wept at leaving Weatherford.

Things didn't go so well in Fort Worth. By next spring the two had returned to Weatherford, where Mary's father took his son-in-law into his office.

Then Larry came into the lives of all concerned and became the central topic of conversation. Judge Martin and his junior associate were certain that he had the look of a barrister, this wide-eyed cub who disdained yelling, even when he was hungry. Mary wasn't so sure.

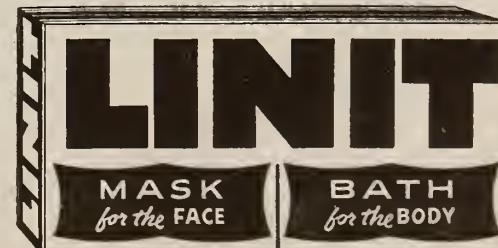
He was hardly weaned when his mother found the inactivity of a small-town matron weighing heavily on her. She looked around for something to do—and thereby betrayed, for the first time, her growing knowledge that marriage wasn't enough.

Practically from the time she was old enough to toddle, Mary had studied dancing. She loved it almost as much as she loved singing. So now she decided to open a dancing school.

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Ben thought it was a good idea, and Judge Martin went a step farther than that. It was a beautiful studio he built her.

In no time at all the word got around town that she was looking for backsliders in the gentle art of the dance. Ballet, soft shoe or what she called "sociable dancing"—it made no difference. In a month she had more pupils than she knew what to do with. She hired an assistant. Then another. Business got so good that she opened up other temples of the dance—four of them—in Cisco, Ranger, Eastland and Mineral Wells.

Just when everything was going along wonderfully—disaster.

Her lovely studio burned to the ground one midnight.

Standing in her nightgown and wrapper, watching the flames, Mary was heartbroken. Then there was a movement as of an earthquake beside her. It was Billie, her old mammy.

"Don't you go feelin' sorry for yourself," Billie consoled her, as she surveyed the inferno. "When the good Lord done took away all of Job's camels and sheep and goats, even his children, Job went right on believin' in the Lord. There's a reason for everything. Jes' you wait and see."

By the time a new studio was ready for use, summer had come. And summers in Texas aren't exactly tailored for such exercise as dance routines.

And now the portents were becoming more clear. She was almost—not quite—ready to admit to herself and to Ben that marriage had been a mistake. Mary was a mercurial, restless dreamer. Ben was a calm, deliberate man of business. He wanted to settle down in Texas—but Texas couldn't hold her.

Still, when she determined to go west that summer, to Hollywood, there was no open break. Perhaps Ben thought it best to give her her head, and that with a summer in Hollywood out of her system, she would be ready to be Mrs. Hagman again. Perhaps she thought so herself. At any rate, she had the blessing of husband and family when she first invaded Hollywood, in 1935.

IT was anything but exciting, this first visit. She saw little of the bright lights, none of the fabled gaiety. What she did do was toil like a robot at the Fanchon and Marco dance studios, learning the latest steps. In the fall she returned home, and all that winter she worked like fury. For a while this new fire, this fresh drive brought her some measure of satisfaction, a sense of achievement. But as winter wore on to spring she began to see a chasm opening up between the soul of her and a dancing career. Finally it became all too plain—she was lost, utterly lost.

Her marriage was lost, too. Now she knew it.

She and Ben were able to talk things over rather sensibly, and decide, at last, to call it all off.

When summer rolled around again she made up her mind. She would go to Hollywood again. Only this time she was going to lick the town.

For days Mary tramped around Hollywood, looking for a job in which she could sing. At last she found one, in the Ciné Grill. Then, after a while, another—this time in the Casanova Club. But it wasn't a lifetime commitment, and once more she was footloose.

For weeks there was no sign of anything. Then came a chance to audition for Buddy Rogers, who was leading the band on the Twin Stars radio program. For her test she reeled off a gay little ditty. Rogers smiled and nodded. "You're it," he said.

At last she was on the air!

Now once a week she cavorted over the networks, a yokel girl who had made good. It didn't seem real, this intimacy with Victor Moore, Helen Broderick and the rest. How unreal it actually was she discovered after thirteen weeks, when the program was discontinued.

SUMMER faded into fall, and fall into winter. Still no job. The situation was becoming grim. The money she had saved was dwindling.

She conceived the weird notion that maybe the movies were looking for her. It was no trick at all, with her radio and night-club background, to get tested by every important studio in town.

No dice. In fact one of the less-courteous testing department archangels gave her the following diagnosis. "Off-screen you're a nifty personality—but you photograph like Fu Manchu."

Letters from Weatherford began to trickle in, letters in a strange scrawl. Letters from Larry. He was six now, going on seven. She tried to picture him writing his five-line notes, a death grip on the pencil and a resolute look on his sweet face. She took on a new courage.

The Trocadero used to conduct a sort of super amateur hour by which undiscovered genius was given a chance, for virtually cakes and ale, to appear before a chic audience. Mary decided to take a chance.

She'll will never forget the night she walked calmly onto the Troc floor.

She didn't even wear a run-of-the-mill evening dress. What she did wear was an accordion-pleated skirt, a batiste blouse with ruffles and a red belt, wide as a barber's strop, for color. She looked demure as a debbie.

She nodded to the band-leader. Came the downbeat. And the familiar notes of "Il Bacio" (The Kiss). All during the catchy, sentimental introduction she sang liltingly, as thousands of sopranos have sung the piece before. But when the band hit the chorus, she went to town. She began to swing "Il Bacio," with all she had.

First came astonishment. Could they trust their ears? Was this innocent-looking lassie taking them (and "Il Bacio") for a ride?

Then some inspired soul began yelling. And by the time she had completed the chorus, everyone was yelling for encores.

The next morning she was fairly buried under an avalanche of telegrams: telegrams of congratulations, telegrams offering auditions and engagements. Before the day was over an offer came to sing on Broadway. And as if that wasn't enough, a radio executive offered her a spot on the Good News program.

That night, when she had calmed down, she called home. She talked to everyone. Finally she heard a familiar, small voice, the most welcome in the world.

"Hurrah for you, mummy," it said. "When are you coming home?"

"Soon," she said through her tears. "Soon, Larry."

It was late August when she left Hollywood and headed east for her conquest of Broadway. She stopped off at Weatherford long enough to get a good hug of Larry.

The night she arrived in New York was a heart-breaker.

No one met her at the station. Rain poured down from an angry sky. And later at the hotel, came the final bitter pill. The musical comedy in which she was to appear had been postponed for another year.

Heartbroken, she hung around town, too numb to go away. On the fifth day a ray of hope appeared.

"Look," exclaimed the producer who had brought her to New York in the first place, "I don't want to get your hopes aroused. You know how it is in show business. Still, if you're interested, there's an opening in a new show called 'Leave It to Me.' Seems that a lady named June Knight has kissed the part good-bye. She's getting married."

WELL, she auditioned and got the part, and the rest is history.

It's a twice-told tale how she knocked 'em dead on the night of September 28 by crooning "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." The performance made her a national figure.

It took the movie studios only until the following morning to begin sending her wires—and every wire contained the word "contract." For a minute Mary laughed to herself, remembering Fu Manchu.

At last the dream had come true. Her name was in lights. She had an engagement, too, in the swanky Rainbow Room, the Rockefeller showplace of the nation. Life was wonderful.

Until the night of December 10, 1938.

She was sitting in her dressing room waiting for the cue, her mind sweeping over the two thousand miles separating the Imperial Theater and Weatherford, where her father was ill. She had flown down to see him a fortnight before.

There was a knock on the door.

It was Victor Moore, the star of the show. He looked grave—grave in a tender sort of way. Then he walked over and put his arm on her shoulder.

"Mary," he said, "I've got an old story to tell you. I think it's older than show business, lots older than almost anything else."

"My dad?" she said, jumping up.

"Yes."

Sophie Tucker came into the room. She took the slim brunette in her arms. The girl's tears mingled with the mascara and made a wet, dark stain on Sophie's dressing gown.

She didn't attend the funeral. Her Dad would have wanted it that way. It was part of what he had called her "new obligations" when she had seen him last and had said good-bye to him.

By June she had made up her mind about the movie offers. She signed with Paramount. Here at last was rainbow's end. A part in "The Great Victor Herbert," opposite Alan Jones.

By now you must have seen the picture.

Meanwhile, Paramount is not letting her stay idle. She's at work getting ready for the shooting of "Kiss the Boys Good-bye," in which she'll play a temperamental Southern mint-julep in a satire on "Gone With the Wind."

It could happen only in America.



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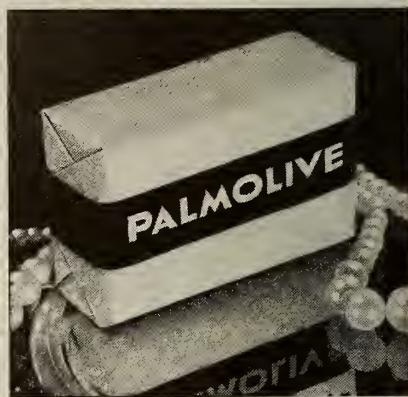
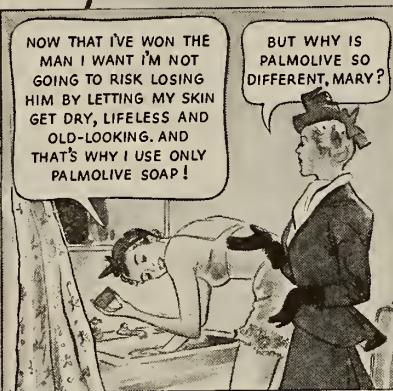
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## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 33)

### JAN SAVITT—A REFUGEE FROM THE CLASSICS

**W**HEN Jan Savitt was seven, his violin thrilled Victor Herbert. At the age of thirteen, all Philadelphia predicted a great career for the little Polish-born musician.

No young artist has risen so rapidly. Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms claimed him—but not for long.

Today the concert platform is but a memory. Jitterbugs, not longhairs, applaud the diminutive, dark-eyed lad. His pulse-tickling "shuffling rhythm" is broadcast over NBC from the Hotel Lincoln in New York. His Decca records sell briskly. But instead of the classics, he plays the hit parade champions.

"I was a child prodigy. Music claimed me before I was five," Jan explained, "I never saw a toy unless it was a musical one. Couldn't hold a baseball bat for fear of spoiling my precious fingers. When other kids were getting their first dates, I would be riding a sooty, excursion train to New York for more music lessons. Why, I didn't have a pair of long pants when I joined Stokowski."

That jazz conquered the classics to claim Jan for its own, is one of swingdom's strangest stories.

Jan was born twenty-seven years ago in Cracow, then a part of Russia. His father was a drummer in the Russian Imperial Regimental Band. The rattle of the snares beat a tom-tom lullaby for the boy. But not for

long. Joseph Savitt rebelled against the rigid military system. He wanted freedom. So when Jan was two, the family emigrated to America.

The Savitts settled in Philadelphia with father putting his savings into the feathered hat business. Jan's mother, a woman alert to new customs, soon found out how her neighbors lived. Middle-class Philadelphians saved pennies so that their children would get music lessons. When Jan was five, he got his first violin lesson. This did not meet with his father's approval.

"Better teach him a trade," he warned his wife.

But when the wealthy woolen tycoon, Edwin Fleischer, started a symphony club for young musicians, Mama Savitt knew her boy was destined for a musical career. Jan's teacher got him enrolled in the string orchestra as concertmeister. One night the great Victor Herbert came. Jan played Wieniawski's Mazurka on an over-sized fiddle.

The composer and patron Fleischer were impressed.

Herbert placed a heavy arm on the awed youth's shoulder. "You might become the first great American violinist." Then he pouted, "But that fiddle. Too big, too big."

Fleischer soon fixed that. He bought Jan an \$8,500 Ruggieri, perfectly proportioned for an under-sized 12-year-old lad, and began to pay for his music lessons under William Happich.

When Jan was fourteen, his older

brother Bill urged him to commute on Sundays to New York and study under the noted Sam Franko.

Franko was captivated by his new pupil and brought him to the attention of music critics. A new child prodigy was rapidly being developed. When the Curtis Institute offered a violin scholarship, Jan won it.

**L**EOPOLD STOKOWSKI, idol of Philadelphia, was then conductor of Curtis Institute's orchestra class, aside from his duties with the great symphonic orchestra. He liked the thin, nervous lad who played so vigorously and devoted no time to frivolous pastimes.

One day he took Jan aside.

"How would you like to come and play in my orchestra?" The boy's answer stunned the great man.

"I don't know, sir," flustered Jan, "I'll have to ask my mother!"

At first the men in the orchestra sneered at this youngster.

"A kid," snarled one veteran, "just out of diapers."

But Stokowski had faith. Jan stayed with the Philadelphia Orchestra eight years—eight years of work!

Then something happened.

The fact that he was making \$150 to \$200 a week might have set off the spark. Perhaps his coming of age was responsible. He was now 22. But I would rather place the responsibility with Fate and his big brother Bill. The latter was now employed as assistant manager of the Forrest thea-

ter in Philadelphia. The Broadway shows played there—shows filled with beautiful girls, light-hearted young people, and music that was light and swingy. As Jan huddled near the stage door, when he could sneak away from the concert hall, all these things rose before him.

"This music reacted strangely within me. I got a kick out of it," Jan tells you now.

**W**HEN radio station WCAU offered him the job of musical director, Jan could not resist. Here was his chance to become a human being and not a musical instrument. He told the fatherly Stokowski—and the maestro agreed.

The radio work attracted the dance set. Offers came to play at parties, college proms, and hotel rooms. They liked the unusual tone of this new band. Jan had brought all the resources of the classics into play. He wove a style—shuffling rhythm—that comes right from Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and Spohr's Violin Concerto.

By 1938 Savitt's band had gained promise. An engagement at a dance in New York turned the tide. Mrs. Maria Kramer, owner of the Hotel Lincoln, was searching for a band to succeed Artie Shaw at her hotel.

Savitt opened at the Lincoln in December, 1938. They've been there ever since, except for a few excursions.

At the present time a dusky lad named Bon Bon is Jan's only vocalist. Bon Bon's real name is George Tunnell. He used to sing with a colored trio on NBC.

Savitt's plans are definite. He

starts a lengthy tour in February, and by Spring might get married. But he won't talk too much about that.

#### OFF THE RECORD

##### Some Like It Sweet

**I**t Was Written in the Stars; Katie Went to Haiti (Royale 1783) Johnny Green. A new phonograph company and a pair of Cole Porter pulse-tickling tunes that deserve hearing. Johnny Green's band with Beverly as vocalist.

Last Night; Many Dreams Ago (Victor 26397) Hal Kemp. The laurels go to the vocalists, Nan Wynn and Bob Allen in this soothing platter.

Out of Space; Blue Rain (Decca 2802) Casa Loma. Casa Loma comes back into its own as a leading dispenser of sweet music. Pin a medal on Kenny Sargent.

Speaking of Heaven; I Thought About You (Vocalion 5182) Will Bradley. A new band in a season that has been loaded with newcomers and vague promises about arresting, original styles. But this Bradley-Ray McKinley combo stands out spectacularly.

Three Little Maids; Tin Roof Blues (Varsity 8071) Hylton Sisters. Spicy, suggestive lyrics ably interpreted by a trio of warblers that may give the celebrated Andrew Sisters some competition. Varsity is the less expensive disk of the new U. S. Record Co.

##### Some Like It Swing

Faithful Forever; Bluebirds in the Moonlight (Columbia 35289) Benny Goodman and Mildred Bailey. A fool-proof combination on a coupling from Gulliver's Travels.

Johnson Rag; Down Home Rag (Victor 26598) Larry Clinton. Solid stuff interpreted by a specialist in this

bracket of swing.

Ciribiribin; Yodelin Jive (Decca 2800) Bing Crosby-Andrew Sisters. The record companies become generous and give two for the price of one.

You're A Lucky Guy; Love Is Here (Bluebird 10482) Artie Shaw. The little man that isn't here made this one before he renounced his throne.

She Really Meant to Keep It; Palm of Your Hand (Varsity 8117) Johnny Messner. Not for Aunt Hattie, but a double entendre successor to "She Had To Lose It At The Astor" a platter that got word of mouth from coast to coast and became a smash hit. Will do miracles at parties that begin to sag.

White Heat; You Can Fool Some of the People (Vocalion 5156) Jimmy Lunceford. Hotter than a sun-ray lamp you forgot to turn off.

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music  
RADIO MIRROR Magazine  
122 E. 42nd Street, New York.

I would like to see a feature story  
about \_\_\_\_\_

Please tell me where this band is  
now playing \_\_\_\_\_

I like swing bands \_\_\_\_\_ I like  
sweet bands \_\_\_\_\_ I like bands  
that mix 'em up \_\_\_\_\_

(Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope if  
you want a direct answer.)

## "PEPSI AND PETE" . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS

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BIG, BIG BOTTLE FOR A NICKEL!"



"I MAKE SURE IT'S BETTER  
TASTING AND WHOLESOME"



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Keep this handy carton icy cold.  
Be ready for unexpected guests.

If your dealer cannot supply you fill in his  
name and address and mail to Dept. D,  
Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

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

# Youth- FOR KEEPS!

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

THE old saying was, "Beauty is only skin deep." That is a great deal deeper than you might think. To maintain a beautiful skin we must observe all the laws of general good health and also the special laws of skin care. Moreover, we have to consider the dermis, or true skin, as well as the epidermis or outer layer. Beauty cannot be put on with make-up alone. We have to begin with proper cleansing and with the preparation for make-up—that is, the right soap and the right powder base.

Pretty seventeen-year-old Mary Small has an understanding of these fundamentals that would do credit to an experienced cosmetician. Come to think of it, she is experienced—she has been singing in public since she was five. She has had theatrical experience as well as radio. All those years of the varied make-ups for public work, and she still has a skin as clear and fresh as a child's. In private life she uses the minimum of cosmetics, believing that the younger you are the less you need them. But she is very, very choosy about her soap and what little powder base she does use.

You hear Mary's warm contralto voice on the Ben Bernie Hour Sunday evenings at five-thirty over CBS, and it is hard to believe that such a natural, unspoiled young girl has attained her mature artistry. Those who work with her say she can pick up a song and learn it in five minutes, and has a genius for original treatments of song lyrics. She has a poise and serenity that rises to any occasion—and there have been many important occasions for her as a guest artist starred on practically every radio program of note.

The first step towards maintaining that youthful skin is a thorough cleansing with a good soap. There are many on the market so free from irritating ingredients that they could not harm even the skin of a baby. You can make a simple test by touching your soap to the tip of your tongue. No soap tastes good, of course. But if there is any free alkali or other irritant present, the soap will seem to burn.

Nevertheless I strongly advocate a light upward massage with a good cleansing cream first. Then a gentle but thorough cleansing with soap and softened water, two or three times a day. The natural oil of the skin is given out from tiny sacs which lie



■ Seventeen-year-old Mary Small gives some grown-up advice—use plenty of good soap and water before putting on make-up.

close to the hair roots. If the opening gets clogged, the oil hardens and darkens into blackheads, or infection arises and pimples form. At the very least these clogged pores give the skin a coarse and grimy look. Nothing else is so effective in clearing them as a good lathering of soap.

Those who have dry skins which they think are irritated by much soaping should use first a cleansing cream of the emulsion type (rather heavy). For those with oily skins, or for the simple removal of make-up, a liquefying or thin cream, and less of it. But please, always, plenty of good soap and soft water.

When the skin is cleansed right into the pores, put on your favorite foundation. And here you must experiment to find the one best suited to your skin, and to your age. Very light for young people. Heavier for the mature woman. There are excellent ones of all types. Some are foundation creams, some are lotions, some are of a type which suggests

a glorified theatrical make-up and aid greatly in the concealment of blemishes. There are bases for the dry skin, for the oily skin. There is one that contains healing ingredients, very cool and soothing. Select yours and use it. Foundations protect the skin, and enhance make-up.

## HOW'S YOUR COMPLEXION?

ACNE sufferers are often needlessly afraid of cosmetics. The first thing to do is to find out which kind of acne you have. It might be best to consult your doctor and let him tell you. What is properly called acne has a half dozen different causes. It may be gastric. It may be caused by a vitamin deficiency, which is readily corrected by eating a prepared yeast. It may be from bad teeth, or from some temporary irregularity in the glandular system, or even from nerves. In such cases, cosmetics and creams give temporary relief. Get at the cause. If it is a case of clogged oil pores, good soap-and-water cleansings are the answer, together with special creams. The great cosmetic houses all have acne creams and lotions which are the result of years of research.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

# WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

WITH the misconception of Canadian winters (I look out my window as I write and the lilac-tree beneath it is budding again in mid-December, cross my heart), it seems hardly good tactics to introduce a gentleman by the name of Frost. His first name is not Jack, but Rex, which is some compensation, but there is a very valid reason for a Canadian radio columnist wanting to talk about Rex Frost. You see, Rex Frost has been ten years in the Canadian broadcasting business, six of them with the same two commercial programs.

Tune to CFRB, Toronto, at 12:40 p.m., Mondays through Fridays, or dial the same station Mondays through Saturdays at 11:00 p.m., and you will hear a clipped British accent that will strongly remind you of Boake Carter, that is, a Boake Carter with the waspish sting removed. At the noon hour period he will be holding the fort for the Goodyear Rubber and Tire Corporation's daily Farm Broadcast, the Ontario farmers' unfailing barometer for the past six years of price and crop conditions. At eleven o'clock of the evening, he will be holding forth on European affairs for his tens of thousands of listeners to his Armchair Club, sponsored by the Royal Canadian Tobacco Company, also in its sixth year of popular dialling.

Physically, Rex is in the neighbor-

hood of six feet, with a wisely kind look in his gray eyes. He's in his early forties.

Rex was born in London, England. His father wanted him to be a lawyer like himself. Rex, spending a great deal of time around the courts (unofficially, of course), decided the Law was drier than the pages of Blackstone. So he decided to become an engineer, and took a Science course at deah o' Cambridge. The engineering job turned out to be a position in a London bank. After a year at Brussels, someone told him that Canadian banks were always on the lookout for good men. Which brought Rex to these shores, and a job in a Canadian bank. His start in radio came with an oil concern as program director, from whence he graduated to CFRB as Commercial Manager.

His record of continuous broadcasting on the same two programs is probably unequalled on the continent, and certainly unique in Canada. Rex sort of inherited the Farm Broadcast. One hot July day in 1933, he was getting ready for a round of golf, when the 'phone rang. It was a Chicago businessman wanting to talk farm broadcasts. Resignedly, Rex, who scarcely knew one end of the horse from the other, let duty take precedence over pleasure. He saw the

Chicago man, who had an idea for a daily summary of livestock activities and markets and produce bulletins. This was something new in radio. Almost unenthusiastically, Rex accepted the gentleman's contract on behalf of CFRB. A search began for a broadcaster with agricultural background. None suitable could be found. The station manager unsympathetically told Rex he was responsible, and would have to air the show himself. Rex dived into the business of agriculture, waiting expectantly for the three months' contract to run out. Run out it did, but the station listeners clamored for more. That was six years ago, and Rex Frost is still waiting for CFRB to find someone to take his place on the Farm Broadcast.

THE constant companion of Rex Frost is his movie camera. No matter where he goes, the little black box goes with him. And his hobby is proving profitable. In three months, he will have ready a film of his own making, "Cavalcade of Europe," with which he will go on lecture-tour.

An amazing person, this Rex Frost, and an extraordinary life he has led. But I think the thing that intrigues him most at the moment is that he has one of the first honest-to-gosh penthouses in Toronto, roof-garden and all.

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# TRIMAL

## Woman in Love

(Continued from page 37)

"Oh, what have I done, what have I done!" Tam whispered, half to herself, in black despair.

"It's just something we have to get through," George persisted reasonably. "It's a mean bit of road, but we simply have to get over it, you and I. What I want you to do is to drive yourself down to Bill Martell's and stay with Ellen—"

"You mean that you—you think they'll take you right away—"

"I expect so," he said quietly.

"I see," Tam said in a dead voice. "Go on."

"Well, this is it: Go down to Menlo Park and take it easy with the Martells. They understand. In a few days, drive down to Los Angeles and see Kohl, about that movie offer. Next June, or some time after that—"

"Next June? Oh, my God!" Tam whispered.

"Well, any time around then. By that time old Martell will have done some good work here, and one talk with the governor will do the trick."

She put her elbows on the table and her face in her hands, and he saw the bright tears slip through her fingers.

"Don't cry, Tam."

She made no answer. After a while she found a handkerchief and dried her eyes and made herself smile at him with her lashes still wet and her lips trembling.

"We've nothing to regret," he told her softly. "Even poor Mallory would probably have been grateful for the quick way out if he'd known it was coming. Tam, my little beloved girl, my wife, you won't forget me, and I'll live on your letters and books, and it won't be forever. And some hot summer day we'll climb into the car and head here for Halfmoon Bay, and we'll stop and get eggs and coffee— And then we'll forget all this; it won't leave any mark."

"But how to get through today?"

"Oh, well, time goes on. It'll go by."

"You don't want me to go to court and cross the bay with you?"

"Positively not! There'll be photographers, newspapermen. Let's cut all that. No," he said seriously, "if I'm not back early in the afternoon—go down to the Martells', won't you?"

"Yes," she said with white lips.

"You've got money?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

"And listen, dearest. Write me!"

"Oh, George, don't!"

She trailed after him as he threw a few things into a bag, stood forlornly watching him, one of his old sweaters pressed against her heart as if to staunch a flow of blood.

"Well, it's ten of ten; I'd better move," he said with a great air of briskness. He slipped on his big coat, buckled it, put his arms about her and kissed her once, briefly. "Goodbye, my heart," he said.

"Remember that I will never love anyone else in the world as I love you," Tamara said steadily.

He picked up his hat and his bag and went out without turning again.

After a long while she went into the bedroom; George's pillow still held the impress of his big untidy head, and she slid to her knees and laid her face against it for a moment

of weakness. Tears fell on the crumpled linen. But almost immediately she was on her feet again. The beds were pulled apart, windows opened to cold, fresh, rushing air, garments put away in orderly fashion.

She telephoned Menlo Park.

"Ellen, I'm so sorry, but I'm not getting down today. . . . Yes, but I want to be alone; I'm all right. I just feel sort of—battered, and I want to be alone. You'll forgive me; I'll be down tomorrow. And then I go on to Los Angeles. He wants me to. And Merry Christmas!"

GEORGE had been right. Time did pass—somehow. She saw Kohl, and he made her an offer and she accepted it, and then for a time she was in Hollywood. And after that there was a play, and a tour, and the dates on the letters she wrote to George were September . . . October . . . November . . . May . . . July . . . October again.

Mid-December, almost two years after George had gone to prison, and she was in Sacramento with the play. Tamara hated the town because of bitter memories that never would die, memories of Mayne swaggering and self-satisfied, memories of her first sickening misgivings as to Mayne's love for her. She wrote the governor gallantly, asking for an interview. There was no answer—there was no answer. . . .

Governor Coates would go to San Quentin on the nineteenth. The sixteenth, the seventeenth came; and still Tamara could not manage her coveted five-minute interview. Early on the evening of the seventeenth Billy Martell came into her dressing room. He was in Sacramento, he explained, to see the governor himself about George, or to make it easier for her to see him. "I saw his secretary today," he added. Tam turned anxious eyes upon him.

"Whittell! What did he say?"

"He wasn't exactly encouraging, Tam. Not that he knows much, but, of course, he's very close to the governor. He said that Coates always made up his own mind about things of that sort: Mrs. Davis's seeing him wouldn't affect him one way or the other; he's not in the least interested in women," he said."

Tam's face flamed. "I wasn't going to flirt with him!" she said coldly. "It was just one more thing that I could try. George told me that Coates was a forlorn hope, but I thought—I thought—being Christmas time—"

"Shall you see George this Christmas, Tam?" Billy asked.

"Oh, yes. We go down to San Francisco tomorrow to play a week. Christmas is Tuesday; I'll go over and see George on Monday. I dread it," Tam said under her breath.

"It's awful," Billy agreed.

It stabbed her, and her busy hand was still as she asked in a quiet voice: "You don't think there's any use trying to see the governor, Bill?"

"Well, tomorrow's Sunday, and the governor's gone with his family all day, and early on Monday he goes down to San Quentin," Billy admitted reluctantly.

An hour before train time the next morning Tam telephoned the executive mansion. Before he left for

Woodside could Governor Coates possibly see Mrs. Davis for five minutes? It was very important.

Governor Coates and Mrs. Coates had gone to Woodside last night.

"Oh, thank you," Tam said weakly. "They—they couldn't be reached there?"

"If you would write a letter, Mrs. Davis—" the secretary said kindly. Tamara tried to answer that she had written many letters, but tears choked her, and she hung up the telephone with no further words. On Wednesday of that week she sent out from her dressing room at the old Geary Street Theater in San Francisco for a paper: the governor's pardons were duly listed there. A Burke, a Castagni, a Miller—there were nine in all. No Davis.

She saw him at the prison on Monday—Christmas Eve—came back alone across the gray winter bay with the familiar icy agony at her heart. It was hard enough to steel herself to see him, to arm herself with cheerful odds and ends of news, to fill her arms with books and handkerchiefs and cake and olives. But the coming away was the insufferable thing; that was the time when her courage and nerve were at their lowest ebb. The memory of his quiet courage, his concern for her, his utter weariness, would tear at her heart for hours afterward like the teeth of animals.

GEORGE had said to her, "No pardon? Coates threw me down, did he?" and she had answered gallantly, "Billy and I mean to attack him again right after Christmas!" but the few words had told her that George had been hoping great things, as they both had been, from the Christmas list of pardons.

It was only three o'clock when she came back to the city and turned her car south toward Menlo Park and the Martell house—yet when she reached it, she felt a weariness, a nervous despair in her own soul that made any thought of Christmas joy seem unbearable.

Children were boiling all over the house; evergreen ropes had been put up; there was a great burst of holly in a jar in the entrance hall, and fires roared everywhere. Ellen Martell, in the midst of the cheerful pandemonium, was sweet and sympathetic; but the contrast between all this comfort and happiness and the cold stone of the prison was too much for Tam; she could not face the long dinner table, the chatter, the joyous期待和surprises.

When Billy Martell came upstairs a few minutes before dinner-time, she was standing in her bedroom door, with her hat and coat on.

"Hello, Tam! Where you going?" he demanded in a tone of alarm.

"I thought I'd get some fresh air. . . . But I'm glad you're home. I wanted to speak to you a minute." She gestured toward a wide cushioned seat in the hall. "Billy, did you ever get to see Coates?" she demanded.

He patted her hand. "Well . . . no," he admitted. "Look, Tam, Ellen says I've got to rush. Run on downstairs and I'll see you in a few minutes." He hurried down the hall.

Tamara went back to her room and walked to one of the darkened windows. She stood perfectly still, hardly conscious of emotion or thought; everything seemed dulled within her heart and brain; nothing mattered.

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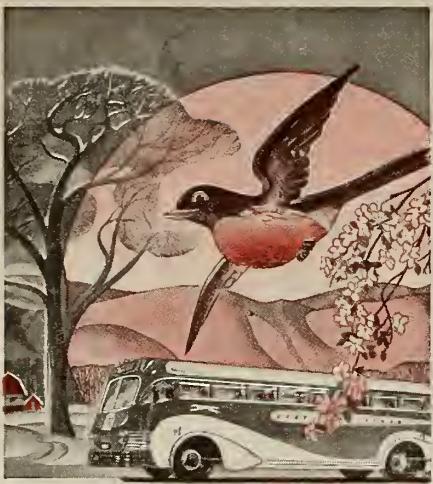
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Quite suddenly, as if propelled by a force outside of herself, she was at the desk, scribbling a note.

"Ellen darling," she wrote, "I'm a death's-head at your party and I'll only spoil it for you and everyone else. I'm sorry, but the children and the fun and the presents seem more than I can bear tonight; I'm going up to the city, where I'll see a movie and eat a large unromantic steak, and I'll surely drive over and see you all tomorrow, or at latest the day after. I'm not sure where I'll be, but I'll telephone. Merry Christmas to you all! Do forgive me."

She scratched a crooked, tear-splashed "Tam" at the end and put the note in a conspicuous position against the lamp. She crossed the upper hall noiselessly, opened a door upon a back staircase, and let herself out at the side door without encountering a soul or hearing any sound except the joyous racket of Christmas Eve.

**S**HE went quickly along the drive to the garage, got her car and was in it and driving out of the gate into the road before her breath would begin to come naturally or her heart stop its frightened beat.

The road to San Francisco was lighted, and punctuated by flying smaller lights that came roaring toward her, blinded her, and went rushing south. But she did not follow this highway far. She knew now where she wanted to go—to the little cottage on Halfmoon Bay, where she and George had once spent a heavenly week-end. It had been during Mayne's trial—they'd stolen away to spend two days' respite from strain and anxiety.

"Some day, darling, we'll buy this cottage," George had said. He didn't know that she had remembered that, and had bought the place herself, with her Hollywood earnings. Bought it, because it was the one place in the world where she felt as if she and George were still together.

She unlocked the door, carried in the groceries she'd bought at the general store in the village two miles away. Speedily, with stiff fingers, she filled the stove, poured kerosene on the kindling. In one second there was a heartening roar or blaze against the closed stove plates; in exactly seven minutes the kettle began to sing.

"This is the thing I wanted to do!" she exulted. "I'm alone—and when I'm alone I can think about George."

But she felt a little sense of uneasiness, too, as she realized suddenly that she had never been quite alone in this secluded cabin before, so far from any other habitation. Always, when she came down here for a few days, she'd had someone in from one of the neighboring families to cook and keep her company.

She reminded herself that one's fears and the action of robbers, murderers, maniacs rarely struck upon the same instant—but, poaching eggs, she wished that she had not thought of such words as robbers, murderers, maniacs.

Perhaps there were men hiding in this house at this exact minute. The telephone was there, of course. But the service stopped at six. Too bad to have remembered that—a telephone was almost like a person!

Her heart leaped into her throat at the sound of a voice. But it was only a black cat, as welcome almost

as a friend in this silent dark hour. Tamara welcomed the cat effusively, fed him while she ate her own supper, and when she went to sleep an hour later on a cot dragged into the kitchen for warmth, the cat was settled on her feet. The sound of the sea was friendlier now, and the stove's red eye had a protective, comforting aspect in the warm kitchen. Tam, tired by the long full day, was almost instantly asleep.

Voices. She started up from a very abyss of unconsciousness to the fearful realization of voices. Someone outside saying, "S-s-h-h!"

Tam sat up in the dark, her heart thundering. With a sudden lessening of warm weight on her feet the cat leaped to the floor. There was utter silence everywhere, except the tick of dying ashes in the stove.

It had been her imagination. But her heart would not stop its suffocating quick beat, nor her muscles obey her fluttered reason when her mind told her that she must simply lie down quietly again. The sound of a motor engine was coming nearer. It would pass. It would go away again.

A slow fan of light went over the ceiling; outside the kitchen door the motor stopped. There was a fearful interval of silence. Then a voice, shouting: "Tam!"

Life came back into her veins. In the dark she sprang from her blankets, sobbing, calling back madly in answer:

"Oh, George, George, George!"

Somehow, in the black cold and dark she was across the kitchen floor, and fumbling at the lock, and then the sky and the wheeling stars showed in the opened doorway, above the dim silhouette of the hills, and the lights of a motorcar cut a tunnel of light through them, and a figure was there, coming at her; arms were warm and strong about her, and George's cold hard face was against her warm one, and she was crying, crying bitterly, with her arm about his neck.

"Tam, you poor darling, you poor little idiot! My sweetheart—my darling sweetheart!"

He was half leading, half carrying her back into the kitchen. "You've escaped! You got away! You found me!" she breathed.

Just to look at him was enough; she could look at him forever. George. George with her again, nothing else mattered. It was enough to watch George carrying in wood, dragging things about, driving shadows before him, tramping about with a heartening noise that seemed to make the house the safest, sanest, coziest place in the world.

Every few minutes he stopped what he was doing and came to kneel beside her and kiss her. Tam would put up a hand to stroke his hair, smile at him shakily, but she could not speak without tears.

"Frightened you, did I?"

"It was silly. But I'd been nervous, anyway."

"But darling, you shouldn't have run away down here. You frightened the Martells terribly."

She lay on the couch before the hearth; the big sitting room was warm in the winter night from the fire George had built. Then, suddenly, a thought struck her, and her fingers tightened on his hand, her voice trembled. "You'll—you'll be here tomorrow, won't you?" she faltered.

"I'll be here tomorrow, darling; we'll have Christmas breakfast together. I'm—out, Tam."

"Out?" she repeated dazedly.

"For always. It was to be a surprise for you, Tam. Bill and I fixed it up, fools that we were. I got my pardon yesterday—today, was it? Only this afternoon, it was. But Billy and Ellen had an idea that it would be wonderful to surprise you!"

"Pardon! You knew when I saw you—when was it, yesterday?"

"No, I didn't. My God, Tam, you don't think I could have let you go away from the prison not knowing, if I had known!"

"Billy knew."

"Not until today. He was on his way to San Quentin, to tell me about it, while you were there seeing me. He missed you by about ten minutes. If he'd driven just a little faster he'd have seen you. He told me about the pardon—it's all due to Billy's persistence that the governor finally came through with it—and then he telephoned Ellen. Ellen said, 'Tamara's coming down here for dinner, and we'll keep it for a Christmas surprise!'

TAMARA'S wondering eyes broke over his reproachfully.

"But I was there when Billy got home!"

"So was I, darling—within a few feet of you, shaving and bathing and getting into decent clothes. I was supposed to go downstairs, when I looked presentable, and let you find me there. And I went down, and waited—and waited—and you didn't come. You'd been gone about an hour when they found your note, saying you'd gone to San Francisco."

"Oh, George, George!" Tam wailed. "What a fool I was!"

"What fools we all were! Well, I looked for you in San Francisco—all the places you might have gone to, and you weren't there. And suddenly it struck me that in your note you'd said you'd drive over and see the Martells tomorrow. That didn't sound as if you'd intended to go to San Francisco at all, so I asked Hills, Billy's chauffeur, if there were any place you could drive 'over' from—and he told me how you'd bought this cottage," George related.

Tam rubbed a small thumb back and forth on his big hand, tears still brimming out of her eyes. "George, is it really all over—are you and I just one more married couple, 'at last?'"

"Just exactly that. Free to do just what everyone else is doing."

"It's a dream—talking to you, having you again!" she whispered.

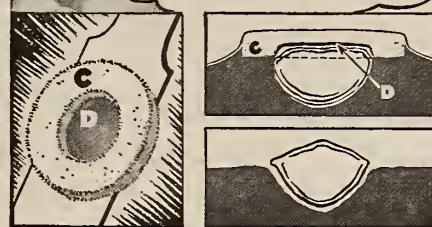
"It's a true dream."

"And I thought—only tonight I thought that life would never be anything else but one long heartbreak! And we know each other, George," Tam pursued, in a voice of utter content, "there aren't going to be any surprises or disillusionments; we know each other through and through! I know you're going to like your eggs poached tomorrow morning, and that you like the top of the milk bottle better than regular cream. I—" Her voice dropped; she whispered: "I love you so, George," she breathed. And again their lips were together, while there was no sound in the room but the occasional dropping of ashes in the fire and an occasional flurry of wind in the chimney.

The End.

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## Beech-Nut Gum



## How to Sing for Money

(Continued from page 25)

It is often a real handicap to be able to learn a song too quickly, because the learning is too superficial to stand up under pressure. The "quick study" is prone to get a hazy impression of the song rather than a clear mental engraving, and that is where the careless wrong notes begin to creep in. So if you're in this group, recognize the danger and whip yourself into thoroughness. Learn the written melody so that you can sing it perfectly, note for note, without words and without leaning on accompaniment.

### Next, choose your key

Remember the time you got half-way through rehearsing a song and your voice cracked reaching for that high note? What did you do? You went back to the beginning and started over again, a little lower.

THAT high note was beyond your vocal "range." When you started over again in a lower pitch, you transposed the key and thereby adjusted the song to your range.

The next order of business is how to go about finding the key in which you should sing any given song. An inexperienced singer is apt to say, quite flatly, "My key is E flat." In other words, he expects to transpose every song to that key. This is, of course ridiculous. Every song is a new transposition problem, the key in which you sing it depending upon the key of the printed copy, as acted upon by your individual vocal range.

### Third, phrase your song

When you breathe, you pause. These pauses put a sort of vocal parenthesis around the words you sing, dividing a song lyric into definite groups of related words.

The first move in phrasing a new song is simply to mark the copy with checkmarks at the places where you plan to breathe. Planned phrasing assures you of a plentiful supply of breath throughout the song, and helps you gain confidence by always singing the song in the same way.

Short phrases are intrinsically dramatic, exciting. Long phrases are more sweeping, romantic, soothing, and intimate. If in a certain song you're taking the loss of a lover rather lightly, in the Ballad manner, you'll favor the shorter, more casual phrasing—if you're rather sad about the thing, you'll go more for the long phrases—and if you're very bitter indeed, you'll return to the short phrases, but add punch to them with a forceful delivery technique.

If you smoke a lot, your breath capacity may be small, and it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to do a daily half-dozen to build it up to the point where you have breath enough to draw out the full beauty of some of the long phrases.

In any event, stay within your capacity; never attempt a phrase which taxes you. Gauge the amount of breath you will need for a given phrase (whether a full breath, a half-breath or a sneak) and arrange your rhythm to allow the necessary time to take it in. Don't puff—too many breaths give a choppy effect, and if your capacity is abnormally low, set about developing it. And don't strain or hurry, because the essence of

naturalness is apparent lack of effort.

Fourth, fit your diction to the song.

You undoubtedly chatter along at a great rate in ordinary conversation, without a thought of diction. That's fine: otherwise you'd sound like a self-conscious elocutionist and nobody would like you. I want you to sing in the same relaxed spirit.

You must learn to make your singing diction clear, because audiences can't ask "What?" You must make it attractive, too, because you're singing for money now and you want the customers to like you and your songs. You must learn how diction flavors moods, for obviously a girl whose heart is breaking won't torch out her sorrow in crisp, crackling articulation.

Many people think that good diction consists of not saying things like *gonna hitcher*. But it's much worse to sound so pure that it hurts. While the beginners' diction often offends through carelessness, just as often the classical singer is annoying and hard to understand because of his over-correctness.

Above all, I want you to seem natural. Don't rhyme *been* with *seen* and *again* with *rain* unless you've done it from the cradle. Maybe you have an accent of a regional (*idear—suh!*) or social (*Moiphy—hunderd*) character which, though natural, is unintelligible or objectionable. If so, change it *just* enough. You must sound like you.

Set the song's tempo and pace.

THE proper tempo for a song is determined by three considerations:

1. *Mechanical factors.* The words must fit the music as comfortably as possible for your voice and delivery-technique. Some singers with pleasing voices can't sustain long notes without wavering—so they step up the tempo to shorten these notes.

2. *Artistic factors.* Different moods take different tempos. The breezy, reckless effect of "I'm Gonna Lock My Heart and Throw Away the Key" was heightened by singing it in fast tempo, in contrast to the slow tempo which used to set off the melancholy effect of a real torch song.

3. *Showmanship and Musical Sense.* If you'll run over a song in several different tempos while you're working it up, when you hit the right one you'll "feel" it. Showmanship may dictate that you do the song out of its technically proper tempo, either for the sake of novelty (on a hit song that's being aired a dozen times a night) or to fit your own peculiar style.

Pace is that gradual ebb and flow within the basic tempo which gives the song movement, life, and vitality.

A change in Pace may be sharply marked; or it may be only the imperceptible speeding up and slowing down of conversation. The child reading from a primer drabs along in a dull, lifeless monotone which robs the content of all interest. Now, however, imagine the chatter of the most interesting conversationalist you know—she speaks slowly, for emphasis, for a bit: her voice quickens with excitement and becomes staccato as she makes her point; then slows again. Vivid, full of motion and interest, and convincing, isn't she?—and it's her subtle change of pace, that constant

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ebb and flow of movement, that makes it so.

Pace in singing is much the same sort of thing. You delay the opening of a phrase, and then hurry over it with an effort of excitement; you dwell on an important word, and then hurry over the casual words which follow, and you use many other devices, all with the idea of getting away from woodenness to the conversational, personal intimacy of the interesting rendition.

But remember that using a trick of Pace without a good reason for it is Schmaltz. And Schmaltz is vocal hokum—that exaggeration of expression which frankly appeals to the listeners' emotion. It reached its all-time height in Jolson's "Sonny Boy," in singing which he dropped to his knees, stretched out his arms, and throbbed his sobbing, breaking, despairing, behind-the-beat tremolo until the aisles ran with tears.

*Build up an applause-inviting ending.*

The intensity of your applause is the outward measure of your success as an entertainer. Applause comes at the end of your number. Therefore, the ending of the song is where you must bid for that applause.

An effective ending has two fundamentals: climax and finality. To be climactic, the ending must top anything and everything that has gone before. It may be louder, or softer, or higher in pitch, or more emotional, or it may even contain some element of surprising novelty; but it must be a "topped." The most common ending is loud and high. It's most common because it's the safest. Your very vitality infects the audience and their stimulation reaches such a pitch that it finally spills over in frantic applause. True, an ending which fades a soft song into dreamlike nothingness can be equally effective, but only if you're a clever artist and everything is perfectly staged. It's risky.

ONE common problem remaining to be mentioned is the revamping of a male lyric so it can be sung by a girl, and vice versa. As a rule, you simply change he to she, boy to girl and so on, but do not alter important words to fit this need, especially rhyming words, because then the change is so noticeable that it's offensive. If a written lyric can't be unobtrusively re-sexed, sing it as written and nobody will mind; most girl singers did the rampantly male "Change Partners" successfully with no lyric change whatever.

Dependence upon Special Arrangements is an admission of weakness. You say, in effect, "I'm not good enough to put this song across as written; I'll have to prop myself up with tricks." It isn't arrangements you need, it's to build up your delivery technique. Special arrangements can never substitute for honest ability, they can only serve now and then to highlight and bring it out.

Here is my personal idea of a good arrangement: It must be simple, comprehensible, honest, and straightforward. It's a plan; a campaign designed to most effectively put over a song. It does things only for reasons, and is natural and unassuming to such a degree that it almost isn't an "arrangement" at all.

When a singer marks an ordinary song copy with his simple routine, lines up the phrasing, paces a few spots and plans to bring out a few

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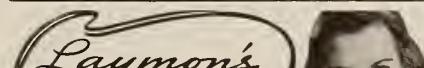
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significant words, brightens up his repeats with a melodic variation or two, and works out an applause ending, *that is a special arrangement*. It simply changes the song just enough to bring out its fullest appeal, creates two or three outstanding moments, and personalizes the song to the singer; but it's the best special arrangement that money can buy.

#### Bringing a Song To Life

Suppose a girl says to you, "I'm in love." "Well," you reply vaguely, "I'm sure that's very nice," trying to hide your inner feeling of so what, it happens every day. But suppose she says instead, "I'm so in love!" Your ears begin to wiggle gently, and you murmur a sincere "Tell me more"—especially if she dwells a bit on the so-o-o. The point is that in every important phrase, there is one significant mood, and only one.

To determine this mood, run over the lyric and ask yourself, "What emotion should I be feeling as this song comes from my heart?" In "Little Lady Make Believe" it's parental tenderness. In "Lover Come Back to Me," it's entreaty. In "Carolina Moon," it's nostalgia. In "This is My Lucky Day," it's joy. In "Ya Got Me," it's light banter. In "Where Are You?" it's hopeless longing. In "Hallelujah," it's exultation. Of course, in most popular songs, the predominant emotion is love of one kind or another ranging from the gay feeling of "Says My Heart" through the serene romance of "Now It Can Be Told" to the throbbing intensity of "More Than You Know."

So decide upon the primary Mood and create it, because an audience bent on amusement want to *feel*, not think. And when the mood is created, sustain it alone throughout the song.

**N**OT long ago I asked several successful singers this question, "What's the one thing about your singing that gives it its distinctive style?"

Frances Langford said, "Maybe it's that I live the song; it's like a story. When I go on, it's happening to me. When it's all over, it's like walking out of a dream." Kenny Baker said, "Even the corniest song has some lines with meaning and feeling in them. When I sang "Oh Promise Me," the boys kidded a lot, but some of those lines meant a lot to me." Jane Froman said, "I approach a song from the lyric angle first. The music is important, of course, but I can't do anything with a song until I've made the lyric part of me. If I can't mean a song, I just don't sing it."

These three are representative of the tops in the singing profession. They know plenty of vocal tricks, tricks as good as any flashy "stylist" in the business; but when I asked them about Style, they didn't even think of tricks.

For Style is the sum-total of everything you know and are: it's your singing character, your vocal personality. Style, that distinction which sets you apart from the herd, is the vocal expression of the idealized you.

I like to think of a singer's style as something that can be summed up in a single adjective, a trademark. Maybe your public won't consciously realize that it's your trademark, but they will subconsciously realize that you're pleasingly "different" and re-

member you accordingly. Right there, by the way, is the ultimate purpose of Style: to make your audience notice you and remember you.

Here is what I consider the best way to go about giving your singing Style an obvious, surface distinction. Analyze your stuff. Discover the quality which is or can be made most "different" or outstanding. Then develop it and feature it. To be different, a quality doesn't have to be odd. It can simply be noticeably better than the same quality in your competitors. You'll probably settle on your potentially strongest point, the thing you naturally do the best.

Tricks are so easily and quickly copied by your competitors that they don't retain any element of distinction long enough to be true style. Mildred Bailey comes to my mind as an exception. That's because although her tricks (Melodic variations) are planned, she invents new ones faster than the competition can steal them. Martha Raye is another: hers aren't copied because they're spontaneous; she's one of the few who have the gift of hot improvisation, never doing any number twice in exactly the same way. And by the way, their tricks are superlatively good.

#### SWING SINGING

To enter the swing singing business you need, among other more important things a phonograph and an axe. The phonograph is for stealing the latest licks hot off the new records. The axe is for breaking rules.

#### True Swing Swinging is Instrumental Imitation

You aren't a singer now; you're a hot band instrument which happens to use words. That's why the singing rules are broken. Vocal tone? Your thin, whiney tone copies that of the tenor saxophones or muted trumpet. The smooth legato? You cut off or damp your tone within the phrase just as the guitarist does. Logical phrasing? You now phrase according to the melody, not the sense of the words. Attractive diction? Artificial diction helps to get that whiney tone and is considered "cute" at the moment. Sustaining the mood and stressing the important words? You're not singing now, you're playing, and the lyric doesn't count for much. Naturalness? Forget it—the first tenet of swing singing is unnaturalness.

Well, getting personal about the matter, can you sing swing? The fact of the matter is, you either can swing or you can't. If you can't, any attempt at it verges on the horrible. The natural swing singer can rock the daylights out of a melody without changing a single note.

Are you a swing expert? Then I've some advice.

Comes first the pleasant advice. You probably haven't realized that you're imitating the hot instruments as you sing. Now that you know it, do it systematically; instead of stealing licks and tricks from the other swing singers, take them hot off the horns and get credit for being "original."

But right now your new ideas may be too clever for even your jitterbug public, and of course, you're away over the heads of the adult group. You feel the variations on a melody itself, and that's bad. Look at it this way. Would you appreciate the clev-

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erest burlesque of Garbo, if you had never seen Garbo on the screen? Of course, you wouldn't since you'd have no standard of comparison. Then why not toss in some plain melody on a first chorus so that people will appreciate what you're doing later on?

Comes now the advice that is less easy to take. You're not very commercial right now, and in another few months you may not be commercial at all. The trend is away from swing. Hot music, as such, is going back underground until a new generation rediscovers it. Don't let the milling youngsters around the bandstand blind you; it's the millions of people around the radios in the living rooms, the families in the neighborhood theaters, the adult sophisticates in the night clubs whom you must please in the long run.

So how about catching this trend? Start by editing your swing style a bit, asking yourself, "Wouldn't this passage be more effective if I sang it straight?" Tone down gradually. I admit it's going to be hard to do, with swing in your blood, but you can do it—if you're smart.

*How do you and the microphone get along together? Are you friends or enemies? If the latter, you have entirely the wrong idea, and you need Charles Henderson's introduction to the singer's best friend—none other than that same microphone. Read next month's chapter of "How to Sing for Money" for an intensely valuable explanation of microphone technique—something you must have before you can hope to be a successful entertainer.*

## My Most Dramatic Case

(Continued from page 16)

getting there, and in the work that awaited me, I was able to push the problem of Bob and Beatrice into the back of my mind; and when I returned to my office I had recovered at least a degree of poise.

It was after office-hours, but Bob was waiting for me in the hall.

"Beatrice told me about seeing you," he said.

I tried to be reasonable. I told him how much Beatrice loved him; I reiterated that I wouldn't marry him if he purchased his freedom with her happiness. But he was like a man possessed—and though I realized this, I could feel the old fascination taking hold of me once more. In spite of myself, I pictured our life together as it could be.

AND when at last he abandoned words and held me in his arms, I could argue no longer. Against all my judgment, against my knowledge of right and wrong, I returned his kisses. It had been so long—so terribly long—since anyone had reminded me that I was a woman.

The abrupt ringing of the telephone brought me back to reality. "Let it ring," Bob said; but if I was a woman, I was also a doctor.

"It might be important," I said, and picked it up.

As I listened to the deep voice of Dr. Pastor, my old friend and staff surgeon at the hospital, I knew that this was probably the most important telephone call in Bob Warner's life.

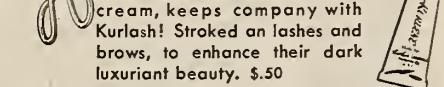
"Oh, no!" I remember whispering. "How horrible . . . I'll be right over."

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I hung up and turned to Bob. "It's Beatrice," I said, trying to keep my voice from trembling. "She's been hit by an automobile and—and Dr. Pastor says her condition is serious."

He stepped backwards, as if he were trying to ward off a blow. His gaze searched my face, and I knew we both had the same terrible suspicion.

Had she stepped in front of that speeding car on purpose?

An hour later, I had finished my diagnosis. There was one chance—a slight one—that we could save Beatrice's life by operating. Dr. Pastor agreed with me.

Beatrice was conscious. Her eyes never left my face when I told her that Dr. Pastor would operate immediately. I thought at first she hadn't even understood, because she whispered, "Bob—Is Bob here, Hilda?"

"Yes," I said. "He's outside."

"Can I see him? I mean—I'd like to see you and him, alone."

I glanced across at Dr. Pastor. He nodded slightly and went out.

Is it awfully—dangerous, this operation?" Beatrice asked. Between the bandages her face was shadowy. I couldn't tell what she was thinking.

"There's a certain amount of risk in all operations—" I temporized.

"I'm going to die—that's true, isn't it?" she demanded.

"Certainly not. You're going to be all right, Beatrice. Dr. Pastor is one of the best surgeons in New York—"

"Oh," she said just as the door swung softly open and Bob came in, "but I want you to operate on me."

"Hello, Beatrice," Bob said.

"Hello, Bob." Even though the dim bedside lamp was turned aside so no light would shine into her eyes, I could feel Beatrice watching us.

"Beatrice, I don't think you understand," I said. "Dr. Pastor has had a great deal more experience than I in cases like this. It would be much better for him to operate."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't," she said in that same soft, faraway voice. "I won't let anyone at all operate on me except you."

"But don't you want to get well?" I demanded.

"Yes—now I do. I didn't when I jumped in front of that car," I heard Bob's sharp indrawn breath.

Beatrice went on: "But now I want to get well—and you've got to help me, Hilda."

"I?" I gasped.

"Yes—don't you see, that's my way of making sure I'll get well. Because you won't dare to let me die. You know that people would say you wanted to get rid of me because you loved Bob."

"Don't be insane, Beatrice!" Bob broke in. "Hilda is a respected surgeon—no one would believe that of her."

"Oh," Beatrice said, "but even if they didn't, Hilda would wonder herself—enough to keep you and her apart for the rest of your lives. You see"—her voice fell so low that we could scarcely hear—"you see, I love you so much I can't bear to share you with another woman, even after I'm dead...."

"But it isn't fair to put such a burden on Hilda!" Bob argued. "How can she operate successfully if she's worried—afraid—"

"If Hilda won't operate, I won't let anyone else. And my death will still be on her conscience, because she

could have saved me . . . but she refused."

I listened unbelievingly.

"And suppose I operate, and save your life?" I asked her. "Then, will you give Bob his freedom?"

"If I live," she answered, "I'll go on fighting to keep him! . . . Well, Hilda, will you operate?"

"I—I can't, Beatrice! It's not right to ask me," I said.

"Then I won't let anyone else touch me!" she said, flaring into unexpected hysteria.

Bob laid his hand on my shoulder. "Hilda!" he begged. "Please say you'll operate. It's our only chance!"

I looked up into his face, drawn, tense, and I knew that whatever he asked I must do.

"Very well," I said with a great weight of fear on my heart. "I'll operate on you, Beatrice."

Outside, in the corridor, he took my arm. "I'm sorry," he said. "It was the only way to keep her quiet—but of course I don't expect you to do the operation. After she's under the anaesthetic, she won't know—"

Actually, it was a way out that hadn't even occurred to me—and it was only a second before I realized that it wasn't really a way out at all.

"But I have to operate," I told him dazedly. "I promised I would—and I can't break my promise."

"Oh, she won't know—" he began.

"No—but if we tricked her—if I let Dr. Pastor operate, and she died," I said, "I'd feel that it was my fault. That's silly, isn't it? There's no reason why I should, but—I'd feel as if I'd killed her then, too. That's why I have to keep my promise."

WHILE I scrubbed my hands and got into my sterilized apron I tried to recapture my old trick of not thinking about an operation. I tried—and failed. I had to think about this one, even if thinking of it brought me to the edge of a breakdown. It was a tremendously difficult surgical case, under the best of circumstances—and I was to perform it under the worst! Dr. Pastor would be beside me, assisting, but the real responsibility would be mine alone. Suppose the knife cut a hair's breadth too far? Suppose my fingers lost their strength? Suppose—so many things?

I looked at my hands. They were trembling. My forearms felt cold and numb. My heart was thudding in my breast so I could scarcely breathe.

Dr. Pastor was looking at me anxiously. "Hilda—should you perform this operation? You look a little under the weather—"

"I'll be all right," was all I could trust myself to say.

The operating room had never seemed so big, the stretch of polished floor between the door and the table so long. Above white masks the eyes of the nurses and the anaesthetist regarded me intently. Did they, by some intuition, know?

The light clicked on overhead. "How is the patient?" I asked.

"Going under nicely," the anaesthetist replied.

I took a deep breath, stretched out my hand toward the nurse at the instrument table.

The nurse slipped a scalpel into my hand. Through the rubber glove I felt its sturdy steel handle—cold, clean, familiar. Strength flowed up my arm from it, through my whole body—wonderful, glorious strength

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and sureness.

I bent over the silent form on the table and made the first incision.

It was twenty-four hours before we knew that Beatrice would live. All that time Bob stayed at the hospital, waiting, though I went home and got what sleep I could, while Dr. Pastor observed the case.

Unbearable relief came when I heard that Beatrice would live—to be followed by the sadness of Dr. Pastor's next words—"But, Hilda, as I feared—she'll be an invalid the rest of her life."

I too had feared that. The surgeon can save a life, but sometimes he cannot make that life whole again.

"You'll tell Mr. Warner?" Dr. Pastor asked, and I nodded.

Bob came into the office a few minutes after Dr. Pastor had left. "You wanted to see me, Hilda?" he asked. "Pastor told me what a wonderful job you did on Beatrice—that you saved her life—"

"Yes."

DO you know what that means? That we haven't lost our chance at happiness together, after all?"

"No, Bob," I said. "It doesn't mean that. There's something you don't know. Beatrice will be an invalid as long as she lives."

"An—invalid!"

"We'll have to stand by her. You'll have to stand by her. You can't leave her now." He took a step toward me, and I said quickly, "No—don't, Bob. Don't make it any harder for both of us. Don't you see—when two people deny their love, as we did, they commit a sin. They have to go on paying for that sin, just as you and I—and poor Beatrice, too, though she had nothing to do with it—are paying now. There is no happiness for us, together. We condemned ourselves, ten years ago, to live the rest of our lives apart."

"Hilda!" he cried. "That isn't true!"

"Yes it is," I said. "I've thought it all out, Bob. I knew, even before I operated, that Beatrice—if she lived—would probably always be an invalid. I knew that whether I saved her life or not, we'd have to say good-bye to each other."

"But I love you—and you love me!" he said despairingly.

"I could never love you as much as Beatrice does," I answered. "You know that. Once before, I showed you that my love for you was less important than my work."

That was intentional brutality, and it had its effect on him. Quickly, I followed it up: "But Beatrice—why, you are her whole existence! Won't you go in to see her now, Bob, and tell her that you're ready to forget all that's happened, if she will? Make her life worth saving! That's the only way either you or I can be happy now—by giving some meaning to our existences!"

Slowly a measure of understanding dawned on his face. "A meaning to existence!" he said softly. "There's always been a meaning to yours, Hilda—never to mine."

After he'd gone, the tiny office seemed to close in on me—to hold everything that was left in my life. Books—files of case histories—surgical instruments in a glass case. Everything efficient, neat, orderly, sterile.

There's an old proverb—"Physician, heal thyself." That's what I must do.

The End.



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## It Had to Happen—

(Continued from page 11)

laurels to someone else.

In Hollywood, where—tragically enough—a success in marriage is more noteworthy than a failure, other young couples fighting desperately against the bitter odds of marriage versus career have envied the Bob Hopes their "perfect marriage." Now that Linda Roberta (for "Roberta") Hope has arrived to crown their happiness, they know that Dolores and Bob have nothing to fear.

The Hopes adopted little Linda from the famous "Cradle" in Evanston, Illinois, last September. They had been on the waiting list for "a boy two years old" for over a year. When they stopped in Chicago enroute home from London this summer, they drove out to Evanston to drop in on Mrs. Wolrath and see how their chances were for getting a son for Christmas.

"Don't worry. You'll get your baby," Mrs. Wolrath told them cheerfully. "I've heard a lot about you two. As a matter of fact, I have a baby now I had in mind for you—only six weeks old. Of course it's a little girl, and . . ."

"Bob thought we should get a little older baby," Dolores objected, weakly, "he thinks little ones are so red, you know and so wrinkly."

"We really wanted a boy," said Bob. "But could we just look at her?" asked Dolores.

**T**HAT was the end of the argument. Dolores spent two weeks in San Francisco in personal appearances with Bob, then went back to Chicago to get Linda.

Ever since her marriage Dolores had wanted a child. At first she hoped for one of her own. When the best New York physician told her there was no possibility of that she wanted to adopt one.

"We have such a happy life, Bob. We should have a child to share it. Our marriage wouldn't be complete without it."

Bob didn't consent at first. Perhaps he harbored a last small doubt that one day Dolores would find that being "Mrs. Bob Hope" wasn't enough, and would want to think of her career again. What of the baby then?

"Wait a little, darling," he said.

All of you who liked Bob's radio show last year, and made his program—a newcomer to the air—a quick success had something to do with the final decision. Once the show clicked, Bob and Dolores knew that they would be in Hollywood for a long time, and that they would have a permanent home—in the California sunshine—and peace and security to offer their child. As soon as they knew, they wrote to Mrs. Wolrath.

If Bob had been doubtful about babies, especially small ones, Linda soon cured him of his misgivings.

The biggest change—Bob and Dolores' old New York friends would never believe it—is evident every morning about eight o'clock. Things are buzzing around the house by then.

"You know," Bob remarked one morning as he pulled himself out of bed at a quarter to eight, "This is just about the time we used to get in back in New York when I was rushing you."

"I'd get away from the club at 2:30," Dolores recalled. "And then we'd go to Rubens' for a sandwich. Remember the night we went to Harlem to hear some swing band and didn't get home until nine o'clock the next morning?"

"And the night," said Bob, "that we went for a hack ride in Central Park? And there was snow on the ground and the horses' hoofs actually crunched!"

Remembering all this, they laughed. And then Bob asked:

"Dolores, do you remember New Year's Eve in 1933?"

And suddenly there were tears in Dolores' eyes, for even now she cannot remember that night without trembling. That New Year's Eve was the night Bob proposed to her.

It is a story, however, without which no picture of Bob Hope would be complete. It is a picture of a softer, gentler fellow than his fans take their smooth, wisecracking idol to be. It was that gentle fellow with whom Dolores Reade fell so precipitately in love, and the fellow little Linda will know as her father.

The night she met Bob—and the milkman—for the first time, Dolores had her first good look at a New York sunrise. Not that she had been without masculine admirers. There were half a dozen rich and prominent New Yorkers playing stagedoor Johnny for Dolores. But she had enthusiasm only for her career, and pampered it with plenty of beauty sleep.

She was on her way to stardom. Love? She had no time for love. Marriage? Don't be silly.

That was before December 21, 1933.

He came in with two other men. She knew George Murphy—who was dancing in "Roberta"—and Bob Maxwell. George introduced her hurriedly to the other man.

"I've brought Bob over to hear you sing," he said. She thought he must mean Bob Maxwell and smiled.

The three were going on to the Ha-Ha Club for supper and asked her to come along. She accepted. As soon as they found their table, George and Bob Maxwell left them to greet some friends on the other side of the room. She was left alone with the nice, anonymous young man.

"Let's dance," she said.

"I don't think I feel like it," he answered.

She was furious, and suddenly acutely aware of him. How did he dare? This—this chorus boy—had refused to dance with her. She looked around for Bob Maxwell, and caught his eye. In a moment they were on the dance floor, and the anonymous young man was alone at the table. Next he was at Maxwell's side, tapping him on the shoulder.

"I'll cut," he said.

She began an indignant refusal, but before she could speak, they were in the middle of the floor dancing. Maxwell had gone back to the table.

"I feel like it now," he said, and laughed.

It was four o'clock when they left the club. They went on from there to Rubens' for scrambled eggs. Someone mentioned golf, and Dolores and her still anonymous young man found they were both enthusiastic golfers.

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Everyone talked at once until suddenly it was six o'clock.

"I've got to go home," she said, and he called a taxi.

At the door, he slipped two tickets into her hand. They were for the next matinee of "Roberta". "Come backstage afterwards," he said.

It was daylight, and her mother was asleep when she came in. Dolores woke her to tell her the good news.

"Mother, I've met my husband! And I don't even know his name!"

The matinee was the following Wednesday. She went shaking at the prospect of seeing him again. The curtain went up, and he was on the stage—not in the third row of the chorus, as she had expected, but alone in the glare of the footlights, singing "Now That I've Got You Goin' What You Gonna Do?"

What was she going to do? He was Bob Hope, the star of the show, and she hadn't known it. He had come to hear her sing, and she had treated him like a fan. He was so wonderful, so clever. He was the whole show. How could she face him? She wouldn't. She would go backstage, but not to see him. She would go to see George. She could talk to George until she had conquered the horrible embarrassment.

BOB'S dressing room was on the first landing. She saw the door was open, and she tried to brush by without his seeing her. But he looked up, and called her in. She found herself chattering stupidly, "wonderful show—you were so wonderful—wonderful of you to ask me . . . have to go now" and she ran out of the room.

The next night he called. The maid gave her the message. "Mr. White Hope is calling."

Would she be around if he dropped in at the club? Yes, oh yes!

And that evening she walked out into the foyer, to the top of the steps leading down into the club. Across the room she saw him, sitting at a table for two with one of the most beautiful blondes she had ever seen!

The waiter put a chair at the table for her. For twenty minutes she tried to talk sensibly and her heart was in her shoes. Then two men joined them.

"Sorry to be late, Bob," they said. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Bob point to her, and then to his heart. The two men were most attentive to the beautiful blonde girl. And her heart bounced up out of her shoes and stuck in her throat.

The whole week was like that. As soon as she was alone, she knew that the whole thing was hopeless. And then she'd see him again, and they'd tear out to Harlem, or go for a hack ride in Central Park, and they talked as easily, familiarly, as if they'd known one another all their lives, and she knew they'd always be together.

New Year's Eve was on Saturday night. Bob was taking a late train to spend the holiday with his mother in Cleveland, but they had dinner together. He showed her the cameo brooch he had bought for his mother's Christmas present.

"She'd love you," he said.

That's all there was. Bob, on the surface so flip is really too shy to put his deepest feelings into words. But she knew what he meant.

They ordered champagne, and drank toasts to "our year" and then Bob went off to the train, and Dolores to the club.

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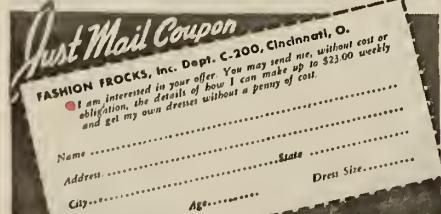
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She went home early, and in the hotel elevator picked up a morning paper. A well-known gossip column was full of news that morning. Half way down she read "phones to say that she and Bob Hope have been secretly married for a year!"

New Year's day was horrible. She fled the hotel, and the questions of friends, and walked for hours, up and down the gray, deserted canyons of New York's streets.

Could it be true? Could he have deceived her? "No," she said aloud, "it can't be true. If it's true he'll just have to get a divorce!"

No wires. No phone calls. But of course he hadn't seen the item.

Monday when she went to the club, she felt that everyone knew. Even the waiters looked at her sympathetically. "They've seen that story, and they know I love him. They know . . ."

A corsage of orchids was waiting for her, with Bob's card. And a telegram. "Happy New Year, Honey. I'll see you tonight." That was all, but it gave her hope.

He came into the club at midnight, and she sat at his table.

"Did you see the item in the paper?" he asked her at once.

"Is it true?" she said.

"You know darn well it's not true."

And that was that. Bob's heart was still in her possession!

Dolores was booked to open at the Embassy Club in Miami on January 14. Her mother and sister, who steadfastly resisted any suggestion that Bob Hope might make a proper husband for their Dodo, looked upon the Florida engagement as a godsend. Maybe Dolores would come to her senses once she was away from this fellow. An actor!

As usual, when deeply moved, Bob, when he had met Dolores' mother, had buried his real feelings under a stream of wisecracks. She hated him!

Dolores' Miami booking was for eight weeks. At the end of four she had lost ten pounds, Bob's phone bill was \$500, and she broke her contract. Bob met her at the train in New York, and within a few hours they were on their way to Erie, Pa., and the justice of the peace.

Dolores made a few half-hearted stabs at continuing her career after that, but it was no go. She had no spirit for a career—her marriage was all absorbing.

Events moved quickly for the Hopes. Bob clicked on the air in a show with Al Goodman's band and Jane Froman, and Hollywood pricked up its ears. When his Hollywood radio chance arrived, pictures too were waiting for him.

Now that the family has grown, Dolores is busy, indeed. A tiny baby is a full time job. So is supervising the construction of a new English farmhouse. Dolores does both, and still finds time to be with Bob whenever he is free.

The first excitement of having the baby is over now, and in its place the sort of warm contentment that fills a house where love is.

The house itself seems to a stranger passing by to shed a warm light all of its own, to say that here happy people live.

"We are happy," Dolores says, "We're so lucky."

And you know as she says it that here is a marriage that will be warm and safe and secure, "so long as they both shall live."

## Second Husband

(Continued from page 32)

I don't think he fully realized what I had done when I smashed that glass on the wall.

I have no memory of the passage of time after that. All I know is that at last someone was pounding on the door, then battering the flimsy panels down. Two men—the manager and the house detective, I later learned—rushed in. Thank heaven, they believed my breathless explanations enough to agree to hold Jake Hunter for investigation!

The clock on the bureau showed me I had only fifteen minutes to get those matching pieces of paper to the bonding company. Fifteen minutes to save Bill . . .

I just made it. When I stepped into the office Bill was going over to one of the bonding company executives, his hands outstretched, saying bitterly, "Go ahead, get out the bracelets and snap them on."

October 3rd . . .

W HERE were you all day?" Grant asked me at dinner.

"At the theater," I said.

Bill and Ben were there and I thought it wiser to tell Grant about the box-office theft and Bill having been a suspect when we were alone. But the Fates were malicious. I'd no sooner spoken than Edwards announced that Mr. Harwood was on the telephone and that he had been trying to get me all day.

After I talked to Harwood there

was no time to explain anything to Grant. I was late for the theater. And when I returned home he had retired and left a note asking me not to disturb him since he anticipated an exhausting day today.

But things are never so bad they can't be much worse. Today at three o'clock I was at Mr. Harwood's office to keep the appointment I had made with him over the telephone last evening. To my surprise Raymond Rogers, just back from England, was there. So was a Mr. Harry Wilson of KDF Pictures, Inc.

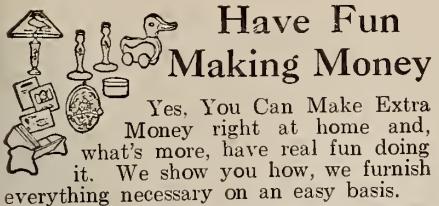
Mr. Wilson offered me an unbelievable motion picture contract. The play is closing in another ten days, and Mr. Harwood urged me to sign. I explained that I couldn't without consulting Grant. They went into an adjoining room to telephone Hollywood, and Raymond and I were left alone.

He was very sweet. "I'm glad of this chance to talk to you," he said. "I want you to know I'm engaged to be married—to a girl I've known for years."

I reached for his hand. "Raymond," I said, "I'm so glad!"

And again Grant walked in upon us—to misunderstand.

"I begin to see," he said, "why it was so difficult for you to tell the truth about your whereabouts yesterday. You and Mr. Rogers had a little rendezvous, no doubt, to talk over old times."



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"Grant," I said, "you're being foolish . . ."

Then Mr. Harwood and Mr. Wilson returned and I couldn't say any more.

"You're the man we want to see, Cummings," they greeted Grant. "We've been waving the most flattering motion picture contract before your wife and she won't sign it without your approval."

"Then," said Grant icily, "she won't sign it."

October 7th . . .

I've signed that contract *without Grant's approval*.

And I haven't troubled to tell him about the box-office theft and all the rest. I won't spend my life denying his suspicions, proving my loyalty and devotion. I won't! I won't! If he hasn't enough love for me to have faith in me we can't go on.

October 8th . . .

Bill and Ben Porter went to Grant and told him everything. And Grant came to me so truly sorry for what he had said and done that all I knew to do was take him into my arms and receive his kisses and pretend I didn't notice his tears.

December 2nd, Hollywood . . .

I've truly been too busy even to open these pages, much less write in them. Tonight is the premiere of my first picture, and Grant and Dick and Fran are to be there.

December 2nd—later . . .

I can't sleep. One minute I want to sing at the top of my lungs. The next I want to slip to my knees and pray. Tonight was glorious. They stamped and shouted and cheered when the picture ended. In spite of everything it was a brilliant, overwhelming success . . .

February 12th . . .

Again, there's been no time to write. I'm finishing another picture. And now I know what a hard taskmaster success is. This picture must be as good as my first one . . . and that is the way it will go on and on, I guess. Until something happens to change the pattern . . .

February 27th . . .

Until something happens to change the pattern!

Now I know what that something will be. Blindness! For weeks I've known print blurred before my eyes. And I've told myself it was nothing in the world but over tired nerves. But today when I stumbled into a chair that was a little too much. I went to see a doctor. He tried to be kind. He said:

"It may only be temporary."

March 2nd . . .

This may be the last time I will ever write in my diary. My sight has grown steadily worse, and today I can barely see the words as they come from my pen . . .

It's ironical. The doctors don't know anything definite about my sight. But they have told me one thing—very definitely. I am going to have a baby.

Once that would have been incredibly joyous news. Now it's different. To have a baby and never see it smile. . . . To have a baby and never know the color of its hair in the sunshine. . . .

"Quite suddenly," the specialist said, "your sight may return. It's largely up to you. You must rest and not worry."

June 5th . . .

I can see. I can see!  
My vision isn't always clear. But

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I have the word of the most eminent eye-specialist in New York that I'm on the mend. We came East a few weeks ago. Of course I can't make pictures now.

June 6th . . .

Grant wants to adopt Dick and Fran. He wants them, and the baby who is coming, to have an equal right in his estate. It's so wonderfully understanding and generous of him.

June 15th . . .

The most glorious thing has happened! Bill has been cleared of that thirty thousand dollar embezzlement for which he went to prison. The man who really took the money died—and left a letter behind him. It appears Bill deliberately took the blame, because he was deeply in love with this man's daughter and because he thought his father would make up the loss and that would be that. He didn't know banks never let a crime go unpunished.

July 15th . . .

Grant's Uncle Arthur is here visiting us at the Cummings estate on Long Island. I should be terribly happy, here in the midst of all this loveliness. But I keep thinking of Aunt May as one of those black clouds that cover the sun. Ever since she came there has been tension in this house.

Dick and Fran have done a turn-about regarding their adoption. In fact, they became so hysterical on this score that I had to promise them Grant would drop the matter.

"Don't want to make trouble," Ben Porter told me, "but I heard Auntie May talking to the children in the rose garden. 'You poor tots,' she told them, 'you don't really know what's going to happen to you when you're adopted, do you? Mr. Cummings will have the right to send you away when he's your real father. With a child of his very own he'll want to do that, too. And your mother won't be able to stop him.'"

July 16th . . .

I went to Aunt May. I told her I knew about the trouble she had made because she didn't want my children to become Grant's legal heirs and jeopardize her portion of the Cummings fortune. I asked her to go away. But she laughed at me.

I saw Grant coming across the lawn. I grasped the back of a basket chair. I fainted!

"You were having words with Brenda," Grant accused Aunt May. "You were exciting her when the doctor has repeatedly insisted she must be kept quiet. Aunt May, I'll have to ask you to leave. At once!"

How do I know what he said if I fainted? Well, to tell the truth—I hadn't. I was acting! And when Aunt May and Uncle Arthur have gone and things have returned to normal I mean to tell Grant all about that faint!

October 4th . . .

There may have been worse days. . . .

There may have been worse storms. . . .

But I doubt it.

Marion, my secretary-companion, and I went for an innocent little drive. Trees crashed around us. Rain dug holes in the country roads. We lost our way. And as we drove through the dark, blinding rain, some of the fury of the storm took hold of me . . . and I knew we must find a dry place for my baby to be born. God will provide. We were miles

from any village or hospital. But the shack in which we took refuge belonged to an engineer who was a radio amateur, with a small sending apparatus. He sent out calls for a doctor. And a doctor came!

So did Grant. For the police radio car in which he was riding around the island trying to locate Marion and me picked up the S.O.S.

As soon as it was possible Grant moved the baby and me home. Grant Junior now is ensconced in his pretty nursery. And I'm spending day after day in the quiet of my room trying to regain some of the strength that ordeal cost me.

October 5th . . .

I'm worried about Dick and Fran. The doctor has insisted I see no one, and Grant, frantic with worry over me, won't let them in my room. The baby is brought in, naturally. I have to nurse him.

The baby is brought in. But Fran and Dick are kept out!

There trouble lies. For every time the door opens—almost—I can see their little forms waiting, waiting, waiting in the hallway. Children are such funny little creatures. So easily hurt, so easily frightened. If only I could talk to them and make them understand!

October 6th . . .

I've had a long talk with Dick and Fran. Grant asked the doctor's permission.

"You know," he told me, "when I saw them standing in the hall last night, watching the nurse bring Grant Junior in to you, my heart went out to them."

Now that Grant has a child of his own he has more tolerance for childishness, is more sensitive to young thoughts and young fears.

December . . .

Life goes on. . . .

A dozen things at least have happened since I last wrote. Some good, some otherwise . . . But I'm beginning to see that just as it is only Time that brings problems, so it is only Time that can solve them.

My second marriage still cannot be rated an unqualified success. There still are those times when I feel as if I must divide myself between Grant and Grant Junior and Dick and Fran in order to keep them all satisfied. There still are misunderstandings and rough spots in the road. Just now it looks as if all of Grant's fortune is gone, swept away in the European war. I don't really care about that—what I do care about is Grant's health, which is precarious since the financial strain began.

But I am learning to put my trust in myself—to meet problems as they come, do my best to surmount them, try to feel secure in the knowledge that our love has weathered other storms and will no doubt weather more.

"Time will take care of everything, Honey," Ben Porter has often told me. And so it will. But it depends upon what we do with our time how Time will take care of things. And with that in mind there's only one thing to do . . . carry on, hoping, believing, loving.

THE END

Listen to Brenda Cummings' further adventures in *Second Husband*, starring Helen Menken, every Tuesday evening over the CBS network.



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Blue for eyelid liner).



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# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR



APRIL



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Beginning THE ROMANCE of HELEN TRENT

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WORDS AND MUSIC OF BOB CROSBY'S DELIGHTFUL NEW SONG HIT

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End your gray hair worries now with this  
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Tintz Shampoo Hair Coloring is now being introduced all over America by mail for only \$1. Act now to win the

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business and social success, the happy home, that comes with more youthful appearing hair. Mail the coupon and see for yourself that all the wonderful things you have heard about TINTZ Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring are absolutely true! Send no money. On arrival of your package, just deposit only \$1.00 plus postage with postman. MAKE THE TEST for safety described right on the Tintz tube — Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. We are sure just one trial will convince anyone who wishes to tint their hair that here at last is the hair coloring of their dreams! But if for any reason you wish to return the empty Tintz package, and you alone are the judge—do so within 7 days, and we will immediately refund your \$1 without question. This is today's big offer to anyone who wishes to INSTANTLY color hair! Don't delay; mail coupon now, sure!

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USE THIS  
CONVENIENT  
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## Her Pinafore Frock said "Linger" but her Lovely Smile added "For Keeps"!



• Very young and very feminine—a crisp navy taffeta pinafore frock with white organdy guimpe.

Your smile is your own priceless "exclusive"—  
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

A DRESS straight out of Vogue or a hat from Harper's glamorous pages can give a girl the proper start. But there's nothing like a lovely smile to complete the journey—straight into a man's heart.

For not even a "sixth sense" in style can win for the girl who lets her smile become dull and lifeless...who doesn't take proper care of her teeth and gums...who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf out of her book—and profit from it! For your smile is *you*—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms!

**Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"**  
If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink"—see your dentist! It may mean nothing seri-

ous—but find out. Very likely, his verdict will be that your gums need exercise—need the chewing that soft foods deny them. Like many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that wonderful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage. It is pleasant proof of circulation awakening in the gum tissues—stimulating gums—helping to make them firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. See what Ipana and massage can do to add more lustre, more charm to your smile!



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Appear



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YOU can have that suave, smooth, flowing figure...that slimmer silhouette! Stand before a mirror in an ordinary foundation...then notice the uncontrolled waist and hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see for yourself how the ugly bumps and bulging waist and hips are instantly slimmed out.

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Thynmold is made of pure Para rubber, interlined and perforated for comfort. The unique combination of Girdle and Brassiere gives support and freedom impossible in the usual one-piece foundations. Laced back permits adjustment for change in size.

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Send (in plain envelope) free illustrated folder, "SLENDERIZE", describing Thynmold; sample of perforated material; and 10-day TRIAL OFFER.

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APRIL, 1940

VOL. 13 No. 6

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN  
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS  
Editor

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# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

## FIRST PRIZE

### RULES FOR LISTENING

WHEN I first bought a radio, I made up my mind that it would be a blessing to me and my neighbors, instead of a curse. I made a few rules and I've stuck to them.

First, I keep the radio in good condition. When it begins to sound like a couple of tom-cats fighting, I call a radio expert. I never play it full blast. Furthermore, I never try to carry on a conversation in competition with the radio.

I don't play it continuously. I buy RADIO MIRROR and mark the programs I want to hear. That way I never miss the specially good programs.—Marian Goodwin, Andover, N. Y.

## SECOND PRIZE

### BUT HE'LL BE BACK SOON

I've been let in for a terrific wallop! Rudy Vallee is running out on me!! Rudy is out after new worlds to conquer. He is tossing aside his croon and going into the motion picture business.

I'm sure his whole public will feel that they've been-done-wrong-by, for this tireless personality has given us number one shows, number one songs, number one singing and number one acting for so long that he has become a synonym of radio.

But he will make good as a movie producer. His record in developing new talent is proof of his great ability.—Edith Williamson, Memphis, Tennessee.

(Rudy Vallee's returning to the air in March, besides continuing with his movie work.—Ed.)

## THIRD PRIZE

### GROWING UP WITH RADIO

The radio is a "God send!" When my niece was born two years ago, I used to turn on the radio to drown (Continued on page 71)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

### — — P R I Z E S — —

First Prize . . . . . \$10.00

Second Prize . . . . . \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of . . . . . \$ 1.00

Address your letters to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than March 28, 1940. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

# Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?



**Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm!  
Keep safe from underarm odor—each day use Mum!**

**A**ND HE fell in love with her *for life!*" A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in *real* life too... when you're lovely to be near always... when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns—or kisses... just which you get depends on *you!*

So don't take chances. For where is the girl who can dare risk underarm odor—and expect to get away with it?

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to prevent underarm odor! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*. To avoid odor *to come*... more women use Mum

than any other deodorant. Mum is so *dependable*—keeps underarms fresh all day!

**SAVES TIME!** Takes 30 seconds. And you can use Mum *right after* you're dressed.

**SAVES CLOTHES!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

**SAVES ROMANCE!** Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (Men like this pleasant cream, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure... use Mum *every day!*

### CONVENIENT! SAFE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY



**MUM**  
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

# Do you disagree?

■ In which your editor welcomes some new readers, looks toward the future, and speaks his mind with frankness

I HOPE you find it as pleasant to read as I do to tell you about our success. In a period of exactly twelve months, over 60,000 of you have become new readers of **RADIO MIRROR**.

Next year I want to be able to report that 60,000 more friends have joined our reading circle.

Think how exciting it would be if so many of us became a community of interest, pooling our viewpoints for the good of radio. Many of you write in now but I'd like to think that all of you who bought **RADIO MIRROR** were taking ten minutes every month to consider in what way we could better radio.

For instance, I can't help but feel that the program starring Charlie McCarthy has been weakened since it became half an hour in length. Or perhaps it is because Don Ameche is missing and no genial master of ceremonies has come to take his place. Certainly a spirit that hovers over these broadcasts has gone.

Very soon now the Good News program on Thursday evenings is going to follow suit and, instead of an hour, will last only thirty minutes. But the sponsor is also adding Dick Powell and Mary Martin, our cover girl last month, to the cast. So perhaps these changes will be for the best.

I know you'll join me in a word of friendly advice to Kate Smith. For some weeks Kate has been unable to rid herself of a cold that has been making her life miserable. I think it's because she is trying to do too much for those of us who tune her in. Perhaps we should tell her it is better to have less of her to enjoy than to know that she is unable to enjoy life herself. So please, Kate, play more, rest more, but do less work, so we can tune you in and know that you are vibrant again with good health.

As mothers, would you approve of this experiment? In New Jersey, the Meadowbrook, a restaurant made famous by the succession of popu-

lar dance bands that play there, now has afternoon broadcasts at which high school students are admitted for ten cents. There is half an hour of music over the air and then another thirty minutes of playing for the students to dance. In place of the regular bar, a milk bar has been substituted and milk shakes, cola drinks, ginger ale and other school favorites are served. Four or five hundred children crowd in regularly for the thrill of seeing their favorite bands in person and to get together for some dancing. It's obvious what the children think of the idea. I wonder about mothers?

One thing I always enjoy—looking ahead. The past is too likely to be filled with memories of sadness, the present has already happened and what can you do about it? But, there is always tomorrow. So, if you agree, let's look ahead briefly to the next issue of **RADIO MIRROR**.

Perhaps you read brief newspaper accounts of the adopted boy Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor had to send back to his parents. It is a touching story. It made me want to know about Ann and her husband who is doing so well on the Screen Guild broadcasts every Sunday. So I wrote Lucille Fletcher in Hollywood to see these two and get them to tell us about themselves, their romance and marriage and way of living. The story will be in the May issue.

So will an article about Paulette Goddard who has become another charming radio guest star. I think her success on the air is added proof that here is a vital woman, whose beauty is more in her animation than her features. She is an intriguing figure, in her relationship to Charlie Chaplin, in her charm and vitality. I hope the cover of Paulette will prove as thrilling to you as it did to me when our artist, Mr. Wechsler, first brought it to me.

Let's continue this community of interests next month.

—FRED R. SAMMIS



# "—and don't forget your PASSPORT to POPULARITY"



WHAT difference does it make how attractive, how well-dressed, how witty you are, if you've got a case of halitosis (bad breath)? It's the one thing people will not pardon . . . a fault that stamps you a walking nuisance . . . and a condition that you yourself may not detect. Often it's due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and there's a remedy for this condition.

The soundest bit of advice any girl or man can receive is to rinse the mouth

with Listerine Antiseptic before any social or business engagement. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable. It may be just what you need for your passport to popularity and success.

#### *Strikes at Major Cause*

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, said by some authorities to be the major cause of breath odors, and then overcomes the

odors it causes. It takes only a few seconds to do this and it's such a delightful and pleasant precaution. Your entire mouth feels healthier, fresher, cleaner.

Anyone may have this offensive condition at some time or other without realizing it and therefore unwittingly offend. Don't take this unnecessary chance. Use Listerine Antiseptic before all social and business engagements at which you wish to be at your best.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

*Before Business and Social Engagements . . . use Listerine Antiseptic for Halitosis (BAD BREATH)*



**LET YOUR FRIENDS  
IN ON THE  
TAMPAX SECRET!**

NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR

**I**N EVERY circle, there are women who lead and women who follow. That is how Tampax has spread so rapidly, from friend to friend, throughout the nation, until over 225,000,000 have been sold.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is worn internally, thus solving many problems of monthly sanitary protection. It does away with chafing, wrinkling and "showing." Of course Tampax is invisible, and the wearer does not even feel it. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes to you hygienically sealed. By a patented method, your hands do not touch the Tampax! It is dainty beyond comparison.

Tampax lets you dance without care and travel with a light heart. It cannot come apart and is easily disposed of. No belts, pins or odor. Now sold in three sizes: Super, Regular and

Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) saves up to 25%.

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New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# What's New from



■ Rudy Vallee—above with Charles Laughton and George Burns at the Masquers party—is already rehearsing for his new air show.

**A**PRIl fifth is the date set for Don Ameche's return to the air. He'll have a Friday-night half-hour program on NBC-Red, sponsored by Old Gold cigarettes—but whether it will be a straight dramatic show, or a variety hour with guest stars, hadn't been decided when we tossed this magazine at the printer.

\* \* \*

And of course Rudy Vallee's already rehearsing for his new program, which makes its bow March seventh in the half-hour formerly occupied by the latter half of Good News. The re-vamped Good News, thirty instead of sixty minutes long, has Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Baby Snooks and Meredith Willson's orchestra as its stars.

\* \* \*

As for that other prodigal from radio, Artie Shaw, the latest is that his comeback is going to be via the movies. Contracts are supposed to have been signed, calling for him to appear in a picture based on his own life. It might be a good idea, though, for Artie to take some acting lessons. Did you see his performance in "Dancing Co-Ed"?

\* \* \*

It was practically a radio first-night when "Young Couple Wanted" opened at the Maxine Elliott Theater on Broadway. Martin Gabel, who plays Dr. John Wayne in Big Sister, was the director, and Arlene Francis (Betty in Betty and Bob) and Hugh Marlowe (Ellery Queen in the Sunday-night adventures of that famous detective, but don't tell anyone we gave the secret away) were the stars. Audience and critics were just lukewarm about the play, but they all



■ And Don Ameche is returning soon, too. Above, with Mrs. A.

agreed that the folks from radio were every bit as expert behind footlights as they are behind microphones.

\* \* \*

Barbara Stanwyck gave Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone a fancy horseshoe made out of white carnations and inscribed with a big number 13 as a present on the Bennys' thirteenth wedding anniversary. Barbara and Bob Taylor, her husband, are great pals and close neighbors of Jack and Mary—and the horseshoe proved they're not above a gag, either.

\* \* \*

CBS program officials will think twice before they again decide to drop So You Think You Know Music from the air just before the Sunday afternoon New York Philharmonic concerts. Furious listeners sat right

# Coast to Coast.



By DAN SENSENEY

down and wrote scorching letters, demanding that their beloved program be put back—and right away, too! (On the other hand, this old cynic can't help wondering if maybe the whole thing wasn't especially staged to impress an undecided sponsor.)

\* \* \*

Sign on Fred Waring's dressing room door at the Vanderbilt Theater, where he and his gang broadcast their nightly NBC programs: "Fred Waring. Personal. Private. Quiet. Don't Knock. Don't Smoke. Don't Talk. Don't Chew Gum. Don't Come In." In other words—well, there aren't any others. You get the idea.

\* \* \*

Over at our house it isn't the Pot O' Gold program that keeps us home Tuesday nights—it's the Aldrich Family. Having the chance to listen to that swell show is good luck enough.

\* \* \*

Doesn't Raymond Paige's idea of using a hundred-piece orchestra to play musical comedy tunes (it's on NBC-Blue Thursday nights at 8:00; E.S.T.) remind you just a little bit of using a sledge hammer to crack walnuts?

\* \* \*

Trust Ben Bernie to do the unex-

pected. An appendicitis operation kept him away from his Sunday afternoon show on CBS for only one broadcast. The following Sunday he was back at work, talking into a microphone from a bed placed on the studio stage. It ought to keep Winchell quiet, though. You can't hit a man when he's down.

\* \* \*

Here's another reason why Information Please should be one of your favorite shows. Quietly—so quietly that the news didn't get out generally for more than a month—the sponsors of the program gave each of the hard-working NBC page boys who handle the crowds every Tuesday night a shiny, swanky cigarette lighter.

\* \* \*

That Transcontinental Broadcasting System of Elliott Roosevelt's has postponed its starting date again, and it begins to look as if maybe the project is off indefinitely.

\* \* \*

George Jessel's hair is getting gray since he and Norma Talmadge separated. But as a matter of fact, it's been gray for a good many years.

\* \* \*



■ Third of the returning prodigals: Dick, the singing Powell.

George has only recently stopped touching it up, because now he doesn't care whether he looks young or not.

\* \* \*

It's useless to try to talk to Sylvia Sidney—who plays the role of Sylvia Sidney in the CBS serial, Pretty Kitty Kelly—about anything but her infant

## Now! A Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps—AND CAMAY HAS IT!



*Let New Camay Help You to a Lovely Skin!*

Look for three beauty cleansing advantages in this amazing new Camay—proved by our tests against 6 best-selling beauty soaps! Camay had greater mildness than any! Gave more abundant lather in a short time! Had a fragrance that almost 2 out of 3 women voted for!

Camay brings women a definite promise that its gentle thorough cleansing will help them in their search for a lovelier, more appealing skin...a more radiant complexion...new allure! Get this wonderful new Camay at your dealer's now!



*It's amazing—you've made my favorite beauty soap better than ever. So wonderfully mild, so much lather and such a lovely fragrance! Thank you!*

(Signed) ANNE W. DEARBORN  
(Mrs. James A. Dearborn)

Long Island, N. Y.



At all dealers now—  
no change in wrapper!

Trade-Mark Reg.  
U. S. Pat. Off.

**Now—more than ever—THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

# I love to kiss you!



**TANGEE**  
the Cream Base  
Lipstick gives you  
smooth, alluring lips

Don't let greasy, painted lips come between you and the man you love. Tangee lips are warm, soft and tempting, thanks to Tangee's special cream base!

This world-famous lipstick doesn't blur or smear. It goes on smoothly, stays on, and helps prevent chapping. Tangee looks orange in the stick but magically changes, when applied, to your own most becoming shade of rose or red.

Ask for Tangee Natural today. Try Tangee's matching rouge, (Compact or Creme), and Tangee's remarkably delicate face powder. See how naturally lovely they look together. When you want more vivid color, ask for Theatrical Red, Tangee's new brilliant shade.



World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Set" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

- |                                 |                                       |                                |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Peach  | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Rachel | <input type="checkbox"/> Flesh |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rachel | <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Rachel  | <input type="checkbox"/> Tan   |

Name \_\_\_\_\_ [Please Print]

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ MA40

## WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST (CONT.)

son, whom she calls Stinky. Not that she doesn't want to talk about other things, but she just can't concentrate on anything else. Stinky's father is Luther Adler, Broadway actor. And Stinky's mother, at the moment, has no plans other than radio and taking care of Stinky.

\* \* \*

CINCINNATI—Most of the time Hazel Turner is a singer, one of the five Novelty Aces who appear on Cincinnati's WLW—but for a little while each day she is Emmy Lou, the farm girl from out where the tall corn grows.

Emmy Lou is backwoods through and through, dressed in gingham and sporting tightly-braided pigtailed, a very different person from the smartly dressed, very modern Hazel Turner. But just the same, Emmy Lou is Hazel's favorite person, and she loves the few minutes on the Novelty Aces' daily Time to Shine program in which she impersonates the country girl. The listeners like Emmy Lou, too, so much so that recently an Emmy Lou fan club was organized in Hicksville, Ohio.

Winning first prize in an amateur contest thirteen years ago was the stepping stone that brought Hazel into radio. Her brother, Harold Maus, who had already been in radio, decided if she was good enough to win a prize, she was good enough to be in his act three times a week—at a salary of one dollar each week. Emmy Lou was created while the Aces were working for station KFAD in Omaha. The program director of that station needed a rural girl character, and Hazel was picked to create one, with the program director's help. Since that day, Hazel's led a double life, her own and Emmy Lou's.

\* \* \*

Jean Dickenson, bright star of the American Album of Familiar Music on NBC-Red Sunday nights, got good notices from the critics when she made her Metropolitan Opera debut, singing the role of Philine in "Mignon." Without having to listen too closely, you'll probably be hearing her in one of the Met's Saturday afternoon broadcasts before the season ends.

\* \* \*

Do you have trouble remembering which member of the team of Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll is Amos and which is Andy? Here's a way—provided you can remember it: there's an os in both Amos and Gosden. And so the other member, Andy, must be Correll. Simple, huh?

\* \* \*

The next time Elsie Hitz takes anyone to the theater, she's going to find out all about the play beforehand. The twin founders of Elsie's fan club, Mary and Margaret Gordon, aged sixteen, of Jersey City, came over to visit one of her Ellen Randolph broadcasts on NBC, and after the program, for a treat, Elsie took them to see their very first stage play. The show turned out to be very frank, not to say lurid, and now Elsie is busy explaining things to the girls' mother.

\* \* \*

When Alec Templeton came to New York a few weeks ago, NBC found itself smack in the middle of a demand for broadcast tickets that assumed Toscanini-like proportions. Alec's been voted in several radio polls the most popular new star on the air, and everyone in Manhattan wanted to be present at one of his broadcasts. With reason, too. NBC gave him a party to celebrate his arrival in New York, and never has a radio personality so charmed a large group of hard-boiled writers, editors, executives and press agents. Alec's love for life is so strong and electric that it's contagious. His latest almost incredible exploit has been to create a complete symphony—in his head! Although finished, it wasn't down on paper when I talked to Alec—he said he'd call in a musical stenographer some time during the week and dictate it.

\* \* \*

Radio's busiest news commentator is twenty-seven-year-old Richard Brooks, ex-tramp, ex-ballplayer, ex-reporter. On New York's station WNEW, he does five fifteen-minute newscasts, six days a week. In addition, he's heard from regularly over NBC every Monday night, bringing you the news sensations of the week on Sammy Kaye's Sensation Cigarette program.



■ Very much the grown-up young ladies, Bonita Granville and Judy Garland wait for their escorts at the Troc.

Dick first made news when he was in Temple University, in Philadelphia, playing varsity football and baseball. In 1932, when he graduated, he joined the Phillies' baseball team, but quit after four months to bum his way around the country for a year and a half. On the road, he made a few dollars by writing a newspaper article or so, and in St. Louis he nearly starved to death, but he was only twenty and it didn't bother him.

He finally ended up in New Orleans, where a poor family living on a flat-boat fed him for three months. While he was still there a friend wrote him about a job on the Philadelphia Record, so he left New Orleans as he had come—under a freight car. Until 1937 he was a sports reporter for several newspapers; then he quit and came to New York. He'd never done any radio work, but he auditioned at WNEW and they put him on the air with one fifteen-minute program a day. His salary was ten dollars a week and room-rent alone cost him six, but he did his own laundry and managed to exist.

His big break came when floods broke loose in Louisville, Ky. With only four dollars in his pocket, Dick decided to go see the floods himself. He persuaded an airline to give him a pass and managed to get to Louisville, take a row-boat, and catch a plane back to New York—arriving flat broke but with a great story.

From then on, Dick's star was on its way up. One big story after big story he managed to get the inside track, and Governor Lehman chose him for his personal announcer. And



■ Aileen Pringle—remember her in the movies?—plays Anne Hill now in the CBS serial, *Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne*.

now, despite his network commercial, he still devotes practically all his waking moments to WNEW where, incidentally, that original ten dollars has grown and grown.

\* \* \*

One way to get yourself started in radio, it seems, is to sing in a railroad station.

That's what Parker Watkins, colored tenor, did, and it worked out pretty

well for him. A pipe organ had been installed in New York's huge Pennsylvania Terminal for Christmas, and for some reason or other it was retained to send its musical message to weary commuters long after the holly wreaths had been cleared away. One evening the organist, Banks Kennedy, was at the console when he noticed Parker, a fat colored boy, watching him. Jokingly, Banks suggested, "Why don't you step up and sing a number?" To his amazement, Parker took him at his word, and for half an hour serenaded the commuters in a rich, powerful tenor that soared out through the great station, clear and true above the rumble of trains and the shuffling of the crowd.

Parker was no specialist—from a popular song, he drifted into an operatic aria, then into a spiritual. And at the end of his concert he made a little speech, suggesting that if anyone present were connected with the music world, he'd appreciate a chance to put his voice to work. There weren't any impresarios in the crowd, but someone passed a hat, and Parker got \$15 for his music.

Every night after that for a week, he joined Kennedy and sang, until his audiences grew to 5,000 people and a whole row of ticket windows had to be closed to make room for the increasing crowds. About that time a newspaper front-paged the incident, and brought Parker to the attention of theater and radio men. He got a guest appearance on Benay Venuta's Mutual program, and was talking contract with Mutual when last heard from.

# Honey

BEAUTY  
ADVISOR

"DOES YOUR HUSBAND WANT TO  
SHOW OFF YOUR CHAPPED, RED HANDS?"



**W**ANT appealing, lovable hands? Don't let housework and chilly winds spoil the looks of your hands. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream regularly to help guard against harsh chapping. Hinds is extra-creamy, extra-softening. Helps tone down harsh redness. Coaxes back a softer look and feel. Hinds feels good, does good to tender hands! Contains Vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢ sizes at toilet goods counters.

**NEW!** Hinds Hand Cream in jars—quick-softening! 10¢ and 39¢ sizes

Copyright, 1940, Lohn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N.J.



# HINDS FOR HANDS



# Enchanted

## THE CHARMING AND QUITE



Beautiful Nan Grey plays Kathy Marshall in the NBC Thursday-night serial, *Those We Love*.

THE marriage of Nan Grey and Jackie Westrope is something like Hollywood itself, a shiny package doublewrapped in the cellophane of enchantment and make-believe.

Remember how you used to play house? Little girls would announce "I'll be the Mama" and little boys would say "I'll be the Papa." Then would follow magic hours of playing grown-up persons with grown-up problems and responsibilities.

The same aura of unreality seems to envelop the home and love of Nan, the Universal starlet and Kathy Marshall of the NBC serial, *Those We Love*, and Jackie, her

By KAY PROCTOR

famous jockey husband. They are two enraptured youngsters playing at grown-up housekeeping in a perfect doll house.

Reality admits their home is a beautiful seven-room California bungalow set amidst two and one-half acres of trees, lawns and gardens in the valley north of Hollywood proper. Actually they are eighteen and twenty-three years old respectively and both busy at successful careers. The records prove they have been married for almost a year after a strange courtship which began in adolescence.

Facts, however, melt as snowflakes before the story-book quality which persists about their life.

Perhaps it is because they are so young and so terribly in love that they seem to be living in an enchanted world. Perhaps it is because they openly scorn the world-weary sophistication young moderns seem to affect these days. Or perhaps it is just because their romance, from the very beginning, had a story-book flavor.

She was thirteen years old and he only eighteen when they first met and fell in love! Jackie's first memory of Nan is of a wide-eyed little girl with golden curls dashing into the paddock of Churchill Downs race track to ask him to win an important race just for her!

Jackie at that time was the idol of the American turf. Reared on a cattle ranch near Baker, Montana, he had started his career of jockey following the tragic death of his older brother, also a jockey, in an accident on the Caliente track. In his first sensational year he rode 303 horses to victory, thus breaking a twenty-five-year record which has not again been bested. Wherever he went the picture was the same: he was the toast of the track with wild fans cheering the name of Westrope in the home stretch and betting their money, not on his mount, but on him.

Throughout all the adulation he remained the same, a super-shy slip of a blonde boy, only five feet four and one-half inches tall and weighing a mere 115 pounds, whose face always was wreathed in an engaging smile and whose whole heart was tuned to the rhythmic pounding of flying hooves.

Nan, incidentally, frankly admits she tops her husband by a few pounds and a fraction of an inch but it doesn't worry either of them in the slightest; he simply adds an extra lift to his shoes and she is careful to wear flat heels. They were embarrassed one night recently, however, when they attempted to visit a gambling ship with a crowd of young folk for a lark. Nan, who was under age at that time, was admitted without question while Jackie was turned

# Love

## INCREDIBLE COURTSHIP OF NAN GREY

down and told he ought to be home with his parents!

Caught up in the adulation of the sensational jockey that spring at Churchill Downs was a little girl from Houston, Texas, whose father was giving her the grand treat of a week with him at the racing meet. Her name was Eschol Miller and in her wildest flights of fancy she could not have pictured the future which lay just ahead. She did not dream that six months hence she would wear a new name, Nan Grey, and be under contract to a leading motion picture company in Hollywood. She did not know she was destined to become one of the original "Three Smart Girls," or the heroine of such movies as "Tower of London" and "The Invisible Man Returns." And radio, in which she was to play one of the leading roles in a serial to run over 100 weeks, was entirely beyond her horizon.

Only two things occupied her mind—her secret worship of the slim boy whom a crowd cheered each afternoon, and the scrap book in which she pasted all the newspaper accounts of his daily exploits, despite the fact she never had met him.

On a brave impulse one afternoon she slipped away from her father and, with a chum, made her way to the paddock where she came face to face with her hero astride a mount (Continued on page 58)



Perhaps it is because they are so young and so much in love that they are living in an enchanted world. Nan was 13 and Jackie 17 when they fell in love. Left, their dream house.

# THE ROMANCE

■ Beginning the vividly dramatic novel of radio's popular heroine, who met new love where she least expected it—even though she thought her heart was locked tightly, forever, upon the memory of the man she had lost

**W**HAT was it about Drew Sinclair that had sent Helen Trent's mind racing backwards, backwards into depths of memory she had tried so long to close away?

It was not that he was so like Dennis Fallon . . . rather, perhaps, it was because he was so unlike that daredevil Irishman who had torn through life welcoming danger as a friend. Drew Sinclair would not welcome danger. He would fight it, bitterly, angrily, with all of his abundant energy and every facet of his diamond-sharp brain.

She rose and moved restlessly about the perfectly appointed living room of the apartment. It was after dinner, Agatha Anthony, her elderly friend and living-companion, had gone to bed; she was alone. Looking around her, feeling the flattering touch of silk against her skin, she smiled. Hollywood! You lived in a hotel-apartment that cost two hundred and fifty dollars a month, you dressed for dinner in one of your score of evening gowns—and then you spent the evening alone. Alone, and wondering, no doubt, how soon your bank-account would dwindle away to nothing. But, with all this show, you accomplished one important thing. You kept up "the front"—you showed that you weren't worrying—and, eventually, you got another job.

Just as she had, this very day.

She would take the job, of course, because she needed it desperately—but just the same, there was something strange about it, something not quite right. And the strangeness had nothing to do with Drew Sinclair himself. It was something apart from him, something of which he had as little knowledge as she herself.

It was three months, now, since "Heaven on Wheels," the first motion picture for which Helen had designed costumes, had been released. By all the laws of success and Hollywood, that fabulously popular picture should have made her one of Hollywood's first designers. Yet Steinbloch, who had produced it, had nothing more for her to do, and it had brought two other offers of a contract—one, immediately, from Independent Pictures, which she had refused, hoping for something better. And one, today, Drew Sinclair, head of Sentinel Studios.

Drew Sinclair had been in Europe when "Heaven on Wheels" was released, but press comment and the reports of his own Hollywood agents had interested him enough so that he'd sent Helen a cable: "Please contact me when I return in two weeks."

After that, though Sinclair had returned to Hollywood—silence. She called his office, only to be told by a frosty-voiced secretary that "Mr. Sinclair was out." She sent him a

letter, a telegram. At last, she had her answer—a curt note telling her he had no immediate production plans. And that, she knew from her reading of the gossip columns, was untrue. Then, only this morning, the same secretary telephoned and in a voice that had completely thawed out, invited her to come to Sinclair's office immediately.

The interview had been normal enough, at first. It had, in fact, been tremendously brisk and business-like. This was her first meeting with Drew Sinclair, the young production genius of Sentinel, and she was, for a time, overwhelmed by his virile personality as well as by the luxury of the office in which he received her.

The first impression Drew Sinclair gave was one of strength—strength both physical and mental. Here was a man, she thought, who drove straight through to whatever he wanted. His features were blunt and deeply carved, and his heavy eyebrows and his hair looked as though they would be rough to the touch. Then, as they bent together over the book of sketches she had brought, she noticed his hands and saw, with a shock of surprise, that they belonged to an artist; they were muscular, like the rest of his body, but they were also delicate, finely modeled, with long, sensitive fingers.

He talked steadily, like a man whose mind had been made up long ago. "I saw 'Heaven on Wheels,' Mrs. Trent. Your costumes were wonderful—really new and original. I'd like you to think about doing the clothes for a new picture I'm planning—here's the script, you might take it home, I think it can do a better job of persuading than I could—"

Helen contrived not to smile. Persuading! As if she needed any!

"As to salary," he rushed on, "would two thousand dollars a week

*The Romance of Helen Trent is based on the radio serial of the same name, sponsored by the manufacturers of Edna Wallace Hopper and Louis Philippe Cosmetics. Tune in over CBS Mondays through Fridays at 12:30 P. M., Eastern time.*

# OF Helen Trent

for the duration of the picture be agreeable to you?"

"I—think so," she said in a carefully casual voice.

He flipped over the pages of the scrapbook carelessly; she could have sworn he didn't see a single sketch. And then it happened. One of his impatiently moving hands touched hers. He looked up, straight into her eyes. He seemed to see her, really see her, for the first time.

It was the strangest thing, Helen thought, remembering. Apparently he felt no embarrassment as their glances met and held. She herself was blushing, but he simply stared, utterly absorbed. And yet there was no rudeness in his gaze; it was only that he had just caught sight of something that interested him very much.

Abruptly, he looked away and straightened up. "I hope you had a pleasant vacation, Mrs. Trent," he said formally.

"Vacation? I haven't been on a vacation," she said, bewildered.

"But you were out of town!"

"No. . . ."

"You must have been! I've been trying to get to see you for weeks. It was only when I read your name in the paper this morning—in the list of guests at the Stanwood wedding—that I knew you were back in town."

BUT I wasn't away," she reiterated. "As a matter of fact, I've been trying to see you for weeks, too—I only stopped when I got your note telling me you had no immediate production plans."

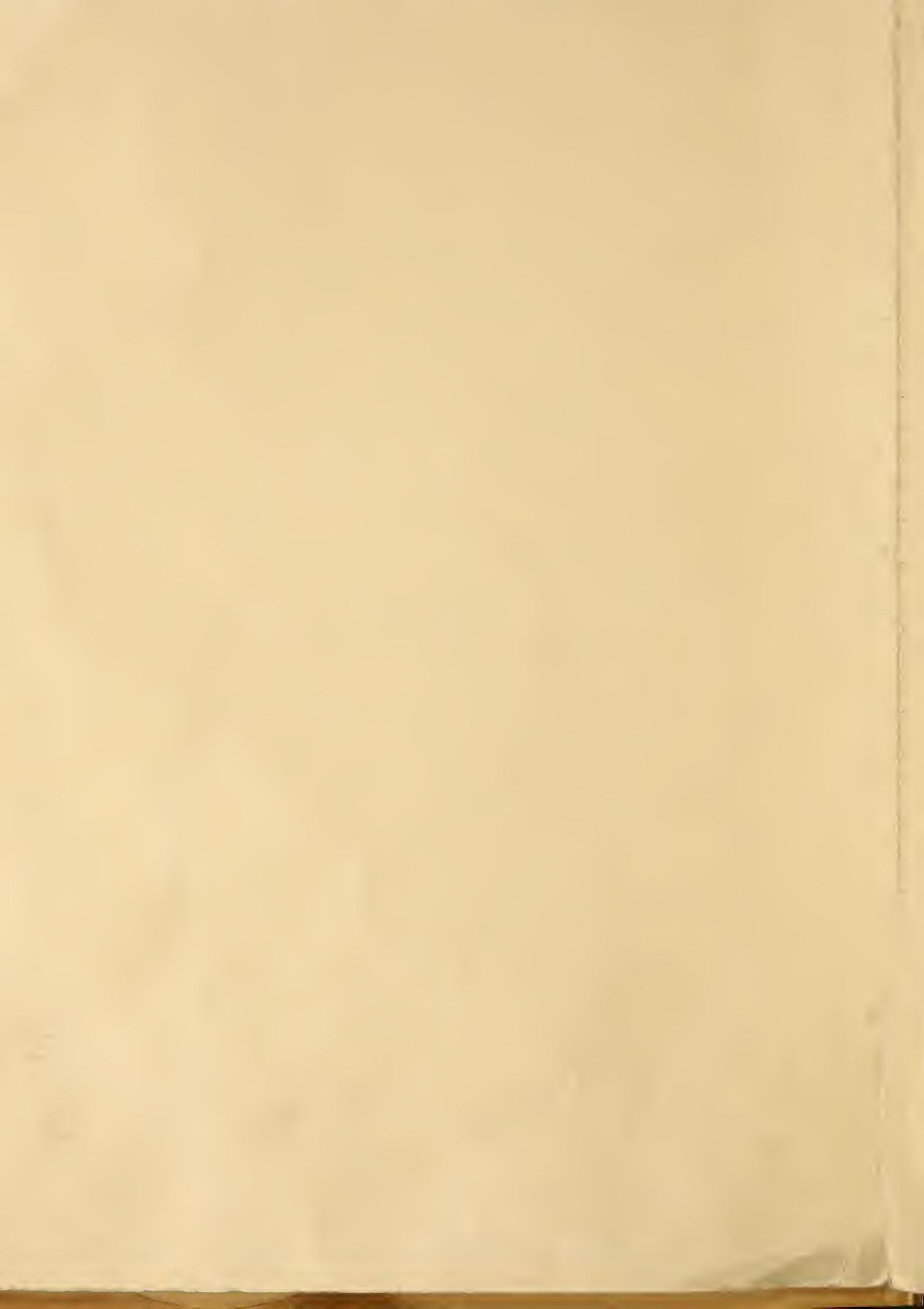
He frowned, and snapped, "I sent no such letter!" Irritably he pressed one of the bank of buttons on his desk. "Miss Lawson," he said when his sleek, lovely secretary appeared, "there seems to be some mistake. Mrs. Trent tells me she has *not* been out of town on a vacation, that she has been trying to see me as earnestly as I've been trying to see her, and that I sent her a letter saying I had no production plans. Didn't you call Mrs. Trent's home, send her telegrams?"

"Why—yes," said the girl. "They told me on the telephone Mrs. Trent was away and had left no forward-



Photo by Seymour, Chicago. Specially posed by Virginia Clark as Helen Trent

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ing address." She was carrying it off well, but Helen was sure she was badly frightened.

"Did you ever type a letter to her in which I said I had no production plans?" Sinclair pursued.

"Oh, no, Mr. Sinclair. No, I can't understand how that could have happened—unless it was another letter, and it got mixed up—"

There was a long, uncomfortable silence.

Sinclair broke it. "Well, Mrs. Trent, the important thing is that we did finally make connections. I'll find out later exactly what happened. In the meantime, will you take the script home and read it and let me know your decision?"

**H**ELEN rose, accepting the hint the interview was over. As she left, she stole a glance at the secretary. She was still standing there, very neat, very poised, but with despair in her face.

It was all very mysterious—just the sort of mystery that would have delighted Dennis Fallon. . . .

Oh, Dennis, Dennis!—Sometimes it still came, that cutting pang of grief that she had first known when they told her Dennis was dead.

How was it possible to live with a memory for so long? For days, weeks, she would follow the way of her life, knowing that Dennis was dead, had been dead for two years—and then, out of nowhere, came realization that she missed him, would always miss him and could never forget him.

Perhaps the dangers they had faced together had made her love him more than it was right to love any man. Or perhaps it was because she met him for the first time at the darkest point of her own life.

She looked back upon the Helen Trent of those days as she would have looked upon a stranger. She

had thought that life was ending for her, when in reality it was just beginning. Thirty-five years old, bewildered, frightened, she had faced the world and found it ugly. . . . It was Martin Trent who had wanted the divorce, not she. She would have been satisfied—not happy, but satisfied—to live forever as his drudge, his cook, his shadow. Martin was always irritable and frequently cruel, but he was her husband. It had seemed unthinkable that he should cast her aside for someone younger and more beautiful, and after the divorce she had felt unwanted, lonely with that bitter loneliness that comes only to a woman who believes she has lost her youth, her beauty, her self-respect.

It was Agatha Anthony she had to thank for bringing her back to life, helping her and encouraging her while she found a job and rebuilt herself spiritually and physically. That was a debt she could never repay. Even caring for Agatha now, when she was old and crippled, was little enough return for the help Agatha had given her.

Then Dennis had entered her life—entered it as he did all things, suddenly and dramatically. There must be magic in the Irish; at any rate, there had been magic in Dennis. Even that first afternoon, when he had jumped into her cab and commanded the driver to race through traffic to an office-building which was the last place in the world Helen wanted to visit—even then, she had trusted him. And later, she still trusted him enough to consent when he urged her to quit her humdrum job in Mary Steward's dress shop and work with him as a secret-service operative.

How he had loved those mad, perilous days! The scent of danger was sweeter than any perfume

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"Please forgive me, Mrs. Trent," she said in a high-pitched, bird-like voice, "for running in unannounced like this. I'd have telephoned—but I was afraid if I asked you to do a very special favor for me over the telephone you might say 'No.'" And she laughed self-consciously.

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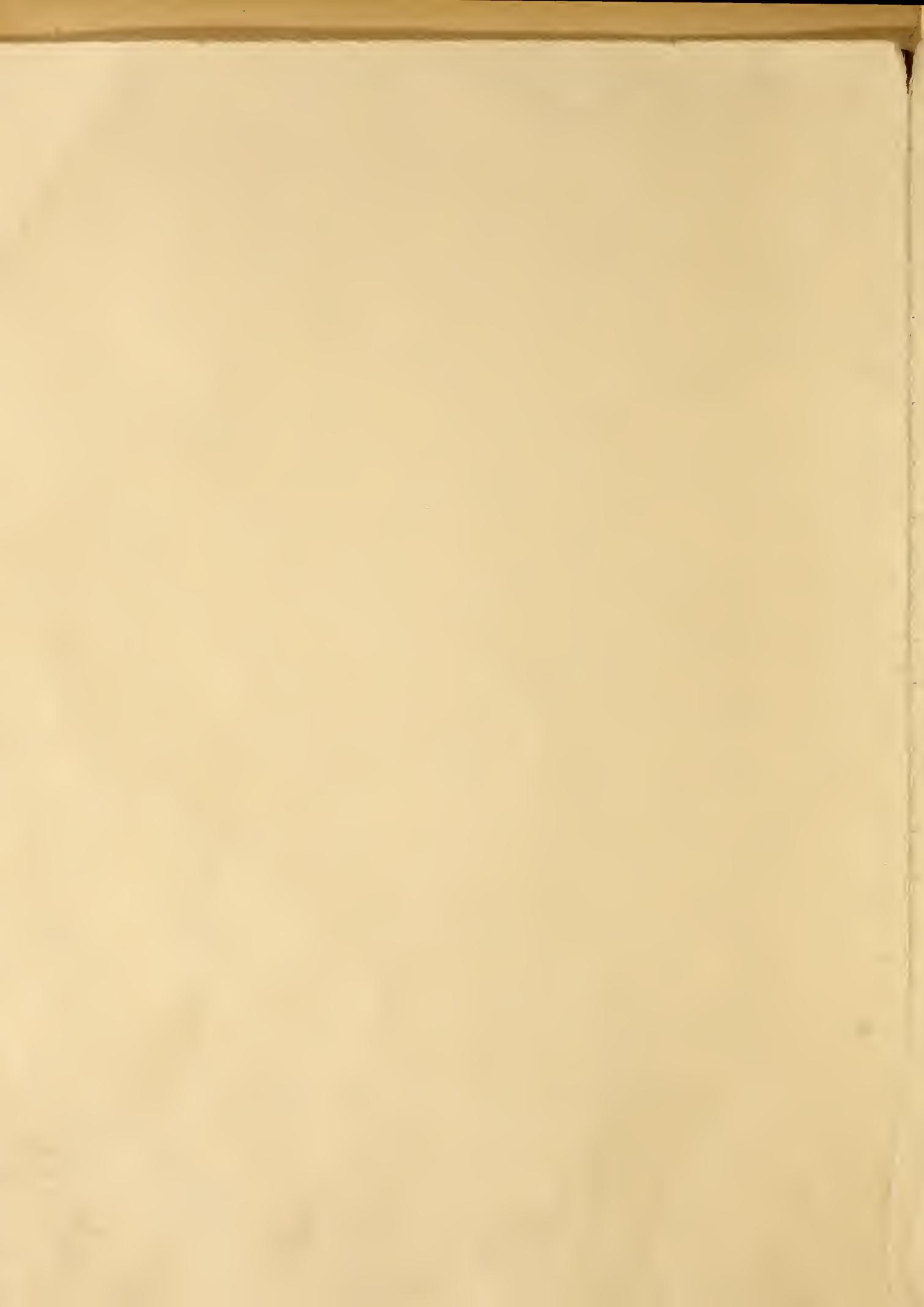
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Mrs. Sinclair expressed surprise and horror. "You mean a wonderful designer like you isn't busy every minute? Why, I should think the studios would be simply throwing work at you!"

"Hardly," Helen smiled. "Although I may sign with one in the next day or so."

"Of course, if all the producers were like (Continued on page 68)



ing address." She was carrying it off well, but Helen was sure she was badly frightened.

"Did you ever type a letter to her in which I said I had no production plans?" Sinclair pursued.

"Oh, no, Mr. Sinclair. No, I can't understand how that could have happened—unless it was another letter, and it got mixed up—"

There was a long, uncomfortable silence.

Sinclair broke it. "Well, Mrs. Trent, the important thing is that we did finally make connections. I'll find out later exactly what happened. In the meantime, will you take the script home and read it and let me know your decision?"

**H**ELEN rose, accepting the hint the interview was over. As she left, she stole a glance at the secretary. She was still standing there, very neat, very poised, but with despair in her face.

It was all very mysterious—just the sort of mystery that would have delighted Dennis Fallon. . . .

Oh, Dennis, Dennis!—Sometimes it still came, that cutting pang of grief that she had first known when they told her Dennis was dead.

How was it possible to live with a memory for so long? For days, weeks, she would follow the way of her life, knowing that Dennis was dead, had been dead for two years—and then, out of nowhere, came realization that she missed him, would always miss him and could never forget him.

Perhaps the dangers they had faced together had made her love him more than it was right to love any man. Or perhaps it was because she met him for the first time at the darkest point of her own life.

She looked back upon the Helen Trent of those days as she would have looked upon a stranger. She

had thought that life was ending for her, when in reality it was just beginning. Thirty-five years old, bewildered, frightened, she had faced the world and found it ugly. . . . It was Martin Trent who had wanted the divorce, not she. She would have been satisfied—not happy, but satisfied—to live forever as his drudge, his cook, his shadow. Martin was always irritable and frequently cruel, but he was her husband. It had seemed unthinkable that he should cast her aside for someone younger and more beautiful, and after the divorce she had felt unwanted, lonely with that bitter loneliness that comes only to a woman who believes she has lost her youth, her beauty, her self-respect.

It was Agatha Anthony she had to thank for bringing her back to life, helping her and encouraging her while she found a job and rebuilt herself spiritually and physically. That was a debt she could never repay. Even caring for Agatha now, when she was old and crippled, was little enough return for the help Agatha had given her.

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"Of course, if all the producers were like (Continued on page 68)





■ The Basil Rathbones celebrate his successful radio series, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, heard Monday nights over NBC-blue.

# MARRIAGE BROUGHT HIM EVERYTHING

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ Poise, fame, happiness—all these came to Basil Rathbone because, though he was afraid of life, he met and married a very wise woman

THE highest adventure in Basil Rathbone's life—and he'll tell you this himself—befell him one afternoon back in 1921. He never knew anything about it until two years later. But he's still living it today.

That was the afternoon he walked out on the stage of a Broadway theater and in the audience a woman saw him for the first time. She turned to her companion at

once and said, "There is the man I would like to marry." Two years later, at a Manhattan party, Basil and that woman met. Before the party was over they were in love. A few weeks later they were married. Thus began the most romantic adventure of the man who plays Sherlock Holmes every Monday night on NBC—the adventure he still shares with the lady of his heart, Mrs. Basil Rathbone.

High in the wooded hills of Bel-Air, Hollywood's exclusive residential park, stands today a monument to that romantic adventure—the perfect marriage of Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere. It is a massive French château type house with big rooms, full of comfortable chairs, books, old prints, volumes of symphony recordings and comfortable things.

Outdoors in the big yard, five dogs bark, two cats purr, canaries sing and one tortoise does whatever a tortoise does in the way

of saying all's right with the world

Inside and upstairs a rosy-cheeked baby girl occasionally protests the limitations of infant life with a ladylike gurgle. She is their newly adopted daughter, Barbara Cynthia, six months old, the current apple of both Ouida and Basil Rathbone's eyes. Until war called a few months ago, the laughter of a blissful young married couple, Basil's son, Rodion, and his wife, rang through the house.

This is home to Sherlock Holmes, a home boy, if there ever was one. It is a home that clearly announces the happy fulfillment of an unusual and perfect love story—with success, health, wealth and lasting happiness.

That the Rathbones have all of these things is beyond dispute. No actor on the screen matches Basil's record of flawless performances. None in Hollywood is busier, more sought after, more respected. No freelance (Continued on page 89)

# Young Doctor Malone

■ Introducing an exciting new radio hero, Dr. Jerry, who fights with all his heart to win the love of a girl and the friendship of a town which hates him

YOUNG DR. MALONE leaned back in the comfortable chair and let his eyes wander around the spacious office in farewell. He loved the place. He loved the whole atmosphere of the vast, important Medical Foundation. He loved the faint perfume of ether, the crisp rustle of the nurses' starched uniforms; loved the immense, efficient plant dedicated to the soothing of pain. And he would miss it, he realized grimly . . . miss it badly.

"Something's on your mind, laddie." Dr. Abercrombie's glance was keen.

Jerry Malone's serious face broke into a grin at the older man's perception. In all of his years of work under the brilliant head of the Foundation, he had never been able to surprise that clever Scotch mind, that almost uncanny Scotch intuition. Well, he had a surprise for Abercrombie this time!

"Yes sir. I'm afraid I'm leaving. Decided suddenly last night. The more I think of Belmore, the madder I get. So I . . ."

"Belmore!" roared Abercrombie. "And what's Belmore? A pin-head on the map! A wee sma' town nobody ever heard of and nobody ever will. Ye've already wasted that fine talent of yours a year in Belmore. Are ye content to live and dee a country doctor when ye might be a wurrl famous surgeon, doing good for thousands?"

"Ah, laddie, ye forforce my hand! I didna mean tae tell ye this just yet, but ye hae a chance here not



A RADIO MIRROR NOVELETTE

one in a thousand gets. I'm not growing any younger, and I've a mind tae train ye for my post here, if ye've not set your stubborn head on throwing yourself away completely."

"I . . . I had no idea . . ." began Jerry.

"Think on it, laddie. What's Belmore got tae offer compared with

the chances ye hae right here?"

"Nothing," said Dr. Malone slowly. "Nothing but . . ."

"There's more tae this than meets the eye," accused Abercrombie. "Is it a gurrl? And only a year ago I heard ye vowing ye'd never marry until ye had your career under control, swearing that no woman would get a second look from ye until ye

had yourself established. And now for the sake of some gurrl ye're going to throw aside the biggest opportunity likely to come to a man of your years. Laddie, I'm disappointed in ye!"

Jerry Malone leaned forward eagerly. "No. Don't say that," he protested. "Let me tell you first. Let me tell you what happened. Let me tell you why I've got to go back and fight it out with Belmore."

"It'll have to be good," warned Abercrombie.

"It is!" Jerry declared. "Give me just a minute to decide where to start. There's been so much packed into these twelve months . . ."

THE story really started on the dining car. There was only one seat left when Jerry went in for luncheon. He gave the girl across the table no more than a polite glance when he asked, "May I sit opposite you?"

"Certainly, doctor," she had replied astonishingly, in a clear, laughing voice.

Then he had taken a closer look at the friendly blue eyes set in startling black lashes, hair the color of honey, a lovely mouth, grave and carefully prim at the moment, but ready to break into a curved smile.

"Don't tell me I've left a stethoscope dangling around somewhere! How can you tell I'm a doctor?"

"That's easy. I've been nursing at the Medical Foundation, and, of course, all of the nurses know the brilliant Dr. Malone. I'm needed at home right now, so I'm going back to a little town you've probably never heard of . . . Belmore."

"Indeed I have heard of it. I'm taking over Dr. Barnett's practice there."

At the unconcealed surprise in her face, Jerry found himself wondering for just a minute exactly why he was doing this thing that surprised him no less than it had all his friends. He had been happy at

the Medical Foundation for five years and his work was recognized and valued. But, when he had heard that old Doctor Barnett was retiring, Jerry had acted on impulse, drawn his savings from the bank, bought the old doctor's small practice in Belmore, and found himself on the train bound for a completely strange little village almost before he knew what had happened. All he knew was that he wanted general practice in a small community . . . wanted it badly enough to venture all of his years of training on the chance that he was doing the right thing.

Looking back and thinking of all that meeting with Ann Richards on the train had meant, Jerry could not believe that he had said goodbye so casually to her when they left the train at Belmore, had let her go without a second thought.

She came back into his mind for a fleeting moment when he saw the grim set of Nurse Kate's mouth, her steely eyes that refused to meet his, heard her flat, coarse voice. Nurse Kate had grown grey in Dr. Barnett's service, but time evidently had not had a softening effect, nor had the sight of suffering.

"Of course I'll keep her on," young Dr. Malone had promised the older man. "I'll need someone who knows your patients, knows the town. Delighted to have her."

"Good," said Dr. Barnett. "She's a none too happy woman, difficult at times, especially now because she's upset at the thought of a change."

But it was Dr. Malone who was upset when he realized just what a problem Nurse Kate was apt to be. The first patient to arrive was kindly Mr. Mead. His case was easy to diagnose. He needed an operation for gallstones before too many weeks passed. Jerry told him so. Then it was that Nurse Kate committed the unpardonable sin.

"No such a thing!" she argued. "Dr. Barnett never had to operate on you, Mr. Mead. If you'll take my advice, you'll get an opinion from an older man over at the Capital. He . . ." with a defiant jerk of the head toward Jerry, "is mighty young, and I've noticed young men are a deal too handy with the knife."

The second patient was sweet, gentle little Mrs. Penny who needed injections for anaemia. Dr. Malone prescribed them.

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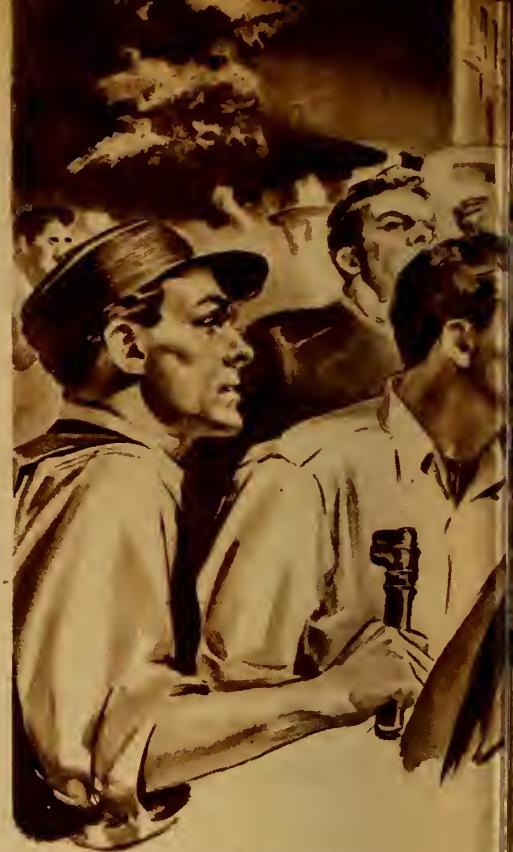


Illustration by Griffith Foxley

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Presenting an episode in the life of Young Doctor Malone, hero of the radio serial of the same name, heard Monday through Friday mornings at 11:15, E. S. T., on NBC-Blue, and sponsored by Post Bran Flakes.



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agent who had been courting her for thirty years liked the change, too, and enlarged his devotion to include the doctor as well as the doctor's cook and warm kitchen. And twelve-year-old Bun Dawson took it for granted that he was as indispensable to the doctor as the doctor was to him. The by-products of most of Bun's social contacts were bruises, sprains, cuts, contusions and minor breaks. Since his father worked long hours and his step-mother resented the bother of bandaging the boy, Bun found it practical to work off his considerable gauze and iodine bill by running errands.

THE ready and warm friendship of this little group blinded the young doctor to the wildfire gossip, the suspicion and fear that was springing up as a result of Nurse Kate's harangues against him. Not until he heard her boast, jeeringly, that she had persuaded his first patient, Mr. Mead, not to have the essential operation for gall stones, not until he heard that she was circulating a petition to have him removed from the post of Health Officer did he begin to realize how very serious her opposition to him might become.

But there was more than just the venom of an embittered old maid behind the petition to remove him from office. John Bogert, richest man in town, was behind it, too. After repeated calls had taken him to the miserable fringe of slum dwellings near Bogert's mattress factory, Dr. Malone investigated a refuse dump that was a pest center of contagion, and, by his authority as Health Officer, ordered Bogert to remove it.

Bogert was cynical in his cool offer of a bribe, angry at Jerry's refusal of it. The removal of the dump was an expensive business, costing far more than the good health of a few worthless workmen, in the opinion of Bogert. He meant to make Dr. Malone pay for the whole matter dearly. He meant to get rid of him as quickly as possible, because the mattress factory was not his only interest in Belmore, not the only place where an idealistic young man who believed in such stupid things as civic welfare, could make trouble. Yes, Dr. Malone would have to go, and the sooner the better.

Fewer and fewer came the calls for the doctor. Patients were far between, and those who did come were the worried workmen from across the tracks who explained, in embarrassment and in desperate appeal, "I can't pay right now, Doc, but please help me."

"Maybe I'm not the right man for private practice," Jerry mused out loud to Ann during one of the

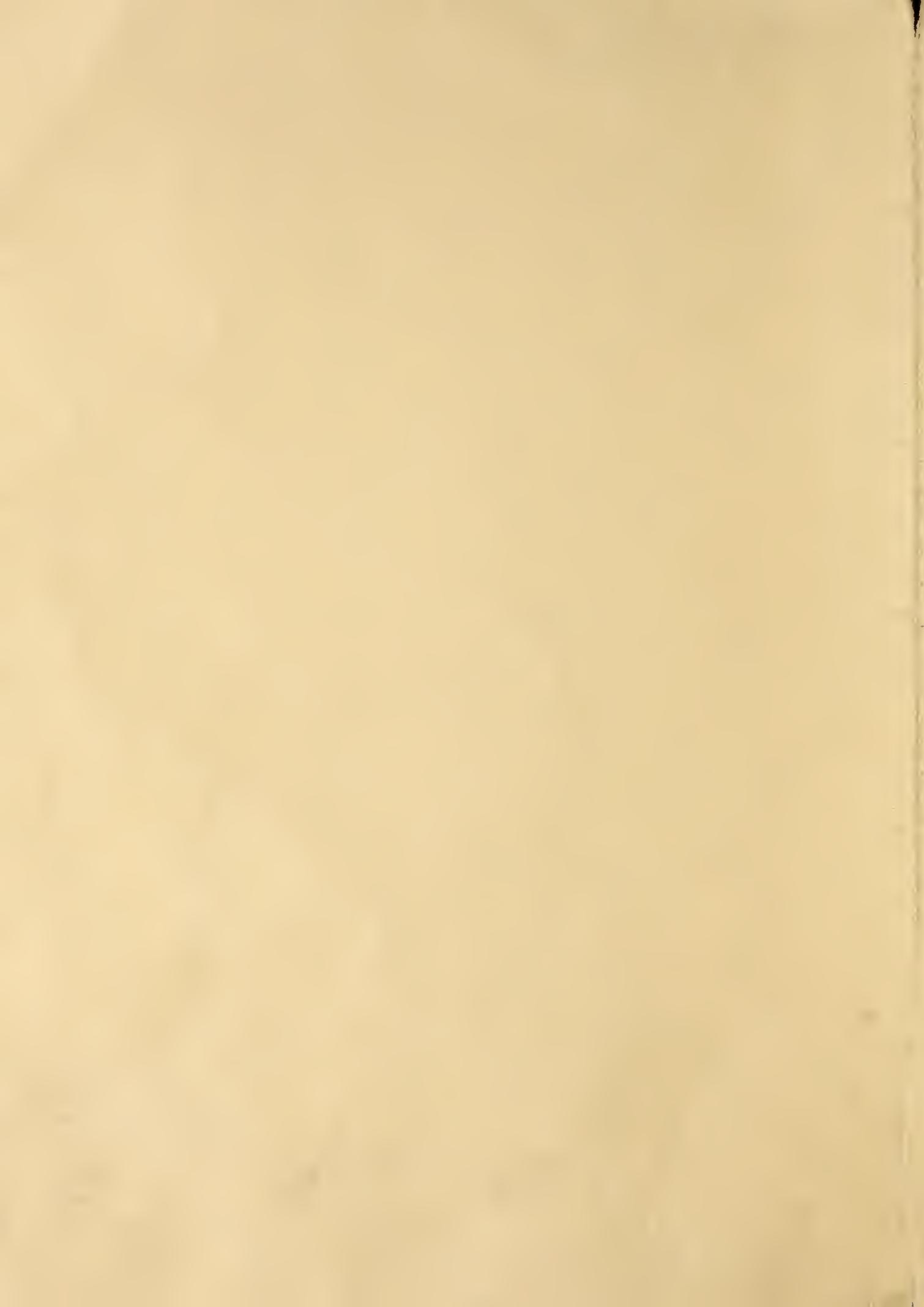
rare moments when he allowed depression to grip him. "Maybe the whole thing was a mistake."

"Of course it isn't a mistake," Ann protested. "Just wait until word gets around what a wonderful surgeon you are. Small towns are funny. But as soon as people you've helped spread the word about how good you are, everyone will be back. And after all, you're not fighting entirely alone. Penny adores you. Will Prout will fight anyone who says a word against you. Bun worships you. And you have a pretty fair nurse who thinks well of you, too."

"You're not only a wonderful nurse," responded Jerry, "you're also a wonderful girl, Ann. I think you're . . ." Jerry caught himself. Ann was beautiful. Ann was delightful. Ann was intelligent and sweet. But he must not let himself think of the way her blue eyes lighted when she looked up at him, must not think of how soft her hair would be to touch. His work came first. Not until he had really insured his future could he begin to think of sharing it.

"And . . . as you say," he finished lamely. "I'm not alone."

Ann's shining faith cheered him for a few hours, but that same night he felt really beaten when a frightened call took him to the Mead farm. He found Mr. Mead writhing with intolerable pain. An immediate operation was necessary. There were not even minutes to waste. Through (Continued on page 77)



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Before the week was out, he had a complete new household. "Penny," as his anaemic patient preferred to be called, was delighted to abandon her far too strenuous duties as a cleaning woman and move into the new doctor's kitchen. Will Prout, the garrulous station

agent who had been courting her for thirty years liked the change, too, and enlarged his devotion to include the doctor as well as the doctor's cook and warm kitchen. And twelve-year-old Bun Dawson took it for granted that he was as indispensable to the doctor as the doctor was to him. The by-products of most of Bun's social contacts were bruises, sprains, cuts, contusions and minor breaks. Since his father worked long hours and his stepmother resented the bother of bandaging the boy, Bun found it practical to work off his considerable gauze and iodine bill by running errands.

THE ready and warm friendship of this little group blinded the young doctor to the wildfire gossip, the suspicion and fear that was springing up as a result of Nurse Kate's harangues against him. Not until he heard her boast, jeeringly, that she had persuaded his first patient, Mr. Mead, not to have the essential operation for gall stones, not until he heard that she was circulating a petition to have him removed from the post of Health Officer did he begin to realize how very serious her opposition to him might become.

Fewer and fewer came the calls for the doctor. Patients were far between, and those who did come were the worried workmen from across the tracks who explained, in embarrassment and in desperate appeal, "I can't pay right now, Doc, but please help me."

"Maybe I'm not the right man for private practice," Jerry mused out loud to Ann during one of the

rare moments when he allowed depression to grip him. "Maybe the whole thing was a mistake."

"Of course it isn't a mistake," Ann protested. "Just wait until word gets around what a wonderful surgeon you are. Small towns are funny. But as soon as people you've helped spread the word about how good you are, everyone will be back. And after all, you're not fighting entirely alone. Penny adores you. Will Prout will fight anyone who says a word against you. Bun worships you. And you have a pretty fair nurse who thinks well of you, too."

"You're not only a wonderful nurse," responded Jerry, "you're also a wonderful girl, Ann. I think you're . . ." Jerry caught himself. Ann was beautiful. Ann was delightful. Ann was intelligent and sweet. But he must not let himself think of the way her blue eyes lighted when she looked up at him, must not think of how soft her hair would be to touch. His work came first. Not until he had really insured his future could he begin to think of sharing it.

"And . . . as you say," he finished lamely. "I'm not alone."

Ann's shining faith cheered him for a few hours, but that same night he felt really beaten when a frightened call took him to the Mead farm. He found Mr. Mead writhing with intolerable pain. An immediate operation was necessary. There were not even minutes to waste. Through (Continued on page 77)



Presenting on episode in the life of Young Doctor Malone, hero of the radio serial of the same name, heard Monday through Friday mornings at 11:15, E. S. T., on NBC-Blue, and sponsored by Post Bran Flakes.

Illustrated by  
Harry Lucey



Listen to Alec Templeton  
Time Mondays on NBC-Red.

# Step into my world

■ A lesson in finding true happiness—read this inspiring revelation by a star who has spent his life in darkness

I HAVE the blessed privilege of making my own world. All the men are big and strong and handsome, all the women are beautiful, and there are no things in my world but pleasant things.

This week, for instance, my room has a golden floor, and my piano is of rosewood inlaid with shimmering pearl; I look out over spacious English lawns to a green wood in the distance. Of course, this is rather new. Last week I preferred a rough brick floor under the thatched roof of an Irish cottage, with the sea and white sails under the cliffs. Next week—well, I haven't decided, and I'd welcome

By ALEC TEMPLETON

your suggestions. You see, I can have anything I want.

I try to be tactful, but I can't help laughing whenever someone is sorry for me, because I can't see. Actually, you know, I'M sorry for him. He, poor fellow, has to live in a world which others have made and which he can't change. I don't have to see anything but the good and the happy and the beautiful, and when I decide something in my world could be better—presto! I change it.

Now about you. Perhaps you haven't as much money as you think

you need. But that's not really a handicap. Actually, it makes you one of my fortunate kin. You and I are luckier than we know—because we aren't burdened by non-essentials.

Among other things, we can hope. There's always tomorrow with us, another day when glorious things can happen. If a bad break comes along, we can tear out the page and say to ourselves, "That was yesterday. Something nice is going to happen tomorrow." Looking forward is so much fun that sometimes it seems a shame to reach our goal, since now we can't have the joy of looking (Continued on page 55)

# ONE MAN'S FAMILY



■ Beginning an exciting and unique series of biographies—personal histories of radio characters you have come to love. In these pages you'll meet each member of the vital Barbour Family, to learn his past and understand his innermost thoughts. Start now to—meet

## The Barbours

UNTIL the year 1937, the tap of a cane was as familiar to One Man's Family listeners as the organ theme, "Destiny Waltz."

Once in a while you can hear it now, rather faintly, if you are listening for it. The cane sounds the limping approach of Paul, first son of the Barbour family.

In the early days of 1917, Paul hurried to the first recruiting station to open in San Francisco; then to Newport News and across the Atlantic with the vanguard of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The winter snows found him at an airdrome somewhere behind the lines, where he watched yellow-headed kids fall in flames before the bursting fire of the Vickers. The experience burned a horrible picture in Paul's mind. The memory has never left him.

He came home in 1919 a widower, a permanent casualty of the war, and an uncompromising propagandist for peace. Doctor Thompson, family physician of the Barbour family, has never definitely committed himself on the question of shell-shock, but the inference is there. Shell-shock intermittently is indicated in his demeanor.

Paul's greatest war tragedy, however, was not a shattered leg, or possible shell-shock or the memory of pilots who never came back, but a shattered romance. When memories of the war fling open a shutter back in Paul's mind, before him stands a white cross marking the grave of an American war nurse.

Much of the story of the war nurse remains untold, although



Illustration by  
B. Redey

## PAUL BARBOUR

Paul has dropped fragments, which have been pieced together by the family.

Paul's plane was shot down in France. He spent many weeks in an American hospital behind the lines. He fell in love with a nurse, and as soon as he was in a wheelchair, they were married.

Then came the influenza epidemic. His wife, whom Paul had never known, except for hurried

goodnight kisses in the candlelight of the hospital ward, was among the first to die.

Paul came home violently embittered against war. For many years the girls Paul had known since boyhood were treated with a cool, professional neglect. As the years have passed, he has grown more tolerant toward women.

Whatever members of the Barbour (Continued on page 73)

# HOUSE OF



■ "Just a modest little grey home in the west," says Jack Benny, as he proudly shows you around the house he and Mary dreamed about for years

■ They've been making you laugh for many Sundays. Now Jello-O's ace comedian can have his laugh, too. Who wouldn't be happy with a charming wife, a sweet daughter and a home he's always yearned for?



■ The den's center of attraction is its enormous fire-place. Soft rose beige is the color scheme.



■ Little Joan visits her mother's luxurious bedroom with the latest style in joined twin beds.

# LAUGHTER

OF course, it's just a "tumble-down shack," the Benny house on Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills, California, or so Jack says. Just a modest little grey home in the West. Even if you remind Jack of its Venetian chandeliers, inch-thick carpets, movie projection room, five bathrooms, two bars and real Battenburg lace piano cover, he insists those were Mary's ideas, not his. As star of his new Paramount picture, the rip-roaring "Buck Benny Rides Again," he could hardly admit that he *likes* such fripperies. Then, you say what about his mirrored dressing room, his antique mahogany highboy and his fourposter bed, whereupon he grins and says, what the heck, a guy's gotta have a *half-way decent* place to live in, and shows you all around, pleased as punch with the house and with himself for building it.

Well, it is something! White French *Provençal* set in the middle of an acre or more of ground with a swell green lawn in front; mammoth patio, swimming pool and rose garden in the back. And from the moment you enter the spacious, circular hall, papered in gray, canopied by a gorgeous chandelier fully ten (Continued on page 72)



■ On an acre or more of ground is the Bennys' beautiful home. Here's the backview, with Mary and Jack standing on the patio overlooking the pool, garden and playhouse.

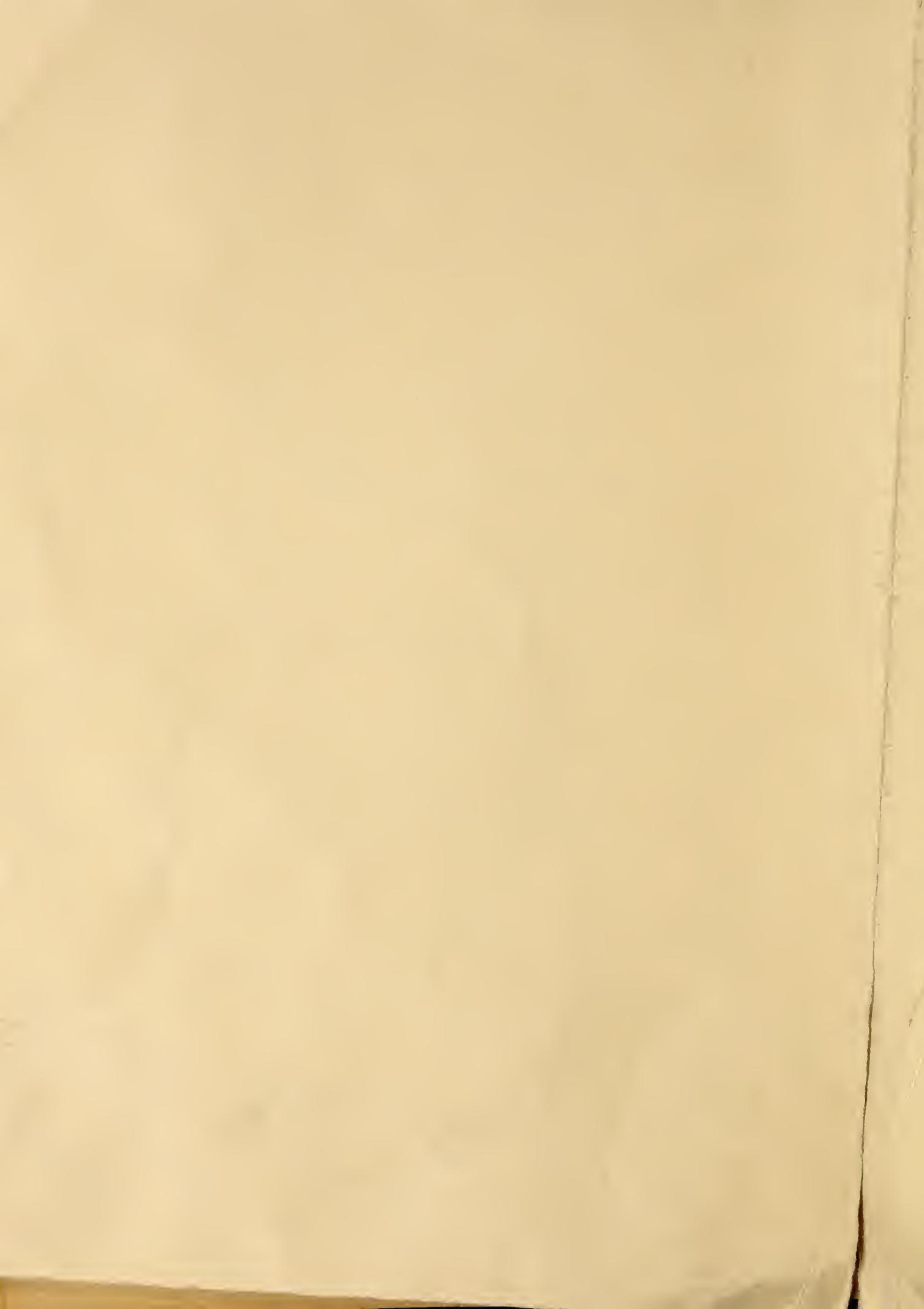


■ The library is a comfortable room with its blue Oriental rug and flowered draperies; below, the Bennys' living room, highlighted by the real Battenburg lace cover on the piano.



■ Oscar, the ape, and Joan, his adopted daughter, keep Jack busy when he gets home.





# HOUSE OF LAUGHTER



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MATINEE

# Serenader

■ Radio's new star troubadour of the daylight hours, Lanny Ross brings you melody in the afternoon, while most other programs are devoting themselves to the pursuit of drama. He's on CBS at 2:00 P.M., E.S.T.

■ One of radio's busiest and most successful announcers, Dan Seymour, is caught at home by the CBS cameraman in this charming family group: Baby Judy, Mrs. Seymour, Dan, and Nancy, four.



■ **Glamour, excitement and thrills are hers—but do they make up for the spoiled dinners and husbandless holidays?**

**R**AUDIO has changed my marriage from an easy, safe, comfortable existence into an unusual, always exciting—and sometimes difficult and dangerous—experience.

You probably know Dan Seymour. You may have heard him when he goes to work in the morning on the Aunt Jenny programs over CBS, or on Saturday nights on Milton Berle's show, *Stop Me If You've Heard This One*, over NBC, or on Friday nights, on *Young Man With a Band*, over CBS.

He's the man I married—a radio announcer.

Well, what's radio announcing? Just a way of earning a living? Very true, but this particular way of earning a living brings with it complications that make my life as a young married woman anything

**By MRS. DAN SEYMORE**

but normal. Complications, in fact, that have taught me one inescapable truth: no woman who is devoted to a radio husband can expect a normal life.

Dan's job affects not only me, but our whole family. Even Nancy, only four, knows that we aren't like other people; and Judy, too young now to care much when—or even whether—Daddy comes home to dinner, is going to learn in time. Neither Dan nor I will ever forget last Christmas, when he had to work all day long, and Nancy kept getting more and more exasperated because he wasn't home. As her impatience grew, she took to pacing up and down in front of her Christ-

mas tree and muttering to herself, "Daddy all the time working . . . Daddy all the time working."

Nancy is an announcer's child, and I'm an announcer's wife, and that means that we have to accustom ourselves to a way of living which is vastly different from that of the average wife or average little girl. Whether we like it—and I might as well admit that sometimes we don't—or not.

Until Dan and I met each other our lives jogged along in a reasonable, orderly way. But that first meeting—when he was a sophomore at Amherst and I was a sophomore at Mt. Holyoke, eight miles away—began a train of events that were consistently unconventional, and have continued to be so right up to the (Continued on page 85)

■ Below, it's not unusual for Bob to arrive at his suburban home at 7:30 A.M., after an all-night rehearsal, and meet June at the door just as she's setting out for her morning horseback ride.



■ Bob usually gets home at 3:30 A.M. June has been in bed since midnight, but she gets up and fixes a kitchen supper.

# IF YOU WERE Mrs. Bob Crosby

■ You'd live a topsy-turvy sort of life, turning night into day and work-time into play-time.



Photographs by Sydney Desfor, NBC

■ Making movies of the baby is the current Crosby hobby. Here Cathy is being urged to pose for a fancy technicolor shot.

■ Right, Bob and June on their way to one of Bronxville's two skating rinks. Or sometimes they attend a movie matinee.





■ Bob wakes baby Cathy up for a minute when he gets home, but they really have fun together in the daytime, after Bob has risen, put on old clothes, and had breakfast about one o'clock.

■ This is part of the routine too. June wants to go back to sleep; Bob wants to read the paper. (But June usually wins.)

**P**ICTURE building a home around a husband who leaves for work at six in the evening and gets home anywhere from 3 A.M. on through the wee hours! What to do about entertaining friends—about going out together—about sitting home and enjoying each other's company?

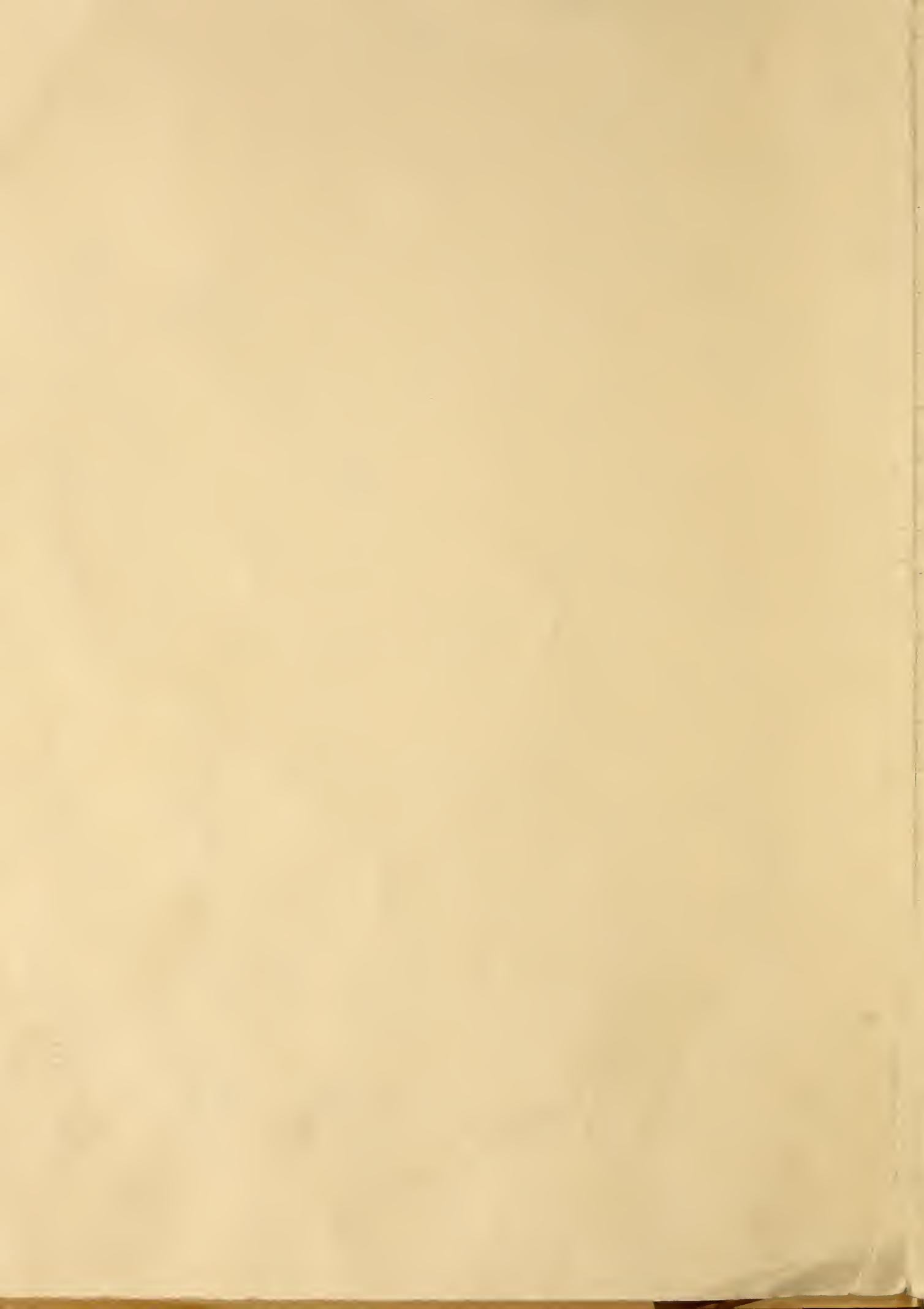
Those were the problems that faced pretty, red-headed June Kuhn when, two years ago, she became the bride of Bob Crosby, whose Camel Caravan dance programs are heard Saturday nights on NBC. That she solved them and succeeded in making a perfect home, a beautiful marriage, and an idyllic love story come true, is a tribute to the common sense of a girl who won't be 21 until her next birthday.

Two years ago she was only a slim, lovely undergraduate at Sarah Lawrence College, a smart girls' school in Bronxville, New York—a girl with text-books under her arm, a love of life and swing—(Continued on page 51)

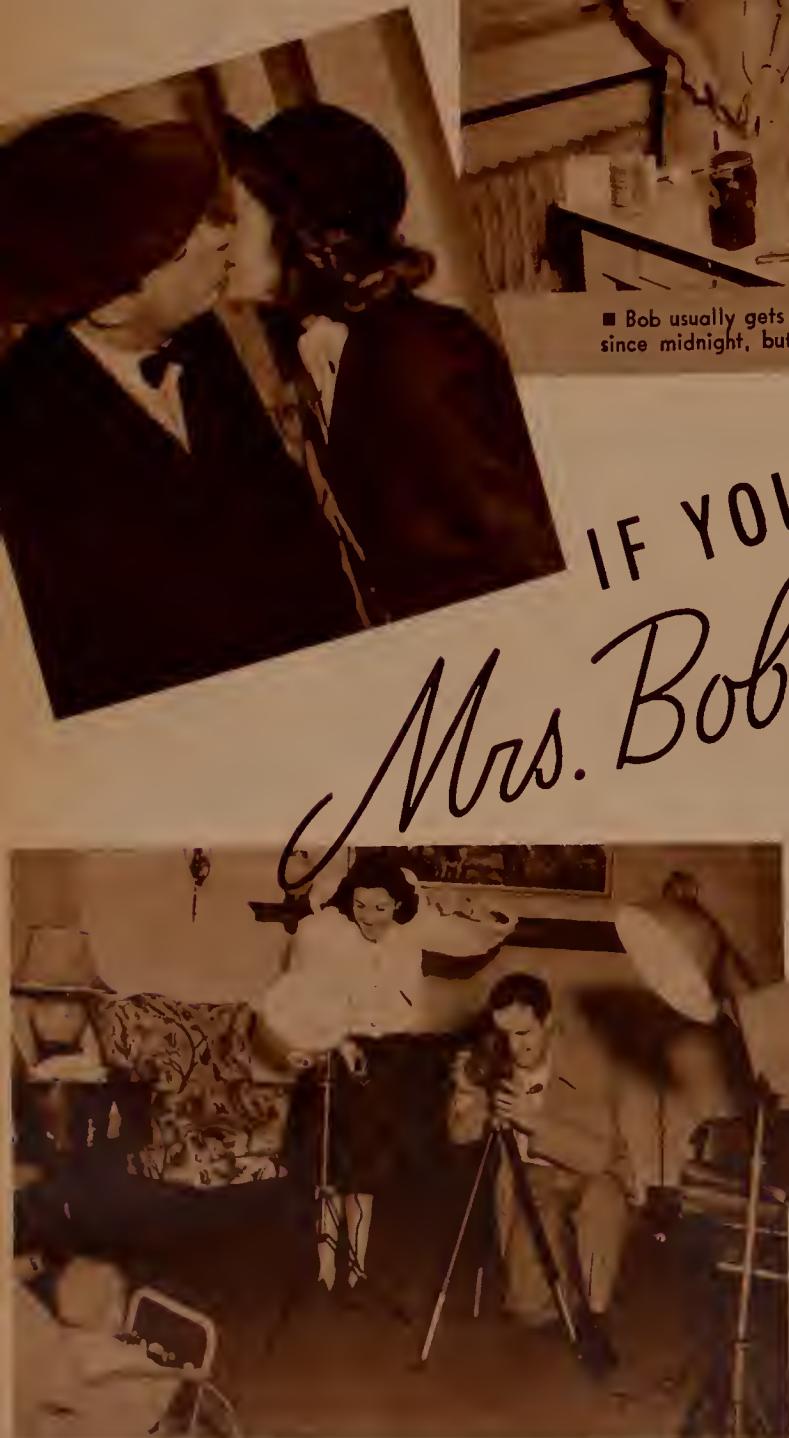


■ Bob can usually be counted on to accompany June on shopping trips (left) and he is always the one who selects the steaks.

■ Dinner together is one of the big events of the day. Right afterwards, Bob rushes to his work at the Hotel New Yorker.



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# It's A Small World

For lovers and dancers—a delightfully gay new song by the band leader whose Dixieland music you hear Saturday nights over NBC

Words and Music by  
BOB CROSBY

The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation in G major, common time. The lyrics are integrated into the melody.

**Staff 1:**

I hopped on a train you jumped on a plane, We went so far a-part we thot we'd

**Staff 2:**

not be back a-gain, But IT'S A SMALL WORLD When you're in love — I

**Staff 3:**

thot we'd both for-get Had no chance to meet and then one day I bumped in to you

**Staff 4:**

walk-ing down the street, So IT'S A SMALL WORLD when you're in love — Af-ter

trav'ling. man-y, man-y miles Try-ing to e-vade love's do-min-ion. The same moon.

cov-er'd us with smiles Tell-ing us to change our o - pin-ion. I've heard man-y times

that the earth was round And yet it seemed so flat un-til we met a-gain and found, That IT'S A

SMALL WORLD— when you're in love. 1 I love. 2 rit.

# How to Sing for Money

DAY TO THE ORDER OF YOU THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS January 25, 1940 No. 1000 \$ 100,000 DOLLARS The Public

By CHARLES HENDERSON (with Charles Palmer)

**Frances Langford Says:**

"Any singer, even the most successful, will learn a lot from this book. Of course, to the beginner, it's actually priceless."

**W**HAT have Deanna Durbin, Ethel Merman, Kenny Baker or Bing Crosby got that you haven't?

Well—maybe nothing at all but knowledge. You never know until you try. It may just be that your voice is—or rather, could be—just as good as that of any big star. And that's the reason I've written the series of articles: to show you how you can capitalize on your voice.

Last month and the month before, you and I started out on the road of learning to sing popular music. We looked over the various types of popular songs and decided which type you, with your natural vocal equipment, should concentrate on. You committed to memory—I hope—the six spotlights of popular singing: naturalness of voice and man-

ner, clear and attractive diction, creation of a single mood, authority, sincerity and vitality, and showmanship.

Then, for a while, we studied a song and learned how to "set" it—that is, prepare it for singing, taking up the question of phrasing, pacing, choosing the proper key, and so on.

And now I want to repeat something I've told you before—that ninety per cent of today's popular singing is done in front of microphones, and that therefore it's no longer necessary for a singer to have a voice that fills Madison Square Garden. But it is necessary, if he wants to qualify to be in that ninety per cent of all popular singers, to know all there is to know about singing for a microphone. And that's what today's lesson is about.



■ This girl is so scared she actually imagines that the mike is leering up at her.

There was a broadcasting studio sequence in the 20th-Fox picture "Wake Up and Live" which gave me a grand laugh. Jack Haley was supposed to be going on the air for the first time, scared to death. So scared in fact, that the mike actually rose from its pedestal and leered toward him, making horrible faces. Most singers seem to feel about the mike much as Jack did in the picture. I've seen veterans stand in front of it with the knuckles standing out white on their hands, tense with fear. And without any reason.

## Attention, all you in search of stardom! Read this unique series by a famous coach who explains this month how to make friends with a beginner's worst enemy—the microphone

For the microphone is the average singer's best friend, without which the only singing audience of his life would probably be the other occupant of a canoe. Girls whose voices are too small to call young sister home from across the street snuggle those small voices into the mike, give entertainment to millions of people, and buy annuities with the proceeds. Paradoxically, the mike is unfriendly by nature only to trained singers with big, glorious voices; and that unfriendliness can be overcome with a little intelligent courting.

The mike is an electrical ear, somewhat less comprehending, and less quickly adaptable to sudden changes in volume than the human ear. Being one ear and not two, it doesn't report quite as accurately in some ways. But since its product is amplified to many times the original volume, it exaggerates little faults which the human ear would pass over.

Let's go behind the scenes and see what goes on.

Overlooking you as you sing for radio, records or pictures is a control room, sound-proofed so that its occupants may hear your voice only as the mike transmits it. In back of

Indicator) which shows how much volume is feeding out.

Your problem as a singer is to keep your voice from fluctuating the needle too much, from moving it too suddenly, and from bending it against the far side of the dial with a sudden blast. And that, as far as strict microphone technique is concerned, is the whole problem.

### Have You a Microphone Voice?

The best mike voice has resonance. This quality must be a fundamental in the natural voice timbre. The mike discards a lot of the trimmings and goes to the heart of things, to the fundamental voice qualities; which is the reason why some performers can go on the air with a severe head cold and no listener be the wiser; it's the fundamental tones which are broadcast or recorded.

Of course, some voices are naturally phonogenic; that is, they sound well over the microphone. The only way to tell about your own is to try it, and get some expert opinions.

The good mike voice must have balance. There must be a balance between the different sounds. Sing the word *love*, and notice how the

Sometimes the offending quality is superficial, and can be cleaned up. Excessive breathiness is one; the breath comes through with the tone, and sounds like the grating of static over the speaker. Again, the top notes may be shrill or out of balance until the singer learns to "mask" them. A good voice teacher may correct these faults.

Perhaps only certain notes or certain sounds are bad, in which case the job is simply to locate the offending item; once it's located, a little experimenting with a co-operative monitor, or with personal recordings, will produce the cure. Again the V. I. needle is the guide. It is flipped up by certain shrill tone qualities as well as by blasts of volume; the singer's "flat" sounding of the vowel in a word such as *wide* or *hat* may be as destructive as a sudden loud blast. Crosby can roar in that highly phonogenic voice of his and the needle will barely move, whereas a French opera singer can almost throw the station off the air with a cutting whisper. Careful, analytical experimentation is the answer.

Many people still have the idea that the only microphone voice is that of the crooner. This isn't so.



■ Now, this girl is relaxed—she sings into the mike as she would talk to a friend.



■ Memorize your songs so that you won't have to put your chin in your chest to read the music.



■ A tip for radio singers—watch the man in the control room for that okay signal.

the glass screen (which lets him watch you as you sing) is the sound-engineer or technician, usually called the Monitor. Essentially, he controls the volume which the mikes feed to the air. He can bring up your too-soft tones and cut down your overly loud or shrill ones. By turning up the knob which controls your mike, and turning down the one which is picking up your accompaniment, he can make your little voice overshadow the blasting of the biggest orchestra.

His guide is the skittering needle on the dial of the "V.I." (Volume

consonants *l* and *v* are naturally softer than the vowel *o*, apt to be overshadowed and lost unless you "bring them up" for the mike.

The bad mike voice has, of course, some unpleasant quality in it. If this quality is fundamental, it's incurable; and the singer must look to some other field (such as bands or the stage) where the microphone doesn't enter except possibly in connection with a Public Address system. The incurably bad mike voice has some harsh, metallic quality, diamond-cutting sharpness, or gravelly rasp imbedded in it.

Real crooning is almost whispering, putting complete dependence on the microphone. Though an accepted microphone technique, it isn't really "singing" as such. My idea of the best microphone volume is that of the voice which would be heard in a moderate space without the help of the mike. Crooning is a specialized technique; if it isn't natural and comfortable, don't attempt it. Crooning, and the "small voice" which the mike has made commercial, are two different things.

Equipment has been so much improved that (Continued on page 65)

# Our Gal Sunday's Romance

## The Story:

ONLY half an hour after her marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope, Sunday was confronting a woman who said that she, Diane Bradford, was the mother of Henry's year-old son. And, when he was shown a letter he had written to Diane, Henry could not deny the accusation.

Belief in Henry's guilt was made all the easier for Sunday when she remembered that Arthur Brinthrope, his younger brother, had once wanted her to run away with him—without marriage. Arthur had disappeared after Jackey, Sunday's guardian, had almost killed him, and Henry had told her his brother was the scoundrel of the family—but might not that same cowardly and unprincipled streak be in Henry too?

Heartbroken, Sunday left Brinthrope Manor and returned to America with Jackey and Lively, her other guardian. With her she took Diane's baby, Lonnie, for Diane was ill and the doctors had told her, she said, that she could not live much longer.

It was not easy for Sunday to start life over again. It was impossible to return to Silver Creek, Colorado, where she had lived ever since Jackey and Lively had found her as a baby on the doorstep of their cabin—for Silver Creek held too many memories of her romance with Henry, and too, it would be the first place Henry would look for her. Her only friend, Bill Jenkins—who once had hoped to marry her—now was the husband of Joan Allen, a girl who had spent her vacation at a dude ranch near Silver Creek.

Sunday and the two old men decided to settle in Blue Ridge, Kansas—a town they chose at random. But Sunday could find no work there, and they were just moving on when she read in a newspaper that Henry was in New York, very ill from the strain of trying to find her. Though still

convinced they could never be happy together, she went to New York to see him, leaving the baby behind with Jackey and Lively. In New York, she found Henry delirious and calling for her, but her presence calmed him and set him upon the road to recovery.

By accident, Sunday met Bill Jenkins on the street, and he told her that he and his wife had separated, and that he himself would return to Silver Creek as soon as he had finished some business matters. When he learned that Sunday refused to return to Lord Henry, and that she had no job, Bill suggested that she go with him to Linden, Illinois, where his cousin, a wealthy manufacturer, might be able to give her work. . . .

**B**UT Bill did not go to Linden with Sunday, after all. His business in New York took him longer than he had expected, and rather than wait for him, Sunday decided to go by herself, meanwhile wiring Jackey and Lively to meet her there with Lonnie.

A few hours after she arrived she was sitting in the office of Brad Jenkins, Bill's cousin.

He was not at all the man she had expected to see. He was much older and much sterner than Bill; his hair was quite gray, and there were deep lines between his eyes and from his nostrils to his mouth.

"I hardly know what to say to you, Miss—" he began.

"Mrs. Blake," she said, as he paused, using the name she had taken in Blue Ridge.

"Yes. Mrs. Blake." He looked down at the letter from Bill she had brought him. "I don't think my cousin quite realizes—The fact is, I've just been forced to lay off fifty



■ This is a fictionization of the CBS serial, Our

of my old employees. If I had any jobs to give, I'd be obligated to think of them first—"

He was interrupted just then, as the door of his office flew open and a pretty, middle-aged woman, expensively dressed, entered. "Brad," she began before she was fairly into the room, "I simply must have—Oh. Oh, I didn't realize you were busy!"

The lines between Brad Jenkins' eyes grew deeper. "Mrs. Blake



■ At least this once it could  
happen—a broken heart  
miraculously mended when  
Sunday discovers Henry's  
love is stronger than deceit  
or hatred or disillusionment

"Arthur, here she is! Sunday, may I present Arthur Brinthope?" Sunday saw his delighted smile, caught the look of sly malice in his eyes.

**Gal Sunday, heard Monday through Friday, sponsored by Kolynos Toothpowder and Anacin.**

—this is my wife," he said shortly. Mrs. Jenkins' greeting was cordial enough—in fact, she seemed to Sunday a friendly little person, perhaps a little vain and flighty, but generous in heart and mind. Bubbling apologies, she perched on the edge of a chair, insisting that she would wait until her husband had finished his business with Sunday.

—So," Jenkins resumed, while Sunday's heart sank, "I'm afraid my

answer would have to be the same—even if you had a family to support."

"Oh, but I have," Sunday said eagerly. "I have a little baby—and two old men—well, they're really my guardians, but they're not able to work much. And I can do any kind of work you have. I don't care what it is!"

His businessman's face softened, and for the first time she saw that

he was not really so forbidding. "I'm sorry, my dear—I really am. I wish I could help you, but—"

"Brad!" Mrs. Jenkins was bouncing in her chair with excitement. "I have a job for her! Of course! I've been looking for a secretary, and Mrs. Blake would be the very person."

"A secretary? But what in the world do you need a secretary for, Laura?"

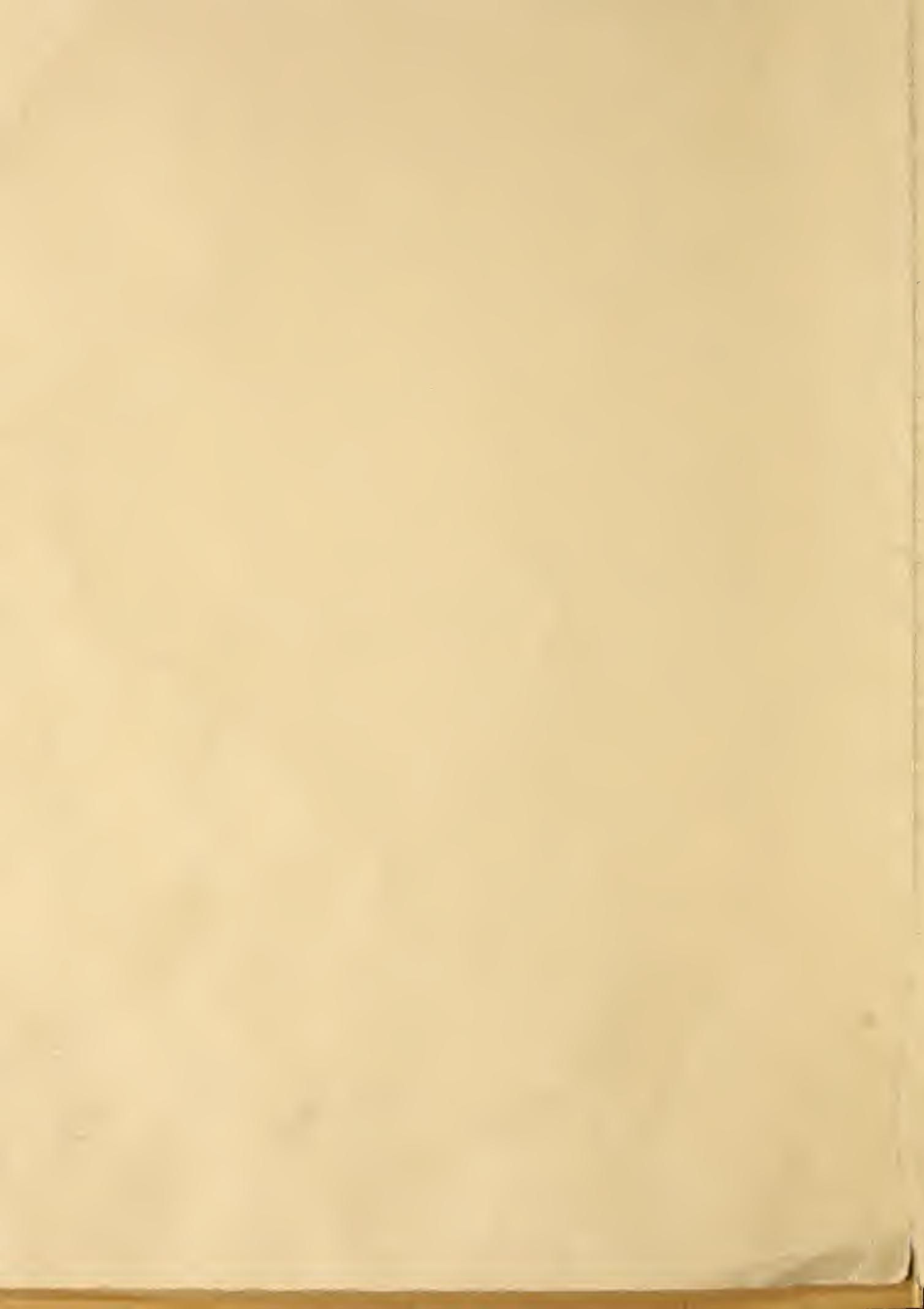
"Oh—" vaguely—"lots of things. If Alice Garretson has to have a secretary, I guess I need one too."

The shadow of a smile touched Brad Jenkins' lips. "I see. Perhaps you're right. At any rate, Mrs. Blake, I'm glad we're able to do something for you."

And so it was settled. Sunday was to report at the Jenkins home for work the next day, at a salary of twenty dollars a week—which seemed far too much to her, but Laura Jenkins said she wouldn't pay a cent less.

In the days that followed Sunday knew happiness for the first time since that horrible moment when Diane Bradford had showed her Henry's letter, tacitly admitting that he was Lonnie's father.

Jickey and Lively arrived one afternoon, with Lonnie propped up with blankets in the back seat of the rusty old second-hand car and crowing lustily. Sunday, feeling the warm softness of his hands against her cheek again, cried a little and was not ashamed of it. She had found a tiny apartment, one room and kitchenette, for herself and the baby, and (Continued on page 60)



# Our Gal Sunday's Romance

## The Story:

ONLY half an hour after her marriage to Lord Henry Brinthope, Sunday was confronting a woman who said that she, Diane Bradford, was the mother of Henry's year-old son. And, when he was shown a letter he had written to Diane, Henry could not deny the accusation.

Belief in Henry's guilt was made all the easier for Sunday when she remembered that Arthur Brinthope, his younger brother, had once wanted her to run away with him—without marriage. Arthur had disappeared after Jackey, Sunday's guardian, had almost killed him, and Henry had told her his brother was the scapegrace of the family—but might not that same cowardly and unprincipled streak be in Henry too?

Heartbroken, Sunday left Brinthope Manor and returned to America with Jackey and Lively, her other guardian. With her she took Diane's baby, Lonnie, for Diane was ill and the doctors had told her, she said, that she could not live much longer.

It was not easy for Sunday to start life over again. It was impossible to return to Silver Creek, Colorado, where she had lived ever since Jackey and Lively had found her as a baby on the doorstep of their cabin—for Silver Creek held too many memories of her romance with Henry, and too, it would be the first place Henry would look for her. Her only friend, Bill Jenkins—who once had hoped to marry her—now was the husband of Joan Allen, a girl who had spent her vacation at a dude ranch near Silver Creek.

Sunday and the two old men decided to settle in Blue Ridge, Kansas—a town they chose at random. But Sunday could find no work there, and they were just moving on when she read in a newspaper that Henry was in New York, very ill from the strain of trying to find her. Though still

convinced they could never be happy together, she went to New York to see him, leaving the baby behind with Jackey and Lively. In New York, she found Henry delirious and calling for her, but her presence calmed him and set him upon the road to recovery.

By accident, Sunday met Bill Jenkins on the street, and he told her that he and his wife had separated, and that he himself would return to Silver Creek as soon as he had finished some business matters. When he learned that Sunday refused to return to Lord Henry, and that she had no job, Bill suggested that she go with him to Linden, Illinois, where his cousin, a wealthy manufacturer, might be able to give her work. . . .

BUT Bill did not go to Linden with Sunday, after all. His business in New York took him longer than he had expected, and rather than wait for him, Sunday decided to go by herself, meanwhile wiring Jackey and Lively to meet her there with Lonnie.

A few hours after she arrived she was sitting in the office of Brad Jenkins, Bill's cousin.

He was not at all the man she had expected to see. He was much older and much sterner than Bill; his hair was quite gray, and there were deep lines between his eyes and from his nostrils to his mouth.

"I hardly know what to say to you, Miss—" he began.

"Mrs. Blake," she said, as he paused, using the name she had taken in Blue Ridge.

"Yes. Mrs. Blake." He looked down at the letter from Bill she had brought him. "I don't think my cousin quite realizes—The fact is, I've just been forced to lay off fifty



■ This is a fictionization of the CBS serial, Our

Gal Sunday, heard Monday through Friday, sponsored by Kolynos Toothpowder and Anacin.

of my old employees. If I had any jobs to give, I'd be obligated to think of them first—"

He was interrupted just then, as the door of his office flew open and a pretty, middle-aged woman, expensively dressed, entered. "Brad," she began before she was fairly into the room, "I simply must have—Oh. Oh, I didn't realize you were busy!"

The lines between Brad Jenkins' eyes grew deeper. "Mrs. Blake

—this is my wife," he said shortly. Mrs. Jenkins' greeting was cordial enough—in fact, she seemed to Sunday a friendly little person, perhaps a little vain and flighty, but generous in heart and mind. Bubbling apologies, she perched on the edge of a chair, insisting that she would wait until her husband had finished his business with Sunday.

"Oh, but I have," Sunday said eagerly. "I have a little baby—and two old men—well, they're really my guardians, but they're not able to work much. And I can do any kind of work you have. I don't care what it is!"

"—So," Jenkins resumed, while Sunday's heart sank, "I'm afraid my

answer would have to be the same—even if you had a family to support."

"Oh, but I have," Sunday said pause. "I have a little baby—and two old men—well, they're really my guardians, but they're not able to work much. And I can do any kind of work you have. I don't care what it is!"

His businessman's face softened, and for the first time she saw that

■ At least this once it could happen—a broken heart miraculously mended when Sunday discovers Henry's love is stronger than deceit or hatred or disillusionment

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# Sunshine

Radio Mirror's fashion preview

of styles you'll win applause by  
wearing this summer—or right

now, if you're going on a cruise

■ Glamorous Helen Wood, NBC dramatic actress heard on *Those We Love*, presents a two-piece slack suit of rust and beige, with an attached hood. Left, Barbara Jo Allen, NBC's *Vera Vague*, wears a three-piece playsuit with a badminton-print top.

As previewed at Palm Springs' fashionable El Mirador Hotel.

# Ahead

■ For a casual sports dress, Miss Wood selected this pale green angora wool. Simply designed, it features crystal buttons down the front and a "Phil Socket" belt.



■ A smart new slacks outfit as worn by Barbara Jo Allen —white sharkskin slacks and plaid shirt of crist cloth with a purple raffia belt.



■ After the swim Miss Woods dons this soft, white sweater. Rosemary DeCamp, far right, NBC actress, in a four-piece outfit. The slacks—and the shorts, underneath—are purple; shirt yellow—and jacket blue.



RADIO'S  
PHOTO-  
MIRROR





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RADIO'S  
PHOTO-  
MIRROR

# THAT OTHERS



Every Sunday, on CBS, stars of Hollywood appear free on the Screen Actors Guild program, giving away the talent for which they could easily charge thousands of dollars. Above, Shirley Temple and Nelson Eddy; left, Bob Hope.

ACH Sunday afternoon the great names of Hollywood—the Gables, the Powers, the Lombards and the Crawfords—stand before the microphone of the Gulf-Screen Guild show. Standing there they individually give away what could easily bring them thousands upon thousands of dollars.

Why?

Because a dream of stone, steel and happiness must be made to come true, and a wide white door on a side street kept forever open.

Because this star-studded Sunday afternoon program is Hollywood's way of saying, "I am my brother's keeper."

For many years Hollywood was a happy-go-lucky sort of place whose fame-touched children lived only in the glowing, opulent present. It gave scant thought to the past, even less to the future. It had one creed:

every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Today all that is changed. Hollywood has grown up to its responsibilities. It is facing the inevitable problems of need and heartbreak within its ranks and facing them squarely.

Man's humanity to man, however, costs more than words of sympathy; it costs great sums of cash.

Cash—\$10,000 in cash—is what the Screen Actors Guild is paid every Sunday for that half-hour on the air. But the Mickey Rooneys and Shirley Temples, the James Cagneys and Gracie Allens whose freely given talent make the program the most varied on the air, prefer to think of that weekly check in terms of the lives it saves, the suicides it prevents, the babies it brings back to health, the new joy it creates for countless discour-



■ Here is Hollywood's wide white door—

aged, disillusioned fellow-humans.

That is why this is such a gripping story—because it tells so simply what fellow human beings will do for each other, and it shows so clearly how, under the everyday surface of our greed and our selfishness, there remains a longing to help others, to bring happiness to the desolate.

Here are some of the people for whom Hollywood gives its time and talent. I want you to meet them:

You knew the real name of Mr.

■ The true story of a thrilling radio program on which stars work for nothing

# MAY LIVE

By

CAROLYN HOYT



Above, the executives of the Motion Picture Relief Fund—Lucille Gleason, Conrad Nagel, President Jean Hersholt and Ralph Morgan. Right, Lew Ayres and Ronald Colman get down to real work for one of the rehearsals.



pened, only that it did. Here was an actor as competent as ever, whose private life was scrupulously lived. Yet almost overnight the movie-going public turned from him. His studio soon followed suit. His contract was not renewed.

Bad news, when it is bad box-office news, travels fast in flicker town. Incredibly, no other studio sought him out. Before many months his former friends and employers were saying, "Wonder whatever happened to X?"

There followed a three year nightmare. It also is called Keeping Up a Front.

Unfortunately this is particularly true of Hollywood: if you have—or appear to have—you can get; if you have not, you get not. The quickest route to professional suicide is the public admission by act or word that saving a few pennies

and cutting a few corners might not be a bad idea. You are valued at the face value you place upon yourself. It is stupid but true.

Knowing this, X frantically poured fruitless thousands after thousands of dollars of his savings in keeping up the conventional front of success. Expensive home, servants, big cars, lavish entertaining. Desperately he piled mortgage upon mortgage to stave off admission of his plight. Everything going out. Nothing coming in.

Still he could get no work. He wasn't seeking stardom or even featured roles. He wanted work, any kind of work. Bit parts, a sequence or two, even extra work. Each time he asked he received the same ironic answer:

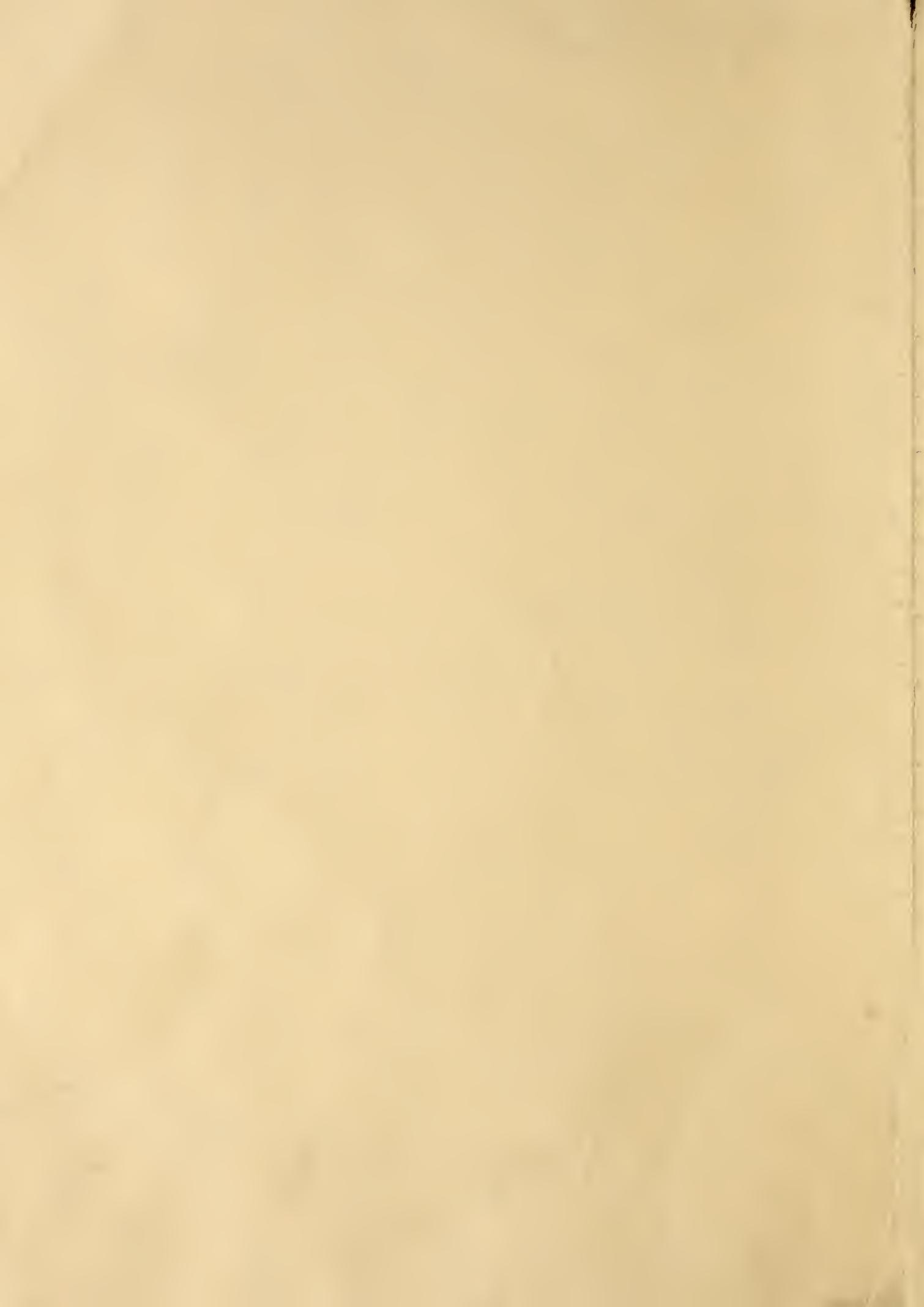
"Why man, you can't afford to be seen in such a role. It would ruin your career!" (Cont'd on page 84)

Some of the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

X not long ago, blazoned the way it was on billboards, newspapers and the screens of the nation. He made you roar at his antics and your throat throb with some tenderly done bit of pathos. You loved him because he entertained you. Producers loved the vast sums of money he made for them. His friends loved his unspoiled charm and fawned his generosity in a touch for five or fifty.

Suddenly his fine world crashed. No one knew how or why it hap-

In order that suffering may disappear and Hollywood's great charity continue



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CAROLYN HOYT



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The true story of a thrilling radio program on which stars work for nothing



*Must send  
that recipe  
to Radio  
Mirror today*

H AVE you entered? There's really no excuse if you haven't because I want every one of my readers to get in on the most exciting contest for housewives I know about. You'll find all the rules elsewhere on this page, and the grand prizes too. There's still plenty of time for you to become one of the winners, and think of the fun of swapping recipes with women in all parts of the United States!

So send in your favorite recipe right now.

While you do, I'm going to tell you about a favorite food of mine—waffles. A favorite because—though you may not realize it—they can be served over a dozen different ways, so that they make a delicious Sunday night supper as well as a breakfast, so that you can serve them at luncheon or as a midnight repast. It's truly amazing the different dresses you can fashion for waffles.

So if you've neglected waffles lately because you were tired of them, get out the iron and become the best hostess in town.

Let's start with a basic recipe for waffles, one that has always worked beautifully with me. Serve them with the traditional butter and plenty of delicious maple syrup. Or, and here's the first of the many ways, serve them with any jelly, jam or marmalade that your taste dictates.

The best recipe I know for achieving the perfect, crisp waffle illustrated is the following one:

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1¼ cups milk
- 5 tbls. butter, margarine or other shortening, melted
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine egg yolks and milk and add gradually to flour, beating only until smooth. Add melted shortening, fold in egg whites and bake in hot waffle iron.

There's almost no end to the variety of ways for serving waffles, all of them delicious. For luncheon or Sunday night supper, when you want something more substantial, serve creamed mixtures on top of your waffles. Creamed chicken, turkey, tuna fish, shrimps, chipped beef or eggs are excellent. So is any leftover roast, cut into small cubes and heated in its own gravy, or a cheese and tomato sauce, made by melting grated cheese (one to two cups, depending upon your taste) in a can of cream of tomato soup.

Broiled ham and fried peaches also seem to have a natural affinity for waffles. While the ham is broiling, pour a little of the fat into a skillet. Add peeled and sliced peaches and cook over a low flame until the peaches are tender. Add sugar to taste and turn frequently so that the sugar will not carmelize and cause the fruit to burn. Tiny broiled sausages, fried apples and waffles are another delicious combination.

And now we come to waffles served as a dessert. Unusual, yes, but no dessert is more delectable. They may be served with fresh fruits—strawberries, blackberries, raspberries or peaches—chopped or mashed and sweetened just as you prepare them for shortcake and topped with whipped cream. Hard sauce, made by creaming together one-fourth cup butter, three-fourths cup sugar and one-half teaspoon vanilla or other flavoring, is another taste tempter, and for really festive occasions place a scoop of ice cream on each waffle, with maple syrup or chocolate sauce poured over it.

But don't think, when you've served waffles in all these ways, that you've reached the end of their in-

#### THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE .....	\$50.00 IN CASH
SECOND PRIZE .....	25.00 IN CASH
THIRD PRIZE .....	15.00 IN CASH

55 PRIZES OF \$2.00 EACH IN CASH

50 Additional Prizes of General Foods  
Beautiful Special Gift Packages

#### OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

COOKING CORNER RECIPE CONTEST  
Radio Mirror Magazine, P. O. Box 556  
Grand Central Station, N. Y., N. Y.

Please enter the attached original recipe in your contest under the conditions governing the competition as detailed in RADIO MIRROR.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Single ( ) Married ( ) Number in Family ( )

# The Cooking Corner

By KATE SMITH  
RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELLOR

■ Good things to eat will win valuable prizes — and you can get in on the fun by entering your favorite recipe in this contest for all women!



Listen to Kate Smith's daytime talks Monday through Friday at 12 noon, E.S.T., and to her variety show Friday night, both over CBS.

## THE RULES

finite variety. Far from it. Still more treats are in store. For further variation, additional ingredients (half a cup is the proper proportion for the recipe given above) may be stirred into the waffle batter itself just before the egg whites are folded in. Nuts—walnuts, pecans, almonds or Brazil nuts—dates and raisins are especially good. Remember to chop them small, for large pieces will prevent your waffle iron from closing tightly and your waffle will not bake properly.

A tablespoonful of grated orange rind will give an elusive flavor and many canned fruits such as cherries, apricots or pineapple can be used to advantage. They must be chopped small and well drained, otherwise the juice will thin out your batter too much.

With all these variations to try out I'm sure you'll be working your waffle iron overtime. But take time out to send in your favorite recipe. Whether it's a cake or a ragout, a soup or a salad; it may win for you one of the many prizes listed on the opposite page.

Just an everyday waffle—but let  
Kate tell you about all the many  
delicious ways of glorifying it.

1. Recipes must be typewritten or plainly written on one side of sheet only.
2. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, economy, nutritional value and appeal to the eye as well as the palate.
3. For the best entry judged on this basis RADIO MIRROR will award a cash first prize of \$50.00. The next best recipe will receive \$25.00 and the third will be awarded \$15.00. In the order of their excellence the fifty-five entries next best will be awarded prizes of \$2.00 each. The next 50 best recipes will be awarded special gift packages of General Foods products. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. The judges will be Kate Smith, conductor of the Cooking Corner, and the editors of RADIO MIRROR, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. Each entry must be accompanied by an official entry coupon clipped from RADIO MIRROR Magazine. All winning recipes will become the property of RADIO MIRROR for publication and use wherever desired.
6. Address entries to Cooking Corner Recipe Contest, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, April 15, 1940, which is the closing date of this contest.

# HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Tune in George Fisher's Hollywood gossip every Saturday night over MBS.

**D**ON AMECHE will pocket five thousand dollars a week when he returns to the radiolanes, on that half hour dramatic spot. Don turned down \$3,000 weekly when his former sponsors tried to re-sign him.

\* \* \*

The new "Oomph" man, Jerry Colonna, was hand-picked by his biggest booster, Bob Hope. It was the nicest case of "fixing" I've seen in a long time, but then it was all a gag so no one was really hurt. I'm sure Jerry will never take the title seriously.

\* \* \*

Speaking of Hope, he could improve his programs (and they don't need too much improving) by eliminating so many references to his pictures.

\* \* \*

Credit Jay Paley with producing some of the smartest drama shows emanating from Hollywood. He directs Charles Boyer's programs.

\* \* \*

## BABYLAND BULLETIN!

The Jimmie Fidlers will adopt a Los Angeles baby in June.

\* \* \*

Bill Bacher's Movie Nights on the radio don't seem to be worth the thirty G's Darryl Zanuck is putting out.

\* \* \*

Now that Dick Powell and Martha Raye have proved their point; that it was bad pictures not bad performances that cut down their movie careers—you can not only expect to see them on the celluloid again, but you can mark another radio opportunity for them on your calendar in June! Maybe sooner.

\* \* \*

John Conte, the singer-announcer, has added screen starlet Laraine Day to his long list of Hollywood romances.

\* \* \*

Truman Bradley, whose cultured voice was a fixture for four years on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, and more recently has been announcing the Burns and Allen fun show between film (Continued on page 74)



■ No war-hero talk, please, for Charles Boyer, shown above with his air leading-lady, Gale Page.

■ One-time movie star Esther Ralston has come to radio as Marcelle Hudnall in CBS' Our Gal Sunday.

■ Another "Dark Victory" for Bette Davis was the Lux broadcast of that great film—below, Bette, Spencer Tracy, and Lurene Tuttle.





Like almost all other fresh fruits, strawberries yield Dextrose sugar—which is a most valuable energy "fuel" for the body.

# Luscious ripe Strawberries are rich in pure Dextrose Sugar...and so is delicious Baby Ruth

The natural goodness of Baby Ruth comes from the natural foods so deliciously blended to make this fine candy—such foods as milk, butter, eggs, chocolate, fresh, plump peanuts—and pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Doesn't that explain why Baby Ruth is fine candy and fine food?

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY... CHICAGO



By actual energy tests,  
a 150-lb. athlete can run  
almost 4 miles at a  
speed of more than 5  
miles per hour on the  
**FOOD ENERGY**  
contained in one 5c bar  
of delicious Baby Ruth  
Candy.



AT CANDY COUNTERS  
EVERYWHERE



The most beautiful  
finger nails in the world

**LOOK FOR THE FINGERNAIL CAP**

At all cosmetic counters you'll quickly spy the exclusive Dura-Gloss finger-nail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish—same as inside the bottle! Banishes messy experimenting, disappointment. You get just the color you want! Look for the Dura-Gloss finger-nail bottle cap!

10¢



It's breath-taking, the new gem-hard, lustrous beauty of the nail polish that's different—Dura-Gloss! Have this fingernail beauty yourself. Tint your nails with Dura-Gloss today...you'll adore it because it lasts longer, flows on easier! See the lovely, fashion-right shades, and buy a different shade for every frock! For Dura-Gloss costs (*not* fifty cents! *not* a dollar!) only 10 cents a bottle! So get it today!

**OTHER DURA-GLOSS PRODUCTS**

DURA-GLOSS Nail Polish Thinner      DURA-GLOSS Polish Remover  
DURA-GLOSS Dura-Coat (polish base)      DURA-GLOSS Cuticle Remover  
DURA-GLOSS Cuticle Lotion

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERSON, N. J.

# DURA-GLOSS

# Facing the Music



■ The big tuning fork is just a joke—the Andrews Sisters don't really need it. From left to right, Maxene, Patty, LaVerne.



The "Oh, Johnny!" pair—  
Orrin Tucker and his pretty singer, Bonnie Baker.

HERE is a good chance that Orrin Tucker will replace Guy Lombardo at New York's Hotel Roosevelt this Spring. This will surprise some who remember that Tucker replaced Guy in this spot several years ago and failed to captivate New York. But on the strength of his "Oh, Johnny" recording and the sudden prominence of vocalist Bonnie Baker, plus his Lucky Strike commercial, the story may be different this time.

\* \* \*

Those in the know say the swank Waldorf-Astoria will never book another swing band. Benny Goodman's last appearance did not measure up. More and more the trend is toward sweet rhythm.

\* \* \*

Evelyn Poe replaced Claire Martin with Bob Zurke . . . Rosaline Stewart is the new Babs of the Smoothies . . . Eddie Stone, formerly with Isham Jones, sings occasionally with Freddie Martin.

\* \* \*

Larry Clinton will henceforth record only original and standard num-

bers and no more popular tunes.

\* \* \*

Jules Alberti is the latest dance band leader. He was formerly Benay Venuta's manager. He's got a style, too; calls it "tap-a-rhythm" and employs two tap dancers as regular members of his band to employ this clog effect. You can hear him over MBS from Forest Hills, L. I.

\* \* \*

Keep your ears tuned to young Bobby Byrne, formerly J. Dorsey's

**By KEN ALDEN**

trombonist. He's making rapid strides over Mutual Broadcasting System.

\* \* \*

Robbins Music have just published a unique and valuable piano contribution titled "29 Modern Piano Interpretations of Swanee River." It sells for \$1.50 and is a bargain when you consider such renowned though widely diversified composers as Claude Thornhill, Teddy Wilson, Peter De Rose, Dana Seusse, Vernon Duke, Johnny Green, Victor Young, Bob Zurke and Ferde Grofe, have tried a hand at these variations.

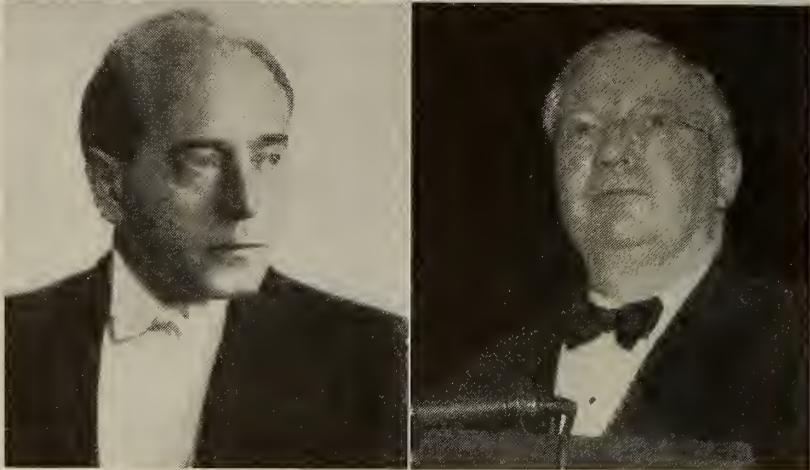
(Continued on page 81)

## PACIFIC STANDARD TIME

## Eastern Standard Time

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	CBS: News
	8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
	8:30	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
	8:30	CBS: Morning Moods
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Today in Europe
	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Four Showmen
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Tom Teriss
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Morning Musicals
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
	9:30	10:30 CBS: March of Games
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Four Belles
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Children's Hour
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Happy Jim Parsons
	10:05	11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
	8:30	10:30 11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
	8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
	8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: News
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Music and Youth
	9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
	9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book
	9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
	9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: On the Job
	10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
	10:00	12:00 1:00 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
	10:00	12:00 1:00 NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
	10:15	12:15 1:15 NBC-Blue: Vass Family
	10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Grand Hotel
	10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Moods
	10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today
	11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Democracy in Action
	11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: Great Plays
	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
	11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: So You Think You Know Music
	11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
	12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: N. Y. PHILHARMONIC
	12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Norman Cloutier's Orch.
	1:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: I Want a Divorce
	12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Blue: H. Leopold Spitzay
	12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: News from Europe
	1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
	1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Al Donahue's Orch.
	1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: Pursuit of Happiness
	1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Blue: Richard Himber Orch.
	1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: The World is Yours
	8:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: Hobby Lobby
	2:00	4:00 5:00 MBC: Musical Steelmakers
	2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters
	2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC-Blue: Dinah Shore
	2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats
	9:00	4:30 5:30 CBS: Ben Bernie
	2:30	4:30 5:30 MBS: The Shadow
	2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Met Opera Auditions
	2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Red: Saturday's Child
	3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER
	3:00	5:00 6:00 MBS: Listen America
	3:00	5:00 6:00 NBC-Blue: New Friends of Music
	3:00	5:00 6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
	3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: Gene Autry
	3:30	5:30 6:30 NBC-Red: Beat the Band
	4:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: The War This Week
	4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: News from Europe
	8:30	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
	4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: SCREEN GUILD THEATER
	9:00	6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: Mr. District Attorney
	4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
	7:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: ORSON WELLES
	5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: Festival of Music
	5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE McCARTHY
	5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
	6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: FORD SYMPHONY
	9:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
	6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
	9:15	8:15 9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
	8:15	8:30 9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
	6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
	6:45	8:45 9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
	7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Goodwill Hour
	7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Ellery Queen
	7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
	7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Cheorio
	7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: NBC String Quartet
	10:00	10:30 11:00 CBS: Paul Sullivan
	8:00	10:00 11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

## SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Ford's Conductor Eugene Ormandy . . . and Commentator W. J. Cameron.

## Tune-In Bulletin for March 3, 10, 17 and 24!

March 3: Jose Iturbi, famous pianist, is the guest star on the Ford Haur, CBS at 9:00. Eugene Ormandy waves the baton.

March 10: There's an amusing new musical quiz shaw, with Ted Weems' orchestra, on NBC-Red at 6:30 this afternoon. It's called Beat the Band, and the musicians answer the questions! . . . John Charles Thamas sings on the Ford program, CBS at 9.

March 17: Whet your wits on the Ellery Queen mystery on CBS at 10:00—just after Lawrence Tibbett has finished singing on the Ford Haur.

March 24: Happy Jim Parsons has taken Smilin' Ed McCannell's place on NBC-Blue at 10:45 this morning . . . Richard Craaks sings on the Ford Haur.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Ford Sunday Evening Haur, featuring a symphony orchestra and mixed chorus and famous American guest soloists, an CBS at 9:00.

Six years old and still going strong, the Ford Haur is broadcast every Sunday night before radio's largest visible audience—the auditorium in Detroit where it originates holds 5,000 people and is always full—and it employs one of the largest casts of performers and technicians of any program on the air.

Guest stars don't attend the orchestra rehearsal on Saturday, but wait until the day of the broadcast to put in an appearance. On Sunday morning they drive from their hotel to the Masonic Auditorium about 11 o'clock, and rehearse until about 2, then return to the hotel to rest until the broadcast.

By dint of some tall snapping, your Studio Snaaper can pass on to you the amounts that guest stars and conductors are said to be paid per broadcast by the Ford Company. The figures vary widely for the different artists. Jose Iturbi, the pianist, gets \$2,000; baritone John Charles Thomas' price is \$4,250; baritone Lawrence Tibbett ups the ante to \$4,500; while Richard Craaks pockets \$3,500. Colored contralto Marian Anderson gets \$4,500, Grace Moore \$4,000, and Gladys Swarthout \$2,500. Conductor Eugene Ormandy's fee is \$1,500 a broadcast, but Victor Kalar's is only \$600. The highest fee of all

goes to violinist Jascha Heifetz—\$5,000 for one broadcast.

Early in each broadcast you hear a short talk by William J. Cameron. It's no secret that the philosophies he expresses in these talks are the philosophies of Henry Ford. Cameron is a little round man, very averse to publicity, who has been a friend and business associate of Henry Ford for years. Before that he was a preacher and then a newspaper man. Ford hired him to write editorials in the Dearborn *Independent*, and when the *Independent* shut up shop, Cameron remained as Ford's confidential assistant. He is sixty-one years old, the son of a Canadian father who came to Detroit when William was four years old. Cameron Sr. took out his first American citizenship papers and died in the belief that they were all he needed to be an American. In 1935 W. J. Cameron discovered that he himself wasn't an American citizen, an error which he immediately rectified.

He's married, and has four grown children. He lives in Dearborn, working days in the Ford plant, and spends week ends on his country place, commuting to Detroit on Sunday nights for the broadcast.

Eugene Ormandy and Victor Kalar are the two conductors you will hear leading the orchestra this month. Ormandy is regular conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony, and Kalar conducts the Detroit Symphony.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



DORIS KENYON—who has turned her back on the movies to play Ann Cooper, the heroine of Saturday's Child, the serial on NBC-Red this afternoon at 5:30, E. S. T. Doris, one of America's great beauties, has made enviable careers for herself in movies, the stage, and in concerts, but this is her first regular radio job. She has been married three times, first to the late Milton Sills.

## INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

**Eastern Standard Time**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	8:00 CBS: Today in Europe 8:00 NBC-Red: News
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver 8:15 NBC-Red: Do Your Remember
	8:30 NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet 8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage 9:00 NBC: News
2:30	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB 9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
	2:30 9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Three Romances
	8:45 9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children 8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly 9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge 9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: This Day is Ours 9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House 9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin 9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Stepmother 9:45 10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream 9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
	10:00 11:00 CBS: Short Short Story 10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family 10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:20	10:15 11:15 CBS: Life Begins 8:15 10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone 10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: Big Sister 10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch 10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories 10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
	9:00 11:00 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
	9:15 11:15 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries 9:15 11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
	9:30 11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent 9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour 9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought
	9:45 11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday 9:45 11:45 12:45 MBS: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15 1:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:15	12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: Jack Duggan
	12:45 1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
3:30	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	3:15 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
12:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
12:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
	3:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45 4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45 4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00 CBS: BY KATHLEEN NORRIS
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
	6:00 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Irene Wicker
2:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
3:45	5:45 MBS: Little Orphan Annie
5:15	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
3:00	5:00 CBS: News
3:15	5:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	5:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
4:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: FRED WARING'S GANG
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: BLONDIE
7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
7:30	9:30 10:00 NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
9:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: TUNE UP TIME
9:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes
5:30	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Tomato Pie
8:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: Howard and Sheldon
5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
8:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: The Green Hornet
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: ALEC TEMPLETON
7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Julian Noa, Charme Allen, Dolores Gillen, and Kingsley Colton.

## Tune-In Bulletin for March 4, 11, 18 and 25!

March 4: The Lux Theater has Warner Baxter as its guest star tonight—not that your Studio Snooper guarantees the announcement, because guest star bookings are always subject to change at short notice.  
 March 11: And again, if all goes as planned, the Lux Theater tonight has Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland . . . on CBS at 9:00.  
 March 18: Notice that The Green Hornet, adventure serial, is on NBC-Blue at 9:00, tonight and Wednesday, having moved from its old broadcast time later in the week. . . . The Lux play and star, CBS at 9:00: George Brent in "The Roins Came." His co-stars hadn't been announced when we went to press.  
 March 25: Life Begins is a new serial you'd like. It's on CBS at 11:15 this morning, E.S.T. . . . Ronald Colman and Muriel Angelus are booked for the Lux Theater tonight.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** A Short Short Story, on CBS at 11:00, E.S.T., today, Wednesday and Friday, sponsored by Campbell Soup.

The question is: Why didn't anybody ever think of broadcasting dramatized versions of clever short short stories before? And the answer is: People did, but Campbell Soup was the first sponsor with nerve enough to try it.

A short short story, you don't have to be told if you read many magazines, is a story that can be printed on one page and read in five minutes or so, usually with a surprise twist at the end. Dramatized, they make ideal brief radio plays, suitable for broadcasting in the fifteen minutes this program has on the air.

But up until now, sponsors have been afraid of tackling a series of them because they didn't think enough good short shorts were available. Diana Bourbon, producer of this series, says that so far she hasn't had any trouble finding good ones.

The stories come from all sources. Some are taken from the pages of magazines; some are stories that have never been published; and some are radio scripts turned out by radio writers in dialogue form. As they come into the office of the Word Wheeck Company, the advertising agency which presents the program for Campbells, they are read by o

girl reader who sends the best ones to Miss Bourbon, and the latter, with other officials of the company, selects the one to go on the air. Willis Cooper adopts them to radio.

Willis (his name was Willis until a numerologist advised him to change it) used to write the famous, horrible Lights Out scripts in Chicago. Then he was in Hollywood, where he adopted movies for the Hollywood Hotel program and worked in movie studios. The Wheeck company brought him to New York especially for this series of short short stories.

Diana Bourbon, who directs and produces the shows, is one of radio's few women directors. She's energetic, handsome, and dynamic. The only reason she isn't in the rehearsal picture above is that just as the photographer arrived Diana got a hurry call to go and direct Life Begins, another Campbell program, because the regular director was sick. Diana is also an actress—she was on the stage in London and New York until she went into radio—and you will hear her now and then taking a role in one of the short short stories.

The cost of the program changes with every broadcast, naturally, and all of radio's top-flight actresses and actors are being used, as well as an occasional personality from the New York stage.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**NIGEL BRUCE**—the perpetually bewildered Dr. Watson of *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, on NBC-Blue at 8:00 tonight. Nigel's a member of Hollywood's British colony, though he was born in Lower California, the younger son of an English baronet. He's had a long career on the stage in England and America, came to the movies in 1933, is married and has two young daughters.

Complete Programs from February 28 to March 26

**Eastern Standard Time**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	STANDARD TIME
		8:00 CBS: Today in Europe
		8:00 NBC-Red: News
		8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
		8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:00 NBC: News
		8:05 9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		8:05 9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
		8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Three Romeos
		8:45 9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45 9:45 NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
1:00	9:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
		9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
		9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
		9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: This Day is Ours
		9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
		9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
		9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
		9:45 10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
		9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
		10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Life Begins
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
		10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
		10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: The Traveling Chef
		10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Our Spiritual Life
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 MBS: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Bartal Orch.
		12:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Gallant American Women
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		1:30 2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ms. Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Blue: Irene Wicker
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
		5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
3:45	5:45	5:45 MBS: Little Orphan Annie
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neill's
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
		6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		5:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
		6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: AMOS 'N' ANDY
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jimmie Fidler
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: HELEN MENKEN
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
5:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: La Rosa Concert
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: The Aldrich Family
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: We, The People
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Cavalcade of America
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Meet Mr. Weeks
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: McGEE AND MOLLY
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: BOB HOPE
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Americans at Work
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mammoth Minstrels
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Shebol and Waters—they originated Court of Missing Heirs.

## Tune-In Bulletin for March 5, 12, 19 and 26!

March 5: Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, is back on NBC—she's on the Blue network at 5:15 this afternoon . . . On Americans at Work, CBS at 10:15, the Stock Broker is featured. If you've ever wondered what a Stock Broker is good for, here is your chance to find out.

March 12: Listen to Virginio Verrill sing on Uncle Walter's Doghouse, NBC-Red at 10:30 tonight . . . Still another American at Work tonight is the Dentist.

March 19: There ought to be big doings on the Amos 'n' Andy program, CBS at 7:00, tonight—that is, if anybody remembers that it was just twelve years ago today that Amos 'n' Andy first broadcast over WMAQ in Chicago. . . . The American at Work tonight is the Ice Man.

March 26: A program that's been getting a lot of attention for itself, in its quiet way, is Meet Mr. Weeks, on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:30. Mr. Weeks, who talks and introduces a guest, can best be described as an amiable Alexander Woollcott.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Court of Missing Heirs, on CBS from 8:30 to 8:55 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Ironized Yeast.

You'd think that this program would be "natural" for radio—a show on which the case histories of unclaimed fortunes are dramatized, in the hope that the rightful heirs will hear and present themselves. But it took the originators of the idea, James F. Waters and Alfred Shebol, two years of discouragement before they finally managed to interest a sponsor.

The idea started with Waters, a young lawyer who graduated from De Pauw University in 1928. He went to work in the office of a probate lawyer, but his heart was really in writing, not in law, and his boss shook his head, saying "You'll write yourself out of the law some day, Jim." Jim proved that the boss was correct, soon afterwards. He became fascinated by the old files in the probate courts, filled as they were with stories of unclaimed estates, and in 1932 he came to New York with a list of these stories, hoping to interest a publisher in a book he would write from them. No publisher thought the idea was worth bothering about.

In 1935 he met Alfred Shebol, an old school friend who was then working in the radio department of an advertising agency, and the two of them evolved the program, The Court of Missing Heirs. For two years Shebol worked to support both

himself and Waters, while Waters gave all his time to writing the program, recording it, and trying to sell it. Sponsors were interested, but never enough to sign contracts, until the Skelly Oil Company decided to put the show on a mid-western network of eighteen stations for thirty-nine weeks. When that contract ran out, Waters returned to New York and interested the present sponsors, Ironized Yeast.

In the first four weeks of its network series, the Court found two heirs, Carl Henry Proehl and Gee Jordon, who between them claimed estates of \$58,000. Other possible heirs are being investigated all the time, but none is ever announced on the air until executors of the estates agree that he is likely to be bona-fide.

It's a big job to run the program. Headquarters are in New York, but four field assistants are maintained, in Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Boston—all men with low training who spend their time digging through probate files for unsettled wills which also offer good, colorful stories for dramatization and broadcasting. Waters and Shebol, in New York, go through the piles of letters that come in after every broadcast—sometimes as many as 500 a day—sorting them with the assistance of four girl secretaries and trying to sift out the ones which seem to offer real clues to missing heirs.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**GENEVIEVE ROWE**—soprano on Johnny Presents, tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red. Genevieve came to New York four years ago from a small Ohio town, burdened with singing prizes—Atwater Kent and others. None of them meant anything to radio moguls, so to support herself while she studied at the Juilliard Music School under a scholarship she'd won, she joined the Johnny Presents Swing Fourteen chorus, singing popular music when all her former training had been in the classical variety. After three years one of the sponsors heard her, offered her occasional solo work on the show—and then came stardom.



**Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish,** daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.



BUT BOTH HELP  
KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH  
AND YOUNG LOOKING  
WITH POND'S

**QUESTION TO MISS FISH:**

Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

**ANSWER:** "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you have to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my 'teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."

Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.

**QUESTION TO MISS FISH:**

Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

**ANSWER:** "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleanings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."



Life for a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is having the busiest season she has ever known.

**Miss Janet Holden** of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.



**QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:**

In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

**ANSWER:** "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a good appearance! But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"



**QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:**

Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

**ANSWER:** "Well, Cleveland is mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away . . . by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"



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

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME
8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
8:00	NBC-Red: News
8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	NBC-Blue: Four Showmen
8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30 CBS: School of the Air
8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Three Romeos
8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
1:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: This Day is Ours
9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Stepmother
9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:00	11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15 CBS: Life Begins
8:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Homespun
9:45	11:45 CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY
9:45	11:45 MBS: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	12:00 CBS: THE GOLDBERGS
10:15	12:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:15	12:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Streamline Journal
10:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music
12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00 NBC-Blue: Music for Young Listeners
11:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
1:30	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	2:15 NBC-Blue: Quilting Bee
11:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00 CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
12:15	2:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00 CBS: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	4:45 CBS: SMILIN' ED McCONNELL
3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	5:15 NBC-Blue: Irene Wicker
2:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
2:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
2:45	4:45 MBS: Little Orphan Annie
5:15	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
3:00	5:00 CBS: News
3:15	5:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
5:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
6:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Gulden Serenaders
6:45	6:45 CBS: Lowell Thomas
5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
8:00	6:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Fred Warling's Gang
8:15	6:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
4:15	6:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30	6:30 CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00 CBS: Al Pearce
8:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Johnny Presents
6:30	7:00 NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
8:30	7:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Quick Silver Quiz
8:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Avalon Time
8:00	9:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
6:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Green Hornet
9:30	8:00 NBC-Red: FRED ALLEN
7:00	9:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

## WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Gong: Arlene, Al, Marie, Don, Billy House, and Corl.

### Tune-In Bulletin for February 28, March 6, 13, and 20!

February 28: Today's a good listening day for sports addicts: Ted Husing summarizes the semi-finals of the National Indoor Tennis meet from Madison Square Garden over CBS . . . and Byron Field describes the Junior Championship horse race from Hialeah Park in Florida over Mutual at 4:15.

March 6: Almo Kitchell's Streamline Journal is on Wednesdays now, at 1:30 over NBC-Blue. An especially good program for the feminine half of the country.

March 13: Make this a comedy night—Amos 'n' Andy or Easy Aces at 7:00, Lum and Abner at 7:15, Burns and Allen at 7:30, Al Pearce at 8:00, a little quiet conversation between 8:30 and 9:00, and Fred Allen from 9:00 to 10:00.

March 20: Or for a musical night—Fred Waring at 7:00, Johnny Presents at 8:00, Avalon Time at 8:30 (only there's some comedy here too), and Kay Kyser or Glenn Miller at 10:00.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Al Pearce and His Gong, on CBS at 8:00 P.M., E.S.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., and 9:00 P.S.T.—sponsored by Dole Pineapple, and featuring Arlene Harris, Don Reid, Marie Green and her Merry Men, Carl Hoff and his orchestra, and frequent guest stars, besides Al himself.

A few months ago Al Pearce celebrated his eleventh anniversary in radio. He's come a long way in those eleven years, and the 74-station CBS hookup that you hear him on now is a far cry from the "one-lung" station over which Al and his brother Col used to present their comedy dialogue and songs.

Al rehearses his program now, too, which is something he never used to do in the old days. He still likes to think of the sensation he caused when he first came to New York, after having been a popular listening attraction for several years on the Pacific Coast. He persuaded NBC to let him and his gong have a half-hour spot five afternoons a week, without a sponsor and with very little money. On the first day, he and the rest of the comedians and musicians in the gong walked into the studio a few minutes before the broadcast was scheduled to go on the air, and went ahead without any rehearsal at all. The folks around NBC were shocked and amazed. But what Al didn't tell them was that he and his cast had worked together so long, and so well,

they could knock together an informal half-hour of fun without any trouble at all. A sponsored night-time show is a different matter, though, so the thirty minutes you're listening to are the result of a good week's work.

Like Burns and Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly, and a number of other radio comedies, the Pearce Gong has settled down in Hollywood, lured there by the boom (most of the time) climate and general ease of living. At his comfortable home, Al can indulge his hobby of raising prize-winning dogs, interspersed with a round of golf whenever he feels like playing. He has a big pine-paneled rumpus room in his house, with record-playing equipment installed, where all the members of the Gong can gather on Thursdays and listen to a play-back of the previous night's program.

Wednesday night sees two broadcasts of Al's show—one at five, Hollywood time, for the Eastern and Central time zones, and another at nine for the Pacific and Mountain states. The first one is completely informal in dress, with the Gang wearing anything from business suits and frocks to slacks and sweaters. The second one, though, after dinner, is very fancy, with Arlene Harris and Marie Bell displaying their latest dinner gowns, and the men donning up in dinner jackets. That is, all except Al himself, who invariably wears slacks and a sports jacket.

### SAY HELLO TO . . .

**BURNS MANTLE**—the New York dramatic critic who introduces and narrates the dramatic half of tonight's Texaco Star Theater on CBS at 9:00. Burns is a national authority on the stage. Since 1919 he's selected a yearly group of ten "Best Plays" presented on the New York stage and published condensed versions of them in book form; and he's a walking encyclopedia of theatrical knowledge. He's never written a play himself, though. Burns lives in a suburb of New York City and commutes to begin his working day at five in the afternoon. Actors like him because he never shows off his wit by making fun of a play.



# "Have you ever wished for a BRAND NEW SKIN?"

*Well, you're going to get one!" says Lady Esther*



Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe, a new skin—a new-born skin—is coming to life upon your face, your arms, your whole body!

Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream *lift that veil!* Gently and soothingly it wafts away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

#### Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he's a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

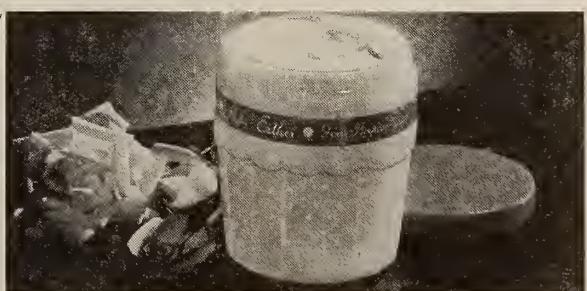
Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream *at my expense*. Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a *perfect* base it makes for your powder. See how it *does* help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it *does* help keep your *Accent on Youth*!

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample *FREE!*

#### *The Miracle of Reborn Skin*

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (54)  
LADY ESTHER, 7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

**Eastern Standard Time**

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
" CENTRAL STANDARD	8:00	NBC-Red: News
	8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:00	NBC: News
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Cadets Quartet
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: This Day is Ours
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Life Begins
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Rosa Lee
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
	11:15	12:15 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: American Life
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
	11:45	12:45 MBS: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Rangers Serenade
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Let's Talk It Over
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Words and Music
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: How Do You Know
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: TED MALONE
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: CLUB MATINEE
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConell
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	6:00 CBS: Billy and Betty
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2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
3:45	5:45	6:00 MBS: Little Orphan Annie
5:15	5:45	6:00 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neill's
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: The Guest Book
	5:30	6:30 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
	6:30	7:30 CBS: You Pop
	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Ask It Basket
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Musical Americana
4:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: George Jessel
9:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Strange as it Seems
	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Joe Penner
9:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Those We Love
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Rochester Philharmonic
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: TOWN MEETING
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Comedian Jessel, singer Benoy Venuta, and onnauncer Grauer.

## Tune-In Bulletin for February 29, March 7, 14, and 21!

February 29: This is the day that makes 1940 a leap year—and Jimmy Duray celebrates his birthday today, too, for the first time in four years. . . . In honor of the day, the Columbo Workshop relinquishes its time at 10:15 tonight to a special show called Leaping Out of Character. It's a crazy sort of program—different CBS celebrities will impersonate each other.

March 7: Rudy Vallee is back, heading a new variety show from Hollywood, at 9:30 tonight on an NBC-Red. . . . The new Good News, during the half-hour just before Vallee, stars Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Fannie Brice or Baby Snooks, and Meredith Willson's orchestra—with Canine Baswell and Edward Arnold missing.

March 14: Radio's biggest orchestra devoted to light music is playing over NBC-Blue at 8:00 to night, in a program called Musical Americano. Raymond Paige directs and there will be a guest star.

March 21: Bad news to Those We Love fans—it's scheduled to leave the air after another couple of broadcasts. You can hear it tonight on NBC-Red at 8:30, though.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** George Jessel's Celebrity Program, on NBC-Red from 8:00 to 8:30, sponsored by Vitalis.

Celebrity program is the right name for this one, because it consists of George Jessel interviewing a handful of celebrities each week—interviewing them, and then asking them to do something to entertain the folks. Most of the celebrities, naturally, are from the stage, radio, or movies, but sometimes George gets a chance to have one from a different walk of life—like the Calorada youngster who wrote not long ago: "I want to be an your program for celebrities because I have hit more teachers in our school with spitballs without being caught than anybody else in the whole school. My friends all say I'm a genius. Will you send me corsets? My Pap says he won't give me any. . . ."

Reluctantly, George had to refuse the offer. NBC has a rule against spitballs.

George Jessel is one of the American stage's famous personalities. Although his experiences in the movies never brought him a great deal of success, he has been active in show business since the days when he and Eddie Cantor and Irving Berlin were kids singing and dancing in a Bowery beerhall. Sam Toub, the NBC sports announcer, lived near that beerhall and knew George and the others—nowadays when he meets George in Rodia

City he always asks after Eddie and Irving—but he didn't approve of bee, and never heard them perform.

Benoy Venuta has only recently been added to the Celebrity program as a permanent salarist, joining the show after having had a variety hour of her own over Mutual. The blonde Benoy is an asset to any broadcast, with her lusty, hearty, singing voice and her good humor.

Sharing honors as George's comedy stooges, and doing their own jabs well into the bargain, are Peter Van Steeden, the orchestra leader, and Ben Grauer, an announcer. The handsome Van Steeden, who also leads the band and cracks wise with Fred Allen, has another side to his activities you probably don't know about, with your ears deafened by the publicity surrounding such band leaders as Benny Goodman or Glenn Miller. During the Junior Prom season in Eastern colleges and prep schools, his band is constantly on the go, because it's the most popular musical group in the business for these affairs.

Ben Grauer, whose first name is Bennett, not Benjamin, was a child movie actor back in the days when Theda Bora and Pauline Frederick were stars. Later, he took juvenile roles on the stage. An audition for a dramatic role in radio in 1930 ended his theatrical career and started him on his way to being one of the air's top-flight announcers.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**VIRGINIA SALE**—who is Martha, the cook, on tonight's serial, Those We Love, on NBC-Red at 8:30. She's the youngest sister of the late Chic Sale, comedian, and is herself one of Hollywood's busiest character actresses. On the stage she has appeared in her own one-woman show of sketches she wrote. The characters she plays are usually elderly, but Virginia is young, slender, and pretty. She was born in Urbana, Illinois, is Mrs. Sam Wren in private life, and has a son and a daughter, twins, who were born on Washington's Birthday, 1936. Besides acting, she does solo dancing and has a lovely soprano voice.

## If You Were Mrs. Bob Crosby

(Continued from page 27)

music in her heart, and a yen to meet a certain handsome young band-leader. She met him, she married him—and was overnight catapulted into a topsy-turvy life that was completely foreign to the normal, well-regulated existence she had always known before.

Nor was it long before Cathleen Denise Crosby, who celebrates birthday No. 1 on June 21, came along to be a very lovable complication. Miss Cathy insists on being fed, bathed and played with on time, and her schedule doesn't allow any compromises with the night-owl activities of her Old Man.

Bob gracefully bows and gives full credit for the success of their marriage to June—who deserves all of it. Bob was playing in Chicago, her home-town, when she managed to wangle an introduction to him. They were married on September 22, 1938, and June became Queen of the Dixielanders, the One-Nighter Bride. She loved traveling with the band, going from one town's dance-hall to the next with Bob. It was fun watching him work in front of crowds of jitter-bugs and dance fans. Yes, it was great fun for the honeymoon months of their marriage until Cathy was on her way.

CATHLEEN arrived last June and the problems of domesticity and settling down began in earnest. Bob had his Camel Caravan radio program, now heard Saturday nights on NBC, but the band was still barn-storming around playing in theaters and one-night stands. Finally, though, word came that the Crosby band had been engaged to play in Manhattan's New Yorker hotel and the band-leader and his wife decided to pitch their tent in New York.

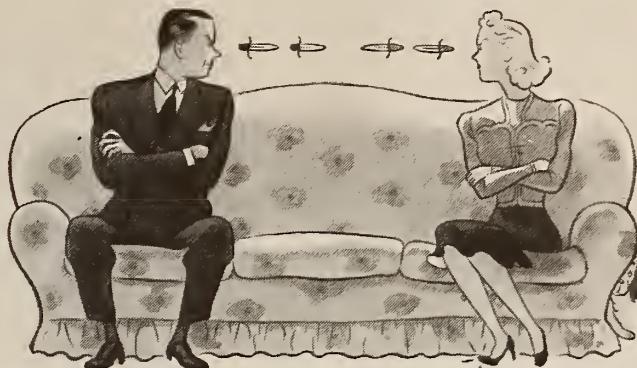
June happily began house-hunting. She picked Bronxville, the New York suburb where she had gone to school, as her locale. By September, the trio was settled in charming surroundings—gardens, trees, a golf course nearby for Bob, bridle paths for June and a beautiful, sunny nursery for Cathy.

Three very happy Crosbys are living in that house despite all the topsy-turvyness of their life because June is just as smart as she is pretty. Her first step in making everybody happy was forgetting all about herself and thinking only of her husband and baby.

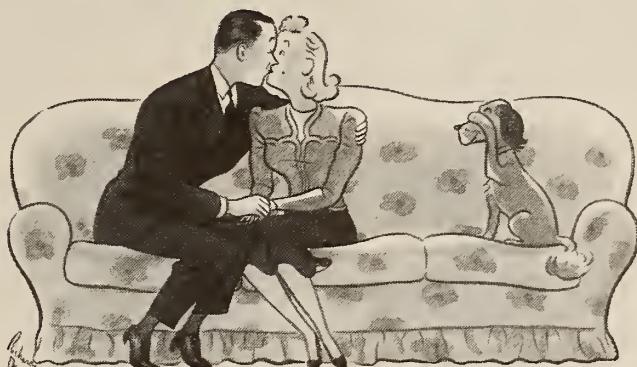
The best way to follow her day is to begin at the end of it. She spends her evenings at home alone and, come midnight, she goes to bed. At 3 A.M. she awakens automatically to wait for Bob's return. Usually, he leaves New York immediately after work and heads for Bronxville and home, getting there between three and three-thirty. They visit with each other in the kitchen while June prepares a post-midnight lunch for her husband. Sandwiches, cookies, milk—and she, not believing in eating late at night, never goes farther than an apple.

They get to bed about four and Bob tries to catch up on his newspapers and June tries to sleep, because at 7 A.M. she awakens—via the alarm clock—to feed the baby. Back to bed, up again at nine for another feeding. Sleep for another hour, and another interval with Cathy at ten. A return

(Continued on page 53)



"It used to make me hopping mad—the way my husband was always kicking about his shirts. I know they were a mess—everything in my wash was full of tattle-tale gray. But I worked like a beaver. I didn't know my lazy soap left dirt behind. I had no idea what ailed my clothes until . . ."



"The lady next door got me to wash the Fels-Naptha way—and glory, what a surprise! I've tried the bar as well as the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. Both of them combine grand golden soap and gentle naptha so effectively that even the grimest dirt hustles out! You bet my husband's showering me with compliments these days—I've got the whitest, most fragrant washes that ever danced on a line!"

## Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

WHEREVER YOU USE BAR  
SOAP—USE FELS-NAPTHA  
SOAP. SEE HOW IT HUSTLES  
OUT DIRT—HOW BEAUTIFULLY  
WHITE AND SWEET IT GETS  
YOUR CLOTHES! SEE WHY MIL-  
LIONS SAY IT'S THE GRANDEST  
BAR-SOAP THEY'VE EVER USED!



Kemember—Golden Bar or Golden Chips—

FELS-NAPTHA

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

WHEREVER YOU USE BOX-SOAP—  
USE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS.  
THEY SPEED WASHING MACHINES  
LIKE MAGIC BECAUSE THEY'RE  
HUSKIER—not puffed up  
with air like flimsy, sneezy  
powders. THEY GIVE BUSIER,  
LIVELIER SUDS BECAUSE THEY  
NOW HOLD A NEW SUDS-BUILDER



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	8:00 CBS: Today in Europe 8:00 NBC-Red: News
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver 8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember?
8:00	8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage 9:00 NBC: News
8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB 9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30 CBS: School of the Air 8:30 NBC-Red: Three Romeos
8:00	8:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children 8:45 NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly 9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge 9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: This Day is Ours 9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House 9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin 9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Stepmother 9:45 10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream 9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:00	10:00 11:00 CBS: Short Short Story 10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family 10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15 11:15 CBS: Life Begins 8:15 10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone 10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: Big Sister 10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch 10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories 10:45 11:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT
9:00	9:00 11:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	9:15 11:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	9:15 11:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	9:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	9:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	9:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Dr. Daniel A. Poling
9:45	9:45 11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	9:45 11:45 CBS: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	10:00 1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	10:15 1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	10:15 1:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:15	10:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	10:30 1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
10:30	10:30 1:30 NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
12:45	12:45 1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: Music Appreciation
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
3:30	1:15 2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45 2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45 2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: Eddie Bracken
3:45	4:45 5:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45 4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Blue: Name It and Take It
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	6:00 7:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45 5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
3:45	5:45 6:45 CBS: Little Orphan Annie
5:15	5:45 6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45 5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neill's
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: News
3:15	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
5:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
3:30	6:30 6:30 NBC-Blue: Gulden Serenaders
3:45	6:45 6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	6:45 6:45 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: Josef Marais
8:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15 7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
6:00	6:30 7:30 CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ
7:30	7:30 7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: Yesterday's Children
9:30	7:00 8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: This Amazing America
7:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:00	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: Carson Robison's Buckaroos
8:30	8:00 9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30 9:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Blue: What Would You Have Done
6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: What's My Name
7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Bob Ripley's Yesterday's Children
7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Behind the Headlines

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Josef Marais leads his orchestra and singers in Veld songs.

## Tune-In Bulletin for March 1, 8, 15 and 22!

March 1: What's My Name?—the quiz program starring Budd Hulick and Arlene Francis (if she's clear of her stage engagements by now) is heard tonight at a new time, 9:30, instead of 7:00 on Saturdays. . . . From Madison Square Garden, NBC broadcasts a heavyweight boxing match between Bob Pastor and Lee Savold. March 8: Larry Clinton's orchestra opens tonight at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, broadcasting over NBC by remote control. March 15: Still another quiz program has hit the air—called This Amazing America, all its questions are about our own country. Bob Brown is master of ceremonies, and you can hear it on NBC-Blue tonight at 8:00. March 22: After a brief tour of one-night stands, Jan Savitt's hot band is opening again tonight at the Lincoln Hotel in New York. It broadcasts over NBC.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Josef Marais and his Bushveld Singers in Sundown on the Veld, on NBC-Blue from 7:00 to 7:30.

Unless you're a dial-explorer, and like to hunt around for programs that aren't ballyhooed, it's crackers to kilocycles you've missed this—one of Friday night's most thoroughly enjoyable shows. For thirty minutes Josef Marais and his companions, in the characters of typical South African farmers, talk about Africa and sing traditional African songs, with now and then a little-known song of some other country thrown in. If you want to know what life is like on the African Veld (a country something like our mid-western prairie, only wilder) you can listen to the conversation. If you don't care about that, be sure to listen to the songs anyway.

Josef Marais is a small, dark, energetic little man in his early thirties. He was born in the Karoon, a 100,000 square mile plateau in South Africa, and all his life he's made a hobby of collecting the traditional songs of that and other countries. When he and his friends sing them tonight on NBC, you'll find that they're a lot like our own hill-billy melodies—simple and catchy. When he was a boy Josef used to commute once a week to Cape Town, a five-hour journey, to take violin lessons, and he made his first trip to England as a member of the Cape Town Symphony.

He's been in America only since last August, but he's already applied for his first citizenship papers. He still bubbles

with enthusiasm when he remembers how willing America radio officials were to listen to his idea for putting African music on the air. "That's a wonderful thing about America," he says. "Americans will always listen to what you've got to say. They may kick you out of the office afterwards, but they'll always listen."

NBC listened, and didn't kick him out, but gave him fifteen minutes, once a week, to sing his songs. Audience response was so great that soon afterwards his fifteen minutes were increased to thirty.

Josef sings, talks, plays the violin, and directs the six-piece orchestra on his program, besides providing the music from his inexhaustible list of songs and giving writer Charles Newton the factual material about Africa for the scripts.

All the music is carefully orchestrated to hide the nature of the instruments in the orchestra, and Josef gets very secretive when you ask him what they are. Your snooper can tell you, though, that there's a piano (even if you don't hear it), a guitar, a clarinet or saxophone, cello, bass-viol, and a violin, when Joseph has time to play it. Burford Hampden, Charles Slattery, and Juan Hernandez, who play the parts of Paul, Rhino, and Koos in the scripts, don't really do any singing—that department is taken care of by three members of the Showman Quartet plus Josef supplying the baritone.

For avid Marais fans, an album of his music has just been recorded by Decca.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

JEANETTE NOLAN—who left radio once but has now returned to it, and is heard in today's episode of Aunt Jenny's Stories on CBS at 11:45, as well as on the NBC Cavalcade of America, Tuesday nights, and various other dramatic programs. With her husband, John McIntire (he's a radio actor too) Jeanette retired from radio three years ago and went to a cabin in the valley of the Yaak River, in Montana, a hundred miles south of the Canadian border. Every December until May they were snowed in, and they were fourteen miles from the nearest settlement. Now they're back in civilization, at their microphone jobs.



(Continued from page 51)

trip to the twin bed beside the still sleeping Mr. Crosby until eleven-thirty or twelve, when it's time for breakfast.

After their first meal, they have the rest of the day for each other and the baby. The boys in the band gave Bob a movie camera for Christmas, and Cathy, with her two owners, can count on a daily hour on the Crosby home set. Then at two, they both contribute something to the baby's bath and lunch. June has a maid who helps her with the cooking and cleaning, but the baby is her job—and hers alone.

Once Cathy is settled, Bob and June have time for the activities of most young married couples. They go to a movie matinee in Bronxville or ice-skate in the winter or golf in the warmer months. Sometimes they just sit home and listen to phonograph records. Then, at five, they are ready for dinner. An hour later Bob is gone, and June has her solitary evening.

BOB has one night a week off—Sunday—and that is about the only time they have guests or do any entertaining. Occasionally, during the week when Bob has to spend the day in New York, June invites a couple of her ex-classmates from Sarah Lawrence College to dinner. That, too, must be a lot of fun, because if June hadn't married she would have been graduating just this summer. Most of the time, though, she is alone and doesn't mind it. She takes care of the baby, then sits down to read or knit or crochet and listen to the radio. There are times when Bob stays late for an all-night rehearsal and he'll enter the house to meet June on her way out for an early morning ride. Once in a while, she goes into town with him to watch a rehearsal or perhaps see the matinee performance of a play.

It doesn't sound very glamorous and exciting. But to June it is the most glamorous, exciting life in the world. She knows, too, that there are thousands of girls all over the country who find the same thrill and happiness in the same simple things: love for the boy she married and that huge emotion born with watching a baby kick and gurgle and grow. And she grins at Bob when she says: "Cathy says 'Daddy' already, but she hasn't gotten around to 'Mommy' yet."

## COMING NEXT MONTH

Still another in Radio Mirror's unprecedented series of complete words and music to song hits by your favorite stars of radio! Next month—a song featured by

The Andrews Sisters

APRIL, 1940



**She's nobody's April Fool!** With her transparent "bumbershoot" this young lady can look ahead . . . see where she's going!

But the umbrella people aren't the only ones with new ideas in protection. The Kotex Laboratory has developed an improved type of moisture-resistant material...made specially for Kotex sanitary napkins. And a protective panel of this material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad!

So remember this new Kotex feature—all you who believe in "Safety First"! Remember, too, all the other advantages Kotex has to offer . . .



**Many a time** — you'll be thankful for the flat (patented) ends of Kotex . . . so different from napkins with thick, bunched ends!

Thankful, too, that Kotex is made in soft folds (with more absorbent material where needed...less in the non-effective portions of the pad). This makes Kotex less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . than pads having loose, wadded fillers!

**Kotex\* comes in 3 sizes, too!** Super—Regular—Junior. Kotex is the only popular-priced napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

"You scarcely know  
you're wearing it!"

\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS...PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY...COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER EN-**

**KOTEX**  
SANITARY  
NAPKINS

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	
8:00	CBS: <i>Today in Europe</i>
8:00	NBC-Blue: <i>Cloutier's Orch.</i>
8:00	NBC-Red: <i>News</i>
8:10	NBC-Red: <i>Musical Tete-a-tete</i>
8:25	CBS: <i>Odd Side of the News</i>
8:30	NBC-Blue: <i>Dick Leibert</i>
8:30	CBS: <i>Phil Cook's Almanac</i>
8:30	NBC-Red: <i>Gene and Glenn</i>
8:45	NBC-Blue: <i>Harvey and Dell</i>
8:00	9:00 NBC: <i>News</i>
8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: <b>BREAKFAST CLUB</b>
8:05	9:05 NBC-Red: <i>Texas Robertson</i>
8:15	9:15 CBS: <i>Old Vienna</i>
8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: <i>Cloutier's Orch.</i>
8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: <i>The Crackerjacks</i>
9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Al and Lee Reiser</i>
9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: <i>The Wise Man</i>
9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: <i>Rakov Orchestra</i>
9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: <i>No School Today</i>
9:30	10:30 CBS: <i>Hill Billy Champions</i>
9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Charioteers</i>
9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Betty Moore</i>
9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: <i>The Child Grows Up</i>
8:00	10:00 CBS: <i>Young People's Concert</i>
8:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Cloutier Orch.</i>
8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: <i>Armchair Quartet</i>
8:15	10:15 NBC-Red: <i>Smilin' Ed McConnell</i>
8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Our Barn</i>
8:30	10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Hilda Hope, M.D.</i>
9:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Education Forum</i>
9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: <i>Eastman School of Music</i>
9:15	11:15 CBS: <i>Country Journal</i>
9:30	11:30 CBS: <i>Let's Pretend</i>
9:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: <i>FARM BUREAU</i>
9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: <i>Call to Youth</i>
10:15	12:15 NBC-Red: <i>Calling Stamp Collectors</i>
10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Al Kavelin Orch.</i>
10:30	12:30 NBC-Red: <i>Lani McIntyre Orch.</i>
11:00	1:00 NBC-Blue: <i>METROPOLITAN OPERA</i>
11:00	1:00 NBC-Red: <i>Orch.</i>
12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: <i>Golden Melodies</i>
12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: <i>Dol Brissett Orch.</i>
1:00	3:00 CBS: <i>Bull Session</i>
1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: <i>Campus Capers</i>
1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: <i>KSTP Presents</i>
2:00	4:00 CBS: <i>The Human Adventure</i>
2:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Magic Waves</i>
2:30	4:30 NBC-Red: <i>Del Courtney Orchestra</i>
3:00	5:00 CBS: <i>News</i>
3:00	5:00 NBC-Red: <i>Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten</i>
3:05	5:05 CBS: <i>Albert Warner</i>
3:05	5:05 NBC-Blue: <i>Johnny McGee Orch.</i>
3:30	5:30 CBS: <i>Which Way to Lasting Peace</i>
3:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Renfrew of the Mounted</i>
3:30	5:30 NBC-Red: <i>Religion in the News</i>
3:45	5:45 CBS: <i>Today in Europe</i>
4:00	6:00 CBS: <i>People's Platform</i>
4:00	6:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Message of Israel</i>
8:00	6:30 CBS: <i>Sky Blazers</i>
8:00	6:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Guy Lombardo Orch.</i>
4:30	6:30 NBC-Red: <i>Art for Your Sake</i>
8:30	7:00 CBS: <i>Gang Busters</i>
5:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: <i>Gene Krupa Orch.</i>
9:00	7:00 NBC-Red: <i>ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS</i>
5:30	7:30 CBS: <i>Wayne King's Orch.</i>
5:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: <i>Radio Guild</i>
5:30	7:30 NBC-Red: <i>Stop Me if You've Heard This One</i>
9:00	8:00 CBS: <b>YOUR HIT PARADE</b>
9:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: <i>National Barn Dance</i>
6:00	8:00 NBC-Red: <i>Youth vs. Age</i>
8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: <i>Death Valley Days</i>
6:45	8:45 CBS: <i>Saturday Night Serenade</i>
7:00	9:00 NBC-Red: <i>Bob Crosby</i>
7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: <b>NBC SYMPHONY</b>
7:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: <i>Public Affairs</i>
7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: <i>Gay Nineties Revue</i>

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Dick Leibert takes a bow at the console of the big organ.

## Tune-In Bulletin for March 2, 9, 16 and 23!

March 2: Here's a really big day for sparts listeners. . . . NBC has the Santa Anita Handicap, a harse race fram Bing Crosby's track. . . . NBC also broadcasts, exclusively, the IC4A track meet between 10:30 and 11:00 o'clock tonight. . . . Nat ta be outdane, CBS has Ted Husing describing play by play the finals of the National Indaar Tennis championship meet. Time an this is from 2:00 to 5:00 this afternaan. . . . Mutual broadcasts the Widener Cup harse race fram Hialeah Park between 4:15 and 4:45—Byran Field annauncing one of the big races of the season.

March 9: Bruno Walter directs the NBC Symphony orchestra far the last time tonight at 10:00 over NBC-Blue. . . . The Knights of Columbus track meet is being put on the air tonight—from 9:45 to 10:15 on CBS, and fram 10:30 to 11:00 an NBC.

March 16: Musical folks will be sad because today's is the last broadcast of the Metrapalitan Opera matinees . . . but an the other hand they'll be glad because Artura Tascanini returns tonight ta lead the NBC Symphony orchestra.

March 23: Your Studia Snaper is still recammending CBS' *Gay Nineties Revue*, an at 10:30 tonight and every Saturday night.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Dick Leibert at the organ, with Darathy Dreslin, at 8:30 an NBC-Blue.

Dick Leibert could just as easily be one of the listening highlights far any other day but Saturday, he's that busy around the radio studios. But this morning he has his own program, along with Darathy Dreslin, and anyway, a Saturday morning is a good time far you to read about Dick Leibert's love story—one of the craziest, mast mirthful ones you've ever heard.

Dick was just out of high school when he was playing the organ in the Palace Theater in Washington, D.C. That was just incidental. What really mattered was that he was in love with Mary McClintic, the daughter of Congressman James V. McClintic of Oklahoma, and the belle of Central High Schaal. He was eighteen and she was not quite fifteen.

Theirs was a typical boy-and-girl romance, with marriage somewhere in the dark future, until Dick suddenly had to undergo an appendicitis operation. Mary visited him daily, and cried when she saw him so pale and weak. Seeing that, he plucked up courage and asked her ta marry him. And she agreed.

But when Mary told her family she wanted ta get married they—naturally enaugh—went straight up in the air, and absoluately forbade any more talk af mar-

riage at her age. Dick and Mary cauntered by elaping in Dick's car, taking their best friends along as witnesses. They were married in Maribara, Md., giving their ages as eighteen and twenty-one.

They intended to keep their marriage a secret, but the strain was too much far the twa witnesses, and after three days the news leaked out—and all four parents had the marriage annulled.

There was nathing Mary and Dick could da. After all, they could have been sent ta the House of Correction far falsifying their ages. Off ta Hanolulu the McClintics sent Mary, ta forget. Then they sent her abraad, and then ta Hamiltan College in Kentucky. Far five years Dick saw her just ance, and even then they didn't dare ta stop and talk.

Meanwhile, Dick was getting along in the world, and had a band of his own. One night, playing in the Pawhatan Hotel in Washington, he saw Mary walk in with an escort ta dance—and that was their first real meeting since their first marriage.

Mary hadn't fargotten, and neither had Dick, and after a few weeks of seeing each other, unknown ta Mary's family, they slipped away ta Baltimore and were married all over again. It took three years far the McClintics to farginve Dick, but now they're the best of friends, particularly since little Mary arrived ten years ago.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

LYN MURRAY—the talented musician who directs the chorus on *Your Hit Parade*, CBS at 9:00 tonight. He also writes the music for Sunday's Ellery Queen mysteries and directs the chorus on *Pursuit of Happiness*. Born in England, he came to America in 1925. Soon after, he ran away from his family and shipped aboard a freighter. Then he was a reporter for a while, but decided he liked music better, and at nineteen, was playing a piano in vaudeville. From that he turned to singing, and then to directing a chorus. Lyn is now thirty, and is married to Carol Irwin, producer of the CBS serial, *Joyce Jordan*.



## Step Into My World

(Continued from page 20)

forward to it any more. Though of course you and I, whether we reached our goal or missed it this particular time, can immediately choose something even nicer to look forward to next.

And then, too, we, with our advantages, can really have friends. How we pity those handicapped people who have to question themselves over and over, "Is this man really my friend, or is he just pretending to be because of what I can do for him?" Not us! When we're with our friends we can be utterly comfortable, guards down, because we *know* they like us for ourselves alone, sincere in everything they do and say.

That word "sincerity" means a great deal to me. I remember once going to a concert in Chicago to hear a great opera singer. Her voice was flawless, I suppose, and so was her performance, technically. But I could sense that she didn't understand or believe in the messages which the composers had wanted her songs to give to the hearts of her listeners.

I LEFT that concert very much disappointed, because I think God sent music to the world to be loved and enjoyed, not to be performed for selfish admiration. But on the way home our taxi-driver, probably carried away by the smell of Spring in the air, burst spontaneously into a definitely original version of "The Only Girl in the World." I suppose his voice was actually very bad, but that didn't matter at all. He was singing simply because he felt like singing, and I could picture him dropping me and going home to a red-checked tablecloth, and the bubbling of fragrant coffee in the percolator on the stove, and his "only girl" meeting him at the kitchen door. He gave me what I had wanted all evening—he gave me music that I could feel.

I can't help but judge musical compositions in much the same way. If the composer *had* to write what he wrote, his song or concerto or symphony simply churning about inside him until it forced him to release it, then I like it. But if I feel that the composer wrote a limpid little melody, only to look it over with displeasure and say to himself, "Hmmm. I'd better put in some dissonants here and there to shock people"—then that composition is for someone else to play, not for me.

You see, it's a favorite belief of mine that people ought to be rewarded or censured on the basis of what they mean in their hearts to do, rather than by the way things actually turn out.

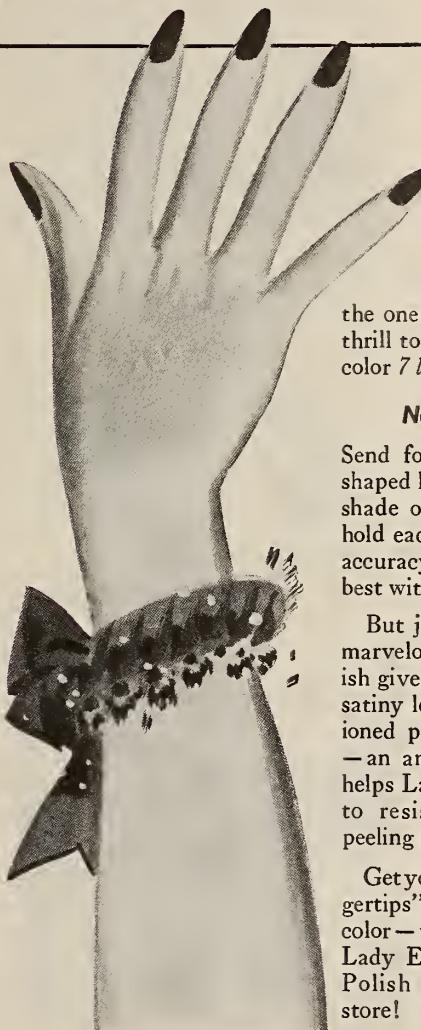
When I was in London, there was a singer at the Academy who wanted a certain engagement quite desperately. After much endeavor he arranged an audition for it, and when the great day came he sat there in the maestro's ante-room, waiting and waiting for his accompanist to appear. The accompanist never came; the appointed hour ticked away and vanished, taking the singer's great opportunity with it.

I asked him later if he held any rancor. He looked at me in rather a surprised fashion, and said, "Why, no, of course not. Poor Howard was

*Lady Esther says*

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# 7 LONG DAYS —find your lucky color FREE!"



I will send you free my 12 Magic Fingertips so that you may try the 12 shades of my 7-Day Nail Polish

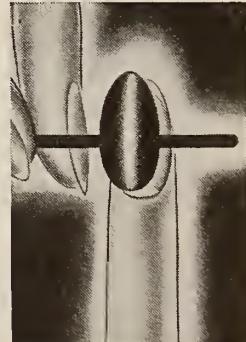
HOW WOULD you like to try on all the smartest, newest nail polish colors—to see them on your own nails, to find the one color most flattering for you? Then what a thrill to know you can wear that loveliest, luckiest color 7 long days at a time...thanks to Lady Esther!

### New Way to Find Your Lucky Color!

Send for my 12 free "Magic Fingertips." Each is shaped like your own nail and coated with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish. Simply hold each one over your nail and see, with uncanny accuracy, the one shade most enchanting for you—best with your costume colors.

But just as important as your *lucky shade* is the marvelous new BASE which makes Lady Esther Polish give your nails a rich, satiny look that old-fashioned polishes don't give—an amazing BASE that helps Lady Esther Polish to resist cracking and peeling for 7 long days!

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*Lady Esther's*  
**7-DAY**  
**NAIL POLISH**



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LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

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## BILL STUMBLES ON THE RIGHT ANSWER!



1. "I'm not watering the flowers!" fumes Bill Calhoun. "I'm bailing out the sink because the drain is clogged again!"



2. "A clogged drain—in this day and age?" asks the woman next door. "Bill—let me introduce you to Drāno!"



3. "Drāno cleans clogged drains!" explains Bill's neighbor. "It *digs out* all the clogging grease and muck—completely!"



4. "And look—if you'll use a teaspoonful of Drāno every night, you can *keep* drains clear, free-flowing!"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard against clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.



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## Drāno

CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

...TWO BLOCKS OF STERLING SILVER ARE INLAID AT POINTS OF WEAR ON THE MOST USED PIECES FOR LIFETIME BEAUTY  
50 piece service \$52.75—Budget Plans. At Authorized Dealers

## HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID

SILVERPLATE



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\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. In Canada, The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.

studying his score all the way to the city, and became so wrapped up in it that he rode right past his station."

That to me was a judgment worthy of Solomon. Howard's intentions had been good, therefore he was not to be blamed. If a man honestly tries to do something good for me and bungles it, I feel no resentment. But if he starts out with the intention of doing me an injury, and through bungling does me a favor instead, I must admit it's awfully difficult for me to appear grateful. Perhaps this isn't a terribly practical way of looking at things, but it's much more fun for everybody, really.

Of course, the Bible has boiled down every workable philosophy into one golden kernel—a small kernel, to be sure, but nevertheless the seed of all happiness. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Through all the centuries no one has ever improved on that, and no one ever will.

You can make your own world just as I make mine. You aren't as lucky as I am perhaps, but can't you learn to close the eyes of your memory to unpleasant things quickly, dwelling on the happy ones? Of course you can.

So see what you and I have, what priceless wealth we share, how well off we are compared with those poor unfortunates with money in your case, sight in mine. We can hope, and want, and work, and admire; we can have friends, with love that bears no question marks; we can thrill to the birds as they summon the dawn, to the smoothness of piano keys under our fingers, to the fresh lake breeze in our faces.

What more can anyone want?

I can think of only one thing. That is the joy of giving our happiness to others. Lord Byron wrote my conclusion a long time ago:

"All who joy would win,  
Must share it. Happiness was  
born a twin."

## THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round with excellent accommodations at attractive prices for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis, has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request. Address inquiries to: Bernarr Macfadden, Room 717, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.



Easiest-to-use starch ever made  
No measuring. No waste. Exact-measure cubes. Makes quick hot or cold starch in less time, with less work. Never too thick or too thin. Gives clothes such smooth surface, ironing can be done in  $\frac{1}{3}$  less time. Costs no more than old-type starch. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Illinois.



# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



■ They may not look it, but these two are the same girl: Barbara Jo Allen as NBC's Vera Vague, and as herself.

**T**HE resemblance between the two ladies above may seem very vague—but that's all right, because it all ties in nicely. On the left we have Vera Vague, that jittery, tittering, highly amusing character who likes nothing so well as a round of sparring with Charlie McCarthy every other Sunday night on NBC'S Chase and Sanborn program. On the right we have Barbara Jo Allen, creator of the comedy character and one of radio's most successful actresses.

Born in New York City, Miss Allen attended the University of California and the Sorbonne in Paris. It didn't take long to discover that she had real dramatic ability, and shortly after finishing at school, she joined a vaudeville act and toured the entire country.

When her tour was over Barbara decided that she'd like to live in California, and except for a few slight excursions, has been there ever since.

Her first radio role was in Carlton E. Morse's "The Witch of Endor" and since then she has been heard in many coast and transcontinental programs including Death Valley Days, Hawthorne House and One Man's Family, in which she plays the role of Beth Holly. Jack Benny, who watched her radio career with much interest, called upon Miss Allen when the character of Barbara Whitney was introduced into his Sunday program.

The first appearance of Vera Vague, Miss Allen's most famous character was the happy result of a visit she made to a woman's club . . . and what followed the "we are happy to have with us today" is now radio history.

*Miss Anna Geraci, Reading, Ohio:* Jack Leonard, vocalist with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, was born and raised in Freeport, Long Island, New York.

During high school and college

he was quite the athlete, winning competition medals in basketball and swimming. Jack never took a singing lesson in his life, but gives credit for his musical career to his mother, who is an accomplished pianist. His first job was with Bert Block's orchestra, with whom he appeared for a time at Ben Marden's famous Riviera.

It was there that Tommy Dorsey heard him and signed him. Jack is a good looking boy, modest, shy and still single.

*Mr. J. W. Baron, Brooklyn, New York:* The real names of Lum and Abner are Chester H. Lauck and Norris Goff; of Fibber McGee and Molly—Jim and Molly Jordan; and of Amos and Andy, Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll.

*Lucius Woodlee, Slaton, Texas:* Vivian Della Chiesa, NBC's beautiful lyric soprano was born in Chicago on October 9, 1915, and has been studying music since the age of three. In addition to singing, she plays the piano and the violin. Vivian made her radio debut in February, 1935, and has been an ever-increasing favorite with the ether audiences.

Completely unaffected and wholesomely natural in looks and personality, she is five feet five inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has blonde hair.

## FAN CLUB SECTION

Helen and James Richards of 151 Green Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., are out to make their Jerry Cooper Fan Club a coast-to-coast organization. If you'd like to join, and receive a fine photograph of Jerry, just write to the Richards.

There's a new Casa Loma Fan Club just formed by Miss Marguerite M. Harr, 543 McKenzie Street, York, Penna. She would like all Casa Loma enthusiasts to communicate with her.

JOAN CRAWFORD in "STRANGE CARGO"  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



*A Make-Up Hint  
from Max Factor Hollywood:*

Give your skin  
a lovely,  
youthful look  
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*this powder*

HAVE YOU sometimes thought your skin looked dull and lifeless? Then try this famous face powder created by Max Factor Hollywood. You'll note an amazing difference.

*First,* the color harmony shade for your type will impart the look of lovely, youthful beauty.

*Second,* the superfine texture will create a satin-smooth make-up that stays on longer.

Color Harmony Shades for your type... \$1.00



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**Rouge...** There's a color harmony shade just for your type... 50¢

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SEND Pulse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Samplet and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Book, "The New Art of Make-Up... FREE. 25-4-57"

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light	Blue	BLONDE
Light	Gray	Light Brown
Creamy	Green	BROWN
Medium	Green	BROWNETTE
Ruddy	Brown	BRUNETTE
Dark	Black	BLACK
Freckled	OLIVE	REDHEAD
Olive	Light	Light Brown
Light	Light	Dark Brown
Skin	Dry	Light
Normal	Age	Dark

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
..... (NOT GOOD IN CANADA) .....

## EX-LAX MOVIES

### Big Boy Takes a Tip!



BOB: Say, fellow... are you taking Ex-Lax? Thought that was for women and kids.

JIM: Wrong, Brother! I've been taking Ex-Lax for years. It fixes me up fine!



BOB: Oh yeah! Well, I'm a pretty husky fellow... I need a laxative with a wallop.

JIM: Don't kid yourself, Big Boy! Ex-Lax may taste like chocolate... but it's plenty effective!



LATER

BOB: Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

JIM: Right you are! It's the only laxative we ever use in our family.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



## Enchanted Love

(Continued from page 11)

called Meanie. Breathless with excitement she spoke to him.

"Can you win this race?" she asked.

Track rules, of course, forbade him answering such a question. His valet, however, spoke up promptly. "Sure he can, little lady!" he said with confidence. "Want him to win it for you?"

"Oh, yes!" she pleaded. "That would be wonderful!"

"Okay, then, it's in the bag," the valet told her. Back she flew to her father and coaxed a dollar from him "for a hot dog and a bottle of pop." The chum wheedled a like amount from her dad and together they made their first horse race bet—\$2.00 on Meanie to win.

Meanie with J. Westrope up romped in by six lengths and paid \$20.20 for every two dollars on his nose. It was a veritable fortune to the little girls but the money was nothing to Eschol compared with the great honor which had been done her.

Back she ran to the jockey's room to thank him. Her profuse gratitude left him red with embarrassment and he strode off mumbling something about "okay, it was nothing."

"Isn't he wonderful?" Eschol murmured to her chum.

"Isn't she wonderful?" Jackie demanded of the startled stranger he bumped into on his way out.

Dared by her chum, Eschol telephoned him the next day, using the handy excuse of again thanking him for winning the race for her. The next day he telephoned her. Then it was time for her to go home. She did not see him again until the winter of 1934.

In the summer of that year she came to Hollywood with her mother for a vacation. Mrs. Miller had played in pictures nine years before and in renewing old friendships, called upon her agent. Two weeks later her young daughter had a contract and a new name. Breaking into the movies was as simple as that for Nan. Quite as simply, too, was she destined to win the coveted role of Kathy in "Those We Love" which, four years later, was to prove such a favorite story of radio audiences. She was spotted by a producer on her first air appearance in the Lux Theater presentation of "She Loves Me Not" with Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell and promptly was signed as Kathy.

Exciting as her debut in the movies was, one little thought kept prodding at the back of Nan's mind: how and where was a boy named Jackie Westrope? Day by day his image grew in her heart.

She spent Christmas of 1934 with her father in Houston. One day he was thumbing through a racing form.

"Guess who is riding at Santa Anita?" he teased Nan, thinking of her puppy-love crush of the year before. "None other than your old beau, Jackie Westrope."

The hours dragged until Nan could get back to California where her hero was riding a stone's throw from Hollywood. Again she made the first move, sending him a note. Quite obviously Jackie had not forgotten her, for he telephoned promptly and came to call on her that very night, bring-

ing as a gift a gadget bracelet.

"Jackie gave me a magnificent diamond bracelet this Christmas," Nan said, "but lovely as it is, that first junky bit of jewelry still is infinitely more precious to me."

A romance of any significance between a fourteen-year-old girl and an eighteen-year-old boy might seem difficult to credit were it not for one thing: Nan always had dressed and looked older than her real age and she took good care Jackie did not discover the truth! At that time he believed her to be sixteen and, in fact, did not learn her real age until a short time before their marriage.

TWO golden years slipped by with them having dates whenever possible. The nature of his career forced Jackie away from Hollywood many months at a time, for a jockey must follow the seasons at the scattered tracks throughout the country. They wrote each other faithfully, however, and kept a standing telephone date each Sunday night. Twice he flew across the continent to spend a few glorious days at her side.

Then the ugly thing happened which threatened to ruin their idyllic happiness. They speak freely of it now but it wounded them deeply at the time. Snobbish busybodies sat in judgment on the romance and said "Thumbs down!"

By innuendo and sneering cracks, Jackie was accused of fortune hunting and trying to trade on Nan's fast-growing fame!

The charge manifestly was unfair on both counts. J. Westrope was a national figure in his profession long before the name of Nan Grey was born that afternoon in an agent's office and his fan following numbered in the hundreds of thousands. Further, it is no secret a successful jockey makes very good money indeed. Many a sunny afternoon Jackie earned a cool \$5,000 or \$10,000 for a single race and his annual income tax receipt would give many a movie star a first class case of the envies!

Nan had social prejudice to fight. It would ruin her career, she was told by self-appointed advisors (and her studio bosses were not among them!) if she continued to associate with a jockey and to marry him would be tantamount to signing a Hollywood death warrant. Definitely he was out of her class!

Nan's blunt answer always was the same. She had known and loved Jackie long before the movies played any part in her life, she said. Further, the profession of jockey was an honorable one and quite as important in the scheme of things as acting before a camera. Any criticism on that score was intolerable to her.

Staunch in their love and faith, Nan and Jackie weathered the storm of prejudice and disapproval and became engaged on a February afternoon in 1938.

After a year's engagement they decided to be married in Phoenix, Arizona, on May 4, 1939, when Nan would have fifteen free days before starting her new picture, "The Underpup." A business manager was sent ahead to complete the arrangements. At the last minute Nan was

told she must report back for work on the following Monday. It was too late to change the plans, so the honeymoon was telescoped into four days instead of fifteen.

They were married in a Methodist church before a great throng of people. It was supposed to be a quiet ceremony with only a few friends and members of the family present but a news broadcaster spilled the beans by informing all Phoenix of the impending event at noon that day.

After the ceremony they played the parlor game, *I Sent My Ship A-sailing* in a hotel garden until it was time for a banquet. After the banquet they flew to Dallas for a brief visit with her father. At ten to two on Monday morning, Nan was aboard a plane bound for Hollywood. At ten after two Jackie was roaring through the skies enroute to Maryland to ride *Cravat* at Pimlico.

MAYBE they seem to be "playing house" now because they have been separated so much of their first year of marriage. A good half of the time Jackie has been riding at Empire City, Saratoga and Belmont tracks, and Nan completed five pictures in eight months, her latest being Universal's "The House of Seven Gables" in addition to her regular Thursday night broadcasts.

"That's going to be changed," Jackie said confidently. "I'm not going to leave her again. I'm going to stick to California tracks when I do my riding."

"No, you're not," Nan contradicted him. "You're going wherever it's best for you. If there are going to be any career changes they'll be in my work. I'll stick at my career only so long as it is compatible with our marriage, and that goes for both radio and the movies. Being Mrs. Westrope is career enough for me!"

Maybe it is the way Jettie bustles around the dream house, mothering and scolding her "two chilluns," which makes them seem carefree kids playing grown-ups. Jettie is the adoring colored mammy who has taken care of Nan since she was six years old. You feel any moment she will give Nan a talking-to for drinking coca-cola at nine in the morning or spank Jackie for tracking dirt across the white living room rug.

Maybe it was the proud way Jackie showed off the badminton court, the kennels, and the electric eye which opens the garage door; and the little-girl wonder with which Nan exhibited the pink and blue powder room and the electric dishwasher. For all the world they were like youngsters with shiny new toys.

Or maybe it was the toys themselves.

Stacked around a glittering white Christmas tree in careless neglect were many fine and expensive presents. Among them were two satin-lined boxes containing a diamond bracelet (Jackie's big gift to Nan) and a diamond wrist watch (Nan's big gift to Jackie).

Leaning against the front door, however, and already showing signs of hard use were a bicycle and two pair of roller skates. And sprawled all over every available inch of floor space in their big bedroom was an electric train set!

Whatever the reason, Nan's and Jackie's world is an enchanted one. I hope they never leave it.

CLAIRE TREVOR and JOHN WAYNE in a scene from Republic's "The Dark Command". Your hands, too, can be enchantingly soft if you use Jergens Lotion.



## "Love's Wisdom—keep your HANDS SOFT AND SATIN-SMOOTH"

SAYS

*Claire Trevor*

(Popular Hollywood Star)

HAVE COAXING SOFT "Hollywood Hands"! Masculine hearts are wax to their caressing touch.

Even the snappiest cold, and constant use of water, can't roughen and coarsen your pretty hands if you use Jergens Lotion regularly. Jergens furnishes beautifying moisture for your skin; supplements depleted natural moisture. Helps guard the delightful soft smoothness of your hands.

Many doctors use 2 fine ingredients to help smooth and soften harsh, roughened skin. Both these ingredients are in

this famous Jergens Lotion. Apply Jergens after every handwashing.

Smooth on well on wrists and finger tips. Takes no time! Leaves no stickiness! Jergens soon helps you have hands whose soft touch thrills! Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters. Get Jergens Lotion today, sure.



More women use Jergens nowadays than any other Lotion. It's so effective for lovable soft hands! Easy to use! Never feels sticky.

**JERGENS  
LOTION**

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS  
*For satin-smooth, kissable complexion—use the new Jergens Face Cream. Cleanses expertly, swiftly. Vitamin Blend helps vitalize drab, dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.*



### FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

(Paste coupon on a penny postcard, if you wish)  
See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to: The Andrew Jergens Co., 3514 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

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# PALE CHEEKS DON'T THRILL HEARTS!

...White faced women look old...

Here...revealed for the first time is one of Hollywood's most important make-up secrets: To make an actress look old or unromantic, they whiten her cheeks. To make her look younger, fresher, more desirable, they give color—the glow of real, live color to her cheeks.



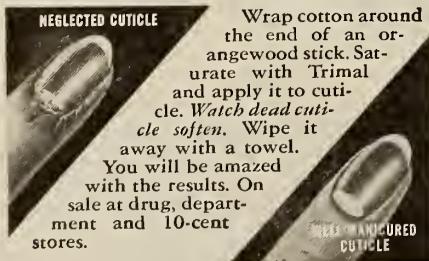
The eye of the motion picture camera is no more critical than the eyes of men you wish to admire you. No man craves to touch a corpse-like cheek.

It's really alive...it glows...its color looks real, as if it came from within...it radiates vivacity...so warm that no one, just NO one, can ever resist its invitation! Duo-tone rouge is the easiest in the world to get, too. Simply ask for PRINCESS PAT duo-tone rouge. All stores have it in all shades. See them...one is sure to be YOUR "shade of romance" ...the shade that will make YOU look younger...more really exciting to hearts!

**PRINCESS PAT**  
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## Our Gal Sunday's Romance

(Continued from page 33)

a single room nearby for Jackey and Lively—an arrangement that allowed the two old men to watch the baby during the day.

Laura Jenkins had immediately taken Sunday into her heart, to such an extent, indeed, that Sunday sometimes felt she had been hired not for a secretary, but for a companion. Laura was, in some ways, a pitiful figure. In that nervous little body there were huge stores of energy and unexpended love, combined with a complete innocence about people and their motives. She could have been—and probably was—deceived a dozen times a day, by people she trusted. And she trusted everyone.

It was obvious to Sunday from the first day she spent in the Jenkins house that Brad and Laura were much less than happy together. Laura's flightiness and extravagance irritated Brad to tight-lipped rage, and his business-like caution seemed only meanness to her. Almost at once she made of Sunday a sounding-board for her grievances, seemingly quite unaware that her confidences were unwelcome and embarrassing.

One day, unexpectedly, Laura said, "Sunday darling, you're not looking well. You need some life—some gaiety—that's the trouble. I want you to come back tonight after dinner—I'm having some friends in, and there's one I particularly want you to meet. A charming boy—do you like Englishmen?"

"Very much," Sunday murmured, while the sudden memory of Henry, of Henry's clipped English accent, stung her heart. "But—I don't think I'd better—"

**NONSENSE!** You're too shy, Sunday. You need to—to get out of yourself."

Since there was no arguing with Laura, Sunday returned that evening, dressed in her best—a simple dark frock that had been part of her trousseau. In spite of herself, she couldn't help feeling a little excited as she went up the steps toward the brightly lighted front door of the Jenkins home. It was so long since she had laughed, or had a good time!

Then Laura met her at the door and led her toward the drawing room, whispering confidentially in her ear,

"He's here, waiting for you. And my dear, I've given you the most wonderful build-up—I've only told him how lovely you are, but I won't tell him another thing—except that your first name is Sunday. He's so curious he could burst!"

The drawing room was empty except for one man—a man who stood with his back to them as they entered. He was tall and slim, with clothes that he wore with an easy grace. Then he turned, and as he did so, Laura said:

"Arthur, here she is! Sunday, may I present Arthur Brinthrope?"

In the instant of silence that followed, Sunday saw his secret, delighted smile, caught the look of sly malice in his eyes.

"How do you do?" he said, in the smoothest of voices. "Laura, my dear, why didn't you tell me she was beautiful?"

Somehow she managed to play up to him. Somehow she pretended that

she had never seen Arthur Brinthrope before. And as the evening went on, and other people dropped in, she began to hope that perhaps he too would be willing to keep up the fiction that she was merely a young widow named Sunday Blake, whom he had never met. It was a hope that was shattered when, at last, she said good night to Laura and he insisted upon driving her home in his car—exactly the kind of car, glittering and foreign and a little vulgar, that she would have expected Arthur to possess.

"Well, my dear Lady Brinthrope," he said as the powerful motor carried them away from Laura's home. "A very pleasant surprise for both of us—though I must confess that when Laura told me your first name was Sunday, I was prepared."

**P**LEASE don't call me Lady Brinthrope," she begged, and he laughed.

"You're quite right—it is a little formal. After all, you're my dear sister-in-law. . . . And I suppose my two good old friends Jackey and Lively are here in Linden?"

"Yes." He was playing with her, teasing her. She made up her mind she would give him little enough satisfaction; she would answer his questions and no more than that.

"Jackey, of the homicidal instincts," he mused. "It must have been a great relief to you, my dear, when you finally learned he hadn't killed me, after all."

"Arthur," she said sharply. "I want you to take me home. This isn't the right way."

"Oh, I know that. I know my way around Linden very well."

"I'm sure of that." In fact, all evening she had been wondering what Arthur could be doing in Linden. Not working, surely; Arthur didn't work. But a small place like Linden seemed to offer few opportunities for his peculiar kind of genius. "Take me home, please. It's late."

"As you say," he agreed, and swung the car around a corner. "But I really think we ought to have dinner together tomorrow night."

"I'm sorry. I can't."

"But I want to talk to you! There are several things we have to discuss, Sunday."

"There's nothing at all we have to discuss," she told him.

"Oh, but you're wrong!" She could feel him glancing at her, slyly. "There's one very important thing, anyway. After all, I have my duty to my dear brother—"

"Your duty? What do you mean?"

"Hasn't he been moving heaven and earth to find you?—or were all those newspaper stories mistaken? It seems to me I really ought to let him know where you are."

"Arthur! You mustn't!" Fear pinched her voice, made her body go numb and icy. "Henry and I are separated. It would do no good—it would only cause him unhappiness—if he were to see me again. You mustn't tell him where I am!"

"Henry doesn't seem to think so," he said softly. "I really think I should tell him—don't you? Unless, tomorrow night, at dinner, you can show me a good reason why I shouldn't." He stopped the car at the curb before

the apartment house. "You'll come, then? About seven, at the Amber Lantern, downtown?"

"Oh—yes, yes," she promised wildly. She would have promised anything to get out of that car, away from the hateful, conceited smile on the face she had once thought so handsome.

In her own room, where Lonnie slept peacefully in the new crib she'd bought with her first week's salary, her tumbling thoughts centered miraculously on one point. That night, at Laura's, there had been a few tables of bridge. She hadn't played herself, for the stakes were ridiculously high, but Laura had, and Arthur. And Laura had lost....

Could that be the explanation of Arthur's presence in Linden?

The next day, quite by accident, she learned that it was.

Coming into the Jenkins house quietly, she heard voices—angry voices—in the breakfast room. Brad Jenkins was usually gone by this time, but today he was still home.

"I'm sorry, Laura," she heard him say, "but I will not give you a check for that amount of money unless you tell me why you need it."

"Isn't it enough if I tell you I do need it?" Laura's voice was tearful. "It's for something private and personal, Brad—I simply must have it."

Jenkins seemed, at that, to lose all control of his temper. "Do you want me to guess what you need two hundred dollars for?" he demanded. "Well then, I will. You want it to pay your gambling debts to that card-sharp, Arthur Brinthropel!"

"He's not a card-sharp! Is it his fault if I've been so terribly unlucky lately? Brad, you're hateful—you never like any of my friends. As soon as I meet someone who's nice you begin saying they're card-sharps or—or something else just as disgusting."

Feeling sick, Sunday stepped into the drawing room and closed the door so she couldn't hear any more; and stayed there until she knew, from the slammed front door, that Brad had left the house.

All that day, Laura was subdued, and though Sunday felt sorry for her, she could not help being a little contemptuous of the woman's vanity and empty-headed frivolity—until she rebuked herself, remembering that it



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## NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



was not so very long ago that Arthur Brinthrope had pulled the wool over her eyes, too.

Only once, when Laura asked if she had enjoyed herself the night before, did she venture a word of warning.

"I didn't like Mr. Brinthrope much, though, Mrs. Jenkins. I don't think he's very trustworthy."

Laura's bright black eyes flashed suspicion. "Why? When he took you home, did he—"

"Oh no, nothing like that," Sunday said hurriedly. "I just—oh, he seems so very smooth and sure of himself."

"Arthur's a dear boy and comes from a fine old English family," Laura said stiffly. "But more than that, Sunday, he's my friend."

And, warned, Sunday fell silent.

As the day drew to a close she became more and more nervous and upset. The dinner with Arthur loomed up as an unbearable ordeal. His actions the night before had showed too plainly what his intentions were—to tantalize her, hold over her the threat of revealing her whereabouts to Henry. Though for what reason, she didn't know.

Afraid of Jackey's temper, she hadn't told him or Lively of her meeting with Arthur, and that afternoon, when she went home, she was forced to invent a story about some unfinished work that Mrs. Jenkins wanted her to do. "I only dropped in to change my dress and give Lonnie his dinner," she explained, avoiding Jackey's wise old eyes. "Then Mrs. Jenkins expects me back for dinner."

Jackey seemed to accept the excuse. She didn't know that while she was

dressing he went to the telephone in the downstairs hall and called the Jenkins residence—to be told by the butler that Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins had both gone out to dinner and were not expected home until late.

"Sunday never could lie to me," he told Lively grimly as soon as she had left. "Come on. We're goin' too."

The Amber Lantern, Sunday discovered, was a restaurant with high-backed booths surrounding a tiny bit of dance floor on which nobody, apparently, ever danced. Arthur was waiting for her just inside the entrance.

And all through dinner he was utterly charming, as no one but Arthur ever knew how to be charming. He deferred to her when he ordered, suggested a dish that was particularly good, talked lightly and entertainingly of impersonal matters, and never once referred to Henry.

Then, over coffee, he remarked, "Well, all this has been very pleasant, but I suppose we'd better get down to business. I still think I ought to tell Henry where you are, but—maybe I could be persuaded not to."

WHITE-FACED, hands clenched in her lap, Sunday faced him. "What are you trying to get out of me, Arthur? I'll tell you right now, I haven't any money. You can't blackmail me."

"What ugly words you use sometimes Sunday. I wouldn't think of blackmailing an old friend like you." He took a sip of the liqueur he had ordered, then held the tiny glass up to the light and rotated it slowly between his fingers. "No. I only want to . . . be your friend. And if, as you say, you and Henry have sepa-

rated—I've always been in love with you, Sunday—you know that."

"Love!" She knew it was foolish to let him see her scorn; foolish, because she was entirely in his power. "You don't know the meaning of it!"

"You've never given me a chance to show you how much of the meaning of love I know," he said softly.

THE enormity of his suggestion overcame her. The blood pounded in her temples and her face felt as if it would burst into flame. "You despicable—conceited—fool!" she whispered. "How a man like Henry could have a brother like you—an embezzler, cheat, card-sharp—"

"Card-sharp! What are you talking about?" he demanded quickly, and carried away by her anger, heedless of consequences, she rushed on:

"Yes, card-sharp! I happen to know that you've been winning money at bridge from Laura Jenkins—I don't know how much or how often, but I'm sure it wasn't honestly!"

His hand shot across the table, imprisoned hers in a fierce grip. "Keep quiet!"

"I know something else, too. You're not going to be able to go on taking money from Laura—because this morning Brad refused to give her any more!"

"If you've said anything to Brad or Laura about me! By heaven, Sunday, then I will telegraph Henry!" All the polished suavity was gone now, and in its place Sunday saw the bestial temper that was the real Arthur Brinthrope. His hand was crushing hers; she was terrified.

"Arthur! Let me go!" she exclaimed, her voice rising.

"Yes, you skunk, let her go," said Jackey's voice from above her. "Or I'll smash you into the middle of next week."

"Jackey!" Sunday gasped as Arthur's grip abruptly relaxed. "Where did you come from?"

"Me'n Lively followed you. We've been sittin' in the next booth for the last hour, listenin'," Jackey said grimly. "Come along, Sunday. We're goin' home."

THANKFULLY, she was led away—but not before she had had one last glimpse of Arthur, saying through pale lips: "Remember, Sunday, what I said. If you say one word against me to Laura—I'll telegraph Henry."

All night Sunday lay awake. If Arthur let Henry know where she was, she would have to leave Linden. Once again she would be left without an anchor—without a home, without money or the means of earning it. Once again she would be a fugitive.

All this she knew—and yet, never once did she doubt that she would warn Laura against Arthur.

It would be sensible, wise, to let Arthur go his way, let him fleece this silly, ridiculous woman of money which, after all, meant little to her. It would be the part of wisdom to keep silent.

Wisdom? But you couldn't discard all that was right and honest, and call that wisdom. She knew she would never know a moment's peace if she allowed Arthur practically to steal money from Laura, and—perhaps—end up by ruining her marriage. For Brad Jenkins wasn't the sort of man who would stand very long for having his orders disobeyed.

The next morning she went straight to Laura.

"Mrs. Jenkins, there's something I have to tell you—"

Laura looked up abstractedly from her coffee and morning mail.

"Yes?"

"It's about Arthur Brinthope. I—I tried to warn you yesterday—"

The pretty, soft face changed expression at that. "Warn me? What in the world are you talking about?"

"He's no good, Mrs. Jenkins. I—knew him before I met him here, and I know he's a thorough rotter. What Mr. Jenkins said is true—he's been cheating you at cards—winning your money dishonestly—"

Laura's eyes and mouth as she listened to Sunday's story, opened simultaneously. One perfectly-manicured hand fluttered to her cheek and then away again. And, at last, she had a fit of very thorough hysterics.

When her employer had been put to bed and dosed with sedatives, Sunday went slowly downstairs, trailing one hand along the polished oak of the banister. So—here was the end of another chapter.

SHE pulled on her shabby felt hat and tweed coat, let herself out of the big house. For the last time she walked the few blocks to her apartment house, going through the tree-lined streets which even in a few weeks she had learned to love.

Jackey and Lively were in the apartment, playing with Lonnie, when she quietly entered. They looked up, wide-eyed with surprise at seeing her home so early.

"We're leaving Linden, darlings," she announced. "I think—I think

Henry will be coming here soon to look for us, and I want to be gone when he gets here."

"You told Mrs. Jenkins 'bout Arthur?" Jackey asked.

Sunday nodded, and they both rose. Lively held out his arms to her, and then for a few moments she could give way to her unhappiness, cry on the rough, tobacco-odored old shoulder as she had when she was a little girl.

"There, there," Jackey murmured. "I was hopin' you'd tell on him, even if he did let on to Henry where you was. Ain't nothin' in life, Sunday, worth sellin' your soul for."

BECAUSE it could only be a matter of hours before Arthur attempted to see Laura Jenkins and, being refused admittance, would know that Sunday had betrayed him and would telegraph Henry, they lost no time in packing their few belongings into the second-hand car and setting out.

"Ain't you goin' to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins?" Lively asked.

"Oh, I suppose I should—they've been so kind. But I don't want to have to answer any questions," Sunday objected, and Jackey patted her knee and said, "Now, Lively, don't go tryin' to make Sunday do anythin' she don't want to." And so, unheralded as they had arrived, they drove out of Linden.

"We haven't been very lucky in small towns," Sunday said as the car wheezed northward. "Let's go to Chicago, and I'll try to find work somewhere there—in a department store, perhaps. It won't cost much to get there, either."

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"Never did like cities," Lively grumbled, but Jackey nodded his head sagely.

"Best place in the world to lose yourself is a big city," he remarked.

Chicago—no longer a place to wander through for a few hours between trains, but a vast, unfriendly expanse of dirty-gray buildings; of noisy, dusty streets; of dingy brick-fronted houses. It frightened Sunday as they drove through the cheaper districts in search of a place to stay, and it frightened her more when they had settled down in a frowsy rooming-house and she had started out to look for work.

For long hours she sat in the personnel offices of department stores, winning at last the privilege of five-minute interviews with sharp-eyed, intelligent but dreadfully impersonal officials. She filled out application after application. She walked mile after mile, to save car fare.

SOMETHING seemed to be dead within her. Nothing mattered any more except a job, and money to buy food and clothes for herself and the three people dependent upon her. She didn't even think about the past—it didn't seem possible that she was the same girl who had danced her way across the Atlantic to marry Henry Brinthope.

"We'll let you know," the people in the employment offices told her. But they wouldn't, she knew. They would never let her know.

Jackey and Lively, seeing her come in pale and exhausted at night, looked at each other in shame and sadness. One of them was always out looking for work too, while the other took care of Lonnie. But who would want an old man who had never learned any other work but mining?

Late on an autumn day, she walked along La Salle Street, on her way to one more call—a mail-order house which might be taking on new people now that Christmas was coming. The light coat was becoming inadequate for the cold lake winds; she shivered as she passed the gloomy bulk of the La Salle Street station.

"Sunday! Sunday!"

She looked around, and then she began to run, stumbling a little in her high-heeled shoes over the rough cobbles of a cross-street; sobbing; fighting against an impulse to turn and run in the other direction, straight into the arms of the Lord Henry who had so miraculously appeared on La Salle Street, instead of away from him.

He soon overtook her, held her struggling figure in his strong arms while he murmured brokenly, "Sunday, my darling! Do you know what a time I've had finding you?"

But she couldn't answer. All she could do was sob against the velvet collar of his overcoat.

It was to the prosaic surroundings of a Fred Harvey restaurant that he led her, a little later, to talk.

"To think that if I hadn't walked out of the station for a breath of fresh air I'd never have found you!" he marveled, his eyes devouring her. "I've been down in Linden, giving everyone the third degree—Arthur, the Jenkinses, even the woman who owns the apartment house where you lived—and none of them knew where you'd gone. Sunday, darling, how could you be so heartless?"

"I—I don't know. It just seemed

better if we—never met again."

"But I've so many things to tell you! God knows I don't blame you for leaving me—but aren't you going to give me a chance to tell you the truth?"

A ray of sunlight from one of the high windows fell across her tear-stained face. "The . . . truth?"

"Yes—about Diane Bradford and the baby she said was mine. Sunday . . . maybe you won't understand, but here's the truth. When I was younger, back in England, I was a kid like any other kid. I ran around with a crowd that believed in having a good time—I—well, I suppose I sowed a few wild oats, as you say over here. One night I went to a party—Diane Bradford was there—everyone was drinking, and I drank too much, myself. Afterwards, I didn't remember what had happened. And I didn't see Diane again before I left for America. I stayed in New York more than a year before I went out to Silver Creek to look for Arthur, and in Silver Creek I met you, Sunday, and fell in love with you."

"I swear I didn't hear from Diane at all until a few days before we were to be married. Then she wrote, telling me that she'd become the mother of my baby. I didn't know what to think. I got panicky. I wrote to her—the letter she showed you—and hurried up the plans for the wedding. Oh, I should have told you, and we could have postponed the wedding until I'd investigated. But I was afraid she might be telling the truth, and that I'd lost you, so I—" He made a helpless gesture.

AND then, on our wedding day, she came to Brinthope Manor with the baby and—well, you know what happened then. I couldn't deny her story. All I could do was stand by and watch that stricken, hurt look on your face. And by the time I'd come to my senses enough to try to do something—you'd gone, Sunday. I was like a madman then. I went after Diane and made her admit the truth—that she'd hoped to marry me herself, and thought she still would have a chance if she broke up our marriage. She intended to see you before the ceremony, you see. The baby wasn't hers at all—it was just one she'd adopted."

For a moment Sunday's throat tightened, and she couldn't speak. The weary, aching months since she had left Henry flashed before her—all so cruelly unnecessary, so futile, so sad.

"Oh, if I'd only known!" she breathed. "And I never even gave you a chance to tell me. Don't you hate me, Henry?"

"Hate you!" he said with a smile that quivered a little. "If I did, would I have chased you all over the country? Oh—Sunday, I love you so! You're going to come with me now, and we'll adopt little Lonnie—poor little kid—and give him a real home, for once in his life. And—I suppose Jackey and Lively are still with you?"

"Of course."

"Well, we'll—we'll find them a mine to play with, somewhere."

"Henry—darling—" Laughter was dancing again in Sunday's eyes.

What happens to Sunday and Lord Henry after their unexpected reunion? For the further adventures of this delightful heroine and hero, tune in Our Gal Sunday on CBS Monday through Friday, 12:45, E. S. T.

## How to Sing for Money

(Continued from page 31)

a trained voice, if controlled, comes out of a loudspeaker sounding almost exactly as it does going in. An untrained singer, however, must expect the character of his voice to be changed to a considerable degree, since the non-fundamental elements haven't been distilled out of it by training. This change may very likely be for the better. I have in mind one girl whose voice goes into a mike thin, pallid, and completely unimpressive. The mike sluffs off this unattractive shell and transmits only the fundamental voice which turns out to be amazingly rich and full of character. However, as a general thing, the more you put in, the more you get out.

### What Is Microphone Technique?

Here is the prime principle: Treat the Mike as an Ear, Not an Auditorium.

This "ear" business is the key to the whole thing. Imagine that you are singing into the ear of a sensitive, critical friend. You'd avoid startling him with sudden blasts of volume; you'd move a little closer to whisper, a bit away to speak loudly lest you offend or shock him; you'd keep facing him, of course, and avoid any irritating affectations. Treat the mike with the same courtesy and consideration, for, figuratively speaking, your whole audience is sitting within it, a matter of inches from your mouth.

LET'S take a quick look at each of the Seven Commandments.

"Sing in your normal voice." To the trained singer, this means the volume which you have selected as the best for the song, or for you in general. To the untrained singer, it means simply the volume at which you sing with the greatest ease and comfort. The attempt to sing in any uncomfortable or unnatural volume means strain, loss of tonal quality and ease, and—worst of all—loss of vitality. Sing right out if you feel best that way: nine times out of ten the Monitor will be able to control it.

"Restrict your dynamic range." Naturally, the more showy the song, the broader the dynamic (loud and soft) range can be without offense to the listeners. It won't be offensive to the Monitor either if you swell gently into your big effects, or notify him when you are going to change volume suddenly. One sudden blast can overload the telephone lines and amplifiers from here to New York. Don't attack explosively, and don't "pound".

"Get 'placed', then don't wander." The Monitor will cheerfully experiment with you at rehearsals to locate your proper placing; that is, the distance from the mike at which you should stand when singing in normal volume. This placing varies. Whispers come in so close that the skinned nose is an occupational injury; Crosby stands about a foot out, some opera singers two or three feet away. The average distance is about a foot.

As a general thing, soft sopranos (without "sharpness") and crooners are in close; baritones midway; operatic sopranos, and full or "cutting" voices well back. A breathy voice

# POOR COMPLEXION?



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should be moved back so that the mike will get the tones but lose the rasp. However, standing too far back from the mike brings in that echoey "room tone" which makes the voice sound as though it were coming out of a rain barrel and tends to smother it under the accompaniment. So sacrifice a little of that big voice of yours if necessary to earn a placing closer in. The closer the placing, the "bigger" the small voice sounds, which is the device by which such voices are tricked into effectiveness over the mike.

And once placed, stay there except when you move in and out intentionally with changes in volume. Jeanette MacDonald is such a creeper that they nail a chair between her and the mike to keep that glorious voice of hers out where it belongs. If you find yourself becoming a chronic crawler, try marking your normal position on the floor with chalk.

"Move in and out of the mike slightly with volume changes." This is what radio men mean by "microphone technique," or "working the mike." Stand easily, with one foot forward, in your normal placing, but lean forward a bit for the low and soft tones; back a little for the high or loud ones. This motion isn't more than six inches forward or twelve inches back in any but the softest whispers or the biggest effects. Naturally, these movements must be made gently and gradually—treat them as subtly as you do the musical crescendos and diminuendos which they accompany. As a matter of fact, you should do very little moving during the average song which you render in an even volume, and what little you do is in the nature of a subtle flow of motion. Just keep that "ear" in mind.

"Stay in the beam of the mike without swinging or bobbing." The slight motion allowed with changes in volume is only straight forward and straight back. Don't turn your face much as you sing, don't bob and weave; all of these motions cause an apparent waver in the voice. When you get partly out of the beam, the mike picks up only the sounds from the side of your mouth, until the voice seems to thin out; get entirely out and your voice has to hit the walls and bounce back before it is picked up. By the way, watch out for loud shuffling and toe-tapping which may be picked up by the mike.

"Keep your balance in diction and tone." Keep those loud vowels and soft consonants reasonably near equal, watch out for the explosives, and remember that the "whispered" consonants of the opera singer aren't a bit louder than those of the crooner. Your diction must, of course, be clear, even at a slight sacrifice in tone now and then. Balance in tone means simply that you must sing in approximately even volume through all the notes of your vocal range; and if you can't manage that, either choose your keys so that you use only that part of your range which you can control, or set about learning to "mask" the loud high notes and "bring up" the soft low ones. This tonal balance applies to timbre as well as volume, and the suggestion as to restricting your "range" is effective. This whole matter of balance is the key to microphone competence.

"Avoid exaggeration." The mike, especially when you sing close to it, exaggerates to such an extent that the proper technique is one of understatement. The most common offenses are dictional, but audible breathing, lack of smoothness, and deviation

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from true pitch are right up in the running.

Every once in a while I hear a new singer brush off advice of this sort with the comment, "What is the Monitor for?" Well, in a way it's a reasonable question and deserves an answer. The answer is that every time you make the Monitor twist a knob, you've forced him to do something unnatural to your voice; the very fact of a change can't help but alter the unity of your rendition. When he cuts your voice down suddenly, he thins it and cuts some of the qualities out of it. If he removes your fuzziness by cutting out your highs, he reduces your brilliance. His manipulation, no matter how clever, results in a performance that isn't as good as though he hadn't had to touch you; sometimes this loss is really marked, as in the wiping out of a soft or low note just after a loud passage.

The moral is, Be Your Own Monitor. Learn to handle yourself so that the boys in the control room can go out for a smoke while you're on. They will learn to love you for it, and so—though it won't know the reason—will your public.

AND when the Monitor's advice floats down from the control room during rehearsal, heed it. He's hearing you as you sound over the system; he has heard lots of others, and he knows best. Even if you did things differently at M-G-M last week, remember that this man knows his own equipment. The only time to argue with a sound-man is when he's too easily satisfied.

#### Some Miscellaneous Tips

See that you're comfortable; your music rack is in a spot where you can read your song without getting out of the beam, and your mike at the right height, placed so that you can see the control room, orchestra leader or accompanist, show director or announcer (anything or anybody you need to see as you sing), without turning your head.

Learn the signals in use at the place where you are singing (sign language is a necessary thing when the mikes are "hot"). The universal signal is the "finger-circle," which with lifted eyebrows asks "Is it O. K.?" and with an affirmative nod means "That's perfect."

Cast an occasional glance (especially during the doubtful spots) at the control room to catch the Monitor's reaction—by means of pre-arranged signals.

Learn the etiquette of the place. It's radio etiquette to keep quiet and as motionless as convenient when others are on the air. At a recording, absolute quiet is *obligatory*. Always keep an eye on the red light or whatever gadget notifies you that the mike is hot or that a take is going on.

Whether the red light is burning or not, the mike is usually open to the loud speaker in the control room, so watch your conversation. If you want to grouse about the engineer or tell the pianist what happened after last night's party, get away from that mike and speak softly.

If you are in the control room, keep quiet while sound is coming in. The others in the control room are listening. And don't get between the

sound-man and the loudspeaker which is guiding his monitoring.

Time your numbers and all selections thereof. Stop-watches are as common as regular watches around radio and recording studios. If your 2:15 number must be cut to 1:40 nobody has time to sit about while you experiment with guesswork cuts. Know. Someone has said that radio singers whose watches are in pawn can time the boiling of an egg perfectly by singing three choruses of one of their numbers; if the egg is underdone, it's because they left out the eight-bar tag.

DON'T put your chin in your chest to read your music. If possible, know your number so well that the copy is simply a reassuring reminder. Keep in the habit of memorizing your songs against the day when you'll be singing to flesh audiences.

And, lastly, a cure for mike fright. Imagine a porthole in the mike through which you see a friendly audience, and sing to them. But a better cure: Know your song and your trade so well that you have nothing to worry about.

Suppose you've just been given your big chance—an opportunity to audition for a radio program or a dance band. Will you be able to "knock 'em cold" in that audition room? Or will you betray your lack of experience by doing all the wrong things? Get ready for that moment by reading next month's chapter of "How to Sing for Money," which tells, clearly and concisely, all the things you should and should not do at an audition—in the May RADIO MIRROR.

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## The Romance of Helen Trent

(Continued from page 15)

my husband I'd understand, but—You know, he's had several woman designers, but he's never seemed to be able to get along with any of them. I tell him he's too much of a slave-driver, too much of a perfectionist—but what I don't tell him is that everyone calls him a genius and I think he tries to live up to it! Such a temper! Of course, frightfully exciting to work with, but—"

"And now," thought Helen, "I know why you came to see me."

"Around home, of course, he's a perfect lamb! But some of the stories I hear about the way he acts at the studio! Poor Marjorie Mayes—she used to design for him, you know—she'd simply be in tears at the end of the day, after Drew had flown into a temper and torn up all her sketches—"

"And I don't believe," Helen thought further to herself, "that you're being so terribly smart, either."

"Then there was Constance Marshall—so talented and just beginning to be known—but after she couldn't make a go of it with Drew it seemed to set her career right back. None of the other studios would touch her. I've often wondered what happened to poor Constance. . . . Well, Mrs. Trent, thanks so much for your kindness—I'll drop around soon to see the sketches, shall I? Or you might come in for cocktails—any afternoon, I always have a crowd around."

Still effervescent cordiality, she departed. For a moment Helen stood very still, smiling a little. "I don't," she said half aloud, "believe a word of it, Mrs. Sinclair! And I wonder—could you possibly be the one who got that poor little secretary to keep me from seeing Mr. Sinclair?"

AFTER a week of working for Drew Sinclair, Helen was telling herself that his wife's description of his character had been falsehood from beginning to end. No one could have asked for more kindness, co-operation and generous approval than she got from Drew. She had a comfortable office and an efficient secretary of her own, an apparently unlimited budget, and a comparatively free hand in carrying out her own ideas of costuming the new picture. More than that, the picture itself was Sentinel Studios' biggest project for the year, a magnificent showcase for her designs. It was to be called "Fashions of 1939," and was, in effect, a cavalcade of styles.

Reginald Peabody, Sentinel Studios' head staff designer, whom Helen had expected to be at least a little resentful of her, proved to be a good-natured young man with elegant clothes, fluttering hands and a nasal voice, who took her to lunch at the studio commissary and babbled amusing gossip for an hour.

"You know, I thought you'd treat me as an interloper," she told him. "Instead, I feel like a guest of honor."

His pale-blue eyes widened. "Interloper? For heaven's sake, my sweet, why? Because you're getting stuck with the biggest headache of the year? Believe me, I didn't want it—I have my hands full grinding out clothes for all the little orphan pictures nobody else bothers about, now

that your 'Fashions' is ready to go into production."

Mrs. Sinclair burst into Helen's office one afternoon, crying, "Mrs. Trent—you wicked person! Why didn't you tell me this was the studio you expected to sign with? I'm so embarrassed I could die—telling you all those things about Drew and getting you afraid of him right at the start!"

"It doesn't matter, Mrs. Sinclair," Helen said. "I wanted to tell you, but—well, I've learned that in Hollywood it's better not to talk about things until the contracts have been signed."

"My dear, that's so wise!" Mrs. Sinclair said solemnly, as if Helen had just voiced a completely new and very profound bit of philosophy. "Tell me—are my sketches ready?"

YES, I have a few here," and Helen produced them from a folder on her desk.

Mrs. Sinclair pounced, shuffled through them avidly, and uttered little screams of delight. "So smart... beautiful... lovely! I really don't know which..."

In the end she selected the sketch Helen thought least attractive, and suggested one or two changes which ruined it completely; but Helen promised to have it ready in a week for the first fitting.

Steadily, sketches went out of Helen's office to Drew Sinclair, were enthusiastically approved, and began to take shape under Helen's own supervision and that of the wardrobe mistress, a blunt Hollywood veteran who rejoiced in the name of Verlaine Lafferty.

Then, one morning, Drew Sinclair sent for Helen, and when she stepped into his office she saw that he was worried.

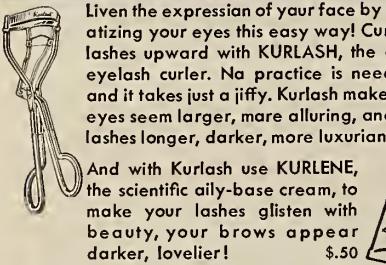
"Mrs. Trent," he said, "I've just heard some news that may be rather important to us all. Steinbloch, over at Consolidated, is working on a picture called 'Modern Modes'—and it seems to be very much the same sort of thing as our 'Fashions'."

"Oh, Mr. Sinclair!" Helen gasped. Comparative newcomer to Hollywood though she was, she knew the meaning of that news. It would be a battle, now, between Consolidated and Sentinel to see which of them could get its fashion picture before the public first—and also to see which could produce the biggest and most spectacular film. Millions of dollars would be the prize for the victor—and a tremendous loss might be the punishment for the loser.

"You used to work for Steinbloch, didn't you?" Sinclair remarked with a smile. "Well—all I can say is that I'm glad you're not working for him now! As it is, I think we've got a good chance of making him sorry he ever thought of 'Modern Modes'."

"Thank you, Mr. Sinclair," Helen said. "I hope so."

"Well—I just wanted to make sure you knew about the competition, and were aware of all it means to us. We'll have to shoot the picture through even faster than we'd planned, and even at that it'll have to be twice as good—" He broke off, one of his sudden, boyish smiles appearing on his face. "Might be a good



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idea to send you over to Consolidated to do a little spying, mightn't it?"

"Oh—I couldn't—"

At that he broke into a real laugh. "Don't take me so seriously, Mrs. Trent. That was a poor attempt on my part at a joke."

Helen was still a little shaken when she left the office. As a matter of fact, she had known that something was up at Consolidated. Gorden Decker, head scenic designer there, was one of her best friends in Hollywood, and the last time she had seen him he had been strangely secretive, almost brisk. A spy! That's what he had been afraid she might be!

She tried not to let Gordon's distrust hurt her. After all, even friends had betrayed each other in this strange industry. . . . But it rankled a little. She hadn't thought Gordon would ever be afraid of her loyalty.

After that, production was rushed on "Fashions of 1939." Wardrobe room, set designers, actors, extras, light and sound crews—all were working at top speed.

REGGIE PEABODY dropped in now and then to cluck his tongue sympathetically over the rush, and contribute a bit of his stock-in-trade, gossip. "Y'know," he remarked one morning, "there's more in all this than meets the eye. 'Fashions,' unless I'm very much mistaken, is Drew's big gold chip in this poker-game they call 'The Industry.'"

"Gold chip...?"

"Big stake, my sweet. If he loses it, he loses everything. Or that's the way the wind seems to blowing, if I read all the signs aright."

"Oh—but Reggie!" Helen said in dismay. "Why, that couldn't be! Mr. Sinclair is one of Hollywood's biggest producers."

"The bigger they come—et cetera. Helen, this is a screwy business. And I think the Sentinel backers are not pleased with the box-office receipts on the last few pictures."

If it hadn't been for this hint-filled talk with Reggie, Helen would not have attached any importance to Drew Sinclair's sudden departure for New York in the midst of "Fashions of 1939's" production. As it was, she wondered. . . . Drew did seem worried and jumpy on the day before he left, when she saw him for a few minutes in his office.

But, she told herself, her job was to design the best clothes she could, and not worry about things that didn't concern her.

Reggie, who had been helping her with some of the detail on costuming the picture, fell ill while Drew Sinclair was away, and was out of the studio for a few days; as a result she had more work than she could properly take care of, and had to let Verlaine Lafferty take care of dressing the chorus girls in the elaborate night-club sequence. She was sorry, too—she had looked forward to being on the set and seeing all the pert red-and-blue costumes she had designed for the girls. But it didn't matter. . . .

Then Drew Sinclair was back, and so was Reggie, looking perfectly healthy again, and the work was less demanding. Until—

It was late on the afternoon of Drew's return when the telephone call came through. Sinclair's secretary—no longer Miss Lawson—was on the wire.

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in projection room Number three, Mrs. Trent."

She hummed as she walked along the bright, flower-bordered sidewalks, past the Administration Building, around a corner, through a heavy door and into the jewel-box luxury of the projection room.

As she entered she heard a hum of conversation which ceased abruptly. Several people were there—Drew Sinclair, "Fashions" director, some men she knew vaguely as assistant directors and script writers, Reggie Peabody, Mrs. Sinclair.

Drew's face was grim. He glanced down at a page of sketches in his hand, then met her eyes directly.

"Mrs. Trent, I've just seen the rushes on the night-club sequence. Did you design the costumes for those chorus girls?"

"I—why, yes, Mr. Sinclair." What in the world was wrong, she wondered with a sinking heart.

"I'd like you to see the rushes too," he said. "All right, Pearson."

THE lights flicked off and at once bright-colored shadows were dancing on the screen. But Helen had watched only for a moment when she gave a choked gasp. There, instead of the charmingly impudent costume she had designed, was a hideous, drab creation, multiplied time and time again as the chorus girls, wearing identical dresses, capered and skipped and pirouetted.

"Oh, stop it!" she cried. "Mr. Sinclair—that's not my costume the girls are wearing! That is—I made a sketch for a costume something like that, for another sequence, but I discarded it! It should never have been made up at all!"

The lights went up; Drew Sinclair held the sheet of paper in his hand out to her. On it was a sketch for the dresses she had just seen, and on the corner of the page were the words "O.K. for night-club chorus girls—Helen Trent" in her own handwriting.

She stared at them, unable to say a word.

"You understand," Drew said coldly, "this means the whole sequence will have to be re-shot, at enormous expense. I can't allow a film like that, bearing my name, to go before the public. Those costumes . . . they're frightful! I couldn't believe you had designed them until I saw these sketches, with your okay."

"I can't understand," Helen stammered, feeling as if she were going mad. "It's not possible . . ."

"Didn't you see the completed dresses, after they were made up? Weren't you on the set when the scene was shot?"

"Why, I . . . I couldn't get to the set, because you were away, and Reggie was ill, and I was snowed under with work. But I should have seen the made-up costumes. . . ."

She passed a trembling hand over her forehead, trying to think. And yet, in her confusion, one fact glared out. If her world was crashing down around her, it was not because the wrong costumes had somehow crept into the night-club sequence. That was bad enough, of course, but it was not what made her

feel weak and ill, and as if she might faint at any moment. No—the worst thing, the heartbreaking thing, was the puzzled, hurt look in Drew Sinclair's eyes, the look that told her she had failed him. For the first time, she realized how much his friendship and consideration had flattered her. She had valued it deeply. And now . . . now he must be cursing her stupidity! For she remembered—she had not seen the made-up dresses.

"They weren't brought to me. . . . I should have insisted on seeing them," she said. "But it slipped my mind. . . ."

"How it happened is beside the point," Drew said. "The thing we have to face is—that it did happen." He gave her a curt nod. "Well—thank you for coming in, Mrs. Trent. If I should need you again, I'll call."

Dismissed. She walked, on legs that felt as if they were made of ice, out of the room.

Drew Sinclair sat down in one of the huge, heavily upholstered armchairs and closed his eyes wearily for a moment. "I can't understand why Mrs. Trent did a thing like that," he said to Atkinson, the director. "A woman as intelligent as she is, with her talent . . ."

"Isn't it plain enough, darling? It is to me."

He looked up. His wife was standing above him, a faint smile on her full lips.

"What do you mean?"

"You're such a sweet innocent, Drew. You never look past the surface. Now, just think a minute. Where did this Mrs. Trent work before you hired her? Who gave her her big chance?"

"Steinbloch—Consolidated."

**PRECISELY.** And who is one of her—shall I say very good friends—someone who takes her out every now and then to dinner or dancing? But you wouldn't know. Gordon Decker, Steinbloch's head set designer. And who is making a picture to compete with 'Fashions of 1939'? Oddly—Steinbloch. Does it make sense?"

Drew didn't answer, so she turned to Reggie Peabody. "Reggie? What do you think?"

"I think," Reggie said, "that it makes a great deal of sense, Sandra dear. Personally, I've never fully trusted that Trent woman. . . ."

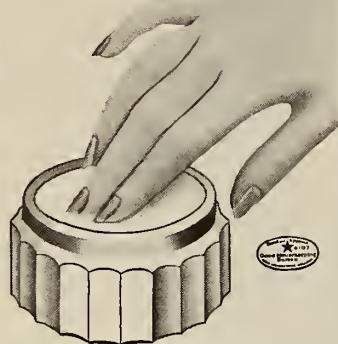
Drew Sinclair sighed deeply. "Miss Parker," he said heavily to his secretary, "take a memo . . . to Mrs. Trent. Dear Mrs. Trent. I regret that owing to your unforgivable . . ." he paused, searching for a word—"unforgivable lapse in connection with the night-club costumes for 'Fashions of 1939' I must request your resignation."

*Is Helen herself responsible for the terrible mistake made in the costumes for "Fashions of 1939"? Or has someone else succeeded in ruining her career at Sentinel Studios—and ruining, too, her friendly relations with Drew Sinclair? Don't miss the next installment of this fascinating novel of a woman's search for success and happiness in love—in the May RADIO MIRROR.*

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Still in love after thirteen years! Barbara Stanwyck gave this horseshoe to the Jack Bennys for their anniversary.

## House of Laughter

(Continued from page 23)

feet long and sentinelled by a beautiful grandfather's clock, you realize you are in not only a house but a home.

The drawing room (Jack won't call it that, but Mary does) is done in soft rose beige tones with harmonizing satin-striped wall paper. The carpet is beige, the drapes beige and apple green satin brocade and most of the furniture is antique with beige and apple green coverings. But here and there a scarlet chair or cushion provides a bright color accent.

Back of the drawing room is the playroom, a gay, homey place with corner seats upholstered in scarlet or green, pool, card and backgammon tables scattered conveniently about, and a projection room opening off one end, its door cunningly concealed by two large pictures.

The very formal beige and brown dining room opens on a gay little chintz hung breakfast room, where Jack and Mary and Baby Joan eat when there isn't any "company." The library is a comfortable room with a blue Oriental rug on the floor, shelves full of books that look as though they have been read, and a handsome desk which Jack says is too fancy for any real transaction of business. Several secret closets, tucked away behind movable book shelves, were when we viewed them stuffed full of Santa Claus' Christmas presents for Joan.

Upstairs you'll find Mary's bedroom. It is very luxurious, decorated in the same quiet beige shades as the drawing room, but her dressing room,

as big as some people's living rooms, is a gorgeous affair of mirrors and crystal fittings. Across a little hall, Jack's bedroom, dominated by the simply huge highboy we mentioned and his equally huge four-poster, is a pleasingly masculine room done in browns and tans, with leather upholstered chairs and even a leather upholstered chaise longue. And, yes, Jack's dressing room is lined with mirrors, though he vows he never looks in any of them—well, hardly ever!

Upstairs there is also a gay nursery for Joan and beyond that a sun deck built especially for her. There is a guest room, too, a pretty, quaint apartment complete with dressing room and bath.

The playhouse, a separate building beyond the swimming pool, has another big bar, more card and game tables, a barbecue pit and dressing rooms for swimmers. The furnishings are done in scarlet and green.

There are several other things, too, about the Benny house which make it quite complete—things like huge servants' quarters, fireplaces in every room except the dining room and kitchen, a mammoth butler's pantry (well stocked with jello) and a perfectly ducky powder room on the first floor.

All in all, the house that Jack Benny built is something to be proud of—and who wouldn't be with a charming wife like Mary and a beautifully adopted daughter like Joan to share his long cherished dream?

## COMING—

A famous Ellery Queen mystery, taken from the exciting radio program and presented in thrilling story form exclusively in—

**RADIO MIRROR**

## One Man's Family

(Continued from page 21)

family may silently suspect about Paul and Beth Holly, who visits the Sea Cliff estate for weeks at a time, no one doubts there's been only one love in Paul's life—the war nurse.

Paul, now gray at the temples, often depressed, and with a rolling cadence of maturity in his voice, is in his early forties.

He runs a flying school, gives advice at the drop of a handkerchief, lives with the family, plays a detective at the first wink of trouble, and frequently surrounds himself with an aura of mystery.

All of the sons and daughters in the Barbour clan except Paul arrived after Father and Mother Barbour had acquired considerable wealth.

**PAUL** came along in the early days of their marriage—son of Henry Barbour, a farm boy who was trying to get a start in business in San Francisco.

Born in this period of struggle, Paul has grown to be more of a realist than his younger brothers and sisters. His boyhood memories are not of ocean-side estates, feasts at Thanksgiving and Christmas and other luxuries which younger members of the family have become accustomed.

What profession he would have followed had he not gone to war has never been indicated. Unquestionably, he would not have entered Father Barbour's bond business, which he has icily side-stepped.

The war sharpened his appetite for flying and adventure, and resulted in the opening of Paul Barbour's Flying School a few months after the Armistice. The flying school has been profitable, and remains profitable, but Paul is not wealthy. However, he is a man of considerable leisure; time to think things out, take long, mysterious trips, and acquire many philosophies.

One of his philosophies governs his flying school: Don't deliberately strive to make money. Give your job the best you have in you and the money question will take care of itself.

His favorite formula for success: Always do the little thing that's ahead of you; don't delay it until tomorrow. If you form the habit of doing all the little things as they arise, the big problems will be easier.

Some of his philosophies lacked this mental serenity and Paul found himself in tiffs with Father Barbour; disagreements in which he was not always the winner.

Paul believed he had lost face with the family. Cornered, he embodied his prodigious sciences of life in a book. A publishing house liked his book, but it found less favor with the public.

Slowly he mellowed and became less erratic. Since the failure of his literary attempt, he has never been one to criticize human weaknesses. Through his tolerance he has become the sounding-board of the family.

If a Barbour is planning a revolutionary move either in business, love or domestic life, Paul's opinion is sought; and he does not hold back his opinions.

Cliff, second son of the Barbours, acquired some years ago a custom of bringing his dates to the Barbour home to meet the family.

Among the first was Beth Holly. Obviously a bit on the wild side, the family was not enthusiastic about her.

Paul began seeing quite a lot of Beth and for the past six or eight years she has visited the Barbour home for periods of weeks at a time.

Various members of the family tried to sound out Paul on his relations with Beth, but encountered the silence which so long has characterized Paul's life. Not the least of these inquisitors was Father Barbour.

In later years, the family has been involved in domestic problems which overshadow the mystery of Paul and Beth and has taken an attitude of letting them work out their own destiny. Paul, the family now reasons, is old enough to know his own mind, and wise enough to avoid embarrassing entanglements.

Family suspicions about Beth and Paul are based not on what the family knows, but what it doesn't know; not on what Paul has said, but what he has diligently left unsaid.

Beth Holly often grows impatient with Paul and delivers an ultimatum. If he loves her, contends Beth in moments she sometimes regrets, he must marry her. If he doesn't love her, she should know it.

**TWICE** she has tried to force him to a decision, but Paul is a man who prefers to leave those matters to a later day. Beth went her way and married another man. The marriage, somewhere in the East, was followed by a honeymoon in Europe.

Months later, she came back with a child. She told Paul her husband had been killed in an airplane crash.

Once again, Paul persuaded Beth Holly to move into the Barbour home. While she was there, something seemed to be threatening her. Again she came around to the subject of marriage, but Paul was evasive. One morning Paul found a note from Beth. She had left during the night, taking her child with her.

Beth Holly is one of the many unexplained mysteries of Paul's life. Two years ago, he received a series of telephone calls, each resulting in his disappearance for a few days, apparently on missions involving espionage.

Once he was in Washington for several weeks, assisting federal agents.

He has adopted Teddy, now fifteen years old, as his daughter. Teddy, an orphan, came to live with the family next door. The Barbour neighbors, unable to care for her, agreed to her adoption by Paul, who was enormously fond of her. Teddy could not ask for a more dutiful, more understanding parent.

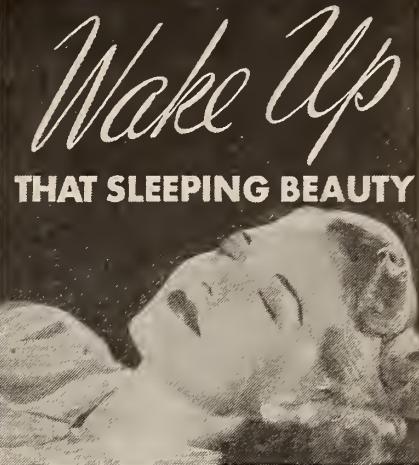
His talks with Teddy provide some of the most memorable episodes in the life of the Barbour clan.

Teddy is now at the dangerous age. She has no mother to guide her through adolescence and relies on the straightforward advice from Paul, who counsels her:

Don't use up all your emotions in two years. They have to last you for the next forty or fifty years.

\* \* \*

Coming next month: "Cliff Barbour," the second in this fascinating series of pen-portraits of *One Man's Family*.



Your complexion is probably far lovelier than you realize. If its dingy, UNGlamorous look has you just about discouraged, take heart! Chances are the good, thorough cleansing of a Pompeian Massage will wake up that sleeping beauty by removing the dingy film of dirt.

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## Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 40)

chores, is married. "Brad" eloped to Las Vegas with Hollywood actress Myra Bratton. His second marriage.

\* \* \*

### ADD BABYLON BULLETINS!

Chet Lauck, Jr., baby son of radio's "Lum" of Lum and Abner.

\* \* \*

Hollywood's big-time-big-name radio shows are planning personal appearance tours throughout the country. Jean Hersholt and his Dr. Christian series has just returned to Hollywood following a trip across country to New York with broadcasts en route. Gene Autry's Melody Ranch will tour the nation starting this month. And Eddie Robinson's been broadcasting from Chicago and New York.

\* \* \*

It's the Spotlight for Sam Balter, sports commentator, whose "inside stories about sports" are terrific. Take a bow, Sam.

\* \* \*

Diana Lewis' brother, J. C. Lewis, is a radio executive at Mutual Don Lee in Hollywood. Jay insists Diana and her groom, Bill Powell, will co-star in a radio version of "The Thin Man."

\* \* \*

Yippee! Arthur "Dagwood" Lake is eating-off-the-shelf, and he's giving up the saddle. At Palm Springs the other day, Lake was tossed off his horse into a cactus of giant size!

\* \* \*

Did you notice that Amos 'n' Andy did not place in the first ten of the radio popularity poll for the first time since the poll was started?

\* \* \*

And Jack Benny won the number one comedian spot in spite of his adverse publicity in '39?

\* \* \*

A critic lambasted Errol Flynn in print for having the nerve to send Orson Welles a gag gift of a ham with a beard on it, commenting: "Who is Flynn to talk?" Orson wired the critic that Flynn is not the guilty one, that no doubt it was his press agent's dream, "and what's more," says Orson, "who wants an arrow in the back?"

\* \* \*

"The Great Train Robbery," one of the first films ever made, is a monthly telecast feature over the Tommy Lee Television Station W6XAO.

\* \* \*

Middle Westerners note: Frank Parker, chirper on the Burns and Allen series, is signed for a concert tour that will take him to the key cities between St. Louis and New York during the late spring.

\* \* \*

I don't know if there was really a reason for Jack Benny signing Barbara Stanwyck to appear on his "birthday" show, but anyway, last year on that date, Robert Taylor was the guest star and he kissed Mary Livingstone, long and realistically. Benny retaliated this year.

The one thing Charles Boyer does NOT want to be is a hero. I found it out very quickly the day the genial French actor returned to the Hollywood Playhouse series . . . his first job since being released from the service of the French Army. "Are you still subject to call from France?" I asked him. "Please, must we discuss it?" said Boyer. "I think your fans would like to know," I replied. "In that case, the answer is yes. I have been released from service because France didn't need men of my age group. I was just six months over the limit. But I am still subject to call." "Did you serve as an officer?" I asked. "No," Boyer said with a smile, "just as a buck private."

\* \* \*

Eddie Cantor is answering a flood of requests for his safe-driving campaign slogan: "If you have a tankful, be thankful; if you have a car full, be careful; and if you have a snootful — hail a taxi!" Glad to help you out, Eddie.

\* \* \*

Mary Martin will be making many radio appearances as guest star by the time you are reading this, and in March she'll start co-starring with Dick Powell in Good News.

\* \* \*

New fame has come to Gene Autry. The screen's Public Cowboy Number One was born in Tioga, Texas. It's just been renamed "Autry Springs": population: "fifteen hundred on Saturday nights."

\* \* \*

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has leveled charges of unscripted-like conduct at NBC for putting the studio in the middle on the proffer of \$5,000 to Finnish Red Cross if Greta Garbo would appear on its Curtain Calls program. NBC was told that if and when Garbo went on the air, \$5,000 would be but a drop in the bucket, compared to the price she would ask for—and get!

\* \* \*

Lum and Abner will attempt to bring their whimsy to the screen—they've just signed with a new film corporation to make a series of pictures.

\* \* \*

Betty Jane Rhodes, the "first lady of television," has organized a new group: "hillbillies and swing". It's terrific.

\* \* \*

It's surprising how many details can escape our observation even in very familiar places—such as Hollywood Radio City is to me. For instance, have I ever told you before that Martha Tilton, who used to be star vocalist with Benny Goodman's orchestra, is on the NBC staff? That Warren Hull is a fine horseman and often appears at rehearsals of Good News in riding togs? That Fanny Brice will use any excuse to see a good stage play, that she is seeing a local stage show for the third time this week? That Meredith Willson is just about finished with his newest symphony about California Missions, and is already making plans for its premiere presentation by an orchestra other than his own?



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# There's Beauty IN RELAXATION



■ A few minutes of rest daily and well-groomed hands are two often-neglected beauty aids, say Joan Blaine (right) and Ginny Simms, Kay Kyser's lovely vocalist.



By DR. GRACE GREGORY

DO you know that one excellent way of making yourself more beautiful is simply—to sit comfortably in your own living room, listening to the radio?

Yes, it's true. There is beauty in relaxation, if only more of us were wise enough to realize it. Sit quietly, health and beauty experts tell us, for at least fifteen minutes every day. And we reply, "That's all very well, but where can I find the time?"

The answer is to do something useful while you are enjoying your beauty rest, and then you won't feel that you can't spare the time. For instance, there's the simple but fascinating and profitable pastime of crocheting. Crochet fifteen minutes every day while you're sitting back, letting the weariness of work wash away, and you'll not only—through relaxation—help erase those lines that are beginning to form, but you will soon find yourself the proud possessor of a new sweater, or of a winter sports set like the one Joan Blaine, star of *Valiant Lady* is wearing in the picture above. Any department store has instructions if you have never learned to crochet.

But—and here's the practical beauty note in this month's discussion—if you're going to crochet, you're going to spend a little time watching your hands. And that might be a very good thing. Other people look at them a lot. You can't crochet, or play cards, or even act as hostess at luncheon or dinner without showing off your hands—and many knowing people

will judge your grooming not by your face, but by those same two hands.

Nowadays, hands with harsh, roughened skin are inexcusable. The outdoors girl and the housewife can have velvet-soft, exquisite hands.

Take Ginny Simms, for instance. She is an all-around active girl; golfs, swims, drives, and romps with her bird dog, Tex, when she is not singing with Kay Kyser's band on NBC's Wednesday night College of Musical Knowledge, or making Vocalion records with her own band.

Virginia Simms has a profile like a cameo, a slim, lithe figure, and expressive hazel eyes. You remember her in the movie "That's Right, You're Wrong." She began her career when she was a sophomore in Fresno State College, California, by organizing a trio with a couple of sorority sisters and singing over local stations. Her fresh young contralto with its haunting deeper notes was bound to attract a wider public, and a nationwide career was under way.

Ginny Simms' face could never be less than beautiful. But her hands could. They are the hands to delight a palmist, which means there is nothing pretty-pretty about them. Strong, capable, a little on the large side, and every sensitive fingertip a slightly different shape. But how exquisitely cared for! The muscular structure is

firm, as befits an athlete and musician; but the skin is satin-smooth and delicate. She wears a polish of jewel-like brilliance, although she prefers the more conservative rosy tint.

The rules for hand beauty are simple. Soften any water in which you immerse your hands just as you do your bath water (and that includes dish water too.)

Of course you will use the blandest soaps and soap powders. Any soap that bites when you touch it with the sensitive tip of your tongue has no business outside the washing machine.

But the greatest help towards beautiful hands is the regular and frequent use of a good hand lotion or hand cream. There are plenty of good ones, compounded of healing, soothing ingredients, non-greasy, inexpensive. Every time your hands have been in water, give them a treat with your favorite cream or lotion.

Besides keeping the entire hand youthful and soft and smooth, you will be surprised what such regular treatments do for your nails, especially the cuticle. It is ridiculous to cut the cuticle, ever. If you start it, you have to keep on. And at that it never looks as well as a cuticle that is kept soft by hand creams and lotions, treated with a special cuticle cream when you manicure, and pushed back with an orange-wood stick. Such a cuticle looks well always. The cut cuticle looks well for a couple of days after the manicure, and then begins to be uneven and grow up on the nail.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

## Young Doctor Malone

(Continued from page 19)

the night they rushed for the nearest hospital, some twenty miles away at the county seat. There Jerry encountered a shocking setback.

Dr. Jones, chief of staff, had heard of the petition to remove Jerry as Health Officer of Belmore and when Jerry arrived, expecting the operating room to be ready, an embarrassed resident physician had the unpleasant duty of telling him that permission to use the hospital had been withheld. Dr. Jones had ordered the operation delayed until he could arrive to perform it himself.

JERRY had no choice. He waited, watching the fluttering pulse of Mr. Mead grow weaker as his fever mounted. Dr. Jones was due in half an hour. But in half an hour, the poison would have spread, Mr. Mead would be beyond help. The situation was desperate. Jerry took matters into his own hands, demanded the surgery, ordered the anesthetic. By the time Dr. Jones arrived, Jerry was working swiftly under the brilliant white lights of the operating room, every ounce of his skill mustered for the slim chance of saving the old man's ebbing life.

Jerry did not look up when Dr. Jones entered the operating theater. He did not look at him until the last precise move in the delicate job was made. Dr. Jones waited, severe, unsmiling.

"I'll see you in my office when you've finished scrubbing up, Dr.

Malone," he said as he strode out of the operating room.

Jerry gave Ann a long look. "This fixes me!" he said flatly. "Looks like the farewell performance of Dr. Malone, general practitioner."

"That was as fine a piece of work as I've ever seen, doctor," said Dr. Jones with unexpected cordiality, when Jerry walked wearily into his office. "Sorry I delayed you, but evidently you don't know there's a lot more than skill needed in general practice. Lots of politics, in our profession. This move to oust you as Health Officer has been brought to the attention of the State Health Department by influential people. I was asked to investigate and I'm very glad I can turn in an entirely favorable report as to your competency."

"Thank you, doctor," said Jerry gratefully. "This makes me feel that maybe my luck is turning."

There Jerry was wrong. His luck was set dead against him and its tide was running strong. He answered a call to the slum-like cottages of the factory workers, without a hint of the disaster that was to follow his hopeless attempt to save the life of a boy who had been neglected for days, who was dying even as he walked in the door. The injection he gave to fan the faint spark of life long enough to get the patient to the hospital, was of no avail. Even as he withdrew the needle, the boy sighed, and died.

"You've killed him, and you're

gonna pay for it!" shouted Mike, big, bullying brother of the dead boy. "I saw you! All he had was a bad cold and you stuck that needle in him and he died. I'll get you for this, and I'll get you good! We bin warned you was full of fancy notions. . . ."

Jerry paid little attention, thinking the man's anger would pass away as he grew used to the shock of his brother's death.

BUT there he reckoned without Mike and without Bogert, for whom Mike worked. The factory owner had been waiting for just such a chance to pay back Jerry for his order to remove the refuse dump. Bogert lent a willing ear to Mike's accusations, fanned the flame of Mike's anger by sympathetic questions, watched with sly satisfaction, as Mike raved himself into a mood for action.

Mike expended some of that urge toward action by lifting his elbow a good many times too often at a bar where his rowdy friends met. That night, about the time that Jerry was getting ready for bed, an angry mob hurried through the streets, Mike in the lead, roaring for tar and feathers and a rail on which to run the new doctor out of town.

Will Prout was funny, but he was also fearless. He ran for help to Ted Hudson, the editor of Belmore's only newspaper, who had become one of Jerry's few fast friends in the town. Together the men reached Jerry's gate just as the young doctor planted

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YOUR FAVORITE  
CHEWING GUM!

a blow on the jutting jaw of Mike with the same precision he would have used in administering ether . . . and with much the same effect.

Jerry's knockout punch and Ted Hudson's vitriolic word-lashing combined to disperse the mob. It went off reluctantly, still in an angry, suspicious mood.

The incident was the last straw for Jerry.

"That petition should have been enough to tip me off," he said bitterly, the next morning. "But when things reach the point where they want to run a doctor out of town on a rail. . . Oh, it's no use! I'm going back to the Medical Foundation in the morning. I had idealistic dreams of making myself useful to these people. I still have, but not enough for tar and feathers!"

"You can't leave now. That would be quitting. A doctor can't be a quitter!" Ann's protests were voiced with more feeling than she had meant to reveal.

"Don't say that." Jerry spoke with his head turned away. "I can't stay and let you see me become a failure. Oh, Ann, the chief reason I've held on this long was . . ." Jerry caught himself and then continued . . . "was to justify your faith in me."

**W**HAT was the use of telling her that all his hopes and plans for success and security had been doubly important because their realization would give him the right to declare his love?

"Oh, Jerry . . . Jerry! I do believe in you. That's why I want you to stay." Ann moved a step closer.

If I take her in my arms now, we're both lost, thought Jerry.

If he doesn't kiss me this minute, he's a fool, thought Ann.

Into the tense silence of the strained scene suddenly came the shrill voice of Penny, high in horror.

"Dr. Malone! Dr. Malone! The new Town Hall's collapsed. Ted Hudson's on the phone and he says there's ten men in the wreckage. He says to hurry . . . hurry . . ."

Their personal problems dropped from their conscious minds as Ann and Jerry sprang into action, once more doctor and nurse on an emergency call.

Five still figures lay on the sidewalk when Jerry and Ann arrived at the ruins of the Town Hall. Four more men were brought out of the wreckage as the doctor and nurse worked feverishly to relieve their agony. With pity they recognized Bun's father among the injured.

"Don't know how it happened," Ted Hudson told Jerry as he knelt beside Dawson to administer morphine. "The men had just gone to work when the foundation caved in and the whole darn building went."

There was an hysterical shout as a woman pushed through the crowd, scanned the faces of the groaning men with anguished eyes and then screamed: "Where's Walt? Where's my husband?"

Jerry looked up.

"He's still in there, Doc, pinned under a girder," declared one of the men who had been aiding in the rescue work. "Walt's hurt pretty bad . . . looks like a goner. We did everything we could to get him out, Doc," he added apologetically, "but that wall is coming down any minute. We've got wives and children ourselves, Doc . . ."

"You're right. It's no job for married men. I'll go," jerked Jerry.

"I'll go with you." Ted Hudson gripped the doctor's arm.

"And I" . . . "And I." Several of the younger men stepped forward.

Directly under the wall that was still standing, they came upon the unconscious foreman of the building crew, Walter Mills. "He's got a hemorrhage in the right leg," cried Jerry. "It must be a femoral vein. Look, the only way we can save him, is for me to crawl under that girder and hold the vein with my fingers while you men try to move the girder."

"If we move the girder, the wall is going to fall on you and Mills," argued Hudson. "The girder is all that is supporting it now."

"We've got to risk it," commanded Jerry, who already had reached the man's side. "Hurry, I can't hold this vein much longer."

Using a great beam as leverage, the men strained and heaved and succeeded in moving the girder slightly but not enough to free Mills. And then one final effort and the unconscious man was pulled to safety. The wall started tottering. Several bricks fell on Jerry but quick hands lifted Mills, and with the doctor still clutching the vein in the injured man's leg, the party made its way across the debris to the ambulance which had arrived from the county hospital.

The long day in the hospital was a bad one for Dr. Malone, a nightmare succession of bloody swabs, dripping forceps, scalpels stained the bright red of life blood as he battled for the lives of the injured workmen. All of his skill was not enough to save Bun's father, who regained consciousness only toward the end; long enough to beg Jerry to look after his boy, and to gasp out an ugly tale of corruption that had put faulty materials into the foundation of the Town Hall and graft money into the pockets of the mayor and John Bogert.

**J**ERRY left the hospital and those pitiful death beds in a towering rage, determined to do something . . . he didn't know quite what . . . but something about cleaning up Belmore before he left it forever.

Belmore was as quick to swing toward the new doctor as it had been to unite against him. Overnight the ladies of the Allegiance League had made a legend of Jerry's masterly work at the scene of the demolished building and his saving the life of Mills, at the risk of his own. One by one they came into Jerry's office, apologizing for their desertion, asking diagnoses of hastily imagined ills, and murmuring with admiration at Dr. Malone's plan to take Bun Dawson into his own care permanently.

Even John Bogert, frightened as he was by Jerry's persistent inquiries about the collapse of the Town Hall, realized that this was no time to press his campaign against the young doctor, and contributed handsomely, if craftily, to the new car by which the grateful town planned to show its appreciation for Jerry's heroism and help.

Among the callers was the dashing Julie King, just back from a year abroad and already bored with small town life. Julie was not at all confused when Dr. Malone could find no trace of an injury she claimed to have on her first finger . . . or was it the second that was hurting so badly? Perhaps Dr. Malone could drop up

for dinner? Surely by dinner time she would know where the injury lay.

Jerry was no match for the high-powered Julie. He went to dinner, and before he quite knew how it happened, he was going back for cocktails, back for other dinners at Julie's bidding. Part of his interest in the new friendship was amusement at the vital Julie. Part of it was a deep hurt at the behavior of the gentle Ann. How could he guess that Ann was accepting the attentions of young Jack Bogert for no other reason than to persuade the boy to use his influence with his father to try and end the animosity of the influential older Bogert against Jerry?

Jack Bogert didn't care why Ann went dancing with him, so long as she went. He was head over heels in love with the beautiful nurse, and he was determined to marry her, whether she loved him or not.

PERHAPS he would have had his way, perhaps the tender thing that had been growing between Jerry and Ann would have been distorted into a permanent misunderstanding, a life-long hurt, had not Fate stepped in.

Julie was not one to wait in maidenly hope until she was asked in marriage. She believed in knowing what she wanted and getting it.

On a week-end at which all four of them were guests in a mountain cottage, Julie took advantage of the witchery of the moonlight, of her own great attractiveness and teased Jerry for a kiss.

"You love me!" she cried, joyously triumphant as she felt Jerry's strong arms about her. "I knew it! We were fated for each other. Oh, Jerry, forget that mild little nurse! You might as well, because she's after Jack Bogert's money. Can't you see? Are you blind?" She pressed her lips to his again.

In the middle of that kiss, Ann and Jack walked into the room. If ever Ann needed the iron control of a nurse, she needed it in that moment when she felt all her dearest hopes tumbling.

She left the cottage for the short run back to town, early in the morning. Her mind was in a whirl of misery. Hardly knowing what she was saying, she promised to marry the insistent Jack, and hurried into the house to seek comfort from the understanding Penny. But, for once, Penny failed her. It was a frightened Bun, who met her at the door and told her that Penny had collapsed with a sudden heart attack.

"Why haven't you called Dr. Malone?" Ann demanded fiercely.

He had called the doctor right away, Bun explained tearfully. Miss Julie had said the doctor wouldn't be back at the cottage until late afternoon. Ann's face grew stern.

"I'll get the doctor. He's right there in the cottage, where I left him half an hour ago."

When Jerry realized how nearly Julie had caused Penny's death by delaying his return with a selfish lie, he told her coldly just what he thought of her, and turned with a fresh feeling of freedom to a strangely troubled Ann.

"You can't!" he cried in shocked protest when she told him she was going to marry Jack. "I won't let you . . . I . . . ."

"I've promised him," Ann replied miserably.

"Oh, Ann, my dear . . ." Jerry

started toward her and then checked himself. "I guess I don't know what I am saying. I wish you every happiness, of course," he finished stiffly and went to his laboratory, mentally berating himself for a clumsy fool. All he wanted, all he needed most had been waiting in the lovely person of Ann, and he had not had the wit to do anything about it, to sidestep the silly overtures of Julie, until it was too late and he had lost Ann to the worthless son of a dishonest father. This business about a doctor having no right to let romance hinder his career . . . Bosh!

Young Dr. Malone's heart gave a wild leap at an ugly thought, a few days later when he was speeding through the night on an emergency call. He did not look at Ann's white face across the operating table on which lay the limp body of Jack Bogert. Why couldn't Jack have ended his life in that automobile crash? Why did he have to live, Jerry thought rebelliously. Then he pushed the whole hideous speculation from his mind, swept his surgeon's brain clear of everything but the necessity for his greatest skill. Jack's injuries were as bad as they could be. The most delicate of brain operations was his only hope, and that a slim one. Jerry steeled his mind, shook his head once, laid the shining knife with a firm hand against the skin and watched the thin line follow its cut.

And later he watched with wistful pangs, the relief in Ann's face when he told her that Jack would not be paralyzed, that his sight would be saved, that he would recover.

"Jerry, that was the most wonderful operation I ever hope to see, and you are the most wonderful man I ever heard of," breathed Ann.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you," Jerry answered soberly. "I hope I've given you back what you really want." Before Ann could answer, he turned away, unable to face the look of loving admiration in her eyes.

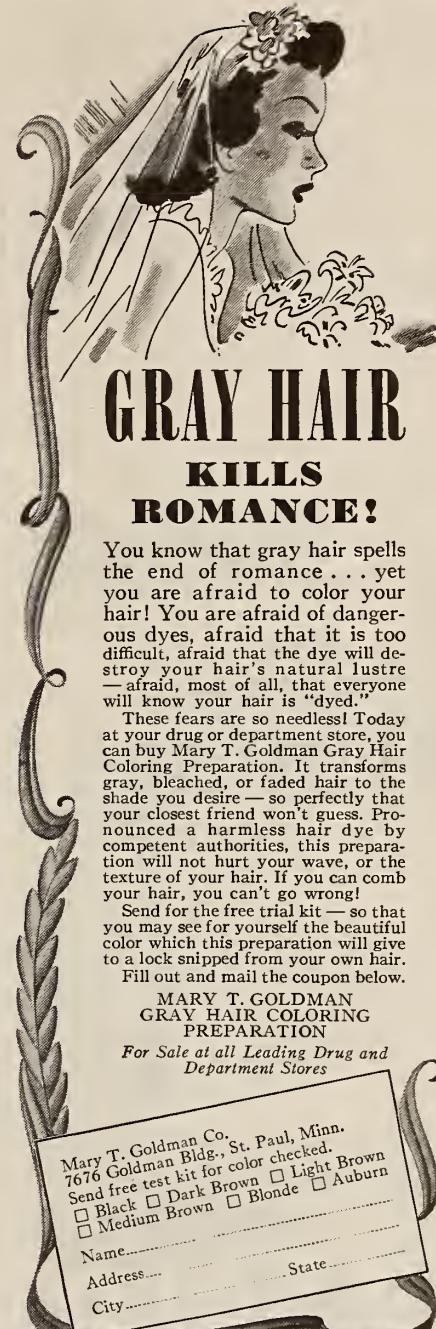
JACK'S recovery was slow. Querulously he demanded Ann's presence for long hours and the girl grew pale and thin under the strain of giving him the reassurance, the peace and happiness necessary to his recovery.

Jerry made one appeal to her to forget her engagement, but she listened to him with a controlled, averted face. "I promised," she said woodenly. "He's never had anything to believe in. If I fail him now, you know what it will do to him. I'm going through with it."

There she was wrong. She had not reckoned with the discarded Julie, with Julie's vast distaste for a quiet exit from Belmore, or with the little hidden streak of sweetness in Julie which made her realize that Jerry would never find happiness if Ann were lost to him. A strange, dangerous, confused, troubled girl, Julie. But Jerry had reason to remember her kindly all of his life.

Julie waited until Jack was completely well before she made a move. Then, with the forthright coolness of a girl who will have her own way, she asked him, bluntly, to marry her. Jack was speechless with astonishment. He had been madly in love with Julie, before he met Ann and Julie had never treated him with more than teasing scorn.

"Ann doesn't love you, and you know it," announced Julie flatly. "Be-



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sides, think of the seven days wonder our elopement would mean in this dopey little town. Come on, Jack. We're alike. Neither of us is much good, but we get along. Ann will want to stay in this hick village forever, and I'm already so bored with it I could commit mayhem. So are you. Let's leave, together . . . now."

It was a dazzling idea to Jack. He was weak enough to be tempted by a bizarre farewell to Belmore, shallow enough to abandon one love for another. And, subconsciously, he realized the truth of Julie's words. Ann didn't love him and never would.

Jerry was astounded by Ann's reaction to the news.

"Eloped? Oh, how wonderful. Oh, Jerry, I am so happy. . . ."

"Then you don't care? . . . I mean you DO care? . . ."

Jerry wondered if the dispensary bell always rang at the wrong time when he heard its insistent tinkle, just as he moved toward his sweetheart. Another emergency call.

**L**IIGHT-HEARTED for the first time in months, Jerry hurried to the bedside of the pathetic Mary Henderson who had come home to die, and was having a hard time doing even that in peace. Mary was not recognized by the good ladies of Belmore. Mary had led a gay youth and a none too savory one. The disapproval of the town had driven her away years before, when she was a hearty, laughing young woman. Jerry could see only faint traces of the former attractiveness in the thin, anxious face, ravaged by disease and something else . . . something he recognized as the terrible desire of a drug addict.

Her mysterious death turned the town once more against Malone. When the cause of her demise was diagnosed as an overdose of morphine, a devastating amount of circumstan-

tial evidence pointed to Jerry as the responsible man. His record of unselfish service was soon forgotten by the townspeople. He was arrested on suspicion of first degree manslaughter. It was only through the perseverance and loyalty of his friends that the real facts behind Mary's death were uncovered—facts which broke up an incipient narcotics ring and conclusively proved Jerry's innocence.

But the whole unpleasant episode left its mark on Malone. It shook his confidence in himself. He saw plainly how insecure small town popularity could be. He had gone back to the Medical Foundation for a visit . . . to find an answer to the turmoil of his troubled mind and heart.

"So you see, Dr. Abercrombie," concluded Jerry, "why I've got to go back and fight it out with Belmore, don't you?" Dr. Malone leaned back in his chair. He was tired. But somehow the stating of the highlights of his year in Belmore had clarified the whole thing for him, and he saw just where his duty lay. And then there was dear, lovely Ann, waiting.

"Ye're a real doctor, laddie!" Abercrombie laid a kindly hand on Jerry's shoulder. "And ye've a real fight ahead. But my money's on me laddie, so get back there and gie them the wrucks!"

"And," added Dr. Abercrombie with a merry look in his knowing eyes, "it's no sic a bad idea to ha'e a gude second in a fight . . . a second wie bonnie blue eyes and yellow hair. If ye're asking me, which I don't notice ye are, ye better take care of that angle furrst of all!"

*And so young Dr. Malone returned to Belmore—where you can follow his further adventures Monday through Friday at 11:15 A. M., E. S. T., over NBC-Blue.*



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## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 43)

### SWING'S THREE OF A KIND

There just was never the slightest doubt among the Andrews Sisters that they would succeed. Though their climb to radio's front ranks was a series of detours through drafty theaters, no stumbling-block could be a match for the combined courage and confidence these girls possessed.

La Verne Andrews—twenty-four and the oldest—knew that someday, somehow, they would catch up with success. It took nine years, but this patient and wise girl would have waited even longer.

Maxene Andrews, twenty-two and next in line, was the one-girl cheering section. She could stop the most pessimistic opposition with an inexhaustible gift of gab.

Patty, because she's only nineteen, felt it all in her heart, head, and voice.

Even Daddy Andrews needed no convincing when the going got tough. He would just recall those pleasant days when his little girls would upset the routine of his thriving bowling alley with frequent outbursts of song, and then smile proudly.

And Mother Andrews, perhaps more than any of them, had the greatest faith. For wasn't it she, in her quiet way, who had rocked the children to sleep with Norwegian lullabies that gave them their first musical baptism?

HOW the eventful nod from Fate came was never in the girl's dream book. A little Jewish melody that most thought would live and die in New York's Ghetto, tossed the girls into this country's ether waves, across its many footlights, and upon a million phonograph records.

"We couldn't hum 'Bei Mir Bist du Schoen,' let alone pronounce it, when our manager first told us about it," says Patty, "but it became our national anthem."

The Andrews speak of this tune reverently. It was their pot o' gold, their bank night, or whatever you want to call the jackpot a few of us get a chance to break in a lifetime.

Their original Decca recording sold 150,000 copies and brought them offers from all over the country. From it stemmed their current engagement with Glen Miller's band over CBS.

Edgar Bergen knew the girls were good, almost ten years ago. He happened to catch their act, which was part of an annual kiddie show put on by a Minneapolis dancing school. La Verne was fifteen, Maxene twelve, and Patty only ten, but the now-famous ventriloquist saw in them future stars. Bergen wanted to put the girls in his act. But it wasn't Charlie McCarthy who squashed the deal. The girls and Mother Andrews decided the offer was a bit premature.

The kiddie show was a huge success. The director of the dance school was urged to devise another edition featuring the kid trio. But ominous reverberations from the mothers of thirty-five other musical moppets nearly put the dancing school out of business.

"You feature those Andrews kids again," warned one jealous parent, "and you lose the rest of us!"

When the next kiddie show was

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presented, only Patty Andrews got in it and as a very small and very obscure chorus girl. But Patty kept her ears open. She discovered that Larry Rich, the headliner, had auditioned all the local talent for his new vaudeville show. None was picked. Patty implored the weary actor to hear one more act.

The first Andrews Sisters audition was a success and Rich returned in the Fall for his new kid trio. Though he paid their hotel bills and gave each one a dollar a day for meals, no salary was included. To evade the children's societies, Rich made his wife the girls' legal guardian.

"Think of the experience," Rich told Daddy Andrews. Their father did, but just to be on the safe side, he gave his little girls \$500 and employed a tutor to accompany them.

"Daddy was doing nicely at the time," explained Maxene.

EVER since Peter Andrews came to these shores from his native Greece, he had done nicely. After a job in an ice cream company, he married his best friend's sister, borrowed \$15,000 and opened a bowling alley. A year later he paid all his debts, told his wife Ollie that they must now have plenty of children. "Ten of them," he reiterated, "and all boys."

Four children came but they were all girls. The first one named Angelina, died of pneumonia before she was two.

There were fifty-two other people in Larry Rich's act and every one of them managed to borrow part of the Andrews' \$500. But the girls didn't write home for fear their angry father would stop their singing.

The act played ten months and broke up in New York. In a magnificent gesture, Rich staked the girls to a fortnight in the big city. Afterwards, they intended to return to Minneapolis. But a midget who had appeared with them in Rich's act told them Joe E. Howard, a song writer, was looking for singers.

Howard hired them at \$100 a week, calling the act "Joe E. Howard & Co."

Flushed with this happy turn of events, the girls implored their mother to tour with them.

But vaudeville was on its last legs in 1933 and when the Howard act finished in Milwaukee, the girls sought a job with a dance band, and eventually joined Teddy Mack's orchestra.

This engagement was pleasant enough. But the Andrews Sisters were just another trio. Good voices and a natural sense of rhythm were not enough to excite the populace.

"You kids all sound like the Boswell Sisters," complained one critic. This criticism stunned the girls but

they knew it was partly true.

"We got to thinking then," says Maxene, "that if instruments could phrase and play the hot licks in harmony, why couldn't we apply it to voices?"

After work the girls listened attentively to Teddy Mack's musicians during jam sessions. As the boys would improvise, the Andrews would adapt the instrumental technique to their voices.

About this time, Daddy Andrews met financial reverses, and the whole family turned its efforts to making stars of the Andrews Sisters.

The girls managed to get frequent engagements all over the country. Although musicians and booking agents raved about their act, the public simply refused to get excited. The trouble was they were singing too much for the musicians and not enough for the audience.

When they joined Leon Belasco's orchestra early in 1937, the veteran bandsman gave them some sound advice: "Just look at the best song sellers. If the public likes the tunes, sing them!"

The girls immediately chuck all their difficult arrangements that brought praise only from swing addicts and concentrated on more commercial music. But this decision came almost too late. They were out of work again and back in New York.

From the next family conference came a dramatic decision. The girls would give themselves six more months in which to click.

A band directed by Billy Swanson was then playing at the Hotel Edison. He struck a bargain with them. The girls would get \$15 each time Billy broadcast over Mutual. The girls accepted. The money would pay the rent bill and give them valuable air time.

However, the arrangement didn't last long. Swanson's regular vocalists resented this thrice-weekly intrusion. One night Lou Levy, an astute manager, heard the girls, saw possibilities, and signed them up. He got Dave Kapp of Decca Records to hire the girls for one recording. The record flopped but two months later Decca asked them to do another platter. The "A" side would be Gershwin's "Nice Work." No one knew what tune should be sung on the other side.

Levy scouted. Decca scouted. Even Daddy and Mother Andrews toured Tin Pan Alley.

Then one day Levy rushed into their hotel room, waving a music sheet, and roared: "Sing this song in Jewish and you'll kill 'em!" While the girls struggled with the foreign tongue, the manager hired songwriters Cahn and Chaplin to write English lyrics.

## WHEELS of DEATH

■ Dragged beneath the heavily loaded coal car from which he had been hurled, this railroader says, "I felt myself being shoved toward the rail." Would he be ground to a lifeless pulp? What passes through the brain of a man who is only a step from eternity is vividly told by Hugh Holton in his story I HAVE SEEN DEATH in the March issue of the nonsectarian magazine

## YOUR FAITH

At Your Newsdealer's

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

This month the girls get another annual royalty check from Decca. It comes to \$15,000. Since "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen," the Andrews Sisters have made dozens of hit records—"Joseph, Joseph," "Hold Tight," "Beer Barrel Polka," "Oh Ma-Ma," and have sung on a flock of radio shows. When they play the New York Paramount they get \$3,500 a week. With money like that, why worry?

"Probably the next time we get into a serious conference," concludes La Verne, "will be when one of us decides to get married."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: But since Ken Alden talked to the Andrews Sisters, they have had several important conferences about that very subject—getting married. You probably read some of the lurid details in the newspapers. But watch next month's Radio Mirror for the story they didn't tell the papers—the first complete explanation of the family argument that set Broadway buzzing with conjectures.)

#### OFF THE RECORD

##### Some Like It Sweet

Naughty Waltz; Missouri Waltz (Decca 2843), Guy Lombardo. The neglected waltz should recapture some popularity with this excellent platter, measurably enhanced by some grand twin piano playing.

Little Red Fox; Fit To Be Tied (Columbia 35295), Kay Kyser. A merry musical chase introducing Little Audrey, the pip-squeak soloist.

After All; Blue Rain (Victor 26418), Tommy Dorsey. Vocalist Jack Leonard returns to warble two soothing ballads. Superior dance music.

Whose Theme Song? (Royale 1795), Richard Himber. A grand disc for parties, as the theme melodies of Dorsey, Shaw, Lombardo, Kyser, Goodman, Miller are veiled in mystery. Toughest one for this reviewer to guess was Himber's.

Careless; Vagabond Dreams (Bluebird 10520), Glenn Miller. Since the trombonist swept to public acclaim he has favored sweet tunes. Here are two syrupy ones fringed with distinctive color tones. Vocalist Eberle is improvising.

##### Some Like It Swing

Hot Dog Joe; Many Dreams Ago (Varsity 8082), Van Alexander. The liveliest novelty tune in many a month spiritedly interpreted by Butch Stone.

Aunt Hagar's Blues; 57th Street Drag (Bluebird 10513), Bob Chester. Strictly for the solid senders. All-around good work by the rhythm section and the saxes.

El Rancho Grande; Speaking of Heaven (Columbia 35295), Eddy Duchin. Not strictly a swing tune but definitely an out-of-the-ordinary Duchin disc. Lou Sherwood is the gay caballero.

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music  
RADIO MIRROR Magazine  
122 E. 42nd Street, New York.

I would like to see a feature story about \_\_\_\_\_

Please tell me where this band is now playing \_\_\_\_\_

I like swing bands \_\_\_\_\_ I like sweet bands \_\_\_\_\_ I like bands that mix 'em up \_\_\_\_\_

(Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want a direct answer.)



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A Taste with a tingle and a tang. So cooling, refreshing . . . so fragrantly good. Makes you think of the fresh, green Mountain slopes and the clean, sweet Mountain Air. Clark's Teaberry Gum has a flavor all its own . . . Try a package today. You'll like it.

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Ignorance  
is no excuse . . ."**

"IGNORANCE is no excuse in the eyes of the law."—That is the stock phrase given from the bench by all judges and magistrates to victims who carelessly break the law.

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CHASSIS IN YOUR  
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**Foreign Reception**  
Here's our big 20th Anniversary radio special... the 14-tube 1940 Television-Adapted Midwest! Brilliant performance... and amazing foreign reception!

**30 Days Trial**

Absolute satisfaction guaranteed on money-back basis. Catalog also shows 14-tube cabinet console for only \$29.95 complete!

• Other models from 5 to 17 tubes, and up to 5 Wave Bands. Send 1¢ postcard for FREE 1940 catalog, showing complete line. (User-agents make extra money!)

See Midwest's Answer to TRADE-INS!

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## HAVING A BABY?

Regular medical care during pregnancy is vitally important. Your doctor can regulate diet to provide minerals, iron and vitamin content so essential to good teeth and sound physical development in the baby. Ask his advice on feeding infant.



SAFER because easier to clean!



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Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to remove by tinting again. Your hair. 60¢ at drug or toilet counters on money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

## That Others May Live

(Continued from page 37)

No one apparently could believe the desperation of his need. It was too fantastic.

Finally he faced his defeat and the folly of further pretense. With his wife and child he moved into a succession of homes, each more modest than the last. Then apartments, then rooms by the day.

Never once did he seek to make a touch, for all the untold sums he had so gladly given to others in need in his better days. His pride and self-respect forbade it. He wanted only work. Eventually he admitted the futility of that and stopped asking. No one saw him. No one heard from him. After a while no one missed him from the scene.

He stood before the wide white door of the Motion Picture Relief Fund one day last week, this man who had had so much and been the envy of millions. The coat on his shoulders was shabby and thin. Wads of newspapers were stuffed in the gaping holes in the soles of his shoes. In his eyes was stark fear and ringing in his ears was the angry warning of a cheap boarding-house landlady. Pay up or get out!

Slowly he opened the door, approached the girl at the desk.

"I don't want anything for myself," he said in a choked voice, "but I've got a wife and a kid. They haven't had anything but stale bread and canned milk for three days. For God's sake, can you help me get them something to eat?"

The girl at the desk smiled . . .

NOW come and meet the girl who is listed as Case No. 579 on the Relief Fund rolls, a strangely blank name for one of her youth and beauty. Her given name doesn't matter anyhow for few of you would recognize it. She was just one of hundreds of young and beautiful girls earning a precarious living doing extra work. She was the sole support of an aged mother, however, which made her small job of filling in the backgrounds of pictures of vital importance to her.

For a time all went well with them. A day's work here and a day's there kept them in necessities and a few of the comforts of life. Then suddenly came a production slump; fewer pictures were being made and fewer still in which extras were needed. Slowly her little hoard of savings dwindled. Then came another blow; the mother fell acutely ill. Doctors had to be called and prescriptions filled. Finally a special brace was needed for the mother's withering arm. No money was left to buy it.

Grimly the girl took the one way out; she pawned her wardrobe of smart hats, coats and dresses, the tools with which she worked.

Ironically the tide turned within a week. Central Casting called four times to offer studio work. One call after the other had to be refused. She had neither clothes nor the precious \$12 to get them from the pawnshop. The fifth call sent her to the Fund door.

The next Sunday Ronald Colman and Joan Crawford gave up their personal plans for the week-end to appear on the Gulf-Screen Guild show, and a hairdresser at Paramount gave 50 cents of her weekly check because

of Case No. 579 and others who may some day find themselves in her shoes.

And then there is Case No. 671—a studio cutter, one of those men whose important and difficult job it is to edit the daily "rushes" of film sequences and patch them together into the completed story. He was married and the father of three children, with a fourth due in a few months. A nagging cough sent him at last to a doctor. The verdict was tuberculosis. If he went at once to a sanitarium, he was assured, he had every chance of complete recovery.

"You must stay away from home if you value the lives of your wife and children," he was told.

He borrowed to the hilt on his life insurance and went away. Six months later, swamped with debts and frantic about the future, he returned to work before his weakened body was ready. In a few weeks the dread cough was back. Once more he heard the same orders. This time there was no insurance to fall back upon; this time, too, there was an extra mouth to be fed.

"We've got one last chance," he told his wife. "The Relief Fund. If I can't get help there . . ."

Script writers don't make all the happy endings in Hollywood. Though no one ever hears about them, the Fund writes them too. In these stories just told, the once famous star was given immediate financial help and a studio pressured into giving him steady work; the extra girl's wardrobe was retrieved from the pawn shop and temporary sustenance given to tide her and her mother over for a few weeks until extra work picked up; and the cutter and his family were established with a nurse in a little house on the desert where all bills will be paid until he is again completely well.

ORDINARY charity when it is labeled and dished out as such is a bitter dose indeed for a man to swallow. Too often it shatters the last vestige of his self-respect and spirit; too often it defeats its very aim—his reestablishment in his just place in the world.

The helping hand of the Fund is not considered charity, either by those who give or those who receive. It is, rather, hard-luck insurance to which each recipient has contributed according to his means; therefore he is receiving of his own.

There is no name over the wide white door to blazon to the world that he who enters it is asking help of his fellow man; only the address, 6902 Santa Monica Boulevard, greets the eye. Inside is a pleasant reception room, not unlike a prosperous doctor's office. Off that is a snug library with comfortable chairs, book-lined shelves, and bright reading lamps. Down a long hallway are small consultation rooms where a man and the Fund can talk over his problems in private.

Necessary questions, sometimes painful questions, must be asked to determine his needs, but those questions are neither prying nor loaded with implied reproach; sprinkled between them are compliments on his work in the past, encouraging proph-

ecies of the future. Above all he is made to know that the Fund considers his problem a confidential matter and that no word of his unhappy situation will go beyond the four walls. Nor does it. Cases are discussed only in numbers, never names. The little fellow, now on his uppers, is entitled to his pride; the big shot, down on his luck, to his privacy.

Technically the Motion Picture Relief Fund was established in 1924 but due to lack of proper financing and increasing case load, it steadily was losing ground until 1937 when its administration was taken over by the combined Screen Actors Guild, Screen Directors Guild and Screen Writers Guild. Today it is headed by Jean Hersholt as president and serving with him on a board of trustees are three producers, six writers, six directors, six actors, one cameraman, one publicist, one cutter, one make-up man, and one each of the allied motion picture crafts.

**E**VERY motion picture worker from top executive to unimportant carpenter voluntarily sees fifty cents out of every \$100 he earns deducted from his weekly salary check and turned over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Frequent benefit premieres, polo games and other entertainments are staged and the proceeds given to the Fund. And many private donations are gratefully received—such as the bequest of \$1,000 left by the late Louise Closser Hale. The realization that she alone of those who have died carried her love for Hollywood beyond the grave, she who had the least and gave the most, has shocked many another star and producer into following her example.

But until radio came with its gift of \$10,000 a week, the Fund's dearest hope seemed far from fulfillment.

With all the demand upon its resources, the Fund never seemed to have quite enough money for everything it wanted to do, for everyone it wanted to help. The old age problem was constantly increasing, too. Workers were growing too old to survive in an industry which is notorious in its demands for youth and stamina, and in which the top earning period is limited as in no other business.

It was for these elderly workers that the Fund hoped to build a home where they could round out their lives in comfort and security. Part of the Fund's regular income was set aside each year toward this building program. But as the demand for

emergency relief grew, the slowly growing building fund had to be thrown into the breach. You cannot let a man go hungry today while you plan his home for tomorrow.

So that was the situation when someone—and they say that someone was Mary Pickford—conceived the idea of a monster radio show to be sold to a sponsor, on which every member of the three Screen Guilds would work for the benefit of the Fund. The proceeds from the sale of the program would be kept exclusively for the building fund, thus freeing more money of the regular Fund for direct relief.

The program was sold to the Gulf Oil Company and got off to a brilliant start on January 8, 1939, with Jack Benny, Joan Crawford, Judy Garland and Reginald Gardiner in the first guest star roles.

The rest is radio history.

Last year's radio season earned \$220,000 for the Fund—and every penny of it went either into a bank or into United States Government bonds. The present season, barring unforeseen accidents, will bring in another \$390,000. Construction work on the home will begin when the half-million dollar mark is reached—which should be early in 1940.

**W**HEN the Fund officials say they are planning a home, they really mean a home, too. Here will be no million-dollar showcase of a place with nothing to run it. Jean Hersholt and his fellow workers promise that. It will start on a modest scale, with a large sinking fund behind it to guarantee continued support.

There will be nothing barren or institutional about it, either. Present plans call for a community of small cottages built around one main hall which will house a large recreation and club room and a dining room. The individual cottages will cost approximately \$2,000 each, and will consist of a bed-living room, kitchenette and bath, housing two persons. Each will have its own little plot of ground and its flower garden.

Like those who go through the wide white door on Santa Monica Boulevard, the people who live in the new home will never be made to feel that they are objects of charity. They will be receiving their just rewards—the rewards of the pleasure they have given, the rewards of their profession's own generous heart.

Hollywood is indeed its brother's keeper.

## I Am An Announcer's Wife

(Continued from page 25)

present day.

Our marriage, for instance . . . you couldn't call that ordinary. Graduation from college was still three months distant when we decided we'd passed the school - boy - school - girl stages. So, in April, 1935, we left classes one bright afternoon, slipped down to Boston, became Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, returned to school and told no one. Until graduation, we kept our secret. No one at either of our schools suspected. Both of us took our final examinations, finished well in our classes and when our sheepskins were handed to us in June, broke the news of our elopement.

That's a pretty exciting way of starting off a life together. There is

something about a tremendous secret like that, shared between two people, that creates a great bond. But, after all, it was nothing to some of the excitement we've shared since.

We went, after graduation, to Boston—a city where neither of us had a relative or a friend. We had a small grubstake, the combined savings from our school allowances, but we were near the end of that by the time we both got jobs. Dan had always been interested in dramatics and speaking in college, and thought he could make use of his training in radio. He won an announcer's audition at a local Boston station, and landed a job at \$22.50 a week.

We didn't see much of each other

# Secret of a Barbary Bride

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## KEEP YOUR TEETH HEALTHY, BRIGHT

Dentyne, the "chewier" gum, offers exercise not provided by modern soft foods. Helps your teeth retain health and lustre!

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Smooth spiciness that lingers—and leaves your mouth feeling delightfully refreshed. That's Dentyne! Notice how conveniently Dentyne's flat package slips into your pocket or purse.

**Dentyne**  
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT  
...MOUTH HEALTHY

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genuine Diamond Ring  
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TO PAY  
FOR  
RING

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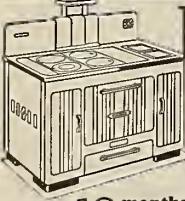
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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

**FARR'S** FOR GRAY HAIR

that first year. Dan's was one of those staff jobs on which he went to work almost at the crack of dawn and got home at any or all hours of the night. I was working, too, in a book shop, and finally I became used to returning to our small walk-up apartment and preparing dinner for myself while Dan worked at the studio—not a very pleasant routine for any wife, but particularly not for a new bride. Still, we were young and, in a harum-scarum sort of way, it was fun.

The next spring, when the time for Nancy's arrival drew nearer, I gave up my job. We were thrilled. It was exactly as we had planned it—a child we could watch grow up while we were both young. The hard part was not seeing Dan as much as I wanted to. He couldn't change his long hours, so I spent most of my days in the hospital alone—and lonely.

THEN, that summer, the Community Sing program came to Boston for a try-out. The show was important and auditions were held to select the announcer. Here was just the sort of break Dan had been hoping for. When he came home with the news that he had won the job, I knew our luck had come.

Now, I thought, we could settle down to regular hours and lots of leisure time to spend together. That shows how much I knew about it. Only a few weeks after the Community Sing program started Dan secured a job with CBS in New York. That meant that while Community Sing was still being broadcast from Boston, Dan had to commute there from New York (where we moved at once, of course) every week. He not only commuted, he flew; and his work, if anything, became more demanding than it had ever been before.

In September, though, Community Sing moved to New York, and Dan got the coveted post of announcer for Major Bowes. We really spread ourselves then. We moved into an apartment out in the suburbs—and had just nicely settled ourselves when Community Sing moved again, this time to Hollywood. Like the tail on the end of the dog, we went along—uprooting our carefully planned home in the suburbs in the process.

A year in Hollywood—and then whisk! back to New York again. And now our life really became complicated. Dan went to work on the Benny Goodman program, and on one of those early-morning news broadcasts. He had to be in the studio at 6:45, which meant leaving home at 6:15.

I was the loyal, helpful little wife for the first week or so of that schedule. I got up regularly to prepare Dan's breakfast. But Dan discovered he couldn't eat that early in the morning (I suspected he just felt sorry for me), so I stopped getting up.

Evening meals were a problem, too,—and still are. We never quite know when we can expect the head of our family. After a while I got used to placing the dinner on the table, waiting, watching it get cold—then a telephone call: "Darling, we've got to make recordings (or do a movie short or rehearse right up to broadcast time or something) and I can't get home for dinner. I couldn't call you earlier because I was in the studio."

But what really makes life difficult are the quick airplane trips Dan has

to take when one of his programs goes on tour. They began when the Goodman band went on the road. Its commercial radio program went on the air Tuesday nights at 9:30, and Dan was busy in New York with other programs until 2:30 Tuesday afternoons. He'd get the first plane out and fly back that same night for his early morning commercial.

My worst experience in those days occurred a short time after a plane crash in Cleveland, when every person on board was killed. The Tuesday when Dan was to fly was stormy and foggy. To make things worse, the show was coming from Cleveland, the scene of the crash. When he called me from the airport to tell me all flights had been cancelled, I breathed a sigh of overwhelming relief.

Five minutes later he called me back. The airport officials had decided to try sending one flight through. Dan was leaving on it—"and please don't worry," he added.

Not worry! As soon as I hung up the telephone, I turned on the short wave band of our radio. Long since I had learned that I could follow the complete line of flight when Dan was in the air by tuning in the airplane band and listening to the conversations between pilot and airport.

This night, I sat glued to my chair, listening to those laconic, unemotional words coming through the stormy night. "Fog . . . rain . . . trying to fly above . . ." In themselves, they didn't tell me much. But they were reassuring. As long as I could hear them, I knew Dan was safe.

Then, suddenly, they stopped, when the plane was within three miles of the Cleveland airport. The weather reports were increasingly bad.

What was happening? Impotently, I sat there in my comfortable living room and pictured Dan crushed in the midst of wreckage, somewhere in the snow-covered country near Cleveland.

The hands of the clock crept around to 9:25. I switched the radio back to the commercial wave band and tuned in WABC, the Columbia station in New York—and waited. Every one of those five minutes was longer than the one preceding it.

The station break—theme music for the Goodman program—and at last: "This is Dan Seymour ushering in . . ."

IN those lonely hours of suspense I had made one decision, and a month later I had my chance to put it into effect. Again it was a stormy Tuesday; again Dan had to fly, this time to Detroit. But I wouldn't let him go alone.

"Nancy and I are flying with you," I said stubbornly to all his arguments. "If anything happens, it happens to all of us."

The storm when we reached the airport was even worse than the one of the month before. Flights had been cancelled, but one plane was being sent through. It was scheduled to arrive in Detroit exactly one hour before the program went on the air. We climbed aboard. The storm seemed to have been waiting for us to reach the right altitude before unleashing its full fury.

Lightning crackled around the wing tips, and the plane rocked and dipped as if it were completely at the mercy of the elements. I was more frightened than I had ever been in all my life. But Nancy sat there and giggled

# WOMEN IN "YOUR 40s"

## Read This Important Message!

Do you dread those "trying years" (38 to 52)? Are you getting moody, cranky and NERVOUS lately? Do you fear hot flashes and weakening dizzy spells? Are you jealous of the attention other women get? THEN LISTEN—

These symptoms often result from female functional disorders. So start today and take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For over 60 yrs. Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of grateful women to go "smiling thru" difficult days. Pinkham's has helped calm unstrung nerves and lessen annoying female functional "irregularities and distress."

Pinkham's Compound is the best known and one of the most effective "woman's" tonics you can buy. Try it!

Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).



## Cash For Your Letters About Advertised Products

Look through all the ads in this issue, and pitch the product you like or dislike most. Then send us a letter telling why. You need not praise. We want frank, but helpful letters—letters that tell how you use the product, perhaps some unusual or new use, great economy or convenience. Or, if you dislike the product, tell why, or how it could be improved. Fancy composition is not important. 50 words, on one side of the paper, is plenty. Macfadden Women's Group will pay \$2.00 for each letter accepted. Address your letter to

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**Macfadden Women's Group**  
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every time we hit an air pocket. Atmospheric conditions worried her not at all.

We came down, at last, in Buffalo, defeated. No plane could go through that weather to Detroit. The second we hit the ground, Dan ran to a telephone. He talked first to a railroad official. A cab got us to the station in record time. There, a second engine had been added to the Detroit train, and we reached our destination twenty-five minutes ahead of schedule, thanks to the obliging railroad official Dan had talked to on the telephone in Buffalo!

Waiting at the Detroit station was a famous speed test driver, with a car, and he gave us the wildest drive I ever made or undoubtedly ever will make. He got us to the Fine Arts Museum, where the broadcast was being held, exactly forty seconds before air time. If you heard the show that night, you heard a young man who practically panted out, "This is Dan Seymour . . . ."

Enough experiences like that and you get hardened—not accustomed—to being an announcer's wife.

LAST summer we rented a beach cottage. We planned to spend a month there—Nancy and I staying all the time, and Dan joining us over week-ends. It just didn't work out. As soon as we moved to the beach, Dan was assigned a new job, and out of that whole month, he spent exactly forty-eight rainy hours with us.

Then there's the business of Christmases and Thanksgiving and wedding anniversaries. This year, Mr. Seymour was busy with the Walter O'Keefe program on our fourth anniversary. We didn't even have dinner together.

Dan says I've been a very thoughtful announcer's wife. Nancy was born on a Thursday—the one afternoon out of the whole week that Dan had free. Judy was born on a Wednesday evening, exactly three hours after her father went off the air. But the hours before he did arrive were pretty bad ones. A husband isn't much practical good at such times but he is a lot of comfort.

Judy was born on December 28, 1938. Dan and I had planned to have a quiet New Year's Eve celebration in the hospital. It was a nice idea but it never happened. I welcomed the end of 1938 by switching on the radio beside my bed and listening to a description of how Times Square greeted the New Year, voiced by an announcer stationed on the marquee of the Paramount Theater. He was a good announcer—and why not? He was my missing husband.

In spite of all the disadvantages, there's a thrill, a sense of vitality, about our life. And of course I'm thankful for the material things Dan's success has brought—a nicer place to live, a maid, a family, security for that family. . . .

But I'm certain that in no other home—given a husband and father as loving as Dan is—could an incident occur such as happened in our house last week. For seven full days Dan hadn't once gotten home before Nancy's bed-time. On the seventh evening, he called just before Nancy went to bed, and after I spoke to him I gave her the telephone. Apparently, he said "Hello, Nancy," to her; and she, without a word in reply, turned to me in great surprise: "Mummy, it's Daddy—remember him?"

## LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT CORNS



## How to Get Rid of Them

• Corns are caused by pressure and friction—often become large, painful and ugly. Home paring can only give temporary relief—means risk of infection. But there's no need to suffer. Millions have ended corns this easy way. Just put a Blue-Jay Corn Plaster neatly over the corn. It acts quickly and gently as shown above. You have glorious relief and simply by avoiding the pressure and friction which caused your corns, you can prevent their return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

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For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, anti-septic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

## ASTHMADOR

Here's relief any asthmatic sufferer can afford. Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR is purified by our laboratory controlled process so that it has a uniformly high medicinal value. The average ASTHMADOR treatment costs less than 2c—a small price indeed for the grateful relief it provides. Insist on Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form at your druggist's.

Or write today for a free sample to R. Schiffmann Co. Los Angeles, Dept. E-3.

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## GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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Try Loretta Young's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! Clever women everywhere find this wise, gentle care really works —helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing —protection it needs to stay lovely. Begin your ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.

2

NEXT RINSE WITH  
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**REALLY CLEAN**

3

NOW DRY THE FACE  
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PATS. IT FEELS  
SOFTER, SMOOTHER.  
SEE HOW **FRESH IT**  
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**YOU** want to have smooth,  
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remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics  
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Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars  
use Lux Toilet Soap**

LUX  
TOILET  
SOAP

## Marriage Brought Him Everything

(Continued from page 16)

star commands a higher salary on the screen. In radio, too, Basil is one of the few dramatic actors who can make his own terms. Last year Kellogg's struggling *The Circle*, rich with the biggest names in filmdom, had to call on him to save it. He has been highlighting guest star spots on big Hollywood shows since radio came to town.

Socially, too, the Rathbones are probably more firmly and favorably established than any couple in Hollywood. In it the Rathbones are acknowledged leaders. As hosts, they are a Hollywood legend. No event since, has matched the brilliance of their famous "Bride and Groom" costume ball celebrating their eleventh wedding anniversary. Nor has any Hollywood wedding reception been staged with more finesse and charm than that of Basil's son, Rodion, and his bride, last year.

And all of this—the good things of the private life of Sherlock Holmes—are the fruits of Basil Rathbone's romantic adventure with his wife, Ouida.

I suppose there is no actor in Hollywood who epitomizes poise, self-confidence, even conceit and arrogance more than Basil Rathbone does to one who sees him on the screen or hears him over the air. His speech is clipped and precise, his bearing straight and proud, his mind and wit sharp and compelling. He seems a man to master any situation in life with ease.

Yet when Basil first met Ouida Bergere he was, by his own confession, a man with an inferiority complex, a man shy to the point of awkward confusion, a social flop! Worse still, he was dazed into a state of aimless drifting, rudderless, without a grip on the realities of steering a successful career.

Basil lived through two years of front line fighting and crawling, as he puts it, "on my stomach over every inch of mud in No Man's Land" without any injuries, except a few light wounds and barbed wire slashes, which scar his legs to this day. But, like many another soldier, the long days and nights when death was just beyond the tick of his wristwatch,

robbed him of any concern about the future or any power to plan it.

So with peace, Basil came back to the stage, aimless, ambitionless, living from day to day. Neither money nor fame meant anything to him. He shrank from decisions, he took what he was offered. He avoided parties and people. His aggressiveness and his hope for the future had vanished while time stood still in the war. All he wanted was to be left alone.

Naturally, in the most competitive profession on earth, acting, that is anything but a formula for success. Despite Basil's talents, he began to lose this part and that, ones he had counted on. His career began slipping away and he was too negative to halt the slide. He was like this when he met and married Ouida Bergere.

The union with her positive personality has changed his whole life and his fortunes, Basil swears. To understand that, you must know something about the remarkable Mrs. Rathbone.

Ouida Bergere Rathbone is small and dainty but with the strong personality which often goes with red hair. Hers is flaming. She is colorful, sharp-witted, practical, educated, intelligent. She is bursting with energy and strength. When Basil first met her, Ouida was an extremely successful Hollywood screen writer—making a thousand dollars a week at Paramount studios. He was just another British actor. The day they were married she stopped writing—sacrificing her own career to her husband's, because, as Basil points out, "she was canny enough to realize that marriage seldom works with two pay checks in the family."

If you believe Basil, his wife alone has taught him to be important to himself, to have self-confidence and to push his fortunes. She alone has developed that "social side" in which he was so sadly lacking, banishing a smothering inferiority complex and turning his painful timidity into the sparkling charm which has made him a famous figure at Hollywood gatherings. And you can readily believe Basil when you know him and understand the type of man he is. In no other, perhaps, would such a complete



Fink

Mickey Rooney, Jack Benny and Orson Welles, chatting before Hollywood's all-star broadcast for the President's March of Dimes drive.

*Bewitched  
BY A PAIR OF  
Irresistible Lips*

# MAMMOTH 1940 CONTEST NOW RUNNING

## WE WILL PAY

# \$25,000.00 *in* prizes

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Year after year Macfadden Publications, Inc., extends to men and women everywhere a wonderful opportunity to add handsome sums to their incomes by setting down in words true stories that have happened in their own lives or the lives of friends or acquaintances.

Already we have paid out well over \$600,000 in prizes alone for true stories and in addition we have purchased many hundreds of other true stories at our liberal word rates. Of this vast sum, a large, a very large percentage has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication.

The chances are that you have lived or observed a story that we would publish gladly if you would write it and send it in. Do not feel that because you have never written that you cannot write. If these other men and women had felt that way they would be poorer by perhaps a half million dollars. Simply say to yourself—"Others have done it—I can do it—I will do it."

In writing your story tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings, and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit regardless of how skilfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis to each of the best ten true stories received will be awarded the munificent sum of \$1,000 and to each of the next best thirty true stories will be awarded the handsome sum of \$500. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Contest closes Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

### CONTEST RULES

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

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

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

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

**DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HAND-WRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO, WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.**

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

### Prize Schedule

10 Prizes at \$1,000 each.....	\$10,000
30 Prizes of \$ 500 each.....	15,000
<b>40 Prizes</b>	<b>Total \$25,000</b>

### Contest Rules—Continued

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest; BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container.

We do not hold ourselfs responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

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

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**This contest ends Tuesday, April 30, 1940.**

**Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

**COUPON** RM 440

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

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transformation have been possible.

He is extremely sensitive, for one thing. The cats who prowl about his house today are there because Basil couldn't bear to see them drown. He rescued them from a watery grave. One of his dogs, Judy, wandered in, lost and hungry. She has never left. His police dog was a gift from their friends, the Jock Whitneys.

While the Rathbones possess the most enviable Hollywood reputation as hosts, they entertain very little. When they do, of course, it's an event. Easily three hundred evenings of the year they are home reading, or listening to Basil's vast library of records. Both, too, are avid camera fans, concentrating now, of course, on baby Barbara. Basil keeps physically fit with golf at the sporty Bel-Air course down the hill and fencing with Fred Cavens, Hollywood's foils expert, whom you've probably seen in action in "Captain Blood," "The Count of Monte Cristo," or "Romeo and Juliet."

ONE of the finest gifts his wife ever brought him, Basil believes, was the reunion with his son, Rodion. Rodion is the son of Basil's first wife, from whom he was separated in 1919. When Basil came to America, Rodion stayed with his mother in England, was raised there and educated as an engineer. The long years that separated them made him a stranger to Basil. Knowing that bringing them together again would mean much to her husband's happiness, Ouida, unknown to Basil, made friends with Marian, his former wife, wrote to Rodion in England and made friends with him, too.

It was entirely through her efforts that Basil and his son were brought together again in Hollywood.

When war broke, Rodion, like his father before him, knew his duty. He joined up with the Canadian engineers and was given his orders.

The night he was to leave Basil had dinner with his son. But Ouida, who had brought them together and made them mean so much to one another, was not at the farewell dinner table. This occasion, she concluded wisely, was for father and son.

They had dinner together, Basil and Rodion, at Chasen's in Beverly Hills. They talked lightly of gay, frivolous things. After the meal Rodion challenged Basil to a game of ping-pong—and beat him. The dinner broke up in laughter—no talk of war, no frowns.

Rodion took to his car then, with his young wife. It was the hour for leave taking. "You drive on," said Basil, "and I'll follow. Somewhere along the road, at a turn or something, I'll pull up and blow my horn—and you answer. That's goodbye—eh?"

"Right!" said Rodion.

So they drove—Rodion and his wife in the car ahead, Basil alone behind. They were miles out in the San Fernando Valley before Basil could find just the right fork in the road. But it must be sometime, so he pulled to the side and pressed his horn. The car ahead answered and its red tail-light grew dim—with the distance, or something.

Basil Rathbone sighed and turned his car around. Behind him his son roared off to his great adventure, war. Ahead, back home, was Basil's—the ever young adventure of his marriage, his home, and his love for Ouida. The adventure of peace.



**PERC WESTMORE SAYS:** Use make-up as we do for Hollywood Stars—

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# Beauty WITH WESTMORE COSMETICS

*Geraldine Fitzgerald*  
Who Stars in the Warner Bros. Picture,  
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You have an individual beauty that may never have been fully brought out. Here in Hollywood we four Westmore brothers plan make-up to bring out every bit of a star's own particular loveliness ... for the screen in four big film studios, and in our Sunset Boulevard salon where the stars drop in for make-up before social engagements.



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The important first step in every individual make-up we create for these stars is House of Westmore Foundation Cream, result of research to which the film studios have contributed miles of test film! Now you can use it as a basis for make-up to bring out your individual beauty.

You'll find this foundation cream with powder to blend at drug and department stores, in four glowing tones, one of which matches your skin. To complete the perfect make-up, use our rouge (cream or cake), lipstick, eye-shadow...all color-keyed to the foundation cream. Large sizes, each 50¢. Smaller sizes at variety stores.



When you're "starring" on a date, wouldn't you like to be sure your make-up was perfect for your type...as flawless as a picture star's? Then start with Westmore Foundation Cream for a make-up that's glowing, alluring, in day or evening light!



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"Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide." Use measuring wheel in this book to learn which type your face is. Follow our make-up rules (illustrated) for the Hollywood star of your type. Countless extra beauty hints! 25¢ at drug, department or variety stores, or use coupon!



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Actual color photograph shows James Oliver of Willow Springs, N. C., harvesting better-than-ever tobacco grown by U. S. Government methods. (At bottom) Roy Daniels, tobacco auctioneer, in action.



# "Uncle Sam did a fine job of making tobacco better than ever

... and Luckies always buy the choice  
grades," says Roy Daniel, 29 years a  
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Simple as ABC are the reasons why we ask: "Have  
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C. Finer tobacco isn't *all* Luckies offer. The  
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makes them extra-mellow . . . takes out certain  
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A cigarette that offers the choicer grades of finer  
tobacco crops . . . plus throat protection! Try Luckies  
for a week, and you'll know why . . .

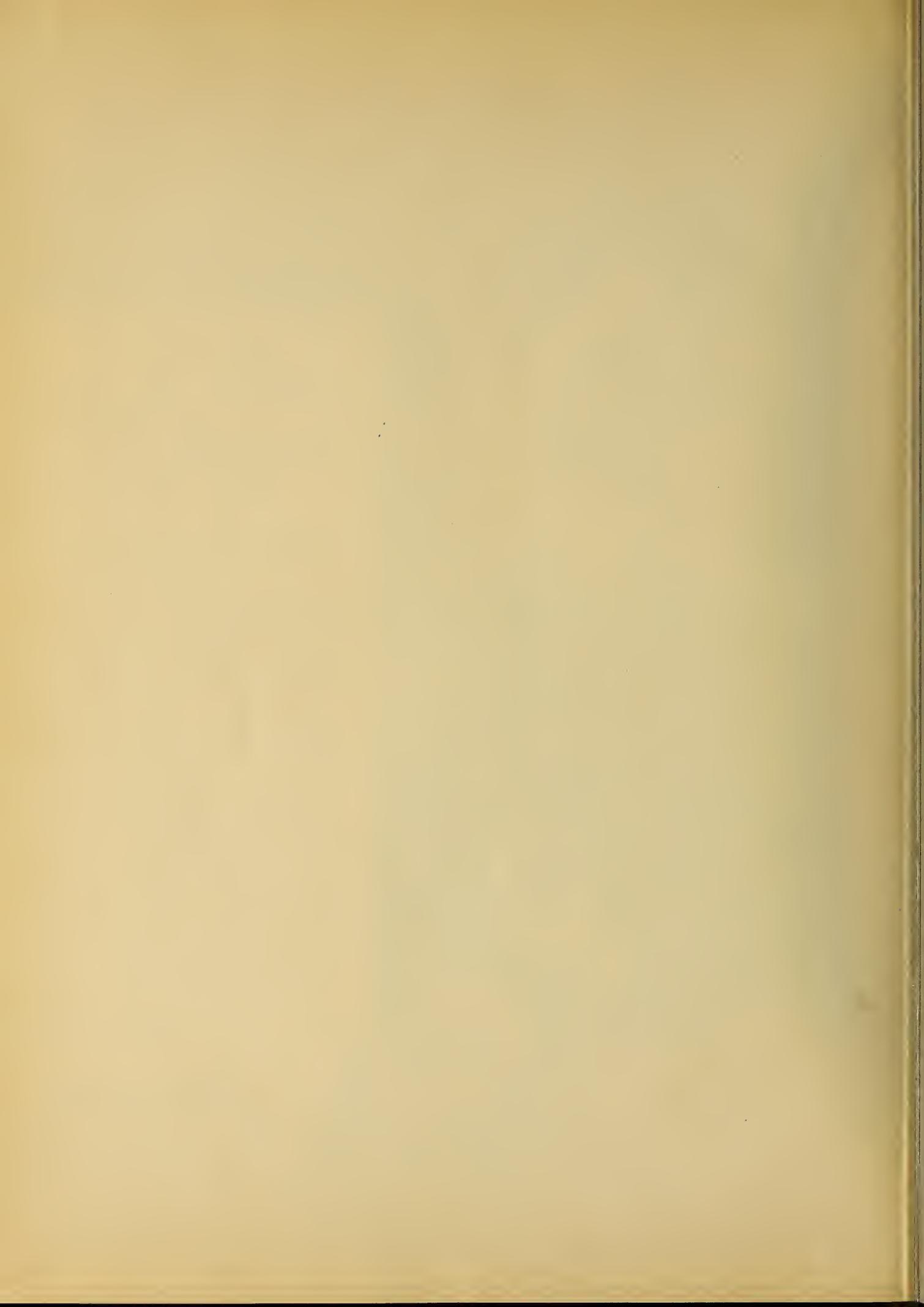
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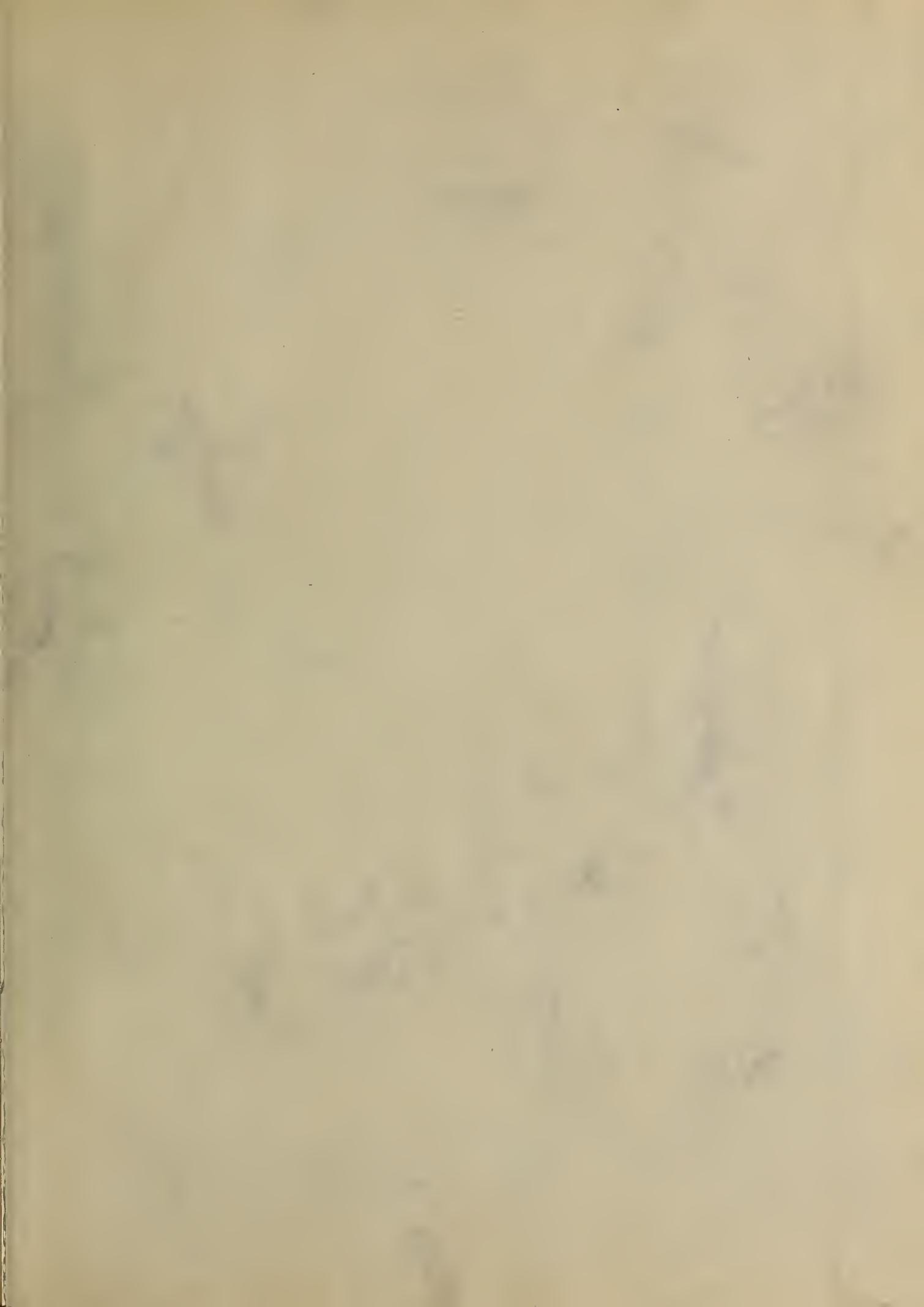
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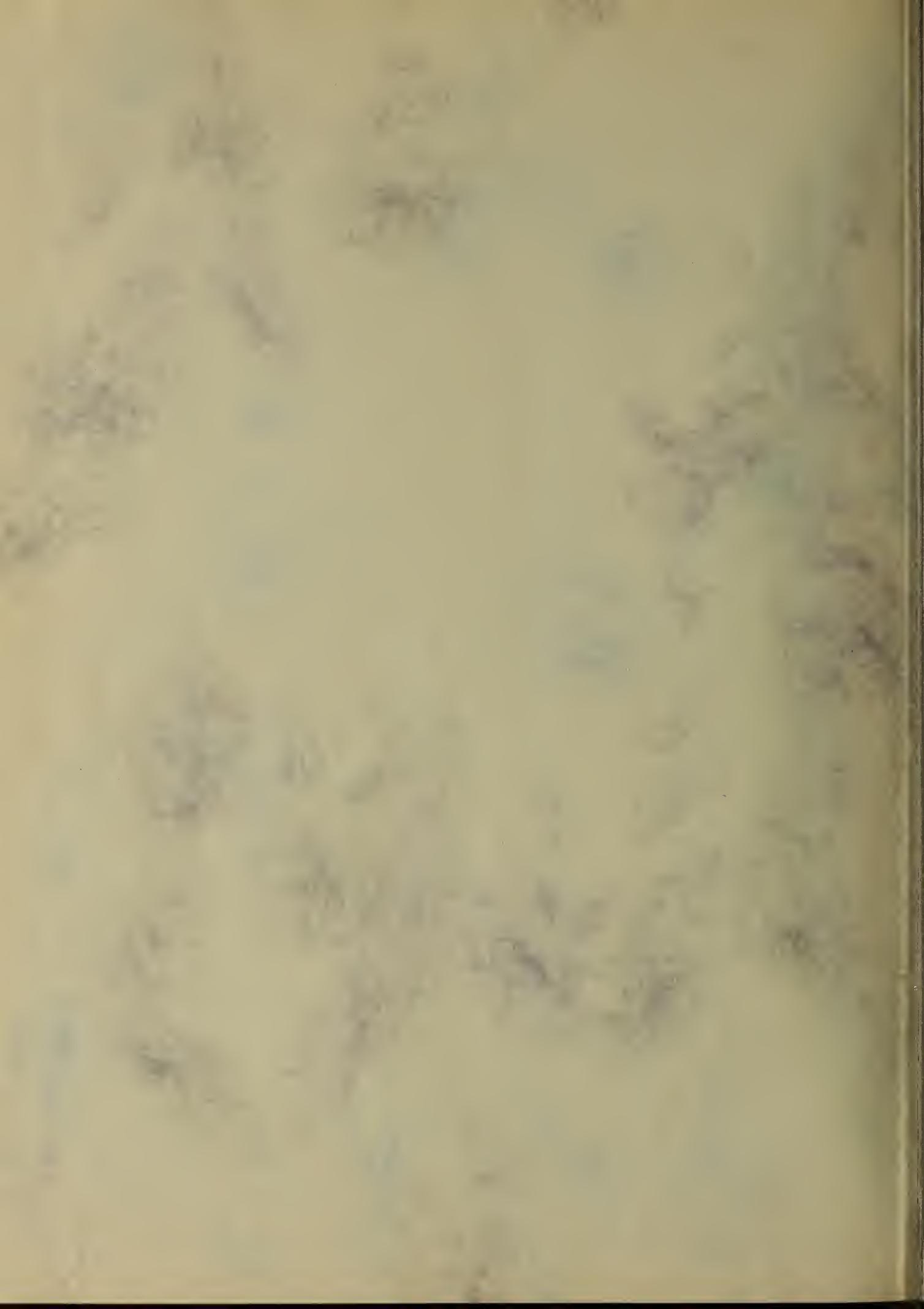


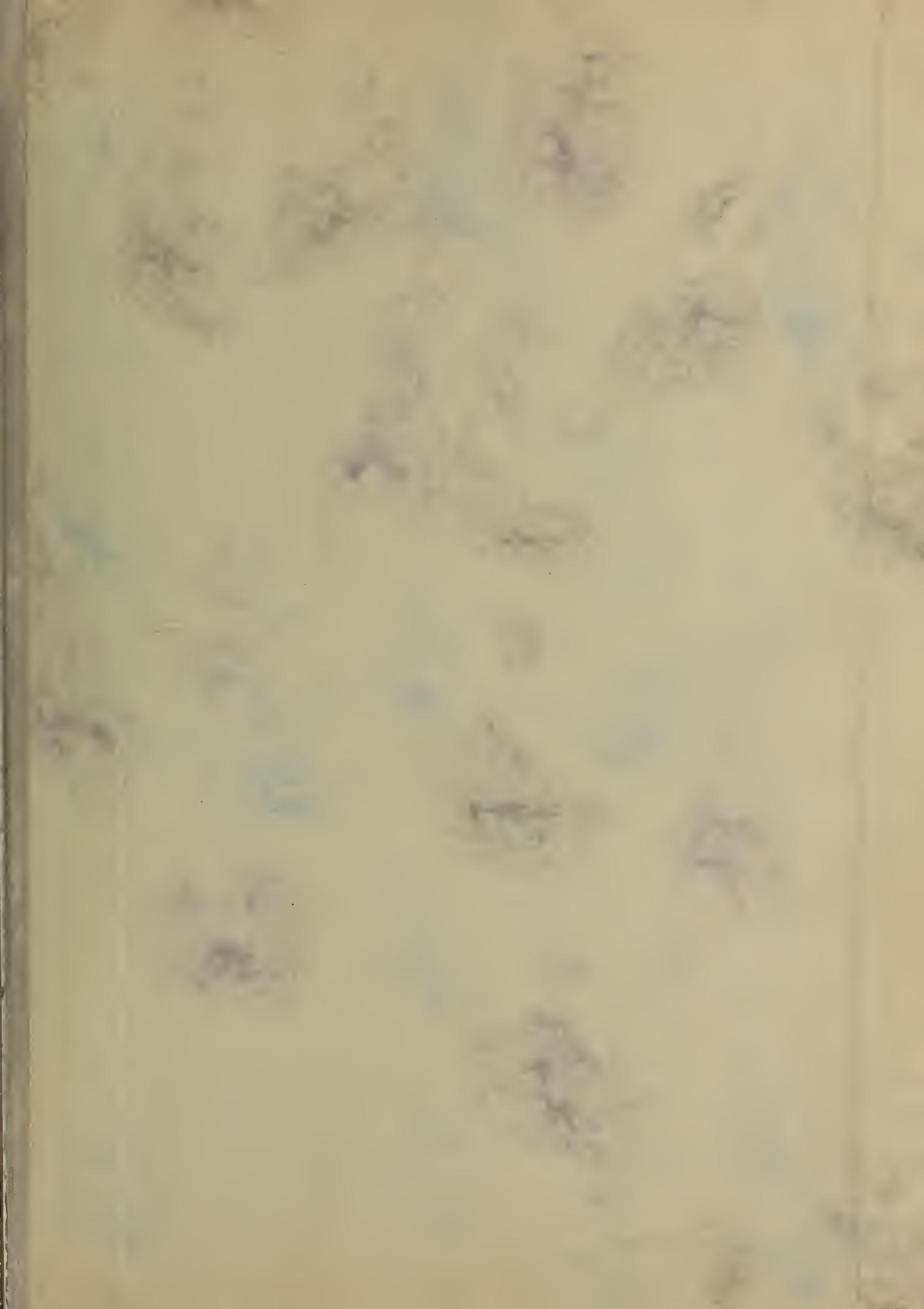
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